

### F. R. Offers Third Revamping Plan

#### Forest Service Transfer Isn't Included in New Program Submitted to Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—(AP)—President Roosevelt submitted to congress today his third plan for reorganization of government executive agencies, providing for more than half a dozen changes which he estimated would result in annual savings of about \$150,000 in administrative expense.

One shift will consolidate in a fiscal service in the treasury department, under a new, permanent fiscal assistant secretary, all treasury financing and fiscal activities. Into the new service, the president said in a message to congress, will go the office of the treasurer of the United States, the office of commissioner of accounts and deposits, and the public debt, survey.

The new fiscal assistant secretary will be named by Secretary Morgenthau in accordance with civil service laws. One of the three existing offices of assistant secretary will be abolished.

The reorganization order made no change in the status of the forest service. There had been speculation as to whether it might be transferred from the agriculture department to the interior department.

Under the reorganization law enacted last year, today's order will become effective in 60 days unless disapproved by both the senate and house by a two-thirds vote. Moreover, to part of it may be changed, the law providing that

congress must either reject it or three or else let become operative without alteration.

The new program reorganization plans provided for creation of the federal works, security loan agencies and for rearrangement of white house offices, including placing the budget bureau under the president's personal jurisdiction.

### Roseburg Students Cast in U. O. Musical Event

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, April 3.—Three University of Oregon students from Roseburg are participating in the lead-off musical attraction of spring term April 7, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be presented by the University Choral union and symphony orchestra.

Vern Spaugh, son of Alva T. Spaugh, will sing baritone in the choral music. James Wagoner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd F. Wagoner, will sing in the soprano section, and Virginia Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy O. Young, will appear in the alto section for the production.

The musical is under the direction of Dr. Theodore Kraft, dean of the school of music. Solo leads in the oratorio are being sung by outside guest artists.

### Man Who Killed Infant Gets Life Imprisonment

NORRISTOWN, Pa., April 2.—(AP)—A JURY that deliberated only 15 minutes today convicted Benjamin Matule of first degree murder and he was sentenced to life imprisonment for smothering his infant son last January.

The young defendant, a former relief laborer, received the verdict calmly. The trial opened yesterday. Assistant District Attorney John Flynn told the jury McCabe said he held a pillow over the baby's mouth because "I knew that the kid didn't have a chance, what with the bills coming."

**GARDEN HATS**  
See Carr's new line of sun hats, plain and fancy straws for men, women and children, priced from 75c and 65c. CARR'S. (Adv.)

## SERIAL STORY K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS

VAL DOUGLAS—gift sports writer, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.  
KIDDE CAVALIER—a prize fighter headed for the title, has a score to settle with Val.  
CAPTAIN STEVE HANSEN—skipper of the Northern Belle.  
DUFFY KELSO—Cavalier's manager.

YESTERDAY: When Steve explains that an important contract depends upon the safe arrival of a shipment of mining machinery at Prince Rupert, Val refuses to be mate, signs as prisoner. Three sailors jump ship a few hours before sailing. To wait for new men will mean a costly delay. Val suggests they shanghai three men.

CHAPTER III  
There was a broad smile on Steve Hansen's face. "We'll make it right after dark... an shove off as soon as we get back. You can nose around a bit by yourself now, while I make a few arrangements." He patted her arm and went to look for Barney MacGregor.

"Barney," he began when he found the big Scotsman. "Barney, we're going to have a little fun tonight. We're going to do a little shanghaiing to replace those three stinks that jumped ship."

The effect on Barney MacGregor was just what Steve Hansen expected. "Take it easy, Barney. It's just a little gag to please the gal."

"Keep talkin', Steve Hansen, but I'm going to need a lot of convincing."

Hansen laughed. "Barney, here's where you come in. You take 20 bucks and scout around a few of the waterfront hangouts. Pick up three guys you think ought make pretty fair hands. Give 'em 10 bucks each and explain to 'em what we want 'em to do. Tell 'em what's coming off the horse 'em walk along casually behind that abandoned freight warehouse at Pier 7. Tell 'em to put up some sort of struggle to make it look good. Now... d'you get it?"

Barney MacGregor regarded his skipper dubiously. "Steve Hansen, it's just a little bit clearer than blue water but if that's th' way you want it, okay with me."

Val Douglas, seated at mess a short while later, felt a tingle that started at her toes and seemed to run to the base of her neck. This, she told herself, was more fun than she'd ever had in her life. She glanced across the table at Barney MacGregor and he gave her a broad wink.

"We're not letting everyone in on this just yet," Hansen whispered to her. "We don't want to take any more chances than we have to. Barney has six of our best men lined up for the job. Figures two to a man ought to be plenty."

He nodded toward a red-headed seaman at the far end of the table. "Mike Kelly, there, used to be a pretty fair heavyweight fighter about six years ago. He says he don't need no help... says he can go out and bring 'em in him self."

Then lowering his voice still further: "You didn't want to go along with the boys by any chance, did you?"

She almost choked on a mouthful of string beans in her haste to reply. "Try and leave me behind!" she flared. "Whose idea was this, anyway?"

"It's liable to be a little dangerous," he said, leading her on. "An' if anything goes wrong you can't afford to be in on th' mess. Which reminds me, if your Uncle Hank gets wind of this we'll be all findin' ourselves lookin' for jobs."

"Uncle Hank is 2000 miles away and he won't be back for a week. And besides, he need never know. As for me, don't worry about my gettin' involved in a mess. I know people who can square any

thing but murder."

"I've seen shanghai parties that have ended in just that." The cold, casual way he said it made Val Douglas shiver just a little.

Barney MacGregor, leading his little party single file along the deserted dock, held up his hand. "We take it easy from here on," he whispered. "Another 300 feet and we'll begin to see more signs of life."

Big Mike Kelly took Val's hand in his. "Stick close to me, kid," he whispered hoarsely. "An' hang onto those ropes. We might have to send these guys back one at a time."

Val nodded. The seaman in front of her had a blackjack sticking out of his hip pocket. The sight of the ugly-looking instrument gave her a momentary feeling of regret about the whole idea. She hoped no one would be hurt.

It was black as pitch. There was no moon and only a few stars showed overhead. Barney MacGregor held up his hand again. "Talk about luck," he whispered excitedly. "Look!"

Walking toward them, a couple hundred feet away, were three men. "Split up, quick!" Barney ordered. "Behind these two sheds."

Val felt her heart racing. All three at one fell swoop! A minute or so later the three men were upon them. Val, flattened out against a wall, held her breath. Barney gave a signal and the six of them catapulted on their three victims.

Val, her eyes wide with excitement, had never seen the likes of this struggle. The three victims fought back savagely, so savagely they made hardly a sound.

One of them caught Barney MacGregor with a right that drove him back six feet. The man dropped another with a terrific left to the chin. He was a wild man, but they closed in on him again. Val gasped when the seaman with the blackjack went to work. He lifted his hand. There was a dull whacking sound and the wild man crumpled.

The other two were subdued in a couple of minutes. "Lucky it's dark," MacGregor muttered. "We're going to have to carry that one guy. He's out cold."

A half hour later Val Douglas stood on the bridge with Captain Steve Hansen as they upped anchor and headed out toward the Golden Gate.

"We've got 'em locked up below, Steve. When do you want to let 'em out?"

"When were about an hour out to sea, I'll go down and talk to 'em," he told her. "I haven't seen 'em yet, y'know."

"Neither have we, hardly. It was so pitch black out and we didn't dare use a flashlight."

They were plowing along at 10 knots by the time Steve Hansen made ready to go below. He had just filled his pipe when Mike Kelly came barging up breathlessly.

"Hey, Skipper... there's been a mistake! Honest, An' guess what?"

Steve Hansen felt a sinking sensation in his stomach. "What kind of mistake?" he inquired with apprehension. "An' don't keep me playin' guessin' games!"

"Those three guys we shanghai'd... they ain't th' guys Barney picked up this afternoon. They're—they're..."

Steve Hansen gripped Kelly's arm savagely as a slow light dawned on Val Douglas.

"Who are they?" Hansen belted.

### Starving Miner Commits Suicide

ZEBALLOS, B. C., April 3.—(Canadian Press)—Wavering lines in a weather beaten diary tell the tragic story of a Vancouver prospector, who after watching his partner die from starvation, apparently ended his own life to escape a similar fate.

Pilot James Hanes of the Glincoo Cootie Airways, sent to hunt for James Ryckman, 58, and A. L. Coombs, 24, of Vancouver, when the pair failed to return from a prospecting expedition, found their bodies yesterday on the shore of Vernon lake, 10 miles north of this west coast Vancouver island mining community.

The diary found on Coombs' body and a bullet in his head were evidence of the disaster that befell the pair. High water made it impossible for them to leave their Lakeside camp, the diary said, and supplies ran out and they were forced to exist on the few squirrels and birds they found in the jungle of spruce and devil's club which surrounds the lake.

Just before the last entry Coombs wrote: "I'm dead a few minutes ago. If I do anything I shouldn't I hope I will be forgiven."

"It is useless to try to walk out—the water is too high."

The entry, written by a weakened hand March 17, said: "I'd like to have my Bible. I'm in the bottom of my park sack. It's too weak to get it. I'd like to have said a prayer for Jim."

The pair left here August 12 and had promised their families to return to Vancouver by March 15.

**Income Tax Survey Shows Higher Oregon Earnings**  
PORTLAND, April 3.—(AP)—A federal income tax survey estimated today that Oregon residents earned 29 per cent more last year than in 1938.

J. W. Moinoney, internal collector of customs, said \$2,151,525 had been collected by April 1, an increase of \$486,000 compared with a year ago. Income filings totaled 33,091 against 25,028 in 1939. Corporations paid \$758,424 against \$582,600 the previous year.

### Slack Suits, \$1.00

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### Movie Travelogue of Alaska to Be Shown Here

A motion picture Alaskan travelogue will be presented at 7:45 o'clock tonight at the Methodist church by W. A. Couden. Mr. Couden has spent many years in Alaska and has traveled extensively over the territory. The picture will include interesting information, it is reported, concerning the Matanuska valley, the location of the federal government's large rehabilitation colony. The program at the church tonight will be open to the public.

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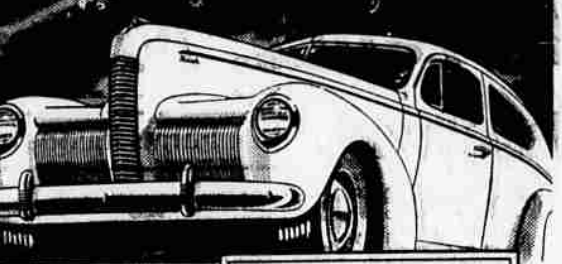
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Back of this invitation to hearty eating is the story of two sharp eyes. They belong to the housewife who planned and prepared the meal. She practiced considerable wizardry in the kitchen, of course. But long before the food even reached her house she had assured the success of her meal.

She read the food advertisements in this newspaper. She selected each item of her meal with studied care. And she set a table fit for a king... on an every-day allowance! By reading the advertisements she served well... and saved money!