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.

FOR several days there have been vague and uncertain rumors concerning the presence of great fish in the river. "Hooked two yesterday—got one up to the boat," is the usual formula. The old-timers smile quietly at those stories. It is two weeks too early for chinooks, they say in dismissal of the subject.

Yesterday morning the reports were far more definite.

"The first chinook was caught Sunday," said a man, obviously one long acquainted with big salmon. Up the steps to the News-Review office he came, two at a time.

"Show us," we said.

"Come on," says he—and we went, our office wind not bearing up well under the pace set by the eager citizen of the out-of-doors.

* * *

Sure enough. There, on a newly emptied apple box, was the plump and beautiful evidence. The first chinook HAD been caught. Rumor was transformed into fact. There was as fine a chinook salmon as ever fought a spinner.

Bright, silvery, with the smell of the ocean still about it, the green of the depths of the sea mingled with the dull blue of the back.

Some nitwit had actually weighed the fish on unimpeachable scales of the type used to measure the quantity of wire nails, sugar and such commonplace items—weighed it, mind you, minus its rightful gills and innards.

We quieted the foolish truth seeker—the one with the soul of a flour barrel who had attempted to evaluate the beautiful first chinook in terms of real pounds and actual ounces. We sent him away with proper scorn. He was no fit companion for those who fish for chinooks.

She'll go twenty-five pounds if she weighs an ounce—that was the true verdict—the proper courtesy to a finny fighter. And that was the TRUE weight of the first chinook expressed in terms understood by all chinook fishermen.

* * *

And so begins the season of hours in boats, rod in hand and spinner working with the proper slow rhythm. Those are not long hours. From dawn until dusk, the shortest day a man can spend is the day on the river trolling for chinooks.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

Foothill boulevard.

It is a dream—six lanes wide, divided in the center from the tunnels almost to Pasadena, with traffic entering only on the right and hedged in in such a way that it is almost impossible to get off it unless you know exactly what you are doing and where you are going.

This appeals particularly to visitors who have been accustomed in the past to getting lost at least half a dozen times while trying to enter the city at night. Also it speeds up the time of getting in and getting out almost unbelievably.

It is almost too good to be true.

COMING into the city this evening from the Foothill boulevard. Spinning along at a merry rate on this dream route, expecting to be clear down town in a few minutes. All well with the world—in spite of the pouring rain.

Suddenly a barricade looms ahead, with the fateful word "detour" displayed in large letters. Water, apparently, has got into the fine new cut-off and it will be necessary to wait until it runs out again. So traffic is being detoured onto the old Pasadena avenue-Broadway route. And at the exact hour when Santa Anita is pouring its masses of cars into the traffic stream.

The result is a jam of the first magnitude.

IT is just before six o'clock. Down town people hurrying home run head-on at the cross streets into the thousands of cars hurrying into the city.

The inevitable tangle ensues—for the emergency hasn't been anticipated and there are no traffic cops that far out. Cars pile up for blocks in every direction. And when somebody tries to make a left-hand turn in the mess it gets snarled tighter than a handful of twine string when you try to straighten it out.

All because a new facility to which everyone has become accustomed failed for a little while to function. It was like having the current go off in these days when everything in the house is run by electricty.

WE get the notion every now and then that everything in this country is slowing down. That progress isn't what it used to be. That we aren't going ahead as we ought.

Then something happens, like the temporary closing of this new and highly efficient route into L. A., and for a little while we have to go back to doing things as we used to do them.

We soon learn that the world is going ahead all the time.

R. H. S. Indians' Game With O. S. C. Rooks Canceled

By "HAP" APPLEGATE

Coach Jim Watts announced today that the basketball game scheduled between the Roseburg Indians and the Oregon State Rooks at Corvallis for tonight has been canceled. The Indians will hold only light workouts this week, endeavoring to get as much rest as possible in the event a playoff of the District No. 4 race is necessary.

Ashland plays at Grants Pass tonight and at Medford Friday night. If the Grizzlies win both contests they take first place and the right to play in the state tournament. One loss by Ashland, however, would throw the race into a tie. If Ashland should lose to Grants Pass and win from Medford a two-way tie would develop, while a win from Grants Pass and a loss to Medford would result in the three-way tie.

Real Threats Faced.

Although Grants Pass so far has not won a game in league play, the Cavemen recently threw a scare into Ashland on the Grizzlies' home court and will be out tonight to salvage at least one game out of the season's schedule. Medford, too, has been gaining strength as the season advanced and will have an advantage over Ashland in that the Grizzlies will have played a hard game on Tuesday night and will be faced with another bitter struggle Friday.

In the event of a playoff the Indians would have Earl Wiard back in the linsup, as he is now practically recovered from the attack of mumps which caused his loss to the team at the most vital point in the season's play.

B Squad Dated.

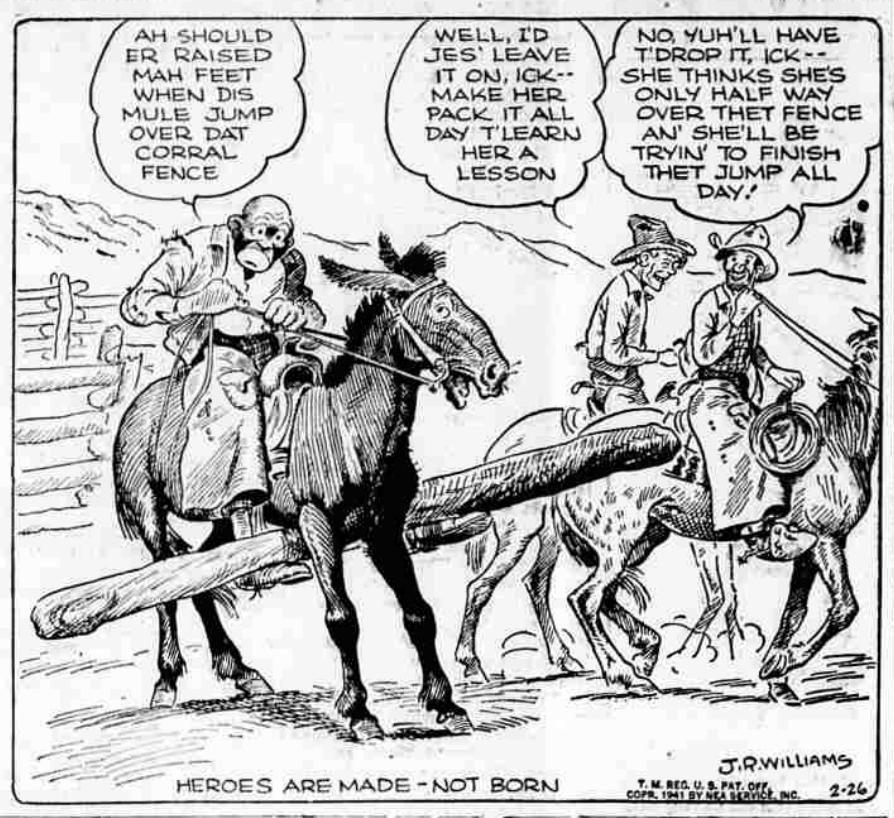
The strong Roseburg B squad, winners in seven out of eight contests this year, has scheduled two games to be played this week. Wednesday night the Bees go to Lookingglass and on Saturday night they engage this year's Douglas county All Stars in a preliminary to the district championship finals on the senior high court.

Coach Jim Davis put his squad through a strenuous workout yesterday to get back in condition after a lay-off. The Bees also are planning to go to Portland early next month to compete in the annual Albany college invitational tournament.

DOG LICENSE DUE

The folowing places have been authorized to issue dog licenses and collect fees for same up to March 1, 1941: Roy Redford, Myrtle Creek; E. E. Hart, Riddle; John Hamlin, Market Canyonville; Roy Condray, Azalea; J. B. Craddock, city police, Glendale; P. J. Davis, Sutherlin; M. H. Gildersleeve, Oakland; George L. Edes, Yoncalla; L. C. Applegate, Drain; Ernest Wade, Elkton; Frank Taylor, Reedsport; Mrs. W. J. Meredith, Lookingglass; County Clerk, Roseburg. Signed: Douglas County Dog Control Board.—(Adv.)

OUT OUR WAY — By Williams



Donkeys Provide Riot of Laughs In Basketball Game

A large audience packed the senior high school gymnasium in Roseburg last night to witness the first game of donkey basketball to be presented in this city. A two hour program was given and kept the crowd in a gale of laughter.

The entertainment opened with a game of musical chairs. Riders were Mert Krell, Virgil Saunders, Bill Unrath, Orville Johns and Waldo Campbell. The trained donkeys kicked, bucked, balked and performed other antics to unseat riders and entertain the crowd. The contest was won by Orville Johns.

A donkey polo match was the next contest and was played between teams represeneting the cooperating Rotary and Kiwanis clubs. The Rotarian riders were Unrath, Henbest, Myers and Laurance and the Kiwanians were Morgan, Campbell, Ellison and Hoyt. The large crowd of spectators was shown hilarious fun as the riders attempted to maneuver their obstinate animals into position to be able to push the ball between goal posts while using shortened brooms for mallets.

The main feature was the donkey basketball game during which the animals were less obdurate, but were sufficiently balky to frequently spoil the plans of their riders. The crowd was particularly excited by the long distance basket potting on the part of Laurance, who, despite the fact that all shots had to be made while seated on the donkey, tossed beautiful long shots from mid floor. He was closely matched in shooting ability by Virgil Sanders. The Kiwanis team, consisting of Campbell, Krell, Sanders, Morgan and Ellison won the match, 21 to 18, over the Rotarians, who included Unrath, Johnson, Henbest, Myers and Laurance.

B Leaguers of 4 Counties to Clash Here This Week

Basketball fans of Douglas county will have an opportunity Friday and Saturday of this week to see eight of the best B league teams of Coos, Curry, Douglas and Deschutes counties in action at Roseburg senior high school. The eight teams will meet in an elimination tournament to select a winner to compete in the state B league tournament at Ashland.

Three teams, Reedsport, Yoncalla and Drain, winners of the first three places in the Douglas county B league tournament held here last week, will represent Douglas county. Coos county will be represented by Powers and Coos river. Curry county entrants are Port Orford and Gold Beach. Lapine, county champion of Deschutes county, will be the eighth team in the meet.

This will be the first of such district tournaments, which it is expected will be made an annual affair. Whether future tournaments are to be held at Roseburg depends largely upon the attendance, as the activity carries a heavy financial obligation which can be met only by gate receipts, according to T. H. Ireland, principal of Myrtle Creek high school, who is in charge of arrangements.

Mr. Ireland urges that basketball fans make plans to attend the games Friday and Saturday and promises plenty of interesting contests.

The first round of the tournament will be started Friday afternoon, starting at 4 p. m. and will continue Friday night. Semi-finals will be played Saturday morning and the championship finals will be played at night, with the Roseburg high school B team playing a preliminary against the consolation finalist.

Idaho Basketeers Hand Huskies 9th Loss in Row

(By the Associated Press)

The Faltering Washington Huskies, who have won only four northern division, Pacific coast conference basketball games this season, met their ninth straight defeat last night when they were beaten by the Idaho Vandals 44-38 in Moscow.

It was a dull contest between two teams fighting to get out of the division cellar before the season ends.

The Washington team showed a little of the fire that Washington teams have been famous for in the past when it scored eight points in two minutes in the second half. That was its only outstanding achievement.

The teams meet again tonight.

BIDS FOR WOOD

To be delivered to Garden Valley school—6 tier 16-inch old growth fir, 12 tier 24-inch oak and laurel block wood. Bids to be in hands of Clerk by March 10.

W. D. Love, Clerk, Rt. 2, Roseburg, Oregon.—(Adv.)

Win a new Johnson Sea Horse outboard motor free in our Big Salmon Derby at Powell's Hardware Store.—(Adv.)

Douglas Students At U. of O. to Sing In 'Messiah' Mar. 2

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Feb. 25.—Among the students at the University of Oregon to sing in Handel's "Messiah," the second annual performance of the university choral union, are four students from Douglas county. They are Harry Hildeburn, Jane Wangeman, both of Roseburg; Jonelle Melvin, Booth, and Marijane Bovingdon, Oakland.

The choral union, which now includes more than five hundred student voices, will be accompanied by the 70-piece university symphony orchestra. It will be presented March 2 in McArthur court under the direction of Theodore Kratt, dean of the school of music.

Hildeburn, a graduate of Roseburg high school, is a junior majoring in business administration at the university. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hildeburn and is affiliated with Sigma Chi.

Miss Wangeman is a graduate of Roseburg high school and is a sophomore majoring in education. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Wangeman and is affiliated with Alpha Delta Pi sorority.

Miss Melvin is a sophomore majoring in arts and letters and is a graduate of Gardiner high school. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Melvin and is affiliated with Alpha Omricon Pi.

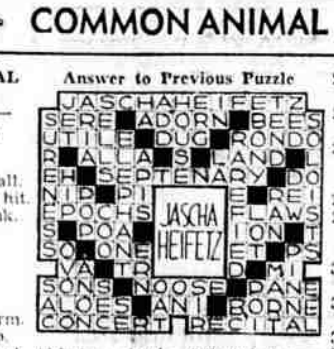
Miss Bovingdon, a graduate of Oakland high school, is a sophomore majoring in music at the university. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bovingdon.

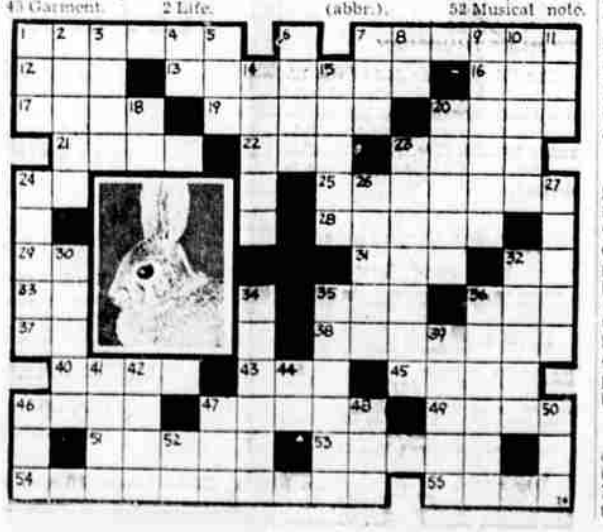
COMMON ANIMAL

HORIZONTAL
1 The hare.
7 It is a —— type beast.
12 Data.
13 Raided.
16 Pigeon's call.
17 To fail to hit.
19 Raised bank.
20 Ache.
21 Ignoble.
22 Stir.
23 Nominal values.
24 Musical term.
25 Wrong step.
28 Growing out.
29 Father.
31 Malt beverage.
32 Plural (abbr.).
33 Above.
35 Social insect.
36 Period.
37 Note in scale.
38 Seesaws.
40 Venomous snakes.
43 Wood nymph.
45 Garment.
46 Indigo shrub.
47 Decorous.
49 Work.
51 Sorceress.
53 Wanders.
54 It —— rapidly.
55 Its —— is edible.

VERTICAL
1 Battering machine.
2 Life.
3 Foundation.
4 Provided.
5 Male cat.
6 To extol.
7 Carmine.
8 Alleged force.
9 Card game.
10 Din.
11 2000 pounds.
14 Roves.
15 Elf.
18 South Africa (abbr.).
20 Adhesive substance.
23 Book of Psalms.
24 It belongs to the genus —— cuniculus.
26 Silly.
27 Its —— is used commercially (pl.).
30 Pertaining to bees.
32 Tiny skin openings.
34 Intellectual.
35 Dress.
36 To degrade.
39 Clan symbol.
41 Threshold.
42 Chart.
44 Lava.
46 Upper human limb.
47 To drink slowly.
48 Dower property.
50 Knapsack.
52 Musical note.

Answer to Previous Puzzle





SERIAL STORY

DUDE COLLEGE

BY OREN ARNOLD

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YESTERDAY: Ronnie determines to jar Dr. York out of his shell. She takes him flying, orders him to leave off his glasses, decides to call him "Wes" and climaxes all by asking him to take her to the dance Saturday night. The professor readily agrees.

* * *

WES MEETS A RIVAL

CHAPTER VIII

"I'll sing a song-g-g-g-g—"

Dr. Woodrow Wesley York, PhD., stopped short.

He caught a glimpse of himself in his long bathroom mirror. His muscular body was pink from bathing, but his face was pink from embarrassment. Astonishingly, he had actually been singing a snatch of a current campus song!

It was something he hadn't done in—well, ever in his memory. Back in his own college days he had been extremely busy working to pay expenses, studying to make his grades, and practicing to make the varsity swimming team.

He had been deeply interested in his chosen science of archaeology—the mysteries of people who lived centuries ago, long forgotten races and clans. He had lived even then to explore their ancient cliff ruins and pueblos in the southwest. Never had he found time to do any social frittering. Certainly he had rarely been one to sing a love song, notwithstanding his undisputed ability in the church choir.

Still, why not?

He snapped his jaw tight. He had, this day, gone airplane riding for the very first time. He had gone with America's best known girl, Ronica Bailey, wealthy socialite renowned coast to coast. Moreover — and this thought really appalled him—he actually had a date with Ronica Bailey to take her to a dance. The first date with a girl in more than five years.

Dr. York resumed punishing himself with his rough towel. He rubbed exceedingly hard and resumed singing!

A fellow can sing if he wants to, can't he? A fellow's bathroom and home are his own. Just as are his thoughts. Dr. York reasoned so and glared at his reflection, silently defying it to make any denial. Then he roared out louder than before, a love song in a powerful baritone.

* * *

Andre Girardeau discovered, through the tactful help of his dude ranch hostess, that the big Pueblo university dance on Saturday night was not exclusively for students but was open to "the right people" of the little community as well. The village was closely knit to the university in both business and social life. Mr. Girardeau could feel himself quite welcome there just by purchasing tickets in advance.

He bought two tickets in the Varsity Pharmacy and went at once to the drugstore phone booth. The Rocking R ranch answered but somebody with a Mexican dialect informed him that Miss Ronica was not at home.

Andre couldn't understand well; somewhat out of patience he asked for anybody who spoke English. That brought Thomas U. Bailey himself to the telephone. Andre was, in truth, pleased to have this chance at speaking with Ronica's dad.

"So good to talk with you again, Mr. Bailey," he spoke heartily. "This is Andre Girardeau."

"Oh! Oh yes, Andre. Sure, how are you, son? Well, well, now you've followed her out here! How are you?"

"Fine, Mr. Bailey. I hope you don't mind if I do drop in to see Ronica."

"Oh no. Nope. Wouldn't do any good if I did. Ronnie sees anybody she wants to see. Saw a lot of you in New York, didn't we? Heh-heh!" Mr. Bailey felt like teasing a little. "When you coming out to the ranch?"

"Well sir, I wanted to come Saturday — that's tomorrow. There's a dance tomorrow night. College dance. I hoped maybe Ronica would—"

"Sure, sure, Andre! Come on! Know Ronica'll be glad to see anybody from back home. She's not too much at home yet in this wild country, I imagine. She'll be tickled to go to the dance with you, of course!"

Andre was definitely pleased. He had wanted a date and he had wanted to resume what he hoped were cordial relations with Ronica's dad; all this had come to him at once. In fact, practically everything had come his way since he left the east. He felt very confident. All he had to do was move slowly, cautiously, build thoroughly and pretty soon his business as well as his personal plans would all materialize.

* * *

On Saturday he was downtown again, hoping to see either Ronica or the Mexican girl named Montoya. He wanted somehow to arrange a logical meeting with the girl using the crutch.

He had received instructions to contact this person at once, and he had already been in town almost a week. Still, he had been told to move with discretion, too. He knew it would never do to rush in carelessly. The whole fate of a nation—if one looked at it that way—hung on his or her under-cover activity here; but more important, his personal pleasure and fortune was at stake.

He didn't see either Ronica or Miss Montoya downtown. He telephoned the Rocking R ranch again Saturday afternoon, but neither Ronnie or her father was in. He went, somewhat in boredom, to a theater, then after dinner in a cafe drove back to his own dude ranch to dress for the night's dance.

As he dressed he whistled in mounting anticipation. He would see Ronica again—even hold her in his arms and dance with her!

Before his dressing mirror, Andre surveyed himself. He had a powerful frame. Weight right at 200 pounds. Good muscles—not to be scoffed at in his work—and a perfect polish in manner, too, he told himself.

* * *

It was just after 9 p. m. when headlights of his sleek, almost silent new coupe picked up a sign on the highway. "Rocking R ranch, Turn Here," it read. He made the turn and almost immediately had to slow down for an elderly and rather rattly sedan ahead of him. Impatiently, he touched his horn.

The car ahead couldn't pull out of the narrow trail, and apparently couldn't speed up. Andre's eight cylinders were wild chargers straining at their bits. He looked out in distaste.

"Tin can affair," he murmured. "Some stupid Mexican workman."

They swerved into the big loop beside the ranch house porch. Andre saw that the house was a massive thing of rocks and logs. He was appraising it in the moonlight, hense not driving with much care when the rattly sedan stopped beside the front step just ahead of him.

Slap! Crash! Bumpers collided, rather hard.

"What's the idea?" Andre growled, leaving his seat. "Isn't there a servants' entrance to this place? Now please get that thing away from the door before we come out."

"Oh! Quite so! I—I beg your pardon! I shall gladly pay for any—"

But Andre Girardeau was not listening. Already this ebullient swain had stepped up onto the porch and was walking toward Ronica in the big lighted living room.

Standing in the darkness beside his rattly second-hand sedan, Wesley York heard happy greetings and laughter within, and saw everywhere about this ranch the evidences of wealth and aristocratic living. A vital something within him seemed now to be stifled, its very life suddenly ebbing away.

(To be continued)

KRNR
Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Dance Time.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Sands of Time, MBS.
5:00—Varieties.
5:15—Selective Service, MBS.
5:30—To Be Announced.
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, MBS.
7:15—The Dance Hour.
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades, MBS.
7:45—Movie Radio Guide Anniversary, MBS.
8:00—Radio Newsreel, MBS.
8:30—Laugh N' Swing Club, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Freddy Martin's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—BBC News, MBS.
9:35—Griff Williams' Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.
10:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26

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—BBC News, MBS.
9:00—Interlude.
9:05—Plainsman and Betty Jay, 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—Muse and Music, MBS.
10:30—Helen Holden, Gov't Girl, 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—Brotherhood Week at UCLA, MBS.
1:30—The Bookworm, MBS.
1:45—Johnson Family, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Trojan Horses, MBS.
2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
3:00—A. P. News, MBS.
3:05—Eugene Jelesnik's Orchestra, MBS.
3:30—Songs by Lowry Kohler, MBS.
3:45—Rhythm By:, MBS.
4:00—Lest We Forget.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Matinee Concert.
5:00—Eddie Duchin's Orchestra, 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—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—To Be Announced, MBS.
9:30—Jan Garber's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

Yoncalla Men to Open Feed Store at Elkton

YONCALLA, Feb. 20.—Arley R. Marsh and H. C. Johnson, both of Yoncalla, are preparing to engage in the feed and seed business at Elkton. Mr. Marsh, who has been principal of the Yoncalla high school for the past 10 years, has tendered his resignation, effective June 1. For the past few summers he has been associated during the vacation season with the Lane County Feed and Seed company at Eugene. Mr. Johnson has been employed by the Yoncalla Feed and Seed store for a number of years, recently has been a turkey buyer for the Elkton turkey plant, in which he holds an interest. He will retain his turkey and poultry business.

The Wade building has been leased and will house the new business until a new plant can be constructed. The proposed building will accomodate the feed store together with modern mixing and seed cleaning machinery. The line of Umpqua feeds, manufactured by the Douglas County Mills at Roseburg will be stocked by the new firm.

U. S. Labor Policy Breeds Crookedness, House Told

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—(AP)—Westbrook Pegler, newspaper columnist ,told a house committee today that the present labor union policy of the government "is to force unwilling workers to join labor unions which may and do abuse them in many ways."

Pegler testified at a judiciary committee hearing on labor problems raised by the defense program.

He declared that the government had "refused to take any steps to protect" the "unwilling members" of labor unions.

"Elections (in unions) are crooked and farcial," Pegler continued. "Accounts are juggled and known criminals and other crooks who never have been convicted are maintained in office by manipulation and terrorism."

Quadruplets Born to Wife Of Farmer in Kentucky

LEITCHFIELD, Ky., Feb. 24.—(AP)—A farm house two miles west of here should be very familiar to "Mr. Stork." He stopped there four times yesterday in four hours, much to the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Porter Lasley and their eight other children.

The quadruplets—Beulah, Mildred and Martine and their brother, John Lasley—were taken to a hospital in Louisville, 80 miles away. All but the boy were "very good" and the dark-haired mother was "doing nicely," an attending physician said.

Prizes each week, in our Big Chinook Salmon Derby. First fish caught Monday won first prize—weight 23 lbs.—caught by John Thomas. Get your chinook spinners and lines at Powell's Hardware.—(Adv.)