

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Every state, county and city official or board that handles public money should publish in the Roseburg News-Review an accounting of it, showing where and how each dollar is spent. This is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

THE itchy foot one of the most pronounced of American characteristics, is going to hand business a \$6,000,000,000 boost this summer.

That's an estimate of what the people of the United States will spend on travel and things connected with it in 1940. That is a tremendous business, the third largest, in fact, in the country.

This year, for the first time in many years, practically all of it will be spent in the western hemisphere, and most of it in the United States and its possessions. Europe is largely closed this year to the traveler, and the quarter of a billion dollars which used to be spent there on a single summer's travel will trickle in western cash registers this season.

The New York and San Francisco fairs will continue to draw their millions. The national parks and favorite domestic summer resorts will again be strong magnets.

But more than ever before, this year will be Pan American year for the wayfarer. Cruises through South American waters, and by air to the southlands are already being booked full.

Many thousands will become acquainted with American territories and possessions for the first time—Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands. Thousands will seize the opportunity to drive across the borders to call on our next-door neighbors, Canada and Mexico. The Rotarians and Lions conventions form an advance guard of a huge tourist invasion of Cuba, and Central and South America are certain to see streams of tourists such as have never flowed southward before.

It is an unparalleled opportunity, with Europe closed, for the American to get acquainted with each other. And it is also a fine chance to solve in some little measure the problem of inter-American trade.

The southern countries, and Canada, all want to buy more American goods. They are handicapped because we buy so little of theirs, and hence send them so few American dollars with which they can buy our exports. But travel is one thing which the other American countries have for sale which we can buy more liberally.

This year it seems certain we're going to do it, with the result that the western hemisphere will have a million new cords of friendship, association and memory binding it together into a unit before 1940 ends.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

dies (which are OUTSIDE our Monroe Doctrine but INSIDE Japan's) the United States will FIGHT.

(If the U. S. fights over the Dutch East Indies, it will be departing from the traditional tradition of the Western Hemisphere and entering into the game of world power politics.)

WARSHIPS of five powers (Britain, France, Turkey, Italy and Russia) are hovering in the vicinity of the Dardanelles, cloaking their presence there by such excuses as "spring maneuvers," etc., but ready to strike if the orders come.

Italy's press is talking Pro-German. (It is a heel-dog press, do

ing what it is told.) Britain's minister of economic welfare, Ronald Cross, says pointedly: "We have no quarrel with friends. But we are plain dealing and plain speaking people and we should like to know WHERE WE STAND WITH Italy."

(One seems to detect clearly in that politely worded statement the presence of an iron hand within the velvet glove.)

THESE possibilities are explosive possibilities. At any moment, SOMEBODY MAY THROW A LIGHTED MATCH. If (or when) the lighted match is thrown, only God in His wisdom knows what may happen—or to whom.

Newbill to Be Shell Co. Manager at Astoria

E. G. (Pete) Newbill, local manager for the Shell Oil company at Roseburg for the past 14 months, has been promoted to the position of manager at Astoria, and left Sunday to assume his new duties. He will return to Roseburg within a few days to assist his successor, Mr. Pounds of Vancouver, Wash., in becoming acquainted with the local work. Mr. Newbill, prior to coming to Roseburg, was situated at Merrill, Oregon. Mrs. Newbill and daughter, Gloria, will remain here until after the close of school.

Hazel Buck, Roseburg Resident, Passes Away

Hazel Buck, 18, daughter of W. B. and Ada Buck, of Roseburg, died at her home here this morning following a prolonged illness. The body has been removed to the Roseburg Undertaking company parlors. Funeral arrangements have not been made.

KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:15—Saverio De Rosa, MBS.
4:30—Ten Time Dance.
5:00—Low Diamond's Orchestra, MBS.
5:15—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltime, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Paging the Past, MBS.
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Dance Orchestra.
8:30—Spring Broadcast Commemorative, Paul Dresser, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Frankie Master's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Bob Crosby's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign off.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:15—Hi-Lights of Farm and Hill.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—News, Hancock Oil Co.
7:45—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:15—This and That in Rhythm.
8:45—Buckeye Four, MBS.
9:00—Symphony.
9:15—Chas. Freshwater's Band, MBS.
9:30—Ma Perkins, Proctor and Gamble, MBS.
9:45—Carters of Elm Street, Ovaltime, MBS.
10:00—Pinto Pete, Copco.
10:15—Streamline Swing, MBS.
10:30—Dance Interlude.
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—Interchange of Scout Ideals, MBS.
11:30—Talk by Winston Churchill, MBS.
11:35—Musical Interlude, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Dance.
12:15—Sport News, Dunham Transfer and Healy Tires.
12:30—Rhythm at Random.
12:45—News, State and Local.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Hearinger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Don Lee School of the Air, MBS.
1:30—The Quiet Hour.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:45—We, the Women, MBS.
3:00—John Arnes, organist, MBS.
3:15—George Duffey's Orchestra, MBS.
3:30—Sands of Time, MBS.
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
4:15—Haven of Rest, MBS.
4:30—Ten Time Dance.
4:45—American Family Robinson.
5:00—Townsend Program, MBS.
5:15—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:30—Console Sketches.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltime, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
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6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Paging the Past, MBS.
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—No. 1 Jordan, Secret agent, MBS.
8:00—European News Roundup, MBS.
8:15—Laff 'n' Sneeze Club, MBS.
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Don't You Believe It, Old Gold Cigarettes, MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Musical Varieties.
10:00—Sign off.

OUT OUR WAY



Drain Blanked By Roseburg Team

Errorless Support Backs 6-Hit Twirling of Barr, Sporer, to Post 5-to-0 Triumph.

By MARSHALL HUNT

Beth's Griffe, Roseburg baseball team, exhibited its talent to a small audience yesterday in a pre-season game on Finlay field and the fans came away well satisfied with the performance after watching the local team, playing without a huddle, defeat the Drain town team 5 to 0 in a scientific way.

Robbed by flawless playing of their comrades, Barr and Sporer, Roseburg pitchers, held Drain in check throughout the game—never allowing more than one hit in an inning. Six hits were all Drain was able to collect from Barr and Sporer, each giving three.

Roseburg's scoring came early in the game. Hill, first man up in the game, lined a grounder to left field, Avery followed immediately with another hit and the runners took second and third on a sacrifice by Baker. Schermer punched a grounder at Roberts, Drain second baseman, which cut through him, allowing Hill and Avery to score easily. The third inning runs came after two were out. Avery fanned, Baker flied out to left field, Shinn walked and came home on Schermer's line drive to right. Cellers, Drain third baseman, fumbled Choney's roller down the third base line and Schermer scored. Avery's two batters scored the final run for the day in the fourth inning. LeMay replaced Turpin on the mound and fanned Miller. A walk was issued Sporer and Hill reached first on Roberts' poor throw. Hill reached second on a steal and Avery smashed a two-lagger to center, sending Hill in with the counter.

Beth's will meet Medford Sunday, May 5, on Finlay field in their opening game in the Southern Oregon league, of which they are a member.

Summary:
Roseburg AB R H PO E
Hill, 1b 5 2 1 2 0
Avery, 2b 5 1 2 2 0
Baker, 3b 3 0 1 1 0
Shinn, cf 2 0 1 1 0
F. Schermer, c 3 1 1 0 0
Choney, 1b 4 1 1 1 0
H. Schermer, ss 1 0 1 2 0
Miller, rf 3 0 0 0 0
Sporer, p 1 0 0 1 0
Barr, p 2 0 0 2 0
Cells, c 1 1 0 3 0
Witcher, cf 1 0 0 0 0

Drain AB R H PO E
J. Cellers, ss 5 0 2 0 0
E. Cellers, 2b 5 0 1 1 0
Javies, 3b 5 0 1 1 0
H. Cellers, rf 2 0 1 0 0
B. Turpin, c 2 0 1 0 0
Gardner, cf 1 0 1 0 0
Weoley, 1b 4 0 1 2 1
Roberts, 2b 4 0 0 3 1
Bruce Turpin, p 1 0 0 0 0
LeMay, c 2 0 0 0 0
Swanson, c 2 0 0 0 0
Cells, p 1 0 0 0 0
Leitel, p 1 0 0 0 0

Errors: Cellers, Jacobs, Weoley, Roberts, Rans batted in Schermer, Avery, 2 base hits, Avery, Cellers, Sacrifice, Baker, Cellers, Left on base, Roseburg 5, Drain 0. Bases on balls, off Turpin 1, off LeMay 1, off Cole 1, off Sporer 2, off Barr 1. Struck out, Sporer, 5 to 3 batters. Barr, 1 in 5 innings, B. Turpin, 1 in 3 innings, LeMay, 1 in 2 innings, Cole, 2 in 2 innings, Mts off Sporer, 3 in 5 innings, off Barr, 3 to 4 batters, off Turpin, 5 to 3 batters, off LeMay, 3 in 3 innings, off Cole, 1 in 2 batters, umpire, Turner.

Feller Blasted From Mound by Detroit Tigers

(By the Associated Press)
American league batters can breathe easier today. Bobby Feller's only human after all. Despite whitewashing the White Sox with a no-hitter opening day, he lasted only three innings yesterday as the Detroit Tigers rapped him solidly

Springfield Wins Three-Way Meet

Victory Over Roseburg High in Relay Event is Decisive; University High Third.

By MARSHALL HUNT

Springfield's strong track and field team defeated Roseburg and University high of Eugene, at Finlay field Saturday, in a triangular meet when they upset the highly touted Roseburg relay quartet in a photo finish, to tally 59 points to Roseburg's 49, University's 29. Had Roseburg won the final event it would have won the meet by a point.

Summary:
120-yard high hurdles—Won by Finlay (R); Byrd (R); Allenbaugh (U); McCready (S). Time: 1:16.8.
100-yard dash—Won by Byrd (R); Olsenbeck (R); Winkley (S); Hand (U). Time: 1:19.5.
Mile—Won by Zybach (S); Palank (S); Knudsen (R); Miller (U). Time: 5:57.
440-yard dash—Won by Olsenbeck (R); Hand (U); Hughes (S); Benedict (S). Time: 5:57.1.
200-yard low—Won by Winkley (S); Finlay (R); Prock (S); Harbert (U). Time: 2:25.
880-yard—Won by Potter (S); Gillespie (S); Giles (R); Macey (S). Time: 2:15.4.
Football throw—Won by DeAumont (U); McCready (S); DeBernard (R); Harbert (U). 166 feet 4.
Discus—Won by Adkinson (U); Pollard (S); Rauch (S); Thompson (R); 98 feet 2.
Pole vault—Won by Warner (S); Moyer (U); Frye (S); Carrell (S). 10 feet 2.
Shot put—Won by Carson (R); Jordan (S); DeAumont (U); Craiger (U); 43 feet 14.
Broad jump—Won by DeAumont (U); Finlay (R); Warner (S); Olsenbeck (R). 19 feet 7.
High jump—Won by DeAumont (U); Moyer (U); Perry (R); McCready (S). 5 feet 5.
880 relay—Won by Springfield (McCready, Prock, Hughes, Winkley); Roseburg; University. Time: 1:41.

University of Oregon, Eugene April 22—June Bennett, Reedsport, has received her second year award, a green letter "O" for excellence in riflery from Sergeant Harvey Blythe, ROTC instructor at the University of Oregon and coach of the co-ed rifle team.

Miss Bennett, a graduate of Reedsport high school, is a junior majoring in history at the university. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil H. Bennett and is affiliated with Alpha Gamma Delta.

Back From Portland—Miss LaVola McMillen, employee in the office of the Lockwood Motor company, returned here last night, following the weekend visit in Portland.

IMPORTANT LARVA

HORIZONTAL
1 Valuable moth larva.
8 It spins a — of strong silk.
12 Billard rod.
13 Snare.
15 Work of skill.
16 Goal post.
17 Planted.
18 Chinese adage.
20 Custom.
21 House cat.
22 Tumor.
24 Male offspring.
25 Pistol.
26 Sound of surprise.
28 Moderated.
31 French soldier.
34 Pernicious.
36 God of war.
37 To recount.
39 Gratification.
40 Split pulse.
41 Paid publicly.
42 To steer wild.
43 Fabulous bird.
47 Eternity.
49 Barking of dogs.
51 Sharp-pointed.
53 Noted the date.
55 Eye.
56 Italian coin.
57 Phantasma.
58 To droop.
60 Name of its moth.
61 Not as short.



REEDSPORT STUDENT WINS AWARD FOR RIFLERY

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SERIAL STORY

K. O. CAVALIER

BY JERRY BRONDFIELD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

VAL DOUGLAS—girl sports writer, shipped on a freighter to find excitement.

EDDIE 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: Eddie and Val escape from their captor, hurry to the Northern Belle. They find Mike Kelly tied up on deck, and the strangers in the hold, trying to damage the machinery. There is a fight, several shots. When it is over, and the strangers captured, Val notices Mike's unconscious on the floor, a pool of blood around his head.

CHAPTER XIX

The acid smell of gunpowder filled the room and made Val cough. She stared with horror at Mike Kelly lying there, inert. And then Steve Hansen was marching them all up on deck.

Barney MacGregor, with two policemen in tow, was dashing up the gangplank.

"We heard shots," Barney yelled. "Where's Steve?"

Grimly, Steve Hansen explained. Then they returned to the hold and carried Mike tenderly up on deck.

One of the officers bent down and made a hurried examination. "This man isn't hurt as bad as you think. Must have been hit by a ricocheted bullet that glanced off his temple."

A vast feeling of relief swept over Val. Good old Mike. With some quick medical attention he'd one night," he said gently.

Then for the first time she felt herself trembling. She covered her eyes with her hands. Steve Hansen went over and put an arm around her shoulders.

"I think you've had enough for one night," he said gently.

Val leaned over the rail in the early morning sun and watched the huge cranes swing aboard the Northern Belle and dip deep into her hold. Steve Hansen, nothing on his pipe alongside her, followed every foot of the journey with hawk-like eyes when the cranes swung out with the Halliday mining machinery.

Val sighed when it was deposited on the dock and transferred to a huge truck which the company had sent down. "That's a relief," she said.

Hansen nodded. "Yeah . . . but it's too bad we can't prove those yeggs were agents of that other line. We know it, of course, but proving it is something else. It's next to impossible. Only satisfaction we have is knowing our playmates of last night will get them a nice long stretch for robbery, attempted vandalism, and a few more charges."

"They're lucky it wasn't murder," said Val. "And Mike Kelly is lucky he has a nice thick skull."

Hansen grinned. "Look at him down there. You'd never know he came within a quarter of an inch of cashing in his chips."

"They didn't know Pop Grimes was behind them until the trainer spoke. 'Unless you folks have serious objections,' he said, 'Eddie and me are going to do a little something to ourselves and this afternoon. About a couple of hours outside of town.'"

"Good," said Val. "I'll go along."

"We ain't walkin', miss, we're runnin'," Pop reminded her casually.

"What's to prevent me from renting a car and driving along behind you?"

Pop shrugged. "You win as usual. We're starting out a couple of hours after lunch, so have your auto ready."

She invited Duffy Kelso to come along, but he refused. "Thanks," he said, "you've got me believin' it's safer to be where you ain't. And for the luvva Pete, make sure you don't run 'em down."

That afternoon for the first time since she left San Francisco, Val wore a dress instead of slacks and shirt. She put on low-heeled shoes and slipped into a beige camel-hair jacket.

"Where's the party?" Steve Hansen inquired. Eddie Cavalier didn't say anything, but she saw the look of startled surprise on his face.

"That's to remind you she's still a lady," Duffy Kelso observed, but Val gave him a stare that he'd heard. Yet, she admitted to herself as they swung off down the dock, Duffy had been partly right. Clever" man, in his way, was Duffy Kelso. Too bad he was soiled on her so. She couldn't help chuckling at the thought of it. He certainly had a right to be.

She could picture Duffy, once they got back to San Francisco. He'd probably try to put an insurmountable barrier between her and Cavalier. Refuse to see her. Make her get her stories second-hand. Make it tough for her in every way imaginable.

Well, she'd had her flingings. Rather futile ones at that. Anyway, she had a hunch that Eddie Cavalier wouldn't be too difficult to reach despite Duffy Kelso. It was just a hunch, but Val Douglas always placed a lot of faith in her hunches.

She asked a policeman where she could rent a car and he directed her to a garage couple of blocks away from the main business section.

She climbed behind the wheel of a shiny blue coupe. It felt good to drive again. She slipped through the noonday traffic and headed back for the waterfront, parking the car close to the pier, close to the Northern Belle, she boarded the ship.

She was just in time for lunch. "Give you a break," she said to Pop Grimes. "I'll drive you out to the other side of town when

you're ready to go."

"Thanks."

"Of course," she lied for Duffy's benefit. "I haven't driven in almost a year, but I think we can stay out of the ditch and avoid the telephone poles."

It was perfect bait. Duffy let out a yelp. "Stay out that car," he ordered Eddie. "She'll get you killed yet."

Eddie grinned. "Calm yourself, Duffy. Can't you see she's just needing you?"

Duffy Kelso glared and put his fork down disgustedly. "Well, anyway, she killed my appetite."

Val found that following behind Eddie and Pop as they jogged along the Skeena River road was a little too slow. She practically had to stay in second gear all the time. It was too boring to suit her.

She honked the horn and drew alongside. "See you snails farther down the road."

She roared off in a cloud of dust. "Didn't think she's last long," Pop grunted. "She just ain't used to staying in the same spot for a long time."

The sun had been shining brightly, but now it moved behind a dark cloud which came up from the northwest. Val hummed to herself as the car purled along the country road. And then it happened. There was a loud report and when the car moved sluggishly toward the side of the road she knew she had a flat.

She got out and looked at the tire with dismay. There was a spare in back, but who was going to change it? She looked up and down the road. There wasn't a house in sight. Nor a gasoline station. Nor any sign of another car.

She climbed behind the wheel and sat there dejectedly.

It was a half hour before she glanced into the rear view mirror and saw Eddie and Pop come over a slight rise in the road. She breathed a sigh of relief.

"Am I glad to see you," she said. "Look what I've got."

She didn't see Eddie nudge Pop Grimes slyly.

"Gee, that's tough," he murmured. "Well—if we come to a garage or gas station we'll send back a mechanic."

And they left her standing there as they jogged off.

(To be continued)

Roseburg High Tennis

Team Beats Marshfield

The Roseburg high school tennis team defeated Marshfield 4 to 3 on the Marshfield courts Saturday, giving the local players their fourth victory in five tournaments. A high wind and dampness around the edges of the court made play very difficult in Saturday's meet. Roseburg plays Eugene here April 25 and may play Marshfield here April