

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 at regular intervals an accounting of it, showing where and how each dollar is spent. This is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

WHAT the president said Sunday night was a composite summing up of what has been said around dinner tables and in family and group discussions for some weeks. We do not want to live in a world dominated by the dictators. We want to do everything in our power to prevent that from happening. England is fighting the fight now that may save us from facing a future controlled by force rather than by reason and cooperation. All these things are things we think, and it was pleasing to have them gathered up and expressed to the world in a radio broadcast by our president.

It was also pleasing to us, and must have been most heartening to the British who were listening, to hear the president predict victory for England and for the democratic way of government.

What many of us wished most to hear the president give in his talk was factual information concerning the progress we are making toward preparing to defend our continent and toward giving additional aid to our allies. That will probably come a little later. When you stop to think of it, we had not yet been officially informed as to our government's actual status with respect to the war. The Sunday evening address gave us that information. To have discussed planes and armies and munitions of war without first having stated our relationship to the situation might have been considered premature. To have done both in one address might have been entirely too much.

Then, too, we must consider that such a radio address is extremely public. Certainly it would not be advisable to report to our axis enemies in detail concerning our productive capacity and delivery.

It may have been noted that in the above lines the words "allies" and "enemies" have been used. Prior to the Sunday night radio broadcast they could not reasonably have been used in an editorial.

Now it is known to all the world that we are definitely allied with England and that the axis powers are identified as our enemies.

Was it a declaration of war? We do not think that interpretation need be put upon the president's words. He indulged in plain statements of facts concerning our sympathies. They need not be an act. If Hitler wishes to continue a war against us—openly, that is, and not by the secret building of plants—he can and will do so. But whatever happens along that line, the world now knows how this government, as told by its chief executive, stands—and it is just as well to have such cards right out on the table.

Editorials on News (Continued from page 1.)

arrow, just as James Watt's mind moved logically from the teakettle lid lifted by the steam to the idea of the steam engine.

Whatever progress human beings have made since their dim beginnings is due chiefly to active, inquiring and LOGICAL minds.

State Marks Best Business In Ten Years

Defense Program Contracts Aid
Materially in Boost;
Finding Men for Jobs to
Be Problem in 1941.

(By the Associated Press)
Oregon will enter in 1941 to the tune of pounding hammers and whirling saws, marking the end to 1940—in many lines the best business year in a decade—and the beginning of an even bigger year.

The prospect of soon hearing the rat-a-tat-tat of riveting guns in waterfront shipyards at Portland cheered businessmen.

Although the defense program hardly has been felt in Oregon, in contrast with other sections of the Pacific coast, \$50,000,000 in defense projects already has been contracted or allocated. Millions more—officials say \$75,000,000 seems fairly certain—are expected to come to Oregon as rearmament gets into full swing.

Some 1940 achievements were passed in review by bankers and industrialists, including:

1. Spending or contracting for \$10,000,000 in new plant construction and expansion in the Portland industrial area, including Vancouver, Wash. Employment will be increased as these go into production or increase operations in 1941.

2. Northwest lumber business boomed and spokesmen saw no reason to suppose it would slacken in the new year. Fir production reached approximately 6,250,000,000 board feet by late in December, an increase of more than 500,000,000 board feet over the 1939 total. Unfilled orders are 25 per cent ahead of a year ago.

3. Production will exceed 5,200,000,000 board feet, only slightly below the all-time record established in 1929.

4. The Iron Pipe and Foundry Co. of Portland started producing parts for Boeing bombers in 1940, letting sub-contract to many other Oregon firms. The income will reach several millions of dollars.

5. Shipyard men say more activity of that nature is in prospect.

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OUT OUR WAY



PREPARING FOR THE WORST

RAMBLINGS

By PAUL JENKINS

Calif. is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Raymond, during the holiday season. His sister, Miss Evelyn Raymond of Eugene, also was here for Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richardson of Loraine arrived here the first of the week to spend the holidays with Mrs. Richardson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Rector.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Rogers and their family of Oakridge are also guests at the Rector home. Mrs. Rogers is Mrs. Rector's daughter.

Carl C. Hill left Tuesday morning for Portland where he will attend to business matters. While there he also planned to attend the meeting of the state highway commission scheduled for Friday.

Al Moore of the Tiller CCC camp has been a guest at the David Crispin home during the Christmas holidays.

Alva Matthews, who is employed by the Southern Pacific, was a guest Sunday at his home.

Glen Boyd, who is headquarters clerk for the 18th infantry returned to Camp Murray Thursday following several days' visit here at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Boyd, Ronald Boyd, who is a student at the University of Illinois, also is here.

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I DROVE to the Elkton country last Friday to see the Saint Bernard dogs which Mr. and Mrs. Henry Powell raise there. The Powells live on the Gorman, or old Atwood Haines ranch, four miles this side of Elkton on the river road.

I fully intended to get some pictures of these splendid dogs of theirs; but evidently Friday wasn't any day to do things right. The reason why I failed to my pictures becomes another story.

Mrs. Powell imported the adult Saint Bernard male which she has from Saskatchewan, Canada. He weighs at present two hundred ten pounds, and has a pedigree as long as the road from here to that country, almost. He's a two-year-old animal, one of the finest and probably the very finest I ever have seen. He stands thirty-six inches high at the shoulders and has a head the size of one the morning after New Year's.

The adult female owned by the Powells is of the Poodle variety. But the big dog takes one's breath away when he's around. It's different this way with dogs, than it is with humans.

Four puppies, now four months old, were romping about the place while I was there—about the size of calves already.

It takes something more than plain money to purchase a Saint Bernard such as the Powells have. But somehow or other they are worth it. Saint Bernards are such dignified dogs—no always paying a fellow to death, or snapping at him.

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My heels, or barking like fools. They are fine playmates for children too, I have heard.

Mrs. Powell is leaving with the big male for San Francisco next month, to enter him in one of the world's important shows to be held there at that time. If he doesn't win a blue ribbon I'll be surprised.

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By Williams

SERIAL STORY

CHRISTMAS RUSH

BY TOM HORNER

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YESTERDAY: The family discover Valerie really has an attractive personality, welcome her into the circle. At an "engagement party" the doctor announces he has found a job for Jerry at \$25 a week, and a little house for the newlyweds. Jerry is happy. Valerie is obviously disturbed. That salary won't even buy her clothes.

VAL SEES THE 'DREAM HOUSE' CHAPTER VII

"Val will understand after I talk to her tomorrow," Jerry told his father as they sat before the dying fire. "All this has come rather sudden. It will take a little time for her to get her feet on the ground. But you can count on Val. I'm sure of that. Dad, isn't she wonderful?"

Hugh Connolly nodded, puffed his pipe in silence. They were alone. Martha had led Valerie upstairs, to stay in the guest room. Mary had moved in with the twins for the night. Valerie might have preferred to remain with Jerry and his father—perhaps to continue the discussion of finances that had almost precipitated a quarrel—but Martha had been insistent, suggesting that Jerry might enjoy "maut-tak" with his father. And since Jerry had not objected—

"Yes, you don't have to worry about Val," Jerry continued. "It's difficult for her for a while, getting used to living on a salary—my salary—but we'll make it."

"She has never been taught to economize. Her father and mother have lots of money, and Val is an only child. Why, Dad, her spending money allowance at school is more than my salary will be."

"You won't be able to support that big car," the doctor suggested. "We'll keep it, since it belongs to Val," Jerry agreed. "But I can walk to work, and we won't be going out much."

"Your Mother and I will buy your share of your car—the one you gave you and the girls—this Christmas," the father went on. "That will give you a little cash reserve. You'll have to watch the pennies, though, Jerry. Once you're married you're entirely on your own. You'll have to budget every dollar. Your insurance is all paid for a year, at least. So you don't have to worry about that."

"Gee, Dad, there's a lot more to think about when you get married than just finding the right girl, isn't there?"

"There is, son—a lot more to think about."

The house on Front street was everything the doctor had predicted and more. Front street was not the best residential district in town, but it was entirely acceptable. Most of the wealthier families lived farther west, in the newer additions, but at some time or other a wise contractor had built this little home, apparently for newlyweds.

The owner was waiting for them when they arrived. The doctor and his wife in Dr. Connolly's car, the twins in their Christmas present, Mary, Valerie and Jerry in Valerie's coupe. Mary had not wanted to come but Valerie would not let her stay away. In fact Valerie seemed to cling to Mary as her sole ally against the family.

It was strange that she should choose her rival in love as her champion, but it might have been that she felt a common bond in being not entirely accepted into the Connolly inner circle. At any rate, Mary was definitely on Valerie's side, whether she enjoyed the role or not. And if she did not like it, she did not reveal it.

"It's adorable," Mary exclaimed as they entered the cottage. "Val, you'll love it. It's a dream house. Val refused to be impressed. "It's so small—so crowded."

"But we won't have much furniture at first," Jerry reminded her. "And no dining room."

"But this breakfast nook—it's big enough. Besides you won't be doing much entertaining."

"We'll set the table in the living room when we have company."

"There's hardly room to turn around in the kitchen."

"You'll never get longsome here, not like you would in a big hotel. Our first 'afternoon' will have a store," Martha recalled, laughing. "Can you ever forget it, Hugh? Your office in the front, and the kitchen and bedroom in the back. I had to go to bed every time Hugh had a patient."

"Which wasn't often," Hugh added.

You should have seen our quarters in the flood zone in China," Mary put in. "Shanghai was all right, but when Daddy was ordered up the river—and Bill and I refused to stay in the city alone. All the discomforts of a home."

The owner led them downstairs. "New furnace . . . plenty of laundry space."

"You'll have plenty of chances to get acquainted with this furnace," Jerry, Dr. Connolly said. "And you, too, Valerie. Place shouldn't be hard to heat, though."

"Val—Val!" That was Jerry, but he couldn't stop her. "I think you planned it all. A big surprise. . . . You knew I wouldn't stand for it. You don't want me to marry your son. All right—I won't! If I have to live in a crackerbox—if I have to fix a furnace, wash clothes—I won't marry him—"

"Val, you don't know what you're saying," Mary tried to calm her. "Dr. and Mrs. Connolly were only trying to help."

"I won't! I won't!" Valerie was screaming now. She turned on Jerry. "You can have your doll house and your \$25-a-week job. But I don't go with it!"

She turned, ran up the stairs. They heard her heels pounding over the bare floors, the slam of the front door.

Dr. Connolly was the first to break the silence that followed. "Valerie is mistaken, son," he said. "Your mother and I had no intention of hurting her feelings. This is a good house, as good as you can afford. You could be very happy here—as happy as Mother and I were in our three rooms."

"If Valerie marries you, she will have to learn to live on your salary—unless you are willing to live on your wife's income. That means cooking, doing housework, even taking care of a furnace and doing your own washing. It won't be easy, at first."

But Jerry wasn't listening. "You did plan all of this," he interrupted savagely. "You and Mother. You brought Val here to show her up. You don't like her, and you don't want me to marry her. You want me to go on studying medicine so I can go on running my life for you."

"I will pick out our own house—and I'll find my own job. Without any help from you. We'll get away from this town—away from you—all of you!"

He was gone then, racing after Val.

They heard him start a car, the Christmas present. Dr. Connolly slipped his arm around his wife. "They won't be taking the house," he said to the owner. Mary fingered the furnace, cold and metallic, tenderly. "I love it," she whispered. But no one heard her.

(To be continued)

KRRR
Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Dance Time.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Sands of Time, MBS.
5:00—Varieties.
5:15—East-West Football Preview, MBS.

5:30—To Be Announced.
5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
6:15—Dinner Music.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—To Be Announced.
7:00—Hendrik Willem Van Loon, MBS.

7:15—Dance Time.
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades MBS.
7:45—Chick Mauller's Orchestra, MBS.
8:00—Laugh 'N' Swing Club, MBS.
8:30—Shep Field's Orchestra, MBS.
8:45—Sammy Kaye's Orchestra, MBS.

8:55—New Year From N. Y. Times Square, MBS.
9:01—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Dance Orchestra.
9:31—Herbie Holmes' Orchestra, MBS.
9:45—Dick Jurgens' Orchestra, MBS.

10:00—Chicago Greets New Year, MBS.
10:02—Haven of Rest, MBS.
10:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1
8:00—Breakfast Club, MBS.
8:30—News, MBS.
8:45—Religious New Year Greeting to America's Armed Forces, MBS.
9:00—John A. Brown, Organist.

9:15—Dick O'Hearn, Tenor, MBS.
9:30—Morning Varieties.
9:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
10:00—Lady of Millions, Copco.
10:15—Winger and Alexander, MBS.
10:30—Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.

10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Bachelor's Children, MBS.
11:00—Cotton Bowl, Football Game, Knox Gelatin Co., MBS.
1:45—Shrine East-West Football Game, Gillette Razors, MBS.
4:45—The Quiet Hour.
5:15—Ray Nabek's Orch., MBS.
5:30—Dance Time.
5:45—Song Spinners, MBS.
6:00—To Be Announced, MBS.
6:15—Griff Williams' Orch., MBS.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—The Answer Man, Van Dyke Cigars, MBS.

7:00—Dance Orch.
7:15—Art Linkletter, MBS.
7:30—Lane Ranger.
8:00—Freddy Martin's Orch., MBS.

8:15—Phyllis Harris' Orch., MBS.
8:30—Adventure in Rhythm, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

May the blessing of the God rest upon thee. May the Sun of Glory Shine around thy head. May the gates of plenty honor and happiness be always open to thee and thine. May no strife disturb thy days nor sorrow thy nights. May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek. May the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams and when thou art weary of joy. May the curtains of death gently close around the last scene of thine existence. May the angels of God attend the bed and take care that the expiring lamp of life receive not one rude blast. To hasten its existence and this is my wish for the readers of my devotions for 1941. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee and give thee peace, and be gracious unto thee, and lift up thy countenance upon thee.

las on Wednesday between the powerful Fordham squad and the Texas A. & M. eleven. The broadcast will begin at 11:00 a. m.

Elson is one of the best all-around sports announcers in the country. He was the recipient of the 1940 "Sporting News" award, naming him the best baseball announcer. He has covered most of the outstanding grid games in the midwest this season.

Student Assn. Quits "Radical" Youth Congress

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Dec. 31.—(AP)—The National Student Federation of America has divorced itself from the American Youth congress, which it helped form six years ago, because of the congress' alleged radical tendencies.

The congress "is not fulfilling its avowed aim of representing the American youth," the NSFA asserted in a resolution adopted by a \$7.24 vote last night at the close of a three-day convention.

Prior to the NSFA's decision to withdraw from the youth congress, Miss Frances Williams of Westfield, N. J., national administrative secretary of the congress, who was present as an observer, denied its general policies were radical, despite the presence in the congress of the young communist league.

Officers Installed by Elkton Masonic Lodge

ELK