

Roseburg News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Co., Inc.

Member of The Associated Press... The Associated Press is not responsible for the content of news columns.

HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor... Entered as second class matter May 17, 1925.

Represented by



New York—211 Madison Ave... Portland—111 N. Third Street

OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Subscription Rates... Daily, per year by mail... \$2.00

What We're Up Against

ONE of the most fatal mistakes in a war is to underestimate your opponent. Hitler himself, in "Mein Kampf," tells what a costly mistake it was for Germany in 1914 to have told its people that the English were a "nation of shopkeepers."

Probably some such contemptuous underestimation of Japanese audacity and daring (to say nothing of the underestimation of Japanese treachery and perfidy) had something to do with the tragedy at Pearl Harbor.

The idea that Germany (or even Italy) is on the point of collapse internally, or that either is likely to rise against its leader, might as well put be out of mind immediately.

From the best information we can get, the German mood today is one of determined desperation, for all Germans believe, whether they like Hitler or not, that they must win the war and live, or lose it and pass out of existence as a nation.

Spain is also on the hot spot, for Spain would be a natural route for a swift German campaign into French Africa before it is too late.

It is reasonably certain that Hitler (now his own supreme commander) must hit and HIT HARD somewhere before his prestige, which the Russians have sadly dimmed, declines too much.

SPECIAL note to the Japs in today's dispatches: Voroshilov, top-ranking Russian commander, has been assigned to Siberia. Siberia stands at Japan's back door.

Don't think the little yellow men aren't watching that situation. "God for the good of the nation is right—treaties are regarded merely as a temporary means to an end, in true Hitler fashion."

Neither of these enemies is going to collapse or give in for any reason except through being overwhelmed by superior military force. We must not for a moment delude ourselves that any other outcome is possible.

Share Your Books

GO through your home library within the next few days and see what books you can share with a soldier or sailor.

More than half of the airmen—fliers as well as ground personnel—were Canadians. The rest of the contingent included RAF men trained in Canada.

Libraries and other places will serve as depositories in every town, and every good book that can be spared will be found useful.

Return to Portland—Mr. and Mrs. Leo Young and small son, Ronald Dean, have returned to their home in Portland.

Even your spare books can help win the war!

Anniversary

MUSSOLINI delivered another speech the other day. It was in observance of any anniversary, the sixth year since the day when the women of Italy gave up their wedding rings to support the conquest of Ethiopia.

You must learn to hate the enemy, he said, probably with all the chest-beating and shouting that go with Mussolini language.

Well, Ethiopia is gone, and Libya is gone, and Eritrea is gone, and Italian East Africa is gone, and Italy itself is scarcely more than a mere conquered territory in the hands of brutal Nazi overseers.

Italian women shouldn't find it hard to hate, nor to know who is the enemy. And we don't mean Churchill.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

own on what seemed at the moment to be a good idea.

EXAMPLE: Our navy in the Pacific must devote its attention to the problem of stopping the Japs in the South Seas instead of dashing back to protect the Pacific Coast from Japanese raids.

We on the Coast will have to take care of ourselves with what we have.

THE other questions before Roosevelt and Churchill are easily understood. A supreme allied command is the same principle as ONE CAPTAIN for a football team.

It will have to be that way in this world war.

REMEMBERING that this is a WORLD war—not a war between Japan and the United States—today's big question is: What will Hitler do next?

But a Moscow broadcast says Bulgaria (German stooge) is speeding her war preparations along the TURKISH border.

At the same moment, the Germans renew fiercely their attack on Sevastopol, the Russian naval base on the Black sea that has been holding out.

TURKEY, of course, is the natural land route for a German drive on the oil of the Caucasus and the Middle East generally.

You may be quite sure there is plenty of excitement in Turkey today.

Japan's military prowess is no longer open to doubt. To suggest that the Japanese people will not fight desperately to the very end is to misunderstand their mentality.

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British Aviation Force Receives Heavy Increase

A BRITISH PORT, Dec. 26.—(AP)—The largest contingent of British empire airmen ever to cross the Atlantic arrived here today to join the British, Canadian, New Zealand and Australian squadrons which already are waging the anti-axis war on the European front.

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OUT OUR WAY



CRNR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles

- SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1941 4:00—Dance Orchestra. 4:30—News - Royal Arch Gun-nison. 4:45—Ray Noble's Orch. 5:00—Green Hornet. 5:30—California Melodies. 6:00—News - Musical fill. 6:15—Dance Review. 6:30—Dinner Music. 6:50—News, Cal. Pac. Utilities. 6:55—Interlude. 7:00—News & Views, Studebaker. 7:15—Spotlight Bands, Coca Cola. 7:45—Benny Goodman's Orch. 8:00—Ray Noble's Orch. 8:30—Radio Rodeo. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. 9:15—Dance Orchestra. 9:45—Griff Williams' Orch. 10:00—Number Please, Roseburg Tavern Keepers. 10:15—Sign Off.

FORMER U. S. PRESIDENT

Crossword puzzle grid with various clues for words like 'HORIZONTAL', 'VERTICAL', and 'ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE'. Includes a small portrait of a man.

By Williams Lieut. Ivan Weikel Sends Word He's "All Right"

Mrs. D. O. Tower of Coos Junction today received a radiogram from her son in the Philippines, Lieut. Ivan Weikel, saying that he was "all right."

Lieut. Weikel was graduated from Roseburg high school in 1928, and later was graduated from Oregon State college.

The radiogram was dated December 25.

Vagrant Sent to Jail To Serve Out Fine

Avery L. Hill, 21, who gave his home as Oklahoma, was fined \$20 on a vagrancy charge in Justice R. W. Marsters' court this morning.

Hill was arrested by state police in Roseburg Friday night.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon by Douglas County.

"It came upon the midnight clear that glorious song of old."

That the plaintiffs are the owners in fee simple of the herein-after described premises, free from all claims of the defendants, and that the defendants and each and every one of them be forever enjoined from asserting any claim to or interest in said premises, and that the plaintiffs' title and right of possession thereto be forever quieted against all of said defendants.

Tract No. 1: Beginning at a point 102 1/2 feet East of the Northeast corner of Section 5, Township 33 South, Range 6 West of the Willamette Meridian...

Excepting 1.39 acres off the South side of the said tracts heretofore conveyed to the Southern Pacific Company...

THE world was small and close and tight. The world was no bigger than this telephone booth. That faint voice that tried to speak was not hers. Just the same, it said, "I can make him understand I was kidnapped! It wasn't a stunt. Can't you make him see?"

SERIAL STORY BRIDE FROM THE SKY

JUDY walked to the stand, limping a little because one foot had a high-heeled slipper and the other foot hit bottom with every step.

"Miss Allen?" the voice of the law asked, carefully noting the disheveled copper curls, the shadows under the purple eyes.

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Are you willing to state that the stories and photographs of you in these morning papers are, without doubt, yourself?"

"The last dimples played around Judy's mouth for a second. 'I didn't come down any too gracefully, did I?' she asked. 'In this pose even my skirts are ballooning.'"

"Will you please tell the court what happened?" The judge leaned back and relaxed. Several times he covered his amusement with a long hand which he passed over his face.

At the end he set Judy's bond at \$1000. She did not flinch. 'I cannot meet the amount,' she stated as calmly as the associate editor of Under Twenty should state her facts.

SHE was led away at once. Sandy followed but she swung a heavy door closed before he reached it.

"Where are the telephones?" she asked the attendant who was guiding her. She wondered what people did when they were in jail and didn't have a nickel with which to summon the operator for a call.

The officer who was conducting her on her various missions was genial and sympathetic. Judy smiled again. "Officer, will you lend me a nickel until I summon an operator? Or better still, will you call the operator for me?"

"It's a station to station call collect," she told the operator "It's terribly important."

"That number does not answer," the smooth, metallic voice of the operator reported in a moment. "Would you like to try another number?"

Judy gave her father's office number at the court. The call was accepted by Judge Allen's secretary who said: "Judy? Your father is in court. He expected to hear from you so he left a message. 'I'll read it.' She opened a crisp paper whose ruffling carried across the wires.

"Have no connection with Judy's escapade. Grant no advice. Judgment and taste inexorably had Refuse any responsibility for ball Time she learned a lesson."

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"Your father is furious. Sorry Judy, but I'm not much help. I'll get in all the words I can. He wouldn't take any calls at all from you last night."

"Calls—from me?" Judy's voice whispered. "I didn't call. I've been locked up with a rat that likes to eat. Is Philip still at the hotel?"

"Oh, yes, he approves everything your father does."

Judy did not say goodbye. She hung up so quietly even the young officer outside the door didn't know she had finished.

She was aware that Sandy tried to reach her again, but she turned away and held her white, rouged face high. In her cell a new blue catface waited for her. There were white stripes on it. Plainly it stood for something like "Women's Department."

"Been told that you'll be more likely to get cold in that lace stuff," the matron said. "I'll save the white dress until you want it. How soon will you be checking out?"

"I don't know," Judy answered. "Maybe not ever—because nobody will loan me the money for bond, let alone for my fine and costs."

"When do you appear before the Municipal Court?"

"From some weary compartment of her mind where she had stored other half-heard suggestions, Judy summoned the answer. "Day after tomorrow."

"I'll probably go to the state reformatory for women and learn to make hooked rugs."

SHE was afraid, more afraid than she wanted to reveal, so she laughed. She asked for a telegraph blank and sent two telegrams, collect, 200 words each. One went to her father. The other went to Phil.

Now surely answers would come. Perhaps her family had not understood. Maybe Philip thought she had gone sky-riding for the daring of it. Now Sandy would have understood—Sandy! If it hadn't been for his crazy, barnstorming theft of her, she would be married to Phil and wearing a diamond circlet.

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

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