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What Wins Wars

TWO things won the world war quite as much as military victory:

1. The growing realization in Germany that she could not win.

2. The vision implanted in the minds and hearts of the people of Europe of a better world.

No less than the breakthrough on the western front, no less than the collapse of Bulgaria and Turkey under military pressure, these great factors gradually undermined morale in Germany, bolstered it in the free world.

So again, Germany will be beaten whenever Germany generally realizes she cannot win.

The beginning of that realization might come this fall, if, despite Mediterranean successes, she has still failed to crush England.

The whole Nazi regime has been nourished and fed on victory. Once that goal recedes into the impossible, it may not be necessary to beat the German armies. Confronted with a desolate prospect of years of defensive struggle, that well-oiled machine might quickly become a military jalopy.

The other element is necessary, too. It is useless to offer the world the choice of "The New Order—or nothing." Not a single people has turned voluntarily to the New Order. It has been imposed by force on every people which now lives under it, including the Italians and the Japanese. The New Order offers no attraction to any people which has ever breathed the air of freedom.

A negative cause, however, is not enough. Badly needed is a more concrete plan for the establishment of the Four Freedoms to which the remaining free countries are devoted. Those freedoms are dear to millions in the world, millions now under the Nazi heel, but they must be shown at least a rough draft of a means of attaining them and putting them into force.

There is good evidence that Hitler's so-called "New Order" is an improvisation. He didn't start out to create a New Order. He started out to aggrandize Germany. When he found that people after people were falling under his control, something had to be devised to give them hope for the future that would enable them to stomach a repulsive present. So the New Order idea was hastily improvised and trotted out.

No one not a German wants any part of it. But you can't beat something with nothing.

The world must be shown as definitely as circumstances permit, that the free peoples who still fight on are capable, after they have won, of really setting up and operating a free world. That in itself would be a war weapon of tremendous power.

Another Man Dies

A GREAT many men, and women, are dying sudden and violent deaths these days.

The fact that one more is to die in Berlin is perhaps not very interesting. Yet it is interesting, too. He is going to die because he listened to the radio, and liked what he heard enough to make copies of it and pass it along to others he thought would be interested.

He is a German, you see, and the program to which he listened came from outside Germany's border. So because he listened,

and wrote it down, and passed it along, he is to die. That is official, from the official news agency in Berlin. Some 1500 others of his compatriots got off easier, because they just listened and did not copy out the forbidden words.

The older order changed, yielding place to new!

Transporting a Million

WITH the summer maneuver season not yet really opened, the railroads have already in the first four months of the year transported more than a million members of the armed forces.

More than half of these were on 1800 special trains, the rest were carried incidental to regular service.

The transport burden will probably increase this summer as hundreds of thousands of troops are concentrated at various points for maneuvers. Nevertheless, performance to date gives some hope that the rail confusions of 1917-1918 will not occur again, either as to transportation or the materials to supply them and keep the national economy going at the same time.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

for a chance to enter.

That tells its own story.

COLONEL BRANSHAW, when he took over the Ingelwood plant, made this statement:

"Under government control, employees will not be coerced or intimidated to return to or remain in the plant. At the same time, and to the extent possible under the law, no person or individual will be permitted to coerce or intimidate any individual who DESIRES TO RETURN TO WORK, nor will any such action in the plant be tolerated."

"That is to say, no one will be compelled to work. But those who want to work will be protected in their right to do so.

That isn't making bombers with bayonets.

If we are to think clearly, we must draw a sharp distinction in our minds between strikes in defense industries and the ordinary run of strikes that do not directly affect the nation's defense effort.

The worker in a defense plant who is engaged in making weapons is as essential a part of the nation's defense forces as those who are enlisted in the army, the navy and the air corps. The whole lesson of this war is that men fighting without adequate equipment are DOOMED IN ADVANCE.

We can't permit strikes to interfere with production of weapons any more than we can permit men to refuse to serve in the nation's armed forces when called.

Douglas Defense Board Will Organize Monday

A meeting of the recently appointed Douglas county defense committee will be held at 2 p. m. Monday, June 16, it was announced today by County Judge D. N. Busenbark.

Mr. Busenbark was requested by Governor Charles A. Sprague to call the committee together for the purpose of organization. Permanent officers will be elected at Monday's meeting, it is expected, and plans made for a future meeting at which time it is planned to have a representative of the state government present to give detailed instructions on the defense organization program.

One Killed, Six Hurt in Klamath County Crash

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., June 12. (AP)—A man identified as Maurice Joseph Camalanga, 31, Seattle seaman, was killed and six persons were injured in a collision on The Dalles-California highway ten miles north of here this morning.

Seriously injured were J. Barlow, Union Pacific switchman from Portland; Forrest Kagley, Olympia, and Lee M. Barlow, Portland sailor. Less seriously hurt were Robert J. Dombroff of Seahurst, Wash.; Mrs. E. A. Longaker, Olympia, and Marie Ross, Portland. The latter suffered only a cut over her eye.

It was not known at once who was in the car with Camalanga. He and others were believed to have been witnesses in the Harry Bridges deportation hearing at San Francisco.

At McClintock Home—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis F. Cox, of Long Beach, Calif., have arrived in Roseburg to spend a few days visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McClintock on East Cass street. Mrs. Cox is a cousin of Mrs. McClintock. Mr. Cox is a prominent real estate broker in Long Beach.

Ex-Penitentiary Guard Of Gun Fight Fame Dies

SALEM, June 12.—(AP)—Lute Savage, 77, the Oregon penitentiary guard who survived a shot under the heart in the famous Kelly-Willos-Murray break in 1925, died in a hospital here last night from injuries received in a fall.

In the 1925 break, Bert "Oregon" Jones, a prisoner, and two guards were killed. Tom Murray, who shot Savage; Ellsworth Kelly and James Willos escaped, but were recaptured. Kelly and Murray were then hanged, and Willos hanged himself in his cell.

The 1941 legislature gave Savage a pension.

County Clerk's Deputy Faces Shortage Inquiry

ASTORIA, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—Sheriff Kearney said Forest B. Smith, Clatsop county clerk's deputy, was in custody today pending investigation of filing fee shortages estimated at \$700.

Verne Stratton, newly appointed clerk, said the fees, for filing mortgages on migratory chattels such as automobiles, had not been turned over to the secretary of state as required by law.

Parole Decided on For Oregon Arsonist Banks

SALEM, June 12.—(AP)—The state parole board decided today to parole Al N. Banks, former Salem teamster (AP), business agent who paid three men to burn the non-union Salem box factory in November, 1937, on August 1.

Banks, who has been in prison three years, became eligible for parole last week when Governor Sprague commuted his sentence from 12 to 9 years.

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol.

4:30—Jan Garber's Orchestra.

5:00—To Be Announced.

5:15—John P. Dickson.

5:30—Varieties.

5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine.

6:00—Confidentially Yours.

6:15—Dinner Music.

6:30—John B. Hughes.

6:45—Interlude.

6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities.

6:55—Dance Time.

7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades.

7:45—Art Linkletter.

8:00—Standard Symphony Hour.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News.

9:15—Duke Ellington's Orchestra.

9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

9:45—Gray Gordon's Orchestra.

10:00—Haven of Rest.

10:30—Sign off.

FRIDAY, JUNE 13

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."

WEATHER STATISTICS

By U. S. Weather Bureau

Humidity 4:30 p.m. yesterday 31%

Highest temperature yesterday 97

Lowest temperature last night 59

Precipitation for 24 hours Trace

Precip. since first of month .39

Precip. from Sept. 1, 1940 28.55

Deficiency since Sept. 1, 1940 3.12

Other officers included: Helen Pruyne, Eugene, and Selma Hillmer, Salem, vice presidents; Myrtle Caldwell, Klamath Falls, and Erna Placeman, Corvallis, directors.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCT

Answer to Previous Puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Important commercial tree.

5 It is the source of candy.

12 Choking bit.

13 Sewell.

14 Biblical priest.

15 To harness together.

16 Tardier.

17 Stalk.

19 Operating.

21 To repair.

22 Black.

24 Wolfish.

28 Cuckoo.

30 Egg-shaped.

31 African tribe.

32 Logger's boot.

33 One that wallops.

36 Roof ornament.

37 Moving trucks.

38 Act of storing.

42 Disciple of reform.

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—Varieties.

9:30—Helen Holden.

9:45—I'll Find My Way.

10:00—Alka Seltzer News.

10:15—Songs by Sherman.

10:30—Cy Walter, Pianist.

10:45—Charlie Stevet's Orch.

11:00—The Bookworm.

11:15—Wheel of Fortune.

11:30—Interlude.

12:05—Sports Review, Truck Sales and Service Co. and 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—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 Gals.

2:15—As the Twig Is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes.

2:30—Matinee of Melody.

2:45—Let's Play Bridge.

3:00—American Family Robinson.

3:15—Here's Morgan.

3:30—At Your Command, Pepsi-Cola.

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol.

4:30—Musical Matinee.

4:45—The Tune Jamboree.

5:15—Passing Parade, Nesbitt's Orange.

5:30—Varieties.

5:45—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine.

6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, White Owl Cigars.

6:15—Dinner Dance.

6:30—John B. Hughes.

6:45—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities.

6:55—Dance Time.

7:30—Lone Ranger.

8:00—Sinfonietta.

8:30—L. S. County Band.

8:45—Softball Games, Montgomery Ward.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News.

9:15—Alka Seltzer Continued.

10:15—Sign Off.

OREGON NURSES ASSN. Re-Elects Its President

PORTLAND, June 12.—(AP)—Letha Humphrey, superintendent of the Shriners' hospital for crippled children, Portland, was re-elected president of the Oregon State Nurses' association yesterday.

Other officers included: Helen Pruyne, Eugene, and Selma Hillmer, Salem, vice presidents; Myrtle Caldwell, Klamath Falls, and Erna Placeman, Corvallis, directors.

WEATHER STATISTICS

By U. S. Weather Bureau

Humidity 4:30 p.m. yesterday 31%

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Lowest temperature last night 59

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SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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LOVE IS THE ANSWER

CHAPTER XXX

WHEN she opened her eyes, Anthony Bradley was holding her head. "Go away," she moaned.

"Go away, Oh, my stomach . . ."

"Now you know how I felt," Anthony said crisply. "Are you all right?"

She sat up, scowling at him. She saw Bruce Sheldrake and Morris Fletcher. She noted their stupefied pale faces and their slack, trembling mouths.

Sheldrake came to life first. "Allow me, Miss Davenport?"

He helped her to her feet. The fat man with the mink coat was murmuring wretchedly. "But I only wanted to show Mr. Sheldrake the coat. The police found it in a parcel locker. It had our label. I—"

"Give me my coat!" She snatched it out of his hands. "Call my car, somebody! I never saw such a bunch of imbeciles in my life! What are you all standing around for? Do something! You, Mr. Fletcher—call my guardian at once! Tell him I fired you! You, Mr. Sheldrake! Get out of my sight!"

FOR the second time she turned and fled down the corridor. But now the mink coat was clutched in her hands, and now wide-eyed employes got out of her way with gratifying alacrity. Through the street level selling floor she raced. No car at the main entrance. She lifted her hand. A cab sizzled to a halt. She got in.

"Forteen-forty Park Avenue." There'd be delirium in Mr. Weeming's office, consternation in Budget Fashion's crisis in newspaper city rooms. She didn't care. The doorman at her apartment house goggled.

"Pay this man his fare!" The elevator boy nearly fainted. "Miss Davenport, ma'am, I thought you were kidnapped!"

She sailed into her own apartment. "Greta! What do you mean by giving information to reporters?"

A dark man rushed out of the drawing room. "Beatrice! My own! They have saved you! He held out his arms, like an emotion-laden Latin in a movie. "You have been restored to me! My darling!"

BEATRICE stood very still and regarded Clarence distastefully. "How did you get here?"

"Mr. Weeming phoned me five minutes ago. I rushed right over."

"Did he say what I'd been doing? Did he tell you I had never been kidnapped?" Her control snapped. "Oh, Clarence, you fool! You messed everything all up! I was enjoying myself for the first time in my life! I was living, working, amounting to something—feeling something!"

"Aha," said Clarence, blinking his black eyes. "Those emotions you so yearned for!" He pulled thoughtfully at his neat mustache. "What sort of emotions, explain me that. To work—bah! That is not romantic! It was something else. Tell me, Beatrice."

"I'll tell you nothing!" She ran to the white and gold bedroom into a corner of which Toby Masters' snugly apartment would have fitted snugly. She pulled out dresser drawers in a frenzy of taste. She found the antique silver jewel case and extracted Clarence's emerald. She ran back to the drawing room. "Here! Here's your ring! I don't want it."

"But cara—my sweet—what has happened? I am not angry with you, Beatrice. It was an adventure, a whim! It cannot come between us, beloved. Surely you—"

"Please, Clarence. There's no use talking about it any more."

Sus pressed the ring into his hand. "I made a mistake, when I promised to marry you. I didn't love you. I didn't know what love was. But now, I can't go on with it."

"So?" Clarence breathed softly. "So, now, all is changed? Now you know perfectly what love is, eh?" He grabbed her arm. His eyes burned. His mouth was suddenly cruel and ruthless. "Who is the man who has taught you what love is, Beatrice? Who is he? I demand the truth!"

Beatrice jerked away from him. "I won't tell you. It's none of your business. All that matters to you is that I've given you back your ring."

"But that is not all that matters to me! I love you. I shall kill the pig who tries to take you away from me."

Three mutual notes chimed. Beatrice looked at Clarence, speculatively. "Here comes your chance," she said. "Because I'm sure that's Anthony Bradley at the door."

IT was Anthony. He strode into the room, hatless, his expression a mixture of hel-

ligerency and determination and temper. He stopped short when he saw Clarence.

"This," said Beatrice maliciously, "is your pig, Clarence. And, Mr. Bradley, this is your prince."

Clarence eyed Anthony. Anthony surveyed Clarence. The silence became appalling. Beatrice helped things along by remarking, "Clarence has duelling pistols on his mind. Or sabers at dawn."

"Himmm," said Clarence, "so you are the man who has bewitched my betrothed. It is because of you she returns my emerald."

Anthony's face cleared. "She returned your ring? Oh, I see."

The relief in his tone was unmistakable. Beatrice's heart began to sing. Maybe he wouldn't hate her too much, after all. Maybe he could bear to marry a girl who owned a department store, especially if he worked in it.

"Queer about Mr. Weeming," she said irrelevantly. "About his investigations, I mean. Because that was my idea, too, you know."

"I must prepare a statement for the papers," Beatrice said dreamily. "I must inform them that it was my concern for Grandfather's store which ran away with me."

"Beatrice!" thundered Clarence. Beatrice looked around, mildly astonished. "Oh, you're still here?" Her eyes dropped. "Clarence, do run along like a good boy. I—I have a lot of things on my mind, and—really, Clarence, you'll be delighted to be rid of me, once you think it over."

The swarthy face of Fernando di Grandezzi, who was not the descendant of a long line of noble Romans for nothing, stiffened. He bowed formally. His heels clicked. "I hope you will be very happy," he said thickly.

BEATRICE and Anthony watched him go. Then Anthony said, morosely, "We probably won't be. On your money."

"If you start that, Anthony Bradley, I'll butt you in the stomach again!"

"I do know other ways of starting. But you'd have to