

Roseburg News-Review

Member of The Associated Press

Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Represented by WEST-HOLLIDAY

Subscription Rates Daily, per year by mail, \$4.00

Eugene Traffic Getting Tough

THE following lead paragraph from an editorial in the Eugene Register-Guard attracts our attention:

"Next to Multnomah county which has four times our population we lead the state in traffic killings.

The editorial goes on to point out that traffic conditions in the vicinity of Eugene have become worse lately because of the rapid increase in population and industrial development.

That is the penalty of growth and prosperity such as Eugene is enjoying in fine measure.

It is the more amazing, therefore, that the Eugene "master-minds" have just about browned the state highway commission into a decision to route Pacific highway traffic RIGHT THROUGH Eugene, dividing the traffic by means of one-way streets.

There can be but one ultimate result of this eagerness to have heavy highway traffic through the city. That route will become slow, congested and dangerous.

The Japanese are certainly having a miserable time of it trying to be like white people and do like the white people do.

Cool off and enjoy fine music by the Roseburg Municipal band.

Editorials on News

On that supremely significant point, there is as yet little or no light.

LET'S turn now to London, where Churchill makes another speech today.

He tells civil defense workers—first at a great review in Hyde Park and again at a luncheon—that "RAF warplanes are now bombing the enemy at a HEAVY rate than he has in ANY MONTHLY PERIOD bombed us."

NOTE particularly his statement that Germany is now being bombed at a heavier rate than Germany has bombed England in ANY MONTHLY PERIOD.

England's heaviest bombing came in September, 1940, in that month, British casualties were 6954 killed and 10,615 hospitalized.

The Germans, you see, are being given a bad taste of their own medicine.

CHURCHILL continues: "We believe it to be in our

power to keep this process going on a STEADILY RISING TIDE month after month, year after year, until the Nazi regime is either extirpated by us or, better still, torn to pieces by the German people themselves."

SPEECHES don't win wars. But Churchill's speeches are peculiarly worth while—because of their force and eloquent beauty and because he has never yet kidded the British people along.

When he tells them now that Britain's war effort is on a rising tide, his words carry conviction.

KRNR Mutual Broadcasting System 1490 Kilocycles

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol. 4:30—Selective Service Lot. 5:15—Tune Jamboree. 5:45—Muted Music. 6:00—Confidentially Yours. 6:15—Twilight Trails Avalon Cigarettes. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Dance Time. 7:30—Wythe Williams, Star Blades. 7:45—Alvino Roy's Orch. 8:00—Standard Symphony Hour. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. 9:15—Ella Fitzgerald's Orch. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Don Bestor's Orch. 10:00—Haven of Rest. 10:30—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, JULY 18

- 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—Shopper's Guide. 9:00—John B. Hughes, Asper-tane. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:30—Front Page Farrell, Anaheim. 9:45—I'll Find My Way. 10:00—Alka Seltzer News. 10:15—Songs by Sherman. 10:30—Adventures of Jane Arden, Copco. 10:45—Lester Huff, Organist. 11:00—The Bookworm. 11:15—The Wheel of Fortune. 12:00—Interlude. 12:05—Sports Review, Truck Sales and Service Co., and the Dunham Transfer Co. Rhythm at Random. 12:15—Parkinson's Information Exchange. 12:25—Interlude. 12:30—Johnson Family, Swans-down 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—Helen Holden. 2:15—As the Twig Is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes. 2:30—Dance Melodies. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge. 3:00—American Family Robinson. 3:15—Quaker City Serenade. 3:30—At Your Command, Pepsi Cola. 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Ma Perkins, Oxydol. 4:30—Musical Matinee. 4:45—Tune Jamboree. 5:15—Passing Parade, Nesbitt's Orange. 5:30—Varieties. 5:45—Eliz. Rothberg, Soprano. 6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, White Owl Cigars. 6:15—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cigarettes. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Dance Time. 7:30—Lone Ranger. 8:00—Dance Orch. 8:30—BBC News. 8:35—Jan Garber's Orch. 8:45—Russ Morgan's Orch. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. 9:15—Griff Williams's Orch. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Kenton's Orch. 10:00—Sign Off.

HAS NO SYMPATHY FOR COMMUNISTIC RUSSIA

Editor News-Review: As I take up a newspaper to read the news of the day just a series of question marks flashes before my mind. Today one line-up of nations, tomorrow a different line-up. Radio speeches are redundant with invectives that a boy of the street might use, but then no excess of courtesy or dignity are expected in war.

There is much in the news about defense, and defense programs. Our young men are called upon to give up all plans, and ambitions to band together to protect this country, our homes, and all we hold dear.

Why is there war? Hate. Why are there strikes at this time of danger? Hate! Why should this government, which has been so kind and considerate of all who have left their homes across the water, be crippled in the defense work? Defense for all and their homes and liberties? Hate! I hate controlling the world? That seems the only answer to the question.

We hear much about the "isms." We hear it said and we read it in the papers that communism is responsible for the strikes which are crippling our defense work.

What is communism? What does it stand for? Let their own literature answer these questions. They claim six abolitions as their goal for the world: Abolition of all ordered governments, of inheritance, of private property, of patriotism, of family and of religion.

Do we want to foster it? Do we want to take it to our bosom and nourish it? Are we already doing the very thing that will abolish all our blessings? I have never been able to answer to my own satisfaction why anyone would leave a country of oppression and come to our country, this country of liberty and freedom, and try to abolish all the blessings they are enjoying.

The bloody record of a dictator on the other side of the globe is no secret. It is not a secret that Russia's population has been ruthlessly cut down by a dictator's

INDIANAPOLIS—Two Indianapolis fishermen, George Slick and his son-in-law, Joseph Stetzel, came back from a vacation with a 14-pound, 11-ounce pike and this story:

The big fish attempted to swallow an 18-inch window sash weight used to anchor their boat and impaled itself. Inside the pike's stomach they found a 10-inch bass.

OUT OUR WAY



LETTERS to the Editor

BUREAUCRATIC RULES ADD TO TAXPAYER'S BURDEN

Glendale, Ore., July 3, 1941 To the Editor: The state unemployment compensation commission has put in a new set of rules which you are doubtless familiar with, namely, that we have to make a report every week and, as I understand it, initiate any claims that may apply.

It is my understanding that the bulk of these new rules came from Washington. I don't know whether anything can be done about it, but would like to protest against the continual nagging and nagging actions of the various bureaus imposing more expense on the taxpayer.

When we started the mill in Glendale in 1933 two men handled all the office work nicely. Now we have five; at least two of these are due to the new deal laws and one of the two is due to the silly and senseless regulations.

Yours very truly, CHAS. W. INGRAM.

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Defense Quiz

Q. What happens if my defense bond is destroyed, or if I lose it? A. A duplicate will be issued by the treasury upon satisfactory proof that the bond has been lost or destroyed. 'Tis said to be done because your bond is registered in the government in your name. Q. Do I lose anything when I turn the bond in for cash? A. No. A series E bond will never be worth less than you have paid for it. It becomes more valuable as time goes on until maturity. Note.—To buy defense bonds and stamps, go to the nearest post office or bank, or write to the treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C., for an order form.

A "democracy" is a rule by the people directly. Our forefathers saw the danger in such a policy or government, so our government was formed on a representative basis: We, the people, ruling by those we elect to represent us; a republic. A complete democracy soon becomes a mobocracy. Not so in Russia, which has a hereditary, suffering Russian form of state capitalism. I pity people, but why should we weaken our own defenses to prolong a reign of state capitalism anywhere in the world? Why should we open the flood gates of this country to communism? I want to see our own country

IMPORTANT INVENTOR

Word puzzle grid with clues. HORIZONTAL: 1. Pictured inventor of vulcanization. 13. Kind of acid. 14. Norse mythology. 15. Form of "L". 16. Not suitable. 17. Evil. 18. The Balance (zodiac). 21. Tennis fences. 22. Oath. 23. Ketch. 24. Indigo. 25. Therefore. 27. Dry. 28. Bone. 29. Stockaded settlement. 30. Filaments. 32. French measure. 33. Reddish-brown. 34. More acid. 36. Standard type measure. 37. Symbol of iron. 38. Unit of work. 39. Musical note. Answer to Previous Puzzle: 11. Ambassador's home. 12. Eagles' nests. 16. Approves. 17. Bushel (abbr.). 19. Exists. 20. He discovered the way to harden rubber by. 22. Clung. 23. Wisser. 26. Nunnery. 29. Cat's murrin. 31. Sweet potato. 32. To predict. 35. Gilded metal. 37. Sun spot. 40. Fatigue coat. 42. Dress. 44. Work of skill. 45. Plateau. 46. And. 47. Half. 48. Falsehood. 51. Russian village. 52. Measure of area. 54. Either. 55. South-east (abbr.). 9. Alleged force. 10. Split pea. 56. Half an em.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center. The grid contains numbers indicating the start of words.

Funeral Held at Melrose For Mrs. Vera Clinton

Funeral services for Mrs. Vera Clinton, who died at Ashland Monday, were held Wednesday afternoon in the Melrose chapel. The services were conducted by the Rev. Melville T. Wire of the Roseburg Methodist church. Interment followed in Melrose cemetery. Mrs. Clinton was born Dec. 22, 1898, at Melrose and died Monday as the result of a heart ailment. She was married to James I. Clinton, Jan. 27, 1926. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arant and resided for a number of years at Melrose.

Family Reunion Planned—The Barker family reunion has been announced for a one o'clock basket picnic dinner to be held Sunday, July 20th, at Idlewild.

WEATHER STATISTICS

By U. S. Weather Bureau Humidity 4:30 p.m. yesterday 17%. Highest temperature yesterday 103. Lowest temperature last night 69. Precipitation for 24 hours .01. Precip. since first of month .02. Precip. from Sept. 1, 1940 .30.79. Deficiency since Sept. 1, 1940 1.73.

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

YESTERDAY: Bob is worried about the 3-909. When the plane runs into a storm over the mountains, he is certain that it will crash, that the 3-909 will explode. There is one chance for escape. Quickly, he forces Carolyn to don a parachute harness, orders her to jump, she kisses him, leaps into blackness.

common sense made her look immediately to her own welfare. For him she could only utter a quick, devout little prayer.

The pilot had said they were over mountains and she didn't doubt it. Obviously, then, she would strike one of them at any moment. She looked down.

There was an irregular black void, swelling and bulging and boiling. But no! The apparent boiling was due not to its motion, but to her own.

"In a minute—in just a minute—in!" She could not actually speak through the swift air stream, but she knew she was about to strike earth again and she wanted to do it safely.

She had no knowledge of landing technique. She realized only that she must land and then instantly got out of her parachute before it dragged her. She felt she could do that. She loosened a buckle tentatively.

The odd sense of elation and adventure in her was still strong. It was somehow comparable to riding a horse in a wild run, or being towed swiftly on an ocean surf board.

The end came in an abrupt jarring that shook her hard, heels to teeth, plus a rolling and a scrambling and a wholly feminine shriek.

For a long minute she was dazed. "Lordy!" she murmured, then, "OH-H-h-h-h!"

The shriek was snatched out of her mouth. But now she was aware! She clawed at the metal ring on her chest.

WHOO-O-O-o-o-sh! Invisible arms grabbed her, pulled her, snatched her, turned her crazily around—and then she began rocking.

The wind changed to a smaller cross breeze, and there was a singing tautness in her head. Breathe came in gasps.

In the same moment, which had begun with a high point of fright, a triumphant exaltation seized her. Something in this appealed to her youth! Here was excitement! Darling! Adventure! Success!

She had no time to reason about that but presently her alert senses did tell her that she had literally dropped away from the storm. The worst part of it now was far overhead and driving toward the horizon.

A flash of frenzy assailed her—Bob Hale was still up there!—but

THE landing had been much harder than she had imagined. She was bruised all over. She sat on rocks. Wet, blond curls were plastered over her face. She had no hat—whatever had become of that, anyway, she wondered. Her heart was pounding. And there, not too far off, was a quite unmistakable mountain.

She stood up. "Well!" she said, inadequately. She saw her parachute down the slope, flopping listless. She had no idea how she ever got loose from the harness.

She looked around. She looked up. There were stars in half the sky. The storm? A remote black spot, still doing some thunder growling but feeling like a beaten pup.

She took a few steps. She was still on rocks. Then a pin point of light assailed her from a distance and below, two pin points. She concentrated on them; yes, they really were moving. "A road!"

But it was a long distance away and, unreasonably, she was suddenly terrified. She gave no thought to her remarkable exhilaration during the jump. Some-

how that senseless plunge from an airplane, by a girl who had never done such a stunt before, did not seem frightening in the least, but here on good solid ground all manner of imaginary bugaboos loomed. In later, calmer hours, friends were destined to laugh at the feminine in that.

She was wet and cold, but the exercise of walking warmed her. She was happy to find a pavement. She stood there waving, thinking frantically now of Bob Hale.

The first car to approach her slowed down, wavered, then went on. The next one stopped. A slender, wet girl waving here after midnight!

"Trouble, miss?" a genial voice inquired. "Oh! Oh, yes!" Then and only then did Carolyn Tyler act normally. There before a complete stranger she broke down and cried.

Her samaritan was distressed. It took him half an hour to hear her out, to comfort her and warm her with his coat, to walk incredulously back toward her parachute and then return without seeing it, and to start with her toward town.

He felt that he had picked up some sort of miracle. He was a pleasant gentleman, past middle age, to whom such things just never happened.

"I can never thank you enough," Carolyn began, when she was calm again. "Are—you can you tell me where we are?"

"This is in Arizona, miss. Were you lost up there long?"

"Years, I think. I must know what happened to my friend! Is Arizona nothing but mountains? Oh, I'll go crazy if—"

"Now, now, miss, take it easy. There's not many people, but some. I looked on the gasoline map. Little place name of Blair is next community, and—"

"Blair?" She sat up. "That's where—where—oh, how far from Boulder Dam is Blair? Where is there a landing field? No! He said he would jump, too! Or maybe—"

"Look, mister, have you heard an explosion? Any kind of noise? A really BIG noise? So big that—that—"

She stopped, thinking frantically. The driver glanced once at her. Then he swallowed, and nodded in kindly sympathy.

Plainly he had to rush this stranded girl to a doctor, he told himself; delirium was setting in. (To Be Continued)

SERIAL STORY

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For newspaper deliveries after 5:30 Please Call 159-L

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Advertisement for Fruits and Vegetables. Lists items like PEACHES, GRAPEFRUIT, CANTALOUPE, APPLES, APRICOTS, UMPQUA CHIEF, SWANSON, WHITE DOWN, WINDMILL, GREEN BEANS, POTATOES, CUCUMBERS, CELERY, GREEN PEPPERS, BEETS.

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