

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Every state, county and city
official or board that handles
public money should publish at
regular intervals an accounting of
it, showing where and how
each dollar is spent. This is a
fundamental principle of democ-
ratic government.

NO MORE vitally important
piece of legislation has been
before congress in the lifetime of
anyone living than the bill pro-
viding universal liability for mili-
tary service.

Within it lie possibilities for
changing the entire life of every
family in the country. It is,
in a sense, revolutionary. Never
before has it been proposed in
time of peace to commandeer the
lives and hopes of every citizen.
Such a departure is probably for-
ever unknown to no country
which adopted such a plan, then
got rid of it.

If this bill is to be adopted, and
it is more than possible, it should
be thoroughly debated and dis-
cussed by the people's representa-
tives in congress. The effective-
ness of any such plan will be all
the greater in proportion as peo-
ple realize that it is their own de-
cision, deliberately adopted, as
their will by their representa-
tives.

Some will say, "This delay!
There's your democracy for you!
This bill ought to be passed to-
day! Why delay?"

Our situation is critical. But
not so critical that we cannot af-
ford to discuss from every angle
so sweeping a law as this. If this
is the deliberate decision of the
American people it will be all the
more effective for that.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine
Americans out of a thousand are
willing and anxious to serve their
government in whatever way is
determined to be best. Is this the
best way? There is only one way
to determine to thrust it out.
Has it come, workable, effec-
guant, for freedom of conscience?

In every possible provision has
been made to reduce hardships and
handicaps to students, heads of
families, the families that must
stay behind?

Is the writing into the law of
a definite term of service for the
best, or might some future com-
mander find himself faced with
the problem of Washington—
terms of enlistment expiring and
men going home just when they
are needed most?

Will the burden fall on all alike,
or on nearly alike, as a bill and
general law can place it?

A couple of weeks of debate will
probably not set back a single day
the time when the first men can
actually go to camp under the
terms of this law. The vast pre-
liminary preparations are already
under way—they are the key to
when the law could become effec-
tive, not the actual date of pass-
age.

If universal military service be
what the world demands of the
United States today, let us make
the decision not with a whoop
and a careless hurrah, but with
dignity, solemnity, and that de-
liberation that is always the best
arguement of success.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)
RATIFIES THE CHOICE of democ-
ratic national conventions.
And the south has an impres-
sive block of electoral votes.

THE handicap of the politically
frozen south is a considerable
one. Then there is CAPITALIZ-
ED CLASS PREJUDICE—the
carefully nurtured idea that un-
less the present administration is
kept in power its beneficiaries will

lose their privileges.
No, it isn't going to be easy to
elect Willkie. It wasn't easy to
force his nomination on the re-
publican politicians at Philadel-
phia.
But it can be done if those who
have faith in him prove their faith
by works.

Posse Kills Negro Who Slew Marshal, Deputy

BOISE, Idaho, Aug. 1—(AP)—
A negro sought for a minor crime
shot and killed U. S. Marshal
George Merran and his deputy,
John Glenn, and was himself fat-
ally wounded and captured by a
posse in the Boise mountains yester-
day.
He died on the way to Boise.
The negro, Pearl Royal Hend-
rickson, about 49, had been charged
with contempt of court for fail-
ure to obey a court order to vac-
ate a cabin on a federal forest.
More than 30 officers partici-
pated in the dislodging of the ne-
gro from a mountain cabin.

KRRR
Mutual Broadcasting System
1600 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:40—Worship, W. J. Williams, MBS.
4:45—Worship, W. J. Williams, MBS.
4:50—American Family Robinson, MBS.
4:55—Haven of Rest, MBS.
5:00—Arthur Mann, MBS.
5:05—Shatter Parker, MBS.
5:10—The Blue Beetle, MBS.
5:15—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
5:20—Dinner Dance, MBS.
5:25—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
5:30—Melodies Modern, MBS.
5:35—Tonight's Tune, MBS.
5:40—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Company, MBS.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes, MBS.
7:15—Matinee Maestros, MBS.
7:20—Leo Reisman's Orchestra, MBS.
8:00—Calif. Melodies, MBS.
8:05—Plantationaires, MBS.
8:10—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Arthur Warren's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Joe Sully's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1940

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense, MBS.
7:30—News-Review of the Air, MBS.
7:40—State and Local News, MBS.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning," MBS.
7:50—Rhapsody in Wax, MBS.
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:05—Interlude, MBS.
8:10—Bye, Bye, Rancho Soups, MBS.
8:15—B. B. C. News, MBS.
9:00—"I'll Never Forget," True Story Magazine, MBS.
9:15—Possible B. B. C. News, MBS.
9:30—Man About Town, MBS.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—News, MBS.
10:15—Ma Perkins, Proctor and Gamble, MBS.
10:30—Pinto Pete, Copco, MBS.
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—McFarland Tim's Orchestra, MBS.
11:45—Fulton Lewis's Orchestra, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Concert, MBS.
12:15—Sport News, Dunham Trans-fer and Powell's Hardware, MBS.
12:25—Rhythm at Random, MBS.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange, MBS.
12:45—State and Local News, MBS.
12:50—News-Review of the Air, MBS.
1:00—Winning's Man on the Street, MBS.
1:15—Sam Kold's Hawaiians, MBS.
1:30—Johnson Family, MBS.
1:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command, MBS.
2:20—Jane Anderson, pianist, MBS.
2:45—Strings in Swingtime, MBS.
3:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
3:15—Musical Matinee, MBS.
3:30—The Quiet Hour, MBS.
4:00—Wings for America, MBS.
4:20—Interlude, MBS.
4:40—Sinfonietta, MBS.
5:00—Sports Guide, MBS.
5:15—Woody Herman's Orchestra, MBS.
5:30—Shatter Parker, MBS.
5:45—The Cheer Up Gang, MBS.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
6:05—White Owl Cigars, MBS.
6:15—Dinner Dance, MBS.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Melodies Modern, MBS.
7:00—Tonight's Tune, MBS.
7:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co., MBS.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes, MBS.
7:15—Matinee Maestros, MBS.
7:20—Ranger Ranger, MBS.
7:30—Bob Chester's Orchestra, MBS.
8:00—Festival Varieties, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Carol Lottin's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Dance Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF BOARD OF EQUALIZATION

Notice is hereby given that on
the second Monday in August, be-
ing August 12, the Board of Equal-
ization will convene in the Asses-
sors' office in the Court House in
Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon,
for the purpose of examining the
Assessment Rolls and correcting
all errors in valuations, descrip-
tion and quality of land, lots and
other property assessed by the as-
sessor and it shall be the duty of
persons interested to appear at
that time and place appointed.
BARTON HELLWELL,
County Assessor.

Thick With Grief

"All the earlier anticipation of
fun died from Jan. all the pleas-
ure of wearing something new,
of being with Derek. Her throat
became thick with grief. Crossing
the room she slipped an arm
around her brother's thin shoulder.
He shrugged away from her
touch. "I don't want pity and sym-
pathy," he gasped. "I want to
walk."
"The surgeons said—" she be-
gan helplessly.
"I know, I know, but that was
two years ago!"
"We have no money," she
whispered.
"We can sell the house. Oh,
don't look so hurt! If I can fly
again I can buy you any kind of

OUT OUR WAY



HIGH TIDE

By Frances Hanna

YESTERDAY: Jan decides to
sketch, instead of paint, using her
cat, Neptune, for a model. Pleased
with the results she sends the
sketches to a woman's magazine.
Derek asks her to go on a spree.

Chapter 22

Man of Mystery

"I guess it won't do," Jan
frowned, disappointed, for the suit
may have been small for Rose,
but it was large for her.

The suit Rose wanted to lend
her was too big, for Jan.
"A couple of safety pins will fix
it," Rose decided, expertly adjust-
ing the skirt and pinning the
safety pins, "There, now, it's all
right. What about shoes? I
know you couldn't wear mine."

"I've a pair of white pumps left
over from last summer," Jan
turned to go, her smile over her
arm the blue hat in her hand.
"Will you go in to see Lance be-
fore you leave?"

Rose frowned, fumbled in her
tiny, brilliant bag for a clear-
ette, put it between her lips and
let it before answering. "I thought
it better not to go," she answered.
"I seem to meet him Johnny will
have a fit if I'm any later."

Jan went on out, saying,
"Thanks for the loan of the
clothes. I'll be careful of them."
"Don't be," Rose admonished,
closing the door. "If I didn't live
here with you I wouldn't be able
to afford the sort of clothes I
need. Have fun tonight with your
man of mystery!"

"Man of mystery?"
Rose smiled slowly, velvet-
y. "Well, isn't he? Young, handsome,
sophisticated, obviously educated
and far too experienced for the
role he is playing. I think he's
hiding from something or some-
one. Well, murder usually suits
him."

Jan thought of Derek's words:
"Women and their hateful, prob-
ing curiosity." She answered
nothing, however, and went on to
her own room.

Here she went downstairs to join
Derek who stopped in to see Lance.
He had turned off all the lights
except a dim night lamp and the
room was cloudy with cigarette
smoke. The heaped ashtray at
Derek's feet his incessant nervous
smoking.

"You need some air in here,"
she said and opened two of the
windows for a minute.

He demanded sharply, "Where's
Rose? I haven't seen her all day."
"She went to the club for din-
ner."

"I heard you talking to her a
minute ago in the hall."

The rim of his cigarette burned
with red ferocity. "Well, she
could have slipped in a minute,
close those windows, will you?"
"I'm cold, I'm a fool," he went
on with desperate bitterness. "Why
should I expect her to be inter-
ested in a helpless cripple? Why
should she show and dance and
swoon and fawn? For all the things
I can't do, why couldn't I have
met her when I was whole? When
I flew made money was some-
thing, somebody. I'd do better to
have these perturbed legs of mine
cut off at least then I could look
him about on stumps? Why can't
they grow me artificial legs? I
could use crutches then. What in
hell is the use of dragging two
dead legs around? Jan, you've got
to do something for me. I can't
go on this way, buried alive in
this room, slowly going mad, and
maybe not so slowly."

"All the earlier anticipation of
fun died from Jan. all the pleas-
ure of wearing something new,
of being with Derek. Her throat
became thick with grief. Crossing
the room she slipped an arm
around her brother's thin shoulder.
He shrugged away from her
touch. "I don't want pity and sym-
pathy," he gasped. "I want to
walk."

"The surgeons said—" she be-
gan helplessly.
"I know, I know, but that was
two years ago!"

"We have no money," she
whispered.
"We can sell the house. Oh,
don't look so hurt! If I can fly
again I can buy you any kind of

house you want."
But she knew he was thinking
of Rose, not her, and a defeated,
desolate feeling wrung her heart.
"If you think it wise," she agreed
gently. "We can talk it over to-
morrow. Shall I send Norma in to
keep you company this evening?"
"No," he muttered. "I can hard-
ly bear to look at her during
meals. Her eyes are red and
watery all the time—why doesn't
she have her glasses changed?"
And why does she act as if I'm
sticking pins in her every time I
mention Rose? Oh, go along, I
see you're dressed to go out, and
stop bothering me!" He snapped
on a lamp and wheeled himself
to his work bench.

"I may as well finish my
rounds," she thought, going on
to Norma's room, thankful to find
Norma gone. How could Lance be
so blind? Didn't he know Norma
loved him? It wasn't like Lance
to be deliberately cruel. Rose, she
thought distractedly. It was his
utterly mad infatuation for the
beautiful divorcee which had
made him so unseeing, unthink-
ing, unfeeling for anyone or any-
thing else.

"I've been waiting years!"
Derek greeted her at the bottom
of the stairs. He noted her cos-
tume and his eyes crinkled with
amused laughter. "You look like
a little girl playing dress-up in
her mamma's clothes," he teased.
"What is Rose trying to accom-
plish?"

"She glared at him. "If you say
one more word I shall scream and
go upstairs and put on my slacks
and sweatshirt!"

"Oh, pass it, I was only teas-
ing. You look delightful and de-
lirious—and what's the rest of
it?" Anyhow, come along and
don't trip with those high heels.
You aren't used to them, you
know."

"Don't I know?" she asserted
with emphasis. "My feet are al-
ready protesting these straight-
jackets. I'm as hard to get into
shoes as an Ozark hillbilly. I stop
stepping on sandals too much. I've
nearly forgotten how to pick up
my feet."

"Where the confounded walk, bor-
dered by bleached sea shells, met
the cement strip of the beach
"boardwalk" Derek placed his
hands on her shoulders and faced
her toward the sea. "Close your
eyes and make me a promise," he
ordered.

"Yes, sir." Obediently her thick
lashes swept down.

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her toward the sea. "Close your
eyes and make me a promise," he
ordered.

"Yes, sir." Obediently her thick
lashes swept down.

"Repeat after me: I, Jan Mer-
riner, hereby promise to abandon
care and worry for tonight, be-
cause: 'Care to our coffin adds a
nail, no doubt. And every grin so
merry draws one out!'"

"Toss Your Troubles!"
She lingered over the words of
the quotation. "Who said that?"
"Wolcott, a British satirist of the
eighteenth century. It's part of a
collection of his 'Epistolary
Odes' and the old boy sure knew
what he was talking about! What
I'm trying to convey is please
your troubles back where they
came from and let's see how many
coffin nails we can draw out to-
night with our grins. How about
it?"

"Promise."

He said, touching her elbow as
they walked. "Here comes a man
with a huge and quite awful nose.
I'll wager he'd give a lot to trade
noses with most anyone, but he
looks the type who wouldn't go
near a plastic surgeon because
God gave him his nose and he
must bear up under it!"

Jan giggled. "Stop it, Derek,"
she pleaded. "I want to worry
about my worries, and you're
making it impossible."

"I aim to please, Ma'am. Well,
hold your hat, Jan, the first thrill
is just ahead!" He mimicked the
barker's ballyhoo for the roller
coaster: "It's the High Boy, folks!
A long, safe, high, sensational
ride! Only a dime for the thrill
of a lifetime!"

"Two, please," he smiled at the
ticket girl.

The car awaiting them was full
except for the back seat. "Oh, no,"
Jan protested, drawing back. "It's
the worst seat of all!"

"Oh, yes!" he insisted and lifted
her in. "Better take your hat off."
She did, while the attendant
buckled a strap across their
stomachs.

"All set!" the starter shouted.
The car started off around a
neck-jarring curve, clanked its
way up and up toward the sky,
then hurtled down, a Lucifer's
chariot plummeting to Hades. On
the steepest downward grade, Jan,
terrified, closed her eyes and clung
to Derek, sure her heart was on
its way out of her mouth.

"Take my arm," he ordered
when again they stood on solid
ground. She put on her hat. He
reached over and gave it a tug
over one eye, achieving drolly a
funny tilt. "Let's not ship any
thing till the money's all gone,"
he said.

Jan hurried a little to keep up
with his long strides, looking up
at him with shining, excited eyes.
The May evening was warm,
clear, starry, homevolent as a
philanthropist. Nearly all of the
concessions and assorted rides
were open for business and a

good-size crowd thronged the
pier.

Jan clung proudly to Derek's
arm, smiling at the good-natured
sallies proffered by the conces-
sionaires, her friends. She intro-
duced him to several of them.

"Why didn't you warn me you
knew everybody?" he asked. "If
I'd known I had to run a gauntlet
I have washed behind my ears!"

They tossed pennies into hoops
and won a streamlined red car
for Jan; they shot popguns filled
with cork and won cigarettes for
Derek; they threw baseballs at
milk bottles and won nothing at
all; bounced balls into boxes and
won a ham; rode the merry-go-
round and missed the gold ring;
went into the fun house and re-
ceived a thorough shaking up;
rode whirling cars that periled
their necks; rode a great swinging
shoe that turned them upside
down until their faces grew sear-
let; shot down a sparkling water-
way in a white gondola, and got

lost for several minutes in the
tunnel of love.
(To be continued)

**Indicted "I Am" Group
Denies Fraud Charges**

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 1—(AP)—
Thirteen of 23 indicted officers
and members of the "I am" re-
ligious cult pleaded innocent in
federal court yesterday to mail
fraud charges in connection with
the operation of the organiza-
tion.

The court room was bright with
reflected lights from the white or
pastel-shaded garments of the
members, forbidden by their faith
from wearing dark or polychrome
clothing. So crowded were the
chamber and adjoining corridors
with the believers that Grant
Lewis, one of the leaders, urged
the "mentally working" members
to leave.

"You can do your mental work
much better at home than in the
court room," he told them.

**Pilgrim Holiness Church
Holds Revival Services**

The Pilgrim Holiness church of
this city is sponsoring a tent re-
vival campaign with services each
evening at 8 o'clock throughout the
remainder of this week and all of
next week. Pastor O. C. Keller an-
nounced today. The tent is located
at Cobb and Roberts streets in
south Roseburg.

The services are conducted by
the Rev. E. E. Woodworth of Ash-
land, Oregon, a widely-known and
experienced evangelist.
Special music, if it is stated will
feature each service, to which the
congregation is inviting the gen-
eral public.

PIGGY WIGGLY

Free Delivery **PRICES EFFECTIVE FRIDAY & SATURDAY** Free Delivery

POTATOES
U. S. No. 2, 50 lbs. **59c**
10 Pounds **15c**

TOMATOES
Red Ripe Flavorful **4 Lbs. 14c**

LARGE RIPE BANANAS 3 Lbs. for **19c**

HEAVY JUICY GRAPEFRUIT 3 for **14c**

LOCALLY GROWN CELERY Large Stalks **10c**

SUNKIST ORANGES 216 Size, DOZEN **25c**

LOWER PRICES PIGGY WIGGLY VALUES SELF SERVICE

White Sorin SUGAR
10 Lbs. for **51c**

Campbell's SOUPS
3 Cans for Mushroom & Chicken **25c 10c**

Oregon or Morning MILK
4 Tall cans **27c**

Fountain PEAS
3 No. 2 cans **29c**

LUX TOILET SOAP, 3 bars **17c**
KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES, 3 pkgs. **20c**
KNIGHT'S TOMATO JUICE, 2 15-oz. cans **19c**
VITA BRAND DOG FOOD, can **5c**
KNIGHT'S CATSUP, large btl. **17c**
GRAPEFRUIT JUICE, 46-oz. can **19c**
CALUMET BAKING POWDER, 16-oz. can **19c**
POST TOASTIES, 2 large packages **19c**
CRYSTAL WHITE SOAP, 4 giant bars **17c**

FOLGER'S COFFEE
POUND CAN **25c**
GENUINE PEABERRY COFFEE
POUND **19c**

Free Delivery Phone 118 **HIGH QUALITY MEATS**