

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 of spent. This is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

Room For More

LOCAL Roseburg business men do not know what they are missing when they pass up an opportunity to take part in such things as the entertainment yesterday of the delegation from the Portland chamber of commerce.

The breakfast yesterday morning was attended by relatively few local men. There was room for many more. The point is that so far as our obligation as host was concerned, it was well and properly fulfilled—but it was a good meeting and one that was heartily enjoyed by all, and should have been enjoyed by more Roseburg people.

But speaking of the breakfast meeting with the Portland visitors, hats off to the girls of the Pep club of the Roseburg senior high school. The men can prepare speeches and maps and do a lot of greeting and handshaking—but when it comes to really putting over a welcome those high school girls are world beaters.

There might be some misunderstanding about attendance at such affairs as this breakfast yesterday morning. The Roseburg chamber of commerce holds no closed or exclusive invitation affairs. Everyone is invited. The news of such things is printed. Those who would like to attend such meetings need merely to inform themselves as to the time and place and go. And, take it from one who WAS there yesterday, those who just don't bother to attend such things are missing some mighty good parties.

All In Same Boat

A CERTAIN effrontery which almost staggers one bulges out of a recent statement by a manufacturer to the effect that if a million leaders in industry, transportation, and learning were eliminated, the whole population would starve.

Unanswered question is: would the population come closer to starving then, or if the farmers were eliminated who produce our food, or the workers who produce our industrial goods?

The whole question then becomes silly. Each needs the other, and a modern civilization can by no means survive without either. Life might be sustained after some fashion even without those who happen to be in positions of leadership today. But it would be a primitive life that nobody wants to lead.

We depend one upon the other. When shall we realize it?

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

hauling are about, get out your map.

You will note that Yugoslavia lies directly north of Salonika and that the valley of the Vardar river leads directly down to this immensely important Greek port. The next feasible invasion route is along the valley of the Struma, in Bulgaria, where German troops are already massed in force.

The Germans want to hit Salonika from two points, and the British and the Greeks (and maybe the Turks) want to hold them down to one route if it is humanly possible. That is the

real military issue back of the Yugoslav ruckus.

RUSSIA gets into the rumor spotlight again on Monday. From Belgrade (Yugoslav capital) comes this dispatch: "High diplomatic quarters declare that Russia, bound to Germany by non-aggression and commercial treaties, has forbidden exports of oil to Germany since March 1, the day Bulgaria joined the axis and German troops poured onto Bulgarian soil."

That would be interesting if true.

ANOTHER rumor is to the effect that a Russo-Turkish declaration is momentarily expected. An "unofficial but reliable source" says it will be a "common declaration of friendship" that will mean Russian aid for Turkey by EVERY MEANS SHORT OF WAR if Turkey is attacked by Germany.

Note the language: Russian aid for Turkey "by every means short of war." Stalin seems to have picked up an idea from us.

THE fact that the shooting is so long delayed indicates the extreme delicacy of the diplomatic struggle that is going on in the Balkans.

Well heeled as he is in a military way, Hitler's natural inclination would be to get there fastest with the mostest men, but he evidently fears that if he makes a false step it will be dangerous.

The danger, obviously, lies in the direction of Russia.

R. H. S. Athletes Begin Limbering For Track Events

By "HAP" APPLEGATE

Seventeen Roseburg high school athletes have turned out so far for the 1941 track season, for which training was started Monday of this week. Track and field coaching is under the direction of Jim Davis, who also is handling spring football practice.

Among those competing for places on the track team are Jim Finlay, Alan Knudson, Roger Olmschied, Harold Cacy, Elwood McLaughlin, Don Starmer, Jim Osborne, Fred Vedder, Don Krogel, Merton Cole, Jack Calkins, Charles Beckley, Varney Baker, Sam Shoemaker, Dick Hendricks, Roy Andrews and Jack Horn.

Coach Jim Davis so far has made no attempt to organize the team and all positions are undecided. Jim Finlay, one of the outstanding track men in state high school competition last year, is the only returning letterman. He competed last season in both low and high hurdles, high jump and relay, and is expected to do the same this year. Olmschied, Cacy, Knudson, McLaughlin and Starmer have shown ability in sprints.

It is expected to complete the schedule of competition by the end of the week.

Layette Project Adopted By Roseburg Lady Lions

The Roseburg Lady Lions club has announced its project of the spring months as making complete layettes for Douglas county relief cases. The group has arranged to meet once a month to complete layettes, which are distributed by the Douglas County Health association nurses.

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

Thoughts reveal to us, what manner of people we are in the deep recesses of our moral and our spiritual nature. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he," wrote an ancient wise man. Would you know your tendencies of conduct, your besetting sins, your higher ideals, your tastes of every soul? Then carefully note the thoughts that take possession of your mind. In them is a revelation of what we are, of what we really desire to be and to do, and an unmistakable indication of the direction in which character is developing. Watch your thought. Thought does more than reveal such things as these. Undoubtedly thought, subtle and constantly active, is also a great maker of character as well as a revealer of its nature. An ancient stoic philosopher wrote: "The soul is dyed the color of its own thoughts. Thoughts are creative, and constructive in their operation. They go toward the making of ideals, toward the kindling of emotion, toward the stimulating of the will, toward the enlightening or darkening of the conscience, toward the imagination. All that is within us is influenced by the thoughts we entertain. Watch your thoughts. Amen."

OUT OUR WAY



THE MAJOR SAW THEM COMING DOWN THE STREET

COPY, 1941 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Freedom, Economic Cooperation War Aims, Halifax Says

NEW YORK, March 26.—(AP)

Britain's principal post-war aim is to help establish economic cooperation among all nations, says Lord Halifax, and Britain intends to stay armed until assured of Germany's participation. The British ambassador, in his first public address since coming to the U. S., said last night that in the war itself this country's vital purpose is "to win this life-and-death struggle for the cause of human freedom."

Dwelling briefly on the "fortunes of war," he assured Americans that England is prepared to defeat a German invasion and also can reduce shipping losses before the danger level "with the help that you will be able to give."

"When, therefore, victory has been won," he went on, "it must be our aim to promote the common interest in the greatest possible exchange of goods and services."

"Problems involving common needs can only be solved by common action. We see the urgent need for economic cooperation, and we are ready to take our part in plans to promote it on a worldwide scale."

Halifax said that until Britain was satisfied of Germany's cooperation to this end, he could "hardly doubt that nations resolved to preserve both peace and freedom must need retain sufficient armed strength to make their will effective."

BERLIN, March 26.—(AP)—British Ambassador Lord Halifax's words last night in New York were characterized by "the same British method—the same swindle—as preceded 1918."

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Lest We Forget.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
4:30—Musical Matinee, MBS.
4:45—Dance Melodies.
5:00—Mystery Hall 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—Dinner Dance Music, MBS.
7:00—The Dance Hour.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—John Steel From London, MBS.
8:15—Pageant of Melody, MBS.
8:30—Adventures in Rhythm, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
9:15—Jan Garber's Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27

6:45—Eye Opener.
7:00—News, Los Angeles Soap MBS.
7:15—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—U. S. Navy Band, MBS.
9:00—Interlude.
9:05—Conservation Reporter, MBS.
9:15—Man About Town.
9:30—Varieties.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music.

Funeral Service Set for Phillip Jack Hoffman

Funeral services for Phillip Jack Hoffman, who died suddenly at his home in Roseburg Monday night, will be held at St. Joseph's Catholic church at 9:30 a. m. Thursday, the Rev. Father Coughlin officiating. Interment will be in the Catholic cemetery. Recitation of the Rosary will be conducted at the Roseburg Undertaking company chapel at 8 o'clock tonight.

Missioner From India To Speak at Church Here

Margaret M. Flint, a returned missionary from India, is to be a speaker at the Full Gospel church, 946 W. First St., Roseburg, at 7:30 p. m. Thursday, Pastor A. H. Hosted announced today. The meeting is open to the public.

Returns Here—Marvin Helland has returned to Roseburg to resume his duties for the summer at the Douglas Forest Protective association office. His home is in Yoncalia, but he has been working the last several months in the Salem.

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, MBS.
9:15—Leighton Noble's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Freddie Martin's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.
10:30—Sign off.

GREAT EMANCIPATOR

HORIZONTAL
1. 7 Former U. S. A. President.
13 Slack.
14 Apocryphal plant.
16 Line.
17 To doze.
18 To rise in vapor.
19 To offer.
20 Tobacco quid.
21 Coring device.
22 Preface.
23 Bone.
25 Alleged force.
26 Scheme.
27 To whip.
28 Pair (abbr.).
29 Right (abbr.).
31 Carbon in smoke.
32 Rodent.
33 Measure of area.
34 To pack away.
35 Anger.
36 Turn.
37 Owned.
38 Pertaining to.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE
CHINA CHUCKING
OCULAR CHUCKING
SLOT CHUCKING
HEN CHUCKING
AS SON CHUCKING
N CATEGORICAL CHUCKING
GOAL CHUCKING
HAD CHUCKING
AD CHUCKING
BEAM CHUCKING
VANGUARD CHUCKING
DYNASTY
15 Requirement.
16 Therefore.
19 To boast.
20 He was a man of great or bravery.
22 Scheme.
23 He was a to his beliefs (pl.).
26 Farm tool.
27 Victims.
28 Hanger-on.
30 Mounted policeman.
31 Dagger thrust.
32 Law.
34 To close.
35 Goller's cry.
36 Briet rule.
38 Auction.
41 Row of series.
42 Sward combat.
43 Twice.
44 Myself.
45 Spain (abbr.).
46 From.
47 Southeast (abbr.).
48 Affirmative vote.
49 Noun ending.



By Williams

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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(Continued from page 1.)

him." Octavia knew, as everyone else did, that while April Burnett had dozens of men clamoring around her, keeping the telephone line busy and filling the house with flowers, the quiet, brown-eyed Ann had only this one shy suitor, Kent.

April considered, one hand fussing with the bow that fastened her quilted housecoat. "Yes, I'll have to go," she cried crossly. "Ann would never forgive me and Mother and Dad would raise the roof. The idea, they would say, of not sparing a few minutes to meet this young man who is serving his country, when he comes home on leave?"

Octavia was persistent. "Ah reckon that old aunt of his up on the hill could get down to fetch him."

For a minute, April had a savage wish to go to the telephone and call Kent's aunt. But Kent's aunt, a great aunt she was, lived like a recluse in the rundown Carter estate on the hill.

"No, that's out," April said. "Auntie Carter, from what I've heard about her, wouldn't step a foot from her house, all-American hero or not."

Octavia was still looking baleful when April ran upstairs to her room. This was going to jam her plans for the evening! She'd have to dress first in street clothes to meet the train and then dash home and dress all over again for the dance at Casa Blanca.

She frowned into the mirror, and then remembering Octavia's brooding, worried look, began to smile. Everyone, even Octavia, always was on guard for Ann and leery of her, April.

The Burnetts lived on Elm street, Pattonville. Dad was a lawyer and someday, when one of the older members on the bench retired, he'd no doubt be a judge in the county court. Mother was gray-haired and a grand, good scout. That's why she had gone off with Dad to their log cabin upstate for a winter weekend.

The rest of the family was made up of April and Ann, the sisters; Octavia—and never forget Nip, the wire-haired terrier. It was Nip, of course, settling in arm chairs and leaving stray dog hairs around on the pillows and rugs, that added just the right note of shabby, hominess to the Burnett house.

As for April and Ann, well, as the neighbors used to chuckle, if you were blind you couldn't tell them apart.

They had the same way of laughing and their voices when they talked were exactly alike. They were sisterly in size, also, both a trim and tiny five-foot-two and with that smallness of bone and feature which gave them the impression of being petite.

That was where their similarity ended. Ann was the plain one and April, the beauty.

Now leaning closer to the mirror and smoothing lipstick on lips that were already as smooth as flame velvet, April gave an approving glance to her reflection.

Her eyes were blue—and oh, the hidden poetic talent they had aroused in young men who had described them in color words which ranged from the sky to the sea and back again. And the lashes! April would always have a warm spot in her heart for the swain who had said her lashes were like black butterfly wings. That was sweet. She ran an experimental finger over their up curl and then across her brows, dark and yet not too dark to detract from the eyes.

But if anything could be more beautiful than her eyes, it was her daffodil yellow, curly hair. It had been the sight of this hair in soft, fuzzy ringlets that had made up her mother's mind to bestow the name of April on her first-born. Born in April, as fair as Easter lilies and with the daffodil thatch, there didn't seem to be any other name that would have suited.

April had lived up to the name, not only as far as loveliness but in every other way. She was capricious, maddeningly uncertain, first all sunshine and then all storm.

It was the storm side of her which was brewing now. Octavia could sense it as she lumbered into the room.

Octavia walked directly to the picture frame on April's bureau from which Ann's small, uncertain-featured face looked out. "Poor little lamb," she said, and touched the picture with gentle fingers.

"Little?" April's voice had a bite. "Why are you always calling her 'little this' and 'little that'? Anyone hearing you talk would think Ann was a 12-year-old midget."

"No, Miss April," Octavia said placatingly. "Ah knows she's 20 come her nex' birthday. But seems like she's such a frail 'un, always delicate-like from the day

she was born."

Octavia should have known. Octavia had been present that day ann ever since.

"There's nothing very frail about a gal who can march herself off to New York and battle with singing teachers and agents and auditions to get herself a job," April said. "It's a funny thing Kent Carter doesn't know Ann's not at home."

Octavia's eye became like big brown and white marbles. She was scared. "They had a little fuss, Miss April. Don't you go sayin' nothing about it. Miss Ann done told me strictly confidential. Ain't another soul knows."

"Oh!" said April. "Then why am I going to all this trouble? Let him wait at the station or take the next train back."

Octavia was beside herself. "Listen here, Miss April, you listen to your Octavia. Mr. Kent Carter and your sister's in love and this was nothing more'n a lover's spat that don't mean a thing. See, didn't he say 'love' on that there telegraf he sent?"

"Why, yes, so he did. But what's that got to do—"

"You's going to march yourself to the train and 'splain to him how Miss Ann's away and never let on what Ah done told you about the fuss."

Grudgingly, April had to admit Octavia was right. Kent Carter, lean and dark and serious, meant a great deal to Ann. April, standing as she did as Ann's older sister—April was 21—and being the one who had had all the boy friends and the romance, realized it was up to her to do the sisterly thing.

"Very well," she said, reaching for a stunning blue suede wind-breaker to wear with her sweater and skirt. "I'll go and cement the two bleeding hearts with my kind words."

"Never you mind doing any cementing," Octavia cautioned darkly. "You just meet him and fetch him up to his aunt's and then hurry yourself back here on account of them gentlemen friends coming for to take you dancing tonight."

April would have the last word. "Maybe I won't be back at all." She said it bawlingly as she ran down the stairs.

But Octavia could never let this stand. "Ober my poor old body you'll be back," she said. Then all maternal, she picked up a soft, plain-tailored camel's hair coat from the closet.

"Here you, Miss April! Wait a minute. That there skirt and bob-tail jacket ain't mighty stylish, but you've gone forgot it's cold out-side. Ah's not going to let you go across town to that ole railroad station in no peacock feathers."

She tossed the coat over the stair bannister. April caught it on the run.

Ann's coat, April smiled again as she slipped into the sleeves, even patted it a little because it reminded her so much of the "little lamb."

What with the time she had wasted, fussing, fuming and admiring herself in the mirror it was after 7 o'clock. Traffic would be jammed as it always was on Saturday night in downtown Pattonville.

She slipped behind the wheel of the roadster in which she and Ann shared ownership and started for the station.

Not in any too much time, either. With a mile detour and all the honking and stalling on Capitol street, she just managed to strike the bridge as the first warning whistle of the 7:45 sounded.

Out of her car and on the platform, she saw the thunderous locomotive come in. She seemed to be the only one at the station to-night except for the usual hangers-on who sat on baggage trucks chewing and gossiping.

The express was a long one, with Pullmans in the rear. April ran her eye down the length of the train and then started running as she saw a vaguely familiar figure being helped off by a porter.

Yes, that was Kent Carter. She remembered his figure, rather tall, nice shoulders which were very erect in uniform. Her feet sped faster and then, suddenly, she had reached out for his hands.

"Welcome home, Kent," she cried. "It's wonderful to see you."

He put his bag down with a thud. "Ann Ann darling," he said. His hands reached out toward her.

April Burnett opened her lips to speak and then closed them. For the first time, in the wintry dimness of the train shed, she saw that Kent wore dark glasses and that while he was looking at her, he wasn't seeing her at all. (To be continued)

Red Cross School For Workers to be Held in Roseburg

Home service workers of the American Red Cross from Douglas, Coos, Curry, Jackson and Josephine counties in Oregon and Humboldt county, California, will meet in Roseburg tomorrow from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. The meeting has been called as a school for the workers, who are finding their tasks greatly increased as a result of national defense mobilization.

Arrangements have been made to hold the school at the Umpqua hotel, according to Ellen A. Post, executive secretary of the Douglas county chapter. Anne Carter, field representative for Oregon, will be in charge.

The home service department, Mrs. Post states, is in charge of contact work with the men serving in the military training camps, as well as providing assistance for ex-service men and women in regular army, navy and marine posts. Recently, the great increases resulting from selective service has imposed much work upon the Red Cross. Mrs. Post states, Red Cross workers are stationed in every camp to aid men in claims, keeping up contacts with families, arranging leaves in cases of sickness, death or events demanding the presence at home of the trainees, providing travel loans where necessary and doing other types of work.

Visit at Horn Home—Mrs. John Horn, of Tillamook; Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Freeman and daughter, Barbara, of Eugene, and Mrs. Evelyn Chase, of Myrtle Creek, have been visiting this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Horn in this city.

IN BANKRUPTCY

B-25680

In the district court of the United States for the district of Oregon.

In the matter of Herschel Ralph Lowellyn, bankrupt.

To the creditors of Herschel Ralph Lowellyn, of Ten Mile, in the county of Douglas, and district aforesaid, a bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that said Herschel Ralph Lowellyn has been duly adjudged a bankrupt on a petition filed by him on the 3rd day of March, 1941, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of the undersigned in Roseburg, Oregon, on the 12th day of April, 1941, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at which place and time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, appoint a creditors committee, examine the bankrupt, and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

Dated the 26th day of March, 1941.

C. L. HAMILTON,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

WHAT'S IN THE AIR?



Have you seen the Lone Ranger? Thought he might be interested in buying a good horse. Silver can't last forever.

INSIDE DOPE

Our scene is a western prairie. The time is any time in the days when sixguns were the only law, and an occasional band of marauding Indians still roamed the country. It is evening. A gigantic prairie moon is rising. On a nearby knoll, a lone coyote, silhouetted against the moon yaps mournfully for his mate. In a nearby coulee, a frog dons his most idiosyncratic expression and inserts his joy of living into an occasional croak. All else is quiet. Suddenly two shots ring out. Then, the sound of hoofs beating a rapid tattoo through the sagebrush. Through the moonlit night rings the clarion call: "HI-YO SILVER." Yep, you guessed it, podner, the Lone Ranger, riding to another breath-taking adventure. Nonsense? Perhaps. But nonsense or not, the Lone Ranger, fictional example of "Right Makes Might," is adored by millions of red-blooded American youngsters (and not a few oldsters) throughout this land of ours where it is still a sacred privilege to worship the hero of our own choosing, even though he is only the result of some radio dramatic writer's fertile imagination. A feature of the coast-to-coast Mutual network, the Lone Ranger is heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:30 p. m. on KRNR.

KRNR
DIAL 1500