

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Trinkets for Posterity

LET the gentlemen who fill the "time capsule" intended to preserve a picture of 1938 for the world of 6928 discharge their task with care.

The capsule is to be buried at the New York World's fair within a few weeks now, and that's not much time to give the job of packing it the thought it deserves.

A few durable objects carefully selected to add up to something like a one-syllable symbolic portrait of this era would do the work best.

The capsule, 7 feet by 8 inches, is big enough to accommodate all kinds of things. An aerial bomb, for instance, etched with a picture of general gentlemen in full coats reading to each other while some other, younger men cut each other to pieces.

That kind of thing might give a rough idea.

The Crossroads

THE "crisis age" for the male is 50, a British psychologist has just declared before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

This is the big moment in man's life, he states, because the average man suddenly finds it's too late to turn back, to start over, no matter how he wants to change, and up to this time he has usually toyed with the idea of making a change at any moment.

All of which may be true, but scarcely seems to justify singling out 50 as THE crisis age.

How about 40, when life is supposed to begin, and when a man's friends all tell him so, and he starts to believe it, but can't quite bring himself in the effort of starting? How about 20, when he suddenly finds he's halfway through life and hasn't yet got anything done he wanted to do? How about 29, when he hasn't even got started and finds that old age is almost upon him? And how about 19, when he realizes at last that school is not for him and never was, and he's come to the parting of the ways but there's no way out and he's going to have to fill the rest of his life away?

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

played 154 holes in a day and as she dusted off her hands and called it quits remarked, "It's easier than housework, at that."

SOUNDING pretty, doesn't it? But in comparison with a lot of the nutty things that are being done in this old world, it's a wiser than Solomon ever dreamed of in his day.

SCHOLARSHIP WON BY MAXINE BARTLEY

Miss Maxine Bartley, recent graduate from Roseburg High school, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bartley, last night was awarded a scholarship to Northwest Christian college.

THE PASTOR and a large number of members of the Oakland church attended the service.

MISS BARTLEY will attend the college, which is located in Eugene, during the coming school year.

THIEVES WIN WILD CHASE WITH POLICE

FLORENCE, Ore., Aug. 29.—(AP)—Three robbers who stole \$57 from a Florence meat market had a wild time of it before they escaped.

They outdistanced a state police car driven by State Officer Keeler, wrecked by the machine.

FUNERAL OF HOBDAID CHILD HELD SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Funeral services for Patricia Hobday, seven-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kelsey Hobday, of Roseburg, who died last Friday at Mercy hospital, were held in the chapel of the Douglas funeral home Sunday afternoon with Rev. S. Raynor Smith of the First Methodist church officiating.

KRRR PROGRAM

REMAINING HOURS TODAY (1500 Kilocycles)

4:00—Studies in Contrasts, MBS. 4:30—Barney Rapp's Orchestra, MBS.

4:45—Preview of Thompson Trophy Air Race, MBS. 5:00—Bob Crosby's Orchestra, MBS.

5:15—The Children's Hour. 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS. 5:45—Pulton Lewis, Jr., MBS. 6:00—Raymond Scott Quintette. 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—The Marines Tell It To You, MBS.

8:30—Art Kassel Orchestra, MBS. 9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS. 9:15—Zeko Manners and His Gang. 9:30—Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye. 10:00—Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra, MBS. 10:15—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1938

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

Someone is out to bust the Rafter T ranch. To help lovely Lee Trone, "Blir" Ankrum takes a job there under the name of Streeter.

Chapter 20

Two Adventurers

Ankrum strode across the yellow sand to the bunkhouse, entered wearily and flung himself down upon the bunk.

He was amazed to learn how effectively his memory had grasped each changing expression of hers, each poise of her slender figure, each graceful move and gesture.

Savagely he snapped his cigarette through the open door. He heard a little gasp and saw a shadow cross the opening.

"May I come in?" "I reckon," he said ungraciously, "there ain't no one going to stop you."

"You and I," she answered smiling, "have a lot in common. We are both what might be termed adventurers. We're both blunt, possess very little tact, and seldom use what little we have.

"I'm not good enough for you—I'm not good enough for any woman. I'd ought to be made to get into a vicious mood every time I come in contact with you."

"You're bitter," she said softly. "Some woman has hurt you. . . . I can see it in your eyes. Whoever she is, she ought to be boiled in lard! Not good enough? What do you mean? In every man's life there is a place for a woman. For the right one," she amended swiftly.

"A Pair of Love Birds"

Ankrum drew. "Howdy, shee-ee. You ought to go in for sleuthing."

By Williams



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RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

THE tourist business was pretty good this summer until the forest fires in July," said Mrs. Kenneth Baugh of Canyonville to me the other day.

"When these fires started the newspapers of the country and particularly those of California gave them so much space and headlined them so fearfully that vacationists quit coming this way.

The Haughs operate a camp ground just south of the city limits in Canyonville, and had a narrow escape of their own earlier in the summer, when their place was threatened by an incendiary fire set further up the canyon.

It seems here is another reason why tourists hesitate to travel the Pacific highway through southern Oregon—they are afraid of forest fires. Oh well, by the time the highway commission gets the road straightened, the fire situation will take care of itself; the forests will be petrified, and won't burn.

At the South Douglas community fair held in Canyonville Saturday last, the county club leader, Ratchford's glance grew dark.

"What for? What's he to gain from a stunt like that?" "There's a railroad going to cross this ranch."

"Railroad? Where'd you get that crazy notion?" "It ain't crazy—leastways, Claydell doesn't think it is. He's figurin' strong on that road goin' through here. Anyhow, that's why he's after this spread."

"How'd you get wise?" "Ratchford's lips curled in a slow grin. 'I've got my ear to the ground. I hear a lot of things a fella wouldn't think. The other day, for instance, an ancient history fell into my hands.'"

"Yeah?" "Yeah—you ought to see it." "Ankrum's cold look swept the sheriff's mocking features. 'Anything personal in that remark?'"

Ratchford assumed surprise. "How could there be?" "Let it ride," Ankrum said. "So you think Claydell's the dog with the brass collar. You think there's a railroad goin' through from Amarillo to El Paso an' that it's goin' to cross this ranch and that Claydell knows it and wants this property to hold the railroad up."

"Fraid there wouldn't be enough money in it to tempt a fellow like Claydell. I expect, maybe you've missed your guess."

"Missed hell! I know what I'm talkin' about. I'll be worth a cool two hundred grand for that road to lay track through here!"

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Daily Devotions

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

Life's great productive and remedial forces for the most part operate somewhat slowly, and demand patience on the part of those who often find the demand for patience quite trying.

If things would happen just over night we would not mind giving lots of energy and devotion to make them happen, but the things that happen over night generally do not amount to much. Most great and good things come slowly and our impatience in regard to them often does more to spoil the event than anything else.

To keep on greatly desiring the good and working patiently for it when it comes so slowly is the grace that some of us need very badly. Our Heavenly Father we crave Thy pardon for our restlessness and impatience, that so often prevents our doing our work with thoroughness and care. Give us, we pray Thee, the earnestness and devotion, yet with the patience that can wait and hope. Amen.

times approaching jitters. One of the coolest of the diplomatic lot, however, is Wilbur J. Carr, minister to Czechoslovakia.

Although Carr had been made an assistant secretary of state by President Coolidge, Mr. Roosevelt decided a year ago he should be rewarded for long, able service and that Prague was no place for any minister who owed his job to a campaign contribution.

A solid man of 68, Carr has no "nerves" and looks as level-headed as he is. His recent reports to the state department have been crammed with valuable inside information.

North Carolina born, Carr began as a state department clerk in 1892 and worked up. He was a director of the consular service from 1909 to 1924 and lobbied long for the Rogers foreign service act passed in the latter year. He was outside the career service, only a departmental official, but congress as a special tribute provided that "Wilbur J. Carr shall be a member of the foreign service for the purposes of this act."

Up to now anyone caught killing an antelope on the plains of eastern Oregon would figuratively have been drawn, quartered and hung by the game enforcement officers. But this year the game commission has declared an open season, hoping many of them will be slaughtered.

The antelope have increased tremendously in numbers, and have forsaken their natural grazing grounds, where they have to work for what they get, to prey upon the succulent crops grown by the ranchers there for their sheep and cattle, the lazy things.

I don't know what the game commission calls it, but when an animal is killed for displaying this distinctly human characteristic, it almost savors of murder.

Of course there may not be any connection or special significance in the theatre's showing last week of "The Birth of a Baby," followed by this week's presentation of "Wives Under Suspicion."

Behind the Scenes in Washington

By RODNEY DUTCHER

WASHINGTON, Aug. 27.—World tension over Germany's immediate intentions in Czechoslovakia will increase in the next few weeks. This fact and the fact in Washington and other capitals that the tension will lead to explosion is behind the speeches in which Secretary Hull denounced "international lawlessness" and President Roosevelt emphasized America's concern over other nations' "wanton brutality."

Although about a million Germans were called out for maneuvers, the U. S. government had no inside information on Hitler's plans—and it is doubted here that Hitler himself knows just what he will do.

Reports of differences between Hitler and his army generals are considered authentic. The generals don't believe Germany is sufficiently stocked for a European war and they advise against invasion of Czechoslovakia. But they also advised against the Austrian adventure.

Diplomatic and military officials in Washington suspect Hitler won't attack. The Hull and Roosevelt speeches were designed to notify the world that American sympathy ranged against Germany in case her aggression provoked a war.

Expert opinion holds that risking war with all other major European powers and the moral opposition from the United States is too big a gamble for a rational man to take. Yet all U. S. officials are not convinced Hitler is rational.

BRUCE ELLIS HEADS STATE ELKS ASSN.

TILLAMOOK, Aug. 29.—(AP)—Delegates to the Oregon state Elks' association convention Saturday elected Bruce Ellis, Pendleton, president; Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook, first vice-president; Jack Luckey, Eugene, second vice-president; Robert Thompson, Klamath Falls, third vice-president; Dewey Powell, Klamath Falls, secretary; H. L. Toney, McMinnville, treasurer; William M. Hartford, Portland; D. Peruzzi, Ashland, and Dr. A. S. McDonald, Oregon City, trustees.

Klamath Falls was awarded the 1939 convention.

NEW LOCATION

Carrots—3 bunches, 10c. Lemons—75c. dozen. Gravenstein apples—69c. box. Pritchard catalog tomorrow now. L. Toney, catalog merchant, Highway north, across from Shorly Wrecking Yard.

Community Fair Dates in Douglas

East Douglas—At Glide, August 31.

West Central Douglas—At Lookingglass September 1.

Central Douglas—At Sutherland September 2 and 3.

North Douglas—At Drain, September 16 and 17.

San Francisco the HOTEL SOMERTON

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JACK KLASS, MANAGER



DOUGLAS FUNERAL HOME

TELEPHONE NO. 112 ADDRESS CORNER PINE & LANE STS ROSEBURG, OREGON

VENERABLE EDUCATOR

HORIZONTAL

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

1, 8 President of Columbia University.

12 To regret.

13 To dismay.

14 Ozon.

15 Folding bed.

16 Spruce yielding lye.

17 To acquiesce.

18 Form of "a."

19 Three.

20 Migrations.

21 Falsifier.

22 Evergreen trees.

23 Toward.

24 Female deer.

25 Disagreeable fume.

26 Greek letter.

27 Bugle plant.

28 Containing ore.

29 Platform.

30 Lair.

31 Postscript.

32 Measure of area.

33 River edge.

34 To run away.

35 41 Road.

36 To glide away.

37 Apple center.

38 Kind of lettuce.

39 Silk worm.

40 Artificial silk.

41 Ratite bird.

42 He was appointed president early in this.

43 Stints.

44 Falsehoods.

45 Sea eagle.

46 For U. S. presidency.

47 Age.

48 To strive after.

49 of students in his care.

50 Rows of series.

51 Not fatal.

52 Prediction.

53 Thin tin plate.

54 Above.

55 Danish person.

56 Sleeveless coat.

57 Carried.

58 Shed.

59 Fool.

60 To follow.

61 Sheltered place.

62 Cavity.

63 To sin.

64 Dove's cry.

65 Affirmative vote.

66 Form of "me."