

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1920, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by
WEST-HOLLIDAY-MOGENSEN
San Francisco—220 Bush Street,
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Chicago—140 North Michigan Ave.,
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MEMBER
THE AMERICAN LEGION

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$1.00
Daily, 6 months by mail, .50
Daily, 3 months by mail, .25
Daily, single month by mail, .10
Daily, by carrier per month, .20

The American Legion.

WHEN the constitution of The American Legion was being drafted, it was but natural that the first ten principles which formed its foundation should have been a sacred pledge of allegiance to the constitution of the United States.

The men who founded the Legion had come fresh from the battlefield or cantonment. In the wake of the World war, political anarchy had been let loose upon a world hied white by suffering, sacrifice and stark tragedy. Revolution had buried its fangs deep in the throat of Europe; class hatred clutched at the heart of civilization. The men who had defended America in battle were determined to defend the American form of government against this new menace.

Strangely enough, there were some folk back home here who actually dreaded the return of the soldiers and sailors. They were afraid they had been tainted by the spirit of revolution which was sweeping Europe; they actually were silly enough to believe that the very men who had saved America would now destroy it and turn it over to the reign of communist terror.

The American Legion gave a quick and positive answer to these aspenkneaded brothers of fear. It adopted a preamble to its constitution, the ten principles of which left no room for doubt that the patriotism and loyalty of the veterans was far above that of those citizens who held them in such fear. And the first one of those ten principles was a pledge to "uphold and defend the constitution of the United States," a pledge every Legionnaire must subscribe to when he becomes a member of The American Legion.

Whatever our individual views may be, it can not be denied that the constitution is the basic law of our law, that it is the great charter which has bound us firmly together as a united people, pointing the way to reform in the orderly, the American way when the people determine that reform is necessary. It is the most American thing about America.

The American Legion does not hold that changes in government are either impossible or impracticable. The world changes, America with it. The basic law of our land has been amended, and may be amended many times.

Within the elastic limits of that great charter, as written now or later amended, will be found the means to accomplish all that is needed for the common good. The right of the people, to change their basic law can not, and must not, be denied. It is provided in the constitution itself.

The American Legion does not fear, it does not oppose, the right of any citizen or citizens to propose changes to be brought about in the orderly constitutional way, reserving the individual right to support or oppose such changes as we see fit. It does oppose, and ever will oppose, those who seek to overturn our form of government by force and violence. You do not have to be a Legionnaire to participate in this program. You only have to be an American.

An amendment to the New York state vehicle and traffic law classifies a motorist who kills a chicken or dog or who causes damage to property and leaves the scene without reporting to police as a hit-and-run driver.

"THROUGH Jesus is announced unto you the forgiveness of sins."—Adv.

RAMBLINGS

of the
NEWS-REVIEW
MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

ALWAYS I've said that I never wanted to live in a big city; but if ever I change my mind, I'll choose Seattle.

Its big business houses and comfortable homes, built in terraces and on hilltops overlooking Puget Sound on the west and surrounding lakes Union and Washington to the east, intrigue my fancy, and enchant my mind. Always, I believe, one could find something entertaining to do, in the city itself, upon the long reaching waters of the Sound, the hundreds of small lakes within easy driving distance of town, or alongside the cold streams in the beautiful Olympics on the peninsula and the towering Cascades. One need never spend an idle moment in that great metropolis, during a long lifetime, without having the opportunity to put it to good advantage, improving his mind's desire for useful knowledge.

After all, there's no use trying to tell anyone about Seattle. Especially, after having visited there only a very few days; although, one can gain many lasting impressions in an exceedingly short time indeed, in that great town, with its glamorous past, its vibrant present and its assured future. It's a great industrial and shipping center, drawing wealth from a vast adjacent territory, and reaching out for more over the breadth of the seven seas to every point of the globe. There's something of everything to be found in Seattle, I verily believe.

My liking for Seattle does not extend to that portion of the great state of Washington to be observed along the Pacific highway, lying between Vancouver, across from Portland, and Olympia, at least. In fact, I find I have a definite dislike for it, particularly that 100 mile stretch from Vancouver to Centralia, or a bit beyond.

The highway through here is abominably crooked, exceedingly hilly, and traverses a logged off country, now overgrown with brush, which is far from beautiful. Lumber has been king throughout this region and, like most monarchs, while living fast himself, has ravished his dominions industrially, this probably is a great country, scenically. If I owned it, I'd trade it off for a dog, and hot care a hoot who shot the dog and how soon.

Traffic over this section of highway is a pain in the neck. If one wishes to take a scenic drive, one must avoid this section, and take a curve, around which he cannot look, or a hill, beyond whose crest he cannot see. On the few straightaways encountered, he will meet a line of cars which effectively prohibits him from accomplishing his desire. As a result, he drives for miles and miles, accumulating his rage to the extent of twenty miles per hour speed set by his nemesis, until he foams at the mouth, and murder riots throughout his veins.

On the day I drove north over this highway traffic was particularly dense, and when I arrived in Centralia I discovered why. That city was holding a frontier day celebration, and cars from all over Washington were converging upon it. They met there, in a scramble remembering a drove of wildly milling steers, and practically stopped the works.

Halting for a stop signal which suddenly went against me, a weasel faced old man in an antediluvian auto with no more brakes than a roller skate, rammed my car from behind, and reared itself halfway up its top. The old gent fell out the door, and when he got up he wanted me to apologize for backing in to him that way. He was full of words, and even something stronger, and by the time he got his bus, or what was left of it, piled out from around my tail lights, he was fit to be tied, and I heartily wished he was. No one paid the slightest attention to us; they thought we were part of the show, I reason.

The mountains were almost obscured by haze, and only an occasional glimpse was caught of Rainier, rearing its great white bulk to the sky, and the lesser Adams and St. Helens. Too bad, for those mighty mountains are a sight for sore eyes, and nothing to a breast made savage by the travails of the road, trivial in themselves but reassuring, before the day is out, the magnitude of four Rainiers.

If you happen not to like Seattle, write me, advising proper postage, or telephone or telegraph me, prepaid. I'm not narrow—I realize any town may have its enemies. After all, everyone can't like Seattle, I suppose. It's a comfort I did, after driving over this highway leading there.

As an afterthought, and hearing the celebration in Centralia in mind, it might pay us to route through traffic going places and with no time to stop, over a convenient and plainly marked side street during the big Legion convention here this week. No matter how badly many travelers would like to stay to look, they haven't the time and want to get on with the least possible delay, and as easily as may be.

Incidentally, folks all along the line were inquiring about the Legion meet here, and how accommodations were to be had. I told them sleeping on the parking was fine, and still they wanted to come!

"How you goin' to vote?"



SNOW LEOPARD

by CHRIS HAWTHORNE

CHAPTER XXXI

Abbe Berger looked at him curiously. "Don't do anything rash," he said. "Bannister and Bully will surely be back before nightfall. Besides, anything you do now might imperil Miss Sire. I feel sure that she is with Whipple's caravan and that it is his intention to bring her to this hut and try to cajole or force her into a marriage. It is his only salvation."

Despite the Abbe's prediction, Bannister and Bully did not return by nightfall. Nor had they returned by midnight, when the hopeful monk sought his cot.

A new and strange sensation began working within "On-Arrowed" Toole. He felt that his hour had struck, that the time to redeem that "arm" had come. "Big Jeff" Whipple had beaten him twice in New York; now he would meet the master crook for the third time—meet and beat him on his own stamping ground and against seemingly insuperable odds.

There would be no asphalt pavement under Toole's feet when he started on his mission, no familiar hum of traffic, no laughing voices, no flurry of radio cars to respond to his call should he find his "take" difficult to make. He was going out after Big Jeff Whipple—going alone in Karen Sire's orchid airplane to invade the camp where Jeff Whipple lay sleeping! Or maybe he wasn't sleeping!

It took the detective a long time to prepare his kit. He included a big automatic awning from shoulder holster, besides the "rod" thrust into his hip—the kind he used to wear when with New York's "finest." Then came his parachute pack. Biscuits, water and some dried beef out of a can completed his outfit. Bannister had succeeded in getting him out of wearing the derby for the past few days but now he reverted to it and felt better. Finally, he pulled an old, outworn police shield from a bag and fastened it to his waistcoat.

Plucking a feather from the tail of a stuffed red vulture on the Abbe's mantel, Toole went into the open to catch the direction of the wind and determine his approach to the Whipple camp. He wanted to surprise Jeff and "get him" with a few rude tricks that he had learned while handling hoodlums on or near the sidewalks of New York.

Toole's plan was simple enough; he intended to land about a mile from the camp and make his way to the tents alone. Banking on Jeff's fastidiousness, he hoped to find the big fellow under a separate shelter. If Whipple were asleep, he would tap him on the head with a billy, disarm him and then load the prisoner on his own horse for the trip back to the plane. If he found his quarry awake—oh, well—

It was two in the morning when Toole stepped into the plane and laid his hands upon the controls—the first time he'd ever tried it without an army or police instructor in charge. He thought that all the howling perash of the desert had suddenly popped from nowhere and along to the proller as the machine hopped, bounded and skidded along the ledge before rising. Wild dogs of the hills, a thousand of them at least, seemed to be yipping and yelping at his heels. Every mortal thing, as

glare and the next instant he heard a terrific explosion. The machine had struck and blown up.

While the echoes were still reverberating, Toole felt himself being dragged and buffeted until the white envelope of the parachute settled over him like a shroud, leaving him prostrate and stationary.

The sensation of having been buried alive moved him to sudden activity; he was out from under in an instant, gazing about his landing place. The darkness surrounding him was absolute, impenetrable. Looking upward, he saw a purple segment of the sky, speckled with stars. He had fallen into a deep ravine!

"I'm somewhere in the cellar of Asia," he observed, freeing himself from the tackle and glancing at a luminous faced watch which Bannister had given him. "Three o'clock! Every speakeasy in the neighborhood closed, I suppose."

The detective was trying to jolly himself out of the single fear that ever assailed him—the fear of supernatural things. He felt like a prisoner inside a black velvet tent, with only a smoke hole through which he could see the stars. For all he knew, a single step outside that tent in any direction would send him hurtling to new depths, even into the very bowels of the earth, where lurked strange, fantastic terrors beside which sudden death would be a joy.

Toole had heard of men whistling to keep up their courage and the thought came to him that nothing short of a police whistle could supply his present need. He was sorry he hadn't brought one with him. He set himself to listen for some sound of life, peering the while into that plash darkness. But he heard nothing—saw nothing. Finally he turned his eyes upwards to the indigo streak over his head, wondering how far away those bright stars might be.

After a while the golden buttons fell one by one from the blue background; the blue itself disappeared suddenly and naked down. Flashed pink, began to race across the sky with dazzling yellow hair streaming behind.

The detective began to take stock of his surroundings. He was at the bottom of a tortuous gorge, sunk at least five hundred feet from the levels above. Around him on all sides rose reddish yellow cliffs, touched here and there with sparse vegetation. The air was damp. He thanked God for that—it implied the presence of water. Day had barely touched a toe in that deep place but he knew it was coming swiftly.

"I hope this ain't a blind alley," he mumbled. "If I once get out on top I'll be able to see the old friar's mountain and then it'll be only a matter of tramping back. Wonder how far I'm away from home?"

Toole meant the hut, of course. One direction meant the same to him as the other, so he plunged along. He noticed that the gorge was becoming narrower as he proceeded and finally he passed under a great arch of rock that cast a gloomy shadow at least a hundred feet ahead. Another patch of daylight and then another arch, this one lower and longer, yet revealing, at the far end, a faint suggestion that the sky was still above.

"I'm walking uphill, yet going underground," he murmured uneasily. "Anyway, I'll go as far as the next opening before I take the back trail."

The next opening proved to be a vast funnel, spreading to a wide circle at the top. Beyond him on a straight course nothing but blackness presented itself. The

gorge had had become a cavern. "I haven't got any friends in there," Toole told himself with conviction. Still he thought he heard a sound. He listened. The soft gurgle of water came to his ears from the dark depths. Looking down he saw that the stone floor of the gorge was more than damp—it was wet and the water was moving. "Yes, I picked out the wrong direction," he said, turning. Again he paused. Another sound. It was not the pleasant splashing of water this time but a low, unsteady, muffled patter as of some wild beast approaching from the darkness of the cave. His scalp began to prickle.

Toole plucked the big automatic from his holster and dug a smaller weapon from his hip. He was good with both hands—the little copper button in his lapel told of that. But he would have preferred Jeff Whipple as an antagonist rather than the unseen thing that was making its way toward the dim spot of light where he stood waiting.

(To be continued)

KRRR 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—Swing Tunes
5:00—The Grab Bag Program
5:15—The Ford V-8 Revue
5:30—The Motor Shop Garage Presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock
6:45—Union Park Program
7:00—Convention News by Fisher's Department Store
7:15—Sign Off

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds
7:00—Alarm Clock Club
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast
7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional Services
8:45—Salon Selections
9:00—Famous Music
9:30—Tango Time
10:00—Studio Music in Rhythm
10:30—Relle and Martha
10:35—Women's Exchange
11:00—Mills Bros.
11:15—Love Songs of Today
Afternoon Hours
12:00—Lawrence Tibbets
12:15—Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
12:30—Radio Music Store Afternoon Concert
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast
1:00—Investment for Income
1:15—Golden Voices
1:30—Sol Bright and His Holly Wailers
1:45—Miffie Creek Friendship Circle with Charles H. Hice of Myrtle Creek, Ore.
2:00—Music of Other Lands
2:30—Heart Songs
3:00—The World Book Mmm
3:15—Ranch Boys
3:30—Storyland
4:00—The Editor Views the News
4:15—Jack Benhamant
4:30—Roseburg Chamber of Commerce Program
4:45—Isam Jones and His Orchestra
5:00—The Grab Bag Program
6:00—Chevrolet's Musical Moments
6:15—Rovano the Operatic Tenor
6:30—Hill Billies
7:00—Convention News by Fisher's Department Store
7:15—Sign Off

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

Morning Hours
6:45—Early Birds
7:00—Alarm Clock Club
7:30—News-Review News Broadcast
7:45—Alarm Clock Club contd.
8:30—Devotional Services
8:45—Sacred Selections
9:00—Rovano the Operatic Tenor
9:15—Saw Tunes
9:30—Waltz Time
10:00—Famous Love Songs
10:30—Relle and Martha
10:35—Women's Exchange
11:00—Hosmer Hot Shots
11:15—Rhythm Revue
Afternoon Hours
12:00—John McCormack
12:15—Cecil Black, Maestro of Hamburger and Harmony
12:30—Roy Smeck and His Tropical Serenaders
12:45—News-Review News Broadcast
1:00—Investment for Income
1:05—Legion Memorial
1:30—Songs of the Water
1:45—Ruth Royale
2:00—Songs Seldom Heard
2:30—Hill Billies

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3:00—The World Book Mmm
3:15—Hawaiian Melodies
3:30—Storyland
4:00—The Editor Views the News
4:15—Mark Weber and His Orchestra
4:30—Melody Matinee
5:00—The Grab Bag Program
5:15—The Ford V-8 Revue
5:30—The Motor Shop Garage

presents Stray Hollister at Rimrock.
6:45—The Umpqua Park Program
7:00—Convention News by Fisher's Dept. Store
7:15—Sign off.

"WHILE we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Adv.

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