

# **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 democ-  
ratic government.

**PROPAGANDA** which the war-  
ring European countries hurl  
in the direction of the United  
States offers an interesting study  
in psychology. The most inter-  
esting feature of that study is  
the fact that the axis powers,  
particularly thoroughly efficient  
Germany, have so wasted their  
efforts while Great Britain, with  
keen understanding of the west-  
ern mind has completely suc-  
ceeded in its aims. Axis propa-  
ganda has been so artful in Eu-  
rope that it is hard to under-  
stand why its experts have com-  
pletely failed to realize the Ameri-  
can temperament and have taken  
action producing the exact op-  
posite to the desired effect.

European countries for months  
prior to the war were given awe-  
some rumors of German's mili-  
tary might. Threats, warnings  
and dire predictions gave Europe  
an historic "war of nerves" long  
before the beginning of actual  
hostilities. Ruthless barbarity  
marked German invasions of  
weak neighbors and thus paved  
the way for blasts of fear-inspir-  
ing propaganda before which na-  
tion after nation melted into a  
state of non-resistance to axis  
domination. This type of propa-  
ganda worked beautifully in Eu-  
rope and has been hurled with  
great ferocity toward the United  
States. German propagandists  
paint depressing pictures of  
America's future. Virginia Gay-  
da, Mussolini's mouthpiece, in-  
fuses with threats and forebod-  
ings. Hitler shouts imprecations  
and eerie fulminations. But the  
Americans haven't scared worth  
a darn. It worked in Europe  
but it won't work here. Ameri-  
cans well know the only man  
who ever won a war with a great  
noise was Joshua.

How much more subtle and  
effective the British way! Bri-  
tain, the greatest and richest em-  
pire in the world's history, plays  
on American sympathy for the  
underdog. It pleads poverty and  
need for financial aid, yet holds  
at the United States' own door-  
step rich territories badly need-  
ed by this country for its de-  
fense.

The American cannot be bluff-  
ed, bullied or cowed but he is a  
sucker for sentimentalism and  
idealism. The British propa-  
ganda psychologist well knows  
that fact and now has the United  
States in the position of the  
errant son of the loving mother  
turning up with gold-filled pocket  
sets just in the nick of time to  
save the old homestead.

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

banks of oars pulled by slaves, as  
against the Romans' triremes,  
with three banks of oars.

This added power gave the  
Carthaginian quinqueremes su-  
perior speed and maneuverabil-  
ity (qualities sought above all  
else in modern warplanes.)

Things looked bad for Rome.

At this dark moment some Ro-  
man whose name history has  
failed to record had an idea.

Naval tactics 2000 years ago  
consisted chiefly in ramming the  
other fellow, or sideswiping  
him and breaking off his oars—  
both methods involving contact.

This smart Roman conceived the  
notion of building a sort of long  
drawbridge, hinged at the bot-  
tom, held upright to the mast by  
means of a pulley and with grap-  
pling hooks at the end. The de-  
vice was called a corvus.

The Roman galleys were load-  
ed with soldiers and at the mo-  
ment of contact the corvus was  
lowered, the hooks at its outer  
end seized the enemy ship and  
the Roman foot soldiers swarm-  
ed over the bridge thus provided  
and overwhelmed the Carthagin-  
ian crews.

With the aid of the corvus, the  
Romans won the war.

(SIMPLE as the corvus was,  
the Carthaginians lacked the  
inventive genius to devise a  
defense against it. BRAINS al-  
ways have been a dominating in-  
fluence in winning wars.)

WHAT both sides want, as Sec-  
retary Knox points out, is an  
airplane as superior to exist-  
ing planes as the Carthaginian  
quinquereme was to the Roman  
trireme.

If that should be produced, the  
OTHER SIDE must pray for an  
inventive genius who can pro-  
duce a COUNTER device as ef-  
fective as the Roman corvus.

## **KRRR**

Mutual Broadcasting System  
1500 Kilocycles

### REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—American Family Robin-  
son.  
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.  
4:30—Sonata Recital, MBS.  
5:00—Ned Jordan, MBS.  
5:30—Varieties.  
5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine,  
MBS.  
6:00—Dinner Music.  
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-  
ties.  
6:10—Interlude.  
6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.  
6:45—Melodies Modern.  
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing,  
White Owl Cigars, MBS.  
7:15—Dance Time.  
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.  
8:00—In Chicago Tonight, MBS.  
8:30—Double or Nothing,  
Fennemint, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen  
Hardy, MBS.  
9:15—Dance Orch.  
9:30—Wake Up America,  
American Economic  
Foundation, MBS.  
10:15—Sign Off.

### TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4

6:45—Eye Opener.  
7:00—News, Los Angeles Soap  
Co., MBS.  
7:15—Hi-Lights on Farm and 4-  
H Club News.  
7:30—Stuff and Nonsense.  
7:40—State and Local News.  
7:45—Rhapsody in Wax.  
8:00—"Good Morning Neigh-  
bors," Neighbors of  
Woodcraft, MBS.  
8:30—News, Spreckle's Sugar,  
MBS.  
8:45—Words and Music, MBS.  
9:00—Interlude.  
9:05—The Plainsmen, MBS.  
9:15—Man About Town.  
9:30—Varieties.  
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.  
10:00—Dance Melodies.  
10:15—Hollywood Whispers, Mar-  
row Oil, MBS.  
10:30—Johnson Family, MBS.  
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old  
Dutch Cleanser, MBS.  
11:00—Friendly Neighbors, Alka  
Seltzer, MBS.  
11:15—Elbert Lashelle, Organ-  
ist, MBS.  
11:30—Roseburg School Pro-  
gram.  
12:00—Luncheon Music.  
12:15—Sport News, Truck Sales  
and Service Co., Owned  
by L. R. Chambers and  
the Dunham Transfer Co.  
12:25—Rhythm at Random.  
12:45—News, Hansen Motor Co.  
12:50—News-Review of the Air.  
1:00—Henninger's Man on the  
Street.

1:15—Peggy Fitzgerald, MBS.  
1:30—Radio Gospel Club, MBS.  
1:45—Melody Matinee.  
2:00—At Your Command.  
2:30—P. T. A. Program, MBS.  
2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.  
3:00—A. P. News, MBS.  
3:05—Everett Hoagland's Orch.,  
MBS.  
3:30—Lazy Rhapsody, MBS.  
4:00—Varieties.  
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol,  
MBS.  
4:30—Sands of Time, MBS.  
5:00—Symphony.  
5:15—To Be Announced, MBS.  
5:30—Roseburg American Le-  
gion auxiliary Program.  
5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine,  
MBS.  
6:00—Dance Melodies.  
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-  
ties.  
6:10—Interlude.  
6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.  
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.  
6:45—Melodies Modern.  
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing,  
MBS.  
7:15—Dance Time.  
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star  
Blades, MBS.  
7:45—Sentimental Concert,  
MBS.  
8:00—Laugh N' Swing Club,  
MBS.  
8:30—Sing With Your Favorite  
Band, MBS.  
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen  
Hardy, MBS.  
9:15—Dance Orch.

## **OUT OUR WAY**



## **Huskies, Beaten By O. S. C. Hoopsters, Lose Lead in Race**

Cougar Basketeers Rise to Top  
Of List by Defeating Idaho  
For Second Time, 40 to 34.

By the Associated Press  
Baffled by a slow motion op-  
ponent, the University of Wash-  
ington lost the leadership of the  
northern division basketball race  
this week-end, while Washington  
State college stepped up to the  
top of the list.

For Washington, Oregon State  
was the villain of the piece. After  
taking one victory Friday night,  
OSC collected another by a 34-28  
score Saturday, repeating the de-  
layed offense and zone defense  
that had won the previous even-  
ing. The Saturday victory evened  
OSC's four-game series with Washington.

Meanwhile, Washington State  
was continuing its methodical  
slaughter of opponents on the  
Pullman floor, with Idaho as the  
victim for the second time this  
season. The score Saturday night  
was 40-34, and the victory was  
WSC's sixth straight since two  
defeats at the opening of the season.

This week's schedule sends  
Washington against Oregon at  
Eugene tonight and tomorrow. If  
the Huskies can win those two—  
and if WSC should lose to Idaho  
next Saturday—the lead may  
change hands again. Oregon and  
Oregon State also renew their  
backlog argument in a single  
game Saturday night.

Valenti Star For OSC  
Paul Valenti was the OSC  
sparkplug against Washington.  
After the Huskies had run up a  
6-1 lead in the first four minutes,  
Valenti got two goals by himself  
and George McNutt got one to  
put OSC ahead. The count se-  
sawed until the teams were knot-  
ted at 18-18 shortly after the sec-  
ond half began. Then OSC went  
ahead to stay, aided by other Val-  
enti goals that brought his total  
to 13 points.

Idaho showed more fire against  
WSC than in its previous game.  
Trailing most of the way, the  
Vandals came to within two  
points of a tie with only four  
minutes remaining to play; but  
Washington State managed to  
stall successfully the rest of the  
game.

The division standings:  
Team W L Pct.  
Washington State 6 2 .750  
Washington 4 2 .667  
Oregon State 4 3 .571  
Idaho 2 4 .333  
Oregon 1 6 .143

## **Roseburg Soldiers at Camp Lewis Promoted**

PORT LEWIS, Feb. 3.—Promo-  
tions for outstanding leader-  
ship and training ability since the  
start of the new year were an-  
nounced for 193 non-commissioned  
officers from Oregon regiments  
of the 41st division, it was  
disclosed here this week.  
The 162nd infantry figured as  
follows: Eugene, 25; Tillamook,  
16; Roseburg, 13; Dallas, 2.  
The Roseburg promotions:  
Corporals Alfred D. Boyer,  
Glenn H. Gilmore and John C.  
Ulam, all to sergeants; Privates  
First Class Peter W. Todd, Cecil  
D. Pierce, Arland R. Bender,  
George D. Sanders, Cecil V.  
Smith, William P. Wilson, Elmore  
L. Hill, Donald H. White and Rol-

9:30—Fredly Martin's Orch.,  
MBS.  
10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.  
10:20—Sign Off.

By Williams

## **SERIAL STORY**

# **CONSCRIPT'S WIFE**

BY BETTY WALLACE

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Bill arrives, ac-  
cepts Martha's explanation of  
the accident. At the hospital, he  
razzes Paul about trying to kill  
his wife in a crash.

## **FRIENDSHIP ENDS CHAPTER XXI**

"Let you out? You ought to be  
in jail!" Bill roared. "Taking my  
wife out and nearly killing her."  
Paul's swift wince was too  
real. Bill said, hastily. "Heck,  
fella, I'm just kidding. Lucky  
it was no worse. Don't take it  
to heart, Paul. Accidents will  
happen."

For Suzanne's red lips were  
tightening grimly, and flame  
leaped into those gray eyes.  
Even while Martha's own eyes  
flew to Suzanne's pleadingly, the  
savage fury which Bill's well-  
meant teasing had caused went  
mounting.

Suzanne cried, "Why should I  
care what happens to Martha,  
Bill Marshall? You blind fool,  
if she had only let Paul alone  
this would never have hap-  
pened!"

Martha stood close beside Bill,  
gratefully. Everything was going  
to be all right. The door opened.  
A nurse looked in. "Another vis-  
itor for you, Mr. Elliott."

Suzanne Decker, her arms full  
of flowers, came into the room.  
Martha stiffened in surprise.  
Paul, too, was looking at Suzan-  
ne in undisguised amaze-  
ment. "How did you find out so  
quickly?" he asked.

"I phoned you at the office  
early this morning. Your chief  
engineer told me you were in the  
hospital." She ran to the bed.  
"Paul, how are you? All the  
way out here, I kept thinking the  
most awful things! He only  
said you'd been in an accident—  
he wouldn't give me any de-  
tails, said he didn't know." She  
looked at the white bandages  
around his shoulder. "You're  
badly hurt! That bandage—"

"The awful truth is a broken  
collarbone," Paul said. "Your  
hasty trip, while a compliment of  
course, simply isn't justified by  
the injuries." He was smiling  
now, but Martha sensed the an-  
noyance under his bantering.

"Martha was in that accident,  
too," came Bill's voice, from the  
other side of the bed. "Don't you  
care what happens to her, Suzan-  
ne?"

He meant it lightly, of course.  
He was teasing—going on with  
the bantering Paul had begun.  
But it was exactly the wrong  
thing to say, Martha realized  
with horror.

"Suzanne!" Paul Elliott was  
thundering dangerously. "Suzan-  
ne, be quiet!" His free arm  
shot out, his fingers imprisoned  
her arm.

But it was too late. While Mar-  
tha's heart pounded with dread  
—while Bill stood there, white  
and stunned and unbelieving—  
Suzanne Decker

from Paul's grasp and cried fur-  
iously. "Let Bill hear it! It's the  
truth! He should have heard it  
long ago! I wanted her! I told  
her to stay away from you, but  
she wouldn't do it."

"She didn't care what she did  
to you, Paul. She's never cared.  
She jilted you once, didn't she?  
She married him. Why doesn't  
she stick to him, then? Why  
did she keep seeing you, after  
he went into the army?"

She whirled on Bill, her slen-  
der body shaking into the storm  
of emotion as a tree trembles  
in a high wind. "It's your fault,  
Bill Marshall! You've been blind  
—blind and stupid! You're her  
husband. Why don't you know  
what she's doing, where she's  
going? You let her pull the wool  
over your eyes—you let her  
make a laughing stock of you be-  
fore the whole town."

"I went to her, I told her how  
it looked. She promised to stay  
away from Paul. And now what  
happens? She gets him to come  
all the way up here—and she  
nearly killed him!"

"Suzanne!" Martha could hear  
it no longer. She leaped to the  
other girl's side, her own legs  
unsteady, her breath coming  
fast.

"Suzanne, be quiet, you're up-  
set, you're not responsible for  
what you're saying!" The sight  
of Bill's stunned face, the deep  
lines which had come out at the  
corners of his mouth so sudden-  
ly, tortured Martha. "You know  
very well there's never been  
anything between Paul and me.  
You know that what you're say-  
ing sounds—sounds—"

Bill's hands on her shoulders,  
his toneless, "Don't," stopped  
Martha's voice. She crumpled,  
sobbing, against him.

"Suzanne," Paul ordered curt-  
ly, "apologize for what you said  
immediately!"

"Apologize? For what? For  
telling the truth?" Suzanne tried  
to laugh. It was a ghastly fail-  
ure. All at once she covered her  
face with her hands and wailed,  
"Oh, Paul, don't be angry with  
me. I didn't mean to go to  
pieces, but—"

"I think we'd better go, Mar-  
tha," Bill said heavily.

"Bill!" Paul's voice was husky.  
"Bill, don't be a damn fool! Su-  
zanne was crazy, upset. There's

not a word of truth in it. Martha  
and I never—Bill!"

"Come on, Martha," Bill re-  
peated inexorably.  
He walked out without a back-  
ward glance, without a word to  
the man who had been his friend  
for so many years. Helplessly,  
her heart like a stone inside her,  
Martha went with him. There  
was nothing else to do.

She felt stiff and cold, weary  
with a weariness that dimmed  
even thought. Suzanne had  
threatened this, and now she had  
done it. With a few impassioned  
words—in a searing moment she  
had already regretted—Suzanne  
had brought the whole world  
tumbling down around their  
ears. It would bring her no  
nearer to Paul. And it had driv-  
en a wedge, cruel and all but in-  
surmountable, between Martha  
Marshall and the man she loved.

She remembered, as Bill led  
her to the car, Paul Elliott's  
voice saying, "Have I ever tried  
to make love to you? Bill's my  
friend, he trusts me..."

It was all ruined, now. What  
Paul had tried to save, the  
friendship he had valued, the  
whole delicate and precarious  
structure which alone had shel-  
tered them was gone. Because  
Suzanne's ungovernable jeal-  
ousy had had its way, at last.

Bill was starting the car when  
she remembered Helen. "We—  
we must see Helen."

"Not now."

Suddenly the numbness left  
her. "Bill," she whispered, "Bill,  
you've got to listen to me. You  
can't go on, with those poison-  
ous words in your mind. Let me  
explain. Let me tell you—"

"Explain?" How cold his tone  
was! "What is there to explain?"  
"Bill," she said desperately,  
catching at his sleeve, "Bill,  
please, listen to me. Everything  
she said was wrong. It wasn't  
like that at all. She didn't want  
Paul to take me out, she didn't  
want him to come up to the  
apartment, because she wanted  
to go with him alone. Don't you  
understand?"

"She's in love with him, crazy  
with it. You know she's always  
been in love with him and he  
isn't with her. And when he  
was nice to me—when he just  
tried to keep me from being  
lonesome—she imagined things.  
She came to me, told me that  
people were talking. I never told  
you, Bill. I didn't want to worry  
you."

"Worry me!" he said bitterly.  
"That's rich, that is."  
"Darling, don't. Listen. I'm try-  
ing so hard to explain. You must  
believe me. There was nothing  
—nothing—"

They were still parked at the  
curb in front of the hospital.  
People passed, glanced at them.  
But they were unaware, as obli-  
vious as if there were no one else  
in all the world but themselves.  
Bill, his eyes dark wells of pain,  
gripped the steering wheel until  
his knuckles went white.

"Are you trying to tell me,  
Martha, that—that Paul never  
—never made love to you?"

"Never!" she swore. "Oh, dar-  
ling, never! Do you think I'd let  
him? He was just a friend—just  
your friend—"

"My friend! You were engaged  
to him when I met you! You  
were wearing his diamond. I  
never could afford a diamond. I  
couldn't afford a lot of things.  
He lent you his car to come up  
and see me. The car I bought  
wasn't good enough."

"But, Bill, you know that  
meant nothing the car." She  
fought off the hysteria which  
was making her talk too fast,  
too shrilly. She turned squarely  
on the seat, lifting her eyes  
proudly to him. "Look at me,  
Bill. I have nothing to hide.  
Nothing! I swear to you, Paul  
never did a single thing, never  
said a single thing, he couldn't  
have done or said if you were  
there!"

Something deep inside her  
throbbed with the truth, with the  
memory of Paul's voice saying  
he loved her. But it had been  
only once. For that one time,  
must she be crucified this way?  
With everything in her, with all  
the strength of her love, with all  
the hope of his faith in her,  
she was willing her husband to  
believe.

"Bill, if there'd been anything  
sly or secret between us, do you  
think Paul and I would have  
been such fools as to be seen to-  
gether openly? Don't you think  
we'd have tried to meet secretly  
—not to let anyone know?"

Bill Marshall shook his head,  
like a man in a daze. "I don't  
know," he groaned. "I don't  
know what to think. I've always  
loved you so. I never dream-  
ed—"

"Oh, darling, darling, there  
was nothing to dream about!"  
She put her arms around his  
neck. "Bill, if I cared for Paul,  
could I pretend like this with  
you?"

For a heartbeat, cold fear  
clutched at her. Was Bill stiff-  
ening? His face was drawn.  
Would he reach up and tear  
away her clinging arms? Then,  
with a little cry, she felt his

arms tighten. Relief, sharp and  
unutterable, drove her fear  
away.

"Bill! Bill, darling!" His arms  
were fierce, glad, suddenly asserting  
his possession once more. His  
mouth came down warm against  
her own. Long and hard, he kiss-  
ed her. A kiss that went on and  
on, a kiss that was like a vow,  
compounded of love and faith  
renewed and fleeting doubts dis-  
pelled.

"Forgive me for even—asking  
—" he begged humbly. "I should  
have known—I couldn't be  
true. Not you! Oh, Martha,  
you're so sweet, so real, how did  
I dare—But when a man's away  
from his wife—when you've had  
nothing but letters and memo-  
ries—"

She crossed his lean cheek  
with the palm of her hand.  
"Hush, darling. Let's never  
never speak of it again. Let's  
forget it ever happened."

But it came to her, Sunday  
night, as she took Bill to his  
train, that forgetting wasn't so  
simple a matter as that. For,  
as they sat together in the quiet  
station, Bill took her two hands  
in his. "I want you to promise  
me something, Martha."

"What is it?"

"I want you to resign from Air  
Transport. Suzanne was wrong—  
but one thing she said was true.  
People are bound to talk. I—I  
think it'll be better if you don't  
see Paul again. Martha, promise  
me you'll stay here with Helen  
and Eugene. Promise me you'll  
stay until I get out of the army."

(To be continued)

## **LETTERS to the Editor**

CLAIMS MECHANIZATION  
NOT WAR CASUALTY CUT

Editor News-Review: In a re-  
cent editorial you put forth the  
idea that mechanization would re-  
duce casualties in battle. It has  
always seemed to me that, put-  
ting aside famine and disease  
and the slaughter of unarmed  
persons; battle casualties are pro-  
portioned to the stubbornness of  
the fighting. Great wars do not  
happen more than once or at the  
outside twice in a century. The  
last two fought in Europe were  
the Napoleonic wars and the war  
of 1914-1918. Percentage of casu-  
alties in both were almost exactly  
the same—21% of the popula-  
tion (Note no effect of machin-  
ery.) The present war is a war of  
maneuver, and while it may last  
for years there will probably be  
little actual killing (including  
bombing).

It took 20 years to fight the Na-  
poleonic wars. The world war  
took only four years because the  
railroads allowed a greater per-  
centage of men to be maintained  
on the firing line. So the neces-  
sary slaughter was accomplished  
in shorter time. Mechanization,  
by reducing the number of men  
on the firing line, may well pro-  
long wars; it will not reduce the  
per cent of casualties.

I could bore you on this sub-  
ject for some time, but will be  
merciful.

DICK WILMOT.

## **Portland Bank Robber and Kidnaper Gets 25 Years**

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 1.—  
(AP)—Loyal McCready, 48, of  
Los Angeles, today pleaded  
guilty to a federal bank robbery  
charge and to kidnapping and was  
sentenced by Federal Judge Mc-  
Colloch to 25 years in prison.

McCready admitted robbing  
the Union avenue branch of the  
U. S. National bank here of \$664  
Dec. 18 and commandeering the  
automobile of George Lampro,  
Portland moulder, during his  
flight. He forced Lampro to act  
as his chauffeur and Lampro  
was shot and seriously injured  
when police ran down the car  
and effected capture. Lampro  
recovered from his injuries.

## **Rear Admiral Peoples Dies of Pneumonia at 64**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—(AP)—  
Rear Admiral Christian Joy  
Peoples, 64, who as head of the  
procurement division of the treas-  
ury handled purchases running  
into the millions, died today of  
pneumonia.

He was retired for age last No-  
vember and since had been con-  
nected with the Todd Shipbuild-  
ing corporation. His last govern-  
ment assignment was general in-  
spector of the navy's supply corps  
on the west coast.

See "Susie" at Carr's.—(Adv.)

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