Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor

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Rhetoric vs. Realism

GERMANY and Russia spend a good deal of their time and energy these days just sitting and breathing fire and brimstone at one another. It's a dull day when Hitler fails to come out in his newspapers with a violent denunciation of the Communist Menace. And Stalin is just as regular and just as scathing in his references to the Menace of Fascism.

This would not be so important except that both are constantly trying to get people in foreign countries to back them up. Hitler is always trying to align people of other nations with him in his self-appointed crusade against the Communist Menace. And Stalin, through his devotees in other countries, tom-toms away at the idea that the world must back him against Fascism by boycotts if not by more strenuous means. Lots of people pay attention to these gentlemen. Their vendetta is upsetting the world.

But there is a childish saying that handsome is as handsome does. And, while they fume against each other, what do these handsome gentlemen do?

Well, sir, you would hardly believe it, but underneath the screen of the word barrage, they just get down to business and trade with one another to beat the band.

Year after year Russia buys more goods from Germany than from any other country. She pays for these goods with nice, fresh, new-mined Russian gold. That is mighty nice for Herr Hitler, who needs that trade balance and that gold very badly.

In short, Stalin hates Fascism (and urges that you hate it, too). But he is happy to give it the gold it needs in exchange for the machinery he needs.

And Hitler foams at the mouth at the very mention of Communism (and urges that you foam, too). But he is very happy to have the Russian gold, and doesn't hesitate to strengthen Communism by sending it his nice machinery—at a profit.

Russia needs goods. Where does she go for them? Well, sir, she goes right where the veriest economic royalist would go—where they are cheapest. The Living Age Magazine picks up this plaintive wail from Labour, British trade organ:

"The Soviet buys in the cheapest market, regardless of the conditions which make it possible for that market to be cheapest." You see, radicals have sold British labor quite a bill of anti-Hitler goods, and this wail is very heartfelt indeed.

By the way, while "democratic" countries were sold the idea of a boycott on oil to restrain Italy from the Ethiopian adventure, who was it that sold oil to Italy? None other than our old "breathing fire against imperialism and Fascism" Stalin! Business, as the hated capitalists say, is business.

The moral? Just this: the next time somebody asks you to swear to an undying vendetta against Fasciat Germany or Communist Russia, just ask yourself "How many other hands are holding this bag, and whose hands?"

Cutting Prices

THE President seems to think that business will get going if it will only cut prices. But the fact is that under our system, business will get going only when it finds an effective demand for its products at prices which afford a return for both labor and capital. The Baltimore Sun points out:

In order to create such a demand it may be necessary in the case of the heavy or capital goods industries to do a great many things to restore the confidence of investors. And in order to establish the proper relationship between costs and prices it may be necessary to revise the whole cost structure, including even the labor item. It cannot be done as the President suggests simply by reducing prices.

The whole truth is that our economic mechanism is almost as complicated as the human body. And it is just as preposterous to think that you can cure a serious economic distress by the administration of a threat, as it would be to try to cure typhoid fever by the administration of pink pills.

Double Mileage

CONGRESSIONAL secretaries are making a strenuous effort to get a 10-cent mileage rate for traveling between their homes and Washington between sessions and no doubt they feel justified. Their bosses get 20 cents a mile and often never leave Washington from one adjournment to the next.

But there is one clause a lot of people would like to see in that measure, if it passes.

When the congressman's secretary is his wife or his sister, his cousin or his aunt—who normally splits his 20-cent allowance anyway, why not excuse her from the gratuity? That might even cut down a little on the nation's official nepotism.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

told this writer an interesting story some years ago of the origin of the quick-freezing process.

A young scientist, he said, was making weather observations up in the Arctic circle, and was fishing one day through the ice. The temperature was about 60 below zero, and when he pulled the fish out of the water they would freeze instantly.

When he thawed them out the next day to cook them, the fish CAME ALIVE.

THAT started him to thinking, and the result, according to Professor Stafford, was the discovery of the quick-freezing process of preserving foods. It has been known for a long time, but it is only with the recent spread of refrigeration in the home that it has been commercially practicable. Now it is growing by leaps and bounds.

WE'RE apt to say that everything that can be known IS known in these days and that there is little chance now for progress. Nothing could be farther from the truth. As a matter of fact, we're standing at the threshold of perhaps the most marvelous period of development and progress in the world's history.

The growth of quick-freezing is just one example of what is in store for us.

State Press Comment

What Public Reads.
(Salem Capital Journal)

Editor and Publisher, a newspaper trade periodical, publishes a chart revealing daily newspaper reading habits, showing the results of nearly a decade of painstaking inquiry under the direction of Dr. George Gallup, noted for his political polls. The first readers' chart was published 8 years ago, and the new one does not show much change in reading habits though it indicates some trends.

The Gallup studies cover more than 100,000 interviews with adult readers in 40 cities. Thirty-three of the cities are over 100,000 population, seven between 50,000 and 100,000. The method consists in going over a copy of a newspaper column by column and marking everything that the reader actually read the day before. Of course all localities do not show the same reading habits, but the average holds for the country at large. Comics, local news and some other items get about the same amount of reading clear across the country.

The chart shows for both men and women readers. With both 98 per cent read one or more news stories, 60 per cent of the men and 67 per cent of the women read the best comic, 62 per cent of the women and 45 per cent of the men read the 2 column comic cartoon, 60 per cent of the men and 40 per cent of the women read the oddities cartoon, and the picture page is read by 88 per cent of the men and 90 per cent of the women. The editorial cartoon is read by 49 per cent of the men and 33 per cent of the women.

The leading editorial is read by 20 per cent of the men and 10 per cent of the women. The Washington correspondence is read by 11 per cent of the men and 9 per cent of the women. Poetry is read by 4 per cent of the men and 19 per cent of the women. Few men read recipes, style features, patterns, love advice, child advice, etiquette, beauty or society articles while from 20 to 35 per cent of the women read them. On the other hand few women read the sports column while 30 per cent of the men do. Neither sex shows much reading of the book column or of screen stories. The radio program is read by 40 per cent of the women and 30 per cent of the men.

Dr. Gallup is convinced that the average reader gives the newspaper "a pretty thorough reading," though his inquiry does not speak very highly for the intellectual average of the people.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

For Love of Polly

By RACHEL MACK

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
POLLY CHELSEY, heroine; stranded in London when war breaks out.
JERRY WHITFIELD, hero; the Yankee who sees her through.
CABELL BANKS, privateer captain.

* * *

Yesterday: Having been called to the captain's quarters, Jerry and Cabell Banks are charged with desertion. This they deny and refuse places in the king's navy.

CHAPTER XII

Polly Chelsey did not catch the Dover coach next morning because she had a fever and a headache that prostrated her. After the realization that she was deserted by the man she loved and trusted, and for another woman, she went to her room and gave herself up to alternate moods of grief and anger which admitted neither reasoning nor forgiveness.

In the room where she had known happiness and hope, she paced the floor. She did not touch food and she had not desire to sleep. By morning her sensitive, high-strung nature had suffered sufficiently to bring on physical illness, and she flung herself onto her bed, sick in body as well as mind.

For some days she kept her fever. Mrs. Toby came and ministered to her, and the porter's boy brought the mongrel dog to see her, and these things she acknowledged with gratitude. But there was no watchful waiting in her prostration for Jerry Whitfield. She was, as she lay there, trying to cure herself of all love for him, fighting to purge her heart of all need of him.

She told herself over and over, "I've known him such a little while. He can't matter to me like this! How could he?"

And yet he did. There would come moments when she would bury her head in her pillow to stifle the cries of "Jerry! Why did you? . . . Where are you?"

When this despair had spent itself like a disease, and when those questions "How could you?" . . . "Where are you?" could find no clews to feed upon, Polly Chelsey recovered. That is to say, she got up from bed, dressed, ate a meal down in the public dining room and inquired after the next coach to Dover. She did all this with a mechanical efficiency. Mrs. Toby's kind and sentimental heart was shocked and disappointed. She had thought it so fitting that the deserted young lady should languish in her room. But this quick and complete recovery!

"Could it have been just something she ate?" she inquired of Mr. Toby. "She's as brash and indifferent as you please. Hard, you might say. And she's put on her prettiest dress!"

"Well," remarked Mr. Toby, "it may be just as well. It looks like young Whitfield's not coming back. . . . It beats all!"

* * *

Polly rode on top of the coach with Nuisance. She wondered why she had ever given the little gray terrier that name. He stayed close beside her and entertained her. She sensed his loyalty to her (so much stronger than human loyalty, she told herself), and his pity. She could not have endured pity from a fellow being, but from Nuisance it seemed suitable and comforting.

Polly could not dwell continually on Jerry's perfidy. She had to plan how to get out of England. Her money would soon be gone; and for all she knew, that terrible old man, Oliver Dart, might be even now looking for her. . . .

"Thank God Jerry didn't take my money!" she prayed devoutly on top of the Dover coach. In that, at least, he had been honorable. He had given it back to her that last night when they were together. . . . Did he know at that moment that he was about to desert her? Or did he only fear he might be tempted to? It would hurt a little less to believe the latter.

She did not know how to find the smuggler whom Jerry had contacted. She did not even know his name. She only knew he was "half Scotch and half French" and that he worked out of "a wretched fishing village between Dover and Deal."

"It's hard," she said to Nuisance. She meant it was terribly difficult for a girl, alone, friendless and American to get across the channel when England was conducting two wars. Yet that's what Jerry Whitfield had left her to do as best she could, without instructions.

She thought of the woman in the blue dress whose claim on Jerry had been so mysterious and urgent. "I hope he gets sick of her!" she said fiercely to Nuisance. "Sick!"

Nuisance only flicked his ear, but an elderly man sitting beside Polly exclaimed, "What say, Miss? . . . You're sick? . . . I'm not surprised, the way this coach lurches about. Can I offer you a piece of candied ginger to settle your stomach?"

"Why, yes, thank you," Polly replied; and since he seemed a well-intentioned man, rather fatherly, she entered into a conversation with him about England's war policies.

"I've just been wondering," she said, "if any ladies would be allowed to cross to France?"

"If they're French, Miss, they'd probably be permitted to go home, and good riddance. That is to say, if there's a way for them to get home. If they're English and loyal they'd not want to go to France. Now would they?"

"I reckon not. But suppose, now, an American girl wanted to cross to France.

The man eyed her with sudden disfavor. Like all Englishmen, he hated to see the French and Americans getting together. "If an American woman has the good fortune to be in England," he remarked ponderously, "let her appreciate it. Let her thank Heaven she's escaped from a land of barbarians and rascals."

Polly turned her shoulder toward him and made no reply, for she was offended. But presently she was moved to turn and say frankly, "There are some American rascals, sir, I grant you. I've got one in mind now. But home's home, and I want to get there. So I ask you, sir, what would be the safest way for a lone girl to cross the English channel?"

"I doubt," replied the man, "if there is any safe way to count on." He was John Bull personified, respectable, intelligent, honorable and self-satisfied; he loathed Americans collectively, so it surprised him to find that they could be individually intriguing.

"No, there's not a safe way for any pretty friendless girl to cross the channel in war time. She might meet gallantry, and again she might not. If it was my daughter had to do it, I'd advise her to make herself into an old crone."

"Thank you sir," Polly said. "I don't know why I didn't think of that myself."

* * *

Along the flagstone pavement in Lyme, Conn., an elderly man with a seagoing gait made his way home, assisted by two home-made walking sticks. He had been to Pell's store. His purchases were in his pockets, for he bought only such necessities as tea, sugar and coffee, and as little of these as possible.

People spoke to him in a friendly way, but absent-mindedly. He was only Trepid Chelsey, a retired skipper without a ship, afflicted with rheumatism and no longer useful to the community.

"Evening, Mr. Chelsey" . . . "Howdy, Trepid" . . . Those who greeted him respected him for his worthy life and his good ancestry. But life moved rapidly even in Lyme, and Trepid Chelsey, who had once been a vigorous man named Intrepid, and had had a well-born London wife to be a credit to the village and a ship named the Proud Lyme to keep up the little port's reputation, now had none of these things, not even his health.

In the old shabby house with the tangled gardens there was only the crippled Dick who mulled over his books and would never carry on the family tradition of going to sea. . . . There had been the girl Polly, who had done all the housework since the year her father had lost his ship and his wife. But she had gone to London now, on the ship of old Tim Chelsey, down at New Haven.

People rarely spoke of Polly's unfortunate trip to her father, for with the war going on, she must be having difficulties. Only Mrs. Pell, who was relentless in her quest for news, dared mention it today. "Trepid," she said, stopping him not far from his own gate, "Polly'll have to stay on with her Dart relatives in London, won't she?"

"Likely," Trepid answered. His cane clattered as he moved toward home. He was angry with the woman for reminding him that his child might become an English girl and never return.

Dick, taller than his sister and having the beautiful remote face of a dreamer, closed his Latin books when his father came in and went to stir the soup on the stove. "I've made it by Polly's recipe," he said. But his face, too, clouded unhappily at the thought of Polly.

(To be continued)

BARBS

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Almost $85,000 has been allotted to find the value of tourists to Florida, California, with longer experience in advertising, would spend the money to find the value of California to tourists.

It's a wonder more men who foot the silk stocking bill haven't made a run to join the Japanese boycott.

Hitler's assumption of war minister's powers is reminiscent of the small boy who wants to set off his own firecrackers.

More than 800,000 English women sign a petition to Parliament. So now Britain's ministers are pencecked.

Niagara's fallen bridge is destroyed with dynamite. Unfriendly powers may rejoice to see the iron ties between Canada and the U. S. going up in smoke.

Recent Russian purges recall Kipling's famous lines beginning "If you can keep your head when all about you are losing theirs."

The prison superintendent who advocates jail for nagging wives should stop to consider that the human race is one where no nags are barred.

Chinese is spoken by more people in the world than any other language, but the Japanese are changing that quickly.

WILBUR STUDENT ON "B" RIFLE SQUAD

CORVALLIS, Feb. 16 — (AP)—Ten of the best cadet marksmen at Oregon State college have been named on two teams to compete for the Hearst national trophy.

The "A" team consists of Robert J. Groshong, Albany; Kenneth M. Caisse, Salem; J. P. Hawley, Eugene; Maurice Frankes, Ontario, and Basil H. Lewis, Powers.

On the "B" team are Robert K. Knapp, Wilbur; John E. Mowick, Hammond; Field Wetherbee, Corvallis; Merle Catlin and Harold W. Tyler, Portland.

KLAMATH INDIAN DRAWS LIFE TERM

MEDFORD, Ore., Feb. 15.—(AP)—Joseph Beatty Ball, 27, Klamath reservation Indian, charged in a federal grand jury indictment with second degree murder, for the rifle slaying of Lee Jordan, 23, near Chiloquin last January 27, entered a plea of guilty before Federal Judge Fee this morning and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

The shooting of Jordan grew out of a domestic misunderstanding it was stated in court, and occurred at the home of Ball's mother-in-law.

BERMUDA ONION plants are in stock at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

NATIONAL DEFENSE LECTURES SET HERE

Patriotic Groups Arrange for Week's Observance in Roseburg.

Vincent chapter, Reserve Officers association, under the leadership of Capt. H. C. Church, ninth corps area representative and state chairman of National Defense week, and Chaplain H. W. Anderson, local chapter chairman, has arranged a full week of lectures and addresses in participation with the nation-wide observance of National Defense week, from Feb. 12 to 22. Addresses will be given over radio station KRNR and in all local schools, churches, club organizations and granges. Members of the chapter voluntarily give many hours of their time for the purpose of promulgating and disseminating the facts and problems of national defense.

The observance of the week has been sponsored locally by the Officers Reserve association since 1934, with the express purpose of bringing to the attention of the average citizen the important vital problem of developing and maintaining an adequate defense. Such defense, it is declared, is not for the purpose of furthering any imperialistic desire, or the cause of war, but for the sole purpose of preventing future wars and preserving peace.

The reserve officers are not alone in this task of acquainting the public with the idea and purpose of a National Defense week, but are being ably and willingly assisted by such patriotic organizations as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Spanish War Veterans, Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution and other similar groups.

Preparedness Needed

"With armed conflict raging on two continents opposite our peaceful shores; with every nation greedy, suspicious and distrustful of its neighbor, scrapping peaceful treaties, arming to the hilt, beset by internal disorders from countless 'isms' this nation stands alone and sounds a simple warning: 'We are prepared,'" declares Dr. Church, state chairman.

Only by being prepared for any eventuality on land or sea or in the air, can we hope to escape this all-consuming fire of desire, revenge and hatred which is endeavoring to consume the world. To further that end, preparedness, this country once again observes National Defense week. No time could be more appropriate to observe such a worthwhile cause than the present with so much disorder around us."

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., Commentator, MBS.
4:15—Welkes' Orchestra, MBS.
4:30—The Children's Hour.
4:45—Radio Campus, MBS.
5:00—"Melody Lane" with Wanda Armour.
5:30—Let's Visit, MBS.
6:00—Zeke Manners and His Gang.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Parkinson's Information Exchange.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—Kayes' Orchestra, MBS.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—70th Anniversary Dinner B. P. O. E.
8:30—Deep South, MBS.
8:45—Melodic Musings, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Lombardo Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, FEB. 17

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:45—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Merrymakers, MBS.
8:30—Full Gospel Church of the Air, Rev. A. Harold Persing.
9:00—Man About Town.
9:30—Jan Garber.
9:45—Raoul Nadeau, Baritone, MBS.
10:00—The Happy Gang, MBS.
10:15—Microphone in the Sky, MBS.
10:30—Hecker's Information Bureau, MBS.
10:45—Voice of Experience, MBS.
11:00—Songs of the West, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air, MBS.
11:30—"Lucky Girl," MBS.
11:45—Lawrence Salrano, MBS.
12:00—American Wildlife Conference, MBS.
12:15—Studies in Black & White, MBS.
12:30—Brooklyn Symphony.
12:45—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Cripple Creek Cowboys.
1:30—Step on the Gas, MBS.
1:45—Book a Week, MBS.
2:00—The Johnson Family, MBS.
2:15—"The World Book Man" & Music.
2:30—Katz on the Keys, MBS.
2:45—Today's Front Page.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Lombardo Orch.
3:45—Hollywood Gossip, MBS.
4:00—Fulton Lewis Jr., Commentator, MBS.
4:15—Opera Previews, MBS.
4:30—The Children's Hour.
4:45—Radio Campus, MBS.
5:00—N. Y. Civic Orch.
5:15—Chernlavsky's Musical Camera, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Organ Concert, MBS.
6:00—Zeke Manners & His Gang.
6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—News Flashes.
7:00—Hollywood Serenade, MBS.
7:30—Weber's Musical Revue, MBS.
8:15—Carlton Kelsey, Conducting, MBS.
8:45—Musical Moments, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Crosby's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The struggle between the flesh and the spirit is in us all. If the flesh dominates we remain animals: if a fierce conflict goes on indefinitely we become divided and unhappy personalities; if the spirit dominates we rise to the destiny prepared for us as sons of God. Think of the list of the fruits of the spirit. They are not the things that a man might want to possess for himself. It is only when he is thinking of others and of Christ that he will pray for such things. Notice, too, that unlike wealth, power, talent, these fruits may become the possession of everyone. The realm of spiritual achievement is open to all. Grant us, O Father, that we may be masters of our bodies and not their servants. Free us from the power of evil. Clarify our minds to comprehend Thy truth through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

CONVENTION BID SUPPORT PLEDGED

Roseburg Eagles Backed by Klamath Falls Aerie in Project for 1939.

The Eagles lodge of Klamath Falls will give whole-hearted endorsement to the bid of the Roseburg lodge for the 1939 state convention, according to a report made at last night's meeting of the local aerie. The report was made by a committee which went to Klamath Falls last week-end to confer with leaders there. The committee also brought back word that the state president, Clarence Humbolt, of Klamath Falls, is making an effort to increase the amount of prize money for ritualistic drill contests. He proposes that the prizes for ritualistic drill be the same as offered for fancy drill, the committee said. This is of particular interest to the local drill team, which competes only in the ritualist contests.

Smoker Enjoyed

The regular business meeting of the lodge was shortened last night to provide for a lodge smoker, which offered 12 rounds of boxing. The several bouts were well staged and gave boxing fans a most interesting and exciting show.

The Roseburg lodge is sponsoring a public dance at the armory Feb. 22, at which time proceeds will go to the Roseburg fire department for the purchase of lifesaving equipment. The lodge has voluntarily assumed the task of purchasing a boat and other equipment needed by the fire department in drowning calls and in recovery of bodies of drowned persons, and in staging the Washington birthday ball as one of the methods of raising the funds. Members engaged in the advance sale of tickets, report a good response, with every indication of a large attendance at the dance.

ROSEBURG PREMIERE PROMISES THRILLS

"Lights! Camera! Action! will be the cry next Thursday evening, when the "stars" arrive at the entrance to Hunt's Indian theater to participate in Roseburg's first and only Hollywood Premiere and Follies.

Theater goers, it is declared, will get a real thrill as the stars drive up in their shiny new cars to be introduced over the "mike" by the master of ceremonies.

After introduction, each star will be called to the stage to do his or her bit in the follies. There will be choruses of Roseburg's most beautiful girls doing new and professional song and dance routines; solo singers and dancers, riotous comedians with sparkling dialogue and glamorous girls wearing the latest style creations.

All young people interested in trying out for parts are urged to apply to the director at their earliest convenience.

Final auditions will be held at the theater Saturday. Applications may be made any evening from 7 to 9 o'clock.

NORBLAD NOT TO SEEK SECOND TERM

ASTORIA, Feb. 16 — (AP) — Walter Norblad, state representative from Clatsop county for two terms, will retire from legislative service. Senator Frank Francisco vich, president of the upper house, will seek reelection, and Mrs. Grace Kent Magruder, joint representative from Clatsop and Columbia counties, may enter the race for the post of Representative Henry Olsen, who has become a candidate for governor.

CO-OP MANAGER TO SPEAK IN ROSEBURG

Charles Baker, manager of Pacific Supply Cooperative of Walla Walla, Wash., is to be the speaker at the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Douglas County Farm Bureau Co-operative Exchange, which is to be held at the Roseburg city hall, Thursday, March 17, at 7:30 p. m. The meeting is open to all farmers or other customers of the exchange, as well as the stockholders.

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

I HAVE talked with many people from all parts of Douglas county during the past two weeks, and I can assure you that the chilly, rainy weather we have experienced during the past month or so is beginning to make 'em a bit gloomy. Isn't it astonishing to what an extent weather will affect our dispositions, one way or another? A week's warm sunshine, such as we often have in February, would make different men and women of us.

But we who live in this favored section of Oregon have gotten off mighty lucky this winter, when we compare our weather with that of some other localities. Listen to these quotations from a letter received yesterday from (of all places!) Sacramento, in "Sunny California:"

"It has been storming here for almost two weeks now, and yesterday we had a fierce gale that blew down trees, broke plate glass windows down town, unroofed a few houses and generally played havoc all over the state.

"Thank heaven we escaped any damage, except our back yard, which is littered with roofing material and debris from neighborhood buildings, but we were very fortunate, as quite a number of houses were squashed by immense trees falling on them, and it is estimated fifteen hundred cars were wrecked by trees, limbs, power poles, etc., being blown on them.

"Two or three people were killed and forty or fifty injured during the blow. There is no estimate yet (last Thursday) of the property damage, but it is enormous. It was considered about the most destructive storm which ever hit this section. We had no telephone, no light and no heat for a while until I fixed the furnace so I could control it by hand (it is controlled by electricity ordinarily).

"And now we are being threatened with high water — it has poured steadily for seventeen days, and more rain predicted. . . . ."

* * *

Things, said Emil Brust, Roseburg resident, will have to get pretty bad yet before they will equal times he has seen before this.

Emil ought to know, for two reasons; First, he came to this country just as the '33 depression was getting under way; and second, he witnessed the hard, hard times which struck Germany after the World War.

"Oh yes, I was in the army," Emil answered a question. "I was in it for four years — all through the war — all of the time fighting was going on. In 1914 and for a year I was on the Russian front; the rest of the time in the Hindenberg Line."

Emil got shot once, in the shoulder, but not seriously, and he couldn't pick out the tooth in the buzz saw that did it, either; but he was sure it wasn't an American, as, he says, he never fought in a sector where any of them were stationed.

"If you folks hadn't entered the war, and if your soldiers hadn't arrived at the front just when they did," Emil stated, "Germany would have won. We were on our way!"

Emil likes the United States mighty well. And, if you come to know Emil, you'll like him, too.

* * *

Charlie Wilson, South Deer Creek resident, brought in some blue huckleberries the first of the week. "Huckleberries in December," read a note I found on them, appended by someone in the office. It looked very much as if there were huckleberries in February also.

EX-ALBANY COACH QUITS PUGET SOUND

TACOMA, Feb. 16.—(AP)—Giving "other interests" as his reason, Joey Mack resigned yesterday as basketball and baseball coach at the College of Puget Sound. The resignation is effective at the end of the present term. Mack formerly coached at Albany college before coming here in 1936.

SHEDD POOL HALL DESTROYED BY FIRE

ALBANY, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Fire of undetermined origin destroyed the Ackerman pool hall at Shedd, 12 miles south of here, today. The Albany fire department answered an alarm. Flames threatened nearby buildings, which were scorched, but a lack of wind and dampness prevented spread of the blaze. The estimated loss was $2,000.

TUNE IN TONIGHT

HOWIE WING

Thrilling Adventure of the Air

Listen for the whirr of the zooming plane tonight. Follow the exciting career of that adventure-loving, youthful American, Howie Wing. Presented each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings at the same time by Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

KRNR, 5:30 p. m.

An exciting program for the whole family