

Roseburg News-Review

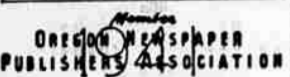
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH... Editor

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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 is spent.

Send Cordon to Congress

GUY CORDON, who is not actually here on the political scene at all now, being in Washington, D. C., where he is doing work for Oregon counties, is being urged by the various county courts in the newly created Oregon fourth congressional district to become a candidate for representative in congress from that district.

Although Cordon has not yet given any indication of his intention, it is to be hoped that he will run. There is no man in the new district so well qualified for the position in two all-important respects. Guy Cordon is an expert on the subject of law and legislation concerning public lands, and he has spent so much of his time in the national capital these last few years that he knows his way about, and would not have to waste valuable time if elected to congress. His background of experience would make it possible for him to begin at once about where the average first term leaves off at the end of two years. In these times that would be extremely important to the new district.

The new fourth district will not elect its first congressman until 1942. Until the new man is seated Congressman Jim Mott, now representing the huge first district of which the new fourth was a part, will be our representative. Mott has always been a good fighter for his district and for Oregon. It is characteristic of him that he will continue to do his effective best for us even though the voters of the southern Oregon counties can never vote for him again for the position he now holds.

Mott is valuable because of his experience. Guy Cordon will be a valuable man in congress for the same reason—if he can be prevailed upon to run. We should urge him to become a candidate.

What Crop For the Future?

A PICTURE came to the desk the other day a propaganda picture, no doubt, but nevertheless a picture of overwhelming appeal. It showed a vast field, dotted with a mass of white-clothed figures. There were estimated to be 17,000 of them—all orphans of parents killed or lost in the war.

They looked like a field of grain, standing in ranks in their white clothes—owing the clothes and perhaps their lives to American generosity.

Cleaning Up a Mess

MARC ANTONY, orating over the body of Caesar in Shakespeare's play, cynically said, "The evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones."

All too often it is so. Louisiana has spent several years now trying to clean up the mess left by the Huey Long machine. The board of supervisors of the state university has only now got around to apologizing to seven young men who were kicked out of the university when they resisted Long's attempts as governor to censor student publications.

A small matter, yes, but the

kind of thing which, as long as no amends had been made, hung over the university and the state's good name.

Editorials on News

The British can bring to bear the greater is the likelihood the Turks will get into the fight in earnest.

IN the background, of course, looms Stalin who is aiming to stay out of it unless it should begin to appear that the British have lined up such a combination of allies in the Balkans as to bluff Hitler.

THE fact that the shooting is so long delayed indicates the delicacy of the balance in this Balkan situation.

Neither side is ready yet to make a decisive move.



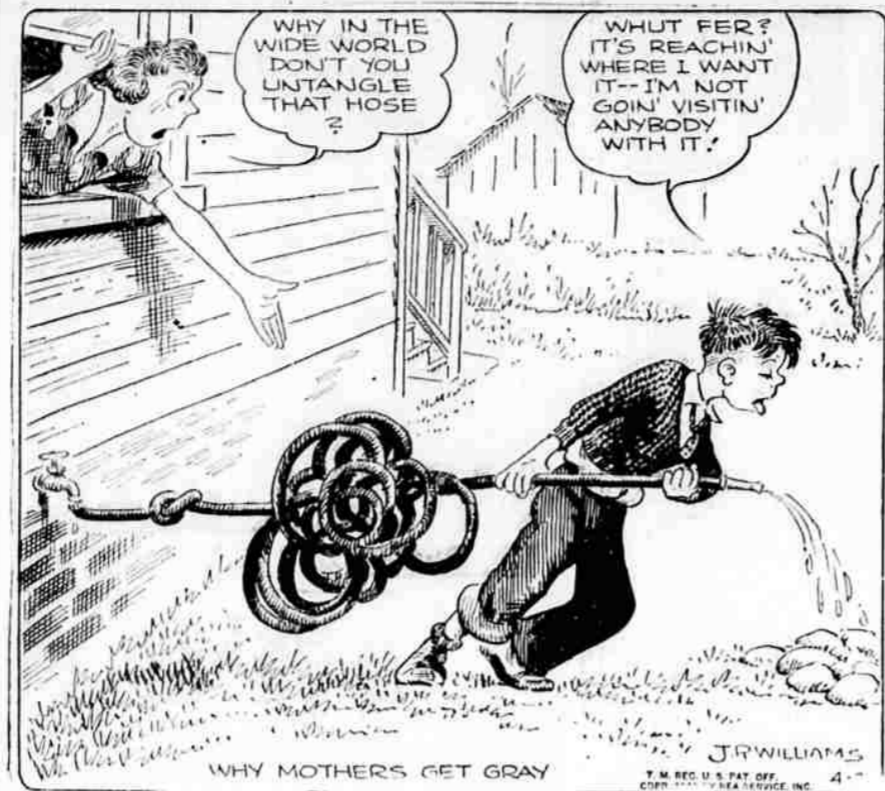
REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 3:45—Dance Time. 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS. 4:30—Sands of Time, MBS. 5:00—American Legion Auxiliary Program. 5:15—Selective Service, MBS. 5:30—Varieties. 5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine, MBS. 6:00—Interlude. 6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co. 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—Dance Time. 7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades, MBS. 7:45—Jack Starr Hunt from Mexico, MBS. 8:00—Morton Gould's Orchestra, MBS. 8:30—Laugh N' Swing Club, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS. 9:15—Fredy Martin's Orchestra, MBS. 9:30—BBC News, MBS. 9:35—Ray Heatherton's Orchestra, MBS. 10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS. 10:30—Sign off.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1941

- 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—Ruvinsky Trio, MBS. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:35—Wayne West, songs, MBS. 9:45—Keep Fit and Nonense. 10:00—Lady of Millions, Coppo. 10:15—Muse and Music, MBS. 10:30—Helen Holden, Gov't Girl, MBS. 10:45—I'll Find My Way, 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—Five Miniature Melody Time, Golden West Coffee. 12:45—News, Hansen Motor Co. 12:50—News Review of the Air. 1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street. 1:15—Confessions of a Corsair, MBS. 1:30—Johnson Family, Swans down Flour, MBS. 1:45—The Bookworm, MBS. 2:00—At Your Command. 2:15—As the Twig Is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes, MBS. 2:30—At Your Command. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS. 3:00—A P. Bulletin, MBS. 3:05—Cecil Goly's Orchestra, Songs by Lowry Kohler, MBS. 3:45—Prof. Lumsley, MBS. 4:00—Lost We Forget, MBS. 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—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra, MBS. 7:00—Dance Time. 7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS. 8:00—In Chicago Tonight, MBS. 8:30—Adventures in Rhythm, MBS. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS. 9:15—Tommy Reynolds's Orchestra, MBS. 9:30—Jan Garber's Orchestra, MBS. 10:00—Sign off.

OUT OUR WAY



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Local News

Attends to Business—Fred Parker, of Marshfield, spent Monday in this city attending to business.

Spend Day Here—Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Dean and son, Claybourne, of Days Creek, spent Monday in this city attending to business.

New Idea Club to Meet—The New Idea club will meet Wednesday at a one o'clock luncheon at the home of Mrs. C. B. Calkins.

H. E. O. Club to Meet—The H. E. O. club will meet Wednesday at a 1:30 o'clock luncheon at the home of Mrs. C. W. Owen at 218 Rice street.

Sewing Club to Meet—The Sewing club will meet Wednesday at a 1:30 o'clock dessert luncheon at the home of Mrs. C. M. Butler.

Missionary Circle to Meet—The Young People's Missionary circle of the First Christian church will meet at the church parlors Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock.

Art and Embroidery Club to Meet—The Roseburg Art and Embroidery club will meet Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Worthington on East Lane street.

Delphian Club to Meet—The Delphian club will meet Wednesday at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. A. J. Young on Flint street with Mrs. Roy O. Young in charge of the program on "H. G. Wells."

Move to Laurelwood—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Reich and baby daughter, Evelyn, have moved from the Coshov apartments on East Lane and Watson streets to the William Machen duplex residence in Laurelwood.

Benefit Supper Announced—Riversdale grange has announced a chicken supper and benefit five hundred card party to be held next Monday night at the grange hall at 6:45 o'clock. The affair is open to the public.

Meeting Tonight—The Alpha Zeta Theta Rho girls club will hold a potluck supper tonight at 6:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. hall, to be followed by the regular business session at 7:30 o'clock.

Lodgeman Visits—Tobe Watkins, of Corvallis, assistant regional director of the Loyal Order of Moose, spent yesterday in Roseburg on business for the organization. He will return to Roseburg next Tuesday to complete plans for a membership drive here.

Executive Meeting—The executive board of the Missionary society of the Presbyterian church will meet Wednesday at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. Ida Bailey on South Kane street to complete plans for the Southwestern Presbyterian meeting to be held here April 7, 8 and 9.

O. S. C. Mothers Club to Meet—The Oregon State College Mothers club will install its new officers at the last meeting of the season to be held Wednesday at a one o'clock no-hostess luncheon at the Hotel Rose. Mrs. G. W. Marshall, retiring president, will be in charge.

Undergoes Operation—Mrs. H. E. Debernardi of Roseburg underwent an operation for removal of tonsils at the office of Dr. A. C. Seely today.

Committee Meeting Called—A meeting of the Douglas County Boy Scout district committee has been called by E. S. McClain, chairman, for 7:30 p. m., Friday, April 4, at the Roseburg chamber of commerce office.

VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

KUNKLE—To Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Kunkle, Jr., of Star route, Roseburg, at Mercy hospital Monday, March 31, a daughter, Urainia Blen, weight five pounds, eight and a half ounces.

HOLE—To Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hole, of Lookingglass, at Mercy hospital Monday, March 31, a son, Donald Lee; weight seven pounds, ten and a half ounces.

HAND—To Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Hand, of Umpqua park, Roseburg, at Mercy hospital Monday March 31, a son, Ronald Wallace; weight seven pounds, twelve ounces.

WEATHER STATISTICS

By U. S. Weather Bureau

Humidity 4:30 p.m. yesterday 60%; Highest temperature yesterday 59; Lowest temperature last night 43; Precip. since first of month .01; Precip. from Sept. 1, 1940 23.40; Deficiency since Sept. 1, 1940 3.61

FRENCH HEROINE

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Greatest of French heroines. 8 Paleness. 9 Palm lily. 11 Jockey. 12 Room recess. 14 Opposed to weather. 15 Malicious foe. 17 Pronoun. 18 Contract. 20 Noun termination. 21 Dismounted. 22 Wooden pin. 24 Bone. 26 To be sick. 27 Junete. 29 Feline animal. 31 Painter's stand. 32 Organ of sight. 33 Hair ornament. 34 Leg joints. 36 Large barren plain. 38 Year (abbr.). 40 Devices for peeling bark. 42 You and I. 43 Whirlwind. 45 Cupidity. 46 Egyptian god. 47 Appeals. 50 To do wrong. 51 Center of sight. 54 She turned defeat into victory at the city of —. 55 She led the French in battle. 56 Year (abbr.).

DAILY DEVOTIONS

DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

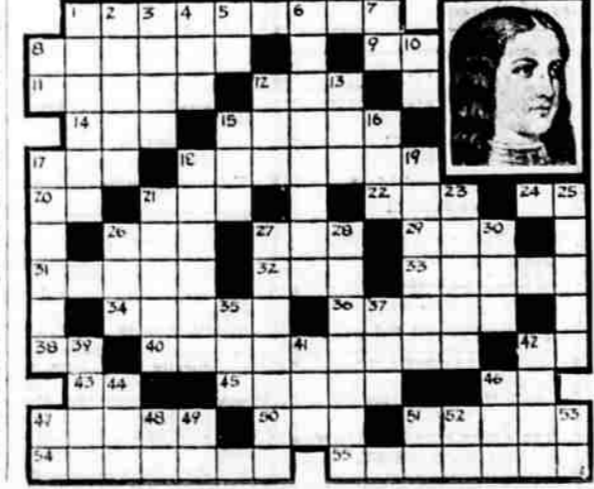
Some men came one day to Jesus and asked him to show them a sign from heaven. This query came after He had filled the country side with wonder at His signs. His reply indicates that He understood their unbelief was not due to lack of evidence but to lack of spiritual understanding. He said to them, when evening comes you say, "It will be fine for the sky is red," and in the morning you say, "It will be stormy today, for the sky is red and cloudy." You know how to distinguish the look of the sky but cannot read, and in the morning you read the signs of the times in regard to the trends of the spirit of God. Why, for example do we take Hitler as the sign of the times in Germany instead of Martin Niemoller, who chooses to obey God rather than man? Is it the military party, or that Christian spirit? Toyohiko Hagawa in Japan, who has tried to follow the teachings and the life of Jesus to the extent that he has been called "Christ's fool." Our day reveals signs for good and evil, and we must watch them with spiritual discernment. Before following the crowd, know where it is going. We can discern spiritual movements if we are looking into Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Not all forces pull downward. Amen.

FOUND GUILTY OF

- 18 Soldier's assigned quarters. 19 Drink of the gods. 21 Legal claims. 23 Profit. 25 She was burned at the —. 26 To query. 27 Requests. 28 Hunters' calls. 30 Peasant. 35 Unit of work. 37 Guided. 39 Bellows. 41 By. 42 To sink. 44 Measure of length. 46 Portuguese coin. 47 Company (abbr.). 48 Myself. 49 South America (abbr.). 51 Dye. 52 Road (abbr.). 53 Measure.

VERTICAL

- 1 Prison keeper. 2 More antique. 3 Toward the lee. 4 Neither. 5 Either. 6 Fable. 7 Court (abbr.). 8 Fair (abbr.). 10 Neuter pronoun. 12 Ozono. 13 Data. 15 Obese. 16 To immerse. 17 She was found guilty of —.



SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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YESTERDAY: April decides to pose as her sister for one day, plans a picnic with Kent. But hardly are they underway and her courage begins to fail. She stops the car.

LAST PERFECT MINUTE CHAPTER VI

As Kent turned to ner in the sudden stopping of the car, something familiar rolled over the seat and into April's lap. "Why, Nip," she choked, "whatever are you doing here?"

What Nip was doing right then was barking, a snappy bark of protest because he'd been aroused from a nap in the rumble seat. Kent began to laugh. It was the first time April had heard the sound from him and it did something to her. "Well, Nip, you old scoundrel—up to the same tricks all over again, aren't you?" he said.

"I'm sorry," April said. "He climbed in without me knowing. I'll turn back and park him." "Park him, nothing. Nip's been with us where we're going today."

He reached over to find Nip's head and patted it. And then his hand, homelike, languid in April's fingers, and before she could speak, he had lifted them to his lips.

The firm resolution she'd made with herself to tell Kent she wasn't Ann, but April, began to crumble. And crumbled even more when Kent said slowly, "Sweetheart, it's sort of funny, Nip coming along. They say you can't ever go back that you can't have the same day over again. But I have laugh at that jinx today."

"No, it won't be the same," her voice was breaking. "It can't be." Kent caught the hint of a sob. She felt him straighten, saw the puzzled frown. "You're not—you're not feeling sorry for me?"

"Oh, not that!" April almost shouted it. Relief spread on Kent's face. "For a minute you had me scared," he said. "But now I want to tell you something. All the time after the accident, when I was in the hospital, too darn proud to write you because of that quarrel we'd had, I was hanging on to one idea. I believed that if you and I could pack up and have a day to ourselves in the hills, we'd fall in love all over again. That's what kept me going. You see how much it means?"

April felt herself lulled. Back went the binders on her conscience; down went the resolutions. If this day was so significant to Kent, he must have it. Tomorrow, oh surely tomorrow, Ann would be home. Mother and Dad would be back tonight and if all else failed, they could prevail on Ann to return. And April could explain everything to her sister, make her understand. Why, it was like being an understudy in a play, pinch-hitting until the real actress could come on the scene.

Kent was saying, "Oh, the major at the hospital was stubborn at first when I asked for a leave. Said he wouldn't hear to it. But I said what was most important in a pending operation was to have the patient ready for it. And because he's a fine surgeon, he knew I was right."

"Yes, you are right, Kent." "Nothing can lick me, Ann, if we're together again." "Nothing can lick you."

Yes, that was it. She had to help him, couldn't let him down before Ann returned. He leaned back, a certain shyness in his face. Nip settled between them and looking down at his wily head, April couldn't help the smile pulling at her lips. Nip Nip knew she wasn't Ann. But he couldn't say a word, only sit there with that wise-old look in his eyes.

The miles sped. The three in the roadster raced on in a complete harmony of silence. Now and then, April threw a glance at Kent. Each time it seemed as if she saw something else that made her pulse quicken. And when it appeared as if, actually, the drawn lines in his face were lifting, she could have cheered.

"Where are we now, Ann?" Nip gave a derisive snort. April hushed him and said, "We are about to be welcomed to Jonesburg."

"Fine. I've always had a hankering to be welcomed to Jonesburg." And a little later, "Let me guess, Ann. I bet there's a sign on the left that says, 'You are now leaving Crestwood.'"

"You're five miles too late," she said. "That sign was on the right and it said, 'Rockland, elevation 1500 feet.'"

"Fifteen hundred feet above the clouds! A mere nothing. Why, it all comes out right for us, I'm going to keep up 15,000 feet above the clouds all the time!"

They laughed, fell silent again. The miles sped on across the county boundary line, passed the state park, to the fork where the red road led off, as neat and easy to find as if it had been mapped before April's eyes.

Not long after they were on the red road, April spotted the windmill farm. "There it is," she cried. "Why, it's heavenly, Kent!"

"Of course, and so are you." She hurried from the car so the perfect minute wouldn't be spoiled. As it happened, it was the last perfect minute for quite a while.

As Octavia had reminded her, April hadn't been on an outing since her lollypop days. One thing was to talk about a steak fry and another was to get a steak to fry.

April helped guide Kent to what she figured was the best vantage point on the hill above the farm pasture. He carried the lunch kit, insisted he could build the grill.

As she carted the wood and stones to him, April became panicky. "This would be the give-away. Kent would know by her very clumsiness, by the way the steak tasted, that she wasn't Ann."

"Here," he was saying. "I think it's all set to light. Careful Ann." She knelt to strike the match. Smoke curled up; the stones heated.

"It's going!" April cried. And suddenly everything seemed hushed and beautiful in the glow of the burning fire.

She felt Kent drawing her to her feet. "Ann," he said, and his lips were on hers and he was kissing her, hungrily, possessively. Deep within her, April felt her heart rise up in a burst of great, new joy.

"Kent." She whispered his name with awe and wonder. Kent drew her head to his shoulder. "You've never kissed me like that before, darling. For the first time, I can believe you're in love with me." (To be continued)

heart rise up in a burst of great, new joy. "Kent." She whispered his name with awe and wonder. Kent drew her head to his shoulder. "You've never kissed me like that before, darling. For the first time, I can believe you're in love with me." (To be continued)

Yoncalla Eagles Blank Drain Baseball Team

By "HAP" APPEGATE Sporting one of their most powerful baseball teams in history, the Yoncalla Eagles easily downed the Drain Warriors 11 to 0 in a game at Yoncalla last Friday.

Earl Howard and Glen Cox, Eagle pitchers, held Drain to five hits, with Howard getting eight strikeouts in three innings, and Cox getting six in four. Inning. Cox also had a triple and a home run, while Wayne Rice led all hitters with three singles in four trips to the plate.

Howard injured his hip in the fifth and may be out for the rest of the season. P. H. E. Drain 0 5 3 Yoncalla 11 11 2 Batteries: Howard, Cox and Thompson, Palmer, Kirk and Leonard. The Drain lasses evened the score in the opener, however, winning 2 to 1 in a close softball tilt.

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