

Roseburg News-Review

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WEST-HOLIDAY: Subscriptions: Daily, per year by mail... \$2.00

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Immediately upon the sounding of the alarm, lights blacked out as if by magic.

On the downtown streets traffic was at a minimum, auto lights did not show except when properly subdued.

Of course this sort of thing does not just happen. It was well planned and well organized.

As most people now realize the blackout and other precautions of Monday night and last night were not merely tests or rehearsals.

We should, however, give thanks daily that we live in a relatively isolated area.

Fifty Million People at Work

By the year-end it is possible that the United States will have fifty million people working at jobs for pay.

What many of us fail to realize is that this tremendous number of productive workers is almost five millions higher than were employed in the boom year of 1929.

Since there are believed to have been at least 3,150,000 unemployed even in 1929, it can quickly be seen that we are close to a situation in which we shall have not only more employed than ever before, but a greater percentage of employment.

The tremendous boom and the tremendous outpouring of Federal spending has, of course, produced this temporary condition.

Editorials on News

about treachery, the better it will be for us.

ON the basis of today's severely censored news, it looks as if Japan had won the first round.

back into your history books and re-read the story of Bull Run.

In spite of its faltering start, the North had the most men and the most resources.

JAPAN, carefully schooled by Germany, is waging blitz warfare in the Pacific.

Her real objective is undoubtedly Singapore and the Dutch East Indies, which have within comparatively easy reach what Japan needs—especially oil and rubber.

There may be submarine and surface raiders along the Pacific Coast, but no attack on the U. S. mainland is probable.

THIS is what we must remember:

Business as usual is out. Pleasure as usual is out. Social progress as usual is out.

SOMETHING else:

When tempted to complain and criticize, WORK HARD INSTEAD.

If you ever played football, you will know that all cussing the quarterback gets you is a victory for the OTHER TEAM.

KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilowatts

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Here's Morgan. 4:30—Casey Jones, Jr. 4:45—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:00—Defense Report. 5:05—Musical Fill. 5:15—Lest We Forget. 5:30—Capt. Midnight, Ovatine. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Interlude. 7:00—News and Views, Studebaker. 7:15—Spotlight Bands, Coca Cola. 7:30—Lone Ranger. 8:00—Green Hornet. 8:30—B. B. C. News. 8:35—Dance Orchestra. 9:00—Aika Seltzer News. 9:15—Rhythm Review. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Art Kassel's Orchestra. 10:00—Number Please, Roseburg Tavern Keepers. 10:15—Sign Off.

THURSDAY, DEC. 11

- 6:30—Top of the Morning. 7:00—News, L. A. Soap. 7:15—Stuff and Nonsense. 7:40—Motorist's Edition of State and Local News. 7:45—Rhapsody in Wax. 8:15—Breakfast Club. 8:30—This and That. 8:45—As the Twig Is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes. 9:00—John B. Hughes, Asper-tane. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:35—U. S. Navy Band. 10:00—Aika Seltzer News. 10:15—Helen Holden. 10:30—Front Page Farrell, Analysis. 10:45—Fill-Find My Way. 11:00—Standard School of the Air. 11:30—School of the Air, Music of the Americas. 11:45—School of the Air, Stories from Western Hemisphere. 12:00—Interlude. 12:05—Sports Review, Dunham Transfer Co. 12:15—Rhythm at Random. 12:45—Local News, Hansen Motor Co. 12:50—News-Review of the Air. 1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street. 1:15—Mutual Goes Calling. 1:30—Johnson Family. 1:45—Boake Carter. 2:00—Music Depreciation. 2:15—At Your Command. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge. 3:00—Col. Manny Prager's Orchestra. 3:15—News, Douglas Nat'l Bank. 3:30—Turkey Show at Oakland. 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Here's Morgan. 4:25—Around the Ring. 4:30—Casey Jones, Jr. 4:45—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:00—"Speak Up For Democracy." 5:15—Defense Report. 5:20—Musical Fill. 5:30—Capt. Midnight, Ovatine. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review.

OUT OUR WAY



Red Cross Unit Here Sets Drive For Needed Funds

Advised in a telegram received from national headquarters that an emergency war relief fund is needed immediately, the Douglas county chapter of the American Red Cross last night organized for a special campaign to be conducted from Dec. 12 to 29, inclusive.

E. A. Britton, W. M. Campbell and Mrs. Harris Ellsworth were named as the committee to direct the campaign and will immediately appoint chairmen and committees for the city of Roseburg and for all communities throughout the county.

Turkey Show Sets Extra Division to Ease Judging Task

The management of the North-western Turkey show, now in progress at Oakland, was forced last night to create an extra class for both young toms and young hens in order to ease the judging, it was announced today by E. G. Young, manager.

- 6:15—News With Phil Stearns, Avalon. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Interlude. 7:00—Raymond Gram Swing, White Owl. 7:15—Spotlight Bands, Coca Cola. 7:30—True to Life. 7:45—Dance Orchestra. 8:00—Standard Symphony Hour. 9:00—Aika Seltzer News. 9:15—Smilin' Ed McConnell, McKean and Carstens. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Ray Noble's Orch. 10:00—Number Please, Roseburg Tavern Keepers. 10:15—Sign Off.

Aged Man Agrees It's "Black Out"

SEATTLE, Dec. 10.—(AP)—An airward warden rapped on the door of a Rainier valley home Monday night which very obviously was not obeying the army blackout order.

The judges have announced, Young reported, that quality is higher and far more uniform than at any previous show, resulting in much slower selection of prize winners.

English doctors have substituted potatoes for sugar as part of the insulin "shock" treatment of war neuroses, commonly called "shell shock."

Secession Movement Abandoned at Yreka

YREKA, Calif., Dec. 10.—(AP)—The provisional state of Jefferson passed into history today. Leaders of the secession movement along the California-Oregon border abandoned their publicized demand for a 49th state of the union.

No Yule Furlough for Fort Lewis Soldiers

FORT LEWIS, Dec. 10.—(AP)—The 50,000 soldiers of the 9th army corps were told yesterday by their commanding officers they will not have an opportunity to get home for the Christmas holidays.

MOUNTAIN GOAT

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a picture of a mountain goat.

Large crossword puzzle grid with numbers in the starting squares.

Alaska Becomes Armed Camp To Meet Any Attack

JUNEAU, Alaska, Dec. 10.—(AP)—Anchorage civilian home defense guards carrying rifles, like the minute men of old...

Women storing water in bathtub. Fairbanks communications, utilities and transport facilities closely guarded.

Ketchikan Filipinos placing all their manpower and resources at the disposal of the civilian defense unit.

Those were some of the reports of Alaska's progress in home defense preparations which trickled through censorship in delayed U. S. army signal corps messages today.

Blackouts were ordered every night in Anchorage, "particularly between 5 a. m. and sunrise, when attack is most likely to occur—if it occurs at all," a message read.

It said 300 Anchorage civilians, most of them armed with rifles, guarded utilities and other points in the city, with a special lookout for saboteurs.

The city council was adopting strict blackout regulations. The Red Cross established first aid centers throughout Anchorage, with nurses on duty.

Both Petersburg and Cordova reported themselves on a full war emergency basis, with 24-hour guards placed over oil tanks, waterworks, power plants, docks, and at Cordova—the railroad.

Fairbanks reported hundreds enrolling in emergency services. Other groups of volunteers began assisting the army in relieving its patrol in guarding communications, utilities and transport facilities in bitter 30 to 40-degree below zero weather far in the Alaska interior.

Ketchikan's Filipino colony of about 50 persons placed itself at the disposal of the civilian defense unit. The Filipino council, after calling an emergency meeting, labeled Japan a "dastardly aggressor."

Railroad officials here said the movement of troops would have involved 20 special trains out of Fort Lewis and additional sections on present train schedules.

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Wake Island Airways Personnel Evacuated

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—(AP)—Pan American Airways has successfully evacuated all its personnel from Wake Island, it was learned today, but an undetermined number of construction workers may still be on the island.

"We got our own people off the island," said George Gardner, Pan American spokesman.

The construction crews were comprised largely of Idaho youths, recruited by a contracting firm for work on Wake, Midway, Palmyra and other mid-Pacific islands.

There was no estimate on how many originally were sent to Wake.

The Pan American representative said his information, scant because of censorship, was confined to what happened to the company personnel. They were taken to Honolulu from Wake.

SERIAL STORY BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

TIP STONY: Two sailors had associate magazine editor Judy Allen. One, Sandy Ammerman, aviator, she believed she loved when his plane is downed on a trip to the west coast, only to change her mind when newspaper stories took him romantically with debutante Peg Jordan.

THE OFFICE TAKES SIDES CHAPTER VII

JUDY paused at the low, white entrance to her office, and denied in full control of her senses every inch the editor of her department. Only the brown blaze of her eyes revealed her inner turmoil.

Unconsciously Sara Fuller hung up. Her green eyes darkened and she stood, towering above the girl whose assistant she was.

"Wasn't it rather an abrupt ending to your conversation?" Judy asked, removing her hat and cape. "I'm sorry I interrupted. I'm back, if I wanted again."

"Sorry," Sara Fuller answered, drawing herself so tall that Judy felt her inches were not adequate. She felt young, inexperienced, like a fiddler without a song to play.

Sara would know when she loved a man. She would bind a cord to hold him. "The call was not for you. It was for me," Sara's suave voice answered.

"Please open the mail," or, "Get me the latest proofs." She might even have made a suggestion about dusting the desks or watering the flowers. She ruled the office at that moment, and she refused to acknowledge any interference.

Judy turned quickly, eyes flashing, voice smoldering under its coldness. She picked up the empty leather frame that one time had held Sandy's picture.

"Where is Sandy?" she asked, voice tense. "I didn't give you permission to destroy his picture. I'd like it back, please. At once!"

"I took it upon myself to keep still when I was asked for a picture of you and Sandy. I neither denied or gave the right to anyone to take that," Sara's voice was clear and clipped.

"No, you merely turned your head respectfully and didn't care. You sold it—not for 35 pieces of silver, but to hurt me. You've wanted to do that for a long time! But why, Sara? Why?"

SARA shrugged her narrow shoulders, smoothed her black hair with one hand, and twisted her lips into a semblance of a smile.

"All of this—this discomfort—has hit you rather badly. Please believe I wasn't responsible for it. I hardly staged that scene at Peg Jordan's camp. And I certainly didn't go around gathering up the snaps in the latest papers. Peg and Sandy must have known each other somewhere... sometime."

"It was nice of Miss Gordon to break her ankle just so she could bring her flying Lockheed down," Judy answered, dropping down at her desk. "She doesn't have exerted herself. I wasn't engaged to him. He's as free as the air."

"You mean that?" Sara crossed the floor on honey-colored slippers, whose tone was repeated in the green and blue of the lightweight plaid suit she wore.

"Certainly. Why does it seem odd to you?" Judy held her voice to its low contralto. Her hands played with new proofs. She wished Sara would move away. There was something she must know and know quickly. In the third drawer on the right-hand side of her desk she had left half a dozen kodak snaps of Sandy, taken the summer before when his silver plane first flew her way.

She must reach for them. But see that they were in place. But that wasn't all. She must see Sandy and Sara grouped together in some gay world where she never had been.

"I'll look over the proofs," Sara was saying. "You have other, more important things to do." She picked up the copy as she spoke, and stepped into the cubbyhole that was her office. Amazed at the dark girls' sudden generosity Judy smiled and let her go. Her pictures still were there. She opened her bag and hid the pictures under a zipper.

Now she must find the late papers. They were in a wastebasket in the outer office. Nonchalantly as though she discussed new shades for summer nail polish she smoothed the discarded sheets, and spoke to the secretaries and receptionist.

"I've heard I'm climbing up to glory on Sandford Ammerman's kite," she said. "Oh, here's the story. Not a bad picture of Peg, is it?"

"She's sold on herself," someone interrupted. "But I suppose she has enough buckets of glamour to do a complete job. The gal doesn't appeal to me."

"I thought you'd say yes to Sandy pretty soon," another associate editor interposed. "He had something—gallantry, recklessness, dash. I think you made a mistake, Judy." Her smile was swift and understanding as she passed Judy.

So already the office had taken sides. Some believed the rescue act was authentic, or were determined to pretend that they did. And others were hoping that Sandy had flown away. The gossip column would say things. Everyone would know. That is, unless Sandy found a newspaper in his mountain fastness and squared things with the public. He would have to deny the Peg romance and toss his heart down from the sky to a girl with rusty hair and eyes that were purpled with mist as she waited.

SHE found a new set of proofs, carried them into her office and closed the door. If she worked she would not remember. Work stayed with you. It never let you down. Work spread its paths across long loneliness and silence until you forgot someone whose eyes were tender or laughter-filled, teasing or gay, but never stern. Until you ceased to wonder why everyone in the world but you had known about another girl.

A rain came up and spattered the window pane. Lilacs from a potted plant grew sweeter and Judy turned to read the card it carried. "Phil." Ah, Phil was being nice today. And asking nothing, nothing except that she meet him that afternoon. If she didn't hurry she would be late.

She read the stories, blue-pencilled them, made two inserts, saw that the outlines fitted the layouts. She pulled the final sheets toward her. The rain came harder. The lilac fragrance grew heavier, sweeter.

She glanced down at the last story. She drew her breath in slowly. This was just part of a bad dream. Too something around which a story-teller arranged his tale.

But even as she read the story, she lifted the telephone from its ivory cradle and repeated Philip Rogers' number in a low voice, caught in a husky fearfulness.

(To Be Continued)

ANNOUNCING the services of Rev. Paul Beckwith, inspirational speaker and brilliant pianist. First Presbyterian Church Thursday 7:30 p. m., Friday 7:30 p. m., Sunday 11:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 7:30 p. m. Public cordially invited.

DANCE TONIGHT Moose Hall Townsend Club No. 2 Revue Orchestra Gents 25c Ladies 10c

Shhh He's Asleep! He's a dog-tired businessman! He's worked hard all day. And now... he's delightfully asleep in a quiet airy room, on a luxurious bed in the... HOTEL MULTNOMAH WHERE HOSPITALITY IS A FINE ART... AND SHEER COMFORT COMES FIRST. 600 POPULARLY PRICED SUITE ROOMS. HOTEL MULTNOMAH PORTLAND, OREGON

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