

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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MARRIS ELLSWORTH.....Editor
Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1929, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of
March 3, 1879.

Represented by
WEST-HOLIDAY

New York—271 Madison Ave., Chi-
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Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail.....\$5.00
Daily, per year by mail.....\$5.00
Daily, per year by mail.....\$5.00
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On Memorial Day

ONE need not be a militarist to
feel that Memorial Day is one
of the most deeply significant of
all our holidays.

For Memorial Day, although it
calls in review all of our wars and
brings up again the record of our
armies, is no glorification of war
and the spirit of war. It does not
bring with it a celebration of "glor-
ious victories," or seek to build up
a spirit of martial patriotism.

Rather it is a day devoted to the
soldier—the citizen soldier who has
fought all of America's wars, its
flags are half-masted and its drums
are muffled. Fundamentally, it is
simply an expression of the na-
tion's regret that so many men
had to be killed.

It is very easy to forget what
that word "soldier" means, as we
use it in this country.

The word does not carry the
connotations it carries in other
lands. It does not call up any pic-
ture of drilled automations, of a
proud officer caste, of a cult of
glory, or of countless professional
soldiers going out to prove their
mettle.

For those things are absent from
our military tradition. In their
place we simply have the ordinary
citizen—a young man from the
farm, the shop, the school or the
office, going off to a training camp
because his country has asked him
to, coping in his expert fashion with
the intricacies of military drill, get-
ting herded at last to the battle-
field and there doing his level best
to give a decent account of him-
self.

And Monday, when we celebrate
the American soldier's record, we
are not concerned with the great
deeds he did and the great victo-
ries he won; it is the fact that he
went where his country asked him
to go, and suffered what his
country's need required him to suf-
fer, that is important. Monday
brings no pride of conquest—except
for our pride in this soldier's eter-
nal conquest of himself, his ability
to beat down fear and the thought
of self and go out to pay the final
price on the field of battle.

We can hate war, hate its tramp-
ed-up glory and its eternal cruelty
and injustice, and still give our-
selves wholeheartedly to observance
of this holiday which was
born of many wars. Indeed, a true
observance of the day would make
us hate war all the more; for it is
the sacrifices that we celebrate Mon-
day, the loss of all the thousands
of young men who were called on
to die in order that their country
might live.

Some day, people will be intelli-
gent enough to conduct their af-
fairs so that wars are not neces-
sary. Can we give any thought to
the innumerable graves that are
to be decorated Monday without
praying that that day may come
quickly?

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

sary, regardless of what Britain
and France and Russia may do
about it.

That would mean WAR.
It is one thing to seize Austria,
or Ethiopia, or even to wage un-
declared war in Spain; but it is
another thing entirely to seize
Czechoslovakia, which from this
immemorial has been Europe's
most strategic point.

Invading Bohemia (now Czechoslo-
vakia) has always plunged Eu-
rope into war in the past. It is be-
yond belief that it will not do so
again.

Here From Washington — Mr.
and Mrs. C. H. Thurston and
daughter, of Darrington, Wash.,
have arrived here to remain over
Memorial day with the former's
mother, Mrs. C. H. Thurston, Sr.

MASONS TO ATTEND RITES AT ELKTON

A delegation from the Masonic
lodge of Roseburg will go to Elk-
ton tonight to attend a ceremonial
to be conducted by the lodge
there. The third degree will be
conferred upon two candidates.
Grand Master Dr. Earl G. Patterson
of Baker, will be present. The
Roseburg group will include Mor-
ris Bowker, Frank Burr, C. B.
Calkins, Rex Compton, H. C.
Stearns, R. W. Marsters, Clyde
Fullerton, M. G. Krell and Carl
Wimberly.

MRS. SORNBERGER INJURED IN WRECK

Mrs. Joe Sornberger of Rivers-
dale suffered minor bruises and
shock Friday when the car driven
by her husband was crowded into
the ditch on the Lookingglass
road. The car was quite badly
damaged.

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:30—Banda Across the Sea, MBS.
4:45—The Children's Hour, MBS.
5:00—"Drums," Radio Drama, MBS.
5:30—Pat Barnes & His Barn-
stormers, MBS.
6:00—Glady's Firm's Dancetim-
ers.
6:15—Herb Allen's "Listen" Pro-
gram, MBS.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—Time Trials, Indianapolis
Race, MBS.
7:15—Madrigals Orch., MBS.
7:45—Magazine Man, MBS.
8:00—Phil Harris, MBS.
8:30—Songs of the Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Jan Garber, MBS.
9:30—Ann Weeks, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, MAY 29

8:00—Dr. Chas. Courbin, MBS.
8:15—Glad Tidings of the Air, Rev. Ira F. Rankin.
8:30—To Be Announced, MBS.
9:00—Veterans Dedication Pro-
gram.
9:30—Symphony.
9:45—Old Time Tunes, MBS.
10:00—The Lamplighter, MBS.
10:15—Romance of the Hiways, MBS.
10:30—Henry King.
10:45—Psychic Church Services, Rev. J. R. Turnbull.
11:00—Poems From the Tower Room.
12:15—Wanda Armour at the Or-
gan.
1:00—Dance Melodies.
1:30—"A Man Who Won the War," Drama, MBS.
2:00—30 Minutes in Hollywood, MBS.
2:30—Stan Lomax, MBS.
2:45—Walter Flannery, MBS.
3:00—Hawaii Calls, MBS.
3:30—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
3:45—The Brown Sisters, MBS.
4:00—WOR Forum, MBS.
4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C. A. Edwards.
5:00—Horace Heidt.
5:30—Evelyn Hoagland's Orch., MBS.
5:45—Phil Harris.
6:00—The Marines Tell it to You, MBS.
7:00—L. A. Symphony.
7:30—Old Fashioned Revival, MBS.
8:30—Singing Strings, MBS.
8:45—Songs of the Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Liebner Orch., MBS.
9:30—Sign Off.

MONDAY, MAY 30

7:00—"Early Birds."
7:30—News-Review Newscast.
7:40—Hansen Motor Co. News.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
7:50—Alarm Clock Club.
8:00—Indianapolis Races, MBS.
8:15—Merrymakers, MBS.
8:30—Valley Memorial Day, MBS.
9:00—Memorial Day Program, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Ray Dattell's Orchestra, MBS.
9:45—Voice of Experience, MBS.
10:00—This Woman's World, MBS.
10:30—Home Town, MBS.
10:45—This Woman's World, MBS.
11:00—Frontier Fighters, Copco.
11:15—Variety Show of the Air.
11:30—Hollywood Spinners, MBS.
11:45—Paul Small, MBS.
12:00—Dance Band.
12:15—Finish of Indianapolis Races, MBS.
12:45—Hansen Motor Co. News.
1:00—News-Review of the Air.
1:50—Country Editor, MBS.
1:15—American Youth Congress, MBS.
1:30—Afternoon Varieties.
2:00—Charlotte's, MBS.
2:15—Community Hall, MBS.
2:30—Today's Front Page.
2:45—As the Story Goes, MBS.
3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.
3:30—Salvation Army Program, MBS.
3:45—Gene Autry.
4:00—Reggie Child's Orchestra, MBS.
4:30—Radio Camps, MBS.
4:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
5:00—The Children's Hour, MBS.
5:15—The Johnson Family, MBS.
5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.
5:45—Victor Young.
6:00—Popeye, MBS.
6:15—N. Y. State Symphony Band.
6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—Hansen Motor Co. News.
6:55—News Flashes.
7:00—L. A. Symphony.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Phil Harris.
8:15—American Family Robinson.
8:45—Songs of the Pioneers, MBS.
9:00—Aika Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Boston Symphony.
9:30—Art Crippen Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY



TRIAL FLIGHT

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACKIE DUNN—heroine; she wanted to fly.

ROGER BRECKNER—hero; he wanted to test the stratosphere.

BERYL MELROSE—wealthy widow; she wanted Roger.

EVELYN LA FARGE—Jackie's mother; she wanted a son-in-law.

Yesterday: Jackie decides to go to Roger and new hope shines for her in the gravest crisis of her life.

CHAPTER XVII

She was going to Roger. She would be with him within a few short hours. Hope sprang, like a new-born star, bright and luminous, within her heart.

John Paul Scott not only chartered a private plane so that Jackie could fly to Roger, but he took Jackie to the airport, saw to it that she had every comfort, and even offered, at the last moment, to go with her.

"See here, Miss Jacqueline," he said in his deliberate, precise way. "It does not seem right, as you, a girl like you, starting off on such a journey alone. I shall be glad to accompany you, if you wish me to, my dear. Of course, it would be too much for your dear mother."

Jackie smiled at the idea of Evelyn, who had never put foot in a plane, undertaking such a trip. But she was touched at Mr. Scott's suggestion. Why he wasn't such a human, understanding, kind, underneath his polished exterior. Perhaps she would not mind having to call him "father" some day.

"Thank you just the same," she said. "But I wouldn't think of asking you to go with me. I know what an extremely busy man you are. I appreciate, oh! much more than I ever can tell you, all that you have done for me. And I don't mind going alone. The least bit I shall be quite all right, truly I shall."

"I expect you will," Mr. Scott said. He shook hands gravely. "Young girls do such remarkable things these days. Young men, too. Take that young man of yours—he's got a great deal of courage, so much, my dear, that he is bound to pull through. He'll get places—I see that now without any help from me!" There actually was a twinkle in Mr. Scott's eyes, as he said this; Jackie knew he was recasting the dinner party when he had offered to help Roger, and Roger's indignant reply that he would not accept charity.

Mr. Scott had soared clear up to the sky again, in Jackie's estimation. He appreciated Roger, all right. He had paid a fine compliment to his courage. Jackie surprised both herself and Mr. Scott by turning before she got into the plane, that stood ready to take off now, to throw him a kiss from her fingertips. "Goodbye," she called. "And thank you again. A million times!"

Mr. Scott so far forgot his dignity as to run a few steps, bare-headed, hat in hand, beside the plane—and to throw Jackie a kiss in return.

Even when the plane had left the ground, soaring up into the clouds, Jackie, looking back, could see him standing, waving his hat frantically, until Mr. Scott and the airport, and the earth itself, became as small as to be almost indistinguishable, only a blurred unreality.

The ship kept steadily climbing higher, passing through a bank of lovely, wispy, shimmering clouds, until they lay, like a foamy ocean of fluffy white spray beneath, separating the plane from the world below, shutting it out completely. It was the most beautiful sight Jackie ever had seen, riding over the tops of the clouds, watching the tiny dark shadow of the plane cast on them, following along, so that it seemed indeed as though the world had been left behind.

Fear and doubt and anxiety dropped from Jackie's heart, as well. They could not exist in such a clean, celestial world, bathed in

pure sublimity. She knew that Roger would live. He could not die. As Mr. Scott had said, Roger's courage was too big—he was bound to pull through.

Would he be glad when he knew that she had flown to him? Would Roger know that she loved him now, had always loved him? If she had not been such blind little fool! Oh! she would prove her love, she would make him see how big it was. She would try to match his wonderful courage, be worthy of him. For now, this Jackie who had grown up, knew that she would be content just to spend all the rest of her life in loving Roger, belonging to him. She no longer wanted to do anything big and important in itself—her old cry and protest. Just loving Roger would be big enough to fill all her days. "That was all she wanted from life now."

The plane was beginning to nose down; the lovely clouds had drifted away. The green earth with its hills and valleys, its tiny villages and rivers—and there in the distance, puffing along in absurd miniature, a toy train—was spread out, like a symmetrical map.

They were to land at Kylvortown. Jackie found that Mr. Scott had wired ahead for a car to be on hand to meet the plane and to take her the rest of the way. In a short while now she would be at Roger's side. Another wire had made reservation for her at the closest hotel; her baggage could be taken there, but she would not lose even that much time, but would go direct to the hospital.

This last part of the journey was the most tedious. It seemed to Jackie now that she was so near her journey's end, it would never really come. The minutes dragged by painful degrees, delaying progress. Anxiety rose in her heart once more, so that she was filled with a feverish impatience, her whole self actually trembling perceptibly.

But all journeys must have an ending. This one came at last. Jackie went up the steps that led to the hospital, opened the heavy door. At the receptionist's desk she gave her name, asked if she might see Roger as soon as possible.

"If you'll sit down and wait a few minutes," the young woman at the desk said, with a brisk, efficient smile. "I'll see." She led the way into the waiting room.

Oh didn't she know that each added minute was an eternity!

This eternity, too, came to an end. A stiffly starched nurse bore down on Jackie, indicating with a nod of her head, that Jackie was to follow her. "We were expecting you," she said.

Apparently Mr. Scott had not overlooked anything. Jackie wondered how he had managed to accomplish so much within such a short while.

The hospital was shrouded in that muffled silence that somehow always seems more still, more ominous than any other silence, the long narrow corridors were empty and silent, save for muffled noises, lowered voices, that came mysteriously, one knew not how near tragedy, from behind the closed doors. The strong sickly-sweet odor of disinfectant hung heavy on the air.

Before such a door the nurse finally paused. She turned, before opening it. "I must warn you," she cautioned in a low monotone, "not to excite the patient. This is the first day he has been himself. You must be very careful."

"Oh, I promise," Jackie returned, "not to excite him."

But when the door was opened and she caught her first glimpse of Roger, lying so quiet and white in the high narrow bed, his head swathed in bandages, his eyes closed it was not so easy to keep her word. She wanted to cry out his name, to run to him, throw herself on her knees down by his side.

It took all the self control she could summon to walk quietly across that little room, to lean

down, to murmur his name.

"Roger... It's Jackie. I... I've come to see you."

She saw his eyelids flutter open, recognition dawn slowly in them. His lips twisted in an attempt to smile. He looked so unlike the Roger she once knew, gay, laughing, strong and brown and vital, that she almost despaired of him, filling her with an enormous pity. The taste of salt was strong on her lips.

She turned away for a moment. She must get hold of herself. She must be brave....

It was only then that she saw that another woman was in the room—Beryl Melrose, stepping beside her, slipping an arm around her waist.

(To be continued)

FREED MAN SUES ON SLUGGING CHARGE

PORTLAND, May 28.—(AP)—Coe C. White, suing the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company and H. A. Hansley, chief special agent, for \$50,000 damages, testified in federal court that he was slugged by a white man while being questioned several days after the \$5,700 robbery of the company on January 9, 1937.

White was charged with participation in the robbery but was later exonerated by the grand jury. At the time of the holdup, he was a company engineer.

Taken to police headquarters, White claimed Hansley suddenly leaned over and struck him on the side of the head. The next thing White said he remembered was seeing a nurse feeding him at a hospital. His wife testified she heard a threat at the police station to the effect that "they were going to give him the works."

Counsel for the defendants indicated they would deny White's charges.

REV. REMINGTON'S SISTER ENGAGED

PORTLAND, May 28.—(AP)—The engagement of Mrs. Charles Carver Jr., socially prominent sister of Rt. Rev. William P. Remington, Episcopal bishop of eastern Oregon, to Rt. Rev. Walter Mitchell, Episcopal bishop of Arizona, was announced here yesterday.

Mrs. Carver said they would be married here in June, although the definite date had not been set. She is a member of the national board of women's auxiliaries of the Episcopal church and a former president of the Portland League of Women Voters.

MARTIN KEEPS OUT OF ALIEN VOTE QUIZ

OREGON CITY, May 28.—(AP)—Gov. Charles H. Martin, saying that the matter was one "in which the governor should not interfere," let the Klamath county authorities today at a conference of alleged voting by aliens. Veterans' organizations had asked the governor to enter the inquiry. District Attorney Fred Miller said he had asked the grand jury to convene June 1 to study the matter.

MRS. P. F. MILLER DIES AT COQUILLE

Word has been received here of the death Friday at Coquille of Mrs. P. F. (Louise) Miller, for many years a resident of the Rice creek district. Mr. and Mrs. Miller moved to Coquille only a few months ago. Her death resulted from an acute attack of appendicitis. Surviving are her husband and a daughter, Virginia. Funeral services will be held at Coquille at 2 p. m. Sunday.

To Spend Holidays Here — Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Peary and their daughter, Ruth Ann, are to arrive here tonight from Salem to spend the holidays here with Mrs. Peary's parents, Judge and Mrs. R. W. Masters. Their daughter, Martha Jane, has been spending the past two weeks here with her grandparents.

By Williams

RAMBLINGS

by Paul Jenkins

WE who live here in Roseburg and Douglas county have become accustomed, I suppose, to the rummy condition of the Pacific highway between the city limits to the south and Shady Point. We know this crooked road with its ups and downs quite well. But I wonder what strange ers think of it?

What do you reckon they think of that monstrosity at the top of the hill, where Main street intersects the highway—you know, the place where dear old Uncle Sam inaugurated one of his very first relief projects some four years ago, widening the cut and straightening the sharp reverse place the shoulder of the roadway. For that matter, what do you think of it, yourself?

Isn't it about time the highway commission paved this dearly paid for short-cut, and allowed the traveling public to use it—or re-built the entire route, if it is going to.

Also, if you have noticed (and how could you help it), between this ridiculous piece of nonsense, and Shady Point, the highway beside the road has slipped in seven different places, back to the very edge of the pavement, leaving sheer drops of several feet. This would prove a very fatal piece of business if a car's wheels left the pavement at that side of the road at one of those spots. In several places the shoulder of the roadway is gone entirely—dropped from sight, and in two places at least, part of the paving has been undermined and has fallen in.

For the traveler's protection, flimsy little painted railings have been erected, none too visible even in daylight. One of the worst places had nothing but a top-sid-ed little stake to warn of its presence there. If for any reason a driver felt impelled to pull over to the side of the road at that point, he would receive an extremely sudden and unpleasant surprise, indeed, though he might never live to realize it.

This piece of road really is dangerous. The spots where the ground has slipped from the pavement really are marked for the motorist's protection just as carefully as I have told you. These slides occurred last winter, and for the life of me I can't understand why cars haven't fallen into them long before this. I suppose it's just luck—but the highway officials responsible for the continuance of the menace should lean too heavily upon this frail and fickle goddess. A condition is there which cries for some speedy maintenance work. It should get it.

GINGER ROGERS IN LIVELY FILM HERE

Teamed romantically for the first time, Ginger Rogers and James Stewart are currently co-starring in the highly romantic screen comedy, "Vivacious Lady," at the Indian theatre in Roseburg for three days, starting Sunday.

Miss Rogers, the top-ranking blonde of the screen today, returns to the gay, effervescent type of comedy which popularized her in the series of musical films in which she co-starred with Fred Astaire.

Virtually an unknown two years ago, James Stewart has soared to a high place in film popularity as a result of his last three hits, "Seventh Heaven," "The Lost Gangster" and "Navy Blue and Gold."

In "Vivacious Lady," Stewart essays the role of a repressed but any professor who encounters Ginger Rogers, featured entertainer at a night club, falls madly in love with her and brings her back to his dignified home town as his secret bride. The efforts of the couple to keep the boy's family in ignorance of the marriage form the basis for most of the hilarious action.

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

BEND, May 27.—(AP)—An automobile accident near Maupin while returning from a night baseball game at Portland sent Thomas A. Morgan, 21, Bend, to a hospital with a shattered jaw and chest injuries.

WASHINGTON, May 27.—(AP)—The Oregon-Washington bridge board of trustees was authorized in a bill signed yesterday by President Roosevelt to delay until June 13, 1939, construction of a bridge across the Columbia river at Astoria, Ore.

The date by which the board must have the bridge completed was extended to June 13, 1941.

PORTLAND, May 27.—(AP)—The Rev. Benjamin D. Dagwell, Episcopal bishop, announced yesterday a \$70,000 dormitory would be constructed at St. Helen's hall, denominational school for girls.

HOOD RIVER, May 27.—(AP)—The Union Pacific railway company announced today it would employ about 300 laborers and 50 engineers and skilled workers for approximately two years to raise

Daily Devotions

By DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The disciples came to Pentecost through the darkness of Gethsemane and Calvary. They were broken-hearted men and women, who had discovered in their despair their need of God and God's all-sufficiency. They felt the near presence of God and they knew He was in their hearts, because of new courage and new power to witness through new character reverent awe came upon them: that fillal fear of God which casts out all other fears, when love conquers fear, fear survives as reverence. Come into our hearts, O Spirit of God, may we open the windows of our souls and let Thee in. Fill us with light and truth. May Christ be formed in us as the hope of eternal glory, and may we make Him King of our hearts.

the tracks between Cascade Locks and The Dalles.

The \$1,500,000 project will route the roadbed around the Columbia river high water level created by the construction of Bonneville dam.

BAPTISTS TO JOIN WITH YOUNG PEOPLE

In view of the fact that the Baptist church will join with other churches of the city in cooperating with veterans organizations in the union memorial service at the armory Sunday night, a joint service will be held with the young people, Rev. J. R. Turnbull, pastor, announced today. The combined meeting of the young people and congregation will be held at 7 p. m. The young people will have charge of the opening exercises and special music. Rev. Mr. Turnbull will speak on the subject, "The Glorious Christ," using a large chart of Revelation.

FAUCETTE TO SPEAK ON ANGELUS HOUR

Rev. W. C. Faucette, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, is to be the guest speaker on the Angelus Hour, regular Sunday service on Radio Station KRFT. The program, conducted by the Rev. C. A. Edwards, will be heard from 4:30 to 5 p. m.

AZALEA

AZALEA, May 28.—Jim White and Mrs. Allie Garrison attended to business in Roseburg Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kamp and Mrs. Frank Tripp and daughter, Doris, shopped in Roseburg Wednesday.

Mrs. Harry Cooke left early Saturday morning for Portland, where she was called by the illness of her sister, Miss Minnie Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson of Powers visited over the week-end with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jantzer and sons, Billie and Jackie, and Mrs. Cora Chadwick attended to business at Grants Pass and Modford Saturday.

Mrs. D. H. Clare of Sacramento, Calif., arrived here Sunday morning for an extended visit with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Clare, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jantzer of Prospect visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Jantzer and Mr. and Mrs. William Jantzer.

Mr. and Mrs. John Oldenburg, Mrs. Oscar Smith, Mrs. Art Dodge and Leon Nichols shopped in Roseburg Monday.

Leon Nichols has accepted employment at the Clarence Spring ranch during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sherman of Silver Lake, spent several days last week visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Smith. Mr. Sherman is principal of the high school there.

Dahl Kenney left Sunday for Camas Valley where he has employment.

Ora Condry Jr., L. S. Johns and Mrs. Ray Condry stopped and attended to business in Roseburg Monday