

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.

WHETHER it be true, or not,
that serious rioting has taken
place in northern Italian in-
dustrial cities, we do not know.
It is more than likely that in-
direct reports are exaggerated or
even untrue.

And yet—it is not illogical that
there should be such disorders,
now or later. Seeds of socialism,
and of anti-imperialism, were
sown there many years ago.
Later efforts have been made to
root them out, but deep beneath
the soil of the Romagna they
may remain today.

Who sowed those seeds?
Thirty years ago a young social-
ist was agitating in Forlì, Milan,
and other cities, demanding vio-
lent sabotage against Italian im-
perialist military ventures into
Tripoli. Outstanding in his ad-
vocacy of violence, he urged that
women lie down on the railroad
tracks to bar trains from carry-
ing Italian boys to Africa to
fight for the realization of im-
perial ambitions. He even served
five months in jail after an affair
at Forlì in which railroad
tracks were torn up to prevent
the passage of troop trains.

The name of this agitator?
Benito Mussolini, a ragged, sick,
unstable workman who had
spent hours agitating for every
moment of honest work he had
ever done.

Thirty years have passed, and
now, so wonderful is human life
and the strange things that hap-
pen to men, it is this same man
who is sending fresh transports
full of young Italians to die in
the same Africa for another im-
perial dream. It is this same man
who dreams of resurrecting the
ghost of the old Roman Empire
and who flings legions against
Greece, and Albania, and Ethio-
pia.

Truly, in all history there are
few parallels to this socialist
turned fascist, this worker turned
ruler, this anti-imperialist
turned imperialist, this poor,
ragged agitator turned to a rich,
braided-uniformed imperator, this
man who tried to stop the troop
trains issuing orders that the
trains shall move again.

Should it happen, as it may
have happened, or as it may yet
happen, that discontented work-
men of Milan or Turin, watch-
ing the casualty lists that have
cost 50,000 dead and wounded
and the infiltration of the alien Ger-
man, should riot against Au-
thority, one man, at least, will
understand.

Benito Mussolini once stood
where they will stand.

No proposal has yet been in-
troduced into the Cuban legisla-
tive chamber that President Bas-
tista be authorized to treat with
Florida with a view to its an-
nexation to Cuba. But it would
be in quite as good order as the
proposal of Senator Smathers
that President Roosevelt be au-
thorized to negotiate with Cuba
with a view to its becoming a
state of the United States.

All the senator has said about
Cuba's dependence on the United
States, economically and mili-
tarily, is true. But could we
have been wrong all this time in
believing that United States pol-
icy is the direct reverse of those

policies in Europe which pro-
claim that small, weak countries
must "co-ordinate" themselves
with larger, more powerful
neighbors? The United States
wants friends, not dependents;
it believes in independence, not
alone for itself, but for all who
desire it. And all the history of
Cuba, all the history of its rela-
tionship to the United States, is
a denial that the "leaders and
representative citizens" in Cuba
to whom the senator talked, and
who said they wanted to be an-
nexed, are really representative
of the Cuba whose struggle for
freedom is one of the brightest
pages of history.

Is it worth while to check over
your own home for fire risks
once in a while?

It certainly is, and here is the
proof. St. Paul, Minn., conduct-
ed a campaign of home inspec-
tion for fire hazards. Since 1935
it has cut fire losses for home
dwellings by 42 per cent, the
American Municipal association
reports.

That shows what an organiz-
ed campaign can do in a city.
But what can be done for a city,
you can do for your own home;
it is not even necessary to wait
for an organized campaign. In-
dividualism? There's a very
practical instance where one
need not wait for Authority, but
can and should do something for
himself right now.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

much as 240 miles north of the
straits of Otranto, have sunk
several Italian ships carrying
supplies and reinforcements to
Albania and driven a number of
other Italian vessels to the safety
of protected ports.

The submarine weapon is
working both ways.

EACH day the Italian position
becomes more precarious,
and still Hitler sends no aid ex-
cept a few bombers to worry British
naval forces operating in the
Mediterranean.

Why?
You guess. Your guess is as
good as anybody's. But I know
as if he is saving all his strength
for use against England, figuring
that if England can be de-
stroyed Italy will be saved along
with the rest, and if England
CAN'T be destroyed NOTHING
can help.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Lest We Forget.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Matinee Concert.
5:00—Eddy Duchin's Orchestra,
MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Cap't 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—Answer Man, Van Dyke
Cigars, MBS.
7:00—Dance Time.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Show of the Week, MBS.
8:30—Adventures in Rhythm,
MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen
Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Dance Orchestra.
9:30—Freddie Martin's Orches-
tra, MBS.
10:00—Sign off.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6

6:45—Eye Opener.
7:00—News, Los Angeles Soap
Co., MBS.
7:15—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:30—State and Local News.
7:45—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—"Good Morning Neighbors,"
Neighbors of Woodcraft,
MBS.
8:30—News, Sprockel's Sugar,
MBS.
8:45—BBC News, MBS.
9:00—Interlude.
9:05—Conservation Reporter,
MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Varieties.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—Morning Dance.
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—Standard School of the
Air, Standard Oil, MBS.
11:45—School of the Air, MBS.
12:00—Lunchtime Music.
12:15—Sport News, Truck Sales
& 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, MBS.
1:15—Peggy Fitzgerald, Talk,
MBS.
1:30—Radio Gossip Club, MBS.
1:45—Melody Matinee.
2:00—At Your Command.

OUT OUR WAY



School Directory Of Douglas Issued

Many Teachers Making Plans
For Coming Terms; Bill In
Legislature Draws Notice.

Information for the annual
school directory of Douglas coun-
ty has been compiled by Mrs.
Lula Gorrell, county school su-
perintendent, and Kenneth Barne-
burg, deputy, and a mimeograph-
ed copy is being mailed this
week to all teachers and officers,
Mrs. Gorrell reports. Due to the
lateness of the season, the direc-
tory this year is in mimeograph
form, but in the future will be
compiled earlier and put out in
printed form, the superintendent
advises.

The directory contains the
names of all teachers, school
boards, district officers and spe-
cial officers and committees, to-
gether with other useful infor-
mation pertaining to schools. In-
formation is contained to the effect
that Agnes Pitchford, county
juvenile officer, has been reap-
pointed as attendance officer for
the county schools.

Mrs. Gorrell reports that school
boards and teachers already are
making plans for the next school
year and many teachers, some
now employed and others desir-
ing a change in location, have
registered at the superintendent's
office. Much interest, she
reports, also is being shown in a
bill now before the legislature
which would require school
boards to notify teachers in their
employment by March 15 of each year
whether they are to be retained.
If such notice is not given by the
specified date, a teacher is de-
clared to be re-elected and can de-
mand a contract.

Illness Cuts Attendance
Among other school activities,
Mrs. Gorrell reports that Rivers-
dale, Cedar Grove, Upper Odalia
and Reston schools reported 100
per cent attendance during the
past month. However, there is
much sickness and many schools
have had low attendance aver-
ages. At Green the school has
been closed this week because of
the prevalence of chicken pox.

The county executive commit-
tee of the Oregon State Teachers
association met recently to com-
plete arrangements for the teach-
ers' rally to be held in Roseburg,
March 8. Miss Alice Ueland was
appointed to arrange the program
and Mrs. Gorrell was requested
to secure outside speakers.

Two professional group meet-
ings were held Saturday. The

2:30—Symphony.
2:45—"Let's Play Bridge," MBS.
3:00—A. P. Bulletins, MBS.
3:05—Interlude.
3:15—American Legion News
Barrage, MBS.
3:30—Mystery Hall, MBS.
4:00—This and That in Rhythm.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Confessions of a Corsair,
MBS.
5:00—To Be Announced.
5:15—Border Patrol, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Cap't 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.
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star
Blades, MBS.
7:45—Art Linkletter, MBS.
8:00—Standard Symphony Hour,
Standard Oil, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen
Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Dance Orchestra.
9:30—Freddie Martin's Orches-
tra, MBS.
10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.
10:30—Sign off.

elementary principals' association
met at a luncheon meeting with
Dr. Wade as guest speaker, as-
sisted by Mrs. K. D. Lytle, and
Miss Barrett, county health
nurse. The latter showed pictures
dealing with communicable dis-
eases. The primary and interme-
diate teachers association held a
panel discussion at the Junior
high school on the subject, "Shall
We Promote a Child Who Cannot
Read?"

Mrs. Gorrell reports many out-
of-town teachers calling at the
superintendent's office.
Her office, she states, will fol-
low the practice of other county
departments of closing each Sat-
urday afternoon, but she will be
available for appointments made
in advance. Wednesday after-
noons are being kept available
for office work to accommodate
teachers and patrons and no field
work from the office will be done
on that day of the week.

It is reported that many teach-
ers are availing themselves of
the lending library in the super-
intendent's office. This collec-
tion, it is stated, is especially
helpful to small rural schools
with limited library facilities.
Some of the material is in the
form of reference work.

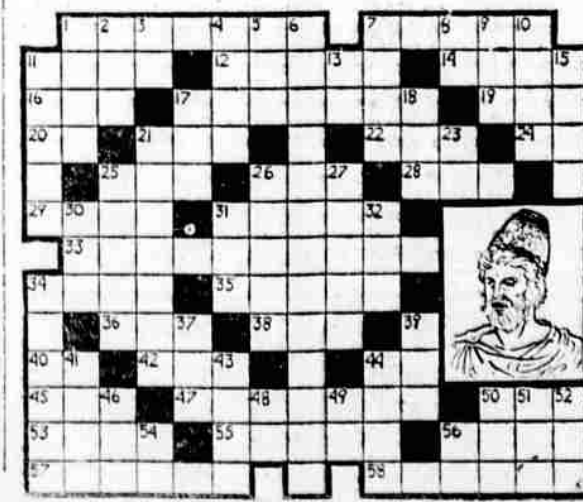
Britain to Get U. S. Patrol Planes to Convey Ships

LONDON, Feb. 4. (AP)—
Shipping Minister Cross disclosed
today that Britain is to get patrol
planes from the United States for
conveying her merchant fleet.
Cross, addressing the Empire
society, spoke of "the very valu-
able acquisition" of 50 United
States destroyers and added that
"long-distance aircraft which we
are to receive from the United
States will also play an important
part in protecting our ships."

OLD GREEK HERO

HORIZONTAL
1 Hero of poem
"Iliad," Ody-
seus or —
7 — wrote
this poem.
11 To liberate.
12 Armistice.
14 Lady's maid.
16 Oum.
17 Havana.
19 Self.
20 Musical note.
21 Crowd.
22 Duet.
24 Printer's
measure.
25 To stitch.
26 Branch.
27 Witticism.
29 King of dead.
31 Larva.
33 He spent 10
years in —
or travels.
34 To fuse metals.
35 Ringworm.
36 To rent.
38 Lug.
39 And.
42 Carpet.
44 Common verb.
45 Mortise tooth.
47 Granulated.
50 Brink.
53 He was —
of Ithaca.
55 Bitter herb.
56 Willow.
57 Thin cement.
58 He was a
Greek chief-
tain in the
— War.

VERTICAL
1 To incite.
2 Limb.
3 Yew.
4 Sword wound.
5 To make a
mistake.
6 Subjection.
7 Flock.
8 Mother.
9 Orb.
10 Ire.
11 Ferryboat.
13 Company
(abbr.).
15 He returned
— after the
siege of Troy.
17 In what way.
18 Total.
21 To wander.
23 Yellow bird.
26 Not large.
28 Eagle's home.
29 Coal digger.
32 Reverence.
33 To rot flax.
34 Turkish office.
37 Tow boat.
39 To marry.
41 Work.
43 Color.
44 Most kind.
46 Antelope.
48 Dye.
49 Northeast
(abbr.).
50 Reign.
51 Bugle plant.
52 Miles.
54 Gain (abbr.).
56 Grief.



By Williams

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: Martha resigns
her job, sends for Butch and the
car. Living with Helen has one
advantage, she can see Bill each
week. She learns from another
army wife that Bill is getting to
be a "guardhouse lawyer," argu-
mentative, uncooperative. Later
when Bill asks if she has seen
Paul, Martha realizes that he has
been unringing his jealousy. She
realizes that resigning her job
was futile. How can she drive
this jealousy out of Bill's mind?

MARTHA MAKES A DECISION

CHAPTER XXIII
Martha Marshall drove to
camp the following Sunday with
the same, heavy weight of dread
pressing on her that had been
with her all week. Bill's un-
reasoning jealousy must stop. In
some way, she must end it.
But how? Hadn't she done
everything a woman could do?
She blamed herself bitterly for
not having stuck to her resolve
to stop seeing Paul. Yet, was it
her fault he had insisted on com-
ing to Bayville that Friday
night? Was it her fault that
Paul's being hurt had so upset
Suzanne she lost her head and
made a scene?

The seeds from which her trou-
bles had sprouted, she realized
helplessly, had been sown long
ago. They had been planted that
day she looked up for the first
time into Bill Marshall's blue
eyes. She had jilted Paul. But
nothing she could do—not even
her marriage to Bill—had served
to kill Paul's love for her.

"So now," her mind said, mis-
erable, "I ought to hate him. Be-
cause he kept on loving me. Be-
cause on his account, Bill and I
are torturing each other."

Driving into the now familiar
cantonment, she did not see her
husband among the olive drab
ranks of waiting men who eyed
the incoming cars. "Is he sul-
king?" she thought. Her heart
sank. Jealousy did not wear off,
it seemed. It grew worse, more
deeply ingrained. "Oh, I must
do something!"

A tall man waved to her. Then
he was coming closer. She slow-
ed down. She recognized him
now. "Have you seen Bill?" It
was Top Sergeant Moore, the
one Bill called "the top kick."
Aggie Moore's husband.

"The fact is, Mrs. Marshall,"
he said slowly. "Bill's in the
guardhouse."

"In the guardhouse?" All her
vague dread crystallized into
quick, leaping fear. "But why?
What has he done? Is it serious?"

"Just a little disagreement
over discipline," the sergeant
said. "We try to go easy on the
men. But well—looks like he's
been begging for it. I'm sorry."
She wondered, stably, if
Aggie Moore had repeated any of
that conversation in the NCO
clubroom. "May I see him?"

"Yes," he nodded up on the
running board. "Turn to your
left here. I'll fix it."

The guardhouse was not espe-
cially sinister from the outside.
A soldier patrolled leisurely be-
fore it. Almost, she expected
him to say, "Stop, and give the
countersign." He didn't.

Inside, there was a small bare
room, not very different from
the other rooms she had seen on
duty. Another soldier on
duty nodded when Sergeant
Moore explained, and a moment
later she was sitting with Bill on
a bench and asking, "What hap-
pened, darling?"

Bill was sulk. "The army's
idea of a cute stunt! Bread and
water stuff, as if I were a
child!"

"Are you on bread and wa-
ter?" She was horrified.

"Oh, not literally!" He was
impatient, annoyed. But more
alarming than anything else
was that look of stubborn anger
— that childish sulkingness she
had never seen in him before. "If
they think they can make me
come around by locking me
up—"

"Bill—"

"She clasped her
hands, tightly. "Bill, you're
not trying to fight the army, are
you? The whole army, all by
yourself?"

"Go on, be coy about it!"

"Oh, Bill!" She bit her lip, and
turned her head swiftly. She
must not cry.

"Don't you want to tell me
about it?" she asked after a
while. Outside the soldier on
duty was rattling a newspaper.
She wondered, in disjointed little
flashes, whether there were other
prisoners in the guardhouse;
whether they were all like Bill,
sullen and surly; whether some
other girl would come into this
bare room, soon, to sit on a
bench and try to be tactful. "And
I thought maybe today I could
talk him out of his jealousy—
maybe today we could clear up
this thing that has been tearing
us apart."

"There's nothing to tell," Bill
said curtly. "All I can say is that
it's a fine mess, all right. The
government sticks me out here
in a damn army camp, to play
at dumb war games, while

Her spine stiffened. "While I
what?"
She should not have said it.
She knew she shouldn't. But
there was only so much she
could bear. Bill wasn't thinking
of her side of this. He wasn't
remembering that she had come
here to be with him, to have this
one day of happiness in an oth-
erwise empty week.

The trouble was, she saw clear-
ly, Bill had never looked at this
from her point of view at all.
Since the day his number was
called, he had not stopped to
think what it meant to her.
Duty. That morning the induc-
tion order came, she had seen it
as the government exacting a
duty of her as well as of Bill.

Yet Bill himself had never
seen it like that. To him, it
was something he bore while she
went on as before. While she
—his voice was saying it now,
taking up her question, flinging
it back at her flatly, "While you
run around with Paul!"

"I told you I haven't seen him,
Bill! I've told you I'm dizzy
with it. I haven't, I haven't."
"It would be nice, if I could
believe it."

She stared at him. Stared as if
she had never seen him before.
And she never had. Not this
man. Not this angry man with
the curled lip, the skeptical,
chilly eyes.

Something snapped in her
mind then. Something that had
been growing these last difficult
weeks until now it sprang forth,
quivering and alive, but strong
and full nurtured. A decision.
A decision she had not even known
she was making.

"Bill Marshall, if you don't
trust me—if nothing I can say
has any effect on the things
you're thinking about me—then
there's no use in my telling you
anything. If we have no trust,
no understanding between us,
any more, it's time to stop."

—She was on her feet. Her
cheeks were hot, but her slim body
was very steady. And her voice
was steady, as if it came from
somewhere outside her.

She could hear herself—the
cool determined words, the per-
fect control—and a part of her-
self stood aside and wondered
that she could be doing this
thing which half an hour ago
would have seemed so incredibly
fantastic.

"I stayed with my sister, re-
signed my job, gave up the
money I needed for clothes and
for freedom and for my own self-
respect, just to please you. You
asked me to do it only so that
you could be sure I wasn't see-
ing Paul. I understood that, Bill.
I didn't argue about it, did I? I
gave up my job. I stayed with
Helen and Eugene. Stayed in a
house where I don't belong, do-
ing work for which I'm not fit-
ted, caring for children who
aren't my own."

Her voice shook just a little,
and then was low and controlled
once more. "What have I had,
staying there? Only days to live
through. One day exactly like
the one before and the one after.
Housework and dishes, scarcely
enough money for a movie. On
Sundays, every Sunday, I came
here. It was all I had to look
forward to."

"But was there any joy in see-
ing you? How could there be,
when you choose to quarrel with
me? You've hugged this insane
jealousy, nursed it, fed it on
Heaven only knows what scraps
of flimsy suspicion! Because Su-
zanne Decker lost her head and
said a lot of wild things she was
sorry for half a minute later."

Bill lifted his eyes, his mouth
opened to speak, but she rushed
on, the tide of her feeling swell-
ing.

"It's too late now, Bill. I've had
all I can bear. I've waited and
hoped and tried to convince you.
For week, I've hoped, worked,
come here and listened to you
— and now, I'm through."

"You have a job to do! You
should be doing it with all your
heart. It's important, or the na-
tion would never have asked you
to do it. But you prefer to act
like a child. You prefer to squab-
ble over petty details—to quar-
rel and snarl until they have to
put you here in the guardhouse."

"Don't you want to tell me
about it?" she asked after a
while. Outside the soldier on
duty was rattling a newspaper.
She wondered, in disjointed little
flashes, whether there were other
prisoners in the guardhouse;
whether they were all like Bill,
sullen and surly; whether some
other girl would come into this
bare room, soon, to sit on a
bench and try to be tactful. "And
I thought maybe today I could
talk him out of his jealousy—
maybe today we could clear up
this thing that has been tearing
us apart."

"There's nothing to tell," Bill
said curtly. "All I can say is that
it's a fine mess, all right. The
government sticks me out here
in a damn army camp, to play
at dumb war games, while

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS
GLORY IN THE CLAY
My heart was sad, my hopes
were crushed,
My griefs too great to bear
The day I passed by the Pot-
ter's bench
And paused for a moment
there.
I watched his hands move on
the clay,
And marveled at the skill,
As I saw the shapeless mass
take form
Beneath the potter's will.
'Twas almost finished, when he
stopped
And broke it through and
through;
But why? I queried. He re-
plied,
'Tis a thing all potters do.
There was a flaw your eyes
saw not
But mine are trained to see.
And so I broke the mold again,
This time more perfectly.
I went away, but as I walked
My heart grew light once
more.
For I'd learned a lesson at his
bench
That I should have learned
before.
I had forgotten that my Father
God
Was a master potter too,
Else I would have known that
He sent pain
To break me, and mold me
anew.
—From the War Cry.

"You've spoiled the sacrifice I
made, Bill; it simply isn't worth
it for me to continue at Helen's.
I need the money I've always
earned, and I need the peace of
mind I'll only find back at my
desk. I'm going, Bill. I'm going
back to the office."

"Sure," Bill Marshall exploded
bitterly. "Sure. Stand there and
make a speech. You're going
back all right. Back to Paul!"
(To be continued)

Mr. Pengra Returns Here—
Marshall Pengra, manager of
KRNR radio station, has return-
ed to Roseburg, following a trip
to Portland with his wife, who
has been admitted to the Port-
land Medical hospital to spend
several weeks receiving medical
treatment.



CLEANSING AS
HOSPITAL COTTON

soothingly soft
...yet strong!



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a health standpoint
—absorbent and
cleansing. Extreme-
ly soft yet strong...
absolutely free from
injurious impurities.



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