Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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The Ol' Swimmin' Hole

SUMMER is here. These warm, sultry days are sending hundreds of young and old down to the river to the many favorite swimmin' holes. Old Sol is making the whole country swim-conscious.

Swimming is grand fun; it's a great "builder-upper"; it's a gregarious sport—none of us care to go alone; we like to go where the crowds go; we go in for beach parties and picnics in a big way. But unfortunately, like in most sports, there is an element of danger. Drownings do happen, every day, and sometimes such accidents strike down someone in our own communities. The causes of such unhappy events are many, but most of them happen in one of two ways:

Either we do not know how to swim, or knowing how, we overestimate our own ability.

Today the annual American Red Cross swimming school, sponsored by the Douglas county chapter, opens for a 10-day stand. It is the answer to the challenge of drownings. Under the tutelage of experienced instructors, the art of swimming is taught to the beginner; the more advanced swimmer is given the opportunity to develop his technique; and the strong swimmer is taught the intricate methods of life saving, thus becoming a valuable asset to the community.

Unlike most opportunities, this opportunity to learn to swim comes to the community annually. It's an opportunity that no one should overlook; it's available to every boy and girl, young or old, at a minimum of expense.

The annual swimming school is one of the most worthwhile projects carried on by any community or organization. Last summer more than 500 persons registered for instruction at one of the seven conducted swim schools. Roseburg led with 239 registered. Other schools were held in Riddle, Myrtle Creek, Elkton, Oakland, Glide and Sutherlin. Nearly 200 passed the prescribed tests. More than 30 junior and senior life savers, capable swimmers with comprehensive knowledge on how to prevent accidents in the water, are scattered over the county.

The annual swim school is here again. Don't delay—register now and get "into the swim of things." It's good, clean, healthy fun.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Since she has no gold with which to pay her foreign obligations, she must sell goods abroad in order to balance the account.

So the Japanese people must DO WITHOUT the things they can sell to other countries.

WHAT it all means, of course, is that the Chinese war isn't so simple and easy as it looked at the start. Instead of a profitable adventure in highway robbery, it is beginning to assume the aspects of a life and death struggle.

That is a good thing for the cause of peace. As long as national banditry is profitable, unprincipled nations will go on being bandits. But if experience demonstrates that in this modern world the idot obtained by wars of conquest isn't worth what it costs there will be less temptation to go to war for loot.

If you learn by hard experience that robbing your neighbor DOESN'T PAY, you'll be less likely to rob another neighbor.

SPORT EVENTS FOR JULY 3-4 DRAWN

Prizes Listed for Victors at Eagles' Celebration at Winchester.

Everything is in readiness for the sports program to be held at Winchester July 3 and 4 in connection with the celebration sponsored by the Eagles lodge, according to Hod Turner who has been placed in charge of that department of the program.

The softball field has been put in shape and an excellent diamond laid off, he reports. Running lanes have been measured and marked off for the races.

There will be two softball games, one each on Sunday and Monday, starting at 2 p. m. Sunday's game probably will be between two Roseburg teams, while Monday's game will be played by a Roseburg team and the Oakland Gobblers.

Numerous prizes have been purchased and will be placed on display this week. There will be races and contests each day.

The program so far arranged and prizes for each event is announced by Mr. Turner as follows:

60-yd. dash—free for all—fishing reel.

50-yd. dash—boys under 18—pocket knife.

50-yd. dash—girls under 18—manicure set.

40-yd. dash—boys under 12—baseball.

40-yd. dash—girls under 12—snapshot album.

50-yd. dash—open to all ladies—box of hankerchiefs.

Fat man's race—open to any man over 185 lbs.—necktie and boobie prize.

Sack race—open to anyone under 16—Boy Scout kit.

Three-legged race — open to couples—two spools of fishing line.

Potato race—open to anyone under 18—flashlight.

Egg race—open to anyone under 18—pocketbook.

Pillow fight—free for all—75c in trade.

Swimming race—girls under 21—compact.

Swimming race—boys under 21—billfold.

Much interest is being shown in the various contests, it is reported. There are no restrictions on eligibility, other than those of age or weight as specified, and the Eagles lodge is inviting all interested persons to participate in the events, Mr. Turner states.

BARBS

A nudist in Chicago is looking forward to his debut as a concert violinist. His hair isn't quite long enough yet.

A new method of controlling the millions of pounds of pressure used in industrial tests has been discovered. Do you suppose it would work on the lobbies?

Most people, according to a lighting engineer, are depressed by green light. But when they get back of a wheel it's different.

Imitation ivory is now being made out of nuts. Somebody who was talking with a fanatic conceived the idea of reversing the old process.

It's to be hoped that the Illinois man who finally married the girl the other day after thinking it over for 40 years won't repent in haste.

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SAM M'GAUGHEY TO BE ARMY AVIATOR

Sam McGaughey of Roseburg has been selected by the war department as one nine flying cadet candidates from Oregon to receive training at the air corps center, Randolph Field, Texas, starting July 1, it was announced today at Washington, D. C. The students will be given an intensive course of a year and those graduating will be rated as second lieutenants in the air reserve, assigned to extended active duty with the tactical organizations for three years.

McGaughey, a graduate of Roseburg high school, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McGaughey of this city. He was an outstanding member of the track teams of the local high school and the University of Oregon where he was graduated this year.

FOREST PROTECTION PLANS DISCUSSED

Uniform methods of operation in southwestern Oregon counties were discussed at a meeting here last week by field inspectors of forest protective associations. The meeting was held at the office of the Douglas Forest Protective association, with J. J. Russell, assistant state forester, of Salem, presiding.

Fire equipment, slash control, logging operations and various subjects connected with inspection work were among the subjects discussed.

In attendance were H. L. Young, western Lane county; Orvil Jess, eastern Lane county; George Hoffman, Coos county; Lloyd Morris, Jackson-Josephine county; C. C. Williams, Klamath county, and L. C. Cummings, Douglas county.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

YOUNG IZAAK WALTON

HOLDUP HONEYMOON

BY EDWIN RUTT Copyright 1938, NEA Service Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOSEPH SANDHAM—hero; he thought he was on top of the world until he smacked into

KELLY ARCHER—heroine; she thought she was headed for the altar until she smacked into

ED, the WEASEL—gangster; he thought he was headed somewhere, too, but affairs somehow got mixed up.

* * *

Yesterday: Starting off for Boston, Joe and Kelly are held up by a bank robber. It is clear that the robber means business.

CHAPTER IV

Ed the Weasel took up a position behind them. He jabbed his gun into Joe's back.

"Forward, march," he commanded.

At the running-board of the Ford he halted them. Pushing them aside but still keeping them covered, he got in and clambered heavily over the front seat into the domain of the chocolates, caramels, bonbons, and confections.

"Youse git in now," he ordered.

Kelly and Joe obeyed. The Weasel sat down on a wooden box and let the muzzle of his gun tickle the back of Joe's neck.

"Now," he said, with utter composure, "youse is gonna drive me to Canada."

Kelly beat Joe to the punch.

"Canada?" she cried.

"Yup," said the Weasel dispassionately. "Canada."

"But I can't go to Canada," said Kelly, dismayed. "I've got a very important date in Boston."

"Sorry, lady," said the Weasel, "but you ain't goin' to Boston. Dat burg ain't healthy fer me right now."

Joe got in a word.

"Are you summering in Canada?" he asked, with withering sarcasm.

"Mebbe," said the Weasel noncommittally. He pressed the gun harder against Joe's neck. "Step on it, buddy. An' don't try no tricks. When we gotta git gas, you stay in da car an' let da fillin' station guy fill her up. An' I'll tell you da roads. I know 'em. Watch yer step now 'cause I'm right behind you. I don't want to holt youse kids none, but try doublecrossing me an' I'll plug youse sure as hell."

Kelly bit her lip to hold back tears.

"What a delightful traveling companion you're turning out to be," she managed.

"Isn't he?" said Joe.

"How's dat?" inquired the Weasel from the rear.

"Pay no attention," said Joe. "We were practicing our Sanskrit."

"You stick to English, guy," warned the Weasel.

* * *

Back on the main road Joe headed the car in a direction away from Boston at the Weasel's command.

"Why," he inquired, "are you going to Canada? To sing the 'Maple Leaf Forever' at the Toronto exhibition?"

"I'm goin' to Canada," the Weasel told him, with amazing frankness, "because the U. S. aint no place for me just now. If youse has got to know, I stuck up a bank dis morning."

"The North Colliston bank?" asked Kelly quickly.

"Dat's da crib, lady."

"Then you're practically a financier," said Joe. "You ought to pay for the gas and oil for the trip."

"Sure," said the Weasel affably. "Any objections," Kelly asked. "If I get out and hitch hike to Boston? You see, I was going there to be married."

"Ain't you married to dis guy?" said the Weasel in some surprise.

"Not yet," said Joe. "But she's get hopes."

The Weasel took Kelly's case under advisement, went into a huddle with himself and presently came to a decision.

"Sorry, lady," he said, "but you gotta stay here. You might put da bulls on me trail."

"Why, I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing," said Kelly, outraged. "Honestly, I wouldn't."

"Naw," said the Weasel, "I cant take no chances. I trusted a moll once an' she double-crossed me. Never again."

"Good man," said Joe, taking a curve neatly.

Kelly shot him a murderous look out of clear blue eyes.

"I suppose," she said acidly, "that this fits in beautifully with your plans?"

"Sure," Joe chuckled.

"Oh! You've found something to laugh about?"

"Have I?" said Joe. "I'm laughing at Gilbert holding the bag up at the Copley Plaza."

Kelly ground white teeth. "I could kill you."

"I wouldn't," said Joe. "Then you'd be all alone with Tarzan here."

"Youse talkin' about me?" put in the Weasel suspiciously.

"Certainly, darling," growled Kelly. "You're never out of our thoughts."

"Why is it," Joe said to Kelly, "that women persist in fighting Fate? When I mentioned Kismet this morning, you scoffed. Yet here he is right with us, sitting on a case of Chandler & Sandham's Peanut Tweeties."

"Oh, shut up," said Kelly irritably.

"Hey, listen," said the Weasel suddenly, "wot's in dis car?"

"Chocolates, caramels, bonbons, and confections," said Joe. "Do have a bonbon."

"No," declined the Weasel, after some thought, "dem things upsets me stummick."

* * *

Late in the afternoon they crossed over into New York state. When darkness fell the Weasel called a halt at an isolated hot dog stand. From the car he commanded the proprietor to bring forth a feast. The proprietor obeyed. The feast consisted of hot dogs and soda pop, and the Weasel received these comestibles into the back of the car.

"Drive on," he said to Joe.

Half a mile farther along he ordered him to turn off on a side road and stop. Then he doled out rations.

Kelly eyed the unholy meal with distaste.

"This is an outrage," she said. "We'll all get scurvy of something. Couldn't we go into some place and sit at a table like white people?"

"Not a chance," said the Weasel. "Youse might double cross me."

Kelly sighed. "What a suspicious mind you have, Mr.—Mr.—or—I haven't the advantage of your last name."

"It's Weynowski."

"How euphonious. Can you give us a brief resume of the Central European situation, Mr. Weynowski?"

"Huh?" said Ed the Weasel.

"Better skip it, I guess. But do you honestly expect us to live on stuff like this all the way to Canada?"

The Weasel grinned. An idol of ancient Egypt, tickled beneath the nose with a feather-duster, might have produced the same expression.

"Dis or nuttin'," he said. "C'mon take a bite an' play you're in da Ritz."

Joe raised his pop bottle.

"Well," he said, "down the river!"

"You beast," Kelly turned on him. "I believe you're actually enjoying this."

"Never had a better time in my life," said Joe, draining the bottle.

The dreadful repast over, the Weasel gave orders to resume speed. Rather after the fashion of one who has dined inadequately in a lifeboat and is now prepared to await the dictates of Destiny, Kelly composed herself for rest. She slumped down in her seat and stretched out her legs. Joe, a courtly man, took a blanket that was folded over the back of the seat and arranged it behind her head.

"What service," she murmured.

* * *

Joe swore under his breath. He would have like to have joined the order of one-hand drivers, thrown his other arm around Kelly and permitted her head to rest against his shoulder. But the presence of Ed the Weasel deterred him. He shrank from exhibiting affection before the eyes of an individual who looked like something sculptured out of a mountain by Gutzon Borglum.

"Da goil's tired," said the Weasel, with compassion.

"Don't you believe it, pal," said Joe. "Modern womanhood can't take it, that's all.

"Pal," said Kelly disgustedly. "Just a couple of brother Elks, aren't you?"

"Go to sleep," advised Joe.

And Kelly did. The Ford rolled easily over the wide smooth highway. The steady drone of the motor was soothing. Presently her eyes closed. Her head turned a little to one side. Miss Kelly Archer went bye-bye.

The Weasel broke a long silence.

"Lissun, guy," he said, "how come you're takin' dis so easy? You know wot I mean. You don't act like you give a damn if you go to Canada."

"Why shhould I?" said Joe. "Canada or Canarsie, what's the difference? It's the Gypsy in me. Anyhow, Canada listens better than Boston about now."

"But da dame's got a yen to go to Boston ,ain't she?"

"Dames get funny ideas," said Joe.

"Ain't it da truth," agreed the Weasel emphatically. "Dat's wot I always sez to Cissy."

"Cissy? Who's Cissy?"

From the region of the confectionery came a kind of audible smirk. "Me goil, dat's who Cissy is. Da moll I travels wid. She's a honey, too."

"I'll bet she is," said Joe. "Where's Cissy now?"

The Weasel chuckled. "Canada, dat's where she is. Waitin' on me. We got a hideout up dere, see? When I gets da itchin' foot I comes acrost da border, pulls a job somewhere and den beats it back." He paused, then added with satisfaction: "Dat's how we works it."

"Quite a system," said Joe. "By the way, when do you propose to permit Kel—er—Miss Archer and I to proceed in peace?"

"Huh?"

"Okay. I'll scale it down. When can dis dame and I beat it off by ourselves?"

(To be continued)

GLENDALE LOGGERS DEFEAT ASHLAND

GLENDALE, Ore., June 27.—The Glendale Loggers won a free hitting game from Ashland, 10 to 5, Sunday on the home diamond, starting out with a lead in the first, scoring three runs which Ashland tied in the third. Glendale then went out in front in the 5th, puting the game on ice.

The Loggers made 17 hits, many of them for extra bases, including a home run by Avery in the 5th which started the rolly. Elliott, Glendale's star southpaw twirler, struck out 19 and allowed 8 hits pitching a steady game. Shonnecker pitched for Ashland.

This is the last game of the first half of the split season for the Southern Oregon league, Glendale ending with a percentage of .500, which includes a forfeited game they won from Yreka. Using Elliott, they lost credit for the win, since Elliott was declared ineligible at that time. The Glendale Loggers look considerably stronger to start the second half and should give them all a race.

YREKA NINE WINS OVER GRANTS PASS

GRANTS PASS, June 27.—(AP)—Yreka nosed Grants Pass out of a chance to tie for the first half championship of the Southern Oregon league Sunday when the Californians won on their home field 9 to 7.

Crescent City wins the first half pennant.

Yreka	9	11	3
Grants Pass	7	8	4

Foster, Bennett (8) and Colt; Crippen, Hoffman (6) and Drolette.

SACTOS INCREASE COAST LEAGUE LEAD

Portland Wins 4 Straight From Stars; Padres and Indians Split Blanks.

The steady Sacramento Solons took a firmer grip on first place in the Pacific Coast Baseball league today after slapping down the lowly Oakland Acorns twice as the Los Angeles Angels moved into a tie for second place with the San Francisco Seals by beating them twice.

Sacramento measured the Oaks, 5 to 2 and 3 to 1.

The Los Angeles Angels bounced home runs out of the ball park with habitual nonchalance as they trimmed the San Francisco Seals, 13 to 4 and 7 to 3.

After losing the first three games of the series, the Portland Beavers suddenly came to life and won four straight from the Hollywood Stars, climaxing the series with a pair of victories Sunday. A run scored on three hits in the last of the ninth gave the Beavers the opener, 4 to 3 and in the second inning of the second game five hits brought in five runs and gave the Beavers a comfortable margin and they coasted in to whitewash the setting Stars, 8 to 0.

Seattle and San Diego took turns whitewashing themselves. The San Diego outfit beat Freddie Hutchinson, Seattle's 18-year-old pitching ace, 3 to 0, in the opener. After pitching two-hit ball for seven innings, Hutch weakened in the eighth and ninth innings. He was nicked for four hits and all the Padre runs in those innings, including a homer by Dallasandro in the eighth. It was the longest ball hit in Seattle's new park. Seattle, with Gregory pitching, reversed the situation in the nightcap, getting to Craghead in the sixth and seventh innings to win, 2 to 0.

CRESCENTS DEFEAT MEDFORD IN 13TH

MEDFORD, Ore., June 27.—(AP)—Crescent City defeated Medford 7 to 6 in thirteen innings here Sunday, to determine a winner in the first half of the Southern Oregon league season.

It was a pitchers' duel between southpaws Koll of the coast team and Brown of the locals.

Pinch hitter Deo of Crescent City slammed out a triple with two on in the thirteenth to score two runs. A single brought in Deo. Medford scored two runs in the thirteenth.

Crescent City	7	11	2
Medford	6	14	5

Koll and Ferm; Brown and McLean.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Studies in Contrasts, MBS.
4:30—Let's Visit, MBS.
5:00—Ferneaus' Orch., MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—To Be Announced.
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—L. A. Symphony.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Kay Kaysers' Orch., MBS.
8:30—Jan Garber.
8:45—Sons of Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:30—Livingston Orch., MBS.
9:45—The Bims & the Bops, MBS.
10:00—Horace Heidt, MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen; Motor Co. News.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Merrymakers, MBS.
8:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
9:00—Marshlands' Orch., MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Royal Rangers, MBS.
9:45—Hollywood Charm Councillor, MBS.
10:00—This Woman's World, MBS.
10:30—Home Town, MBS.
10:45—This Woman's World.
11:00—That Was the Year, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Moods in Music, MBS.
11:45—Paul Small, MBS.
12:00—Symphony.
12:15—Midstream, 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—Country Editor, MBS.
1:30—Third Alarm, MBS.
1:45—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Today's Front Page.
2:45—To Be Announced.
3:00—Feminine Fancies.
3:30—Pat Barnes & His Barnstormers, MBS.
4:00—Morton Gould's Orch, MBS.
4:30—Radio Campus, MBS.
4:45—Ray Kinney.
5:00—Fashions in Music, MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Melody Lane With Wanda Armour.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—The Right Job, MBS.
7:15—N. Y. Civic Orch.
7:30—The Green Hornet, MBS.
8:00—Jan Garber.
8:15—Don't Believe It, MBS.
8:30—Harry Bluestone, MBS.
8:45—Sons of Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Agnes Orch., MBS.
9:30—Pirros' Orch., MBS.
9:45—To Be Announced.
10:00—Skinnay Ennis Orch., MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

It is not what we get in life that makes it good, it is what we ourselves put into it. That is an old truth and moralists have been talking about it for centuries, but there seems to be an untold number of people to whom it has not even yet come home with any saving grace and effectiveness. Life will be a cheery, happy, hopeful thing if we have it in us to make it so, and not otherwise. That is not to say that every man has not a right to a reasonable amount of the common human good, but how good and how satisfactory it will be to him, will depend upon himself, and the spirit he grows within him. We ask Thee, O God, for the grace and the understanding to make life good, not only for ourselves, but for every one whose way touches ours. Help us to be the source of brightness and joy and courage to those around us. Amen.

HUBBELL PITCHES HIS 200TH VICTORY

Giants Stretch Lead Over Cincinnati to 2 Games; Yanks Trim Tigers.

By SID FEDER
Associated Press Sports Writer.

The Giants just missed the even-Stephen figures by taking the final game of their series with the Cubs, 5-1, yesterday. Hubbell came through with the 200th pitching victory of his big league career, the only National league elbower active in the game today in that select set.

By winning yesterday, the Giants stretched their National league lead to two games over the Cincinnati Reds, who broke even with the Phillies in a twin bill. Homers by Klein and Weintraub helped the Phils to a 10-3 win in the opener. Craft's four-bagger aided Derringer to an 8-5 Red win in the nightcap. In yesterday's doubleheader, the Senators socked the St. Louis Browns 9-1 and 7-2.

The double win pushed the Nats up to fourth place in the American league over the Detroit Tigers, who had their ears knocked off, 10-3, by the reviving Yankees. While the Yankee big guns were blasting out a dozen hits, Pearson pitched a six-hitter, one of his best efforts of the season.

Joe Gordon was back in the Yankee lineup following his injury Saturday when he was hit on the head with a thrown ball. Joe scored Dickey with a single in the fourth and brought in two more runs with another single in the seventh.

The Dodgers and Cardinals played to a 1-1 tie before rain washed out, in the sixth inning of the first game, what was to have been their doubleheader. Everything else in both leagues was rained out.

B. P. W. C. Picnic Tonight—The Business and Professional Women's club will hold a picnic supper tonight at the Bell log cabin on the North Umpqua above Glide. Those who attend have been asked to bring their own table service and meet at Iles drug store not later than 6:15 o'clock. Retiring officers will act as hostesses, and Miss Gladys Haskin is general chairman.

Here's When and Where

And How—

This space is free to any organization wishing to announce notice of meetings. Please phone or leave announcements at Mac's Market. Phone 39.

Reflections

Scoreboards

Frank W. Long

The player in a football game makes a spectacular play, the crowd yells, hollars and whistles but who gets the credit for winning? The team! He did not make that play for his personal glory but for the good of his team; it was the team which scored, not he. He had the satisfaction of taking advantage of an opportunity, but history will record his play as incidental, and the winning of the game as primary.

The scoreboard of life does not record each individual sacrifice, each gallant deed, each generous act we do but our total score. We have an opportunity each day to make a spectacular play, to bring the score of humanity to a higher level. It is the concerted effort of all of us which makes that score. It is each one of us individually, working together, who makes the score of life great or small. It took thousands of men to build the pyramids, hundreds of men to build a skyscraper and a hundred million men to build America; individual deeds are recorded as incidental. The Scoreboard records only the final accomplishment.

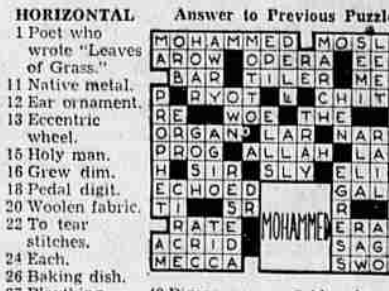
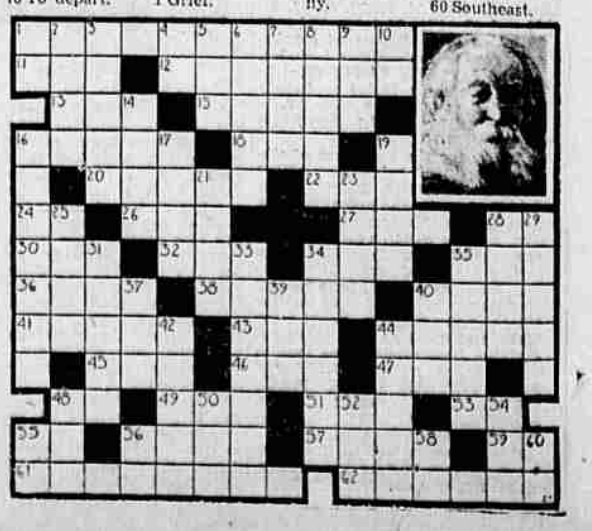
DOUGLAS FUNERAL HOME
"Distinctive Funeral Service"
Corner Pine and Lane Streets
Phone—112
ROSEBURG

POET OF THE PEOPLE

HORIZONTAL

1 Poet who wrote "Leaves of Grass."
11 Native metal.
12 Ear ornament.
13 Eccentric wheel.
15 Holy man.
16 Grew dim.
18 Pedal digit.
20 Woolen fabric.
22 To tear stitches.
24 Each.
26 Baking dish.
27 Plaything.
28 King of Bashan.
30 Unit of work.
32 Moccasin.
34 Encountered.
35 Nominal value
36 One who does.
38 Clan symbol.
40 To detest.
41 Proprietor.
43 To peruse.
44 Kind of coffee.
45 Inlet.
46 Mortar tray.
47 Reverence.
48 To depart.
49 Pigeon pea.
51 Sea eagle.
53 To accomplish.
55 Chaos.
56 Male ancestor.
57 Payment demands.
59 Plural pronoun.
61 He was a native ——.
62 He wrote of the beauties of ——.

VERTICAL

1 Grief.
2 Alms box.
3 Guides.
4 You and I.
5 Possesses.
6 Wrathy.
7 Three collectively.
8 Gold digger.
9 Social insect.
10 No good.
14 To encounter.
16 He was a lover of ——.
17 To leak.
19 Stain.
21 Dipterous fly.
23 Newspaper paragraph.
25 In line.
28 Curse.
29 He rates as one of America's —— bards.
31 Elder statesmen of Japan.
33 Spirally coiled organ.
34 Darned.
35 Stepped.
37 Portuguese coin.
39 Also.
40 In what way?
42 Semidiameters
44 Heavenly food
48 Dense tooth tissue.
50 Part of circle.
52 To hasten.
54 Plural pronoun.
55 North America.
56 Senior.
58 Street.
60 Southeast.

Answer to Previous Puzzle