

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Every state, county and city official or board that handles public money should publish at regular intervals an accounting...

WE reproduce below an editorial which appeared in the Portland Oregonian edition of August 14th. This editorial is, in our opinion, so powerful in its theme and so beautifully written that it should be read by everyone:

GRAY SISTER OVER EUROPE

I am the gray sister whose name is Famine, and neither war nor pestilence, nor flood nor flame, has authority such as mine. These come with exclamation but I come in silence...

In times past I have been, as now I shall be, before your Christ came with His gospel, they cast themselves into the Tiber...

When the Persians were fighting the Greeks, it is highly improbable that Darius and Xerxes were fighting Greek forms of government. They merely WANTED GREECE.

HITLER wants world power for himself and Germany and to get it (if he has to) will fight dictators as readily as democracies. If you doubt that, watch what will happen if Stalin gets obstreperous.

In the beginning none listened when another appeared in his hunger, for the weak were the weak, the strong were the strong, and distance was between the peoples...

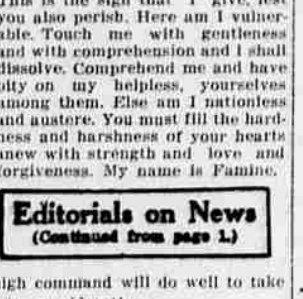
I am the gray sister whose name is Famine. I shall enter into mine own again after this long, long while. And the road that I take is the olden road of the evilness of the hard and cruel heart of man...

OUT OUR WAY

COME ON, CHUCK'S JUST ABOUT READY-- JUST LIKE TH PIONEERS HAD-- COME ON!

NO THANKS, I BROUGHT ALONG A CLEAN SAND-WICH-- I THINK I CAN WAIT TILL I'M BORED WITH WEALTH BEFORE I COME DOWN TO THAT!

I THINK AMBITION CAN BE SO STRONG IT TURNS INTO CONCEIT-- YOU ALMOST GOT ME WISHIN' YOU DON'T GO UP!



THE SURE THING

By Williams

Mine, Hansen Motor Co. 7:15—The Quiet Hour. 7:45—Hancock Ensemble, MBS. 8:00—Tommy Tucker's Orchestra, MBS.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19, 1940 7:00—Stuff and Nonsense, MBS. 7:30—News-Review of the Air. 7:40—State and Local News, MBS.

NOTE, please, that no one is getting up in parliament these days and demanding a statement of British war aims. They're crystal clear now to every Englishman.

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REMAINING HOURS TODAY 4:00—Tony Pastor's Orchestra, MBS. 4:30—Sterling Young's Orchestra, MBS. 5:00—Mystery Hall, MBS. 5:15—National Defense Talk, MBS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1940 8:00—Mendelssohn Male Chorus, MBS. 8:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir, MBS. 8:45—Canary Chorus, MBS. 9:00—March of Health, MBS. 9:15—The Chaplain Speaks, Rev. Perry Smith.

TENNILE TENNILE, Aug. 16. The Reuse Brothers have finished threshing the grain crop for Otto Hubner. Miss Williams Muetzel was shopping and visiting relatives in Roseburg yesterday.

FOXX CLUTS TWO HOMERS IN VICTORY

Boston Slugger Runs His Total Past Gehrig's Feller Wins 21st Battle of Season.

By SID FEDER Associated Press Sports Writer Jimmy Foxx's latest contribution to his record as one of the game's never-to-be-forgotten fellows is in boosting his lifetime total of home runs to 495 with a pair of four-baggers in Boston's tenning 7-6 decision over the Washington Senators yesterday.

Standings

Table with columns for American League and National League, listing teams like Cleveland, Detroit, Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago, Philadelphia, Seattle, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Diego, Sacramento, San Francisco, and Portland with their respective records.

PRIMA DONNA

HORIZONTAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 1 Spanish. 10 Early. 11 poem. 12 Musical work. 13 Pertaining to the nose. 15 Half quart. 16 Roofing material. 17 Work unit. 18 Therefore. 19 Dutch (abbr.). 21 Directed inwardly. 26 Coarse hominy foods. 30 To woo. 31 Single part of face. 33 Note in scale. 35 North Africa (abbr.). 36 Right of holding. 37 Laughter sound. 39 Deity of war. 40 Mime. 42 Railway (abbr.). 43 To stroke gently.

VERTICAL Answer to Previous Puzzle 22 Convent dweller. 23 Astern. 24 Born. 25 Light brown. 27 Form of "be". 28 Myself. 29 She works and lives in the United States. 32 Revolution. 34 Mangle. 37 Pounding tool. 39 Regions. 41 Year (abbr.). 43 Lost to view. 45 Valley. 46 Official interpreter of news. 48 Go on. 49 Taro root. 50 Small Dutch coin. 52 \$3.1416. 54 Brother. 55 Musical note. 56 South Carolina (abbr.). 58 Noun ending the legal rate. 59 Sun god.

Chapter 35 Derek Awakes

Jan heard the tires of a car skid on gravel and heard Derek's voice. His father stood and offered her his arm with grave courtesy and led her inside.

"I wish," he told her when the lights permitted him to look into her young, sad face, "that son of mine would have enough sense to marry a girl like you."

"She thought I don't care about his sense or his cents, if— Oh, she was being foolish again. Derek looked her well enough, no doubt, he was even very grateful to her, she surmised. But love? No. He had his music to love, and Lenore.

Lenore came into the room with him, her long crimson nails bright against the black cloth of his evening coat. She wore a milk cape, huge white orchids pinned to the shoulder, over a sheath of crimson satin the exact color of her nail polish. Her flower-like face was upturned rapturously to Derek's.

"She'll get him," Jan thought sickly. "She had him once and she'll have him again! Rose was right when she said 'She has what it takes.'"

Which premise was borne out as the evening progressed. For Derek no sooner finished greeting his guests, rather Lenore's, than she pleaded he play for them. "One of your own beautiful compositions, darling."

Derek declined brusquely. Jan, brought close to him by his father, observed the familiar, violent look on his face. His meeting with his mother could not have been happy, she thought pityingly. But he brightened a little when he took Jan's hands and said: "I'm sorry I couldn't pick you up."

Lenore appeared astounded. "Why, Ricky," she reproached, "why didn't you tell me we were supposed to call for Mrs. Merriner? We could have taken her to the boat with us." She turned a brilliant smile on Jan. "The Countess is so charming! I'm giving a tea for her day after tomorrow and you must come, my dear," she said.

Derek's father grunted audibly. "How is your mother, Derek?" he asked. "Looking about twenty-five," Derek said. "The Count is with her. I see you've met Jan."

"Yes, Jan put in hurriedly, "I must leave here very early. Derek, I promised Lance I'd be at the hospital before eight in the morning."

"I'll call you around noon," Derek said, genuine sympathy in his deep voice. "Is there anything I can do for him or for you?" Just then a dark-haired girl linked her arm through Lenore's and peered in astonishment at Jan. "I've seen you before," she asserted. "This summer—Los Angeles—I have it! You were sketching portraits in a quaint Mexican street! Fifty cents for a picture in fifteen minutes, wasn't it? It must have been just too amusing!"

"I'll Pay You" Everyone within earshot was looking at Lenore when Jan observed. She called quietly, "It took me twenty minutes and it wasn't particularly amusing. I did it for a living. I worked there most of the summer."

"Good for you," Derek said. "I'll wager you picked up some valuable experience." He beamed upon her proudly, much to Lenore's not quite concealed annoyance. She said swiftly, sweetly, to Jan: "Then perhaps you would bring along your crayons, pencils, or whatever it is you use and sketch some portraits at my tea for the Countess. I'll say you well of course."

Derek frowned, but Jan, her lips tightening, said: "Thank you, I shall be glad to help entertain your guests."

"In costume, of course," Lenore prodded. "As you wish."

The awkward moment lasted until Lenore bore Derek away to the next room. He looked back over his shoulder at Jan and made a frightful face.

"She usually gets her way," said Gregory Knowles. He patted Jan's shoulder. "Never mind her, my dear. Would you favor a willing but somewhat rusty old man with a dance?"

"The ballroom, she found, was downstairs, a long bare room with polished floor, a small orchestra at one end, a scattering of chairs at the sides. "If," said Gregory Knowles as they waited, "I were twenty years younger I'd court you myself, Miss Merriner!"

By Frances Hanna

HIGH TIDE

touch for music; I'd lost my faith in you and, I thought then, faith in everyone and everything else. I even tried to destroy myself. Jan pulled me out of the water and showed me what an ignorant, egotistical fool I'd been. She put me back on my mental as well as physical feet. If it hadn't been for her my Concerto would never have been written nor played. But, Lenore, I wasn't really my own man again until I saw you at the beach and realized what you are and that you probably can't help it. There was nothing left of my emotion, either love or hate, for you. You can't touch me again, Lenore, ever."

"Famous Last Word" Her long nails curved in against her palms. "I suppose it's that stupid, childish artist, Ricky. She's obviously in love with you."

"She is not!" he scoffed, then chuckled. "You should have seen her, such a little bit of a thing, driving me to work, clubbing me into scraping carrots and washing dishes, threatening me with starvation if I didn't bring home more money, giving me wild compliments for getting into a fight and telling me I was shiftless and no account! She made a man of me in spite of myself. But love me? What utter nonsense, Lennie. We're good friends, that's all."

"Famous last words," Lenore thought, and said to him, "I'm sorry, darling, and I hurt you. So, I don't blame you for not trusting me. I'll make it up to you, I promise." She slipped her slim white arm over his shoulders, locked her hands behind his neck and pressed her lips to his mouth.

He suffered her a moment before roughly disengaging her clasped hands. He heard a door slam; heard heavy footsteps. "Well," he demanded his father, tossing his cigar into the garden, shoving his hands into his coat pockets, "are you going to marry Lenore?"

"Not!" Derek declared violently. "I'm not. Nor anybody else."

Lenore gasped. "I don't know what's wrong with him," she pined, "but he's not a man with a wife of his own. Perhaps his success has unbalanced him."

"I hope so," said Gregory Knowles. "Give the Countess my best regards when you see her."

Lenore glared at both men, turned with stiff dignity into the house, leaving them alone.

"Where is Jan?" Derek asked, suddenly wanting to be with her, his heart still thudding strangely from the shock of Lenore's assertion that Jan loved him, even though he didn't for a moment believe it.

"Jenkins is driving her home. She came with me just now to tell you goodnight. By accident, descending the stairs on the charming scene you presented with Lenore in this plain moonlight! Derek, you're a fool!" He stamped off into the garden.

Derek rested his long, lazy length on the wide railing, not feeling the chill breeze on his face, not hearing the noise from within the house. So Jan thought he and Lenore—could Lenore possibly be right about Jan? No. Yes. Perhaps. Damn it all, he didn't want Jan laboring under false delusions! And why didn't he?

His eyes closed. He was again, in fancy, living in the old red house, surrounded by cringing hamburger stands and riotous confusion. He saw Jan, a battered straw hat over her sunburned face coming in with a morning's catch of fish; Jan, miserable and forlorn over Lance and Rose and Norma; Jan, dancing in his arms, six dances for a quarter. Clinging to him he was no good. Adopting him into her family, adding his burden to her already heavily loaded young shoulders, ordering him to work, to practice, to rehabilitate himself, and all of the time knowing nothing about him, taking him as was! Wait—that hadn't she'd bawled him out, hadn't she said—"I wanted to help you. I had faith in you." Yes, she had. He'd forgotten, lost himself in his music, put her words away in a safety deposit vault of his mind, determined for months to think of nothing but his beloved Concerto, his gift for creating which had miraculously returned. And not so miraculously, either. Jan had awakened him, given him spiritual as well as physical life. What if something should happen to her, all alone in New York?

He stood a, trembling all over with imagined shock and horror, feeling empty and lost and alone in a world he neither trusted nor liked.

"I love her," he said out loud, astonished to hear himself saying those three words. "I love her."

Upstairs, Lenore tugged Derek out to the veranda, determined to utilize the obliging moon, the semi-darkness, the heavy perfume of flowers from the garden beyond, to bring about a proposal of marriage. Her silver voice caressed him, breaking a little as she murmured, "Ricky, I've been such a fool. We all were. I mean about your music. You are a genius, a great composer and we were so unfortunately stupid about it. And Ronnie—well, I told you he was just a romantic interlude. You must understand, Ricky. These last months I learned how much you mean to me. I love you so, my dear." Her voice dropped to the proper emotional degree and she lifted her fragile, pointed face to his.

Regarding her, his black eyes were cold, inscrutable, yet a smile turned up the corners of his mouth. "Meeting you again, being with you, is the best thing that ever happened to me," he repeated what he'd said last night to Jan. "Then I am forgiven?" she pointed. "You are blessed!" he answered her. "I went through my own private emotional hell after I found you out. I'd lost my feeling, my

Publisher, Singer Dated On Symphonic Program

Marion Claire, lyric soprano, and Colonel Robert R. McCormick, editor and publisher of the Chicago Tribune, will be featured on KHRM Mutual Don Lee's "Symphonic Hour" Sunday, Aug. 18, from 8 to 8:30 p. m. PST.

Colonel McCormick will deliver a short address. Miss Claire, accompanied by the orchestra, directed by Henry Weber, will sing Debussy's "Recueillement, When Love is Kind, and with the chorus joins in rendering Themes from Oscar Strauss. The orchestra will play Borodin's "On the Steppes of Central Asia," Goldmark's "In the Garden," and Gies's "Oh, Light Gracious Day." Production of the Symphonic hour is under direction of William A. Bacher, and musical commentary is written by Cecil Smith.

"I'm going to tell her so, and I hope Lenore, for once in her life, told the truth!" (To be continued)

DAILY DEVOTIONS DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

Why do we suffer? The question is so often asked and it is not easy to suffer without questioning. So sometimes we bring suffering on ourselves, but this does not explain all suffering, because the innocent suffer as well as the guilty. The fact seems to be that the guilty are responsible for the suffering of the innocent. A wicked husband and father brings suffering upon his innocent wife and children. They do not suffer because they have sinned. They suffer because he has sinned. Their suffering is due to sin. We must at times be silent about some kinds of suffering. No explanation satisfies. But in general it is plain that most suffering is because of sin. Sin has disordered the whole world, and the disorder of the world lies back of the world's pain. To some extent we are all guilty, because "we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God," but we often suffer far beyond the measure of our sin. Jesus suffered, though He was wholly free from sin. He suffered for our sins, and carried them to the cross for us. With His help we may face our suffering bravely, and count it all joy, for if we suffer with Him, we shall share His glory. Amen.

What's in the Air

Yes, Oscar, this symphonic music is really the berries. WGN SYMPHONIC HOUR Sunday, 6:05 P. M.

I suggest, old man, if you want to know all there is to know about the public power question, tune in THE AMERICAN FORUM OF THE AIR Sunday, 4:00 P. M.

So you're an orphan, are you, sorry. Maybe you can find a home if you listen to NOBODY'S CHILDREN Sunday, 12:30 P. M.

HIGHLIGHTS ON SUNDAY'S PROGRAM 8:00—Mendelssohn Male Chorus. 10:30—Palmer House Concert Ensemble. 1:00—Chicago Land Music Festival. 3:00—William C. Bullitt, Ambassador to France. 7:45—Hancock Ensemble. 8:15—Pastor's Study. 9:00—Newspaper of the Air.

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