

RAMBLINGS

by
Paul Jenkins

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HARRIS L. SWORTH, Editor

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Planning for Public Health

FOR a great many generations,
people regarded their physical
ailments as something set apart
for medical men alone to cure.
There was no general moral com-
pulsion to take an interest in dis-
ease beyond submitting it to a man
who knew how to deal with it.

Fortunately, through the efforts
of leaders in the medical profes-
sion itself, a new attitude has come
into existence; an attitude based
on the responsibility of the indi-
vidual to know exactly what causes
disease, what he can do to avoid
getting it, or once having it, how
best to cooperate with the doctor
in getting rid of it.

The question of public health,
therefore, is becoming as much a
matter of public policy as wages,
working hours, or living costs. But
it is a mistake to think that adopt-
ing the attitude settles the matter
and that we are thus automatically
ushered into an era of freedom
from bodily ills.

Just released, the report of the
hospital survey for New York indi-
cates another big step necessary to
the final success of the new public
health policy.

The public already has an im-
mense investment in hospitals and
allied institutions, the report points
out. And while this investment has
been made with the best of inten-
tions, it has been made haphazardly.
The result is that in many cases
the benefits are not properly dis-
tributed, facilities of many hospi-
tals are never fully used, and
new and more efficient methods of
fighting disease are not placed uni-
versally within reach of the people.

In the light of expanding knowl-
edge in medical science, the hospi-
tal is an indispensable public
utility because of the wide variety
of resources for diagnosis and
treatment that it offers.

For that reason, the report em-
phasizes that the organized care
of the sick a generation hence will
best be provided for by the order-
ly growth and co-ordination of present
facilities.

Now the great majority of insti-
tutions for the care of the sick are
provided and maintained by taxes or
voluntary contributions of the
local population. This, then, places
the duty of forwarding a great hu-
manitarian work directly upon those
individuals who make up each community.

Untold sums of money and the
genius of qualified experts have
been turned to the co-ordination of
our endeavors in many other
fields, commercial, cultural, and
philanthropic.

It seems that it would be good
economy, as well as good sense,
that the public health, through our
facilities for guarding it, should
have the same advantages.

Somebody's Gain

THE record peak reached by the
mutual savings banks of the
country on June 30 is a good indi-
cation that things are better for a
considerable number of people
after all.

Mutual savings banks are a type
of institution seldom patronized by
people of wealth. In fact, most of
these banks deliberately restrict
their business to small savings ac-
counts.

Yet on June 30, more than \$10,
000,000,000 was on deposit in sav-
ings banks, and the number of de-
positors also had risen to an all-
time peak of 14,758,246.

Remembering that such banks
represent only part of the country's
savings accounts, there is certainly
some reason to believe that many
people are better off than they
were a few years ago. It is a
good thing to keep in mind when
we are tempted to look at the
whole scene today through smoked
glasses.



I MET a schoolboy pal the other
day, and we spent hours re-
calling "old Lang Syne." We
talked of this
person, and that
one, and of all
the jokes con-
nected with the
memory of them,
and a bit of the
sadness. It was
surprising to dis-
cover how few
of them there
were left whose
we knew,
many of them
had died.

Later, in thinking of our con-
versation, and realizing the years
that had passed since we had gone
to school together, I commenced
to feel exceedingly old. "When
a fellow begins to recall the
scenes of his childhood, it's a sign
size is approaching old age," I said
to myself, and felt rather badly
about it.

I was cheered up a bit that
night. I overheard a group of six-
teen-year-old girls talking. Be-
lieve it or not, THEY were re-
calling old times. "Who you re-
member," said one, "when we first
started to high school as fresh-
men? My! but weren't we green!"

Strange Tales From Jackson County

With ducks that chase the
neighbors' dogs, cats with bob-
tails and six toes, maple leaves
measuring more than 20 inches
across, does that help deliver
mail, white deer and other curios,
Jackson County is rapidly becoming
a paradise for the strange-as-
it-seems and believe-it-or-not
gentleman.

Now comes J. C. Haskett of Ta-
ble Rock into the Mail-Tribune of-
fice with a week-old pig having
two tails. One tail is where it
ought to be. The other, bone-
less, dangles from a midrib on the
right side. Otherwise the pig,
named Susie, is normal.—Medford
Mail-Tribune.

"Boys, if you like you may have
next Sunday off and go sailing. I
think you can find time between
now and then to fix up that whale-
boat and rig a sail on her." Thus
Cute Peterson's commanding of-
ficer. Cute is with the navy, sta-
tioned at San Diego, on shore
duty.

So Cute and his pals worked
like the very devil in their spare
time, and by Saturday night had
her all fixed up to go. They hardly
could sleep that night, they were
so anxious for the morning to
come. And in due course it ar-
rived with not a breath of air.
There wasn't enough breeze to
turn a weather-vane, let alone
bello out a sail!

It's not always clear sailing
even for sailors, I reckon.

A party called me on the phone
Saturday to report the birth of the
seventh baby at his home. He
told slightly deaf in my Sonotone
ear I couldn't hear him very well,
so asked: "Will you repeat that?"
"By such no, Bill," said he.
"Not if I can help it!"—Will J.
Hayner in the Sutherland Sun.

F. L. Crittenden, manager of the
Pacific Telephone here, was show-
ing me and another friend of
mine a picture of several of his
telephone girls who had made a
trip to Fish Lake, and of the catch
they had made.

It was a picture Bill Harding
ought to have at the chamber of
commerce. Sitting in a group
were the four girls, dressed in
shorts and boots, admiring a fine
display of fish spread out before
them—an even hundred splendid
trout.

"By Jove," I remarked, "aren't
they beauties?"
"They sure are," agreed my
friend, enthusiastically. "Look at
those dumplings!"

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

tremendously important to human
progress lay all about, unnoticed
and unused. Early man made his
tools and his weapons of flint.

Then some prehistoric man, more
observant and more thoughtful
than his fellows, built his fire on
copper ore. Noting the red metal
that flowed from the rocks and
hardened as it cooled, he GOT AN
IDEA.

Out of this idea came the use
of metal, which totally transformed
the conditions under which human
beings live.

GETTING back to rubber.
The automobile is a delicate
piece of machinery. In its infancy,
it was far more delicate than it is
now. It couldn't stand ruts jolting
over rough roads—and goodness
knows the roads were rough back
in those days.

Then somebody HAD AN IDEA
and made tires of rubber, and
these rubber tires cushioned the
jolting and enabled the automobile
to stand up under road shocks and
deliver consistently satisfactory
performance day in and day out
for years.

IDEAS are the most valuable of
all human resources.

During the period from Ameri-
ca's entrance into the World war
until the signing of the armistice
there were 626 labor strikes and
lockouts in the nation.

OUT OUR WAY

GOOD GOSH—
CAN'T HE EVER
LET US HAVE A
GOOD TIME?
THERE HE IS,
AT A PICNIC,
FIGURIN' HOW
MUCH MONEY
THEM BOOTHS
TAKE IN—



1 M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COPY, 1937 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

TH' PICNIC
IS SPOILT! I'LL
BE THINKIN'
ABOUT TH' FUTURE
TH' REST OF TH'
DAY—HIM A
BIG BUNKER,
AN' ME TH'
ELEVATOR
MAN.



1 M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COPY, 1937 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

A DOLLAR DOLL
COST US THREE
AN' A TWO-DOLLAR
HAM COST US
FIVE—THAT'S
WHUT WORRIES
ME ABOUT OUR
FUTURE—AN' SEEN'
HIM, MAKES IT
WORSE!



1 M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COPY, 1937 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

By Williams

Best-Dressed Woman

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JUDITH IRVING, heroine,
America's best-dressed woman.

PHILIP IRVING, Judith's en-
gaged husband.

MARTA ROGERS, Judith's
rival.

BRUCE KNIGHT, author, Ju-
dith's old classmate.

MILLICENT BAYNE, Bruce's
protege.

Yesterday, Judith prepares to
leave for Reno. She has a parting
tea with Phil and Marta. She
wonders if Phil will stay for one
last moment alone with her or
see Marta home.

CHAPTER VII

Phil did not stay long to talk
with Judith. He excused himself
from the golden-haired Marta for
a moment to follow Judith back to
her own room. His eyes were
troubled and his brow furrowed.

"Judith, I'm sorry about last
night. I was a beast. Could you
manage to forgive me?"

She nodded. "Long ago, I un-
derstood."

He looked at her for an instant
before he said: "How can you be
so understanding?" Then his tone
changed abruptly. "I'll be back
long before time to drive you out
to Newport. Wait for me, won't
you, Judith? I can't send you off
alone." He glanced at his eyes
were saying, "How can I send you
off at all?"

Judith left the outer door
close as Phil left with Marta. Now
she was alone. Alone with her
thoughts. Most interesting, won-
dering. Her trunk would follow
her by train. The airlines allowed
only 35 pounds of baggage so she
could take few things with her.
At that, the collection was larger
than she had anticipated.

She dressed with consummate
care in a robe of blue tulle,
whose dress was black with but-
tons of matching blue. A careless
hand that swayed deeply over one
cheek held the same rich shade of
the blue. Accessories were black.
It was 8:30 now. She ordered
some dinner sent up from the res-
taurant in the apartment build-
ing.

She looked at her wrist. 9:30.
Nine o'clock. 9:30. To
sleep. She couldn't wait any
longer. She walked to the win-
dows and looked down on the
river that carried barge lights on
its bosom as it slowly meandered
down to the sea. Now rain be-
gan, steady and rhythmic. A
quarter after 10. Still Phil had
not sent word.

Suddenly she was filled with
a disappointment so keen that it
rent her spirit into something
tattered and quivering. The brave
independence was gone. It was
almost time to go away now, to go
away forever, and Phil had not
come. She missed her hands over
her lips to hold back the sobs.

At last she rang for the car.
"Mr. Irving took the town car,
madam," the butler explained.
"The large car is in the garage
and the roadster is being repaired.
The engine was knocking."

"Then a taxi?" Judith asked.
"No, madam. It's raining, it's
pouring," she answered. She would
go away in a yellow cab, a green
cab, a blue cab, a checkered cab?
What did it matter what kind of
a cab it was? Phil had not kept
his promise. He had not returned.
No, it wasn't true that he had not
cared. He never would inflict pain
so deliberately. He would be con-
scientious when he realized that
the passage of time had
taken her to the airport. He just
—hain't—remembered. His for-
getfulness, more than any words,
told her how completely the other
woman had won her spell.

Judith had told Millicent that
she would pick him up at her
house in Gramercy Park. When
the girl came out to the cab Ju-
dith noticed the glad exuberance
in her eyes. She was responding
swiftly to new stimuli. There was
much difference between the end
of the twenties, the older woman
thought.

"The cars were all taken," Ju-
dith explained. "He you mind a
taxi?"

"Not one bit, but Ronnie is here
with his car so he will drive us
over to Newark. You know him,
don't you? He's the youngest part
of the copper fortune and a dar-
ling."

He'll take us to Reno, too."

The bags were transferred to
Ronnie's car. Judith took her
place on the soft-cushioned seat
and relaxed. Ronnie was tall and
broad-shouldered and tanned. He
was cut from the same college
pattern that the eastern schools
modeled best. Plainly he was in
love with Millicent, who teased
him a little, laughed with him,
forgot him.

Judith rode along, listening to
scraps of conversation, contribut-
ing sentences, trying not to re-
member that back there in the
city of skyscrapers and traffic the
man whom she loved, found sanc-
tuary with another woman.

Now the car was passing
through the gates at the Newark
airport and beyond, the great
ship, with its cabins lighted,
waited. People were saying good-
bye. There was a prevailing air of
gaiety. She glanced up. There
were no stars tonight. There
would be more rain.

She was hoping that there
would be a message for her from
Phil at the airport. There was
none, however. Every time a
messenger boy appeared she
waited for him to come to her.
Now stopped. Oh surely the tel-
ephone would ring before it was
time to leave the waiting room,
and it would be Phil—of course it
would ring.

It didn't.

"We're taking off, Mrs. Irving,"
the junior pilot told her at last.
"Thank you." She remembered
to smile.

So Phil was going to let her go
out of his life without a goodbye.
So simply as this. Life could end.
She drew a deep breath, threw
her head high as though it had
carried a crown and would do so
again, and stepped into the ship.
The motors were humming. Milli-
cent was saying goodbye to Ronnie.
Then an attendant came run-
ning. "Mrs. Irving! Mrs. Irving!"
he called.

"Yes, here I am!" Even to her
own ears her voice was shot with
glimmerings of wild, glad color.
Phil had not forgotten!

She accepted the message and
held the yellow envelope care-
fully as the ship glided down the
apron and took off. Up, up, up, it
had cleared the lower buildings.
It was taking in reeling. Now the
towers of Manhattan at the side,
swinging out of the dark night and
the golden lights that shone below
were part of the yellow carpet
that covered the world. She held
the message tightly, afraid to open
it. For a moment it was sweet
not to know the contents.

At last she tore the flap. A wild
terror seized her. Suppose—it was
not from Phil! Anne knew that
she was leaving and quite prob-
ably Millicent had confided in
Bruce. It was strange that Bruce
had sent no farewell token or
message. Quickly she opened the
telegram. When she saw the well-
loved signature her heart became
quieter. She read: "Darling, I
don't know how I missed you stop
forgive me stop you are a jewel
stop Phil."

She did not know what she had
expected that note to say. After
all, there was little that it could
say. She felt let down and tired.
She would go to bed. She put
on her rust satin traveling pa-
jamas, and stretched herself on
the cushions, thankful that this
ship had sleeping compartments.

Judith slept and when the
stewardess called her half an hour
from Chicago, at 5 o'clock, she
arose quickly, dressed and evaded
newspaper contacts at the airport.
Word that she was aboard had
spread. The plane to the west did
not leave until 12 o'clock so she
and Millicent had a leisurely
breakfast of orange juice, corn
muffins with marmalade, crisp la-
zaroni and coffee. They were tired
of waiting long before noon, and
relieved to be in the air again.

The ship climbed higher and
higher, through blue sky and sun-
light, while small towns and riv-
ers became part of a miniature
world far below. Tea was served.
Dinner, Night began. The plane
was due in Reno at 10:37.

The sky had grown rougher as
twilight came and they neared

the Rockies. Judith felt the up-
ward motion, sensed the ship be-
ing caught in a gigantic wind,
shaken like a leaf, and set back
again. Her spirit rejoiced in the
struggle.

Higher, higher, higher. Now
there was a roaring sound that
was new and frightening as they
dipped too suddenly, dropped, re-
gained their place. There was an
other plunge. A plunge so long
and so steep that her heart waited
for a crash. It did not come. The
ship continued on its way. The
stewardess's face was white now.
Judith noted. The sky was black
and sleek was now driving against
the windows. Strange, but Judith
no longer felt excited.

Suddenly there was an order to
fasten safety belts. It appeared in
the small red electric panel of
fasten that broke the blackness of
the cabin. All lights had been ex-
tinguished because it was easier to
see outside when the ship was in
darkness. The way grew con-
stantly rougher.

Flash came the next electric
warning. "Prepare to land."
Now the wind roared by like a
giant, looked among the clouds.
Prepare to land! That could mean
one thing only. The ship could
not weather the storm. Here in
the mountains the chance that
there would be an acceptable
landing place was almost nothing.
No pilot would come down if he
had a chance in the air.

So this was the end. The end
of love, of life, of dreams—of fit-
tings! Judith smiled in the fright-
ening dark. She would never
again see Phil. Phil who had loved
her and forgotten about her.

Now the sky was dropping
away rapidly. Her hands clenched
the sides of the chair. She tried
to call a word of cheer to Milli-
cent and wondered why she had
forgotten her for a brief period.
In another moment, now—
(To be continued.)

KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Editor's Views of the News.

4:15—Bolt, Dave and Orchestra.

4:30—Tango Rhythms.

4:45—Fletcher Henderson.

5:00—Melody Lane, with Wanda
Armour at the Indian Thea-
ter Organ.

5:30—Monitor Views of the News.

5:45—N. Y. Civic Orchestra.

6:00—Hansen's Memories in
Melody.

6:15—Montmartre Famous Or-
chestra.

6:45—"Knights of the Road."

6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—Jan Garber.

7:30—American Family Robinson.

7:45—Your Grab Bag.

8:00—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7

7:00—"Early Bird."

7:30—News-Review News-cast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club.

8:15—Pats Waller.

8:30—Ted Lewis.

8:45—Cheerleaders.

9:00—Jimmy Lunceford.

9:30—Hits From the Show.

10:00—Louis Katzman.

10:15—March Time.

10:30—Radio Rendezvous, Copco.

10:45—Hummelers Harmony.

11:15—Variety Show of the Air.

11:45—Freddie Martin.

12:00—Manhattan Concert Band.

12:15—Phil Harris, Denn-Cerret-
sen.

12:30—Hansen's Memories in Mel-
ody.

12:45—News-Review of the Air.

1:00—What Douglas County
Thinks Today.

1:15—"Olds & Ends."

1:30—Afternoon Dance Melodies.

2:00—"World Book Man."

2:07—Hoesler Hot Shots.

2:30—Gems From the Classics.

2:50—News Flashes.

3:00—Hal Kemp.

3:15—James Melton.

3:30—Kiddies Request Program.

4:00—Jimmy Yrie.

4:15—Modern Vocalists.

4:30—Tea Time Tunes.

5:00—Dorsey Bros. Orch.

5:30—The Monitor Views of the
News.

5:45—Broadway Symphony.

6:15—Montmartre Famous Or-
chestra.

6:45—"Knights of the Road."

6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—L. A. Symphony.

7:15—Blug Crosby.

7:30—Your Grab Bag.

PIGGY WIGGLY

JELLO
All flavors,
2 Pkgs. 9c

VINEGAR
Pure cider, bring
container,