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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Celluloid and Coal

SOMETIMES a man chooses a
 career, but much more fre-
 quently the career chooses the
 man. And the chances are that
 the latter procedure produces no
 more square-peg-round-hole com-
 binations than the former.

A story comes of a man who
 spent his youth training for the
 legal profession. He made a suc-
 cess of the practice of law, and
 kept on being a success for 35
 years. He then lost every penny
 he had in speculation. He walked
 into a moving picture casting di-
 rector's office one day and was
 mistaken for another man of the
 same name who was already in
 the business.

This was the beginning of a
 movie career, at the age of 57. He
 is now having the time of his life
 as an actor, makes money at it,
 and recalls his years at the bar
 with acute distaste.

Another story concerns a 19-
 year-old girl named Rose Chick-
 kins. There's not a great deal to say
 about Rose except that she sells
 coal, makes a good living at it,
 knows all about coal, and is on
 her way to establishing her own
 coal company. It seems she just
 happened to get a job in a coal of-
 fice one day.

Fifty-seven-year-old men don't
 think of becoming moving picture
 actors, and 19-year-old girls don't
 go around dreaming dreams of
 selling coal.

It makes you suspect that most
 people probably have a lot more
 careers in them than they could
 discover in a lifetime, and your
 chances of being picked by the
 right career are at least as good
 as the chances of doing the right
 picking yourself.

The Color on the Cover

THE democratic privileges of
 writing what you think and
 reading what has been written are
 usually among the first rights to
 go overboard at the outbreak of
 war, even in the most democratic
 of countries.

Similarly when widespread and
 fundamental conflicts in the world
 of political, social and economic
 thinking reach such a point of in-
 tensity that what amounts to a
 war psychology is created, the
 same rights come in for an out-size
 share of punching around.

Reading tests recently given at
 Columbia college suggest a more
 democratic and effective course
 of procedure. The majority of the
 students tested simply didn't know
 how to read intelligently. The
 conductor of the tests observed
 that "they might know that the
 book was green" but they didn't
 actually understand what was in
 it. Training brought results that
 were remarkable.

The average citizen who gets
 sucked in knows only the color
 of the outside of the idea, whether
 it's red, pink, or yellow. The way
 to lay the ground for easing half-
 shot ideas into the ash-can forever
 is to teach the art of ignoring
 whatever color may be on the sur-
 face and recognizing the nature of
 the content when you see it.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

best thing the government can do
 for those without jobs is to make
 it possible for them to GET JOBS.

A DISCHARGED soldier, on his
 way home to New Orleans,

starts matching coins in Portland
 with a couple of strangers and
 loses \$250.
 It's tough on him, to be sure.
 But what can you do for a poor
 sap who hasn't any more gum-
 ption than to let a couple of total
 strangers work the old odd and
 even racket on him to the tune of
 \$250?

The answer is that you can't
 do much.

IN San Francisco the other day,
 Sadie Eldridge climbed a piling
 projecting from a dock, kicked off
 her shoes, removed her dress, peed
 off her stockings and then slipped
 out of her underwear. After that,
 she turned her back to the crowd
 and dived into the bay.

Police hauled her out of the wa-
 ter and took her to a hospital for
 observation. She told attend-
 ants:

"I've been serious all my life,
 and it never got me anything.
 From now on, I'm going to be a
 little crazy."

FAIR enough. But it would be a
 little interesting to know just
 what her performance down at the
 dock got her—aside from a wet-
 ting.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

4:00—Wallenstein Orch. MBS.
 4:30—Radio Campus. MBS.
 4:45—Gus Arnheim.
 5:00—Crosby Orch. MBS.
 5:15—The Children's Hour.
 5:30—Howie Wing. MBS.
 5:45—Melody Lane with Wanda
 Armour.
 6:15—Ted Weems.
 6:30—Frank Bull. MBS.
 6:45—Interlude.
 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 6:55—News Flash.
 7:00—Chico and His Group. MBS.
 7:15—Brooklyn Symphony.
 7:30—Green Hornet. MBS.
 8:00—Kay Kyser Orch. MBS.
 8:30—Harry Bluestone. MBS.
 8:45—Hawallan Harmonies.
 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. MBS.
 9:15—Agnew Orch. MBS.
 9:30—Pitts Orch. MBS.
 9:45—To Be Announced.
 10:00—Skinnay Ennis. MBS.
 10:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 1

7:00—"Early Birds."
 7:30—News-Review Newscast.
 7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 7:45—J. M. Judd says "Good
 Morning."
 7:50—Anson Club.
 8:00—Merrymakers. MBS.
 8:30—Haven of Rest. MBS.
 9:00—"The Happy Gang. MBS.
 9:15—Man About Town.
 9:30—Radio Garden Club. MBS.
 9:45—Hob Young. MBS.
 10:00—Reunion Day at Gettysburg.
 11:00—News of the West. Copco.
 11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
 11:30—Hal Stokes. MBS.
 11:45—Paul Small. MBS.
 12:00—Symphony.
 12:15—All English Lawn Tennis
 Club Championship. MBS.
 12:30—Noontime Melodies.
 12:35—Hansen's Information Ex-
 change.
 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—Afternoon Varieties.
 1:45—Johnson Family. MBS.
 2:00—At Your Command.
 2:30—Today's Front Page.
 2:45—Songs of the World. MBS.
 3:00—Feminine Fancies. MBS.
 3:30—Dr. Van Wyck. MBS.
 3:45—Sammy Kaye.
 4:00—Dramas of Youth. MBS.
 4:30—20 Fingers of Harmony.
 4:45—MBS.
 4:50—Grant Park Concert. MBS.
 5:15—The Children's Hour.
 5:30—The Coach. MBS.
 5:45—Fulton Lewis Jr. MBS.
 6:00—Popeye. MBS.
 6:15—Geo. Hall.
 6:30—Frank Bull. MBS.
 6:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
 6:55—News Flash.
 7:00—World Affairs. MBS.
 7:15—Barrie Orch. MBS.
 7:30—Lone Ranger. MBS.
 8:00—American Family Robinson.
 8:15—Symphony Echoes.
 8:30—Boy Crosby Orch. MBS.
 8:45—Songs of Pioneers. MBS.
 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. MBS.
 9:15—Agnew Orch. MBS.
 9:30—Zinn Arthur Orch. MBS.
 10:00—Pat Dunn Orch. MBS.
 10:15—Sign Off.

Leaves for California

Mrs. L. Kohlhaugen Sr. of this city left
 this afternoon for San Jose, Calif.,
 to spend several weeks visiting
 her son-in-law and daughter, Mr.
 and Mrs. W. F. French. Mrs.
 French was formerly Vernita Kohl-
 haugen of Roseburg.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS
 In the first temptation of
 Jesus in the wilderness, what
 Jesus meant was that bread and
 the things for which bread
 would stand, were never worth
 a man selling his soul for. These
 material things have their place,
 but that place is always second
 to the great spiritual facts and
 realities of life, that have their
 source and center in God Him-
 self. Apparently Jesus never
 was indifferent to the neces-
 sities of the body, but He did
 insist that its needs must
 not stand in the way of the
 soul's health and well-being. Our
 Father, do Thou help us always
 to honor and esteem the truth
 by which men really live, the
 word of God, which liveth and
 abideth forever. Busy with life
 and all its concerns, we pray
 that we may always be able to
 give the great things of the
 spirit the supreme affection of
 the heart and life. Amen.

OUT OUR WAY



THE LONG ABSENCE

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 was smacked into
 KELLY ARCHER—heroine; she
 thought she was headed for the
 altar until she was smacked into
 ED, the WEASEL—gangster; he
 thought he was headed some-
 where, too, but affairs somehow
 station tunes in!

Yesterday, State police, after
 the chicken-catching episode, di-
 rect Joe to drive on when another
 action tune in!

CHAPTER VII

The chicken-catching contest
 was ending. A number of the
 fowls had taken wing and fled to
 parts unknown where, presum-
 ably, there would be peace and
 quiet. Only a few remained, dar-
 ing and fluttering about the road.
 State Troopers McFee and Callan
 swooped upon these. And in a
 whirlwind finish Mr. Callahan
 tossed out Mr. McFee by a pullet
 and stood forth triumphant.

"Pay me," he said, flushed with
 victory.

State Trooper McFee paid, but
 with very bad grace. His de-
 meanor as he again approached
 the Ford was notably devoid of
 sweetness and light.

"Well, what are you stickin'
 around for?" he growled irritably
 to Joe Sandham. "Get goin'."

"Didn't know you were lettin'
 us go," said Joe, starting the
 motor.

"I'm tellin' you to scram, ain't
 I?" roared Mr. McFee.

State Trooper Callahan was in-
 clined to savor his triumph.

"Catchin' chickens," he began,
 to the world in general, "is just sort
 of second nature to me. I mind a
 time up in Vermont, when..."

He ceased abruptly. State
 Trooper McFee was gazing at him
 with terrible eyes.

"Another word out of you," said
 State Trooper McFee, in a voice
 like a file, "and I'll hang on to
 your jaw."

"Boys, boys," said Kelly, in-
 stinctively a peacemaker.

Mr. Callahan decided to aban-
 don his savoring. In the force Mr.
 McFee was a noted hanger-on
 once-on-the-jaw. And Mr. Callan-
 han had a fondness for his jaw
 it was. He wanted nothing hung
 on it. He cloaked himself in
 stony silence.

State Trooper McFee, goaded,
 swung on the occupants of the
 Ford.

"I'm tellin' you for the last
 time," he shouted. "Get outa
 here."

I've seen him," said State Trooper
 Danzig, a little weakly. "But I
 know it was somewhere."

"Well, goah," said State Trooper
 McFee, who was fed to the teeth
 by now, "that don't get us no
 place. You've seen him, but you
 can't remember where. What are
 we supposed to do, but out cry-
 ing? For Pete sake, Danzig, snap
 out of it. We can't stand here all
 night."

"I know," persisted Mr. Dan-
 zig, "that his face is familiar.
 He's—he's a dip of some kind."

"Who, me?" said Ed the Weas-
 el, in a perished-thought tone.

Kelly Archer opened her mouth.
 That however, was as far as she
 got. The man thing which the
 Weasel had been pressing against
 her back shifted suddenly to her
 side. It remained there, warning-
 ly, painfully.

State Trooper McFee had had
 about enough. In his opinion, Mr.
 Danzig was gibbering.

"C'mon," he said. "The devil
 with all this."

"I think," said State Trooper
 Danzig, "that we'd ought to search
 this guy."

Upon him Mr. McFee bent eyes
 bright with annoyance.

"Danzig," he said, "you're a fool.
 Just because you think you've
 seen a mug in some cooler or
 other, you want to search him.
 Why, go!" he spread his hands—
 "you ain't got no proof. You ain't
 got no warrant. You ain't got
 nothing. You're just goin' on
 a hunch. And that—Mr. McFee
 pursed his lips severely—"that
 ain't the way the police had ought
 to do things."

Ed the Weasel was in complete
 agreement with this statement.

"Course it ain't," he said fret-
 fully. "I'm a law-abidin' citizen.
 All I'm doin' is—hummin' a
 ride wid'—well, wid' me friends
 here."

"I only suggested it," said State
 Trooper Danzig lamely.

"Hereafter," said State Trooper
 McFee sternly, "don't make no
 fool suggestions. When I want
 suggestions from you, Danzig, I'll
 ask for 'em."

"Okay," said State Trooper Dan-
 zig. Then, with a flash of the old
 fire, "But he still looks like a dip
 to me."

Mr. McFee decided to close the
 meeting. He looked at Joe and ex-
 tended a portentous finger in the
 direction of Albany.

"Proceed," he commanded
 grandly.

Didn't I tell yonse dey wouldn't
 of found nuttin' on me?"

Kelly looked at him blankly.
 "But the guns couldn't have
 been in that box all the time," she
 objected. "You had one of them
 jammed into my ribs till I thought
 it would stab me."

"Dat wuz me finger, lady," chor-
 led the Weasel. "Haw! Haw!"

Kelly's white teeth bit into her
 lower lip. So escape had been
 possible all the time. If only she'd
 had a little nerve. And yet, she
 couldn't blame herself too much.
 The Weasel's finger had felt real-
 istic, terribly realistic.

"I could kill you," she said
 savagely.

"You wouldn't do dat, would
 you?" said the Weasel, in mock
 alarm. He gestured at Joe with
 one of the guns. "An' now, sonny,
 pass me back me 20 grand."

Joe jumped. "Your 20 grand?
 Wh-what are you talking about?
 I haven't got..."

"Sure, you have," said the
 Weasel delightedly. "In yer right
 hand coat pocket. I put it dere
 meself."

Joe reached into his pocket. His
 fumbling hand touched something
 alien. In amazement he drew it
 out. It was a packet of bank notes
 secured by a rubber band.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said.
 The Weasel reached for the
 money.

"Dat bull back dere had da
 dope," he said. "I'm a dip, all
 right. Least I usta wuz 'fore I
 seen dey wuz more dough in
 cracklin' eribs."

Joe laughed. "Well, I'll have to
 hand it to you, Weasel. You sure
 slipped that wad into my pocket
 neatly."

"I ain't lost me touch none,"
 said the Weasel complacently.

"That when did you put it
 there?" Joe asked. "I swear I
 never felt it."

"Soon as I lapped dem bulls,"
 explained the Weasel. "An' don't
 dropped me rody in da candy box.
 I figgered if dey soiked anybody,
 it'd be me. T'ought nebber dey'd
 leave you alone. 'Cause you got
 class, young fella. See?"

"Thanks," said Joe dryly.

Kelly was readjusting the blan-
 ket behind her shoulders.

"Well," she said, still disgusted
 at the thought of her lost chance
 to escape, "if all the chicken
 chasing and sleight-of-hand and
 other charades are over, I'll leave
 you two old pals to pat each other
 on the back and go back to sleep.
 But before I do—her voice scaled
 the summit of sarcasm—"I must
 thank you, Mr. Weasel, for a very
 very entertaining evening."

The Weasel grinned. He was
 feeling vastly pleased with him-
 self.

By Williams

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, administrator of the
 estate of Howard E. Wilson, de-
 ceased, has filed in the County
 Court of Douglas County, State of
 Oregon, his final account as such
 administrator, and asks that said
 account be approved and that the
 time for hearing objections to
 said report and the settlement
 thereof be fixed.

Dated June 29th, 1938.

CHARLES E. LYLES,
 Administrator of the estate of
 Howard E. Wilson, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned administrator of the
 estate of George H. Wilson, de-
 ceased, has filed in the County
 Court of Douglas County, State of
 Oregon, his final account as such
 administrator, and asks that said
 account be approved and that the
 time for hearing objections to
 said report and the settlement
 thereof be fixed.

Dated June 29th, 1938.

HILMA E. MATTHEWS,
 Administrator of the estate of
 George H. Wilson, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of
 Oregon for Douglas County.
 In the matter of the estate of Mora
 Frear, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, executor of the last
 will and testament of the above
 entitled court has filed in the
 above entitled court his final ac-
 count in settlement of said estate
 and by order of said court duly
 made and entered of record, Mon-
 day, the 11th day of July, 1938,
 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.,
 in the County Court room in the
 courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas
 County, Oregon, as the time and place
 for hearing objections, if any there be,
 to said final account and the set-
 tlement thereof.

FLOYD C. FREAR,
 Executor of the last will and tes-
 tament of Mora N. Frear, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of
 Oregon for Douglas County.
 In the matter of the estate of Ir-
 vine Parker Gardner, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, executor of the last
 will and testament of the above
 entitled court has filed in the
 above entitled court his final ac-
 count in settlement of said estate
 and by order of said court duly
 made and entered of record, Sat-
 urday, the 23rd day of July, 1938,
 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.,
 in the County Court room in the
 courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas
 County, Oregon, as the time and place
 for hearing objections, if any there be,
 to said final account and the set-
 tlement thereof.

PERCY A. WEBB,
 Executor of the last will and tes-
 tament of Irvine Parker Gardner, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of
 Oregon for Douglas County.
 In the matter of the estate of
 Thomas F. Watkins, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, executor of the last
 will and testament of the above
 entitled court has filed in the
 above entitled court his final ac-
 count in settlement of said estate
 and by order of said court duly
 made and entered of record, Sat-
 urday, the 23rd day of July, 1938,
 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.,
 in the County Court room in the
 courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas
 County, Oregon, as the time and place
 for hearing objections, if any there be,
 to said final account and the set-
 tlement thereof.

NANCY FLORENCE WATKINS,
 Executor of the last will and tes-
 tament of Thomas F. Watkins, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, executor of the last
 will and testament of the above
 entitled court has filed in the
 above entitled court his final ac-
 count in settlement of said estate
 and by order of said court duly
 made and entered of record, Sat-
 urday, the 23rd day of July, 1938,
 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.,
 in the County Court room in the
 courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas
 County, Oregon, as the time and place
 for hearing objections, if any there be,
 to said final account and the set-
 tlement thereof.

BAITON HELLWELL,
 Administrator of the last will and
 testament of David
 Greenleaf Clark, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of
 Oregon for Douglas County.
 In the matter of the estate of Al-
 len S. Reed, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the
 undersigned, executor of the last
 will and testament of the above
 entitled court has filed in the
 above entitled court his final ac-
 count in settlement of said estate
 and by order of said court duly
 made and entered of record, Sat-
 urday, the 23rd day of July, 1938,
 at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.,
 in the County Court room in the
 courthouse in Roseburg, Douglas
 County, Oregon, as the time and place
 for hearing objections, if any there be,
 to said final account and the set-
 tlement thereof.

GEORGE H. REED,
 DON H. REED,
 Joint administrators of the estate
 of Allen S. Reed, deceased.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

On the 2nd day