

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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World at Your Door

YOU know in ten minutes what
it took your grandfather six
months to know.

Now, served by wireless, tele-
graph, telephone and the modern-
day printing and equipment, the
newspaper puts news in print in
a few minutes after receipt, and
distributes it by fast train, auto-
mobile and airplane.

Wire services supply their news-
paper subscribers with half a mil-
lion words a day at a yearly cost
of \$200,000,000.

Unrest in Europe and Asia and
the ever-present fear of embroil-
ing wars have brought to the av-
erage American a potent curios-
ity about what the other nations
are doing or are going to do.

The result has been the placing
of hundreds of expertly trained
correspondents throughout the
world.

They are picked men, alert,
highly educated, quick to discern.

When your daily paper is deliv-
ered, they have brought the world
to your own doorstep.

And done it faithfully, carrying
out the tradition of their profes-
sion—"Get it first, but also get it
right!"

Many of them have died at their
posts, several have been jailed, a
number banished by foreign polit-
ical demagogues who, unable to
buy their honesty, had them es-
corted to the borders.

The public is the only one they
serve, and considering military
censorship and strong-arm meth-
ods, that public is being remark-
ably well served today.

Some 30,000,000 American fam-
ilies read their dispatches daily,
and these correspondents have a
constant reading public greater
than any fiction writer who ever
lived.

They could not misinform that
number of persons very long with-
out being recalled by "vox populi."

Beauties' Hazards

EVERY calling has its hazards.
Comes the disclosure from a
California doctor that there's even
an occupational ailment peculiar
to the profession of being a bath-
ing beauty.

It's a kind of stiffening in the
knee joint that comes from too
much kneeling in the sand, and
the doctor warns beauties against
it and prescribes scientific mass-
age as treatment.

It seemed odd at first thought
that bathing beauties should have
an occupational ailment of their
own, but after a little meditation
it seems odder that the doctor
didn't mention any of the other
hazards which, it suddenly be-
comes plain, all bathing beauties
must certainly face. Such as:

Cricks in the back from playing
no much leapfrog.

Sun-burned teeth from grinning
for pictures 12 hours a day.

Muscular trouble from lifting
heavy objects, such as beach balls,
baskets of oranges, crowns and
acceptors.

Psychological disturbances from
reeling in so many imaginary
fish.

Far-strain from listening for
the call to moving picture fame and
fortune.

And, of course, exposure, and
dryness of the skin from never go-
ing in the water.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

blight that will work on corn and
wheat and cotton and rice and po-
tatoes and tree fruits—on EVERY-
THING that grows out of the

ground. If he can find such a
blight (and protect it against the
wicked schemers who would seek
to control it) he can send prices of
all these commodities kiting sky-
ward.

At first blush, it looks as if
they've got something up there on
the Columbia. Maybe it's the mil-
lennium, and not just prosperity,
that's around the corner.

It was thus that our thoughts
ran, enthusiastically, as our eyes
raced along the lines on the print-
ed page. But, just as we were
getting up a real glow, we light-
ed upon this shocking statement:

"All of which (\$1.25 to \$1.50 per
box) would be fine, except for the
fact that Dallas produce growers
HAVE VERY FEW TOMATOES."

SHUCKS! Now isn't that a
shame? And just as the mil-
lennium was practically staring us
in the face.

It follows, of course, that if the
poor devils of truck growers
HAVE VERY FEW TOMATOES
it doesn't make much difference to
them how high the price is. Some
crude realist is always
twisting our tail feathers just
when we're getting good and start-
ed on a rosy flight of fancy.

There ought to be a law agin it!

KRNR PROGRAM

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
(1500 Kilocycles)

4:00—Drama of Youth, MBS.
4:30—20 Fingers of Harmony,
MBS.
4:45—Forness' Orch., MBS.
5:00—Jimmy Dorsey's Orch.,
MBS.
5:15—The Children's Hour,
MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Fulton Lewis Jr., MBS.
6:00—Singing Strings, MBS.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Hall, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Madrigueras' Orch., MBS.
7:15—Symphony.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—American Family Robinson.
8:15—Hal Kemp's Orch., MBS.
8:30—Freddie Nagel's Orch.,
MBS.
8:45—Bob Crosby's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Shep Elwell's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Charlie Eckels' Orch.,
MBS.
10:00—Jimmy Dorsey's Orch.,
MBS.
10:15—Sign Off.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—"This Wonderful World,"
MBS.
8:15—Tall Corn Time, MBS.
8:45—Radio Interview, MBS.
9:00—Our Quartet, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Canadian Golf Champion-
ship, MBS.
10:00—Football Quiz Contest.
10:30—Summertime Varieties,
MBS.
11:00—Mamma Blooms Broad,
Coco.
11:15—From London, MBS.
12:00—Dick Barries' Orch., MBS.
12:30—Tommy Tucker's Orch.,
MBS.
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
12:50—News Review of the Air.
1:00—Glen Miller's Orch., MBS.
1:30—Mitchell Ayres' Orch.,
MBS.
2:00—At Our Command.
2:30—American Legion News
Barrage, MBS.
2:45—Livingston's Orch., MBS.
3:00—Canadian Golf Champion-
ship, MBS.
3:30—U. S. Army Band, MBS.
4:00—Bands Across the Sea,
MBS.
4:30—Jazz Nocturne, MBS.
5:00—Symphonic Strings, MBS.
5:30—Chicago Musical Festi-
val, MBS.
6:30—River King, MBS.
7:00—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:05—News Flashes.
7:10—Interlude.
7:15—Jimmy Dorsey's Orch.,
MBS.
7:30—Premier of "Spawn of the
North," MBS.
8:00—Benny Goodman's Orch.,
MBS.
8:30—Bob Crosby's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Jim Walsh's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Griff Williams' Orch., MBS.
10:00—Jack McLean's Orch., MBS.
10:30—Sign Off.

BANDIT MEREDITH DIES OF WOUNDS

GRAND RAPIDS, Minn., Aug. 19.
—(AP)—Gunshot wounds inflicted
when he fled officers who sought
to question him about the kidnap-
ing of a St. Louis couple brought
death today to Ovis J. Meredith, 21,
of St. Louis.

Meredith and his companion,
John Couch, were trapped by au-
thorities at the home of the for-
mer's father-in-law near Effie, Minn.,
Monday night. Couch surrendered.
Meredith was shot when he at-
tempted to flee.

Federal men said the pair had
admitted kidnapping Miss Peggy
Gross and Daniel C. Fahey, Jr., in
St. Louis, Friday night and taking
them to the outskirts of Minneapo-
lis where they were bound and re-
leased Saturday night.

Leaving for San Francisco—
Miss Della Strohm plans to leave
this evening for her home in San
Francisco, following a two weeks'
stay in Roseburg to be with her
sister, Mrs. Della Henry, who un-
derwent a serious major operation
at New York. Mrs. Henry is
now reported to be convalescing
satisfactorily and expects to leave
the hospital Saturday for her
home in this city.

OUT OUR WAY

I'M GETTING UP A
LIST OF NAMES TO
START A SOCIAL CLUB.
IT'LL BE JUST FOR THE
MEN IN THIS SHOP—A
PLACE TO SPEND
THE EVENINGS
TOGETHER—AND—



COPY, 1938 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PLEASE—PLEASE!
AFTER LOOKIN' AT
THAT MUG OF YOURS,
OR ANY MUG, ALL
DAY, DON'T YOU THINK
I NEED A LITTLE
RELAXATION AT
NIGHT? I'VE SPENT
A LIFETIME BUYING
A HOME, A CAR
AND A RADIO—
PLEASE LET
ME USE 'EM!

By Williams

THAT WON'T
STOP A GUY
LIKE HIM—HE'S
THAT KIND THAT
JUST HAS TO
BE ORGANIZIN'
SOMETHIN'...IT'S
A BREED...HE'LL
START ORGANIZIN'
AN ATHLETIC
CLUB FOR BLACK-
SMITHS NEXT.



J. R. WILLIAMS
8-19

RAMBLINGS

by
Paul Jenkins

RUMOR has it that plans for for-
mation of a junior chamber of
commerce are being considered
for Roseburg. I've never known
exactly what a junior cham-
ber of commerce is, but I've
always supposed it to be a kind
of grade school for future
boosters. Portland and Seattle
have jees, I know why not
Roseburg? At any rate it would
be something new to join.

To be really successful, any or-
ganization, new or old, needs a
burning issue to hinge its efforts
upon. I don't know of any issue
in Roseburg that is more than
smouldering, at the present time.
But a set of persistent young fel-
lows ought to be able to scare one
up. However, an issue, or at very
least a project, must be had. It
just must.

I am thinking particularly of a
certain civic club I once knew of,
a venerable one if ever one was.
Its traditions dated clear back to
the old days when the wearing of
its badge meant open sesame to
the very vitals of civic accomplish-
ment.

It really had done some fine
things for its community in its
day, too. I know, because many of
the members could recall hearing
some of the old timers whose pic-
tures hung on the walls, num-
bered them. But of late opportu-
nities for service either were grow-
ing scarcer, or were harder to re-
cognize.

However, those fellows hung on
to what they had with a deter-
mination which was admirable,
though a bit grim at times. They
still had one project, a dandy,
inherited from the dim glories of
the past, which they clung to
through thick and thin. It was
their most and dearest. Thought
it gave them courage to meet each
day's troubles as they arose, se-
cure in the knowledge that they
were doing their part, "fighting a
good fight."

That project was the repair of a
pump in a picnic spot the club
sponsored, and the building of a
fence around it.

Lord, what a salvation this pro-
ject was to that club! Each year
a new set of officers and a new
board of directors would be elected,
and the president immediately,
with becoming dignity befitting
the seriousness of the occasion,
would appoint a chairman of the
committee empowered to see to
the repair of the pump, and the
enclosing of the picnic grounds.

Then the next year, the same
thing over again. Of course no
one ever fixed the pump, or built
any fence. There was a fine for-
tunate feeling, an indefinite un-
derstanding not written or talked
about, but recognized nevertheless,
that forbade such a thing. Hard
to explain, but there nevertheless.

This went on for years and
years. More pictures were hung
on the walls. New members be-
came old members. Everyone was
happy.

Everyone stayed happy until a
certain eventful year. An organ-
izing year, a year none of them
will forget. They had named their
board of directors, as usual, elect-
ing their president as usual, and
as usual the latter appointed a
chairman of the pump-fence com-
mittee. And do you know what
that damphool did? HE FIXED
THE PUMP, AND BUILT THE
FENCE!

It had been weakly contended
in his defense that he wasn't
properly steeped in the traditions of
his club; that his father hadn't
been a member; that he had mis-
used a meeting once, etc.; but these
excuses were made only half-heart-
edly. Everyone knew there was
no excuse for such a crime.
Because its consequences were
so far reaching. With no pump to
fix, there were no projects. With no
project, no use for a committee
appointment. With no committee
to appoint, certainly there was no

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far
Someone is out to bust the
Rafter T ranch. Under the
name of Abe Streeter, quick-
fire "Blue" Ankrum takes a
job there to help lovely Lee
Trone. Ankrum immediately
dresses himself in the sheriff's
coat, and when Colonel Struthers
and his daughter Betty arrive
for a visit, he recognizes
Struthers as an imposter, Kel-
ton Dreaan. Claydell, a neigh-
boring rancher, is expected for
a conference at the Trones. A
shot is fired at Ankrum in the
dark. Another shot rings out,
and a body falls.

Chapter 12

"Speak up, you. Let's hear your
name."

Ankrum said, "Abe Streeter."

He felt the sheriff's grip relax.
"Oh—well, who in hell was you
shootin' at?"

"I wasn't. Somebody else was
doing that shooting, Rafterford."

Rafterford showed impatience.
"Is the fellow's name a secret?"

"Reckon so—leastways, he didn't
leave me any card."

"Where was you standin'?"

"By the bunkhouse," Ankrum
said. "I was lightin' a cigarette.
That shot came along an' smacked
it right out of my mouth."

"Kinda close, eh?"

"Well, I don't know. The fellow
might have been aimin' to have
some fun with me. I mean he
might have done it on pur-
pose."

"Ain't no one around here could
shoot that good," Rafterford
grunted. "Excepting maybe—
Claydell. An' Claydell hasn't got
here yet. Prob'ly changed his
mind an' decided to postpone his
visit till tomorrow." He cleared his
throat. "This where you figured
them shots come from?"

"One, anyway. First one, I
think. I ain't sure about the sec-
ond. When that cigarette went
skally-hootin' I whirled an' saw a
blur among the shadows here un-
der this tree an' came pelting over.
Hadden't had a chance to make out
anything when up comes you an'
these others."

A bobbing light showed Ankrum
a man running toward them with
his hands up. "Thought," Rafter-
ford took the lantern from him
and held it high above his head. In the
sandy and shape lay motionless.

(Copyright, 1938, Nelson C. Nye)

"Good Lord!" choked a voice—
a girl's voice. "It's Colonel Struthers!"

It was; Ankrum had known it
instantly.

"Hold this lantern, somebody,"
Rafterford growled, and thrust it
into Ankrum's hands. The sheriff
then dropped to his knees beside
Kelton Dreaan's form. When Rafter-
ford got to his feet, his eyes met
Ankrum's squarely.

"Pretty quick," he said, "we're
all going to scatter, you see. I
house an' inside an' stay there
until daylight. Meantime, I don't
want to catch anyone trampin'
round over by that bunkhouse.
This Struthers dude is dead."

A heavy sigh reached Ankrum's
ears. It came from a man beside
him. Looking up Ankrum saw that
the man was Trone. The ranch-
er's face looked haggard; his
hands were clamped so tightly
about his belt that their knuckles
stood out like lumps of chalk.

Then Ankrum saw Lee Trone.
Betty stood beside her. Lee's face
he thought a trifle pale but his
eyes were bright with interest—
a little horror was in them, too.
Betty's eyes were like burnt holes
in a white curtain; just now
they sought him, her cheeks sav-
ing her face a ghastly appearance.

"Daddy—Daddy, it's Daddy!"
There were tears and laughter in
her voice, and the laugh ran thin
with hysteria. She swayed and
Ankrum sprang to catch her; he
scooped her up in his arms and
strode angrily toward the house.

Behind him came Rafterford's
voice: "Trone, you an' the others
better go along, too. I'll be with
you for a president, and so on.

Do you know, that club finally
broke up over this demotion."

"That's why I pay any new or-
ganization ought to watch its step.
It should make sure of a project,
even two projects, . . . and treas-
ure them."

you in a minute."

Lengthening his step to hold his
lead, Ankrum gritted fiercely, "You
little fool!"

They were close to the ranch-
house now and light from the un-
shaded windows showed Betty's
eyes come swiftly open. "Don't
speak me—please, I had to see you.
I've got to talk with you alone
right away—"

"We'll get no chance now," An-
krum cut in gruffly. "That sheriff's
nobody's damn clown. He made
sure this wasn't no bluff by sendin'
them others with us. What did you
want to talk to me about?"

She got a hand inside her dress.
When she came out it held a gun.
As Ankrum carried her into the
house and laid her on a sofa, she
held the gun out to him anxiously.
"Quick—take it! You'll have to get
rid of it for me, I—"

"Did you shoot Dreaan?"

"I had to. He wouldn't have
missed you the second time." Her
eyes grew large again, filled with
apprehension. "Quick—put it out
of sight! The others are coming!"

They were. Ankrum heard their
steps upon the veranda. Hastily he
thrust the weapon—a short-barreled
32—out of sight beneath his
coat. And none too soon.

"In This Room"

Lee Trone came into the room,
her father and the others behind
her. Ankrum lifted a hand to push
back his hat and found his fore-
head moist. "Gosh," he said, "She
keeled right over, didn't she?"

Lee looked oddly at the girl with
the closed eyes who lay so limply
on the sofa. "I'll get some water,"
she said.

"Poor kid," Old Man Trone
heaved a sigh. "Pretty tough on
her, havin' her father shot down
like that." The two ranchers stood
behind him, looking on with inter-
est, hats in hand, mouths open.

Ankrum saw that Trone's glance,
resting upon him, held a gleam of
something he could not define.
Clearing his throat Trone said,
"Did I understand you to tell the
sheriff someone took a shot at you,
Streeter?"

"Someone shot a cigarette out
of my mouth, yeah."

"Pretty good shooting for night
work, don't you think?"

"Depends. I was lightin' the cig-
arette. I'd say I made a pretty fair
target."

"Do you think the same man
fired both shots—the one at you
and the one that downed the col-
onel?"

"Kind of hard to say," Ankrum
evaded, and felt relieved when the
sheriff came striding into the
room. Lee came, too, bringing a
towel and water. She passed An-
krum without a look and, bending
above the sofa, began bathing Bet-
ty's forehead. "She looks awfully
white," Lee said.

"Rafterford think the girls a dis-
interested glance, cleared his
throat and looked at Trone. "Sit
down, boys," he growled, the words
smacking more of a command than
of an invitation. "We'll be here
quite some spell an' I reckon we
might as well be comfortable. Be
at least four hours till daylight an'
I make it nearer five."

For a moment it seemed to An-
krum that Trone was about to ex-
plode. Yet he swelled in his neck
and forehead before he got him-
self in hand. Then he said vibrantly:
"It's been a long time since a
Rafterford gave an order on the
Rafter T. Stead of making your
authority felt you'll be doing more
good if you went after that killer!"

"My old man didn't bring me up
to trail slunks in the dark," Rafter-
ford drawled chuckled back. "His
eyes were on the old man. 'Reb-
bister, I ain't at all sure I'll be
wastin' time if we sit around here
for a spell.'"

Lee Trone looked up from the
sofa. "What do you mean?"

"To my notion the killer of that
Struthers dude is in this room,"
he said, and his lips tightened up
formidably.

A startled light flashed into
Trone's eyes that made Ankrum
wonder. He saw the rancher's body
brace itself as for a blow. Trone's
voice was a bit unsteady, his
cheeks looked a little gray. "In this
room," he said mechanically.

"Yeah," the sheriff's lips droop-
ed. "Right now."

In the silence following Rafter-
ford's portentous words someone's

PIGGY WIGGLY

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store is locally owned and is operated under the PIGGY WIGGLY system. This modern
system of merchandising brings to you all the advantages of large quantity purchasing and
the satisfaction of dealing with a locally owned store.

GOLDEN WEST COFFEE POUND CAN 2-pound can 53c Manning's COFFEE, lb. 25c Maxwell House COFFEE, lb. 27c	27c	KARO Blue Label 5 Lb. 33c SPRY For all Frying 3 Lb. 53c
P & G SOAP 5 Giant Bars 19c LUX TOILET SOAP Bar 6c Waldorf Tissue 3 Rolls 13c PINK SALMON Tall Can 10c CATSUP Large Bottle 9c	53c	GRANULATED SUGAR 10 Pound Cloth Bag 53c VITA DOG FOOD 3 Cans 17c TOMATO SAUCE Can 4c WINDMILL FLOUR 49 lbs. 1.14 FISHERS FLOUR 49-lbs. 1.49 SHORTENING 4 Pounds 39c

CEREALS Huskies Rice Krispies Wheaties 2 PKGS. 23c	MILK Tall Can 7c RINSO Large Pkg. 21c Premium Sliced BACON 1/2 lb. 21c SOUP Campbell's Tomato, can 8c CORN MEAL 9 lbs. 29c	CHEESE Tillamook Pound Whole Milk Cheddar Pound 24c 17c
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CALUMET BAKING POWDER