Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Bringing Up Jimmy

WHENEVER there is nothing else to worry about, good people can always get themselves into a state of alarm by meditating on the kind of movies little Jimmy goes to see on Saturday afternoons.

Jimmy knows little about the finer points of the cinematic arts, but he indisputably knows what he wants. So do the movie makers, who see that he gets it. The result is a wealth of blood-and-thunder stuff, G-men epics, cowboy escapades, mining town shooting scrapes and highly improbable bits of adventure and action in the South Seas.

All of which, to many of us whose childhood is long gone, is pretty disturbing. It looks like strong meat for delicate stomachs. We are easily persuaded that little Jimmy ought to be protected against his own desires.

But when the topic of Jimmy and his movie fare came up for discussion at a conference of elementary school teachers at Teachers College, Columbia university, the other day, very little alarm was manifest. On the contrary, the teachers were urged to go out and attend a few of these Saturday afternoon thriller-specials themselves once in a while and find out how and why those things hit Jimmy where he lives.

For little Jimmy is perfectly direct and simple about it all. He likes rapid-fire action, bold adventure and the certainty of right's ultimate triumph over wrong; and these likes are not at all bad or unnatural traits for him to have. On the contrary they are universal, rooted in the deepest stratum of human nature.

And it is up to us adults to understand that—and to understand at the same time, that these youngsters of ours are no simpletons and are not in the least fooled by the kind of life they see in the Saturday afternoon movie houses.

They know, after all, that real life seldom has a moving picture finish. The hero doesn't always come galloping out of the sunset just in time; the dauntless young man doesn't always foil the evil designs of the villain; virtue does not always reap its rich reward in the final reel. The everyday life of schoolyard and playground teaches that, unmistakably.

Yet it is human nature to wish that things were different; and in their own way the youngsters who cheer and stamp their feet at the holiday thrillers are simply testifying to the fact that they wish life were a little bit nearer to the ideal. That is a wish which, however it may find expression, is worth understanding and fostering.

Which doesn't at all mean that we should never exercise the right of censorship over little Jimmy's entertainment program. It does mean that if we just take the trouble to see things the way he sees them, and share in his vibrant young emotional life, we can do an infinitely better job of bringing him up to adulthood prepared to do his part toward making this a better world.

Holiday Reform

THE people of New Jersey have worked themselves into a considerable lather over the issue of shuffling the official holidays around, and you can't blame them.

Passed by the state assembly was a bill moving every holiday to the nearest Monday. The people in favor of bigger and better week-ends were tickled to death, but the people who didn't want to be waving flags and shooting off firecrackers some July morning three days after the rest of the nation weren't tickled at all.

Whatever you think of the every-holiday-a-Monday idea, however, there is definitely a need, not merely in New Jersey but everywhere, for a few sensible reforms in the whole year-long holiday schedule.

Heads of families have been wishing for generations, for instance, that New Year could be placed just a few days further removed from Christmas. And take the matter of wedding anniversaries: how much easier it would be to remember, men, if all wedding anniversaries could be scheduled for the same day all over the country. And how about keeping April 1 moving around all the time so that the kids wouldn't ever know just when to get set? And the 4th of July: never let it start till after 11 a. m., say . . .

Somebody get to work on this idea.

Behind the Scenes In Washington

By Rodney Dutcher

WASHINGTON, May 25.—Although officials of 14 of the largest corporations affected by the public utility holding company act have jointly offered "co-operation" to SEC in enforcing the act, both sides seem to have their fingers crossed.

The point on which the holding companies managed to be specific was that the "fundamental principle of diversity of investment . . . represented here by both geographical location of operating properties and character of the business served by them . . . should be preserved in the public interest."

The act says holding companies must be geographically integrated. SEC officials, believing the words "diversified" and "integrated" are antonyms, suspect the big power companies may be trying to win with SEC the fight against the "death sentence" they lost in congress and before the supreme court.

Holding companies point to the advantage of diversified risk and claim geographical diversification is needed if they are to raise new capital. SEC Chairman William O. Douglas assures them SEC intends to carry out the act's aim of promoting efficiency of operation, lower electricity rates and stabilization of investment.

"There will be no 'death sentence' where a holding company can justify its terms of service to operating companies," Douglas says. "On the contrary, it holds the promise of a long life and a happy one."

Letter Writing

A group of New York and Washington lawyers has been concocting a solemn letter addressed to Chief Justice Hughes. The message suggests that dignity and prestige of the supreme court have suffered from reports that justices have been criticizing another member (meaning Black), and that certain justices are being widely quoted as having made such comments. Citing their belief that such stories are "unseemly and unbelievable," the lawyers ask a "statement of clarification."

It remains to be seen whether they get up enough nerve to send the letter.

BARBS

Martha Raye wants people to forget about her mouth. She wishes they would just skip—or rather broad jump—it.

Archeologists in Asia have found what they think were the first tools. That makes how many million years that plumbers have been looking for them?

The government is going to pension worn-out mules, and the lucky beasts are not even required to remember a social security number.

Suing to prevent radio broadcasts of transcriptions be made several years back Bob (Bazooka) Burns says the programs aren't up to his present standards. Aging works wonders with true art.

Herr Hitler warns Brazil he won't tolerate "annoyances." How can Der Fuehrer do a thorough job of annoying the world if he is pestered in South America?

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Here on Business—Clifton Agee, of Oak creek, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

Daily Devotions

BY DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

They had fellowship as they worshipped in the temple, and fellowship as they ate in one another's homes, because their bodies were temples of the Lord. All social barriers of accept, of dress, of education, of birth, of color, of economic status were broken down and they had all things in common and they were glad. Through the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; all the old exclusiveness and pride had been burnt out as with a consuming fire, and they knew the meaning of the real joy of Christian fellowship. Our Father, may we worship Thee in such a manner, that all hinderances which would seperate us from others may disappear. Then last made us one with Thyself through the broken body of Thy Son. Help us, who have eaten the living bread, never to break bread in our homes with selfish hearts. Amen.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

NO ROAD SIGNS

TRIAL FLIGHT

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACKIE DUNN—heroine; she wanted to fly.

ROGER BRECKNER—hero; he wanted to test the stratosphere.

BERYL MELROSE—wealthy widow; she wanted Roger.

EVELYN LA FARGE—Jackie's mother; she wanted a son-in-law.

* * *

Yesterday: Roger's ship goes down when his oxygen supply leaks and there is no further report from him while Jackie waits tense, in agony.

CHAPTER XIV

"Shhh!" Mac silenced her sharply. But though they both waited, silent, tense, there was nothing more. Not even Roger's call letters, signing off.

Jackie spent most of that day at the airport, waiting in vain for some news of Roger and his silver ship. But there not only was no word from him, but no news from any source about him.

"He's blanked out," Mac admitted finally, after trying over and over to raise some response to his persistent signals. He took one look at Jackie's white face, and tacked on quickly, "Though maybe it's only his radio that went haywire."

"You know it's more than that," Jackie said. "Oh, Mac, do you suppose he can possibly make a landing under such conditions, with his motor dead, no ceiling or visibility—has he got any chance at all? Give me the truth. I can take it." She would have to "take it." She would have to keep standing by, as she had promised Roger, so long as there was the slimmest hope to which to cling.

"He'll have a job on his hands," Mac returned reluctantly, his thin lips twitching; Jackie had no idea how stricken, how fearful her lovely eyes looked, their golden flecs dimmed. "If anyone can squash that crate down in that rough country Roger will do it. If not, he'll have sense enough to bail out."

"You mean he'll jump?"

Mac nodded. "He's probably sitting in a treetop somewhere right now," he said. But he knew his attempt at humor fell pretty short. "See here, Jackie, there's nothing you can do around here—why don't you run along home and take it easy for a spell? I give you my word, I'll let you know the second I get any dope."

"All right," Jackie said dully. It was true; there was nothing she could do. That was what made it so hard.

* * *

She felt numb all over, almost as though the life had gone out of her body; her heart was beating slowly and painfully, as though it were a heavy weight within her breast. Her mind did not seem to register any outside impressions; it was burdened down with but one thought—what had happened to Roger?

In that last message from him, he had estimated his position as the west leg of the Bellefonte beam; Jackie knew, without being told, that that particular stretch was the most hazardous in the Alleghenies. It would be a miracle to achieve a landing, flying practically blind, with the motor dead, and after that tremendous dive from 25,000 feet. To think that Roger had flown the silver ship, taking off from Burbank, clearing the mighty Rockies, skimming over all that vast territory between, only to come at his hour of triumph to this sudden and perhaps tragic end.

But no, she would not—she could not—allow herself to think that. Roger was such a wonderful pilot; he would come through somehow, if it were humanly possible. Yet, Jackie realized how fragile the human element may be against such strong forces as fog and wind and mountain tops.

On her way home from the field she heard the newsboys calling the first extra. She jammed on her brakes to purchase one. There, looking at her from the front page, was Roger, wearing his broad, confident grin. He was standing, with Beryl Melrose, beside the silver ship, ready for the takeoff from Burbank. There was no news except what Jackie already knew, an account of the stratosphere flight, giving the bulletins received en route, and then Roger's last message—and the silence that had followed.

Volunteers were scouring that section of the country where it was believed the plane—or what was left of it—would be found; farmers, townspeople, even the national guard had turned out, besides a number of planes carrying on the search from the air.

Without doubt, the paper stated, there would be some discovery before nightfall.

* * *

It was almost dinner time when Jackie reached home. She hurried up the stairs to her own room; she felt she simply could not face Evelyn, and all her questions and the fuss she would make, now of all times. She felt she could not face anyone. Not until she knew what had happened to Roger.

Mac had promised he would let her know the moment he learned anything new. She knew she could depend on him. But oh, this terrible agony of waiting, this gnawing uncertainty! If she had thought those hours, waiting for Roger's call letters to come through to the little tower room, had dragged with leaden feet, what would these next hours be, how could she get through them?"

"Are you home, darling?" Evelyn's voice outside the door, her hand rattling the knob. "Why, Jacqueline, you've locked your door! What on earth is the matter, child? Open it—it's mother, darling."

"Please, Mother . . . I have a headache," Jackie mumbled from the bed where she had thrown herself, face down, full length, finding that she was almost physically exhausted. She was glad she had thought to turn the key in the lock. Let Evelyn rattle it as much as she wished, Jackie would not admit anyone.

"A headache . . . dear me! I'll get you something . . ."

"I don't want anything! Just let me alone." Thank heaven, her mother apparently had not heard about Roger yet. She would not know what had happened until she read the regular evening edition of the paper.

"But, darling, you must let me do something for you!"

"Please, Mother!" Jackie threw all the pleading of which she was capable into her voice. "If you'll just go away and let me alone . . ."

She heard Evelyn murmur something that sounded like, ". . . dear me . . . I can't understand . . ." and then her footsteps resounding down the hall.

* * *

Jackie lay still as long as she could. Then she got up and crept down the stairs once more. She knew Evelyn would be dressing for dinner now. Jackie could get the evening paper before anyone else saw it. Back in her room, the door securely bolted once more, she pulled the sheets apart with feverish fingers. There was the same telephoto of Roger and Beryl beside the silver plane—it gave Jackie's heart the same piteous wrench. This edition had been printed several hours later but it held no new news, nor much more hope. The search was still going on but so far not a single trace had been discovered of the ship or of its pilot.

Jackie felt she could not endure this waiting much longer. It was this uncertainty that was so unbearable. It would be easier to know that Roger had cracked up, that there was not hope at all, than to have to go on not knowing what had happened, what to expect.

She would not wait any longer for Mac to call. She would phone him. If she would not reach him, she would get in her car and drive back out to the field.

When she gave her name the operator at the field, who knew her, cried hurriedly aside, "It's Miss Dunn. . . . I can't talk to her. . . . You'll have to tell her, Mac . . ." And then, after an eternity Mac's voice came over the wire.

"Hello . . . is that you, Jackie?"

"Oh, Mac . . . I had to call you!" What had the operator meant? "Have you heard anything? Isn't there anything new?"

"Yes . . . I was just going to call you, Jackie." Mac's voice sounded gruff, unnatural. He had heard something then!

"They found the ship," Mac was saying, still in that same odd voice. "Near Kylertown. Pretty badly cracked up—one wing torn off, motor smashed in . . ."

"But Roger . . .?" She had to know, to get it over with, whatever the news.

(To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Bolognins' Orch., MBS.
4:30—Let's Visit, MBS.
5:00—The Children's Hour.
5:15—The Johnson Family, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Gladys Firman's Dancetimers.
6:00—Popeye, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Organ Recital, MBS.
7:15—Randall's Orch., MBS.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Brooklyn Symphony.
8:15—American Family Robinson.
8:30—Sons of American Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Anson Weeks' Orch., MBS.
9:45—Bluestone and His Violin, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, MAY 26

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Morning Melodies.
8:30—Full Gospel Church of the Air, Rev. A. Harold Persing.
9:00—The Happy Gang, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Rex Battel's Orchestra, MBS.
9:45—Hollywood Charm Councillor, MBS.
10:00—Parks Hawkins Quartet.
10:15—I Pay For My Seat, MBS.
10:30—Home Town, MBS.
10:45—This Woman's World, MBS.
11:00—Songs of the West, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Hollywood Spinsters, MBS.
11:45—Paul Small, MBS.
12:00—Ed Fitzgerald, MBS.
12:15—Helene Daniels, MBS.
12:30—Agricultural Daily, MBS.
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Martin Burandt, MBS.
1:30—Discovering Our Schools, MBS.
1:45—Dance Melodies.
2:00—Berna Dean, MBS.
2:15—Community Hall, MBS.
2:30—Today's Front Page.
2:45—This Crazy World, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Headlines, MBS.
3:45—Ennio Bolognini's Orchestra, MBS.
4:00—Alfred Wallenstein's Orchestra, MBS.
4:30—Radio Campus, MBS.
4:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
5:00—The Children's Hour.
5:15—The Johnson Family, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Melody Lane With Wanda Armour.
6:15—N. Y. State Symphonic Band.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Oriental Sing Band, MBS.
7:15—Jack Coffey and Orchestra, MBS.
7:30—The Green Hornet, MBS.
8:00—Knickerbocker Symphony.
8:30—Bob Crosby's Orchestra, MBS.
8:45—Phil Harris.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—To Be Announced.
9:45—Don't You Believe It, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

"WHAT in the world is this?" I asked Noble Goettel, the chef, as I peered into the depths of the cooler in the kitchen of our cabin at Tahkenitch lake Saturday afternoon. My eyes had fallen upon a saucer heaped full of some pinkish substance the shape of small, dual sausage balloons, and to the casual eye, of about the same texture.

"Heavens, man," the Chef answered, "don't tell me you never have eaten any bass roe! That's what that is, anyway, and I love it."

I never had eaten any bass roe. I've heard of shad roe, and have eaten sturgeon roe without ever having seen it in its natural form. I've even been knocked for a row, now and then, but I'd never thought of bass roe.

* *

No doubt you'll gather from this that we caught some bass. We did, but not enough to brag about, and most of them were rather small ones, although Doc Stewart got one which dressed three and a half pounds. Nobie hooked one that weighed six and a half (he thought) but it got away. He claimed the reason it got away was because Doc, who up to that time had the biggest fish, knocked it loose from the plug while netting it.

* * *

A bass plug is a wicked looking instrument, with its mountings of pendent hooks. The bass, folks say, don't take it because they think it is food, but because the sight of the plug wobbling in the water infuriates them so much they strike in anger.

Maybe so; but any fury aroused in a bass was a weak and feeble sensation compared to the wild abandon of rage excited in my own bosom as I fought that cursed plug as I attempted to cast and retrieve it in a welter of rushes, lily pads, weeds, stumps, logs and overhanging branches. After a few hours of that the bass might bite the plug; but I was mad enough to bite myself.

* * *

That unpaved portion of the Umpqua highway between Scottsburg and Reedsport—about an eight mile stretch, I think—was in spendid condition this past week. I've never seen it any better. It was dusty, but the surface was smooth. How long it will stay that way is something else.

This portion of the road furnishes an important link in a beautiful drive, particularly pleasant at this time of year, when the adjoining shrubbery and tree foliage is fresh and clean, and the broad river ebbs and flows on its tide-controlled voyage to the sea, almost underfoot. As its recreational advantages become better known, and more extensively developed, the lower Umpqua country should attract thousands of interested visitors.

* * *

Fred Kregor (I heard) has a notion to shoot me, as I had reported recently that Florence was to hold a Rhododendron festival last Sunday, and also had quite a bit to say concerning the beauty of the rhodos over there at this time of year. Fred drove over on the strength of my story, to find that the beautiful blossoms were past their prime. The folks in Florence were bewailing their misfortune in not having planned their celebration for a week earlier.

Shucks, a fellow never knows what to say. However, Fred, I'll bet you enjoyed your trip anyway. And—I did see some fine rhododendrons near Tahkenitch lake Sunday. That's not very far from Florence!

* * *

Guy Kibbee, famous and lovable movie star, was in Roseburg yesterday. He insulted everyone in town terribly by walking down Jackson street in his shirtsleeves.

MYRON VLECK ON STUDENT COUNCIL

Myron Vleck, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Vleck of Glide, Oregon, was elected senior member of the student council of the Oregon Normal school at an election held Monday, May 23. Vleck graduated from Glide high school in 1937 and enrolled the following fall in an education course at the state college of education. His scholarship and campus leadership led to his selection for membership in Phi Beta Sigma, national honorary professional normal school fraternity. This spring he was elected president of the local chapter for the 1938-1939 school year. The student council, of which Vleck is now a member, is the legislative and administrative body of the Associated Students organization. It is composed of four councilmen, four councilwomen and the student body officers.

ANOTHER COUGAR SLAIN BY DUNCAN

A female cougar was killed Tuesday in the Little river district by Earl Duncan of the U. S. biological survey. It is believed to have been the mate of the large male killed last week.

DISTRICT POST IN 20-30 CLUBS SOUGHT

Earl Wisner, member of the 20-30 club of Roseburg, is to be a candidate for the office of deputy district governor of 20-30 clubs for the southwestern Oregon district, it was announced at the regular meeting of the local club held Tuesday.

Club members were entertained by instrumental and vocal music by Wanda Armour and Millard Magness.

PROGRAM ARRANGED FOR CLASS NIGHT

DRAIN, May 25.—The annual class night program will be held May 25th and will be presented by members of the senior class and consists of musical numbers, reading of class poem, history, prophesy, presentation of class song, salutatory and valedictory speeches. Baccalaureate will be held Sunday evening at 8 p. m. with Rev. E. J. Helseth bringing the message. Commencement will be Thursday evening, June 2nd, with Dean Duback of Oregon State as speaker.

While working in her garden at Rushville, Ind., on her golden wedding day, Mrs. Elizabeth Rooney unearthed the wedding ring she had lost 50 years earlier.

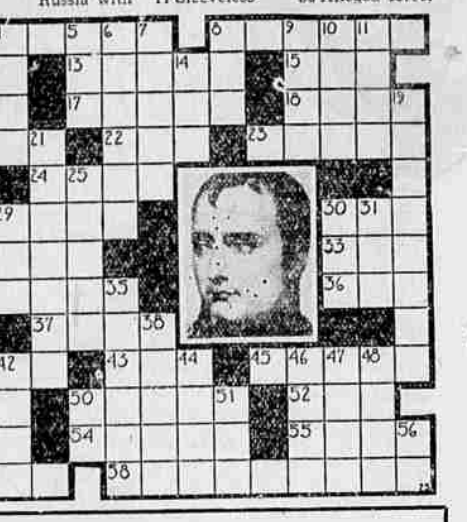
Maytag
Sales and Service
City Electric
124 W. Cass St. Phone 233

Little Corporal

HORIZONTAL

1 —— Bonaparte, powerful soldier.
8 The land he became famous in.
12 Joker.
13 To record.
15 Meadow.
16 Existed.
17 Relieved.
18 Drinks dog-fashion.
20 Onagers.
22 Wine cask.
23 Writer's mark.
24 Series of epical events.
26 He was —— from 1804 to 1835.
30 Ore launder.
32 Roved.
33 Snaky fish.
34 Panelled ceiling.
36 Devoured.
37 Olive shrub.
39 Leaves out.
43 Very high mountain.
45 Sorceress.
49 Constellation.
50 Slight grin.
52 To bow.
53 Sound of sorrow.
54 Singing voice.
55 Song for one voice.
57 He rose to power from the ——.
58 He —— from Russia with great losses in 1812.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



VERTICAL

2 Inspires reverence.
3 Puts on par.
4 S molding.
5 Female sheep.
6 Public speaker.
7 A striving.
8 Grazed.
9 In the style of.
10 Close.
11 Sleeveless cloak.
14 Five and five.
16 He met his defeat at ——
19 He lived in exile at —— ——.
21 Night watchmen.
25 Pertaining to feet.
27 Ratite bird.
28 Moccasin.
29 Mooley apple.
30 Beverage.
31 Still.
35 Broach.
38 To place in line.
40 Evils.
41 Persia.
42 Stint.
44 Scheme.
46 Handle.
47 To argue.
48 Unoccupied.
50 Street.
51 To sin.
53 Measure of area.
56 Alleged force.

FEATURE FLASHES FROM KRNR

ON THE AIR FROM EVERYWHERE

"Sinfonietta"

Alfred Wallenstein, noted composer-conductor whose broadcasts won the award of the Women's National Radio committee, presents his sparkling "Sinfonietta" program Thursday, May 26, 4 to 4:30 p. m., over the Mutual-Don Lee Broadcasting system.

Selections of Wallenstein for presentation include Bach's "Sinfonia," Kaun's "Elegie" and "Idyll" and Tachaikowsky's dances, "The Life Guard."

"Community Hall"

Reginald Craig, baritone, and Robin Jackson, charm singer, together with the inimitable Robert Bostwick Mitchell, provide the vocal and organ background for Mutual-Don Lee Broadcasting system's new daily feature, "Community Hall," 2:15 to 2:45 p. m., from studios of KHJ, Los Angeles.

"As the Story Goes"

Bob Young, commentator, goes to the microphone with Al Reich's stirring narratives of true stories each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 2:45 to 3 p. m., over the Mutual-Don Lee Broadcasting system. The program, bringing a new face to the far-flung Don Lee regional network, is one of the sparkling new offerings arranged by KHJ as its contribution to entertainment on western air lanes.

Junk Shop Offers 'Business Honesty' Talk by Whitney

NEW YORK, May 25.—(AP)—"The Junk Shoppe," at 14 Morris street, a narrow little lane on the fringe of the Wall Street district, has added an item to its collection of miscellaneous odds and ends.

In its window, along with cracked china and a fine collection of Indian arrow heads is prominently displayed a small pamphlet. It is entitled, "Business Honesty," an address by Richard Whitney, (then) president of the New York Stock Exchange, before the Philadelphia chamber of commerce at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel April 24, 1931. The price is $2.

Whitney is now serving a sentence in Sing Sing prison for grand larceny in connection with the failure of his brokerage firm.

FIRE RAZES CAMAS VALLEY RESIDENCE

CAMAS VALLEY, May 25.—The old Burch house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Church was totally destroyed by fire about six o'clock Friday morning. The fire was discovered just as Mr. and Mrs. Church were sitting down to their morning meal. The building burned so quickly that only a few articles were saved. Neighbors soon arrived but were unable to do anything as the building fell in ten minutes after the fire was discovered. Men are going to help finish up a house in upper Camas which Mr. Church has been working on when not otherwise employed and to which they will move.

NOTICE

Saturday, May 28, has been set aside as an all day clean-up day at the Masonic Cemetery, Glendale. Bring your working tools.

Mrs. Gilbert Olson, Pres.
Glendale Cemetery Ass'n.

"YES, SIR! WE'RE GIVING CARS AWAY!"

Three brand new Hudson 112 Broughams are the prizes each week during National Car Owner Economy Test—now going on. Any owner of any make of car is eligible. Come in and learn about this simple, easy test, and how you may win a new Hudson 112 absolutely without cost to you. Complete details Percy Crott, 232 N. Jackson St., or any Hudson dealer's showroom. Here's a chance too good to miss!

HUDSON