

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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which she must certainly have known.

THE British Mediterranean fleet, during the narrow entrance to the Ligurian sea...

Note Churchill's statement that from Genoa a German invasion force might soon have sailed to attack General Weygand in Algeria or Tunis.

That's a further hint of the acutely strained relations between Germany and what remains of France.

(A DAY or two ago, there was a rumor that Petain had fled by plane to join Weygand in Africa. There was nothing to it, but it shows how tensely all Europe is waiting for something to happen in that quarter.)

GERMAN planes appear over Iceland, which since the Dutch collapse has been held by the British and is reported to be heavily fortified. Some of them swoop low and machine-gun British planes on the ground.

There have been reports for days that German planes are making methodical observation flights over Ireland, and you will recall that one of them crashed in County Cork the other day. Presumably they are making aerial maps.

Map-making is preliminary to invasion.

NOTE also that Chamberlain in his report to the commons included GLIDERS among the means by which the Germans may be expected to try to land troops in England if and when the long-expected attack comes. That is a new thought to most of us. Gliders (or sail planes) can be manufactured in vast numbers and very cheaply. But training glider pilots in vast numbers would be another matter, one would think.

ANYWAY, the news in today's (Monday's) papers points strongly to the probability that the winter lull in the fighting is about over and that big events are beginning to stir.

KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY 4:00—Dance Time.

4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS. 4:30—Confessions of A Corsair, MBS. 5:00—Concert Melodies. 5:15—Border Patrol, MBS. 5:30—Varieties. 5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS. 6:00—Interlude. 6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities. 6:10—Dinner Music. 6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS. 6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS. 6:45—The Dance Hour. 7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades, MBS. 7:45—Art Linkletter, MBS. 8:00—Standard Symphony, Standard Oil, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS. 9:15—Leighton Noble's Orchestra, MBS. 9:30—Freddie Marvin's Orchestra, MBS. 10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS. 10:30—Sign off.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14 6:15—Eye Opener. 7:00—News, Los Angeles Soap Co., MBS. 7:15—Stuff and Nonsense. 7:40—State and Local News. 7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning." 7:50—Rhapsody in Wax. 8:00—Haven of Rest, MBS. 8:30—News, MBS. 8:45—BIC News, MBS. 9:00—A. P. Bulletins, MBS. 9:05—Musical Portraits, MBS. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:30—Sunshine Sue and Her Rangers, MBS. 9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS. 10:00—Lady of Millions, Copco. 10:15—BIC News, MBS. 10:30—Johnson Family, MBS. 10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS. 11:00—Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS. 11:15—Wheel of Fortune. 12:00—Luncheon Music. 12:15—Sport News, Truck Sales and Service Co., owned by R. L. Chambers, and the Dunham Transfer Co. 12:25—Rhythm at Random. 12:35—Parkinson's Information Exchange. 12:40—Interlude. 12:45—News, Hansen Motor Co. 12:50—News Review of the Air. 1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street. 1:15—Melody Matinee. 2:00—At Your Command. 2:30—Music by Willard, MBS. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS. 3:00—Matinee Dance. 3:15—Professor Lindsay, MBS. 3:30—Affairs of State, MBS. 4:00—American Family Robinson. 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.

OUT OUR WAY



- 4:30—Matinee Concert. 5:00—Low Loyal, MBS. 5:30—Varieties. 5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS. 6:00—Interlude. 6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities. 6:10—Dinner Music. 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—Sinfonietta, MBS. 8:30—I Want a Divorce, Teagarden Products, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS. 9:15—Leighton Noble's Orchestra, MBS. 9:30—Freddie Martin's Orchestra, MBS. 10:00—Sign Off.

Lions Club Hears Talks On Food Stamps, Lincoln

The food stamp plan was discussed at the Roseburg Lions Club 6:30 o'clock dinner meeting last night at the Hotel Empqua by P. J. Easton, federal representative. Frank Long, club president, conducted the regular business meeting, at which plans were made for a seven o'clock no-host dinner next Wednesday night at the Hotel Empqua, at which the ladies will be guests of honor. Judge R. W. Marston will be the guest speaker. Following the business session last night, Attorney H. A. Canada presented an interesting Lincoln's day address. A good attendance of members enjoyed the address and meeting.

MAP PUZZLE

MAP PUZZLE Answer to Previous Puzzle. HORIZONTAL: 1 Map of island republic. 7 Its warm volcanic supply it with hot water. 13 Ethical. 14 Work of skill. 16 To worship. 17 Mitten. 18 Test. 19 A. 20 A. 21 Drying command. 22 Wanders in search of cattle food. 24 Midst. 26 Preposition. 27 Domestic slave. 29 Northeast (abbr.). 32 Tow boots. 34 Kind of candle. 35 Advertisement is an important industry here. 37 Sweeping tool. 38 Puddled. 40 Compass point (abbr.). 42 Bard. 43 Senior (abbr.). 44 Premonition. 46 Feasted. 50 Large ex. 51 Hat. 52 Roadblock. 54 Skillet. 55 Break. 57 Name. 58 Religion. 59 Kind of fish. 60 Fishing for important industries here. 61 Its parliament. 62 Heavenly body. 63 Great lake. 64 Upright staff. 65 Mulberry tree. 66 Black tern. 7 Thresher. 8 Sun deity. 9 Fish. 10 Model. 11 Wheat seeds. 12 Southeast (abbr.). 13 Toward. 15 Toward. 19 For fear that. 21 Truck. 22 Reprimanded. 23 The King of this land. 28 Heron. 30 Furtive watcher. 31 Tribunal. 32 Turf. 36 Certificate of graduation. 39 African farmer. 41 Aquatic mammal. 43 Shony antic. 45 Repeatedly. 47 Halt an em. 48 Company. 49 Since. 50 Acetic. 52 To sin. 54 Exclamation. 55 Sound of pleasure. 56 Palm lily. 58 Lieutenant (abbr.). 59 August (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-60.

SERIAL STORY

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE BY BETTY WALLACE

YESTERDAY: The search goes on, but there is no trace of Bill. Martha finally gets hysterical, is sent to bed. Paul and Suzanne drive to camp. Martha remembers Butch, and how Bill loves the dog. She hurries to the kennel. Bill is there.

THE BEST CONSCRIPT'S WIFE CHAPTER XXX

"Martha!" Bill cried huskily. "Martha!" He darted forward as she swayed. His strong arm steadied her, and his blue eyes looked down into hers with concern and a quick, pleading humility. For the split-second that faintness overcame her, she knew a sharp, leaping relief—a relief almost unendurable in its ecstasy. She clung to him, seeing in that one look the new haggardness of his face, the shamed uncertainty in his eyes. But in the next moment, she was pushing him away. She was standing straight and rigid, the anger and despair which had whipped her on through the dreadful hours making her lips tighten and her voice hard. "Where were you all this time? Don't you know we've been looking for you? I almost went out of my mind. Paul had detectives in New York. Suzanne hired detectives here. I phoned the camp, they said you'd deserted where were you? Why did you do it?"

By Williams

CONSCRIPT'S WIFE

Bill's eyes dropped. He kicked morosely at a pebble. "Where were you?" she cried again. "I looked for you all night! All day yesterday. Where were you?" "After I—I knocked Paul down, I—I had to hitchhike from New York. I went crazy, Martha. I didn't come to until they kicked me out of the hotel. But knowing you'd gone back to him—" "Oh, Bill, don't start that again! I told you I've never been in love with him, I didn't go back to him!" Suddenly all the anger left her, the passionate desire to convince him. "Oh, never mind, Bill. That doesn't matter now. Do you know you're a deserter? You've got to get back to camp quickly! You must do everything you can to make them go easy on you." "I've made a dreadful mess of things," he admitted morosely. "I guess it's too late." "No! It isn't too late! Oh, Bill, get into the car with me. You drive, please. Drive fast! We'll get to camp, I'll speak to the commanding officer. Perhaps they—they're not so heartless after all..." He laughed shortly. "Our troubles don't concern them. Discipline is all they care about." "And they're right! You should never have done it. No matter what happened, your first duty (was to the army)." "Duty," he said. "It's their favorite word." "It's a big word, Bill. A solemn word."

As she sat there beside him, while the old car strained over the road, Martha thought of the guardhouse where she had found him last Sunday. Would this being absent without leave mean a longer term in the guardhouse? More severe punishment? "Bill, will they court-martial you?" "I don't know." He turned and his eyes met hers. "All I know, Martha, is that I'm ashamed in my soul to have given you all this trouble. I—I could get down on my knees to you, I could—could cut off my arm... but it wouldn't help. Nothing could make it right again. Nothing could give me another chance!" "The army's got to give you another chance," she said steadily. "That's our first concern. After that—oh, Bill, I've never stopped loving you." She lifted her tear-stained face. Bill kissed her swiftly. Then they turned their faces resolutely straight ahead to the immediate future that awaited them at the camp.

Two hours later, going down the road that led to the sentry hut and the cantonment, Martha saw Suzanne's car. "Bill! There's Paul and Suzanne!" Bill touched the horn button. Paul and Suzanne tumbled out of their car in surprise and relief. "Oh, Martha, you found him!" "Yes." Her smile was tremulous. "There's no time now. Bill must report at once. Wait for me." As Bill stepped on the starter, Martha saw Paul turn to Suzanne. "You've been wonderful," he said simply. Suzanne answered, "I was wrong about those things I said at the hospital. Paul, I know now none of them was true. But you should have known, long ago, Paul—I'd do anything for you." Martha thought, as they were

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left behind there on the road, that perhaps this crisis had worked a minor miracle. It had brought Paul closer to Suzanne—it had given Suzanne a chance to atone. "How odd, that my life and Bill's should touch the lives of others at every point..." She did not need now, to hear Paul tell her that he, too, had been wrong. He had thought loving her was only his own business—that it could have no effect on others while he locked it in his own heart. But it had—it had poisoned Bill's mind and Suzanne's. "But that's over now. Paul has learned, too." A swift word to the sentry, and they were driving through the camp street, stopping at the administration building. Bill "saw" out, Martha behind him. She caught up with him, whispered, "One more kiss, darling. Then you'll face them. And so will I!" A moment later, Bill was smartly saluting a young officer. "Private Marshall reporting, sir. I—I've been absent without leave."

She did not know, when she drove out of the camp, how long it would be before she could return. She did not know what they would do with Bill nor what his punishment would consist of. "But whatever it is, we'll take it," she thought. "We'll take it with a smile." A week later, Martha was driving into that camp once more. She was being allowed to visit Bill in the guardhouse for the first time. He still had two months to serve. But when she saw him, she realized anew how tiny the punishment was, how gallantly he was enduring it. "Oh, Martha, it's so good to see you!" "Darling!" She was close in his arms. "I'm so happy! Even though you're here, and I'm there, I keep feeling that we've started over. Everything's fresh and clean and wonderful." She kissed him gaily. "And I have news. Paul's been sent to our new plant on the west coast. He and Suzanne were married before he left!" Her eyes, gloriously sure now, teased him. "So keep your mind on the army, Bill! A few more weeks, and you'll be out showing them the right way to go over the top, or whatever it is they teach you." Her voice sang. "Oh, darling, I love you so! I'm waiting for you—and I'm the best, the happiest conscript's wife in the country." Bill's voice shook. "You're the most wonderful conscript's wife, darling. I don't deserve it. But I'll spend the rest of my life showing you that I do appreciate it." "About face soldier," she laughed. "From now on, the past's behind us. The future ahead. Oh, Bill, I love you!" "About face," he agreed steadily. "Together." (THE END)

Regular meeting Thursday evening, February 13, at 8:00 o'clock.

Editorials on News

mean the beginning of a German push to the south. He speaks suggestively of what might happen if Britain, Turkey and all the peoples of the Balkans stood together to hold up such an assault. NOTE that he doesn't include Russia, which has done nothing to stop these seepages of Germans into Bulgaria — of

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