

R. H. S. Hoopsters Face Worthy Foe

Myrtle Creek Warriors Will Offer Real Battle Here Tomorrow Night.

Roseburg high school hoopsters have completed the early phases of a rigid pre-season conditioning period and have tapered off a week of tough scrimmage sessions with light workouts in preparation for the opening game of the 1939-40 season on the Senior high maple court Saturday night, when they meet Myrtle Creek high school in a preliminary game to the Ruben Stein Oregonian-Ashland Normal featured attraction. The initial contest is the first of what may become a 20-game schedule for the Indians, according to Coach Jim Watts.

The present schedule of conference and interconference games includes 22 contests, 13 of them billed for the local maple court. At the present time there are three open dates which Watts hopes to fill in the near future. Two outstanding games have been scheduled—the first being Franklin High school of Portland, here, December 21, and the second with the University of Oregon Frosh, here, January 26. The Indians open the District 8 title quest against North Bend on the Bullock court January 5. First league game here brings Coquille, January 12. The annual Alumni battle is set for December 19.

Negro Stars Lead UCLA To Victory

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 1.—(AP)—University of California at Los Angeles Bruins still are a big threat in Southern California's Rose Bowl campaign, and so are the Washington Huskies, whose long jinx over U.S.C. will set a stiff test in the coliseum tomorrow.

The unbeaten Bruins finished off Washington State, 24-7, last night with a burst of fourth-period touchdowns, and go into their final Pacific Coast conference game Dec. 9 against the toughest of them all, Southern California's powerful Trojan eleven.

Until that encounter, the Bruins are a Rose Bowl contender.

Once again, as it has been all season, the UCLA's victory rested on the prowess of Kenny Washington, mere halfback star. It was Washington who put the Bruins in front last night with a touchdown pass, good for 44 yards, and who moved them into the lead again in the final period with another scoring strike, good for 24 yards.

Jackie Robinson, Kenny's dusky roommate, caught the last pass, and late gave a brilliant exhibition of broken field running to score once and set the stage for the fourth touchdown, but it was Washington who put the game on ice.

The unbeaten Trojans, meanwhile, remain favored to win tomorrow's Pacific Coast conference struggle, but a hard battle was expected from the Washington eleven.

Indians Face Stiff Game

The Indians will more than likely have their hands full Saturday evening when they meet Myrtle Creek, always a potent foe in Douglas county B league basketball circles. According to latest reports, two of Coach Watts' veterans, Jim Finlay, guard, and Earl Ward, lanky forward, are not in the best of condition. The former has a bad foot and the latter is nursing an injured ankle. However, both lads expect to open the contest and will see action at least part of the time.

Although the starting lineup has not been divulged, it is expected that Ward and Ray Puckett will open at forwards. Ed Hughes, a sophomore, at center, and two veterans, Virgil Sanders and Finlay, at guard. Spelling these men will be Lovell Baker, Bill Woodruff and Tony Anderson, guards; Dale Woodruff and Billy Goodlow, centers; Lowell Atterbury, forward.

Myrtle Creek is headed by a veteran team built around Wayne Marcum, Ralph Shireff, Dale Dyer, Frank Voon and Andy McDougal. Strong reserves are available in Paul Redifer, Nelson Rust, Gordon Dyer and Melvin Black. The Blue and Gold quintet is coached by Alton C. Rostrom, Linfield graduate, opening his first season at Myrtle Creek.

Tentative Indian schedule is as follows:

- Dec. 2, Myrtle Creek, here.
- Dec. 5, Gladvale, here.
- Dec. 8, open.
- Dec. 12, Springfield, here.
- Dec. 15, Springfield, here.
- Dec. 19, Alumni, here.
- Dec. 21, Franklin high of Portland, here.
- Jan. 2, Myrtle Creek, there.
- Jan. 5, North Bend, there.
- Jan. 9, Grants Pass, there.
- Jan. 12, Coquille, here.
- Jan. 15, open.
- Jan. 19, Marshfield, here.
- Jan. 20, Medford, there.
- Jan. 23, Grants Pass, here.
- Jan. 26, Myrtle Point, there.
- Jan. 29, U. of O. Frosh, here.
- Feb. 2, North Bend, here.
- Feb. 3, Medford, here.
- Feb. 6, open.
- Feb. 9, Coquille, there.
- Feb. 12, University high, here.
- Feb. 16, Marshfield, there.
- Feb. 20, University high, there.
- Feb. 23, Myrtle Point, here.
- Mar. 1 and 2, district tournament (tentative).

ing from a spectator's point of view.

For many years Wolf Creek has not competed intercollegiately in indoor sports, until the completion of their new gym last year, when they resumed play.

Basketball

Riddle (64) (11) Wolf Creek
Hart (18) F (3) Weatheral
Carpenter (22) P Benson
Sackett (32) C (6) B. Stewart
Rigsby (2) G (2) Walker
Nichols (4) G Morrison
Hamlin (6) S Bennett
Ledy (6) S Trumbly
Randall (4) S

Referee: Nelson Howard.
Volleyball

Riddle (43) (5) Wolf Creek
Mellor (9) (7) Miller
Hiles (5) Trumbly
Cornutt (8) Morrison, D.
Rigsby (6) (1) Stewart, M.
Griggs, M. (1) Morrison, B.
Ball, P. Patterson
Griger, V. (3) Stewart, P.
Howard Withrow
Hamlin (1) (1) Walker, R.
Hendrick (1)
Randall (5)
Robbins (1)
Sielert (4)
Griggs, E. (2)

He could see the headlines—
"BLOODY BENTHORNE MURDERED!" That would be old Parker's sheet. They hated him, too. Fought his methods, tried to trap him. But never quite succeeded.

"BENTHORNE, FINANCIER, FOUND DEAD!" Good old conservative Carter Smith. Wisely, wisely. Afraid to call a spade a spade. Benthorne admitted he liked the Parker's paper better than the Smith's sheet. That gang over at Parker's had courage. That's what it takes. That's what it took to make Arnold Benthorne.

He saw a lad of 19, thin, clothed in castoffs, crying in a doorway. He saw an older boy, heavier, stronger, taunting the weeping lad.

Funny that he should remember now. The older boy, Billy Watson, had challenged his right to sell papers on that corner. Arnold—his name was not Benthorne then—had refused to fight, had run away in terror.

Another picture came to mind. Billy's face, disappearing beneath the waters of the river. Arnold had run screaming to the nearest policeman; men had dived into the river for Billy's body. The crowd praised Arnold—he had done all he could. Even Billy's mother was

Brilliant Work of Robinson and Washington Stands Out in Defeat of Huskies.

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Twelve Persons Injured When Bus Strikes Bridge

SPRINGFIELD, N. M., Nov. 30.—(AP)—Two persons were now dead today and 10 others were recovering from less serious injuries received last night when a transcontinental sleeper bus struck a bridge as it drove through a northern New Mexico snow storm on U. S. highway 85.

SERIAL STORY 5 WOULD KILL

BY TOM HORNER

(Continued from page 1)

leaving the drawer open.

Pulling his chair back from the circle of light, yet still within reach of the gun in the drawer, Arnold Benthorne sat down, waiting for his murderer.

They never found Billy's body. It was just as well. Someone might have wondered about those bruised knuckles—bruised as Arnold pounded Billy's fingers as he clung to the dock.

The papers would not tell that story tomorrow.

No—there would be columns about Arnold Benthorne's phenomenal rise in the business world. They would tell how dying stocks revived under his magical touch, how he pyramided his wealth into millions. There would be the story of his vast factories, his thousands of employees. His charities would be mentioned, and the scholarships his wealth had made possible.

There would be pictures, too, of Benthorne—dark-haired, fiftyish, his cold, piercing eyes staring out from the lean hardness of his face. He hoped they would use that picture he had had made last month—the one the photographer said made him look like a dictator.

Helen's picture would be back

in the paper again, too. The society editors would see that his marriage to Echen Alston, daughter of one of America's greatest motor truck manufacturers, would not be forgotten.

The gossip columnists had enjoyed a field day guessing the real facts behind the Alston Benthorne wedding—wondering how one of society's favorite debutantes could marry a man almost as old as her father. Only one reporter—and Benthorne recalled grimly that he had soon lost his job—had hit the real reason. He had hinted that Benthorne had threatened to wreck Alston Motors and that old man Alston thought more of his trucks than of his daughter.

There was one mystery about Benthorne that no newspaperman would ever solve. For years they had been speculating as to where Arnold Benthorne got his start. No one knew him when he first came to New York, armed with \$50,000 and the determination to turn it into a million. No one knew—nor would ever know—the story of "Big Red."

They had met in Alaska. "Big Red" had come in with the Klondike rush, hunted his strike for 20 years. And he had found it—far inland, among unmappped mountains. "Big Red" had found his gold. Benthorne—his name had been Benson then—learned of the mine when "Big Red" filed his claim. He had followed "Big

Red" northward. He remembered "Big Red's" piteous cries as he left him, blind and dying in that forgotten valley.

He had taken "Big Red's" name—Joan Douglas—as well as his claim title and ore samples, until he had sold out to a mining company.

He had listed "Big Red" as one of the five—and "Big Red" was dead. He'd scratch off the name. No use blaming a murder on a dead man. Queer that he had imagined, even for an instant, that

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Riddle High Wins Two Games From Wolf Creek

RIDDLE, Nov. 30.—(Special)—Riddle high school emerged victorious in a double feature Tuesday evening, overwhelming inexperienced teams from Wolf Creek, 64-11 in basketball and 43-9 in volleyball. Neither game was very exciting.

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