

Roseburg News-Review

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Entered as second class matter
May 17, 1920, at the post office at
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WEST-HOLIDAY

OREGON NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates
Daily, per year by mail, \$2.50
Daily, 6 months by mail, \$1.50
Daily, 3 months by mail, \$1.00
Daily, by carrier per month, .45
Daily, by carrier per year, \$5.40

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.

THE putter-offers had better
not put off even one day
longer the task of looking over
the income tax blanks. Furth-
ermore, a great many people
who have paid no attention to
the problem of income tax heret-
ofore because their incomes
were lower than the require-
ment for filing returns, had best
find out for certain just how
they stand regarding the 1940
federal income tax law.

With each blank mailed to "old
subscribers" was included the
following notice:

"Your attention is directed to
an important change for filing
federal income tax returns for
1940. Returns for the calendar
year 1940 are required to be filed
under the following circum-
stances:

"Single individuals, or married
individuals not living with hus-
band or wife, having a GROSS
INCOME of \$800 or more.

"Married individuals living to-
gether having a combined
GROSS INCOME of \$2,000 or
more.

"The net income is no longer
to be used in determining li-
ability for filing federal income
tax returns. See further Sec-
tion (A) 'WHO MUST MAKE A
RETURN,' appearing on the
first page of the instruction
sheet attached to the enclosed
Form 1040."

And, ladies and gentlemen,
those words mean something.
Last year the provision for single
individuals was that a return
must be filed "If having a net
income of \$1,000 or more or a
gross income of \$5,000 or more."

For married couples the provi-
sion was: "If each has a gross
income and the combined net in-
come of the two is \$2,500 or over,
or the combined gross income is
\$5,000 or over. If only one has
a gross income his net income is
\$2,500 or over, or his gross in-
come is \$5,000 or over, such per-
son shall make a return."

If you will just read the above
two quotes again—the one gov-
erning the filing of the return
this year and the second one as
applied last year, you will real-
ize that there is a vast differ-
ence and that a great many
more persons are required to file
returns this year. There is a
penalty for failing to do so—this
is a warning.

The state income tax blank for
the year 1940 appears to be ex-
actly the same as the blank for
1939. This blank will give no
additional problem—other than
the fact that most folks have to
pay more state than federal in-
come tax.

When the preparation of this
column was begun today it was
the intention to explain and dis-
cuss the changes in the federal
income tax blank. The thought
was a serious error as was
quickly proven by a brief inspec-
tion of the blank. It looks inno-
cent enough until you get down
to where it reads: "Computation
of Tax." Up to that point it is
regular and clearly understand-
able. Beyond that, you are on
your own.

Actually the changes are not
so very many, nor are they so
awfully complicated. Anyone
thoroughly educated in law, in
accountancy, and with a college
degree in mathematics will have
little or no difficulty.

Others should talk the problem

over with the federal income tax
field men who are obligingly
here for that purpose. They are
now holding forth in the city hall
and will be there tomorrow.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

times, but after a solid week of
rain even a flagon of good old
pirate rum would be excused.

OUT on the rocks a band or a
flock or a herd—whatever
the proper term for a homey lit-
tle gathering of sea lions may
be—is sunning itself. Probably
the same ones grampa and gram-
ma sent home postcards of to the
kids and the neighbors.

They look old enough and shop-
worn enough to be.

Up above the Cliff House is a
gloomy patch of scrub pine and
manzanita known as Sutor's
Wood that must have an interest-
ing story if one had time to go
to the public library and look it
up. It is peopled with a choice
collection of sculptured art, and
its general aspect is such that
gentlemen of African extraction
passing it after dark cling to
their rabbit's foot with a death
grip.

At the topmost peak is a
marble lady (scantily clothed for
these damp days) who clutches
her midriff with one hand and
points aloft with the other.

DOLLARS to doughnuts, after
the week just past, this is
what she is saying:

"Look, girls; that thing up
there is the SUN!"

LATER. Many hours later, in
fact. The shades of night
are falling fast.

And the rain is falling also—
falling fast and furiously again.
Wurra, wurra, wurra! Wot a
life!

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—Symphony.
5:15—Border Patrol, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine,
MBS.
6:00—Interlude.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties.
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 Hour,
Standard Oil, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen
Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Leighton Noble's Orches-
tra, MBS.
9:30—Fredrick Martin's Orchestra,
MBS.
10:00—Haven of Rest.
10:30—Sign off.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21

6:45—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—British News, MBS.
9:00—Interlude.
9:05—Musical Portraits, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Fifth Annual Farm Insti-
tute, MBS.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—Lady of Millions, Copco.
10:15—British News, MBS.
10:30—The 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
L. R. 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—Concert Melodies.
2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
3:00—Dance Interlude.
3:15—Professor Lindsley, MBS.
3:30—Affairs of State, MBS.
4:00—American Family Robin-
son.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Matinee Concert.
4:50—Low Loyal, MBS.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine,
MBS.
6:00—Interlude.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utili-
ties.
6:10—Dinner Music.
6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.

OUT OUR WAY



Donkey Basketball Billed for Feb. 24 At Roseburg High

Who ever heard of donkeys on a basketball floor?

Sounds like a cockeyed dream, but Monday night, Feb. 24, at the Roseburg senior high school gymnasium, 15 circus-trained donkeys will wheel, prance and otherwise cavort as teams representing the Kiwanis and Rotary clubs meet in Roseburg's first game of donkey basketball.

The game, if such it can be called, is being sponsored by the high school student body, with the cooperation of the two service clubs. The fun is scheduled to start at 8 o'clock.

The donkeys are from the troupe owned by Jack Bartlett, star of radio and screen, who for several seasons has furnished trained donkeys for games of baseball, polo and other outside sports. They will be under the management of "Happy" Womack, Jack Moore, a well known circus animal trainer, is acting as referee.

Bartlett's animals are known throughout the nation. They strutted in Madison Square Gardens in New York City and trooped the maple floors in the leading high schools and college gymnasiums of the west. They brayed and batted before stand-
ing-room-only crowds of soldiers last month at Fort Lewis, Wash.

They will not damage the floor as they will be fitted with specially constructed rubber shoes.

Umpqua Cleaners Cling to Top In Bowling Tourney

The Umpqua Cleaners remain-
ed in first spot in the Roseburg Bowling association tournament in progress at the Roseburg al-
leys after four teams from the Industrial league and one from the City league took their turns on the alleys last night.

The Cleaners with a team score of 2879 were in first place, while House Motors held second spot with 2858. The Shell Oilers last night went into third spot with 2855, pushing Texaco to fourth spot and crowding Dunham Transfer out of the money.

Other teams scores last night were Copco 2095, Hotel Valley Union Oil 2069.

Five teams are yet to roll in the tournament. Montgomery Ward team will roll tonight at 9 o'clock and Stephens Auto Co., Kiwanis, Eagles and U. S. V. A. will occupy the alleys Friday night. The starting time Friday has been advanced from 9 to 7 o'clock to make way for a singles handicap sweepstakes match to be rolled at 9 p. m. There is room for 16 entries in the special event.

Entry time for doubles and singles will be closed at midnight Friday. They will be rolled Sat-
urday and Sunday.

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 Orches-
tra, MBS.
9:30—Fredrick Martin's Orches-
tra, MBS.
10:00—Sign off.

OREGON EVENTS FLASHED FROM WIRE SERVICE

HEPPNER, Feb. 20.—(AP)—

John Wightman's milk truck went on a rampage here Tuesday morning, but no milk was spilled.

Left standing on a steep hill-
side as Wightman made delivery to a house, the truck suddenly rolled down hill. It left the road, crashed through two fences and finally stopped with its front bumper wrapped around an apple tree and a rear wheel in a septic tank.

Not a drop of milk was lost.

PORTLAND, Feb. 20.—(AP)—

Anne Ellen Wendling, 17, Grant high school student, won the Daughters of the American Revolution's recent good citizen-
ship contest and will receive a trip to Washington, D. C.

TOLEDO, Feb. 20.—(AP)—

The Roberts sawmill, which once furnished Toledo's major pay-
roll, will resume operations soon, ending seven years of intermit-
tent idleness, Guy Roberts, own-
er, announced.

Returns Today—Dr. R. L.

Dunn, of Roseburg, went to Van-
couver, Wash., Wednesday to at-
tend the Christian church annual
dinner and business meeting as
the guest speaker. Rev. Walter
Givens, pastor of the church, ex-
tended the invitation to Dr.
Dunn, who was pastor there in
1917 and 1918. Dr. Dunn was
joined in Eugene by his wife and
daughter, Derlia, who accompa-
nied him on the trip to Van-
couver. He is returning to his of-
fice here this afternoon.

WORK GLOVE SPECIAL

Men's canvas gloves, full cut,
that stand the gaff, at 10c pair;
extra heavy weights at 15c pair.
Women's size for garden use, only
10c pair. Special on leather-
faced, with tipped fingers, made
for hard wear, at 25c. Also rub-
ber dipped gloves at 25c and 30c
pair. Buy now at Carr's.
(Adv.)

BLACK BIRD

HORIZONTAL

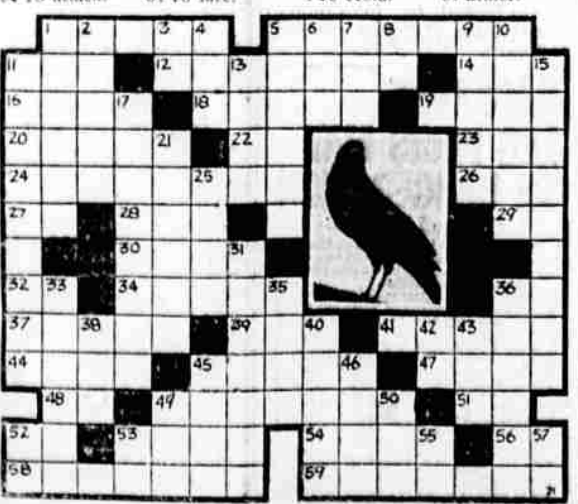
1 Pictured
glossy black
bird.
5 It is called a
— bird.
11 Promise.
12 Winged shoes
of Mercury.
14 Branch of
learning.
16 Shift collar.
18 Pierced with
a gore.
19 To exhaust.
20 Nude.
22 Musical
syllable.
23 Front of an
army.
24 Hermit.
26 Being.
27 Railway
(abbr.).
28 Gnawed.
29 Palm lily.
30 Touched
with toes.
32 Toward.
34 To attack.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

1 A L A C I O N
2 I N O R A
3 A R E S E M
4 B Y E S E
5 D I A L E S
6 I M M E N S E
7 C A D W A R E N E R
8 A R E A T E N D S
9 T I N K L E
10 E N T I A
11 P E A R I V E N
12 D E A N
13 B A C K E M A D E
14 T E O N A L A I L
15 V I E N N A G R I D D L E S

VERTICAL

1 Revolving.
2 Aroused from
sleep.
3 And.
4 To scold.
5 An embrace.
6 Native metal.
7 To free.
8 Go on.
9 Artless.
10 Litterant.
11 It was
formerly —
or revered.
12 Learning.
13 Tensibility.
14 Warm.
15 Musical tone.
16 Gilt terms.
17 Absconds.
18 Beginning.
19 Moldings.
20 Sugar.
21 Coin.
22 Barks.
23 Sun god.
24 To assist.
25 Clock face.
26 Auction.
27 Ocean.
28 To seek fast.
29 Father.
30 Reborn (abbr.).
31 Preposition.
32 Either.



PIGGY WIGGLY

Free Delivery—Specials Friday and Saturday—Phone 118—Open Saturday till 9 P. M.

GREEN TOP TURNIPS 2 Bchs. for 9c	SUNKIST LEMONS Large Size Doz. 19c	CABBAGE, pound 3c
ORANGES BIG—150 SIZE JUICY NAVELS DOZEN . . . 19c		
APPLES Red—Juicy Winesaps 4 Lbs. for 19c		
LOOK! EYE! EAVE!		
OREGON Milk 4 Cans 27c	GEM Oleo 2 Lbs. 25c	WINDMILL Flour 49 \$1.29 Lbs.
White Satin Sugar 10 Lbs. 51c	PEABERRY Coffee Lb. 19c	
PURE HONEY 5-Lb. Pail .. 39c	KELLOGG'S ALL BRAN Large Package 22c	PEAS Festival Brand 3 Cans for 29c
GREEN BEANS 2 Cans for 19c		
HIGH QUALITY MEATS Clayton Negley		
GOVERNMENT INSPECTED BOILING BEEF Lb. 14c		
SWIFT'S—LARGE BOLOGNA Lb. 19c		
Pork Shoulder ROAST Lb. 19c A surplus commodity		
BEEF ROAST Govt. Inspected Beef Center Cuts, Pound 17c		
WEINERS Pound 19c		
BACON SQUARES Lb. 8 1/2c A surplus commodity		

SERIAL STORY DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Andre receives his orders to follow Ronnie, get the new bomb sight which Bailey owns. He is to work with an agent who will be identified by a crutch. He arrives at Pueblo, sees a beautiful girl drive up. A professor, Dr. York, calls her Sonora Montoya. As she alights from the car, Andre sees that she walks with a crutch.

RONNIE GOES HUNTING

CHAPTER IV

For a long moment Ronica Bailey concentrated on the hole in her cabin window. It was a bullet hole, unmistakably. Anyway, she had seen the sudden little spurts of flame from the men's guns. Five guns fired at her by five men she had found walking across the rocky, cactus-studded desert.

"What ever!" she murmured to herself subconsciously, handling her controls to lift the powerful monoplane out of range.

Once more she looked down-
ward. The five men had stopped shooting but they had begun to run like so many excited insects. She studied the landscape care-
fully, with glasses and without. Nowhere was there house, road, windmill, any human sign save those five men.

She fumbled in a side pocket of her cabin and pulled out her own expensive pearl-handled pistol, gift from her dad. She could shoot it and shoot accurately, too, for she had a target range in her basement at home. On the other hand—

"That's foolish," she told her-
self now. "Wherever should I fight back at them?"

She reholstered the gun and accelerated her motor into a smooth, powerful crescendo that lifted her skyward. Then she leveled off, made a big curve and streaked like a phantom rabbit for home. The ship responded to her slightest touch, moved with astonishing speed and ease; that was why she loved it.

But the wind still lingering at her through the bullet hole served to heighten her indignation, too.

Who would dare shoot at a Bailey? Or, for that matter, who would dare shoot at any air-
plane in the United States of America? This country wasn't at war! This country clung to freedom; and nobody, official or otherwise, had a right to shoot at a pleasure plane.

pet rolled under her to reveal a new pattern including the little town of Pueblo and its college, and eight miles to one side she could spot her father's new ranch. She shifted her direction, still roaring, gunned her ship downward, and edged off just enough to land easily on the broad mesa her father had caused to be marked as a private landing field. Her mechanic sensed trouble before she touched earth and he came running.

"What happened, Miss Ronica?" he demanded.

"The ship's fine, Barton. But—where's daddy?"

"In the pouch hammock. He's still saddle sore."

She went to him and told him what had occurred. Mr. Bailey refused to be excited.

"Probably hunters, and you scared off their game," he suggested. "Why don't you get a book and relax, daughter? Or study up on your—"

"Oh, daddy, I can keep up with my studies at night! You wouldn't even care if I Indians tried to scalp me! Would you, now?"

"I'd feel sorry for the Indians. Wait where are you?"

"I'm driving to Pueblo."

"Better report it to the sheriff, if he called, 'just in case.'"

There wasn't any sheriff in Pueblo, she found. Not even a deputy. But there was a constable and a branch office at the United States immigration and naturalization service. The constable sent her to the latter place, where she met Inspector Sheridan Starr.

"No doubt about it, Miss Bailey," Officer Starr said, earnestly. "They were aliens slipping in from Mexico. Now from your description of the country I think I can go right out there and—"

you remind me a lot of my wife. She's got spunk, too. But see here, you have to mind me when we get to the house."

"Of, of course, Mr. Starr."

The ride out was almost an hour, and Ronica had ample chance then to get acquainted with the country from a man who really knew it. Sheridan Starr was a big-shouldered, big-batted, high-crowned officer who had known long service on the border patrol, and he seemed to be intimate with every nook and cranny of this southwestern arid land. He told Ronica a lot about her college. His conversation was rich with the lore of the region, specked with adventure and interest quite foreign to her New York background.

At The Tanks he strapped a rifle and holster on his saddle, filled his pistol cartridge belt, and again bade Ronica goodbye.

"If I'm not back by nightfall," said he, "you take the car and go home, then send a man back to help me."

But he hadn't ridden out of sight until Ronica had a second horse under saddle—she wheeled the old Mexican man there—and was trailing Officer Starr.

She realized he would never tolerate her close to him now, for here at hand was the country where she had been shot at by the five aliens. She marveled that he expected to make an arrest alone, wherefore she had to simply had to follow him and see whatever was to be seen. She kept just out of sight.

"Daddy will skin me for this," she told herself, and admitted that he ought to.

She pulled up when she saw Starr dismount behind mesquite brush, then creep to a ridge to peer over from a prone position. His rifle remained on his horse, but all at once she saw him unholster a pistol. She knew he had spotted the five men!

He cried briefly, then went out of sight. Ronica crept up to the ridge herself. She saw nothing at first, and she just lay there nursing a sense of excitement and guilt, wondering what her faculty adviser, Dr. Woodrow Wesley York, would have advised her to do. Poor Wesley York; he could be human, she'd bet, if given a chance. She would have to see that he—

"ALTO!"

From somewhere off came that shout. Starr's voice.

"ALTO! Maros arriba! Los federales aqui!"

He was yelling orders, and instantly she heard the answer—a shot!

"Oh!" gasped Ronica Bailey, moving to where she could see the five aliens. "Oh! I don't even have a—"

She stared speechless now. The shooting had increased. Officer Starr was just one man against five, and all around her New Mexico loomed broad and bare and ominous.

(To be continued)