

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Support the Juniors

ROSEBURG'S Legion Junior
baseball team will play the
Woodburn team at Finlay field in
Roseburg Sunday afternoon. This
game is of special importance to
the boys, who were prevented by a
technicality from participating in
the state title series, although the
team is one which would unques-
tionably have made a good show-
ing in those contests.

Sunday's game, therefore, will be
a significant one, and is deserving
of a large attendance purely from
the standpoint of an athletic con-
test.

There is, however, a far more im-
portant reason why people of Rose-
burg and vicinity should give their
whole-hearted support to this ac-
tivity.

Umpire post of the American Le-
gion has for several years been
sponsoring junior baseball. Its
work in baseball has not been for
any selfish motive but, on the con-
trary, has demanded a great deal
of hard work on the part of many
men and has incurred considerable
financial loss, which sponsors have
at times paid from their own
pockets.

Each year the Legion's sponsor-
ship of baseball has furnished su-
pervised recreation for approxi-
mately 150 boys, ranging in age
from 9 to 17 years. These boys, in-
stead of being left in complete idleness
during the vacation season,
have had an all-absorbing interest
together with valuable training at
the hands of well-qualified instruc-
tors.

Through junior baseball many
youngsters, who otherwise would
have had no opportunity in life, are
advancing into professional base-
ball. Practically all of the new re-
cruits in the major leagues are for-
mer Legion baseball players. Dou-
glas county already has several
young men on the way up to the
professional ranks as a result of
the training received on the local
field. Regardless of whether the
boys engaged in junior ball plan to
engage in an athletic career, no one
can deny the value in future life
of team play, sportsmanship and
self-control learned upon the base-
ball diamond.

The American Legion is engaged
in a most worthy enterprise when
it attempts to prevent juvenile delin-
quency and to build good and
useful citizenship through super-
vised recreation.

The sponsor has asked but little
help in this important activity and
the least the community can do to
show its appreciation to the Le-
gion is to give its support through
attendance at the games in which
the Roseburg team participates.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

way) won. In Nebraska, there was
no New Deal senate issue.

SO much for Tuesday's primaries.
A week or so earlier, a shout-
ing New Dealer (Maverick) had
been licked in Texas, Cactus Jack
Garnier's state. Two New Dealers
took a bad licking in Virginia, the
home state of Senators Glass and
Byrd.

The New Deal checked up a vic-
tory in West Virginia.

KEEP this fact in mind:

These primaries, where thun-
der is now filling the air, AREN'T
particularly important as to the
next congress. The complexion of
the next congress will be deter-

mined in NOVEMBER, when Re-
publicans will meet Democrats at
the polls.

This year's Democratic primaries
are the battleground for the 1940
DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. If
the New Dealers can win decisively
enough at this year's primaries,
they will probably be able to name
their man (whoever he may be) in
1940. If not, a CONSERVATIVE
DEMOCRAT may win the nomina-
tion.

That is the big issue at the pri-
maries we are reading about.

RAMBLINGS

by
Paul Jenkins

HOW much of a prune crop do
we have in Douglas county
this year? This is a question oft-
en asked. It is
one apparently
mighty hard to
answer with ex-
actness.

"We have a
fine crop of pe-
tites," one grow-
er will say. "We
haven't any Ital-
ians," another
will tell you.
"Nor any dates,
petites or Ital-
ians either," a
third will complain. "A thirty per
cent crop in this part of the coun-
ty," said one well informed man.
"I can't speak for the county as a
whole, but that's about our pros-
pect here."

It is claimed that a good prune
crop means somewhere in the
neighborhood of a quarter of a mil-
lion dollars to Douglas county. In
the expenditure of necessary har-
vesting costs alone, by the grow-
ers. One thing is sure; there isn't
a good crop this season. Far from
it.

"Better take a look at a crop of
prunes grown by Evans Bros. in
Garden Valley," read an unsigned
note I found on my desk several
days ago. Now, I don't know much
of anything about prunes. So I de-
cided to ask someone to go with
me who did.

"Sure, I'll go with you," Henry
Booth assured me. "I've got a
toothache and don't want to work
in the bank this afternoon any-
way." I immediately became
afraid that, in going to look at a
prune orchard, he would be in
danger of exchanging a moderate-
ly painful toothache for a really
disastrous headache; but recalled
that a banker would be too good a
trader to do this, no matter what
the provocation.

The Evans weren't at home. "I
hear they have sold their prunes,
a day or so ago, anyway," Henry
said. "I understand they had a
pretty good crop. I know they keep
their orchard in fine condition."

The Booths have a ten-acre
date orchard in lower Garden Val-
ley, and we visited it. "I be-
lieve this orchard," Henry said,
"young one, will go about three
boxes to the tree." Henry said as
we surveyed it. "This is about 50
per cent of what it should yield.
At that, it has more on it than any
other we own."

I had rather intended to have a
look at a number of orchards, but
with Henry Booth along I couldn't
keep my mind on prunes. He is
interested in them—of course. He
is interested in pears, in walnuts,
in anything he sees. But I'll tell
you a secret about him. If you
really wish to stir his enthusiasm,
show him a field of alfalfa.

"I like alfalfa," he told me. "I
like to watch it grow. It fasci-
nates me to see it harvested. It's
a crop good for the soil, and good
for this country. I'm going to pull
up some more of my orchards, as
I already have done, and put the
land in alfalfa."

The Booths have a hundred
acres of it now, in Garden Valley
and at the ranch at Myrtle Creek.

Henry knew the history of prop-
erty every farm we saw. As a boy
he had helped harvest the crops
on many of them. He had worked
on his father's farm, too, now
known as the Overland Orchards.
One of his jobs there was to pile
stones from a certain row of bare
rocky field, during the plowing.

"I didn't attach much sentiment
to those stones at the time," he
replied, "but later I came to. So
much so, that when I built my
present home in Roseburg I had
them removed there. They now
form the foundations, and the
fireplace."

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS
It is an excellent thing for a
Christian to think of himself as
a committed person, with a
rather definite ideal toward
which he is supposed to strive,
and a more or less definite pro-
gram that he should be try-
ing to carry through. We are
being warned in these days
against regimentation, and we
have always spoken of our goal
as a liberating force in the
world and in our lives, but our
freedom even in Christ does
not relieve us from our obli-
gation to help all that we can
to realize His purpose in the
world and to walk worthy of
Him who is our Lord and Master.
We would respond, our
Father, to the call that comes
to us today, through Jesus
Christ to be in the fullest and
most committed way His dis-
ciple and follower. We then
help us heartily and courage-
ously to take up His cause, to
commit ourselves, without any
reservations, to the doing of
His will and the living among
men of the life that would re-
veal and exemplify Him. Amen.

OUT OUR WAY



LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

Trying to escape trouble, "Blur"
Ankrom gets in it up to his neck
when he rescues Lee Trone from a
band of thugs. Under the name
of Abe Streeter, he accepts a job
at the Trone's Rafter T, which is
in difficulties, and has a run-in
with Mose Hackett, the range
boss. Lee tells her father Ankrom
knows their friends, the Struth-
erses; then learns they are coming
for a visit.

Chapter Six

'You Imitation Bad Man'

There was conviction in Lee's
low voice when she spoke. "Mose
Hackett is no fourflusher. He's a
bad, which I don't believe for a
minute, then he's a curly wolf.
He's not the 'yes-man' type."

"Neither is a coyote," Ankrom
countered. "He's a believer in the
motto: 'Them as fights an' runs
away, will live to fight another
day.' Now let's talk about some-
thing else. As a conversational
topic, Brother Hackett grows ex-
tremely tedious."

He was aware that in the dark-
ness her eyes still remained upon
his face; he realized his slip al-
most as soon as he made it and so
was not surprised to hear her
say:

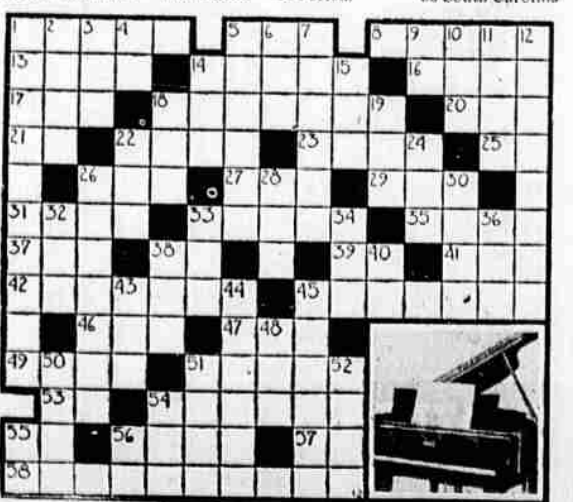
"Where did you learn to sling
words around like that?"

He answered carelessly. "I
wasted a number of years at a
university once, and was relieved
that she let it go like that and did
not press him. Several moments
passed, then he put a question to
her that caused her breath to be
withheld sharply.

"What makes you connect what
happened in Poco Pinto last night
with these troubles of your father?
What makes you think some-

POPULAR INSTRUMENT

HORIZONTAL										Answer to Previous Puzzle										VERTICAL									
1 Pictured musical instrument.										11 To affirm.										1 A master player of this instrument.									
5 It has black and white.										12 Tough, like leather.										3 Sneaky.									
8 The — modify its tone.										14 Ore laun'.										40 Upon.									
13 Capable.										15 Owed.										43 To cheat.									
16 Hoisted.										18 To strike.										44 Nozzles.									
17 Pattern block.										19 To sink.										45 Grapefruit.									
18 Water.										20 Mesh of lace.										50 Woven string.									
20 Beverage.										22 Small child.										51 Peruses.									
21 Electrical unit.										24 Mesh of lace.										52 Broken coat of wheat.									
22 Bound.										26 Optical effects on deserts.										54 Rumanian coin.									
23 Average.										28 Uncooked.										55 Spain.									
24 Right.										30 Flour factory.										56 South Carolina.									
26 Witicism.										32 Door rug.																			
27 Age.										33 Driving command.																			
29 Jewel.										34 Female deer.																			
31 To eject.										35 Wood demon.																			
33 A type of this instrument.										38 Sneaky.																			
35 Prong.										40 Upon.																			
37 Strife.										43 To cheat.																			
38 Southeast.										44 Nozzles.																			
39 Hawaiian bird.										45 Grapefruit.																			
										50 Woven string.																			
										51 Peruses.																			
										52 Broken coat of wheat.																			
										54 Rumanian coin.																			
										55 Spain.																			
										56 South Carolina.																			



By Williams

voice belonged to Hackett!
Primed for Trouble

"Hackett!"
Ankrom's face reflected no sur-
prise nor showed the faintest
tinge of fear. That Hackett was
primed for trouble he knew well,
for he recognized certain signs to
which he was accustomed in men
who picked quarrels. He stiffened,
but that was all.

A red flame was flickering in
Mose Hackett's eyes, his body was
bent forward from the waist and
his right hand hovered above the
pistol at his hip. An ugly snarl
twisted his lips.

"Yeah—Hackett!"
"Got something on your mind?"
"You're damn well right I have.
There ain't no man in Texas can
run on no the way you done this
afternoon an' git away with it. Go
on—knock your iron, you imita-
tion bad man!"

"The place ain't time to stage this
melodrama, was before the bunk-
house this afternoon. I'm not
heeled now, an' you know it." Ankrom
eyed the burly range boss coldly.
"Thought you told Trone
you were leavin' for the southeast
line camp."

"What I told Trone ain't none of
your business. An' if you ain't
heeled, that's your tough luck." A
wicked jubilation added fuel to
the flame in Hackett's eyes. "I'm
gonna work you over till your
own mother won't even know
you!"

With the words he started for-
ward, jerking the pistol from his
holster.

Ankrom's soft laugh mocked the
range boss's threat. It caused Mose
Hackett to draw up swiftly and
peer at him through narrowed lids,
suspiciously.

"What the hell you laughin' at?"
"You," Ankrom laughed again,
and watched a dull red stain the
range boss's cheeks.

"Why you lousy saddle bum—"
Hackett choked. "I'll make you eat
that laugh!"

Spread-Eagled
Ankrom did not move as Hack-
ett thrust his gun in leather and
balled his horny fists, but his
eyes became steel. The range
boss, looking into them, should
have taken warning. Instead, he
came forward in a rush as Ankrom
backed away.

Then suddenly Ankrom stopped
—stopped short in his tracks and
struck. That lashing fist took
Hackett flush upon the jaw and
checked all movement. His body
sagged and he took an uncertain
backward step or two. Then Ankrom's
fast lashed again. Hackett
reeled against the stable. A mo-
ment he paused spread-eagled
there, then slumped inertly to the
ground.

Ankrom stood where he was
and waited. He wanted this set-
tled now. A minute dragged in
silence. Ankrom knew the men
inside the bunkhouse had got wind
of the affair and guessed that they
were watching. But he did not
turn; all his faculties were con-
centrated on that bunched man,
that was Mose Hackett. The man
might be out, or he might be play-
ing possum. Long experience had
taught Ankrom to take no chances.

Another minute passed. Hackett
stirred and groaned. His eyes
opened and looked dull, uncom-
prehending. Finally he got to his
feet, staggering, a little. He was
a strong man, lauded to danger.
Obviously he had never known a
palsy of fear till now. But as his
eyes encountered Ankrom where
he stood as cold and motionless as
some man of bronze, Mose Hack-
ett's knees shook visibly, his eyes
went wide and he drew air into
his lungs in noisy gasps.

There fell a silence, strained,
portentous. Ankrom broke it.
"Well!"
(Copyright, 1938, Nelson C. Nye)

Coolness grows between Lee
and Ankrom, tomorrow.

Community Fair Dates in Douglas

South Douglas—At Canyon-
ville August 27, and possibly
the 28th.
East Douglas—At Glide, Au-
gust 31.
West Central Douglas—At
Lookingglass September 1.
Central Douglas—At Suther-
lin September 2 and 3.

PIGGY WIGGLY

SATURDAY and MONDAY Owned and Operated by Local People SATURDAY and MONDAY

LOW PRICES!!

EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK YOU GET LOW PRICES
AT PIGGY WIGGLY—PRICES THAT SAVE YOU MONEY
—NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE.

VISIT OUR BIG MODERN STORE. COMPARE THE PRICES WITH THOSE YOU
HAVE BEEN PAYING—SEE WHAT YOU WILL SAVE BY BUYING ALL YOUR
GROCERIES AT PIGGY WIGGLY.

TOMATOES 3 Big No. 2 1/2 cans **25c**

FLOUR Windmill Montana Hard wheat 49 Lbs. for **\$1.14**

SWIFT'S PREMIUM SLICED BACON 1/2 Pound Cello Pkg. **21c**

SWIFT'S PEARL Shortening 4 Pounds for **39c**

CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP CHIPS 5 LB. PKG. **29c**

Brown SUGAR 3 pounds **19c**

Salted PEANUTS 1-lb. Bag **15c**

CHEESE Aged just right, lb. **17c**

CRACKERS Salted Sodas 2 Lb. Pkg. **19c** **POST TOASTIES** Pkg. **6c**
One balloon free with each pkg.

FISHER'S FLOUR 49 Lbs. **\$1.49**

MILK Tall Cans **7c**
Case of 18 cans \$3.05

SUNBRITE CLEANSER 3 Cans **11c**

FESTIVAL CATSUP Large 14-oz. bottle **10c**

POTATOES 10 Lbs. for **18c**

GRAPEFRUIT Large Juicy **4 for 19c**

CUCUMBERS Large Slicers **2 for 5c**

CABBAGE Extra fine quality **Lb. 3 1/2c**

GRAVENSTEIN APPLES 5 Pounds for **17c**

ORANGES Very Fine Quality Sweet, Juicy 252 Size **2 doz. 27c**

PEACHES Tree Ripened Yellow Meat Freestone **4 Lbs. for 19c**

CRACKERS Salted Sodas 2 Lb. Pkg. **19c**

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