Roseburg Daily 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.

SINCE the announcement of the retirement of W. C. Harding as secretary of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce, the board of directors of that organization has been busy interviewing applicants for the position.

But meanwhile the budget committee and the membership committee have had their hands full of problems. There must be an ample treasury if the new man, who will take office May 1, according to announced plans, is to be free to do constructive work. It is certainly not desirable for a newcomer to have to go out and help collect membership dues.

Accordingly the membership committee is beginning its work of contacting those who should be members but who have not been on the rolls. If Bill Adair and his committee of live-wires cannot do this job, the thing will never be done. But it will be.

* * *

The Roseburg Chamber of Commerce is undertaking a most ambitious program this year. It is as varied as it is large, and if even a moderate percentage of all of the work that is planned is actually successfully completed, it will be a banner year and no doubt of it. But to do the work mapped out, as President L. A. Rhoden so aptly states, the Chamber must actually be an organization of all of the business and professional people in the city.

As an illustration of the enlarged functioning of the organization, the merchants' division has planned a regular whizz of a promotion which, by the way, is beginning tomorrow. It will end, in a blaze of fun and glory, with a huge auction sale (free phoney money will buy the goods) on the 22nd of March in connection with the annual spring opening.

The committee on highways has not only functioned with respect to local roads but is taking a leading part in the Oregon Pacific Highway association which has as its goal the militarizing of the route from the Canadian to the Mexican borders.

* * *

The industries committee has been functioning and, in view of the favorable lumber and plywood market, it is anticipated that the work this committee has done during the last two years will begin to show some tangible results this year.

The legislative committee has been busy and is even now devoting considerable time and attention to bills under consideration by the current legislative session.

These few, of the numerous active committees of the Roseburg Chamber of Commerce, are mentioned here to indicate the nature and scope of the work being done regularly, quietly and carefully by that effective organization. It happens to be work for the general benefit of everyone in the community and it should be supported by all.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

grave importance of the poker game going on at Vichy.

It is hard to see how Hitler can long delay applying force to France if she doesn't yield to his demands—which must include handing over the French fleet and ceding Mediterranean bases such as Toulon and Bizerte on the Mediterranean.

Oregon Stores' Whisky Prices Are Marked Up

PORTLAND, Feb. 10.—(AP)—The Oregon liquor control commission announced a new flat rate mark-up schedule for whiskey sold in state liquor stores.

It will be sold at a straight 54 per cent increase over cost price, Chairman Lloyd Wentworth said. The former markup was 40 per cent and $1.20 per case.

The chairman explained the change will permit a more equitable distribution of retail costs and hold down the retail value of lower-priced brands. Commission earnings will not be increased, he said.

It was predicted that higher-priced whiskies would increase slightly.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—American Family Robinson.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Musical Matinee, MBS.
5:00—Ned Jordan, Secret Agent, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities.
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, Feenamint, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Talk by P. J. Easton on Farm Surplus and Food Stamp Plan.
9:30—Wake Up America, American Economic Foundation, MBS.
10:15—Sign off.

TUESDAY, FEB. 11

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 Neighbors," Neighbors of Woodcraft, MBS.
8:30—News, Spreckel's Sugar, MBS.
8:45—Words and Music, MBS.
9:00—Interlude.
9:05—The Plainsman, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Varieties.
9:45—Keep Fit To Music, MBS.
10:00—Dance Interlude.
10:15—Hollywood Whispers, Marrow 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 Laschelle, Organist, MBS.
11:30—Roseburg School Program.
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—To Be Announced.
1:30—Radio Gossip 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. Bulletins, MBS.
3:05—Everett Hoagland's Orchestra, MBS.
3:30—Lazy Rhapsody, MBS.
4:00—Rhythm Range.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Sands of Time, MBS.
5:00—Symphony.
5:15—To Be Announced, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Dinner Music.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities.
6:10—Interlude.
6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Dance Time.
7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MBS.
7:15—Melodies Modern.
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades, MBS.
7:45—Sentimental Concert, MBS.
8:00—Stan Meyers' Orchestra, MBS.
8:15—Talk by Rep. A. L. Vartland, MBS.
8:30—Laugh N' Swing Club, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Roseburg String Orchestra.
9:30—Freddy Martin's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.
10:30—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams

Oregon Bridges Held Inadequate For Army Loads

PORTLAND, Feb. 7.—(Special)—More than 225 bridges on Oregon's secondary highways would not be able to carry troops and army convoys in a period of emergency, it was disclosed in the study of military road requirements being made by the Oregon State Motor association.

Twenty-five per cent of the 900 bridges on the secondary roads are in need of widening to prevent "bottlenecks" that would stall troops and supply convoys. An additional nine bridges would not carry heavy military tanks and trucks.

Need for reconstruction to meet military requirements was made by R. H. Baldock, state highway engineer, who is co-operating in the road study inaugurated by Dr. E. B. Daniel, president of the motor association, under the direction of Ray Conway, manager.

"We are ready to plunge into the bridge program, as well as the task of eliminating mountain curves, widening roads and changing routes," Baldock said. "We would have taken all these jobs in stride on a peace time basis but now we are confronted by a national problem of defense and must act before it is too late."

Baldock stressed the fact that congress has cut federal highway allocations 25 per cent for the next year. Oregon gets 1½ per cent of the national sum, but he contended that because it is a coastal defense state it should receive a large percentage on a military basis.

"In peace times the motorist has paid through license fees and gasoline taxes," Baldock commented.—"He has cut our bonded indebtedness from $48,000,000 to $16,000,000. But the motorist cannot be expected to carry the defense-road burden. Federal money must be increased."

George Felt Given Rating As Commercial Pilot

George Felt, local flier, successfully passed all tests and was given his rating as a commercial pilot last week when he was examined by an inspector from the civil aeronautics authority. Mr. Felt is the owner of the Stinson plane at the local airport and heads the Roseburg Flying service.

He has held a private license for several months and has rapidly accumulated the flying time necessary for a commercial rating. He now is privileged to carry passengers for hire.

Mr. Felt also is engaged at present in teaching a local ground school in navigation and meteorology under the civilian pilots training program.

Larry Womack of Canyonville successfully passed tests and received his private pilot's certificate during the inspector's visit here last week.

Mrs. E. F. Reid Passes Away at Myrtle Creek

Mrs. E. F. Reid, 84, died Saturday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. R. Weaver, in Myrtle Creek. Born in Missouri, Sept. 15, 1856, Mrs. Reid had made her home in Oregon for the past 30 years.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist church at Myrtle Creek this afternoon, Rev. J. M. Davis officiating. Interment followed in Myrtle Creek cemetery. Arrangements were in charge of the Roseburg Undertaking company.

Return From Eugene—Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bailey and son, Roger, have returned to their home in Laurelwood, following a visit in Eugene since Friday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bailey.

DAILY DEVOTIONS
DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

Man has a capacity for God. It is inherent in our nature. Just as we have a capacity to know and understand the physical world, so there is much certainty about our personal knowledge of God. Our understanding of His handiwork is only one avenue to a greater knowledge of Him. As keen as that perception may be, it is not, however, our best approach to God. Our best knowledge of Him comes more certainly by faith, by prayer, and best of all, by obedience to His will. We have a capacity to think God's thoughts after Him. That is an endowment from God to His children. Because of this great endowment our minds can fathom something of His meaning and purpose for us. Because of this endowment we can participate in the work He wills to see accomplished through us. We have capacity for fellowship with God, it is ours to enjoy communion with His spirit. Doubtless this is man's highest and greatest capacity, in both achievement and delight. May we ever seek His fellowship in our hearts. Amen.

BARBS

A Chicago youth drove a stolen auto all night long and a judge gave him 30 days—plenty of time to catch up on his sleep.

Treasury Secretary Morgenthau says U. S. has established the best credit in the world. A nice example for Uncle Sam to set for all his nephews.

The Italians don't seem to have a look-in on the Albanian front — maybe because the Greeks have taken all the peaks.

A man is known by the company he keeps from yawning.

An Illinois woman judge held court in her home. That's where the woman usually lay down the law.

In Hitler's remark, "I have armed, and armed, and armed," there was a British touch. He dropped his h's.

Statistics show the weatherman about 80 per cent correct—leaving 20 per cent for the holidays.

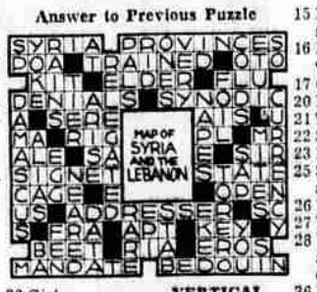
Rumored that Lindbergh will seek a seat in congress. Lots of people willing for him to go and sit down—but not in congress.

Sewing Club to Meet—The U. S. W. V. Sewing club will meet Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. T. S. Millikin to sew for the American Red Cross.

PUBLIC SERVANT

HORIZONTAL
1 Late British ambassador to U. S. A.
10 Meadow.
11 Crystal cavity in stone.
12 Badly.
13 More crippled.
14 Fifth month.
15 Containing selenium
17 Organ of hearing.
18 Afternoon meal.
19 Scented.
22 Three.
24 To cut whiskers.
29 Prompt.
30 Simpleton.
31 Lukewarm.
32 One that totes.
33 Wherefore.
34 Oleoresin.
35 To appear.
37 Weapon.
38 Gist.
41 Grain foods.
44 Blood money.
46 Street car.
48 Plant hairs.
49 Colonist in Africa.
50 Part of flower.
52 East Indian plant.
53 His post was in —— D. C.
54 He was an honored, —— envoy.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



VERTICAL
2 Jar.
3 To depend.
4 Twenty-four hours.
5 One who ogles
6 Wild duck.
7 Dwelling.
8 To become the same.
9 Eagle's nest.
12 He was a most —— aid to the British government.
15 Pertaining to satyrs.
16 Furniture wheels.
17 One that ends.
20 Lion.
21 To dine.
22 Soaring.
23 Hurrah!
25 Steering apparatus.
26 Monkey.
27 Vigor.
28 He was once a journalist or ——.
36 Four plus three.
37 Stranger.
39 Bear constellation.
40 Flying mammals.
42 Ell.
43 Too.
44 Hair tool.
45 To sway dizzily.
47 Fabled fish.
49 Sheep's cry.
51 Note in scale.

● SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

BY BETTY WALLACE

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YESTERDAY: Martha does not go into detail concerning her return to the office, spends most of the time taking notes of the conference. Paul wants her to remain in New York to report the morning session, but she refuses, knowing Bill would never accept any explanation. She takes the plane home, never dreaming just how crazy Bill could be, nor how appalling a situation awaited her.

* * *

BILL GOES WILD
CHAPTER XVII

A light burned in Mrs. Larkin's parlor. Martha, tired, after the flight from New York, her head aching, gave it no thought as she started up the stairs to her room.

"Is that you, Mrs. Marshall?" called a voice from the kitchen. The door opened, and Mrs. Larkin, in a bathrobe, came into the hall. "I was just making some coffee. I was waiting for you. That's why I've got the parlor lamp on."

"Waiting for me?" Martha turned, and went down the stairs again. She saw now that the old woman's hair was tumbled, her eyes heavy with sleep. As if she had retired and been rudely awakened.

"Oh, Mrs. Marshall," Mrs. Larkin wailed. "Your husband was here! In his uniform. He rang and rang and rang—it must have been only an hour or two ago—and he carried on something fierce when I opened the door. He insisted on going upstairs. I couldn't make it out. He wanted to see if your clothes were gone!" She wrung her hands. "I never saw a man in such a state, Mrs. Marshall! He was fit to be tied!"

"My husband? Are you sure?" The room seemed to be whirling dizzily. Martha put her hands up to her aching head, and sat down quickly on the sagging sofa. "What did he say? What was the matter? I don't understand."

"Oh, Mrs. Marshall! All I know is, he was talking wild. Ringing and banging on the door and then asking where you were. I said no, you didn't come home. He asked me if I knew where you were. How would I know? He just kept trying to get me in a corner, as if I weren't telling the truth!"

Righteous indignation asserted itself, Mrs. Larkin's breast heaved, her eyes snapped. "I got so mad I wanted to call the police. He bust in, ran up the stairs, yelled he had to get in your room, had to see if you'd left your clothes."

"Oh, why? Why?" Martha wailed. "What on earth—the fool. The crazy fool!" She couldn't think, her mind was a jumbled chaos.

"In New York. I flew—the office—"

"Aha!" cried the old woman. "That's what he said! I thought he was out of his head. He said you were in New York and he wanted to find out about your clothes!"

Martha sat bolt upright. "He knew I was in New York? Then he must have gone to the office!"

* * *

Swift understanding washed over her. Bill had received her note. He knew she was in the office. And he'd come there. Someone there must have told him—she trembled with rage at the idiocy of it—someone must have said, "Mrs. Marshall's in New York with Mr. Elliott."

She thought of the phone girl, and choked. That's who it was! It had to be! She'd put in the long distance calls, she was the one, all right. "I could kill her!"

"Who, dearie?" asked Mrs. Larkin. Her indignation had faded somewhat. She had her teeth in a juicy little problem, and she was enjoying it. "So you were in New York, and they told Mr. Marshall. Ah, I see."

"But that must have been this afternoon, before the office closer," Martha said painfully. "Why did Bill come here so late tonight? What could he have been doing, here in town?"

Another thought nagged at the back of her mind. This was Tuesday. Never before had Bill secured a pass for overnight leave on a week day. "Maybe he came here to apologize, to beg me to go back. . . . Maybe he got a special pass. . . ."

The realization of Bill's regret at their quarrel—the knowledge that he'd come all the way from camp to see her at the office, perhaps to beg her foregiveness, to make it up—smote her like a blow. "And I wasn't there! That moron at the switchboard told him I was in New York with Paul!"

"Yes," she heard Mrs. Larkin's voice speculating. "Yes, he must have been at the office in the daytime. Where was he till he came here? Do you reckon he was out among your friends—finding out if you told anybody anything? Asking them what they knew?" The shrewd old eyes gleamed with sudden malice. "His getting so excited about your clothes looks to me like your husband must have thought you were running away!"

* * *

For a moment, Martha huddled there on the soft, misery shaking her. Then she caught at the old woman's words. "My friends . . . asking them . . . Suzanne! That's where Bill went! He must have. There was no one else. He must have gone to her house to find out if she knew whether Paul and I—Paul and I—" Her throat closed up, convulsively. Suddenly she was galvanized into action. She leaped to her feet, her body stiff with decision. "Excuse me, Mrs. Larkin. Thanks for—for telling me. I must go out now. I—goodnight, Mrs. Larkin!"

Her landlady stared at Martha as if she had suddenly taken leave of her senses. "It's 1 o'clock in the morning!"

But Martha was opening the front door. An instant later, the cold night wind stabbed her. She hurried down the street, oblivious. Two blocks away there was an all-night cab stand. She had to get to Suzanne's house on Sugar Hill. That's where Bill had gone, all right. It was there he had spent the hours between his discovery at the office and appearance at Mrs. Larkin's.

The lights of a drugstore arrested her. Telephone? No! Suppose Suzanne didn't want to see her now. Suppose she was glad this had happened—suppose she had filled Bill with more poisonous, malicious misinformation!

Strangely, out of the red haze which engulfed her, Martha remembered the country club dance about which Suzanne had been so furious. The dance Martha had lied about to Bill. "I told him I was bowling with the girls." Had Suzanne remembered that, tonight?

A lone cab stood at the corner. She pulled open the door. "Sugar Hill." The name of Suzanne's street eluded her, for a dizzy moment. "Stafford—no Stratford Road. The big white house off by itself in between Palmer and Britt. . . ."

* * *

At last the cab stopped. Martha paid the man, trembling. She stood on the porch, shivering, her fingers pressing the bell. Almost immediately, a light flashed on in the hall. Through the tiny glass panes of the upper door, Martha saw a pair of silver mules come down the stairs, and then a quilted satin bathrobe. Suzanne herself was answering the door.

Suzanne's eyes, through the glass, were not astonished at meeting Martha's worried brown ones. Then Bill had been here! Suzanne seemed to know all about it, for she flung the door open. "Thank God you're here! I told Bill you weren't in New York!"

"I was in New York. I flew back. O, Suzanne, he was here? What did he want? What was the matter?"

"He wanted me to tell him what hotel you were at. He was crazy, out of his head. Said he was going to New York after you. I tried to keep him here, but it was no good. . . ."

Suzanne drew her in. She moved around the living room, switching on lamps, drawing blinds. From a box on the coffee table, she extended cigarets.

"Sit down. Let me get this straight. When Bill came here, all in a dither, I couldn't make head or tail of it at first. He seemed to think I'd know all about it." Her lips twisted. "I gave up playing follow-Paul after that mess in the hospital. Oh, Martha, I've been so sorry about that! It was cheap—stupid—"

"Never mind about that! What did Bill say?"

"I'm telling you! He thought Paul enticed you back—thought it was all arranged, that everybody—at least I—knew you'd eloped to New York, or something. . . . He raved and swore and asked me where you were, how long you were going to stay—things like that. I told him it was nonsense. I told him I didn't know where Paul was, but that I was certain you weren't in New York at all. I—" Suzanne's creamy face flashed, "I honestly tried to repair whatever damage I'd done that time, Martha."

"Damage!" Martha's laugh was curiously mirthless. "He's thought of nothing else. It kept growing in his mind. He magnified it to even greater importance than you ever did—he got sullen, impossible—made trouble for himself at camp—quarreled with me, kept asking me things about Paul—when I'd seen him, trying to trap me into admitting things—oh—"

"I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry I ever said a word!"

"That's a big help now!"

"Dont Martha! I—I'll do anything. Look, let's get this straight. How did you know he'd been here? Where did he go after that?"

"He went to my boarding house. Rushed upstairs to see if I'd taken my clothes! I simply guessed that he'd been here. But where can he be now?"

Suzanne's silver mule tapped the rug reflectively, while Martha sat on the edge of the big chair, her mind a battleground on which conflicting emotions raged back and forth. Anger at Suzanne—resentment, hostility—and a wavering gratefulness that she was trying to help. Sick hurt at Bill's wild suspicions, at the violent and senseless way he had acted. But above all, there was fear. Fear for his safety, fear that his headlong rage would get him into trouble. Where could he possibly have gone?

"We must look for him," Suzanne said, rising. "I—I hate to say this, Martha, but I—I think he's been drinking. If he went to your boarding house—raising Cain, and then—then didn't know what to do next, it seems to me he—he probably stopped for a drink somewhere."

Or two or ten," Martha whispered. "Oh, Suzanne!"

"I'll get dressed at once. We'll get in my car. We'll scour the town for him."

(To be continued)

It'll Soon Be a Habit

OLATHE, Kas.—One of the 54 draftees ordered to report at the railway station the morning of February 20 protested "that 6:30 is an awful hour to catch a train. Why can't I go to Kansas City the night before and join you there on your arrival at 8:15?"

Next time, try the train

"This sure beats driving!"

New Low Train Fares!

New train fares between Oregon points are the lowest in many years. Next time you travel, try the train. It's cheaper than driving, easier and a lot more fun.

To	One way	Roundtrip
PORTLAND	$3.45	$6.25
EUGENE	1.45	2.65
SALEM	2.65	4.80
ALBANY	2.20	4.00

S·P
The Friendly Southern Pacific

SEE J. E. CLARK, AGENT, PHONE 11, or write J. A. Ormandy, G. P. A., 622 Pacific Bldg., Portland, Ore.