Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Oregon Is Ready

A STATE, as Earl Snell, secretary of state for Oregon, pointed out in his address to the convention of District Postmasters, can do its part in national defense even as individuals do theirs. Thrifty and patriotic individuals will so adjust their affairs as to meet such demands as may be necessary. These demands may be in the form of paying higher taxes, purchase of war bonds and war savings stamps or both. In any event it is necessary for us all to be prepared to do our part in a financial and economic way.

The state of Oregon, Secretary Snell said, has done just that. Oregon's bonded debt is the lowest in a couple of dozen years. No state property tax is levied—nor has there been a state property tax for several years. Numerous new state buildings have been built in recent years, and many improvements have been made to state buildings and at state institutions. But in spite of all this outlay, every cent has been paid off on these additions and improvements. No new taxes, with the exception of the cigarette tax, were passed by the last session of the legislature. The state of Oregon, in other words, has its financial decks cleared for action. As a result the people of the state, not faced with additional state government burdens, will be better able to meet the national demands for defense.

This excellent condition of affairs is not only a defense asset but a permanent peace-time asset as well. Oregon is an undeveloped state. We have natural resources and potential industrial income that have scarcely been touched with development thus far. Industry, as the secretary of state noted, will more and more be attracted to a state in which the people choose cautious and conservative legislators, and public officers who carry out the general spirit of the people by being thrifty—and operating on a "pay as you go" policy.

We may point out also that Douglas county is doing its part in like manner. We have no bonded debt whatever in this county. Our tax rate has steadily declined during recent years. We are facing no immediate large outlay of funds. Our county is on a cash basis with annual receipts closely matching annual outgo and there is no outstanding warrant debt.

In fact the financial situation in the other governmental units such as cities, road districts and school districts, is uniformly good in this county. We are doing our part in fact we have done our part to be ready for whatever may be necessary in the future.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

are already owned and occupied by Italy. Others have recently been seized by Germany from Greece.

It might be posible to slip German troopships through these islands to the mouth of the Aegean, thence hugging the Turkish coast around to Syria—as was done along the coast of Norway earlier in the war. It doesn't, however, look too promising because of the proximity of the island of Cyprus, where the British have strong naval and air forces.

SO let's go back to this Rumanian rumor, which mentions the BOSPHORUS but says nothing about the DARDANELLES and intimates that the German infantry is bound for TURKEY and Iraq.

The Bosphorus is the Black sea end of the strategic straits. The Dardanelles is the Mediterranean end. In between is the Sea of Marmora. Istanbul (Constantinople) is located on the Sea of Marmora and Istanbul is on the Berlin-to-Baghdad railroad, which with its branches, leads exactly where the Germans want to go.

KEEP on watching Turkey—for Turkey holds the answer to the German problem as to how to get sufficient forces into the Near East.

THERE are conflicting reports today (Saturday) from Salum, where the Germans are trying to approach Suez from the west.

The British took it on Thursday. The Germans claim to have RETAKEN it today, along with Fort Capuzzo. The British (as these words are written) neither confirm nor deny the German claim.

GO back here for a moment to world war No. 1—when, you will remember, positions along the western front changed hands frequently over a long period of time.

The point is that from Tobruk to Salum (temporarily at least) a condition of stalemate has been reached, with the Germans unable for the time being to break through the British defenses and roll on toward Suez.

As long as the British are able to hold sea-supplied Tobruk, it will remain a threat to further German advance.

HERE again France comes in. If she lets the Germans into Tunisia, the way will be opened for German reinforcements in sufficient volume to overwhelm Tobruk.

KRNR

Mutual Broadcasting System
1490 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol.
4:30—Ned Jordan.
5:00—Legion Auxiliary.
5:15—Jack Starr Hunt.
5:30—Varieties.
5:45—Cap't Midnight, Ovaltine.
6:00—Confidentially Yours.
6:15—Dinner Music.
6:30—John B. Hughes.
6:45—Interlude.
6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities.
7:00—Leland Stowe, Signal Oil.
7:15—Dance Time.
7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades.
7:45—Army Quiz Show.
8:00—Jack Denny's Orch.
8:30—BBC News.
8:35—Welke's Orch.
8:45—Bernie Cummin's Orch.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News.
9:15—Jan Savitt's Orch.
9:30—Tommy Dorsey's Orch.
10:00—Haven of Rest.
10:30—Sign Off.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1941
6:45—Eye Opener
7:00—News, L. A. Soap
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
8:30—News
8:45—BBC News
8:55—Interlude
9:00—Man About Town
9:20—This and That in Rhythm
9:30—Helen Holden
9:45—I'll Find My Way
10:00—Alka Seltzer News
10:15—Winger and Alexander
10:30—Lady of Millions, COPCO
10:45—School of the Air
11:00—The Bookworm
11:15—Wheel of Fortune
12:00—Interlude
12:05—Sports Review, Truck Sales and Service Co., and the Dunham Transfer Co.
12:15—Rhythm At Random
12:20—Parkinson's Information Exchange
12:25—Five Miniature Melody Time, Golden West Coffee
12:30—Johnson Family, Swansdown Flour
12:45—State and Local News, Ellison's Texaco Station
12:50—News Review of the Air
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street
1:15—Confessions of a Corsair
1:30—We are Always Young
1:45—Edith Adams' Future
2:00—Army Girl
2:15—As the Twig Is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes
2:30—Matinee of Melody
2:45—Let's Play Bridge
3:00—I'm An American
3:15—Here's Morgan
3:30—At Your Command
4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol
4:30—Gypsiana
4:45—The Tune Jamboree
5:15—Arthur Mann
5:30—Varieties
5:45—Cap't. Midnight, Ovaltine
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing
6:15—Dinner Music
6:30—John B. Hughes
6:45—Interlude
6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities
6:55—Dance Time
7:30—Lone Ranger
8:00—Army Quiz Show
8:30—"The Great Gunns"
9:00—Alka Seltzer News
9:15—Martin's Orch.
9:30—Noble's Orch.
10:00—Sign Off.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

Mrs. S. E. Sanders Of Drain Passes

Mrs. Sylvia E. Sanders, 46, well known resident of Drain, died Monday night at the Eugene hospital following a brief illness.

She was born in Oregon City, May 17, 1895, and was a resident of Drain throughout the greater part of her life. She as married Jan. 27, 1913, to George V. Sanders, at Eugene.

She was a member of the Christian church and Order of the Easter Star and took an active part in civic affairs.

Surviving are the husband; two daughters, Esther Maxine Cramer and Elta B. Addison, Lorraine, Oregon; two sons, Robert E. Sanders; Drain, and Don H. Sanders, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii; three sisters, Mrs. Loretta Christianson, Portland, Mrs. Marie Potter, Spokane and Mrs. May Mabea, Auburn, Calif.; a brother, Newton Trayler, Eugene; and two half-sisters, Mrs. Clarabelle Von Alwarden, Redding, Calif., and Mrs. Ray Ganto, Pasadena.

Services will be held in the Community hall at Drain at 2 p. m. Wednesday, Rev. C. F. Trimble officiating. Interment will follow in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Arrangements are in charge of Stearns mortuary, Oakland.

Tourist School to Hear Angling, Forest Talks

The third class in the chamber of commerce tourist information school will be held at the chamber of commerce office at 7:30 o'clock tonight. The class will be addressed by Charles V. Stanton, who will speak on fishing, and V. V. Harpham, supervisor of the Umpqua National forest, who will tell of the recreational facilities within the forest and show motion pictures.

LETTERS to the Editor

OPPOSES REFERENDUM ON OREGON CIGARETTE LAW

Editor News-Review: Many of your readers, I am sure, will be interested to get some information on the "cigarette tax law," so here are some facts:

Mr. Home Owner and Farmer, Wholesaler and all Retailers; Mr. Grocer, Mr. Druggist, Mr. Tobacconist, read the law. It burdens no one. It provides the way for a legitimate profit for merchants selling cigarettes in Oregon. It provides approximately $2,000,000 matched by federal funds, which will be a total of $4,000,000, approximately. Naturally all will be spent with you merchants. Don't be unfair to youth. One-sixth of the revenue will be used to train young people in vocations needed for the national defense program. Are you going to keep them from the positions now waiting for them? Don't be unfair to our seniors . . . Five sixths of all revenue will be given to public assistance. It is really their first opportunity to live decently. Are you going to be a party to taking this away from them. "Oregon's cigarette law" is a good law. Read it and don't be misled into signing the referendum.

If anyone asks you to sign the referendum or if some one asks you to go to certain places to sign up make up your mind that party has an "axe to grind." Be safe, don't sign. If it was not a good law rest assured our Governor Charles A. Sprague, would not have signed it. If any one approaches you to sign this referendum make up your mind he is working against your interest. Twenty-six states now have cigarette tax laws, and have collected over 100 million dollars. All you pension minded people, no matter in which plan you believe in, do not sign the referendum.

JOSEPH W. LEMMER,
Roseburg, Ore.

Army Recruiter to Be In Roseburg This Week

Sergeant John T. Costello of the regular army recruiting service will be in Roseburg next Thursday and Friday to accept qualified applicants for enlistment in the army. He will maintain a temporary office in the post office building. Full information may be obtained from Sergeant Costello regarding the air corps ground schools, ordnance department and medical department, also openings in the Philippine and Panama canal departments.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE DOUGLAS BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Douglas Building and Loan Association of Roseburg, Oregon, will be held at the office of said Association in the City of Roseburg, Oregon, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock p. m., Monday, June 9, 1941, for the election of a board of directors and any business which may properly come before said meeting.

(Adv.) J. E. McCLINTOCK,
Secretary.

Mayor Proclaims Poppy Days Here

Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24, were designated as Poppy days in Roseburg in a proclamation issued today by Mayor A. J. Young. The mayor called upon all citizens to observe the day by wearing the memorial poppy of the American Legion auxiliary.

The proclamation stated:

"Whereas, the wearing of the memorial poppy is a fitting and effective way of keeping bright the memory of those young men who gave their lives in America's service in the world war, and

"Whereas, men of Douglas county served gallantly in that war, some being called upon to sacrifice their lives in that service, and

"Whereas, the present national emergency requires the same type of unselfish patriotism displayed by the men and symbolized by their memorial flower, and

"Whereas, the women of the American Legion auxiliary will distribute veteran-made memorial poppies throughout the city on Saturday, May 24,

"Now, therefore, I, A. J. Young, mayor of the city of Roseburg, do proclaim Friday and Saturday, May 23 and 24, to be Poppy days in the city of Roseburg, and urge all citizens to observe the day by wearing the memorial poppy of the American Legion and American Legion auxiliary in honor of the men who died for America in the war of 1917 and 1918."

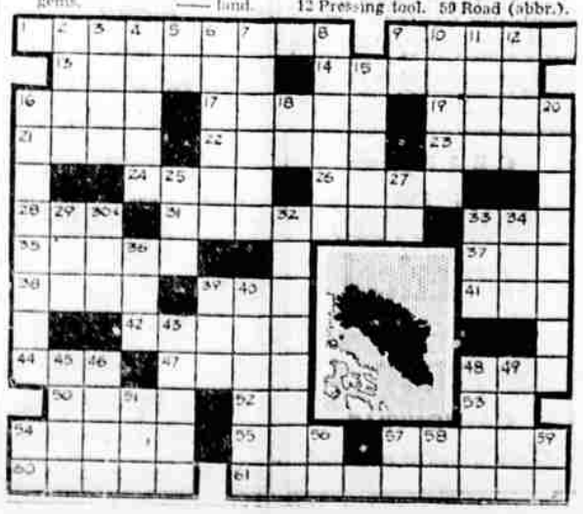
Working in Portland—Dale Woodruff, of this city, is now working at the Columbia Aircraft corporation in Portland.

NORTH ATLANTIC ISLAND

HORIZONTAL
1 Map of Island of ——.
9 Lemur.
13 Large turtles.
14 Eluder.
16 Portico.
17 Interval.
19 Tiny particle.
21 Free theater ticket.
22 Stop watch.
23 Cloth.
24 Pitcher.
26 Cow-headed goddess.
28 Tatter.
31 Built.
33 Away.
35 To slope.
37 A rush.
38 If not.
39 Beast of burden.
41 Bustle.
42 To adorn with gems.
44 To bark.
47 Organ of smell
48 Part of week.
50 Booty.
52 Conjunction.
53 Mulberry dye.
54 Place of business.
55 Circular wall.
57 Tidings.
60 It lies in the Atlantic Ocean and —— Sea.
61 Most of it is —— land.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL
2 Polynesian chestnut.
3 God of love.
4 To expunge.
5 North America (abbr.).
6 Sheen.
7 To seek to attain.
8 Fraud.
9 Musical term.
10 Land rights.
11 Network.
12 Pressing tool.
15 Rime.
16 It is —— populated.
18 Common verb
20 Its trade is a state —— of Denmark.
25 Moist.
27 Idant.
29 Every.
30 Fuel.
32 Rouge.
33 Brother.
34 To free.
36 The tip.
39 Since.
40 Apiaceous plant.
43 To come in.
45 Singing voice.
46 Puddle.
48 Humid.
49 Bitter herb.
51 Coin.
54 Spain (abbr.).
56 Southeast (abbr.).
57 Egyptian deity
58 Above.
59 Road (abbr.).



● SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY: Reassured by her new-found friend, Beatrice makes it safely to the station. She finds herself admiring the courage of these working people she has never known. As they walk along the street, the girl asks where Beatrice works. She admits she is jobless. The girl works at Huntington's—Beatrice's own store—suggests they might hire Beatrice there!

CHAPTER VI

FOR a moment, Beatrice Huntington Davenport could only stare at this slim, strange girl with the dark chestnut hair and the eagerly helpful eyes. She felt an insane impulse to giggle. "Imagine her leading me into the personnel office at the store! Asking them to give me a job! They'd recognize me immediately!"

But then, dizzily, she thought, "Recognize me? Would they? Who has ever seen me at that store? Only the French vendeuse in the Import Salon. And one or two models who have tried on numbers for me . . ."

It seemed incredible, but as she searched her mind, she realized that it was true. Outside of Mlle. Mathilde, with her thin sallow face and her animated hands, there was no one in the entire eight floors of Huntington's who, meeting her on the street, could say positively, "There's Miss Davenport." Even the general superintendent, at whose pictured face she had looked this morning, had never seen her.

She went back to the last time she'd been in the store. She remembered walking from the car through the street floor, getting into the elevator. She'd worn her silver fox greatcoat, but there'd been another customer in the elevator in silver fox, too.

On the fifth floor, in the salon, there'd been a discreet flutter because Mlle. Mathilde had whispered, "Miss Davenport is here."

The girl she had met in the subway was asking curiously, "What's the matter? Don't you like the idea of Huntington's?"

"I've never sold anything," Beatrice said warily. "I—I'm a—a stenographer, really."

"Don't fret," said the girl. "We have a lovely training department. Whether you've ever sold anything or not, Huntington's makes you take the training course. They make you come in at 8 o'clock—and you don't get paid extra, either—so you can have 45 minutes before the store opens, listening to the Huntington notions on store service."

"I see."

"If you've never worked in another store, then you have nothing to unlearn. Because, let me tell you right now, Huntington's has their own way of doing things."

* * *

THEY were on Fulton street now. Neon lights glittered—red, blue and green. Beatrice saw the signs of Chinese restaurants, dance halls, radio stores; the glittering canopy of a movie palace; lighted display windows. Overhead, an elevated train rumbled by. Fulton street was crowded. Cars and taxis made a tangle of traffic. Horns blared.

She had never been here before. They went into a noisy cafeteria. A machine at the door yelped twice as the girl pulled a check for herself and one for Beatrice. She made her way, knowingly, to a stack of trays; selected knife and fork and spoon from an open rack beside the trays. Beatrice watched and did the same.

The long serving section was a revelation to Beatrice. You took your tray and slid it on the chromium bars past mounds of salads. At the coffee urns, you took one of the filled cups that slopped over a little as the attendant pushed it toward you. There were piles of Danish pastry, doughnuts, cupcakes. So much food confused Beatrice. Meekly, she took two sugared doughnuts because the girl took them.

They left the serving section then. Balancing their trays, they found a table on which the remnants of someone else's meal was still scattered.

"Boy!" called this amazing girl who worked in Huntington's. A shuffling man in a white coat approached, gathered up the soiled dishes, gave the table a half-hearted wipe, an departed.

"What do you say?" the girl asked, as she put sugar in her coffee. "Want to try at Huntington's?" She stirred her coffee, sipped it, made a face. "But you don't even know my name! I'm Toby Masters."

Beatrice balanced a spoonful of sugar over the bowl, carefully. "I—I'm Bee Davis," she answered steadily.

"Glad to know you, Bee!"

They drank their coffee, dunked their doughnuts, and Beatrice felt a dizzy little recklessness seeping through her. "I wanted to live like they do," she thought. "Now I'm burning my bridges behind me."

But it was still so easy to go back, if she grew uncertain. Even now she could get up, leave this cafeteria, leave Toby Masters. She could hail a cab at the curb, tell the driver, "Park Avenue."

The tingling recklessness increased, became a fever.

"Don't go back," she told herself. "Burn more bridges. Cut the last retreat."

SHE looked across the table at Toby Masters, and said quietly, "It's nice of you to help me get a job, Toby. The only thing is—I don't know where I'll stay between now and tomorrow morning. You see, I—I was turned out of my room."

Toby Masters gasped. Her brown eyes regarded the other girl with a swift, warm sympathy. "You have no place to go? Oh, I never dreamed, on the subway. . . . I was watching you, you know. You seemed so sure of yourself. Almost"—she smiled apologetically—"almost snobbish.

"I can see now that you were worried. I know how it is. When I'm worried, I walk along with my nose in the air, trying hard to look as if I owned the earth. So no one will guess I am worried."

She leaned forward confidentially. "Sometimes, when I'm awfully blue, I go into a store and try on fur coats!" Then she became very businesslike. "But you've got to have somewhere to go! Haven't you any money?"

With a pang, Beatrice remembered the roll of bills in her brown suede handbag. She said slowly, "I have some money. I—I've been afraid to spend it. I can't explain, exactly, but it was as if that money was all I had between myself and—and whatever might happen. Do you see? So I didn't pay my room rent."

Toby Masters nodded. "I can understand that, too. When I was out of a job, I held out $20 and told myself no matter what happened I wouldn't touch it. That $20 was the last ditch fund. Not for a rainy day, but for a hurricane."

"That's the way I felt," Beatrice said.

"And of course you won't want to spend it until you actually get a job. I'm sure they'll take you at Huntington's. But just the same, we don't really know. No, you mustn't spend your last ditch fund. Look, I've got a little apartment in Flatbush. I share it with another girl. But we have a studio couch in the living room. Come and spend the night with us!"

"Oh, I couldn't impose! I had expected to p-pay for a r-room tonight, really I had."

"Well, now you don't have to!" Toby Masters got up, her eyes shining. She pushed her hat down more firmly on her glossy chestnut hair, grabbed the two punched checks and said, "Come on. We'll take the trolley to Flatbush. Wait till Vera sees what I picked up in a subway accident!"

(To Be Continued)

WEATHER STATISTICS
By U. S. Weather Bureau

Humidity 4:30 p. m. yesterday (per cent) 38
Highest temperature yesterday 69
Lowest temperature last night 41
Precipitation for 24 hours 0
Precip. since first of month ..2.23
Precip. from Sept. 1, 1940 ... 27.74
Deficiency since Sept. 1, 1940 2.91

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