

Roseburg News-Review

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Blind and Willing

FROM this distance it is difficult,
of course, to know with any
reasonable accuracy, what motivated
the 45 million German voters and
the 4 million Austrians to vote
"Ja" in the election yesterday.

Some of those millions voted
their fear—they wanted to do what
they were told so they would not
get into trouble. But it was not a
99 per cent "Ja" vote purely be-
cause of fear. The radio is con-
trolled. The press is controlled.
The people heard nothing and read
nothing that was in opposition to
the dictator's wishes. Without any
facts or any argument in opposi-
tion available anywhere, people
had nothing on which to base a
negative opinion. Things looked good
to them. There had been much
parading, flag waving and singing.
The pride of their empire and the
pride of their race, was strong
within them. They willingly but
blindly gave their future into the
hands of one man. They renewed
his absolute power by authorizing
him to name the 740 German and
70 Austrian members of their en-
larged "representative" govern-
ment.

Here where we have had truly
representative government with a
free press (and, since its inven-
tion, free radio), for 150 years, it
is hard to realize a condition
wherein an entire nation is allowed
to know only what its ruler
wants it to know.

Free speech and a free press
have saved this country from ab-
solutism. Eternal vigilance is re-
quired if this freedom is to be
retained.

Tars' Taste

FLASH! Noel Coward (Design
for Living, etc.) is now tearing
around the Mediterranean on a
special mission whose purpose is
to find out what kinds of movies
the British sailors like best.

Let us consider this situation in
the clear, cold, merciless light of
reality. Coward is what might be
called the best-known veteran
among the Bright Young Men, tal-
ented, witty, assured, exceedingly
elegant in apparel and exceedingly
urbane in manner. The sailors are
sailors, which is all right with us.
But when a burst of cosmopolitan
glory like Coward appears in a
sailor's living quarters, just how
much breaking-down-and-telling-all
is going to ensue? Perhaps Cow-
ard is the thorough cosmopolitan
who can mix congenially, but even
so, are these sailors going to be
able to understand his Mayfair
cant? Whether they can or can't
(pardon), isn't there a chance that
they won't be able to get a word in
edgewise?

Coward, the dispatch that flash-
ed the news went on in explana-
tion, is nervous about international
developments of recent weeks and

FEATURE FLASHES FROM KRRR

ON THE AIR FROM EVERYWHERE

First of College Debate Series
Debate teams of Pennsylvania
State college and the University of
California at Los Angeles clash be-
fore radio microphones, today from
2:30 to 4 p. m., in a broadcast over
KRRR and the Don Lee network.
The question debated will be:
"Should the National Labor Rela-
tions board be empowered to en-
force the arbitration of all indus-
trial disputes?"
Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic
Strings" Presented Over Mutual
Aired Wallenstein, musical
American conductor and music di-
rector of WOR, New York, will
present another of his popular
"Symphonic Strings" programs on
Wednesday, April 13, to be heard

needs the change of scenery any-
way. The sailors have probably
been getting just a wee bit nerv-
ous themselves, and having to toss
the golden ball of conversation
back and forth with Coward isn't
going to help.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

ase would grow fast to the heart
and provide new blood vessels to
nourish the heart muscle.
It is known as the O'Shaughnessy
operation, and has been rarely per-
formed in the United States.

As these words are written, the
patient still lives. If he con-
tinues to live, and returns to
health, medical science will once
again have defeated suffering and
death.

The world, you see, IS MAKING
PROGRESS, in spite of all the
news in the papers that seems to
indicate the contrary.

WHEN there was sickness in
your grandfather's family,
somebody had to ride for the doc-
tor, who came slowly over rough
roads, often getting there too late.
You telephone for a doctor who
comes over a paved road at a mile
a minute—saving infinitely pre-
cious hours.

That is part of the progress the
world is making.

ENVOY'S DECISION JOLTS SOCIALITES

LONDON, April 12.—(AP)—
British newspapers saw Ambassador
Joseph P. Kennedy's decision her-
etofore to present to the king and
queen in royal court only families
of United States officials in Britain
and families of Americans actually
living in this country as a "bitter
blow" to "United States social
climbers."

The Daily Mail editorialized that
"there are glum young faces in
America at the news that Mr. Ken-
edy is ruthlessly limiting presenta-
tion this year of American debut-
antes at the English court. In
British households the privilege of
being presented is deeply prized,
and in America the honor is equal-
ly coveted."

It is likely only six of a list of
300 applicants may be presented
this year. The United States in the
past presented over thirty a year.

BANQUET DATED BY FUTURE CRAFTSMEN

The Future Craftsmen of the
Roseburg High school have set
Thursday evening, April 28, for
their annual employer-apprentice
banquet. It was announced today
by Bruce A. Mollis, coordinator.
The program will feature presenta-
tion of vocational certificates by
the state board to apprentices who
have completed their indentures
during the past two years. Also
presentation of standard Red
Cross first aid certificates to the
members of this year's trade
classes for satisfactory completion
of the first aid course. A discus-
sion will be held of plans for the
vocational fair.

THREE INJURED IN SCHOOL BUS CRASH

EUGENE, April 12.—(AP)—
Three persons, two of them stu-
dents, were injured when the Blue
River school bus crashed into a
tree alongside the McKenzie high-
way near Blue River late yester-
day afternoon. Cause of the acci-
dent was believed to be a defect
in the steering apparatus.
Seriously injured were Fern Mc-
Clure, 8; Lydia Cooley, 10, and H.
W. Cooley, father of the injured
child and driver of the bus. All three
were brought to Eugene for hospi-
talization.

OREGON PULLS OUT OF WORLD'S FAIR

SALFEM, April 11.—(AP)—Gover-
nor Martin said today that "there
isn't a chance" for Oregon to have
an exhibit in the 1939 New York
world's fair.

"I'm glad we're out of it," he
said. "It will do more good for us
to have an exhibit in the San Fran-
cisco fair next year. We'll take the
money appropriated for the New
York fair and spend it at the San
Francisco fair."

Oregon withdrew from the fair
Saturday because fair officials
moved the state exhibit to another
site to make room for the French
exhibit.

OUT OUR WAY



Richest Girl in the World

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES Copyright, 1938, NEA Service, Inc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
CONSTANCE CORBY—heroine;
richest girl in the world.
BRET HARDESTY—hero;
bridge builder.
RODNEY BRANDON—Connie's
flame.
KATIE BLYN—Connie's "doubt-
ful."

CHAPTER XXIV

"Spring had indeed come to the
valley, and to the blue-green hills.
Connie knew that in no other spot
in the world could it have awak-
ened more beautifully. She knew that
this, his own beloved country, was
where Bret would come. Hadn't he
said that no matter how far he
roamed, always he must return
here? And she had wondered if
Bret's country might come to have
the same influence over her.

She knew now, back in the old
brick house with its ivy covered
walls and stately elms, that this
had come to pass; she would find
peace here. Whether she again
found happiness would depend
upon Bret, and Bret alone.

Mrs. Parsons and Eloise had wel-
comed her as though she had come
"home," as indeed she felt she had.
What was more rare, and under-
standing, had been welcomed her
without question or comment. It
was natural, they seemed to say,
—and the sleepy little town and
the valley with its haze of tender
green and its guarding sentinels
of high hills all seemed to say it,
too — that she should return to
them. She knew now that no mat-
ter how far she should roam, she,
too, could come back to this serene
haven to be born anew.

Connie helped Eloise and her
mother about the big house, open-
ing shutters, airing the high-cel-
ing rooms; she dug in the garden,
loosening the hard earth for
young seeds that soon would point
tiny green sprouts towards the
sun. She helped in the house-
work, learning to bake biscuits
and corn bread almost as good
as "Aunt Bertha's," she took long
tramps over Bret's bridge, up in-
to the hills. The days were full
of overflowing, though they were
a time of waiting. And then one
day the waiting was ended; Con-
nie went to the door to open it to
find Bret standing there.

Her heart skipped a beat, turned
over, stood still. But her smile was
steady and unswerving, her eyes
direct and unwavering.

"Hello," she said as though
they had parted but yesterday, in-
stead of weeks ago, and in friend-
ly tones, instead of in anger and
hatred. "Won't you come in,
Bret?" She held wide the door.

He said, "What are you doing
here?" That tiny line was etched
about his mouth; a dark flash un-
der his skin; his eyes were
guarded, somber. Perhaps he
could not believe what they saw,
this girl in a simple blue frock,
hair blowing and curling about her
face, blue eyes clear and untroub-
led and serene.

"You didn't expect to find me?"
she asked. It seemed to her he
should have known she would be
waiting here.

"Hardly," his laugh was harsh.
"I supposed you were sailing
somewhere on azure seas. With
Rodney Brandon. Why didn't you
go with him?"

"I'll tell you why," Connie an-
swered quietly. "But I can't tell
you here. Aren't you coming in,
Bret? Or no—up our hill?"

"I didn't suppose you remem-
bered that we had a 'hill,' he said
gruffly. There was no yielding in
his dark eyes. "I can't see what's
the use of your telling me, after
all. I suppose you simply changed
your mind again—on another im-
pulse. As you probably will do this
and again without end."

"You hate me, don't you, Bret?"
Her voice was soft, but her lips
quivered. "Not that I blame you. I
deserved that. I deserve any-
thing you care to say to me, or
thing against me. But, please—if
I fetch you now, before you come
in, will you walk up the hill?"

As you like," his manner
said that it did not matter. He

By Williams

her again, give her another
chance, try together, once more, to
rebuild their lives and their mar-
riage?
"You're terribly wrong," she said
again. "Not that I blame you for
thinking of me as you do. I did
try to change you, Bret. I'm glad I
didn't succeed. I loved you because
you were different from other men.
Because you were as you are."
"And I love a girl named Katie
Blyn." His tone was bitter; he
turned on her, for a moment only.
"You're not trying to tell me you
are that girl again?"
She shook her head, caught her
lip between her teeth; tears
pruned so close behind her eye-
lids, a choking in her throat. "No,
not that girl. But not Constance
Corby, either. Maybe you will be-
lieve me, Bret—and believe in me
—when I tell you what I have de-
cided to do."
If he did not, then nothing ever
could make him. She would know
that he never would love her
again. That her plan, though she
would carry it through, alone, if
necessary, would not bring him
back to her.

"What have you decided to do?"
Bret asked her.

She said, "I have decided to
give away all my millions."

(To be continued.)

There is a love of family; of
man, for woman, and of woman for
man; but there is another love
which passes casual understanding,
and that is the deep affection
one man may have for another, his
particular friend. It passes under-
standing (except for those who
look and feel deeply) because little
is said of it in song or story. But
to those who have possessed such
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particular friend. It passes under-
standing (except for those who
look and feel deeply) because little
is said of it in song or story. But
to those who have possessed such
a friendship the world is brighter,
warmer, and more wholesome
and worth while for its having
been. Such a feeling existed, I sus-
mise, between Zach Murray and
his friend, W. L. Moore.

There is a love of family; of
man, for woman, and of woman for
man; but there is another love
which passes casual understanding,
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