

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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In a way, the war abroad has
shifted emphasis away from so-
lution of this country's main prob-
lem. You can scarcely blame poli-
ticians for jumping on Nazis and
Fascists and Communists and Sil-
ver Shirts and Bundemen and
White Camellias and Christian
Frontiers. They make easy tar-
gets. And they do offer a distraction,
for a time at least, from the
main problem at hand—unemploy-
ment.

The "lame" in this country aren't
so important—or, at least, they
shouldn't be. Lame don't generate
where men are busy working.
They're simply the manifestations
of the principal weakness of the
symptoms of the cancer. Provide
jobs for all employables, and you
won't ever need to worry seriously
about lame. Lame are not the ap-
peal to men who get pay checks
every week and who can feel reas-
sonably assured that they will eat
next week and the week after.

Recent estimates have placed
the unemployment figure at 9,500,
600. Men without jobs become dis-
gruntled after a time. Those who
still have work become uneasy,
aware of the competition in the
labor field and of their own precari-
ous positions. Only if this situa-
tion is allowed to continue too long
will lame become an active men-
ace.

City, county, state, and federal
officials have wrestled with the
enigma for 10 years. They have
instituted many plans to overcome
unemployment. They have watched
the business curve slide downward
and then turn and slide it up, way
slowly toward the top again. They
have watched industry restore its
production to pre-depression levels.
And they have been discouraged to
discover that jobless workers were
still almost as abundant as they
were in the blacker days of the
thirties.

Officials can hardly be blamed
for turning their attention away
from this fundamental economic
problem and organizing instead an
offensive against lame. Here, at
least, they are on safe ground.
Here they can take a definite posi-
tion with a minimum of criticism.
But when the lame hunt grows
cold, they will have to turn back
again to unemployment. Some-
where there's an answer if it can
only be found. They may as well
get busy once more on this dilem-
ma, and the lame will take care of
themselves.

When that man (or woman)
comes to your door and begins ask-
ing a lot of questions, you'd better
answer them. That is, if you want
to stay out of jail.

You may feel that he's a little
nosy, butting into your affairs and
wanting to know a lot of silly
things, but that's the job of the
census-taker—finding out how
Americans live. If you don't an-
swer his questions, you may be
fined \$100 or sent to jail for 90
days. If you give him intentionally
incorrect information, the fine may
be raised to \$500 or one year in
the jug.

Business men who refuse to sub-
mit reports for their firms may be
fined \$500 or sentenced to 60
days; and, if they give inaccurate
information, the fine may be \$10,
000 or the sentence, one year.
Even though the questions may not
make much sense to you, the
government will probably collect a
lot of valuable information. Uncle
Sam isn't worried about people
getting defiant. Only rarely, dur-
ing the past 150 years, has it been
necessary to bring charges. Census-
takers will probably find, again,
that most people are willing to
cooperate.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

a neutral trader.

DEWEY, speaking in Boston,
8428:
"The New Deal is spending \$17-
500 a minute, more than a million
dollars an hour. Of each dollar
spent, 55 cents is taken in and the
other 45 cents is borrowed. Inter-
est on the nation's debt is al-
ready a billion dollars a year.
(More than it cost to run the EN-
TIRE GOVERNMENT when your
father was a boy.)

He then added:
"There has never been any gov-
ernment ANYWHERE which con-
tinued indefinitely spending more
than it could collect in taxes with-
out a final tragic reckoning."

If you are inclined to doubt
Dewey's statement, reflect on
what happens to you when you go
on spending more than you earn.
YOU GO BROKE.

Politicians try to make it appear
that nations are different—that
secret, mysterious forces enable
them to go on borrowing without
ever paying back, doing good to
everybody and harm to nobody in
the process.

That is bunk. Nations must pay
the fiddler the same as individuals.
All history proves that.

KRRR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilovolts

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Trojan Horns, MBS.
4:15—Cats and Jammers, MBS.
4:30—Morton Gould's Orchestra,
MBS.
5:00—Sterling Young's Orchestra,
MBS.
5:30—Hawaii Calls, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John H. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Betty Jane Rhoads, MBS.
7:00—Hollywood Whispers, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Impassioned Intrigue, MBS.
8:00—Joe Sander's Orchestra,
MBS.
8:15—Sons of the Pioneers, MBS.
8:30—Interlude.
8:35—Chuck Cascales' Orchestra,
MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Tommy Tucker's Orchestra,
MBS.
9:30—Joe Sander's Orchestra,
MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28

8:00—Al Helfer Says, MBS.
8:15—Glad Tidings of the Air,
Rev. Ira F. Rankin.
8:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir,
MBS.
8:45—Canary Chorus, MBS.
9:00—Perole String Quartet, MBS.
9:15—The Chaplain Speaks, Rev.
Perry Smith.
9:30—American Wildlife, MBS.
9:45—March of Health, MBS.
10:00—Summer Prindle, MBS.
10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways,
Greyhound Lines, MBS.
10:30—WOR Symphony, MBS.
11:00—Baptist Church Services.
12:00—Meditation and Melody,
MBS.
12:30—Haven of Rest, MBS.
1:00—Nobody's Children, MBS.
1:30—Lutheran Hour, MBS.
2:00—Sunday Varieties.
2:30—Melody Matinee.
3:00—Help Thy Neighbor, MBS.
3:30—Show of the Week, MBS.
4:00—Bach Cantata Series, MBS.
4:30—The Angelus Hour, Dr. C.
A. Edwards.
5:00—American Forum of the Air,
MBS.
6:00—Old Fashioned Revival.
7:00—Good Will Hour, Ironized
Yeast, MBS.
8:00—Clyde Williams' Orchestra,
MBS.
8:15—Rabbi Edgar Magnin, MBS.
8:30—Interlude.
8:45—Alvino Roy's Orchestra,
MBS.
9:00—News, Serutan, MBS.
9:15—The Quiet Hour.
9:45—Sign Off.

MONDAY, JAN. 29

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—News, Gilmore Corner.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good
Morning."
7:50—Breakfast in Wax.
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:30—Keweenaw to Music, MBS.
8:45—Radio Garden Club, MBS.
9:00—Man About Town.
9:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor &
Gambie, MBS.
9:45—The Carters of Elm Street,
Ovaltine, MBS.
10:00—Varieties.
10:15—The Singing Post, MBS.
10:30—Enoch Light's Orch. MBS.
10:45—Adventures of Uncle Jim-
my, Copco.
11:00—Symphony.
11:15—Songs of the West.
11:30—Time and Music, MBS.
11:45—Jimmy Kennedy's Orch.
MBS.
12:00—Lunchtime Dance.
12:15—Dick O'Hea, Tenor, MBS.
12:30—Rhythm at Random.
12:35—Parkinson's Information Ex-
change.
1:45—News, Safeway Stores.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henningsen's Man On The
Street.
1:15—Don Lee School of the Air,
MBS.
1:30—The Quiet Hour.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:15—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:30—Melody Matinee.
2:45—Radio Improvisation, MBS.
3:00—Winter College Anniversary,
MBS.
3:30—Weber's Concert Review,
MBS.

OUT OUR WAY



THE UP AND DOWN

COPY, 1940 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

One-day Jesus was talking
about the things needed for life:
food and clothing, the things
which seem to be the first es-
sentials. Do not be over con-
cerned about these things, said
He. Your Heavenly Father
knows you have need of them.
He feeds the birds. He clothes
the lilies. Do not think He will
forget you. Then He gave the
formula that will assure to
everyone these essentials: "Seek
first the Kingdom of God." The
resources of the earth are more
than adequate for all the needs
of God's children. If we, as in-
dividuals, as nations will only
place the Kingdom of God first,
all conflict will end, waste of
the world's resources will end,
Selfish hoarding and greedy
grasping will end, the bounties
of God will provide for all.
When will we learn to put the
Kingdom of God into effect to
such a degree, that all mankind,
no matter what his race or col-
or, or nationality need worry
about their daily bread. Dear
Father, may we diligently study
Thy word to find out what the
Kingdom of God is? Amen.

Ellsworth Named U. of O.

Alumni Assn. Director

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene,
Jan. 27.—(Special to the
News-Review)—Harris Ellsworth,
Roseburg, was named today as
a member of the board of directors
of the Oregon Alumni association
to represent Douglas county. Mr.
Ellsworth will serve one year.
Mr. Ellsworth is a member of
the class of 1922 and as an under-
graduate was business manager
of the Emerald student paper. He
is now editor of the News-Review.
Under the constitution adopted
by the association last November,
the board of directors is composed
of 36 members—one from each
county in the state. Directors are
for a three-year period except
for the first time when twelve one-
year, twelve two-year and twelve
three-year directors have been
named. When Mr. Ellsworth's
term is over, the Douglas county
director will serve a three-year
term.

Delbert Stanard, Eugene physi-
cian, is president of the associa-
tion and Hollis Johnston, Port-
land architect, is vice-president.

BARBS

At Capone must stay out of
business for a year for his health,
doctors have ordered. We might
also recommend a bullet-proof
vest.

A Pennsylvania sheriff retired
after four years without having
made even one arrest. That's not
retirement—that's just taking his
feet off the desk and transferring
them to an ottoman.

Germany has been warned to
cut loose if they want the reich to
win the war. If any more is de-
ducted from their rationing it will
have to be figured in abstract
mathematics.

Among captured Russian equip-
ment, the Finns found a sewing
machine. Probably mistaken by
some ordinance officer for a trench
mortar.

Don't be embarrassed when the
census man calls. Just pretend
you're on one of those radio quiz
programs.

There are reports that Russia
may change its tactics in the Fin-
nish invasion. Does that mean
that troops will begin moving
sideways instead of backwards?

A movie actress, divorcee-bound,
said her husband would sit at a
table, refuse to talk and make her
keep up the conversation. We
thought that was the definition of
the ideal husband.

It develops now that scientists
score off about 10 or 15 million
years in setting the era when mon-
keys roamed the North American
continent. Don't all good breed
over it, though.

RAMBLINGS

By PAUL JENKINS

"I RECEIVED a letter from Stan-
ley Kidder yesterday," May-
nard Bell told me this morning.
"Stan is a civil en-
gineer of the navy de-
partment in Manila."

"Last December
the purchasing de-
partment, with which
he is connected,
bought 6000 turkeys
for the sailors' Christ-
mas dinners, from Salem, Oregon,
and Stan said it made him ex-
ceedingly homesick when they arrived.
The navy has bought a number of
Oregon products, but these tur-
keys came from nearer Roseburg
than any of the others."

Stanley, former Roseburg resi-
dent and student, fondly remem-
bered by the younger set, has been
in the Philippines for the past two
years. His parents, Mr. and Mrs.
S. L. Kidder, also reside there.
"Stan sees lots of interesting
things in Manila, and he likes his
work," Maynard added; "but I
think he gets mighty lonely for
home."

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keys roamed the North American
continent. Don't all good breed
over it, though.

Roseburg, though, and looks for-
ward to the time when he can
come back home."

Some observant soul who had
nothing better to do yesterday,
is reliably reported, counted 32-
119 robins in Roseburg.
I am sure this figure is not ex-
aggerated. Most of them roost
throughout the day on the power
lines and crossarms of the poles
on Main street, between Cass and
Oak, directly above where usually
I park my car.

It is the time of year when these
birds feast on a certain prevalent
berry (I don't know the name of
it), which they carry from the
trees or shrubs upon which it
grows to these Copco perches to
devour.

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By Williams

ATTACK ON AMERICA!

Startling Expose of U. S. Lack of Defense

By GENERAL ARED WHITE

WHO'S WHO AND WHAT'S HAPPENED

Unprepared America is under at-
tack by Mexican forces, directed
by Military Leader Van Hasek.
Washington is bombed and the
president is killed.

CAPTAIN BENNING, daring U.
S. intelligence officer on the trail
of Van Hasek's spies—the Aus-
trian Fincke, Italian Boggio, Col-
onel Bravot. All have known Ben-
ning as Lieutenant Bromlitz in
Mexico City.

Mobilization is incomplete and
the country is panic-stricken.

CHAPTER XXII

Van Hasek's Austrian spy was
on hand at the Shoreham prompt-
ly at eight the next morning.
Fincke was grim and jumpy as
they ordered breakfast, and from
time to time cast covert glances
about the dining-room.

"Why the jitters, Fincke?" Ben-
ning asked him.

The Austrian took several
nervous gulps of coffee and said:
"Something's wrong, Bromlitz. I
want to get out of this town as
quick as possible."

"Heard anything from Bravot?"
"No word from anybody, not
since the last time I saw you. I
can't figure it out, but it's there.
Sometimes I think I'm being
watched and G-2 has my number."

Fincke pushed aside his unfin-
ished breakfast and got up. "Come
on, Bromlitz, let's get out of this
town!"

Benning asked, as they took a
taxicab to the depot, "Did Bravot
furnish you with travel authori-
ties?"

"Last I heard it was all fixed up.
All we have to do is show up at
the gangplank and say, 'Passage
for Amsterdam, stateroom
twelve.' " The Austrian turned sud-
denly to Benning with suspicion
glinting in his eyes. "Say, Brom-
litz, are you asking for informa-
tion, or just feeling me out?"

"Isn't it natural, Fincke?" Ben-
ning retorted, "for me to satisfy
myself you're really got authority
to go alone? I hope you're not go-
ing to spoil everything by getting
suspicious of me."

"No, but after the deal I got
from Boggio, you can't blame me
for wondering if I'm the goat,"
Fincke muttered. "Sorry if I rub-
bed you the wrong way."

Fincke's fears relaxed somewhat
when he and Benning reached
New York in early afternoon. At
Benning's suggestion they ex-
changed their business suits for
cheap cotton clothes and straw
hats. Benning furthered his dis-
guise by hanging a patch over one
eye and changing gait and pos-
ture to a slouching shuffle.

They went to Central park and
walked about deserted paths un-
til time to go to the pier. Prompt-
ly at four Fincke presented him-
self to a hulking Norwegian first
mate who stood at the gangplank
of the tramp freighter, a single-fun-
nel steamer.

The Fincke formula put them on
board without question. Benning
noted, as they were escorted by a
cabin boy to their stateroom, that
the decks were deserted, no pre-
parations to sail were in evidence.
They drew a small single cabin on
the boat deck.

Fincke promptly slammed the
door, peeled off his cotton coat,
and sprawled on a bunk.
"So far so good, Bromlitz," he
muttered. "But it's going to feel
good when this old tub churns out
of here. I just can't shake the
feeling that somebody's hot on
my trail."

"Hold on to yourself," Benning
encouraged. "It'll not be long
now."

Benning threw off his coat, lay
down on his berth, and took up the
late New York editions he had
bought before coming aboard. Later
he meant to force the issue of a
reassurance of the ship's safety
preparation for the navy's board-
ing party.

Headlines screamed the defeat
of Mole's second division, the cap-
ture of San Antonio. The second
had withdrawn last night, leaving
six hundred dead behind. Fifteen
hundred gassed and wounded had
been evacuated.

Mole's truck columns had sped
his broken infantry and artillery
to a new position near Austin
along the Colorado river. There he
was organizing a new defensive
position, reinforced by Texas regi-
ments. Van Hasek columns were
moving on Austin for prompt at-
tack.

Van Hasek had taken over San
Antonio at daybreak and estab-
lished headquarters in the city hall
at the old Spanish Plaza. A sub-
ordinate, General Alvido, had taken
over the government as mili-
tary governor under a decree of
martial law, hauled down the
American flag and hoisted the sal-
utar flag over the city.

Alvido claimed all of Texas un-
der his decree. A Van Hasek
truck column was moving on Gal-
veston to occupy that city and, later,
Houston. The decree of martial
law imposed the death penalty on
all citizens of occupied Texas who
attempted to molest or interfere
with troops or refused supplies.

For food and other supplies.
Air raids had extended north
last night. Fort Worth, Dallas,
and Shreveport had been heavily
pounded with the loss of hundreds
of lives. Terror was sweeping other
southern cities. Little Rock,
Oklahoma City, Montgomery, Bir-
mingham, even Nashville and Mem-
phis were within bombing range.
There was no anti-aircraft, now
available for those cities. Thou-
sands were fleeing into the hills
and countryside.

When he had sketched through
the day's news, Benning sat up
and made a dash at Fincke.
"What gets me," he complained,
"is why we have to go all the way
to Amsterdam when there's so
much going on in these parts."
Fincke snapped erect, his eyes

blazing suspicion, and snarled,
"You know damned well we're not
going to Amsterdam, Bromlitz!
What's your game—always feeling
me out?"

Benning coolly drawled, "Evi-
dently you suspect I'm a spotter
for Boggio or Bravot. That's on
your mind, I resent it."

"Sorry if I blew up again,"
Fincke retorted. "But we're play-
ing for big game this time, Brom-
litz, and you can't blame me for
being touchy after what happened
before."

"All right, if you feel that way
about it," Benning oddly agreed.
"A Norwegian deckhand brought
dinner into their stateroom at six
o'clock. Two empty hours fol-
lowed. At eight o'clock the engines
began churning, the Norwegian
tramp eased out of her berth and
headed down the harbor."

Fincke brightened as the ship
cast off, then was attacked by a
restlessness that set him pacing
the little cabin.