

Roseburg News-Review

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Are YOU a Rumor Spreader?

PEOPLE who carelessly spread and add their bit to startling rumors surely cannot be as stupid as their foolishness would indicate. No, they are thoughtless. It is exciting to hear and pass along startling "information."

Here in Roseburg, during the Christmas holiday period, rumors flew thick and fast. They grew and grew until it is a wonder our entire community did not go in to a panic and begin evacuating.

For example, Friday morning we learned that horrible sabotage attempts were made against various utilities and that (judging from the talk) the entire lobby of the post office building had been mysteriously filled with deadly high explosive.

What actually happened, and we reveal nothing of value to the enemy in telling this, was that defense authorities had ordered a special alert Christmas eve and Christmas night quite obviously to offset the human let-down in vigilance of the holiday season.

We must, each and every one of us, be sensible about what we say. It is a crime, not yet punishable but a crime nevertheless, to spread rumor. We must make it a hard and fast rule to stop a rumor in its tracks by demanding adequate proof of a teller.

WE Americans are impatient. Who is there who has not at one time or another during the last several days asked "Where is our fleet?"

Of one thing we can be certain—and that must be our solace while we wait for news—the United States Navy is well equipped (though not yet fully equipped) and well manned.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

air power, which since the beginning of the war has been on the side of the axis, will shift with 12 to 18 months overwhelmingly to OUR SIDE.

By then we will have hit our stride.

SPeAKING of the Germans, the Japs and the Italians, he asks: "What kind of people do they think we are? Do they not realize we shall never cease to persevere against them until we have taught them a lesson which they and the world will never forget?"

He is right. We SHALL. Along with the British, we are slow starters. But, once well started, we make our weight felt. We always have, and we still shall.

PEACE-LOVING democracies are necessarily slow to start, for it is not in their nature to maintain vast armies and build up vast war supplies in time of peace.

But, as Oliver Cromwell said, when they fight "they know what they are fighting for and LOVE what they know."

CHURCHILL says: "I am pleased with the depth and breadth of American understanding of what is involved in this war." He means that we understand it is a WORLD war, with our Pacific front only one of many fronts.

On our own front, caught unprepared and outnumbered by a fully prepared enemy, we are losing ground. Slowly and stubbornly, and selling every foot of it dearly, but until reinforcements arrive we shall probably continue to lose ground.

From the other fronts, the news is good. The Russians continue to push forward. The British continue to chase the weakened Germans and Italians in Africa, meanwhile preventing their reinforcement from across the Mediterranean.

OSC Defeats Bonnies; Huskies Down Temple

(By the Associated Press) Basketball teams from Oregon State college and the University of Washington retrieved some of the Pacific coast's fallen athletic reputation which suffered during the football season when the two quintets defeated eastern teams Saturday night at Buffalo and Philadelphia.

Dr. Torrance Freed of Murder in Wife's Death

MEXICO CITY, Dec. 27—(AP)—Dr. Arthur Torrance, 55, explorer and expert on tropical diseases, was reported formally freed today under a federal court order which held that the murder charge against him was not supported by the evidence.

BANK AIDS DEPOSITORS TO PURCHASE DEFENSE BONDS

Eagles

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

KRRR Mutual Broadcasting System 1500 Kilocycles

(REMAINING HOURS TODAY)

- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Here's Morgan. 4:30—News, Royal Arch Gunnison. 4:45—Shafter Parker. 5:00—Glen Miller's Orch. 5:15—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:30—Capt. Midnight, Ovatline. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review. 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. 7:15—Lone Ranger. 8:00—Dance Orchestras. 8:30—Double or Nothing, Feenamin. 9:00—Alka Seltzer News. 9:15—Harry James' Orch. 9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Les Brown's Orch. 10:00—Number Please, Roseburg Tavern Keepers. 10:15—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, DEC. 30

- 6:30—Top of the Morning. 7:00—News, L. A. Soap. 7:15—4-H Club and County Agent Program. 7:30—Stuff and Nonsense. 7:40—Motorist's Edition of State and Local News. 7:45—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. 9:15—Man About Town. 9:30—Edna Ward, Organist. 9:45—Musical Fill. 9:50—I'll Find My Way. 10:00—Alka Seltzer News. 10:15—Helen Holden. 10:30—Front Page Farrell, Anacin. 10:45—Sweet and Hot. 11:00—Cedric Foster. 11:15—Colonial Network Orch. 11:30—Roseburg Hi Program. 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—Music by Willard. 1:30—Johnson Family. 1:45—Boke Carter. 2:00—David Cheskin and His Gang. 2:15—At Your Command. 2:45—Let's Play Bridge. 3:00—Catholic Philosophical Convention. 3:30—News, Douglas National Bank. 3:45—Bob Crosby's Orch. 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 4:15—Here's Morgan. 4:25—Around the Ring. 4:30—Royal Arch Gunnison, Musical Fill. 4:45—Shafter Parker. 5:00—Jack Starr Hunt. 5:10—Musical Interlude. 5:15—Orphan Annie, Quaker Oats. 5:30—Capt. Midnight, Ovatline. 5:45—Jack Armstrong, Wheaties. 6:00—Dance Review. 6:15—Phil Stearns' News, Avalon. 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—Your Defense Reporter. 7:45—Recital Hall. 8:00—News, Musical Interlude, John Steel.

Mott Doubts Negligence in Pearl Harbor Attack

SALEM, Dec. 29—(AP)—President Roosevelt's special board of inquiry will not discover any serious negligence on the part of army or naval forces at Pearl harbor, Rep. James W. Mott, ranking Republican on the house naval affairs committee, predicted yesterday.

Milk Cap Regulation Off Till Further Notice

SALEM, Dec. 29—(AP)—Because of an expected shortage of machinery and paper, the state department of agriculture announces that its sanitary milk cap regulation, which was to have become effective January 1, will not be enforced until further notice.

Shortest Railroads

The shortest railroad in the United States, only one mile long, is at Westline, Pa., but it derives its revenue from its switching service and freight. The shortest railroad to carry passengers and mail runs between Beaufort and Morehead City, N. C., and is 3.3 miles long.

Bread Hid Valuables

Loaves of bread packed with precious stones were found floating in the English Channel by English and French fishermen after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. The Spaniards put their valuable jewels in little cork balls inserted into loaves of bread, and tossed them into the waters, hoping they would be picked up by other Spaniards and thus saved from the enemy.

Music Pupils Billed for Recital Over KRRR

"The Recital Hall," regular Tuesday evening feature of KRRR, features this week "The Two Mary Annes"—Mary Anne Caskey, 10, a fifth grade student at Benson school, and Mary Anne Hackinson, of Oakland. Time of the program is 7:45 p. m.

Private George Nichols Assigned to Flight Unit

Private George Nichols, who enlisted in the U. S. army air corps on December 6 at Fort Lewis, has arrived at Jefferson barracks, Mo., where he was assigned to 25 Flight, 27th squadron.

Days Creek Sees Traffic Films

DAYS CREEK, Dec. 29—Two very interesting assemblies have recently been held in the local school auditorium. Tuesday afternoon Charles F. Bollinger of the State Traffic Safety Division showed two motion picture films which were both interesting and instructive.

Japs Try Lies By Radio in Attempt To Create Panic

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29—(AP)—The navy, disclosing that Japanese broke in upon an American short-wave broadcast to the Philippines with false reports of a bombing attack on San Francisco, asked radio listeners to "be watchful for such enemy activities."

This was the first evidence of an apparent new propaganda technique by the Japanese—an effort to create panic by means of the direct lie. The 12th naval district declared.

An announcement by the navy said listeners in Manila were astonished Sunday morning when the regular broadcast from San Francisco's station KGEI was interrupted by announcements that "a fleet of Japanese planes" had bombed San Francisco, leaving much of the city in flames.

Naval intelligence officers at Manila reported that KGEI's regular early morning Far Eastern broadcast was cut into three or four times. Each time an English-speaking announcer read a "flash" giving details of the "San Francisco disaster."

"The interference," said the navy, "obviously came from a powerful Japanese station deliberately intruding on the KGEI wave length."

Lieut. Earl Brand Serves As Instructor in Army

Lieut. Earl Davies Brand, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Brand, of Roseburg, and former student at Oregon State college, school of engineering, is participating in the instruction of America's army at Camp Roberts, Calif., the largest replacement training center in the nation.

Receiving his commission as a 2nd lieutenant last June after spending spring term in the engineering school at O. S. C., Lieut. Brand was formerly stationed at Vancouver barracks.

A student in R. O. T. C. during his four years at O. S. C., Lt. Brand was a member of the Oregon Rifles, a campus military organization. He graduated from Roseburg high school in 1936, where he was president of the student body, his final year, and a member of the tennis team.

Along with his job as instructor, Lt. Brand acts as platoon leader and company supply officer.

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SERIAL STORY BRIDE FROM THE SKY BY HELEN WELSHIMER

RING RETURNED CHAPTER XXII SHE read the telegram. Read it once, then twice.

I ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR ESCAPE. CONSIDER IT DISGRACE TO ENTIRE FAMILY. YOUR LACK OF CONSIDERATION PAINS YOUR MOTHER AND ME IMMEASURABLY. JUDGE ALLEN.

"It doesn't cost more to write big words than little ones," Judy told the attendants who had given her the message. "Will someone please give this piece of yellow paper to the Common Pleas judge? I liked him."

Judy sat down on her cot. She couldn't cry. She could not talk either. The tears made a small, hard ball in her throat around which no words could flow.

Philip! Where was he? You couldn't get your courage up to a point where you'd be willing to marry a girl one afternoon, and a few hours later refuse to go on with the bartering because the bride had taken a fall—or could you?

Anyway, the daredevil who had caused all this confusion had to suffer. No more messages came from anyone but Sandy the rest of that day. Judy steadfastly refused to read them. At 8 o'clock she fell asleep, worn out with waiting for good news.

SHE was glad that he left immediately. Glad, too, that he left her the morning papers. Now she could see how the public felt about her. She caught her unshod foot against a rusty nail and the jail physician came to cut it with an electric needle, but first she tore strips of tulle from the wedding dress in a vain attempt to stop the bleeding.

The matron brought news that Sandy had spent the night on a chair in the outer office, and between the time of Judy's arrest and now, he had used up all his money in seeking aid for her. "He said he wouldn't be back again," the woman concluded.

JUDY'S knees grew wobbly. She sat down quickly. The matron slipped the gray dress over her head and zipped it up the side.

When she stood up to welcome Phil her eyes danced. She felt like Mary Queen of Scots receiving royal aid in prison, in a dress that was swift and harsh.

Suddenly her door was unlocked, the lights came up, and Phil was present—Phil, perfect in his morning attire.

"Phil, it was good of you to come!" she said, much more quickly than she had intended to say it. Phil did not smile. He ignored her outstretched hands. He did not put his arms around her or kiss her.

His eyes were cool, his smile strange and reserved. He held his hat and cane and gloves and he did not so much as offer to shake hands. But he was handsome. He was security and happiness and love. He would drop everything, sweep her to him in a second. He was dismayed now, and wondering...

"So you decided to change from the wedding dress?" he asked in an impassive voice. "It looked rather well in the papers yesterday and this morning."

"Oh, yes, the papers. I haven't seen them."

Why didn't he shake her, beat her, scold her, if he blamed her? Anything was better than this superiority.

"Did you have fun?" he asked, still carelessly careful.

THEN she got it and the pride sent color into her white cheeks, fire into the dark eyes. Her head flew up and with it her mouth, her eyebrows, her slightly-lifted nose.

"You think I wanted to go riding—with Sandy?"

"Judy, I'm not such a fool that I believe that story about the kidnapping. There isn't a man alive

who would dare that much for love today."

"Oh, no?"

"No!"

She looked at him closely. He frightened her. His face was as hard as his voice. This wasn't the Phil she knew. Maybe it was one she didn't know. She wanted to go somewhere and cry. Cry with someone who understood. Someone like—like Sandy... she caught herself up with a start. Sandy was daring, adventurous, mad, but he was not cruel like this. Anyway she hated him. Hated him a lot.

"Why don't you marry Sandy?" Phil asked. "You're the same kind of people."

Judy stood in her cell, eyes as cool as the ones she faced. "Why not give him the same idea? I'm sure he never thought of it."

"Well, anyway, I agree with your father that you need a lesson. I hope you profit by this." A rough gleam captured Judy's eyes. "And meantime, I wonder just what you ever saw in me. Why did you try to marry me? I'd die for the man I love..." It was oddly true, but also would. Not for Phil, though. Never for Phil.

It was a strange way to solve a problem, but she felt better. Before Sandy had liked Peg, her heart might have done a flying trapeze act for him. Then, remembering how much ill he had caused her, her anger against Sandy mounted again. Slowly she removed the diamond ring from her finger. It left no crease, because she had worn it such a little time. "Please go," she said quietly.

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