

**Roseburg News Review**

Issued Daily Except Sunday by the  
News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .... Editor

Entered as second class matter  
May 17, 1929, at the post office at  
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of  
March 2, 1878.

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## Local News

**Hero Yesterday**—Earl Sumner, of Days Creek, was a business visitor in this city yesterday.

**Spend Day Here**—Mr. and Mrs. Donald Snyder, of Canyonville, spent a few hours in this city yesterday on business.

**Days Creek Visitors Here**—J. D. and Jay Wright, of Days Creek, were business visitors in this city yesterday.

**Improving**—Mrs. L. Kohligen, Sr., is reported to be improving in health at her home on Military street, where she has been ill for several weeks.

**Goes to Portland**—Mrs. W. M. Chalmers, of this city, left this morning for Portland to spend a short time visiting her daughter, Miss Ada Jane, who is attending business college there.

**Returns to Los Angeles**—Mrs. Antone Shukle left today for Los Angeles to resume her duties as a nurse at the veterans hospital, following a couple of weeks in this city.

**Will Go to Portland**—Mrs. W. R. Chrisler, of this city, and her mother, Mrs. Eula McBrien, of Los Angeles, plan to leave Sunday for Portland to spend a few days.

**Spend Day Here**—Colin Young, district warden of the Coos County Forest Protective association, Mansfield, and Jim Moran, assistant state forester from Salem, were business visitors here yesterday.

**Arrives From Eugene**—Carlton Wilder, student at University of Oregon, arrived here last evening to spend the weekend visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Wilder.

**It was, unfortunately, six years before Europe began to take Adolf Hitler seriously. The world did not take him seriously when he said to a mass meeting shortly after becoming chancellor:**

"We want to break with what a rotten brand of democracy has produced and realize that all that is great can be produced only by the strength of individual personality and that all that is to be preserved must be entrusted again to ability and individual personality, while the parliamentary-democratic system must be fought."

The average reader shrugged and added mentally, "In Germany." And he didn't care much what happened with Germany, especially since it had been teetering on the edge of going communist anyway. So we all turned to our own domestic troubles, which were plenty.

Had Hitler confined himself to abolishing parliamentarian government within Germany, nobody would have cared much, except those Germans who still loved liberty (and there were some). But next came the effort to extend the Hitlerian sway to Germans outside Germany; later, the effort to extend it to Czechs, Poles, Norwegians, Dutch, Belgians, French and Danes.

Thus the smallness, once again, of our complex world. An obscure and rather ridiculous appearing politican comes to power in Germany in 1933, and at the end of 1939 nine nations grovel in the dust of conquest and a coral atoll in the far South Seas is shelled by a passing raider. So far echo the repercussions of that Jan. 23, 1933.

Now at last we learn that when Hitler said, just after becoming chancellor, "the parliamentary-democratic system must be fought," he meant just that.

**Editorials on News**  
(Continued from page 1)

STRAINED to provide the physical implements of defense (guns, ships, tanks, planes, etc.) there can be NO DIVISION OF OPINION on this point.

Weapons for defense HAVE TO BE PAID FOR. The only way to pay for them is to DO WITHOUT some of the things

in time of peace.  
In other words, save up to buy bonds.

**THERE** is an old and exceedingly sound proverb to the effect that you can't have your cake and eat it, too.

If we are to have adequate defense weapons (guns, ships, tanks, planes, etc.) we can't go on consuming automobiles, radios, washing machines, etc., in the volume to which we have become accustomed.

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OREGON NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates  
Daily per year by mail.....\$1.66  
Daily, 4 months by mail.....2.58  
Daily, 3 months by mail.....1.25  
Daily, by carrier per month.....7.50  
Daily, by carrier per year.....7.86

Every state, county and city officer is urged that handles public money should publish at regular intervals an accounting of it, showing where and how this is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

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**Leave for Los Angeles**—Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sommer, of this city, left today for Los Angeles to make their home. Mrs. Sommer was formerly Vera McClintock of this city.

**Arrives From College**—Bertram Shoemaker, student at University of Oregon, arrived here Friday evening to spend the weekend visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. R. Shoemaker, on Blakely street.

**Go to Game**—H. B. Carter took the following junior high students to Ashland to the basketball game yesterday: His daughter, Shirley, Eleanore McMillen, Jean Erno, Jane Ellsworth, Dick Carmichael, Varney Barker, Jeanne Dillard and Carol Kerr.

**Nurses Association to Meet**—District No. 11, of the Oregon State Nurses association will hold its regular meeting at 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, Jan. 14, at the nurses home at the Veterans Administration Facility. A program will follow the business session.

**Go to Portland**—Mr. and Mrs. Jack Chapman left Friday for Portland to remain until Tuesday visiting friends and attending to business. They were accompanied as far as Mills City over by the former's mother, Mrs. W. F. Chapman, and her grandson, Fritzie Chapman, Jr., Jeanne Dillard and Carol Kerr.

**Thus the smallness, once again, of our complex world. An obscure and rather ridiculous appearing politican comes to power in Germany in 1933, and at the end of 1939 nine nations grovel in the dust of conquest and a coral atoll in the far South Seas is shelled by a passing raider. So far echo the repercussions of that Jan. 23, 1933.**

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**Stop Here**—Major and Mrs. A. G. Skelton and daughter, Suzanne, and son, Robert, stopped over here this week for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Taylor en route to San Diego, Calif., from Bremerton, Wash. Mr. Skelton was formerly stationed in Roseburg by the state highway commission. He was transferred to Salem and then to Portland, where he was called into army service in November and stationed at Bremerton.

**Sen Is Born**—According to announcements received here yesterday, a son, Robert Edmund, weighing eight pounds, twelve ounces was born at Sacred Heart hospital in Eugene, December 10 to Mr. and Mrs. E. Montieth of that city. Mr. Montieth is well known here, having traveled for several years for Zellerbach Paper company and is now a sales man for the Pioneer Grocery company, with headquarters in Eugene.

**we have been enjoying in time of peace.**  
In other words, save up to buy bonds.

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## OUT OUR WAY



By Williams

## ● SERIAL STORY

### CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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**YESTERDAY:** Martha Marshall had been engaged to Paul Elliott for two years before she met Bill Marshall, Paul's school chum. And she had married Bill less than a month later. Now, still a bride, she and Bill make a foursome with Paul and Suzanne Decker. Comes registration for draft. Bill is in class 1, since Martha is financially independent and Bill's work is not essential to defense. Then one day, there is a letter for Bill. He has been drafted.

**Chapter Two**  
She seemed to hear him saying it again. "I've been drafted." And the room was still swimming around her.

"Honey," Bill pleaded. "Darling, don't look like that. It's nothing. If I have to go, I have to go."

Martha steadied herself. Her husband's face came back into focus. She saw his crisp dark curls, the tightened line of his lips. Her fingers went up, to pat his cheek.

So he had been conscripted, after all. There was nothing they could do to change it. He would go away. For a whole year. His country needed him. The United States of America . . .

Her thoughts flitted in and out like little darting birds. Bill would be a soldier. But there was no war. Only a precaution, a defense. Only a year in an army camp. Duty . . .

"Lots of men enlist," Bill was saying softly. "Lots of men join the army for a career."

His arms were around her. He kissed her. "It'll only be like—like having a job out of town. Martha. You could come up to camp weekends. I'll be home on leave sometime."

"Why, Bill, you—you talk as if you're used to it already." He was accepting it. He was not rebellious.

Something stabbed at her heart as she realized that almost this might be an adventure for him. A change. Something different. Perhaps, he even welcomed it.

Bill was like that. He had curiosity and a boundless thirst for excitement. Marriage had not settled him.

She said softly, "Maybe it'll be fun for you, Bill." She thought tenderly, "Like a little boy. Playing soldier."

They walked out into the street. Peg, so rusty and dilapidated, so contrary, was suddenly dear. "It's a good thing we have Peg," she said. "I can drive up to see you."

"Yes, if the camp's not over 10 miles away, I wonder—where do they send the men from this vicinity?" He added thoughtfully. "Funny, how you never give the army a thought. I bet I can't name two forts, off hand. And what I remember from ROTC drill in high school, you could stick in the eye of a needle."

Separation. She looked at him hungrily. She must remember the line of his jaw, the blue of his eyes, the way his hands were big and capable on the wheel. She bit her lip. They had never been separated, not even for a night, since the minister had said the solemn words over them.

And now, they'd be apart for a year. A whole year. It stretched before her, barren and endless.

"In case I never told you, be good," Bill was saying. "I love you, Martha."

"In case I never told you," she whispered. "I love you, Bill Marshall."

He straightened his shoulders. "I'll break the news to them at the store." He was struck by another thought. "I wonder if I'll get the job back afterward."

"There's a law about it. They have to take you back." "Yes, if the guy who comes after me doesn't let a lot of deadbeats walk out with diamond rings so there won't be any store to come back to." He stopped. "You know, I always meant to get you a ring, Martha. Better than the one—the one—the one Paul had given her."

"Don't, sweet." "But I should have saved my money. I didn't."

"I've got a ring," she said. "The only one I want."

His hand closed over hers.

At the Air Transport plant, Martha said, "I'll ask for time off. I want to stay with you every minutes, until you leave."

She stumbled as she got out of the car. The blood pounded in her ears. It seemed to her almost as though she was saying farewell to the gay and careless life they had known until now. Saying farewell to the laughter and dancing and the irresponsibility.

The country had given her husband a stern duty to perform; and she, as his wife, had her part in it, too. She'd have to stay home, alone and waiting. She'd have to come to this office every morning. Not as before, simply because it made things easier—but because now there'd be her own living to make.

## DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

The essentials of religion are few and very simple, and are fittingly summed up in the words of the prophet Micah. "To do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God." Here is a common ground for every religious faith, Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Hindu, Confucian and Mohammedan, all can unite here. No matter how differently they may express their varying beliefs in words, here is a way of life which makes all religion fundamentally one, for a man's religion is his sincere and earnest endeavor to live according to the light within him. It is perfectly expressed in a man when he lives in the best way known to him. For the Christian, the way is Christ, Christ the power of God. While the essentials of a religious life have always been the same in all religions, it is Christianity alone that supplies the power to put them into action, to make precepts live. A man may struggle on alone to be just and merciful and humble, and in a measure succeed, but Christianity offers him a dynamic to assure success. Amen.

was running along beside the train, her eyes on Bill's face. "Goodby, darling. Goodby." But she wanted another moment of seeing him. She ran as if, somehow, she could keep up. As if somehow, she could prevent being left behind.

But inexorably the train moved faster. Bill's face was drawing away. Then it was gone. Her arm dropped to her side. "Hes' gone. I'm alone."

Paul was running toward her. All at once, she was laughing. "Paul," she cried hysterically. "Paul, I'm a conscript's wife now."

(To be continued)

## Society

### ALTAR SOCIETY WILL MEET NEXT WEDNESDAY

St. Joseph's Altar society will meet at a 12:30 o'clock potluck luncheon next Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Fred Ritzman in the Kohlhagen apartments. All members are urged to be present as several important matters of business will be attended to.

### FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT TO MEET NEXT WEDNESDAY

Members of the Fine Arts group of the Junior Woman's club will be entertained Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at the home of Miss Betty Shoemaker, 135 Blakely street with Mrs. Sidney Domenico as joint hostess.

The topic "Poetry" will be discussed during the evening and all club members and their guests are invited to attend the evening as a special program of interest to all is being planned.

### Campfire Activities

Okeda

The Okeda Cap Fire group met at the home of the guardian Thursday evening, January 9, and nominated officers for the coming year. A discussion was held on the birthday honor and several of the girls signed up for sections and planned to complete a portion of Group A by the next meeting.

Work on requirements for the ranks was also included in the evening's program and following a social time the group adjourned until Thursday, January 16 at the Shoemaker home, 135 Blakely street.

Attending the meeting Thursday evening were Miss Jeanne Dillard, Miss Betty Lou Schrimpf, Miss Ethel Van Voorst, Miss Carol Kerr, Miss Patricia Murphy, Miss Barbara Ann Turner and the guardian, Miss Betty Shoemaker.

### For newspaper deliveries after 5:30

Please Call

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