

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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Revive a Good Old Custom

ACCORDING to the recently released official census figures, 562 more people live within the city limits of Roseburg than were here in 1930. When taken together with the normal population turnover — people moving away and people coming in — the total number of persons who have made their homes here as strangers during the last several years will mount toward a thousand.

This is a city of homes. It is, in fact, a very friendly city. It is frequently observed in social groups, when such things are talked, that Roseburg residents are gracious, easy to meet and quick to respond to a friendly greeting. In other words, it is common knowledge that the people here are not what might be termed "standoffish."

But there is always the problem confronting new residents, of getting acquainted, of knowing people, of forming friendships. The lodges, the churches and the clubs of various sorts are the standard mediums, but they cannot and do not meet the situation entirely.

Here is a suggestion, passed along for what ever it may be worth. The good old fashioned pre-auto custom of "making calls" should be brought out, dusted off, and put to more active use. The men who are newcomers have their own rather easy way of meeting and making friends with the men of the community, but for the women newcomers it is not so easy. So ladies of Roseburg, why not make it a practice again of dropping around and paying a call on some of the new residents and if you will start inquiring you will learn of quite a number of them.

Opportunities Still Beckon

THE way to success is not yet a dead-end street.

Two weeks ago George Batson was a busboy in a New York restaurant, not the most stimulating occupation in the world.

Today he is the author of a successful play starring Ruth Chatterton, which opened to great applause in Amarillo, Texas, and seems in a fair way to become a hit.

Of course Batson must have had unusual abilities, but he must have had also unusual ambition and courage. And it is good to know that this country is still one in which such a man can get a hearing, and, when he proves to have "stuff on the ball," can succeed. If America has any meaning for the world, that's it.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

effect that some sort of dicker has been going on at Ankara between the Germans and the Turks.)

IF Turkey is getting ready to swing away from the British and over to the Germans, it must be on boss' orders from Moscow. There has been little doubt from the beginning that when the pinch came Turkey would do whatever Russia ordered.

Past events leave little doubt

that in the pinches Russia does what Hitler orders.

THE British are reported today as having landed forces at Basra, at the head of the Persian gulf.

If interested, you'd better get out your map again. Basra is in Iraq, which lies in back of Palestine and south of Turkey. Your map will show it threaded with oil pipe lines, two of which lead out to the Mediterranean. If you follow carefully what goes on from day to day, you will remember some sort of disturbance in Iraq a few days ago—presumably stirred up by Germany.

You don't need to be told that oil is immensely important in modern warfare. It looks like there might be a hen on in a new quarter.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1490 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
- 4:30—Sands of Time.
- 5:00—To Be Announced.
- 5:15—Selective Service, 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, MBS.
- 7:15—Dance Time.
- 7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blazes, MBS.
- 7:45—Jack Star Hunt from Mexico, MBS.
- 8:00—Address by Viscount Halifax, MBS.
- 8:30—Laugh 'N' Swing Club, MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
- 9:15—Freddie Martin's Orch., MBS.
- 9:30—BBC News, MBS.
- 9:35—Del Courtney's Orch., MBS.
- 10:00—Haven of Rest, MBS.
- 10:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 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—Abraham Ruvinsky Trio, MBS.
- 9:15—Man About Town.
- 9:35—Wayne West, Songs, MBS.
- 9:45—Buckeye Four, MBS.
- 9:55—Interlude, MBS.
- 10:00—Lady of Millions, Copco.
- 10:15—Dance Melodies.
- 10:30—Helen Holden, Gov't Girl, MBS.
- 10:45—I'll Find My Way, MBS.
- 11:30—Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
- 11:15—Wheel of Fortune.
- 12:00—Luncheon Music.
- 12:15—Sport News, Truck Sales & 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 Minute Melody Time.
- 12:45—News, Hansen Motor Co.
- 12:50—News-Review of the Air.
- 1:00—Heminger'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—To Be Announced.
- 2:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
- 3:00—A. P. Bulletins, MBS.
- 3:05—Cecil Goly's Orchestra, MBS.
- 3:30—Athens News, MBS.
- 3:45—Prof. Lindsley, MBS.
- 4:00—I'm An American.
- 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol, MBS.
- 4:30—Rhythm By MBS.
- 4:45—Symphony.
- 5:00—Mystery Hall, MBS.
- 5:30—Federal Employees and National Defense.
- 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—May Lombardi's Orchestra, MBS.
- 7:00—Dance Time.
- 7:30—Love Ranger, MBS.
- 8:00—In Chicago Tonight, MBS.
- 8:30—Adventures in Rhythm, MBS.
- 9:00—Alka Seltzer News, Glen Hardy, MBS.
- 9:15—Raymond Scott's Orchestra, MBS.
- 9:30—BBC News, MBS.
- 9:35—Jan Garber's Orchestra, MBS.
- 10:00—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY



Veterans Making "Comebacks" In Major Baseball

By JUDSON BAILEY
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

This is going to be another "comeback year" for many old gaffers shown little respect for age or service in the big leagues last season.

Wesley Ferrell, 33-year-old right-hander of the Boston Bees, who was counted out of the American league over a year ago and couldn't make the grade in the national last season, yesterday went the whole route against the Philadelphia Athletics, allowing only five hits in an 8-1 triumph.

Marty, first batter of the game, hit a home run for the lone Philadelphia tally.

Mel Ott, who has spent exactly half of his 32 years playing with the New York Giants, was supposedly tottering on aging legs last summer. His eyes were going bad, too, some folks said, and he tried wearing spectacles at the plate.

But he has hit four home runs—tying with Joe DiMaggio and Bob Doerr for the major league lead—and sparked his Giants to six victories in seven games to keep them at the top of the National league heap.

His fourth homer came during yesterday's 7-5 triumph over the Brooklyn Dodgers. Bump Hadley, who will be 37 years old in a couple of months, pitched six innings for the winners and left the game in the lead. The Dodgers subsequently tied the score, and Wittig got credit for the victory.

The rush of the Boston Red Sox finally was stopped at Washington yesterday by the lowly Senators, who burst out with four runs in the seventh inning and staggered to a 6-5 victory.

The Sox had won five straight previously and even in defeat held onto their American league lead.

The New York Yankees made hash out of the Philadelphia Athletics again with a 17-hit bombardment that brought a 14-1 victory. Joe DiMaggio hit a home run, a double and two singles.

Joe Gordon also accounted for a homer.

Gaby, up four runs and five hits, two of them homers by Hayes and Moses, in the first four innings. But he didn't allow a hit in the last five stanzas.

Rain and cold weather put off contests scheduled for the west end clubs.

Bowling Doubles

Tourney Launches

Into Second Week

The Dunham doubles tournament at the Roseburg Bowling Alley has entered the second week of competition with 14 two-man teams still in the contest.

The first week's eliminations saw Bill Davis and Woodley Stephenson heading the list with a score of 1227, handicap added. Delbert Carr and Jack Rodgers were in second spot with 1205. Other scores were: Fliegel and Lund 1155, Chapman and Black 1135, R. Baker and Wiley 1134, Nicholson and Rice 1130, Parkinson and Stanton 1148, Teets and Campbell 1144, Van Valzah and Elliott 1144, Spencer and Roster 1137, Stephens and Loomis 1132, Tannlund and Worledge 1128, Morgan and Thompson 1107, Fullerton and Fisher 1102. Eliminated were Redburn and Compton 1100, Gardner and Roadman 1098, Hendricks and Vrooman 1057, J.

Yoncalla Eagles Nose Out Myrtle Creek Vikings

By "HAP" APPELGADE

The Yoncalla Eagles won a close ball game from the Myrtle Creek Vikings on the Yoncalla field Saturday afternoon, by 7 to 6.

The game was a pitchers' battle between Gordon Dyer of Myrtle Creek and Earl Howard of Yoncalla, with errors allowing most of the runs. Myrtle Creek took a 5-to-0 lead in the third inning, but the Eagles kept pounding away, scoring the winning runs in the last half of the ninth on Main's single, which scored Thompson and Rice. Howard allowed 7 hits and had 13 strikeouts, and the Eagles got to Dyer for 7 while the southpaw fanned 8.

Friday the Eagles won an easy five-inning battle from Elkton 17 to 4 with Glen Cox on the mound. The Yoncalla girls also won from the Elkton lasses, 11 to 2.

Summary: R. H. E. Yoncalla 7 7 7 Myrtle Creek 6 7 6 Batteries: Howard and Thompson; Dyer and Stinson.

WEATHER STATISTICS

By U. S. Weather Bureau

Humidity 1:30 p.m. yesterday 31% Highest temperature yesterday 78 Lowest temperature last night 42 Precipitation for 24 hours 0 Precip. since first of month 1.96 Precip. from Sept. 1, 1941 25.35 Deficiency since Sept. 1, 1940 3.49

PIONEER BOAT

HORIZONTAL

1 Vessel which brought colonists to America.

9 It could be a burden of 180 tons.

14 Needle-shaped.

15 Native of Indiana.

17 Horse food.

18 Surfboards.

20 Quot's pin.

21 By.

22 Bearing eleri.

23 To card wool.

25 Low Dutch (abbr.).

26 To challenge.

28 Liliaceous tree.

29 Homelike.

30 Exclamation.

32 Rodent.

34 Graduated set of bowls.

36 Men.

38 Small ox.

41 Soft cap.

44 Fidler.

48 Reversion.

Answer to Previous Puzzle



10 Transposed (abbr.).

21 This boat landed in—

22 Causes to cohere.

24 Errors.

26 Portions of medicine.

27 Mercenary.

29 Cabin.

31 Female fowl.

33 Bone.

35 Therefore.

37 Diplomacy.

40 Sweeping tool.

42 Pertaining to air.

43 Heavy clay.

45 God of sky.

46 Footway.

47 FH.

48 Epilepsy: symptom.

49 Small bird.

51 Lamb.

53 Chum.

55 Doctor.

57 Plural (abbr.).

SERIAL STORY

DRAFTED FOR LOVE

BY RUTH AYERS

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY: There is a dancing party for Ann on the eve of her wedding. But the congratulations she receives on the telephone and in person from April's ears, she tries to be the say April again, but her father senses a difference. Hal proposes again and April knows that she can never marry him. After he leaves she bursts into tears. Then, suddenly, Ann and Kent are beside her.

ANN DISAPPEARS

CHAPTER XXIV

ANN followed April upstairs, her knock on the door imperative. "April!" she spoke her sister's name.

"Oh, Ann, don't mind me." April was struggling to pull herself together. She walked to the mirrored vanity and began to smear her mouth with lipstick.

"I think it's time we were truthful with each other," Ann said. Her voice was gentle. Her eyes, too, were the eyes of the real Ann, without steeliness or suspicion.

Ann went on, "I've guessed all along that you've been in love with Kent Carter since that time he came home on leave while I was away."

"Ann, you're being absurd." "No, not absurd, April, but frank. We love each other very much, April. We're not alike in all ways, but we're sisters, just the two of us, April. Lots of times I've envied you because you're beautiful and I'm not. I've resented you because you had all the admirers, the flowers, the dates. I've been jealous until it hurt. But Octavia said something tonight that expressed what I've always known deep down but haven't wanted to admit."

"Octavia?"

"Octavia said tonight when she was helping me dress, 'Once Ah thought Miss April had nothing more to her than that gold on the top of her head. Now Ah knows the real gold is in her heart!'"

"Oh—well, Octavia," April tried to smile it off, tried to find some way to stop Ann.

Ann persisted. "You've tried to cover up everything, even to the way you injured your ankle and paid off that wretch of a Winkle Appleman, and it's all been because you didn't want to hurt me. I think it's the most sporting thing I've ever known."

"But you're silly, Ann," April cried. "You're foolish to talk that way. There's nothing to what you're trying to say. It's your wedding day tomorrow. The house is all fixed. Mother and Dad are so happy for you! And Kent—what about Kent, Ann? You've forgotten about him in all this foolishness. Listen, honey, you and Kent are going to make a grand couple."

Ann stood there, still smiling, listening without interrupting.

"I'll come to visit you in your new home," April finished in a rush. "I'll be godmother to your first boy." She was up from the vanity table, almost pushing Ann from the room.

"Annie, go down and dance until morning and then sleep until noon. And don't get any more of those last-minute bridal brainstorms."

Ann turned one searching glance on her and then leaned quickly and kissed her cheek.

After that, the day was over for April Burnett.

She was too tired to think about it now, too weary to live it over. While the trio from Casa Blanca played in waltz time, she went to sleep.

THAT'S why she was up early the next morning, surprisingly refreshed, ready to face the last day before she would be really free. Yes, once the wedding was over, she would be clear of all remorse and doubts and decisions.

Nip had pushed his way into her room last night and slept curled on the floor beside her bed.

"You be quiet," she cautioned him, "this is a sleeping household."

As she bathed and dressed, April saw that the early morning sky gave evidence of a sunny day. A good omen for Ann. She was glad she had reassured her sister last night, quieted any doubts in Ann's troubled head.

Now for the red skating skirt and the blue suede jacket. If she went out for a brief walk with Nip, maybe it would bring some color into her cheeks and she wouldn't look like a mourner at the wedding.

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"Hush," she kept saying to Nip. "One growl out of you and no walk." Nip hushed.

The wedding was set for 5 o'clock. Everything was in readiness for it, from Octavia's white-tied cake to Ann's orange blossoms. The house slept quietly after the festivities of last night. Likely, no one would stir until noon. So as April left her room bound for the walk, she tiptoed.

Her first surprise was in seeing that the door to Ann's room was ajar. Nip nosed ahead of her, poked his nose into the door, April stepped to close it and as she did, something struck her as wrong.

The bed was made, Ann's evening dress tossed lightly across it.

APRIL tried to reassure herself. Ann had probably gone downstairs for early coffee. But even as she went to check, she knew that Ann wouldn't be in the kitchen.

The kitchen was empty, spotless, untouched. Octavia had stayed up late to wash and put away the party dishes so everything would be spic-and-span for the great day of her "little lamb's" wedding.

The other rooms were empty and the inside lock was still across the front door. This cut off the last, dwindling hope that perhaps Ann had started off on an early walk, too.

"Something's wrong, Nip," April whispered, "dreadfully wrong." Nip knew it and sniffed up and down the hall and behind the fern screen. Then a door of the kitchen creaked and opened. April almost jumped in fright.

"Who all's there?" a familiar voice was asking.

"Just me, Octavia."

"Anything I can do for you, Miss April?"

No one must know yet; the house mustn't be aroused. So April thought quickly. "Yes, Octavia, go back to bed and sleep your head off for hours. It's going to be a hard day."

When Octavia, satisfied and unsuspecting, disappeared behind the door, April started upstairs. Every step was an agony. Even Nip sensed it, his whiskers bristling.

It didn't take long to find the white envelope with her name on it in Ann's room. April held it, afraid to read, fearful of what answer her sister had found out of the three tangled lives.

(To Be Concluded)

R. H. S. Baseball Team Will Face 0-0 Hurler

The Roseburg high school Indians were looking over their batting equipment today in the hope of stopping the sensational record of Fox, pitcher of the Glendale baseball team which will meet the Roseburg nine on Friday field at 3:30 p. m. Wednesday in a seven-inning game.

Fox, pitching Glide to a 14-0 victory in a six-inning game at

Myrtle Creek recently struck out 17 of the 18 batters who came to the plate, for a no-hit, no-run record.

The Indians have had some hard workouts under the supervision of Coach Hod Turner and have put special emphasis on hitting in anticipation of Wednesday's game.

Local fans are urged to attend the contest, which is expected to be one of the best games of the season.

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