

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Election Votes.

THE dopesters of the two major parties are busy counting electoral votes these days, and endeavoring to figure where to concentrate their efforts. It is like a game of chess and the best schemer has a decided edge in a close contest. There is ample reason to believe that the presidential race this year will be close.

As every school boy knows, a president of the United States is elected each four years—not by popular vote, meaning the actual vote of the people, but by the vote of the several states. Each state has as many votes as the total count of its representatives and senators in congress.

One-eighth of the number of states actually cast more than one-third of the ballots. These states are:

	Votes
New York	47
Pennsylvania	36
Illinois	29
Ohio	26
Texas	23
California	22
Total	183

New York has voted for the democratic presidential candidate only twice in the last 10 elections—in 1912 and in 1920. Pennsylvania has been solid republican since 1876 with the exception of 1912 when its electoral votes were cast for Roosevelt, the Bull Moose. Illinois' record is identical with that of New York. Ohio went for Wilson in 1916 but otherwise has paralleled New York and Illinois, being mostly in the republican column. Texas voted for Hoover in 1928 but otherwise has been solid democratic. California has voted about like Ohio—mainly republican.

The republicans do fine in the big states but it is the accumulation of the votes from the smaller states that often tells the story. The democrats have a backlog of votes in the solid south.

The south plus states with definite leanings toward the democratic party total about one-third. The big states listed above, except Texas, voting usually in the republican column, total about one-third of the total votes. (Figures used herein are 1932 electoral college figures).

Assuming these same leanings to prevail in the election this year, the battle field will be the mid-west, New England and the north-west. Indications now are that this will be the first really close election since the memorable Wilson-Hughes battle in 1916.

Drum Corps Contest.

TICKETS to the greatest and most inspiring spectacle ever seen in Roseburg will be on sale shortly. This reference is to the annual contest for American Legion drum corps in the state of Oregon.

Anyone who has ever seen, and heard this contest will testify that there is nothing like it on earth. The contest is a part of the annual convention of the American Legion, department of Oregon to be held in Roseburg this year on August 13, 14 and 15.

There is a point regarding this which should be fully made and understood. The capacity of the field is probably not enough to seat everyone who would like to witness the drum corps contest. Hence the advance ticket sale. The number of tickets is limited so those Douglas county folks who wish to attend the competition should

hasten to buy their tickets. The present plans contemplate a ticket selling station in each of the towns of the county. But should this not be done, tickets will, of course, be available in Roseburg and those who wish to see this show of a life-time should buy their tickets right now.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

signed to get votes. For example: "We propose to pay cash benefits in order to cushion our farm families against the disastrous effects of price fluctuations." The farm vote is a BIG vote, and that is a bid for it—even to the extent of endorsing the outstanding policies of the New Deal.

THIS writer, who is a confirmed individualist and ISNT seeking votes, believes that if the government would keep its hands OFF farming, ceasing especially to subsidize inefficient and incapable farmers to the great detriment of efficient and capable ones, agriculture would be better off.

Failing that, if the government in years of heavy production would buy up and ACTUALLY STORE surpluses to be held in reserve until the inevitable years of drought or flood come along and create a scarcity, the results would probably be beneficial.

But no good will or CAN come, in the long run, from this business of hiring people not to produce.

GOVERNOR LANDON pledges a policy of economy in government expenditures but promises that those who need relief will get it. That raises this question: "Who needs relief?" Obviously, this is the answer: "Those who are UNABLE to support themselves and have no relatives able or willing to support them."

Such people always have been supported in this country and must continue to be. Most people agree that organized, tax-financed relief is a better way to provide this support than the ways we have followed in the past.

The big job is to know where to draw the line.

IN ARRIVING at a considered opinion of Governor Landon's acceptance speech (which formally opens his campaign) it is necessary to remember that it is made to millions of voters who are eager to believe in Santa Claus. It is also necessary to remember that before ANYBODY can be elected he must get more votes than his opponent.

But Landon does speak boldly and forthrightly of his intention to put our financial house in order, and that, after all, is the BIG thing that conservative people want to hear.

Everything we do, no matter how good it may be, will come to nothing if we continue to pursue the reckless and disastrous policy of spending more than we can hope to repay out of taxes.

Putting the nation's financial house in order is the big issue of this campaign.

CIRCUS DATED IN ROSEBURG AUG. 6TH

Jackie D. Wilcox, the only woman known to be serving as a contract agent for a circus, dropped into Roseburg today with the news that Seal Bros' circus, declared to be the largest motorized circus in the world, will be in this city Thursday, August 6. The circus is to show at Bellows field.

Mrs. Wilcox, who has charge of making advance arrangements, is employed during the winter on the Emporia, Kan., Gazette, newspaper published by William Allen White, internationally-known author and publisher. Mrs. Wilcox spends her summers as a circus advance agent, and was formerly with the Barnes circus.

Seal Bros' circus, she reports, will offer Roseburg three herds of performing elephants, a large troupe of fine horses, a menagerie of wild beasts, the Matsumoto troupe of Japanese acrobats, Oklahoma Bud's wild west show, and numerous other features.

Afternoon and evening shows are scheduled.

RIDDLE RESIDENTS WED IN ROSEBURG

County Clerk Roy Agee and staff, proved very accommodating Saturday evening in arranging wedding details for Albert Toulkian and Viola B. Nichols, prominent residents of Riddle. After issuing the marriage license, Clerk Agee called County Judge George Quinn to perform the ceremony, and provided a private office for the wedding, to which members of the staff were witnesses.

RATTLESNAKE SLAIN BY "BUD" WATSON

A rattlesnake with six rattles and a tail was killed by "Bud" Watson, assistant manager of the local Western Auto Supply store, yesterday while on a fishing trip near Unquaga.

Who—Me?



SNOW LEOPARD by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XIX

Bannister was stunned. For the second time that day Karen Sire had exhibited a wholly unaccountable contempt for him. He could have forgiven the first rebuff; he had thrust himself upon her at a time when she was under great stress; she had not sought his advice or assistance. But this latest performance was a flagrant affront.

"Had was right," he muttered bitterly. "The girl doesn't regard me as an equal. I'm just an odd sort of fish to her—one to be hooked and thrown overboard after the catch. To hell I can't buy a white chip in the game these people are playing. Maybe she had a throne in mind even while I was harping about the pet of a snow leopard. But whoever, or whatever this prince was, he's dead now. What's the next move in the game?" He took an elevator up.

Toole had an automatic in his hand when he opened the door to admit his friend. "Expecting Jeff Whipple?" Dick queried pleasantly. "Toole dropped the gun into his coat pocket. 'Just makin' sure,' he answered shortly. 'That bird has bounced his last blackjack off my dome.'"

"We might as well fold up and get out of here," Bannister remarked. "Karen's got the stuff him; she wants and he's skipped, leaving Jeff to hold the bag. Metaphorically, we're in the same boat."

"Not exactly. The house has been instructed not to tell Jeff that she's gone. The little lady is presumed to be in her room right now. It won't be long before Jeff finds out what was done to him. Maybe he'll make a call on her."

"Suppose we shift to her room," Bannister suggested. "I'll get Billy to bark a little and he'll think it's the show. We can put on the lights so they'll shine out on the loggia. He'll notice all this when he comes up from the Rose room and think that Karen is in the room."

"Would you be willing to go in to her rooms and stay there all night alone?" Toole asked. "Bannister recoiled. 'Not alone,' he said. 'What if she returned and caught me crouching in there? What would she think?'"

"That's all fixed. You won't be disturbed by anybody, except possibly Jeff himself. Take the boots along if you like."

"What will you be doing all this time?"

"There's a squib in the papers saying that I've believed with injuries sustained in a taxi collision, as I've told you. Jeff may fall for this and he may not. He has underground sources of information just the same as I have. He may even know that I'm in this room. I'll stick right here and watch. If he enters Miss Sire's room and mixes it with you, I'll be on the job right away."

"I don't get your strategy yet," grumbled Dick. "Karen has the only evidence that would be useful in holding Whipple and it's clear that she doesn't wish it to become public."

"Well, you came into this game to help her, didn't you?" Toole retorted. "She gave me to understand that she'd rather have Whipple holding the stuff than you. Can't you see that she had me bled for a fall?"

Bannister could not see this and said so. "If you had let me kick

with a toy pistol in his hand. Bully had cut up on the bathroom mat and gone to sleep long before Dick heard a sound at Whipple's door. Presently a flood of light fell across the loggia—the man was inside.

Five minutes more passed. Dick thought he heard the rumble of a muffled curse. Perhaps Jeff had opened his portfolio and found that he had been duped. Another rumble, followed by an unmistakable thud. The big fellow no doubt had thrown the bag to the floor.

Bannister went to the window and lifted it cautiously. New York is never still, but for one brief interval in every twenty-four hours, something like complete repose settles upon the city. It comes between the night club curfew and the morning milk trucks.

The interval had arrived. The night had become moonless, starless and murky. Bannister began to feel at home. Many a time and at such an hour he had squatted in the darkness near a water hole, waiting for some wild beast to come within range of his gun. From far back in the park cages another long howl came to his ears. The light in Whipple's room went out.

Bannister stepped behind the heavy draperies and waited. Through a slit between the window casement and the satin folds he commanded a view of Jeff's only possible approach from the outside and at the same time kept an eye on the door. He did not have long to wait—Jeff had chosen the window.

Dick heard a faint scraping as from the cautious raising of a sash. Soon a figure loomed through the murk, if that could be said of a nebulous thing of less seeming density than the surrounding darkness. It was a huge form, yet in an enveloping robe and hood of pale gray, it wore the aspect of a phantom.

Within a yard of Bannister the apparition stopped and lifted the window with a pressure so carefully exerted that it seemed to rise under some unseen force. Spectral and silent, it bent over until the hood was fairly within.

Bannister drew the draperies about him and held his breath. Slowly a gray leg was thrust across the sill; presently the entire figure was in the room. The watcher saw it move noiselessly across the carpet and pause at the bed. Suddenly a sword of light slashed the darkness; the gray invader was using a flashlight.

The little revolver leaped back into his pocket. Bannister leaped across the room like a ghost, landing squarely upon the phantom intruder's back. Instantly the illusion was gone. He was at grips with a man muscled and thewed like a bull.

(To be continued)

ARRANGE TICKET SALES FOR CONTEST

Mrs. Ellen Post, chairman of the American Legion drum corps competition ticket sale, accompanied by Mrs. Dora Ritzman, left this morning to visit the principal committee of the southern part of the county. Ticket sales will be arranged in each section of the county in order that Douglas county residents may obtain first choice on the reservations for the spectacle, which will be one of the outstanding features of the forthcoming state convention of the American Legion.

Later this week Mrs. Post will arrange for ticket sales in the northern part of the county.

House Re-Painted—The M. E. Ritter Sr. residence on East Oak street, is being repainted this week.

RAMBLINGS OF THE NEWS-REVIEW MAN BY PAUL JENKINS

AFTER traveling it—and particularly, I imagine, if you have to travel it frequently—it is a good bet that you will sympathize a bit with Portland's desire for a commercial water-grade route from The Dalles to its own doorway.

If you have followed behind a truck laden with 4 or 5 tons of cement bound for Bonneville, for eight or ten miles through the crooked Columbia river highway, without having an opportunity to pass it, you will wish that either you, or the truck, had another road to follow.

The present highway may be superseded in time by another which will surpass it in ease of travel, but it never will have to fear competition in point of beauty. It is a wonderful road to drive, from this standpoint, full of interest from Crown Point on the west, to The Dalles, at least, on the east. Every one traveling it will wish to stop at Bonneville and view the dam, and if they are normal human beings they will pull to the side of the road at Brical Veil, Multnomah and Horsetail Falls, Multnomah Island, Mayer lookout and a dozen other outstanding places where grand views may be had.

Traffic, between Portland and Hood River, where the return is made to the city via the Mount Hood Loop drive, is dense. The highway is full of cars, and the parking places alongside the highway are jammed with them. For the most part these cars are new and shiny, and their occupants seem to be just common folks like you and I. Somebody must have some money, to be able to own these automobiles, and make long trips in them. Occasionally one sees some rich bird, with a chauffeur and a maid in the front seat, and Mama, Junior and Sister sitting behind him; but for the most part, the people one sees and meets on the highway are just plain folks, out for a vacation, and a good time, really interested in what they see.

There is a campground at The Dalles which is a pip. Located at the north entrance to the city, it is reached through a long driveway hemmed in by an old lava flow. The campground itself sits in the midst of this formation, in little sheltered levels, extending through the lava bed like the fingers from the palm of the hand. Forty-five cabins nestle here, sheltered by overhanging poplars and locust trees, and surrounded by green lawns. The place also sports a fine site for outdoor camping, shaded and lush with greenery, where automobiles and trailers may be packed, and tents erected, when desired. Clear away from the noise of the highway, the railroads and the town, it's as sweet a place to sleep in as I've ever seen.

The one thing Jefferson county has in abundance, and which no agency I can think of can take away from it, is the wonderful view of the snow-capped mountains of the Cascade range. That is a sight for sore eyes, and from Wasco on the north to Deschutes to the south, one may look and marvel at them from every hilltop—Adams, Hood, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Diamond and many lesser, but none the less remarkable peaks.

The world's worst drivers are found on the Columbia river highway. If they are not that way naturally, they soon become so, because of going so much rubbernecking at the scenery along the road. Lord knows how anyone ever travels that stretch of road without getting wrecked half a dozen times, but somehow he does; I never saw a wreck during the whole distance, and I can't account for it. Personally I held out my hands to shake with the angels every fifteen minutes.

Have you kids ever seen a box car rolling down Jackson street in Roseburg? We think most of you never have. Well, be prepared for a surprise. You will certainly see that very thing during the convention. Not only a box car but probably several of them. We know for a fact that the Medford delegation of the 49th St will be here with their train, and such a train! They have a lot of fun with it and of course it is a valuable accessory to their big 'wreck' which will be staged immediately after the parade on Thursday night. No doubt there will be several other 'trains' in town at the same time. They are noisy things, too.

A wire from Harry Bennett, director of the Gilmore circus, reached headquarters from Los Angeles Saturday morning. Harry says to stop worrying about sound equipment for the convention. The Gilmore Oil company will take care of that. Harry is a real fellow.

KRNR PROGRAM (1,500 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The American Legion Program.
4:30—Melody Matinee.
4:45—The Close Harmony Four.
5:15—Hill Billies.
5:30—The Ford V8 Revue.
5:45—The Motor Shop Garage presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:15—The Melodians from Unquaga Park.
7:00—The Grab Bag Program.
7:15—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JULY 28

6:45—Early Birds.
7:00—Alarm Clock Club.
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club cont'd.
8:30—Devotional Services.
8:45—Organ Selections.
9:00—Popular Band Selections.
9:30—Victor Young and His Orchestra.
10:00—Golden Voices.
10:30—Belle and Martha.
10:45—Women's Exchange.
11:00—Hosier Hat Shots.
11:15—Jills from the Shows.
12:20—News-Review News Broadcast.
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert.
12:45—Bing Crosby.
1:00—Investment For Income.
1:05—Hawaiian Melodies.
1:20—Mills Bros.
1:45—Myrtle Creek Friendship Circle with Charles Rice of Myrtle Creek Mail.
2:00—Down Memories Lane.
2:30—The World Book Man.
2:45—Airs from the Operas.
3:30—Storyland.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—On the Shores of Italy.
4:30—The Chamber of Commerce Program.
4:45—Matinee Idylls.
5:20—The Singing Troubadour.
5:45—Kovano the Operatic Tenor.
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments.
6:15—Richard Crooks.
6:20—Clark Wilson's United Artists.
6:45—The Grab Bag Program.
7:15—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 29

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds.

Indians are much in evidence in The Dalles. They come from several reservations thereabouts, and belong to the Yakima, the Cayuse and the Warm Spring outfits. They come to The Dalles to fish, and if you meet them on the street on the windy side, you are bound to suspect this. They are bound to and down the streets, talking busily, smiling happily, a careless, carefree lot. How in the devil they make a living, when away from the reservation, I do not know; but they do, and keep fat and saucy, and have enough left over for a shawl and a brightly colored hanky for a headcovering, for the squaws, and a red or blue shirt, a pair of overalls and a stonch hat for the bucks, everyone of which may be a chief, but doesn't look it.

The Indians are camped everywhere along the river, where they fish. Their camps are full of fish, cut up in strips, drying under a canvas shelter. Their camps are picturesque, but if the wind is right (or wrong) they are smelly as all get out.

Poor old Jefferson county! It must be in a tough spot. The poor old crops I saw anywhere in that part of the country east of the mountains, were there. Small wonder that the population of the county has dwindled in recent years to a matter of a few hundreds of families, and that the government is trying to trade its submarginal lands—which must include most of it—for something a bit better, and let it go back to the state of nature. Peter Skene Ogden found it in, in 1825, and about 1840 he found it. A cowboy would have to get down on its knees to harvest the wheat growing there, and a burro, if left to his own devices and kept away from the Metolius dumpground, would starve to death. There are exceptions, of course, but these ranches are few and far between. I wonder how the county officials at Madras keep in five cent cigars, and spending money, I do for a fact.

The one thing Jefferson county has in abundance, and which no agency I can think of can take away from it, is the wonderful view of the snow-capped mountains of the Cascade range. That is a sight for sore eyes, and from Wasco on the north to Deschutes to the south, one may look and marvel at them from every hilltop—Adams, Hood, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Diamond and many lesser, but none the less remarkable peaks.

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OUTING BEGUN BY CAMPFIRE GIRLS

The annual two weeks' outing for Roseburg Campfire girls opened Sunday at the Wolf Creek Roy Scout camp, with about 25 girls already enrolled. Others are expected to enter camp later in the week, with a number planning to go out next Sunday to spend the last week.

The camp is to be in charge of H. H. Turner, who will be assisted by Edna Brown, swimming and first aid instructor, and Betty Shoemaker, instructor in camp crafts. Mrs. Marion Davidson is in charge of the cooking, assisted by Eleanor Fieg.

Among the girls entering camp Sunday were Marian Church, Eva Baker, Betty Mae Whipple, Debrae Cacy, Faith, Anita and Virginia Young, Peggy and Louise Smith, Carolyn Allen, Lucia Britton, Doris Shoemaker, Margaret Cordon, Mary Jane Jane Wagoner, Ada Jane Chalmers, Pat McClatche, Betty Jean Simons, Charlotte Hiney, Hildegarde and Claretha Roselund and Betty Wyatt.

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., July 25—(AP)—William E. Merchant knows how it feels to be a millionaire for a day.

Merchant received a dividend check from a company in which he owns a small block of stock. It was made out for \$1,000,014.50, and properly signed by all necessary officials. It should have been for \$14.50. He returned the check.

Investors . . . Hear "Investments for Income" on "KRNR" at 1:00 p. m. daily.

Why a pre-convention sale of drum corps contest tickets on the night of the contest anyway? The answer is that this is such a great show that we want our people to see it. Many residents of Doug-