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Free Press for Balance

THE old camp-meeting hymn which exhorts all present to count their many blessings, naming them over carefully one by one, might not be a bad theme song for the people of the United States these days.

Counting your blessings may give you a touch of sinful pride, but it also helps you to realize how valuable some of the blessings really are; and that in turn makes it much less likely that you will submit meekly if and when somebody comes along and tries to take them away from you.

And the blessing that might be examined most closely just now is that familiar, much-talked-of, taken-for-granted thing—a free press.

You can appreciate it best by having a look at the sort of thing that happens where a free press does not exist.

A current dispatch from Berlin to the New York Herald-Tribune begins like this:

"The Nazi press attained new heights today in its choice of violent language to condemn the Czechs for 'arrogant, terroristic acts' in sudden territory. Streamer headlines in 'Der Angriff,' organ of Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels, read: 'Substantial in Greatest Diabets—Violent Terror of Czech Bands—Unleashed Mobs Raving Through Deutsches Land.'"

Picture to yourself, now, the way you would feel, as an ardent and patriotic German, after you had lived on that kind of diet for a week or so. You would be straining at the leash probably before long you would be in a frame of mind to support any warlike action your government might choose to indulge in, and in the end you would probably hail war itself as a noble act of liberation and a blow against a shameful tyranny.

Behind the scenes, of course, are wiretappers who want the whole German nation to feel precisely that way. The Nazi press campaign is simply a means of making sure that Hitler will have solid support for any belligerent course he may take. And since no one can present the other side of the question—since no paper in all Germany can hint that these reports from Czechoslovakia are overdrawn—the press campaign is bound to succeed.

And that means that the German people have been placed at the mercy of their own emotions. They can be played upon by their own government, and they have no defense—because every avenue through which their emotions can be reached, every inlet for news and propaganda, is in the hands of the government.

It is that sort of thing which a free press prevents. Propaganda does exist, of course, even where the press is free, and false reports do circulate; but there is always a counterweight on the other side. The citizen has a chance to use his own judgment.

What is happening in Germany right now is perhaps the most powerful of all possible arguments for a free, uncontrolled press.

ringing of school bells to really usher in the fall season. It is here.

As this is written there is still a great deal to be done to make a complete newspaper plant of our new home but it is business as usual today after a hectic week-end of moving. If you can stand the odor of fresh paint, come in and see us.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

lessly as a cigarette butt is tossed away. It shows how recklessly people back the hope of getting something for nothing.

WE are told, thus casually, that the American people spend seven billion dollars every year in gambling. In an equally offhand way, we are informed that the nation's annual crime bill is 15 billion dollars.

How does anyone know about these things?

The census bureau doesn't deal with them. Most people don't put the amount of their gambling transactions into their income tax reports. And the criminals and their victims certainly don't fill out questionnaires on the cost of crime.

Where do these statistics come from?

THE answer is that they are guesses. They may be close to the truth, and they may be far from it. But at least they are startling.

EDENBOWER BIBLE CLASS TO RESUME

The Bible class at Edenbower, temporarily discontinued because of the absence of the teacher, Rev. Wm. Fancette, will be recommenced tonight at 8. The fall series will be on the book of Ephesians, the announcement states. A new location for the meetings has become necessary due to the removal of the Bradley family in whose home the sessions were previously held. The meeting tonight will be held in the Hess residence which is located between highway 99 and the Veterans facility, next door to the recently burned Mulholland residence. The public is invited.

KRRR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

- REMAINING HOURS TODAY: 4:00—Morton Goulds Orch., MBS. 4:30—Radio Camerata, MBS. 5:15—Hawaiian Harmonies, MBS. 5:30—Reveries, MBS. 5:45—The Children's Hour, MBS. 5:50—Howie Wing, MBS. 6:45—Melody Lane With Wanda Arfour. 6:15—Phantom Pilot, MBS. 6:30—Frank Bull, MBS. 6:45—Interlude. 6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News. 6:55—News Flashes. 7:00—Chico & His Orch., MBS. 7:15—Symphony. 7:30—The Green Hornet, MBS. 8:00—Melody Mountainers. 8:15—Don't You Believe It, MBS. 8:30—Jan Garber. 8:45—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS. 9:15—Jimmy Joy's Orch., MBS. 9:30—Say It With Words, MBS. 10:00—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

- 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—Alarm Clock Club. 8:00—The Balladeer, MBS. 8:15—Organ Recital, MBS. 8:30—Hayes of Rest, MBS. 9:00—Home Town, MBS. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:45—Reveries, MBS. 10:00—Harold Turner, MBS. 10:15—As You Like It, MBS. 10:30—This Woman's World, MBS. 11:00—Mamma Bloom Blooms, Copco. 11:15—Variety Show of the Air. 11:30—Harold Stokes' Orch., MBS. 11:45—Bill Lewis, MBS. 12:00—Lafayette Concert. 12:15—Midstream, MBS. 12:20—Noontime Melodies. 12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange. 12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News. 12:50—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—Hawking's Man on the Street. 1:15—Trail Blazers, MBS. 1:30—Gloom Chasers, MBS. 1:45—Johnson Family, MBS. 2:00—At Your Command. 2:30—Today's Front Page. 2:45—Hines' Trial, MBS. 3:00—Fantine Fancies, MBS. 3:30—Rang'nd Parade. 4:00—Musical Steeplechase, MBS. 4:30—Souvenir, MBS. 5:00—Bob Crosby's Orch., MBS. 5:15—The Children's Hour. 5:30—Howie Wing, MBS. 5:45—Pallon Lewis Jr., MBS. 5:50—Single Strings, 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—5 Men Come Back, Radio Lima, MBS. 7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS. 8:00—American Family Robinson. 8:15—Dick Barries' Orch., MBS. 8:30—Griff Williams' Orch., MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS. 9:15—Chico & His Orch., MBS. 9:30—Back McGinnis' Orch., MBS. 9:45—Joe Cunningham, MBS. 10:00—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far: A plot is on foot to smash the Rafter T, and "Blur" Ankrum takes a job there to help locate Lee Trone. She saves his life by shooting an impostor, Kellon Drea, but he learns this only after Drea's accomplice, Betty, causes trouble between them. Rafterford, the sheriff, tells Ankrum that Claydell, a neighboring rancher, is after the Trones' land because a railroad is going through. Ankrum accuses Claydell.



ing range toward the Rafter T, was not convinced. Like his own accusations of Claydell, the rancher's case against Rafterford had a number of loopholes. Both the sheriff and the boss of the Swinging J undoubtedly hated each other. But whether the reasons given by Claydell were the correct ones, Ankrum could not decide. It was quite possible that neither the sheriff nor Claydell were behind these things which were happening. Each, in their omity, would naturally suspect the other.

By Williams

gaunt old man had been drinking, for there was a bottle almost empty beside his elbow and his eyes were red and surly.

"Well," Trone grunted. "What happened? What's the matter with your ear? Did you drive them off?"

"This was not the reception Ankrum had been expecting. He squared his shoulders. 'Isn't Lee here?'"

"Of course she's here! What's that go to do with what I asked you? What's the matter with your ear?"

"A bullet nipped it."

"Did you have a corpse an' cartridge occasion at the camp? What happened to the other fellow?"

"There was a little shootin'." Ankrum admitted. "What other fellow are you talkin' about?"

"The fellow that knocked that slice from your ear."

"I didn't see. I was busy that particular time."

"Well, what happened?" Trone growled. "Say something! Do I have to get a rope an' drag it from you?"

"I shot up two or three gen's an' the rest cleared out."

"Trone swore. 'You tell it like a tea-party! Is that all you got to say? Wasn't Heflie there? If he was I'm bettin' strong there was some action!'"

"He was there." Ankrum drawl was bitter. "His light was the first I blowed."

"Trone's glance flashed excitement. 'Good! I'd have give a year of my life to have seen that! I'm glad you cashed his chips. What else happened?'"

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RAMBLINGS by Paul Jenkins

Ankrum goes to Betty's rescue, tomorrow.

THE News-Review opened its doors this morning for business in its new Main street quarters, feeling a kind of brush and chipper in spite of its years, like Pa in a new suit of clothes. A few hanging threads show here and there and some buttons yet need sewing on; but in a pinch it's ready to wear.

It seems odd to work under natural light, which we haven't been able to do here before; to move about without tripping over one another's feet, and getting in each other's hair; to lay down a ledger for a moment with-

"What Happened?" It was nearly time for the moon to rise when he reached the Rafter T. He stripped the gear from his backskin, rubbed the moistness from the animal's coat, turning the horse into the big corral he hung his saddle on the fence, went striding toward the lighted window that marked Trone's office in the house. Trone looked up from some papers with a scowl as Ankrum entered. Ankrum saw that the

out someone's coming along the next minute and covering it up with his own work. It's nice to know that more than two customers can come up to our counters at the same time without having to stand sidewise and hold their breath, for lack of room.

But rats, there's no use telling you folks how glad we are. You've been in to see us in the old rabbit warren where we were, so often that you felt sorry for us yourselves. I know you did, because I've often heard you say so!

Well, come in and see us now, and we'll give you a personally conducted tour of the joint. We have the kind of quarters we've been hoping to get for years, and we hope you like them as well as we do.

Harris Ellsworth, when he gazed upon his completed office, displayed emotion worthy of Barrymore. "I don't know how to act," he said, when visitors call on me now, I've been cramped for so long. When I have had a caller, I've had to move the typewriter so he could sit on the table. If I had two callers I had to move the table so they could sit on the floor."

"I always felt like the drunk who, walking down the street one night, bumped into a light pole. Claspin it in his hands and pat-

ting it experimentally as he did so, he walked clear around it. Suddenly started, he hollered 'Help, help! I've walled in!'"

By the way, no one will ever be able to convince the crew of the News-Review (and the others who helped us move) that Labor day doesn't mean exactly what it says.

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"ARE YOU A TANK PATER?" CHILLY? Why shiver these snappy mornings and evenings? Comfort is as near as your telephone! Just phone our office. Our representative will call and give you full particulars on inexpensive appliances for GAS HEATING Circulating (console type) heaters. Radiant heaters. Floor and wall furnaces, with or without forced air circulation. Central heating plants too, of course. A modern gas heating appliance (there's a type and price for every need) can be installed immediately, with no fuss or muss. Automatic control if desired. Order now and take advantage of new low heating rate. TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE Modernize, Economize with Gas SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CORPORATION The California Oregon Power Company