

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.

WHATEVER history's final ver-
dict on the causes of the col-
lapse of France, we know this:
There were many causes.

But one of them has not been
much stressed up to now. And it
is important.

It is simply this: The French
people were not told the truth
about their situation. The result
was that, fed on a diet of "credul-
ity, complacency, and imbecile op-
timism," they were not prepared
for the worst when it began to
happen. And so their morale
crumbled.

A writer for the Manchester
Guardian, formerly its Paris cor-
respondent, has called attention
to the havoc wrought by the
French censorship on the morale
of the people.

The censorship, he said, "did
not merely suppress unpleasant
truths, but it encouraged pleasant
falsities." For instance, the
censorship would not have passed,
he said, any reference to the
shortage of sugar in Paris. (Yet
every Parisian knew it existed.)
All articles suggesting that Italy
and Spain might split off from
Germany were eagerly passed.
Anything that suggested that Italy
or Spain were unfriendly to the al-
lies was blue-penciled.

The result was that the French
people lived in a pleasant fog of
self-deception. And when military
disaster came, most people were
so stunned that they could scarcely
believe it, let alone cope with it.

Britain hasn't been making that
mistake thus far. From Churchill
down, their leaders have
cried caution, preparing people
for the worst. The British press
has freely criticized the state of
Britain's readiness.

The result: Britain has not yet
shown any sign of cracking.
It should be so in the United
States. We are a people accus-
tomed to know the truth. Any at-
tempts to suppress it would have
a very bad effect.

Is our war equipment out of
date and pitifully scant? We want
to know it. Are efforts being made
to "muscle in" on American hemi-
sphere interests? We want to
know it. Precisely what commit-
ments, expressed or implied, has
our government made to other na-
tions? We want to know.

The American people is like
that. It will not respond unless
its leaders take it completely into
their confidence.

It does not thrive when spoon-
fed on a pap of complacency and
willful optimism. It grows strong
only on a diet of the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth.

At a time like this, when Eu-
rope is closed to normal trade,
every sign of increasing trade
elsewhere is welcome. The United
States is sparing no effort to
build up trade in the New World
and elsewhere.

Now who do you suppose is the
United States' best New World
customer? Canada, of course. But
to the south? Well, Argentina,
Brazil, Colombia and Venezuela.
But next? Why, our own Alaska!
During the past year Alaska
bought \$44,262,710 worth of goods
from the United States, almost
two million dollars more than in
any year in the territory's history.
The amount of increase is insigni-
ficant. But the upward trend is
hopeful.

If the United States could really

settle Alaska, a great and thriv-
ing market for United States
goods might well be created. Ja-
pan fought a war for the bleak
plains of Manchuria, and now tries
to develop and settle them at
great expense and pains. But the
United States, which bought Alaska
for a song, hesitates at an ag-
gressive development that might
make it a mighty commonwealth
and give an expansive outlet
which is badly needed.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

will be set down as the more use-
ful citizens of our republic—Ford
and Lindbergh, or Smathers and
Pepper?

JOHN CUDAHY, U. S. ambas-
sador to Belgium, says today
(Tuesday):
"Unless supplies of food from
America reach Belgium by mid-
September, the Belgian people
will be reduced to a condition
close to famine."

He adds:
"I understand the British min-
istry of economic warfare will at
present refuse to allow any sup-
plies of food to reach the Bel-
gians."

BRITAIN'S reasons for refusing
to permit food to be sent to
the starving Belgians are stern
and hard, but understandable in
the light of war's stern and hard
and merciless standards. The Bel-
gians fear that food sent to the
Belgians will be TAKEN by the Ger-
mans.

STILL, you can't blame Ambas-
sador Cudahy, who is there on
the spot and sees the suffering
with his own eyes, for feeling the
urge to feed the hungry Belgian
people.

Will Senators Smathers and
Pepper add him to their list of
traitors?

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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:45—In Chicago Tonight, MBS.
4:50—American Family Robinson, MBS.
4:55—In Chicago To-Night, MBS.
5:00—Tea Time Dance.
5:15—Arthur Mann, MBS.
5:20—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—The Blue Beetle, MBS.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:20—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Melodies Modern.
7:00—Tonight's Tune.
7:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties Co.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:45—Leo Roisman's Orch., MBS.
8:00—Nat'l Defense Council, MBS.
8:30—Plantationaires, MBS.
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cl.
garettes, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Arthur Warren's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Joe Judy's Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9

7:00—Staff and Non-staff.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—State and Local News.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
7:50—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:30—Interlude.
8:40—Bris. Bye, Rancho Soups, MBS.
8:45—R. D. News, MBS.
9:00—"I'll Never Forget," True Story Magazine, MBS.
9:15—John Agnew, Organist, MBS.
9:30—Man About Town.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—Bris. Bye, MBS.
10:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—Tommy Reynolds' Orch.
11:45—Mutual Dons, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Concert.
12:15—Sport News, Dunham Transfer & Powell's Hard-
ware.
12:25—Rhythm at Random.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Ex-
change.
12:45—State and Local News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man On The Street.
1:15—Sam Kold's Hawaiians, MBS.
1:30—Johnson Family, MBS.
1:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Walter Flindorf, Organist, MBS.
2:45—Strings in Swingtime, MBS.
3:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
3:15—Musical Matinee, MBS.
3:30—The Quiet Hour.
4:00—Wings For America, MBS.
4:30—Tea Time Dance.
4:40—Stinfonetta, MBS.
5:00—Man Made Jungle Book Re-
view, MBS.
5:15—Sports Guide, MBS.
5:20—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—Cheer Up Gang, MBS.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cl.
garettes, MBS.
6:45—Melodies Modern.
7:00—Tonight's Tune.
7:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties Co.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
7:40—Bob Chester's Orch., MBS.
8:30—Festival Varieties, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Billy Moe's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Dance Orch.
10:00—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY



HIGH TIDE

By Frances Hanna

YESTERDAY, Johnny and Rose are disgusted that a real millionaire was under the same roof with them and they didn't know it. Jan is heartbroken because she feels there's no chance for her now. She decides to go away for a while, leaving Norma in charge.

Chapter 25
Going up to Lance's room, she found him for the first time in many weeks, sitting beside his work bench, a long shelf running at a right angle to the windows facing west, beginning the delicate job of making a model of the DC-4, the new Douglas land plane which carried forty-two passengers and which, a short time before, had made its trial flight in the sky above Sea Tide. His face was animated, slightly flushed, as his thin, clever fingers fashioned fragile wings. A lock of fair hair tumbled over his high forehead, giving his hollow, painted face a look of young enthusiasm.

Hearing her come in, he put down the piece of light wood and turned his chair. "I'd hoped for tea," he grumbled, a petulant droop to his lips. "Now that Derek is gone, I might get a little more attention. Hang it all, Jan, if the man has so much filthy money, he could have tried doing something for me!"

Jan winced. "Et tu, Brutus," she murmured. "It's my fault if he didn't," she defended. "I told him the opinions of the surgeons who last looked at you were quite coincidental."

"Well, you needn't have. That's just the trouble with you, Jan. You want to run everything and everybody and you're too blasted young and inexperienced!"

Her lips quivered under the verbal slap she had meant to be tactful and polite about her plans, but instead she hurtled. "I agree with you, Lance. And I'm just as fed up on it as you are. I'm going away for awhile and leave Norma in charge of things here. She'll do as well or better than I."

"You—go away?" he stammered unbelievably. "Sudden, real green blotted the sickness from his eyes. 'Honey, I didn't mean a word of it, you should know me better by now! I don't know what I'd ever have done without you. Why, you've given up your girl-hood to play nursemaid to me. You haven't had any fun at all for years. I'm a selfish fool—for give me, Jan, don't leave me!'"

He reached out for her hand, caught it and held it against his cheek. "Babe in the Woods" he said, apropos of nothing. "I thought you liked him!"

"Well enough. A great deal as a matter of fact. But he isn't your kind, Jan, and I was afraid he'd intrigue that romantic imagination of yours that you would fancy yourself in love with him and be hurt. You aren't hurt, Jan?"

"I'm glad Derek is gone," he said, apropos of nothing. "I thought you liked him!"

HIGH TIDE

By Frances Hanna

"No," her words were stout. They had a ring of genuineness which pleased her. If she could fool Lance, and the others, perhaps in time she could fool herself into believing she really didn't care. "I wonder," she thought forlornly, "if any one will ever call me 'Babe' again?"

"Good," Lance commented. "Now about this going away—I won't permit it. You are unfitted to go alone anywhere, Sis. You've been cared for and protected all of your life and you'd be a lost babe in the woods."

Drawing her hand away from his she said, the red of battle flushing her tanned cheeks, "You aren't quite fair, Lance. I've managed this house and a score of roomers and bills and taxes and responsibilities for over two years. I'm really a very practical young woman. And maybe what I need is getting away, standing alone for awhile. Anyway, I'm going into Los Angeles. I've saved a very little bit of money, enough for one or two weeks' board and room. My mind is made up, Lance. I'm going."

He protested, pleaded, argued with her, but her eyes only grew darker with purpose and her round chin grew firmer. Frank dropped in on the last round, listened calmly to both sides, drew reflectively on his old black pipe and said, "Good for you, Jan. I'll keep an eye on Lance. Don't worry a minute about him. And say, I've a sister who's a dress buyer for Blacklock's. Does to New York a couple of times a year. She's a good scout. Jan, and she'll be glad to give you a hand at getting settled and finding work. I'll call her right now and have her meet you when you arrive in town."

"I don't want her to go," Lance persisted. "She's nothing but a baby."

"She needs a change," Frank declared. "Ruth will help her. She'll be all right. Don't act like a possessive parent, Lance!"

"I see I have no ally," he grumbled.

"Not this time," Frank said, his eyes crinkling in answer to Jan's grateful regard.

Jan glanced at her clock—a clock that spent the remainder of the day cleaning, pressing, mending, putting into wearable shape the few good clothes she'd brought home from school a hundred years ago, or so it seemed. She hadn't, she observed with satisfaction, put on any weight, and most of the clothes needed only shortening.

Stranger
Before dinner that night she was ready and anxious to go. She was ready to leave behind the ghost of Derek which haunted these familiar rooms, to put Derek himself resolutely out of her thoughts.

ing door and called out: "A welcome for the stranger, please!"

"Norma!" Jan dropped the paring knife, wiped off her hands and hugged the other girl. "Just wait till Lance sees you—will his eyes pop!"

Norma, at Jan's direction, turned slowly around for minute inspection. Her brown hair shone as if proud of its brand new curl. Experienced hands had left it long enough to roll across the back of her neck, and had clipped and curled a gay top piece which tumbled enticingly over her high forehead. Without glasses her eyes discounted the plainness of her carefully made-up face. She was most attractive, if not entirely pretty. She had bought and put on—a multi-colored peasant dress with shirred waist, square neck and belted skirt. Striped headless sandals were tied with silly white bows about her slender ankles.

"Get the evening paper off the front room table and take it up to Lance," Jan suggested. "And then announce very casually that you're planning to fly over to Hawaii on the Clipper next month."

"But I'm not," Norma protested, bewildered.

"Norma, you silly, this is practical psychology! He takes you for granted, so startle him! Make him see you as someone he doesn't know at all, and if he thinks you're interested in flying he'll eat you up!"

Norma, quaking inwardly, followed Jan's instructions to the letter, the result being that Lance scarcely took his eyes off her during dinner. Her confidence mounting, egged on by Jan's sly nod of approval, she informed Lance in her most crisp school teacher tones that she was taking him to a moving picture immediately dinner was over and if he behaved well she might allow him a chocolate marshmallow sundae afterward.

Started into temporary docility, he agreed. Frank stayed on to help with the dishes, as much one of the family as Neptune.

"Frank," Jan said, when the kitchen was once more in order, "I want to leave now while everything is out. It will be the easiest way and I'm not in an especially brave mood. I don't want to answer Rose's and Johnny's questions. All this fuss is ridiculous. It isn't as if I were going to Ball or Borneo or some other end of the earth. If you'll just help me carry my two suit cases over to the interurban!"

"Sure. And I'll phone Ruth. I'll tell her to watch for a tow-headed sea nymph with blue saucer eyes."

When Jan stepped off the car at the city station, feeling strange, a

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bit bewildered, already a little homesick, she saw a tall, handsome, severely but smartly-dressed woman approaching her, a warm smile on her lips.

"Jan Merriner?" she asked.

Jan nodded. "You must be Ruth Cronin. You don't look at all like Frank."

"But you look exactly as I thought you would," Ruth laughed. "Frank has talked about you for years and I've planned and planned to visit Sea Tide, but I just never have a minute to do anything! Would you like to stay with me tonight? I've a small place just off Sunset boulevard. Frank says you are planning to stay in town awhile."

She picked up the larger of Jan's two suitcases and Jan followed her to a small, shiny coupe half a block away. She enjoyed

being whisked through bright thronged streets to the charming and very home-like apartment on a knobby purple hill. The floor-
board windows opened in and through the screens Jan could see the flashing neon signs lighting the route to Hollywood.

"Frank tells me you want a job?" At Jan's assent she continued. "Jobs are as scarce as hen's teeth right now. Summer slump and so forth. What can you do?"

"Not much of anything useful, I'm afraid," Jan admitted wryly. "I call myself an artist—at least I attended an art school."

"Ouch," grimaced Ruth. "This town is overflowing with artists. Ever sold anything? No? Oh, dear."

(To be continued)

France Launches Trial To Fix Blame for War

RIOM, France, Aug. 8.—(AP)—The formal setting for the "war blame" trial, called here "the greatest trial in French history," was laid today in this ancient city where the supreme court of defeated France will sit to determine who and how many led the nation to disaster and what punishment they should suffer.

Inauguration of the nation's new high tribunal, brought into being by the Pétain-Laval government and charged specifically with judging acts and men of previous regimes, will lead at once to exhaustive investigations of factors which involved France in an ill-fated war against Germany.

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