

LOS ANGELES BACK IN FIRST POSITION

By the Associated Press

Downing the San Francisco Missions 16 to 13 in an exhibition of ineffective pitching and uncertain fielding while the Oaks were taking Sacramento's measure, 7 to 1, the Los Angeles Angels today had climbed into the lead of the Pacific coast baseball circuit. Their position was shaky, however, with both Oakland and Sacramento tied in second place, pressing while San Francisco's Seals and the Missions were not far behind.

Herb McQuaid contributed largely to the Angel's victory here yesterday allowing 11 runs in the first five innings, while Skipper Red Killefer refused to remove him. Subsequently the Missions crowded the bases 13 times, but Los Angeles managed to hold a slim advantage.

Sacramento's plunge from the league leadership was directly attributable to the highly effective hurling of Pete Dargila at Oakland, Dargila, in turning in his fifth suc-

cessive victory of the season, allowed the Senators only five well scattered hits, one a homer by Merle Hagg in the fourth. Hollywood's Stars began a three weeks' home stand at Wrigley field by losing to San Francisco, 9 to 3. Art McDougal, young Seal find, southpawed the Stars into submission with ease while his team mates pounded Frank Shellenback's offerings all over the lot for a total of 16 safeties. McDougal allowed 11 hits, but fanned eleven stars. Every Hollywood player who got in the game was struck out while Catina and Lee each whiffed twice. Seattle and Portland were idle, rain causing a postponement of the scheduled contest at Portland.

WANTED

Bids on 25 tiers of oak block wood and 5 tiers of old growth fir to be delivered and piled in shed at Millard school house by Sept. 1st. Bids close June 1, 1930.

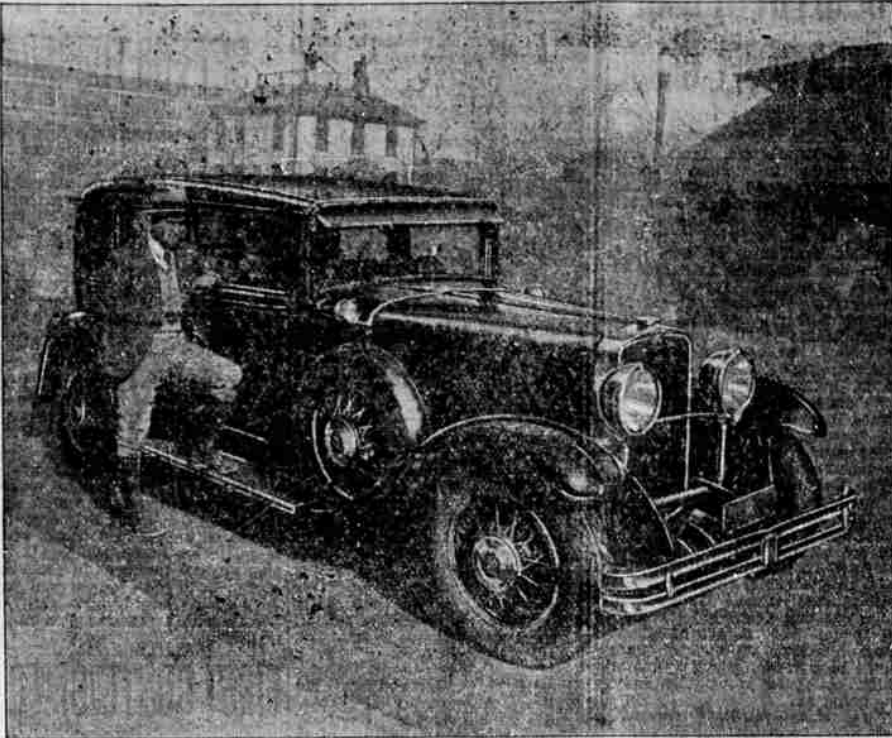
Clerk School Dist No. 116.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand.

Fishing tackle at Idleyld Park—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner Phone 189-L.

Eighth Big "Nash Inning" For Hale



SPRING TRAINING AND THE FIRST ROUSING weeks in the big leagues mean Nash touring time for Sam Hale, former third baseman for the Philadelphia Americans, who this year is holding down the same important

infield berth for the St. Louis Browns. He is shown here with his new Twin-Ignition Eight "Ambassador", which he bought at Amarillo, Texas, and used on the training trip. The handsome new straight-eight is Hale's eighth Nash car.

KENOSHA, Wis., May 7.—The first fifteen days in April brought a decided upward trend in the national demand for Nash "400" cars and a marked improvement in April business at the Nash factories. It was announced today by C. H. Bliss, sales manager of the Nash Motors company, that the April figures show a greater

increase in these shipment orders than occurred during the entire month of March. "The Nash shipment reports are further proof that aggressive selling organizations need have no fear of success in the spring campaign; that business is better and is steadily improving."

PERSONALLY MEET ALL DISTRIBUTORS

On a six weeks' tour of the Van Fleet-Durkee, Inc., chain of service stations which extend from the Mexican border to the Canadian line, W. C. Van Fleet and W. P. Durkee, Jr., president and vice-president, respectively, of the huge organization bearing their names are in Roseburg today conferring with Herbert Groves and J. A. Soules, local V. & D. agents.

Van Fleet and Durkee left Los Angeles, their headquarters, April 22. It is estimated that these men will travel more than 6,000 miles in their attempt to personally meet and confer with every agent and employee in their coast-wide chain of service stations. Plane, train and automobile are being employed in their effort to keep their schedule of calls. "Since the opening of the first Van Fleet-Durkee station, Mr. Durkee and I have attempted to maintain a close, personal liaison with each agent in our organization," said Van Fleet today on his arrival here.

"We believe there is no better way of maintaining 'uniform service' than by exchanging ideas with the men who actually meet the public. When V. & D. was first organized, we swung around the entire organization twice monthly, but as we have added station after station this procedure has become more and more difficult. Nevertheless we will continue to tour our chain in the Pacific coast states just as long as it is physically possible for us to do so."

Both of these merchandising executives expressed themselves as being well pleased with the progress made here and predict that the remaining spring months, as well as those in the summer and fall will bring an even greater volume in local sales than in the past.

Mr. Wilson, Business Visitor—Herman A. Wilson, of Melrose, was a business visitor here on Tuesday.

"Yes, I used to suffer awfully from GAS until I took Ianlac." —MAYNARD SACK GUARANTEED.

SHOCKING, BUT TRUE

WE respect our customers. WE appreciate their patronage. WE take pride in our work. Therefore: OUR work is of the highest quality. OUR products are the best. And OUR services are never cheapened by cut prices.

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Roseburg Phone 570

A NEW

Telephone Directory

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Changes of any kind must be reported by noon May 10

CALL 71

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co.

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 55

Guy stood in the cave above the dark, abrupt step down which Slim had fallen. He flashed his light along this lower level. It showed clear for 50 feet—a blind, shallow pit.

But desperate, seeing a last hope, he got down and explored it. He felt the walls as though they were demonic and purposely concealing the opening through which Pat and Billy had vanished. The lower level had no exit.

He stood clammy, fighting the horror that now sought entrance to his mind. This horror was a beast waiting. He would not let it leap upon him.

He went back and pounded the walls. He shouted, "Pat! Billy! It's Guy. Answer Pat—Oh, God, can't you hear?"

Three hours later he'd searched the cave. He hadn't found them. He'd gone down every gallery—crawled along blind tunnels. He'd shouted. Not knowing it, he'd left rocks and scraps of the parachute sheik had cut to pieces. These marked the route.

He said to himself in a still terror: "I haven't missed a turn. It's not such a huge cave." Then he wiped his forehead; it was impossibly moist. Again. The cave might not be huge. It was ghastly. It went in bewildering parallels, in dizzying circles. Twice he had almost lost his way.

And now he seemed to have penetrated all of its dark, echoing aisles. Now he was back at the entrance. He had not found her. He stood for a moment beating the walls and shouting. His hoarse, imploring cries came back in a dismal, hollow sob.

But she was here, she must be here! Each lost moment creeping upon her with added menace. Each lost moment bringing near an hour when it would be too late. He grew gray with this fear, with a clammy, half-fainting alarm.

For the third time he went up to the man he had tied to the one lone tree on the canyon floor. He shook him. He stooped down and in a frenzy demanded: "Have you lied?"

In the flashlight sheik saw murder and anguish in the dark, thin face above his own. "If she went into that cave, she'd be there! There's one exit. Answer me—what have you done with them?"

He saw Sheik's mouth working, saw the lips framing words. When no sound came, he turned wild. He shouted: "Did she go in the cave? Did you kill them? Did she jump in the parachute? or did you hurl them over the cliff? Good God—speak!"

"She went in the cave."

"Did she come out again? Why isn't she there? Where could she go that I've not gone?"

Sheik's arms were bound to his sides. His fingers touched the ground. And these now scraped up pebbles. He said in husky gasps: "Did you see that black pit? Not the step where Slim fell—a black, bottomless pit?"

"At the end of a long gallery?"

"Yes—at the end of it. Maybe they fell down that."

Guy let the limp form sink to the ground. He steadied himself. His whole body flung against the tree trunk. No! Pat hadn't stumbled in the cave. She'd not plunged into that blinding abyss. Twice he had

stood above it and told himself: "She didn't fall. God, she's not down there!"

His light had not picked out the bottom of the formidable pit. He'd drawn from it with a shudder. He had not wished to see its floor.

But now for the fourth time he went along that gallery parallel to the entrance. Here Sheik swore they had gone. Here the child had cried. Distinctly they were heard. All along were avenues where sound traveled with piercing, uncanny sharpness. Last night, Sheik declared, the girl and the kid were in the lofty vault at the end of this gallery.

"It's not lie—look!" He pointed to the crevice where he'd hacked so violently at the wall. Last night Pat had darted in a white terror down this aisle. Here were little mounds of earth—every 15 feet.

When Guy first saw these he trembled. Queer, beseeching sounds came and made little wild prayers at his lips. Pat had left these! A thing like this, in her fright, she would surely have done. Here, too, was the empty tuna can. He had gone on in a flame of hope. Abruptly the mounds ended. Fifty feet further the cave widened. In a great circular area. This semi-circle had a lofty ceiling. It had almost numberless niches and tunnels. And two long galleries, each with other turns.

Now Guy stood and played the light over the great arc. He felt stifled. Perspiration stood out in big drops. He rubbed his neck—eased the strain there. He said aloud: "Wonder where I missed out—wonder which path she could have taken. This ends in a wall. That one has no turn. I've gone here—half a dozen times."

He plunged into it. He stooped down and picked up bits of parachute silk.

Now he was at that pit again. Now he lay on the floor. He leaned over the black drop and played his flashlight on its depths. He said to himself, hoarsely: "It has no bottom."

He got up and went down one turn, reached the end of this and tried another. All along were bits of silk.

But suddenly and with such a violent trembling that he had to lean against the wall for breath; he had to beat with his hands against the fogs that seemed sucking at his brain—suddenly he found himself in a low, narrow passage. And here there were no bits of silk—no rocks. Here he had not penetrated before.

Hot, small hands pressed on her cheeks. Terrified whimpers went in and out of her ears. In a dream Pat heard. The remnant of her strength fought against consciousness—fought to remain in this kind half-faint.

But now the little arms squeezed, maddened, about her neck; now the little voice shrielled: "Wake up! Wake up!"

Mechanically she tightened her hold on him. Mustn't let him wander away. He'd tried that. Sometimes he'd awakened and kicked at the walls—at her. Sometimes he'd

been wild like that, with fright. She murmured in a dull, muffled response: "It's night—sleep—"

"No—Oh, Pat—I'm sick. You said my mother was coming. Make her come—Pat—please!"

She was awake now. With a sickening chill she was fiddling with the flashlight. She was uttering aloud, "It's not out. It will come on—"

And she began creeping. She took matches from her pocket—crept an inch.

She struck the light and looked at her watch. In the flicker she saw that it was after nine. She said: "We'll get back. It's not so far—make the matches last—hilly, keep hold-tight of my arm—"

"You carry me—Pussy is tired." "No, creep—"

They went on so. She counted twenty matches. "I can't reach the entrance with these." She began to call. She cried out: "God—oh, Mother of God—Father—"

And she said to the child: "Pray—we must pray!" They sank down on their knees. She thought, with that faintness again creeping over her; with her thought sinking down again into that throbbing void: "We'll die—like this—we're dying now—"

And she called on Richard—she called wildly: "Father—oh my father—"

Her cry rang high and anguished. It split through the dark.

And came flying back in a song—a half-crazed rush of song: "Pat—oh heart of God—Pat—it's you—you!"

A presence sweeping upon her—a spirit glowing—arms stretching out.

Pat put her cheek against Billy's hot cheek. She said: "I'm mad—we've gone mad—"

Then she saw light—a great golden light. Then she was lifted. Strong mighty wings went under and lifted her body and the body of the child.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

This is to advise you that the pianos used in the Gladys Strong puppets' recital, were tuned by C. H. Arundel, the tuner with an international experience. Why risk the thinnest tuner who rarely has produced work as good—and never better. Phone 189-L for superior tuning service. Time to Tune—Adv.

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Oldest Freight Truck Company in Southern Oregon—First to Operate in and out of Roseburg.

For every 5 gallons gas purchased we will give car owner one day storage FREE until June.

Night storage 25c. Storage by month, \$2.50

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O. G. COLLINS, Manager

No More Gas In Stomach And Bowels

If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Bismuth's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for stomach gas and all the bad effects resulting from gas pressure.

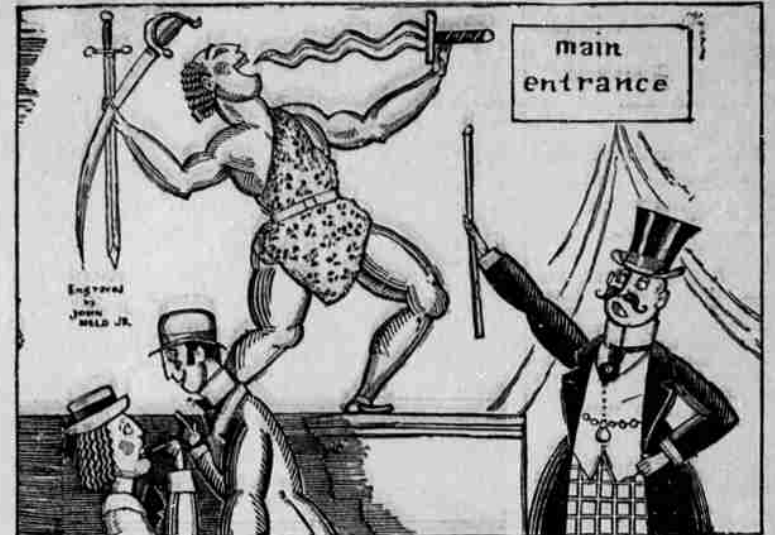
That empty, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach will disappear; that anxious, nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish and you will again be able to take a deep breath without discomfort. That drowsy sleepy feeling after dinner will be replaced by a desire for entertainment. Bloating will cease. Your limbs, arms and fingers will no longer feel cold and "go to sleep" because Bismuth's Gas Tablets prevent gas from interfering with the circulation. Get the genuine in the yellow package, at any good drug store. Price \$1.—(Adv.)

Always on hand at Nathan Fullerton's

G. S. MAY FUNERAL HOME
Funeral service for G. S. May was held at the Roseburg Undertaking Co. parlors yesterday afternoon. Many friends attended. Polk May of Cottage Grove, a brother and Polk Martin of Grants Pass, a nephew, were here for the service.

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"The MOST STUPENDOUS ACT EVER PERFORMED, FOLKS," shouted Ballyhoo Bertram

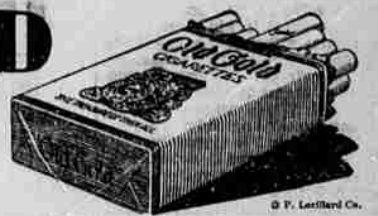
"Step inside and see Professor Szumka swallow a three foot sword. It's a marvelous feat, folks."

"Oh! Daddy!" whispered little Willie Woggle. "That man must have a strong throat to do that."

"Yes, Son," answered William Woggle, Sr. "No doubt the professor smokes OLD GOLDS. No harm can touch a throat protected by them." Not a cough in a carload.

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Seven other models just as attractively priced. Wide choice of colors at no extra cost.

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