

Looking for the Lost

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Will They Never Learn?

IN THE category of impossibilities, one might include the task of teaching Portland newspapers that the Umpqua and Rogue rivers are separate streams, located in different counties in southern Oregon. For years those newspapers have referred to the Umpqua region in such terms as "Rogue river" or "Rogue River valley," despite repeated corrections from this city, and it seems to have been time and labor wasted. The latest example of garbled geography occurred only yesterday when a Portland newspaper headlined a Roseburg story on a "North Umpqua river" episode with this line: "Quartet Escapes Death in Rogue." We would suggest that Portland newspapers quit "crabbing" at California's publicity spreaders for appropriating Oregon's more prominent scenic attractions until they first learn to deal accurately with localities in their own state.

Still Paying for War

THE wars of yesteryear still are costing the government a pretty penny—\$30,000,000 a month for veterans' pensions alone. Veterans' administration records show that approximately 505,000 veterans drew \$24,974,658 in pensions for April, while \$17,808 dependents of deceased veterans collected \$7,984,279. A handful were peace-time casualties.

The war of 1812 ended 122 years ago, but the widow of one soldier and the daughter of another still draw pensions. They are Mrs. Carolina King of Cheektowaga, N. Y., and Mrs. Esther Ann Hill Morgan of Independence, Ore.

The number of hospitalized veterans increased in the 10 months before April 30, from 41,875 to 47,426. Those living in old age homes increased from 9,586 to 10,470.

The senate military committee has a proposal to extend World War death and disability benefits to veterans of "any future war in which the United States is engaged and their dependents."

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ed changed the whole face of human life by enabling the hunter to strike down game at a distance. The individual who found out about the principle of the wheel again changed the whole face of human life.

We owe an incalculable debt to these men who have found out things.

WHY DID Kettering say to the college president: "What is friction?" And why did he say to the other man: "What is transparency?"

The answer is simple. It was to MAKE THEM THINK.

It is by making people think that progress is achieved.

CHARLES F. KETTERING is a rich man. But his friends say that about half the time he goes around without a cent in his pockets and has to use his credit to buy a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

He was riding on a train, and when the conductor came around for his ticket he couldn't find it. The conductor said that would be all right; that he would come back. When he came back, the ticket still couldn't be found.

The conductor knew that General Motors was good for its research director's transportation, so he said: "Never mind, Mr. Kettering; that can be fixed all right."

Kettering answered: "Sure we can fix that part all right. But what I want to know is where I'm going."

THE POINT is that money, AS SUCH, means nothing to Charles F. Kettering. What money

and property he has to have come to him merely as an INCIDENT of his job of finding out things. We'd probably be surprised if we could know the number of big men who are interested in their JOB FIRST and only incidentally in the money they make. These men like the money, of course, but that isn't really what they work for.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—Editors Views of the News
4:15—Quintet of Commerce
4:30—Reetrol Organ Melodies
4:45—The Bowmen Sisters
5:00—Monitor Views of the News
5:15—Manhattan Concert Band
5:30—Richard Crooka
5:45—Ambrose and Orchestra
6:00—Shep Fields
6:15—Henry Busse
6:30—The Ace of Diamonds
6:45—Salon Interlude
6:50—News Flash
7:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments, with Gus Haechen, Patti Chapin and Phil Dwyer
7:15—Morton Downey
7:30—Your Grab Bag
8:00—Sign Off

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

7:00—"Early Birds"
7:30—News-Review Newscast
7:45—J. M. Judd says "Good Morning"
7:50—Alarm Clock Club
8:15—Dixie Memories
8:30—Art Shaw
8:45—Enrico Caruso
9:00—Municipal Dance Band
9:15—Joe Haymes in Popular Music
9:45—Cheats
10:15—Movie Gossip
10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco
10:45—Homemakers' Harmony
11:15—Variety Show of the Air
11:45—Hoosier Hot Shots
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudsen's
12:00—Melody Trail
12:15—"Singing Strings," Radio Music
12:30—Hansen Motor Co. Program
12:45—News-Review of the Air
1:00—Columbia Co.
1:05—"Odds and Ends"
1:30—Modern Rhythms
2:00—"World Book Man"
2:05—Organ Interlude
2:15—Nat Brandywine
2:30—Yesterday's Vocals
2:50—News Flash
3:00—Cab Calloway
3:15—Glen Grey
3:30—Children's Request Program
4:00—The Editor's Views of the News
4:15—Novelty Orchestrations
4:30—Ted Lewis and His Band
5:00—The Monitor Views of the News
5:15—Salon Suite
5:30—Henry King and Orchestra
5:45—Gene From Mikado
6:00—Duke Ellington
6:15—Henry Busse
6:45—Salon Interlude
7:00—News Flash
7:15—Men of Vision, Drs. Bubur and Church
7:30—Roy Smick, Wizard of the Strings
7:45—The American Family Robinson
7:50—Your Grab Bag Program
8:00—Sign Off

THURSDAY, JUNE 10

7:00—"Early Birds"
7:30—News-Review Newscast
7:45—Alarm Clock Club
8:15—Vagabonds of the Prairies
8:30—Full Gospel Church of the Nazarene, Harold A. Persing
8:45—Mills Bros.
9:00—Phil Levante and Orchestra
9:30—Western Ballads
10:00—Music and Flowers
10:15—A Few Wheezes from the Accordian
10:30—"Radio Rendezvous," Copco
10:45—Homemakers' Harmony
11:15—Variety Show of the Air
11:45—Ray Noble
12:00—"Time Signal," Knudsen's
12:00—Brooklyn Symphony
12:15—"Phil Harris," Denn - Gerretsen Co.
12:30—Russ Morgan Music
12:45—News-Review of the Air
1:00—Knights of the Road
1:05—"Odds and Ends"
1:30—Modern Rhythms
2:00—"World Book Man"
2:05—Organ Interlude
2:15—Rhythmic Recollections
2:30—Here Comes the Band
2:50—News Flash
3:00—Travel's Radio Review
3:15—Mills Bros.
3:30—Children's Request Program
4:00—Editor's Views of the News
4:15—Organ Melodies
4:45—Girls of the Golden West
5:00—Monitor Views of the News
5:15—Jan Garber in Memories
5:30—Modern Vocal Favorites
5:45—Tuned Tempos
6:00—Gene From Mikado
6:15—Henry Busse
6:45—Salon Interlude
7:00—News Flash
7:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments, with Gus Haechen, Ralph Kirby and Irene Beasley
7:15—Fisher's Playhouse presents "Tiny Pink Elephant"
7:30—Your Grab Bag
8:00—Sign Off

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Umpqua Savings and Loan Association will be held at 117 North Jackson street, Roseburg, Oregon, Wednesday, June 23rd, 1937, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. for the election of directors and auditors and for the transaction of such general business as may properly come before the meeting.

UMPUQUA SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
By H. O. Partridge, Secretary.

The culture plays a unique role in the world of nature. Due to its repetitiveness, and the method by which it seems to live, the bird is deceived by those who do not realize its true value. Disease would run rampant in many countries of the world were it not for the vultures, which pick clean the bones of unburied dead.

OUT OUR WAY



Copyright, 1937, by NEA Service, Inc. T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. A HOT ONE. J. P. WILLIAMS 6-8

MURDER ON THE BLUFF

SYNOPSIS: A mysterious shot kills John Umahop, my old flame, at the start of our stormy weekend at Farrington Bluff, home of Michael's aunt. A series of strange attacks occurs. Then we find the body of Michael's mad father below the bluff. Aunt Martha, stout and Victorian, is shot in the shoulder, and nearly finished with sleeping powder. The Skipper, Mike's tall, tweedy younger aunt, disappears. Evidence piles up against Higgins, the old butler, and I reluctantly lock him in his room. Later I drag from him the advice to look in the "old loft" for the Skipper. Mike and I run for it.

Chapter 16
The Cedar Chest
I didn't stop to find out what he was thinking. There was a rum of voices behind us, but we tore for the front stairs. At the head of them Michael swayed to the right and sprang once more toward the servants' corridor. He swung into the other hall before I was halfway from the stairs. By the time I reached the swinging door, he had a ladder-like set of steps, pulled straight down from the ceiling directly in front of the head of the back stairs.

"Not in time," he panted. "Forgot it completely." He disappeared into blackness.
I followed him, barking my shins again as I went over the edge. "Skipper! Skipper!" he was calling. "Skipper! Skipper!"

In the darkness, there was no sound but our own heavy breathing. The air was dusty and heavy. Squinting on the edge of that trap door, I felt a sneeze coming, tried to muffle it, failed.

"Damn it!" said Michael. "Shut up, can't you?"

He was listening. I could feel the tension of his body where he crouched against me. But there wasn't a sound.
"Are there any lights, Mike?" I whispered.

"No."
It was like us to be without a light at that moment. I didn't have heart enough to swear. Michael was edging himself away from the trap into the darkness. He bumped into me as he went and I felt a bulge in his coat pocket—the bulge of William's flashlight.

"Mike!" I said. "You have the flashlight. In your coat!"
His hand slipped into the pocket. There was a grunt of relief and the next moment a beam of light gradually disclosed a section of the room we were in. It was low and dimly lit, the rafters, the eaves sloped down to the floor and at its highest point it was not over five feet high.

If the old carriage left brought to my mind the dust of other decades, this gave me a feeling of the dust of other centuries. It was full of Farrington relics. Furs, antique clocks, mattresses, cunks, suitcases, chests, bedding. Apparently it ran over the outer section of the servants' quarters and had not been used in years. The atmosphere was musty and stifling.

Michael's light came slowly down to the floor at our feet. At the head of the trap door the floor was polished clean as a whistle by the clothes of persons coming up from below. The glancing of the light on my own knees showed me a gray film of dust coating my trousers.

But beyond that polished space and beyond the hodgepodge of our footmarks, a clear trail of footmarks led off in the direction of the other end of the loft. There were two sets of them, blurred as if made by people walking either in stockinged feet or slippers. Michael's light flashed around in a circle. Not five feet away from that double trail was a single set returning.

Broken Vase
We painfully skirted trunks, old bureaus and washstands. Once we narrowly escaped disaster when Michael, banging into a cedar chest, dropped the light. The air got thinner and mustier as we proceeded. It was dawn on me that we should have to work rapidly. There were no windows in that loft. If the Skipper was there, she had been there for hours.
"Mike! Mike! Where are you?" It was Gay from the direction of the trap door.

Michael shouted. "Go back! Stay with Aunt Martha. We'll be there in a minute."

A thick row of old draperies hung from the rafters. A pile of booters. I nearly yelled when I banged into an old hoop skirt. As we went along the chances of the Skipper's still being alive seemed to grow slimmer and slimmer. I tried to think what one did for a case of suffocation, but the only word that came to my mind was "Dead—dead—dead!"

"Could a person live six hours in this?" I whispered to Michael. His only answer was a grunt. Leading the way around a tall old mirror, he pulled up with a bang, his breath whistling into the silence. Over his shoulder I peered into the circle of our light.

The footstep had stopped. There was a hush of stirred up dust and a long trail of smooth, clean boards leading directly up to a heavy cedar chest. Right at our feet, scattering out as far as our light would reach, were the broken pieces of some horrible china contraption—probably a vase.

Before I had half taken in the situation, Michael strove forward. His head tapped smartly against a sloping rafter, and he staggered back, grunting. In another instant he was crouched and in under that eave. The chest was crisscrossed with the way, nearly upsetting me.

A Crusty, Dark Streak
The Skipper was lying on her side, her hands bound behind her with strips of white cloth and her ankles securely tied with similar pieces. A crusty, dark streak ran across her entire face.

Between us we managed to get her out into the open. Michael thrust a penknife in my hand.

"Cut the damn things. Cut them! Cut them!" He was weaving around me in circles; his voice was clamorous.

I wasn't much more use. The knife twisted and turned in my hand and the cloth seemed to be made of iron. Dropping the useless blade, I tore madly at the knots. It went on and on. And Michael continued to yell. Flinging down the final strip at last, I felt for the Skipper's heart.

I couldn't hear a thing—only the mad pounding of my own pulse. "Get out of the way!" I lifted the Skipper in my arms. "Hold the light, can't you? We've got to get her out of here!"

He held it, after a fashion—unsteadily, wobbling back and forth with strips of white cloth and her ankles securely tied with similar pieces. A crusty, dark streak ran across her entire face.

We made but slow progress through that maze of relics. The Skipper was an unresisting dead weight in my arms, and it was necessary to bend almost double to avoid the rafters. I could hear Michael's breath now at my side, now in back of me. I nearly tripped a dozen times. My arms ached and I couldn't seem to breathe by the time the light of the trap door finally appeared.

(Copyright, 1937, Esther Tyler)

The revolver takes another life, tomorrow.

Daily Devotions

DR. CHARLES A. EDWARDS

We have often been advised to cheer up, but Jesus gives us grounds for doing just that, and one else has been able to give. It must have looked to some that day that His claim to have overcome the world was nothing but a vain boast. Sure the world had overcome Him, for His nation had denied His teaching and the authorities were on the eve of taking His life. Strange victory, that One thing they had not taken from Him, that was His faith in Divine love and its power to win and to redeem men. It was that faith that He wished to hand on to His disciples as the ground and reason of their triumph. Dear Father, we seek a steadfast and an enduring spirit of faith and hope that can carry on through trials or disappointments that may come. A joy and gladness of spirit that will make duty a great and high privilege. Amen.

By Williams

SENATOR TO OPPOSE SELECTION OF LUSK

PORTLAND, June 7.—(AP)—Major George Berry, recently appointed senator from Tennessee, will oppose selection of Judge Hall S. Lusk, Portland, for the federal judgeship in Oregon, the Oregonian said today in a special dispatch from Washington.

The dispatch said Berry acted in compliance with Portland labor leaders who favor former State Senator Henry L. Hees of La Grande.

Lusk and Claude McCulloch of Klamath Falls, state democratic committee chairman, have received prominent mention for the post.

Representative N. A. Wood, Houseman of Portland, whose influence is regarded a dominating factor in the appointment, is reported favorable to both the Portland and Klamath Falls men.

The dispatch said it was uncommon for a senator to intrude upon another state's patronage. It added that Berry organized the labor non-partisan vote for the president's court reorganization program.

LETTERS to the Editor

UPHOLSTERS INDUSTRY'S RIGHT TO CHOOSE OWN EMPLOYEES

Editor News-Review: Here are two quotations from prominent men in prominent offices: President Roosevelt says, "There should be little dispute when it comes to ruling out of the interstate markets products of employers who deny to their workers the right of self-organization and collective bargaining."

Our Governor Martin says: "We allowed Wall street and that gang to put us into one tailspin in 1929, which almost ruined this country. Are we going to allow these laboring men to put us into another?"

Is it possible that any native-born citizen of this country should advocate any measure that would make one citizen subservient to another citizen's whim? We all want the freedom of choice. If I need help in my home, I have always had the freedom to make my choice from among those available at the time, and no matter how much the one I might desire as help needed worker, it was his privilege to refuse work in my home. Is that what labor is contending for now?

If you or I want help must we go to some office or headquarters and state our needs and accept any help they might designate? There is no sound judgment in shutting our eyes to facts.

A few days ago I saw some figures given throwing light on our last national election a very good analysis of the 11,000,000 majority in vote for president. "It will be enough that it tallies with the total number on relief, plus those who had a selfish personal interest in voting to continue the extravagant wasteful expenditure of the so-called New Deal."

"Having deducted the votes of some 500,000 federal office holders, who were primarily interested in staying on the government payroll, over 5,000,000 on relief, 2,000,000 northern negroes, lined up by Farley at his headquarters, managers of CCC workers, farmers who placed crop-reduction checks above Americanism, and thousands of World War veterans who had cashed their bonus checks. It is plain that Mr. Roosevelt did not receive a majority of the independent American vote."

I have seen much of businesses both large and small and I never know of any business man who is not even wanted to deny their employees the right to organize for their own personal affairs but who wants a lot of men to organize to manage their business? Who wants to see our citizens handled collectively like a herd of sheep or a herd of cattle? Who wants to lose even the identity of his individual name and be designated by a number? Is it possible that our government has opened its gates to our free country to men and women who are in the pay of a foreign power? Men and women who are paid to lure by subtle schemes our workmen into traps to their own destruction.

What does it profit a man or woman to have their name raised from \$50 per month to \$150 per month if at once the price of commodities they use are doubled in price, \$150 would not buy as many loaves of bread at 25c or bacon at 60c as \$50 would buy bread at 10c or bacon at 30c.

Let's all of us look the strike problem squarely in the face. When a crowd of men destroys the source of their pay checks, what do they expect to accomplish? Is a government made up of men who have spent all the money they could command in their campaign for election going to be any more honest or considerate under the name of government than in a business of their own under their own names?

These are things to think about. Communism, socialism, itself, state capitalism, fascism into dictatorship both tyrannical, for when one man or a few become absolute in authority selfishness reigns supreme.

Let us halt in this mad rush, for we know not where, lest as a nation we go over the brink.
MRS. EMMA P. WOODS.

FORMER RESIDENT OF DREW IS DEAD

DREW, June 8.—Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Gene Tison at Medford, Saturday, June 5. Complications following a throat operation resulted fatally. She was formerly Miss Elvora Silva and was married to Gene Tison on May 15, 1937.

Friends here were shocked and deeply grieved to learn of her death.

H. H. Neighbors and family.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking our friends for the sympathy and kindness extended during our recent bereavement, and for the beautiful floral offerings.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN

BY PAUL JENKINS

HOW many bass are you going to catch today, Colonel?" "Not less than three," Paul. "And you?" "I can't see that far into the future; however, I'll get the first one."

We decided, generously, to leave plenty for Doc. The occasion was a Saturday-Sunday expedition to Tahkenen lake. We fished Saturday evening, and I caught the first one; the Colonel caught three, and Doc got all the rest—that were caught. We fished all day Sunday, and I got the first one; the Colonel got three, and again Doc got all the rest—that were caught. That's cutting it pretty fine.

Overcast skies greeted us at the lake—somehow or other, they always do. But the weather wasn't cold. It wasn't exactly warm, for that matter—but not bad. It cramped the style a bit of those hopefuls who had taken their bathing suits; but it didn't stop them. Not all of them, at any rate. Every once and a while we would hear a wild war-whoop, as some swimmer took the water in do or die plunge that raised goose pimples even on the spectators.

Numerous fishermen (and fisherwomen) were in evidence, in motor boats and rowboats. Everyone seemed to be having a swell time, but weren't getting many fish. Some were casting plugs, some were trolling, others were jigging with bait, and in the evening, when the mayflies popped up to the surface of the water, as they did both evenings we were there, a few fastidious mortals went fly fishing. I tried it for a while, but even I could not consider a difference in the appearance of my artificial fly, and the natural one, and I wasn't surprised a bit when the fish thumbed their noses at my offerings. To make it unanimous, I did the same myself.

When Doc Stewart starts any where in that boat of his, the passengers don't see as much as when they sit still; about all they can do is hang on to their hair. What I'm getting at is, the boat moves. But Pat took a hand in our sight-seeing Sunday, and broke the propeller shaft. After that, with a small emergency outboard hung on behind, our opportunities for seeing what was going on were greater.

We were lucky about that. Our crystallized shaft, in the finding of another motor. While we were careened on a beach which was

Heating comfortably in camp below the lake, we prepared lunch (incidentally, they caught a lot more lunch than we did fish) we fell to speculating on the ways of bass, their likes and dislikes, and their villainous tempers. "How," someone wanted to know, "do you suppose a bass got its name?" How, come he was called bass, instead of tidly, or flim-ding, or something like that. Is the word "bass" his proper name, or a nick name?

Well, I don't think it's a nick name. After having been made a fool of by bass all morning, I was of the opinion it is an abbreviation.

the title of an English novel which caused some fuss a few years ago. Nickname: "The Welches of Llanelli People." Congressman Wright Patman of Texas, who favors anything just so it's inflationary, is out with a boat trip invitation to "all members of the group sponsoring the bill for government ownership of the 12 federal reserve banks."

The trip will be made down the Potomac river "on the coast guard cutter Apache, generously furnished by the coast guard" (and printed in big capital letters) "ALL NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS TO MAKE THE TRIP PLEASANT WILL BE MADE."

The object is "a good-will meeting of our group and to permit the members of our group to associate with and become acquainted with distinguished and outstanding American citizens who believe as we believe on monetary problems."

And then, just as if that were not enough, Patman proclaims: "Mr. Dale Carnegie, author of the best book seller, 'How to Win Friends and Influence People,' has already accepted and will be there without fail."

How many votes Mr. Carnegie will wangle for the bill is anybody's guess.

Napoleon Cummings
Last week he was doubtful as to the firmness of Attorney General Homer Cummings' support of the Roosevelt court plan, Cummings related what he described as an anecdote illustrating his position at a recent Yale alumni dinner:

"I'm in the position of Napoleon when he reviewed his front line of attack and accidentally sat down on a hot cannon, doing considerable damage to the fine uniform in a crucial spot."

"Napoleon exclaimed, 'I cannot retreat—I have burned my breeches behind me!'"
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TWO PROMOTED IN ROSEBURG GUARD
Promotion of Wallace S. Robertson to the rank of sergeant, and Orlin H. Peterson, to the rank of corporal, was announced at the regular drill period of the Roseburg national guard company last night. The drill was given over to machine gun practice under the direction of Sergeant Milo E. Godfrey and interior guard duty under the supervision of Sergeants Stovall and Robertson.

Hubert E. Graham, recently appointed first sergeant, was re-elected for a three-year period. A report was made on a military map sketching problem, conducted last Sunday at the Irving ranch at Wilbur by Sergeants Robertson, Godfrey, Stovall, Peterson, Stewart M. Karlinger, and Samuel C. Dunn.

On the ship which carried the American delegation to Buenos Aires Secretary of State and Mrs. Cordell Hull mixed daily with fellow passengers, played games and had no end of informal democratic fun.

Mr. and Mrs. Welles remained aloof. That was why someone gave them a nickname lifted from