

SCOUTS PREPARING FOR 2-WEEK CAMP

Instructions Issued Cover All Details for Outing at Wolf Creek.

With between 25 and 40 boy scouts already registered, the Wolf creek camp will be taken over by the scouts Sunday for a two weeks' period. The camp, located on Little river, 35 miles east of Roseburg, in facilities formerly used by the civilian conservation corps, is now being used by the Campfire Girls, who will end their camp Sunday.

Scouts planning to attend the camp were advised in a bulletin issued by Alvin Knudston, camp chairman, that a physical certificate is necessary. This certificate may be secured through examination by the family physician, or at examinations to be made at 7 p. m. Thursday at the offices of Dr. B. R. Shoemaker and Dr. E. J. Walcott. The report on physical condition must be filed with the camp director upon arrival at camp.

Equipment Listed

Scouts also are advised in the bulletin to include writing material, fishing tackle, notebook, and other articles for use during leisure time, as well as all articles needed for camp cooking in pairs. These will include frying pan, small kettle, knife, fork, spoon, tin cup, etc.

Transportation to camp will be arranged for those who have no means of reaching the camp, providing the transportation committee is notified in advance. Any persons having automobiles they are willing to use to take boys to camp Sunday are asked to notify V. V. Harpham or F. L. Crittenden. The boys will assemble at the Junior high school at 10:30 Sunday morning for final inspection and loading of supplies. Cars will leave the Junior high school, to transport the scouts to camp, between 11 a. m. and 1 p. m.

Any scouts having their own means of transportation and planning to go to Wolf creek before noon are instructed to take a lunch, as no meal will be served until evening.

Open to All Scouts

Robert Dill, field executive, and Winston Taylor, Junior officer, will arrive in Roseburg Friday to assist in final arrangements. The Wolf creek camp, Mr. Knudston reports, is open to all scouts in the Roseburg area and will be for a period of two weeks at a total cost of \$10. A large proportion of the boys attending this year have earned their camp fee through the co-operation of civic clubs and individuals who have furnished employment for the youngsters.

A limited number of cub boys below scout age—will be accepted for a three-day camp, during the time the scouts are on a three-day hike during their second week. The hike will be under the supervision of E. A. Britton, county club leader, and former scout executive. The camp staff will remain to direct the cub boys in various activities.

Personnel May Exceed 40

Ralph Russell, county scout chairman, reports the attendance will be between 25 and 40, according to present indications. It may be possible even the latter number may be exceeded.

Leon McClintock, program chairman, states that swimming will be supervised twice daily and that features added to the regular program include demonstrations in astronomy, archery, horsemanship, mapmaking, use of compass and the manufacture of craft articles such as pack boards, leather work, etc. Materials for craft work may be purchased in camp at cost. All instruction will be under the supervision of competent instructors.

U. S. FARM DEPT. POSITIONS OPENED

Civil service examinations to fill positions in the department of agriculture have been announced by the local board of examiners. Various grades in the position of tobacco inspector and seed technologist will be filled. Full information and application blanks may be obtained from Charles Fields or C. B. Calkins at the Roseburg post office.

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GMC TRUCKS TRAILERS DIESELS

SERIAL STORY BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
BETTY MARY JORDAN—Pretty young Border Patrol service secretary.
SHERIDAN STARR—Handsome Border Patrol officer.
HOPE HILDARE—Starr's fellow officer, also a bachelor.
LUIS BARRO—Mexican smuggler.

Yesterday, already, Hope is in love with Betty, wants to tell her so as they return from the canyon trail. But he remembers that Starr has the Saturday night date.

CHAPTER IX

"I know I suggested it," Betty Mary was saying into her telephone, "but I think the celebration will have to be changed, Hope. Because I have a new idea. Now listen—you and Sheridan come to my hotel at 6 o'clock, for dinner. I have already ordered it."

"No, I won't go out with you," Hope declared. "I don't want to be seen with you, yet. I want to stay under cover. That's my new idea."

The argument lasted another five minutes, but in the end Messrs. Sheridan Starr and Hope Hildare of the U. S. Border Patrol entered the Paso del Norte hotel battered with gifts.

"I feel like Santa Claus looks," Sheridan admitted, behind his huge box of roses.

"You mean you look like Santa Claus?" Hope grinned at his friend. "Me, I bring Mexican pralines, and a purse hand-woven by Indians. Flowers will do, too."

But Betty Mary was touched by all of the gifts. She almost forgot dinner in her prolonged enthusiasm. Her eyes took on a misty look when she thanked the boys seriously, and told them they were the bravest, finest gentlemen she had ever known.

"Even if it's not so it sounds great," Betty Mary, Hope declared. "I hope we can keep you fooled. Anyway I hope I can. Sherry, he's just posing, really. He's just a flat-foot cop at heart. Me, I'm romantic, and handsome, and—"

"And garulous, and lazy, and impressed by a senorita he met in Juarez, Betty Mary," big Sherry interrupted. "He's not to be trusted."

"I am! I mean I'm not!" Hope was tangled now. "I just said she was a pretty girl, in all. Anyway, that was a month ago and—"

"Sh-h-h-h, stop jabbering!" Betty Mary commanded. "Especially about another girl. I shall be jealous. If there really is a senorita in Juarez, Officer Hildare I shall call and insult her, so there! I'm going to Juarez myself."

"What for? Let's go tonight, to a cabaret, or a theatre, Hank?"

"No, I'm serious. Sit down, boys, and let's talk business while dinner is coming up. Now, I really am going into Mexico, this very night. I'm going under cover, too. I mean, I shall go as Miss Jordan, but I certainly won't know you, I am going to be a glibly tourist asking questions, and sketching pictures. I have studied art a little. I have a plan."

"Yeah? What sort of plan?" Hope smirked, knowingly.

"I'm going to get more information on Mr. Luis Barro."

"No!"

"Yes."

"No listen here, Betty Mary, you—"

"You listen yourself. Both of you. Those prisoners you took admitted they were Barro's customers, didn't they? Barro sent them over, you said. Just as I learned in advance. Well, we still didn't capture Barro, and trouble with him may keep on indefinitely unless we get more information as to his movements, and do something to put a stop to him. See? He must be lured to our side of the line."

"All right, but you, a girl, can't be risking—"

"Oh, I can't? Are you my boss, you two?" She dimpled at the big men. "Listen, your boss sent me out here to fire you! Maybe I will!"

"Aw! But listen, Betty Mary."

"No; you listen. I have already reserved a hotel room in Juarez. I shall carry a .22 rifle cartridge in my purse. It has proven to be a badge of membership in Barro's band. It sounds fantastic, maybe, but luckily it's true. You couldn't possibly use that knowledge yourselves, and you haven't had any luck hiring confidential helpers. I am unknown here yet. Maybe I can be of some real service. Anyhow I am going to try."

They spent nearly three hours arguing and discussing the strategy further. When the two men perceived that she was determined, they helped her map out a detailed course to follow. Hope and Sherry knew certain places in Juarez—restaurants, cabarets, hotel lobbies, theatres, gambling halls—where Luis Barro was known to visit. They also knew that he kept a suite of rooms in the Montezuma hotel, but that he had other residences, too.

Betty Mary agreed just to move cautiously by hinting, when she thought the time was ripe, that she wanted help in smuggling some aliens into the United States. Or hinting that she had certain valuable commodities to be shipped in. Or just discreetly displaying her .22 cartridge where it might get her "in" with some of Barro's gang.

The latter procedure, they felt, would be safest and most likely to produce results. But the two officers didn't like any of it and told her so. They were almost surely about it when she emphatically insisted on her plan. And—she discovered them following her taxi, in their official car, when she actually did start into Mexico at 10 p. m. She smiled to herself, wondering if they would try some way to shadow her even after she crossed the international bridge.

The Montezuma hotel was nowhere nearly as luxurious as the Paso del Norte, but it was comfortable, and picturesque. She did enjoy the attentive service there. And she slept well that first night in Mexico.

At 9 the next morning she asked the clerk for "tourist information," then dutifully rode a taxi to see the public market, the old Carcel with its bullet holes and its miserable prisoners, the very old

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia

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"It keeps ending with Herbert. Don't you know any other rhyme except 'eenie-meenie'?"

church, the streets with their side-walk cafes and fruit stands, the federal buildings.

By noon she was sitting in the Juarez public plaza watching the pigeons and the myriad bootblacks and the loafers, and sketching a street scene on a large drawing pad. She paid a little tamale peddler 1 peso—about 50 cents American money—to pose for her, and made a really good study of his bright, smiling, if dirty, face.

An elderly American man, fellow tourist, watched her for a few minutes, then struck up a conversation.

"I am interested in types," she informed him. "I want to meet interesting people over here. Good people, bad people, all kinds. To sketch them."

"Then you'd better go to El Casino Tecolote," he suggested. "It is a florid place. All the gam-

blers, thieves, beggars, adventurers, and soldiers forgather there. Have you an escort?"

"I am alone," she answered.

"Oh, then don't go. I assumed you had a husband or other male companion, of course. El Casino is no place for a young American woman, such as you."

"Why?" Betty was intrigued now, inevitably.

"It just isn't. It would be dangerous."

She thanked him and went on with her sketching. She thought much, too, as her pencil moved deftly.

Presently she got up and walked the few blocks around on 16th de Septiembre street to a spot where she could see the Casino entrance. It was truly an interesting looking place, and even at the noon hour a strange assembly of people seemed to be going in. Probably for lunch, since she could hear orchestra music.

One expensive looking automobile whirled up and a traffic policeman himself hastened over to open the sedan door. A man dressed and groomed meticulously in Spanish fashion alighted, spoke cordially to the policeman, and went into the building.

Betty Mary promptly closed her sketching pad and walked across

to speak to the policeman. "Who was that—that handsome gentleman, in the car?" she asked, in Spanish.

"He? Why senorita!" the officer bowed. "That was His Excellency, Don Luis Faustino Rodarte y Barro. A very fine man!"

(To be continued)

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