

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLISWORTH, Editor

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Our Jobs—Let's Do Them

It is difficult to take eyes and ears for a single moment from the far Pacific where American men and women are carrying on the fight that has become the fight of every one of us.

Yet to every man and woman a task is given in this war. Ultimate success depends not only on what the men in the service do, but on what we do at home.

That is first, but there are other duties on the home front without which the outer fronts cannot succeed. The time is past when to buy Defense Bonds and Stamps was merely laudable.

The first duty of every man, woman, and child, is to do his or her job better than ever before, right up to the limit of ability.

Not only the direct defense jobs in factory or shipyard, but every job, for in a total effort every job is important.

That is first, but there are other duties on the home front without which the outer fronts cannot succeed.

The time is past when to buy Defense Bonds and Stamps was merely laudable. It is now a duty.

Every American with income above the level of decent living owes it to his country to lend that money to the prosecution of the war by regularly buying Savings Bonds or Stamps each week.

The greater percentage of war finance needs are met by direct loans and taxes, the better chance to avoid financial collapse after the war.

A mere quarter of a billion dollars in these bonds and stamps was bought in November. It is only a start; on the financial end of the war we have not yet begun to fight.

The American Red Cross is launching a \$50,000,000 war relief fund. Every American man, woman and child should be a member of the Red Cross, and if possible should contribute something to its work.

Great relief burdens may fall on it at any moment, due to moving of civilian populations. However terrible the attacks on Hawaii and the Philippines may have been, they were less so because the Red Cross was on hand and ready to mitigate the suffering.

It is easy, and fun to boot, simply to sit back and do a lot of amateur master-minding on the war's strategic phases.

It is hard, and distinctly less stimulating, to buckle in and do the job at hand.

In just this tight-lipped and relentless effort, however, lies ultimate victory.

Fifth Column and Witches

HOW to keep the people on guard for Fifth Column activity without setting off a witch hunt is a problem that is putting gray hairs in many Washington heads.

The prime activity of the Fifth Columnists, before the armed forces arrive is to create distrust in one's government and one's institutions; to set up race hatreds; to align class against class; to turn every one against his neighbor; to throw the country into confusion.

According to investigators, the chief instrument of the Fifth Columnist in this country for a while now at least will be talk—just plain conversation that will have as its objective those things mentioned in the paragraph above.

And that is the kind of conversation that will have to be guarded against.

Here again, rumors will play a big part—rumor by word of mouth, in letters, and perhaps in circulars and folders.

There is one certain way of getting around the Fifth Columnists. Insist on facts. Demand proof and don't believe anything until you have it.

That, at least, is what some government officials say will cure the war jitters and keep them from returning. If they can be held in check for a few weeks, nationwide plans—probably through the Office of Civilian Defense—will be worked out to keep them there for the duration.

AND always they will be wasting their time. ALWAYS these boys and girls who were the subject of all the head shaking have come through like heroes when the pinch came.

They are coming through now. If you have any doubts as to that, read the papers and listen to the radio. It is these same youngsters who were resentful of the draft a little while ago who are making history in the islands of the Pacific these days.

WHATEVER you do, DON'T lose faith in the younger generation.

The older generation has been doing it for centuries, but every time a great emergency has arisen it has been these same youngsters who stepped into the breach and saved the world.

OUT OUR WAY

OH, SO THIS IS THE NEW ADDITION TO THE SHOP! BUT THAT AIN'T OUR PROPERTY THERE—THAT BELONGS TO A MAN WHO'S ON A TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA!

SO WHAT? WHEN THE GOVERNMENT IS THROUGH WITH IT HE'LL HAVE A GOOD SHOP FOR NOTHING!

THAT'S RIGHT—FOR NOTHING! I THINK THEM OLD PARTHENON AN AZTEC RUINS IS OLD WAR-TIME MACHINE SHOPS!

I THINK IT'S A TAX BUILD-UP MYSELF! THAT FOUR GUY--HE HAD A SIGN UP FOR SALE--NOW IT'LL BE IN--DOOR FARM FOR SALE!



THE WEED KILLERS

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

is coming to. Certainly in MY time boys and girls weren't like they are now."

At any rate, the oldsters have been doing it ever since.

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WHATEVER you do, DON'T lose faith in the younger generation.

The older generation has been doing it for centuries, but every time a great emergency has arisen it has been these same youngsters who stepped into the breach and saved the world.

The record of their heroism is written on every page of history.

IT isn't a pleasant job these alert, uniformed, armed youths who are guarding the bridges, tunnels and what not they are guarding are far from the centers of civilization.

Like all soldiering, it is a VARIED job. Some of them are luckier than others. Those who are stationed near the larger places, for example, one of them feels he is in luck.

He is quartered in the basement of a church, where it is warm and dry and they have SHOWER BATHS.

There are plenty of them, at the more remote spots who have to sleep out under a tree and be glad of the opportunity to sleep at all.

BUT one hears no complaining. They HAVE A JOB TO DO now. It is a real job. Their resentment is ALL GONE.

Don't worry about these youngsters. Don't worry about what the nation is coming to.

The United States of America will be safe in their hands.

Annual Dinner to Be Held—The annual dinner of the Past Noble Grand's club of Roseburg Rebekah lodge, No. 41, will be held Friday night at 6:30 o'clock at the I. O. O. F. hall, to be followed by the annual Christmas program.

DAILY DEVOTIONS DR. CHAS. A. EDWARDS

A Meditation for All the World "Within the chamber of my mind, I behold Jesus Christ as a living Presence, invisible to human eyes, yet here in spirit, moving with power and authority throughout the world, and I see Him by the power of love uniting all the nations in the bond of Christian unity, good will and brotherhood, and giving to their people an abundance of peace and prosperity, health and happiness. I behold Him by the power of His protecting Hand defending these nations from aggressors and despoilers, both from within and from without, and strengthening the institutions of their liberty. I hear His voice divine calling to these nations and their people, saying: "Follow Me," and I will fit you for high service in My name, and through you I will bring blessings on the earth; and I behold the nations following after Him, obeying His commands, and living in His light and too, I see Him bringing forth upon this earth a new order, and a new kingdom. The order and kingdom of God, in which righteousness, justice and truth shall prevail. This is my vision, my high beholding in the time of prayer and silence as I stand before God, and I affirm that by the sure working of this mighty spirit this vision shall come to pass, among the nations and people of the world. Amen.

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KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles

(REMAINING HOURS TODAY) THURSDAY, DEC. 18, 1941

- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Here's Morgan. 4:25—Around the Ring. 4:30—News, Musical Interlude, Royal Gunnison. 4:45—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:00—News. 5:05—Musical Fill. 5:15—Bob Crosby's Orchestra. 5:30—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review. 6:15—Phil Stearnes News, Avation. 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—Jimmie Dorsey's Orch. 8:00—Standard Symphony Hour, Standard Oil Company. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. 9:15—Rhythm Review. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Ray Noble's Orchestra. 10:00—Number Please, Roseburg Tavern Keepers. 10:15—Sign Off.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1941

- 6:30—Top O' The Morning. 7:00—News, L. A. Soap. 7:15—Musical Clock, Plough Chem. Co. 7:30—Stuff and Nonsense. 7:40—Motorist's Edition of State and Local News. 7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning." 7:50—Rhapsody in Wax. 8:00—Breakfast Club. 8:30—This and That. 8:45—As the Twig is Bent, Post's Bran Flakes. 9:00—John B. Hughes, Aspartan. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:30—Shopper's Guide. 9:45—Words and Music for Miss Lady. 10:00—Alka Seltzer News. 10:15—Helen Holden. 10:30—Front Page Farrell, Anaheim. 10:45—I'll Find My Way. 11:00—Adventures of Jane Arden, Copce. 11:15—Wheel of Fortune. 12:00—Interlude. 12:05—Sports Review, Dunham Transfer Co. 12:15—Interlude. 12:20—Parkinson's Information Bureau. 12:25—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 Dons. 1:30—Johnson Family, Swansdown. 1:45—Boake Carter. 2:00—P. T. A. 2:15—At Your Command. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge. 3:00—Haven of Rest. 3:30—News, Douglas National Bank. 3:45—American Legion Parade. 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:30—News, Royal Arch Gunnison. 4:45—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:00—W. P. A. 5:15—Vocal Varieties. 5:20—Capt. Midnight, Ovaltine. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Interlude. 7:00—Jenkins—Angott, Boxing Bout, Gillette. 7:45—Spotlight Bands, Coca Cola. 8:00—Kay Keyser's Orchestra. 8:30—Dance Orchestra. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News.

War Sidelights

(By the Associated Press)

The Army Gives In

OKLAHOMA CITY—Richard Simmons appeared at an army recruiting station to enlist. Officers took one look and went into a huddle. They wired eighth corps area headquarters at San Antonio. Texas officers passed the wire around and held a consultation. They wired Washington. Washington took the matter under advisement, then wired Oklahoma City: "Okay."

Six-foot seven inch, 240-pound Private Simmons was in the army today—even if he is one inch taller than regulations permit.

All Out

HAY SPRINGS, Neb.—When Harvey Benschuler, 23, a ranch employee, decided his country needed his help, he went the whole way.

He sold his car, horse and personal property for \$500, invested the money in defense bonds and then set out for Denver to enlist in the cavalry.

Purely Gleanings

DES MOINES, Ia.—Gleaned from the answers given by applicants taking an Iowa conservation officers' examination: Question—Name three kinds of aquatic plants common in Iowa.

Answer—Poison ivy, poison oak, nettles. Question—Name three kinds of owls found in Iowa. Answer—Barn owl, hoot owl, wise owl.

INDOOR SPORT

Word puzzle grid with clues and answers. Clues include: 1. Depicted indoor winter sport. 2. There are men on each team. 3. Self. 4. Corrosion. 5. Insect egg. 6. Snaky fish. 7. Crimson. 8. Expire. 9. Get up. 10. Narrow channel. 11. Bone decay. 12. Incidents. 13. Near. 14. Exist. 15. Before. 16. Right (abbr.). 17. Auricle. 18. Upon. 19. Georgia (abbr.). 20. River (Sp.). 21. Tiresome. 22. Either. 23. Say. 24. Projecting bay. 25. Island. 26. Tilt. 27. Employ. 28. Vessel (anat.). 29. Devour. 30. Mineral rock. 31. Article of clothing. 32. River (Sp.). 33. Players of this game form a team. 34. Mad. 35. Compete. 36. Greek letter. 37. Sine. 38. Smallest state (abbr.). 39. 25 id est (abbr.). 40. Freight. 41. Perfume. 42. Fish. 43. Understanding. 44. Irritate. 45. Skill. 46. Roving. 47. One who believes in a personal god. 48. Frozen water. 49. Oil cans. 50. Demigod. 51. Above. 52. Child. 53. Wrath. 54. Vegetable. 55. To feel fear. 56. Cyst. 57. Be indisposed. 58. Part of foot. 59. Chinese measure.

Number crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers. Clues include: 1. Mad. 2. Compete. 3. Greek letter. 4. Sine. 5. Smallest state (abbr.). 6. 25 id est (abbr.). 7. Freight. 8. Perfume. 9. Fish. 10. Understanding. 11. Irritate. 12. Skill. 13. Roving. 14. One who believes in a personal god. 15. Frozen water. 16. Oil cans. 17. Demigod. 18. Above. 19. Child. 20. Wrath. 21. Vegetable. 22. To feel fear. 23. Cyst. 24. Be indisposed. 25. Part of foot. 26. Chinese measure.

SERIAL STORY

BRIDE FROM THE SKY

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

THE story: Judy Allen Bently feels that her mixed-up life is straightened out when she decides to marry handsome, dependable Philip Rogers, attorney for the magazine of which she is an associate editor. Instead of impulsive aviator Sandy American, newspaper stories linking Sandy romantically with her boss, Peg Gordon convince Judy that she does not care for him, that she does love Philip. Her plans are going forward, with nothing to disturb Judy except the possibility of trouble with her jealous secretary, Sam. Editor. Then, something makes an appearance the day before the wedding. Judy's father, not knowing his daughter once thought herself in love with Sandy, is puzzled.

SANDY IS PERSISTENT

CHAPTER XIV JUDGE ALLEN at once sought his pretty, plump wife and explained that an intruder had entered the drawing room. "Oh, I know," she explained with a funny, feminine laugh that had been nice at 20 but was misplaced at 50. "It's that aviator... the one Judy used to mention sometimes. He made a parachute and intended to marry Judy if anybody bought it or something of the sort. Nobody wants it, though."

"Should I ask him to leave?" "Oh, dear me, no!" Her gold curls shook. "Maybe he'll be famous some day."

In the drawing room, meantime, Judy had accepted the silver tea service, asked Sandy to sit down, and uncovered a plate of cinnamon toast. Sandy was out of place in his boots, his khaki trousers tucked into them, his leather jacket.

"Any of my bridesmaids will be thrilled to see you," she told him as she handed him an ancestral cup. "I have some pretty ones and they'll be beautiful tomorrow with their cartwheel hats and cherry ruffles with black velvet ribbons."

"I didn't come to select a bridesmaid," he answered, putting down the silver cup, strolling to the long, French windows and looking at a clump of green bushes which concealed a bend in the road. "I came about us."

Strange that she could laugh so casually this afternoon. He turned from the window and walked toward her swiftly. He

did not touch her, but the old glory was in his eyes when he looked at her. "Judy, Judy, how did we ever come to such a pass?" he asked. "How did we ever come to such a pass?" she repeated, her eyes sold. "Darling, you were fun for short jaunts, but people have to pay rent on this earth! To pay rent men need steady jobs. Why not find someone like, say, Peg who doesn't need to do anything but look beautiful?"

His eyes had looked tired. Now suddenly he grinned. "Jealous?" he asked. "A little when I get to romancing. Not much, though, because I'm getting the best of the bargain." Oddly enough she meant it, looking at Sandy's careless flying attire, remembering the perfection of Philip's suits, perfection that sacrificed nothing to masculinity.

DUSK was coming rapidly. The pretty bridesmaid stuck her head through the draperies and enquired Judy that it was time to meet the bridegroom. "Goodbye—good hunting," Judy said the tall young aviator. "Goodbye, Judy," he said, and sold out a browned, muscular and. "We'll not be meeting. Like high ceilings best. Maybe I'll find a star and give it your name."

Then he was gone, quietly quickly, leaving no echoes. Philip came a little later, escorted by a few of his ushers. Two of the ushers already had arrived, two more were expected before the rehearsal dinner. The old house was filled with youth and song and music. The group became more reverent at the church where rehearsal was held. When Phil caught Judy in his arms and drew her close in the dimly lighted vestibule, she surrendered to him, forgetting the disturbing caller of a few hours ago.

Phil was everything she wanted. He was everything her family wanted for her. The mood sustained her through the morning. She watched the house become more beautiful under the florist's pattern for decorating.

She admired the bride's cake watched two maids cut the wedding cake and place the pieces in the waiting boxes. She gave her mother a list of names of people in New York to whom some of the boxes should be sent.

Every house guest was resting, waiting for the wedding, when Miss Mattie, the town dressmaker, knocked against Judy's door.

"Were you sleeping?" she asked, as though she had entered a place sacred to Cherubim and Seraphim. "It's the lace on the wedding dress. Your grandmother's dress, hat I worn for a while. I found a worm thread a little while ago which I never noticed in the final fitting."

Judy slipped the billowy masses of lace and tulle ruffles over her head. She stood still not even objecting when the dressmaker adjusted the veil and asked her to slip into the white satin pumps.

THE telephone on her desk began to ring and she smiled at Miss Mattie, motioning her to leave the room. "I'll bring the dress to the sewing room for any final stitches," she promised, picking up the receiver.

"Yes?" "Judy dear?" Phil asked. "You're supposed to be asleep." "So are you, and furthermore you aren't to see the bride on the wedding day before you meet her at the altar—or aren't you planning to be there?"

She laughed a little huskily, a little shakily, because marriage was so new, so strange. From the living room below she heard the orchestrated rhythm of the wedding march where five musicians followed Mendelssohn down a vista of familiar sound.

"Enjoying the concert?" she asked Phil. "Are you sure you'll be ready on time?" "More than ready. I have my silk topper, my gloves, my gardenia—everything I need. I'll be seeing you at the altar. Goodbye, honey."

Making no move to remove her dress, Judy started to brush her glowing hair. She felt peaceful, rested, not at all excited. "I was more excited on my first merry-go-round," she said aloud.

"How did you expect to feel? As though you were going into a talisman?" a man's low voice asked. Turning, Judy saw Sandy, wearing his best uniform today, climbing over the window sill from the terrace outside her room.

"You see, honey, Phil would make a deplorable husband for you." He held her firmly by the wrists. "That, my sweet, is why you are marrying me."

(To Be Continued)

For newspaper deliveries 617-R after 5:30 Please Call

PHONE 100

Large advertisement for Roseburg News-Review "WANT ADS". It includes the headline "WANT ADS", the sub-headline "READ AND USE THE CLASSIFIEDS—YOU WILL BENEFIT—", and a table of ad rates. The table shows rates for one-time, two-time, three-time, six-time, and twelve-time insertions, as well as a monthly rate of \$1.00 per line. It also includes a section for "INDOOR SPORT" with a crossword puzzle and a word puzzle. The ad concludes with the instruction "WRITE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD IN THIS SPACE—AND Mail or bring to the Roseburg News-Review" and a phone number "PHONE 100".