

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOV. 13, 1928.

OUR UNBURIED SOLDIERS

Ten years can seem like a long, long time. There are in America today hundreds of thousands of young men, married, holding responsible jobs, finished with their schooling, who were too young to be in service when the armistice ended the World War. The World War, to them, is a distant memory. Even to the rest of us, who were older then and knew something about it, it seems far away, blurred by time. Yet, in the bramble-grown gullies and ravines of the Meuse-Argonne region, in the over-grown dugouts and machine gun nests of Belleau Wood, and in the tangled region about Chateau Thierry, there are still lying, undiscovered, the bodies of more than 1300 American soldiers who were killed in action. This is something in the nature of a reminder for all of us. We tend to put unpleasant experiences out of mind. Whether we gained or lost by them—whether they were closed episodes or left us with new problems to solve—we resolutely go to work to forget them. We tell ourselves, "Well, anyhow, it's over." We have been doing that with the World War. It is not only the pain and suffering of the war that we put behind us. We put behind us, also, the vast hopes and high ideals with which we entered the war. We were keyed up, then, to a higher point than we have been able to reach since. We were ready for sacrifices. We had our eyes on an ideal. And today? Well, we don't like to think about those things. We know that we have somehow missed the ideals and the hopes. We have come down to earth again, and it is uncomfortable to remind ourselves of it. So we try to forget. But—there are still 1300 unidentified bodies of our soldier dead lying where they fell, on the battlefields that our ideals and our hopes brought into being. And they will not let us forget. Those 1300 boys, who have lain for 10 years in snow and rain with bits of lead and steel in the dust of their hearts, died for something. They had a dim, possibly confused notion that the world would somehow be a better place because they died. They surrendered themselves to a force that moved the hearts of their country. They paid with their lives for a belief that a new day could be made to dawn on earth. The rest of us were spared. We lived on, to taste the joys and ecstasies and victories of daily life that those lads missed forever. We were permitted to go on with our work and our play as before. But with this privilege went a responsibility. To see to it "that these heroic dead shall not have died in vain" is our greatest task. Somewhere between 1918 and 1928 we have lost the great vision that sustained these young men on their last march. Nothing—noting that you can imagine—is more important than that we regain that vision and act on it. A new dawn was to come. It is up to us. We can, of course, pursue our present course of materialism and do our best to forget all about it. But will it be easy, while 1300 of our dead lie yet unburied?

Postmaster General New announces that postal clerks are going to get their Christmas holiday this year even if undelivered packages fill the post offices when December 25 dawns. When work is finished on Christmas Eve, everything will wait until the day after Christmas—no matter who has to wait for his presents. This is good sense. Christmas has often meant a period of utter misery for the postman instead of a time of rejoicing. He deserves a little consideration, and we're glad to see he's getting it. There is, of course, a moral attached. It is: do your Christmas shopping—and mailing—early. If you put it off to the last minute, you can hardly expect overworked clerks to give up their holiday so that your gifts may arrive on time. And, if you are delayed—don't forget that the air mail will expedite delivery.

Exactly 74 persons lost their lives every day in the United States during September because of automobile accidents. These figures come from the National Safety Council, and give more light on the astounding extent of the current traffic problem. During the first nine months of the year, our automobiles took 18,200 lives. This is an increase over the figures for 1927; and it should be noted that the last two months of the year usually show the worst records of all. What are we going to do about it? Will we simply ignore it and let things slide, as we have been doing? Or will we, at last, wake up and take some drastic measures that will end this national disgrace?

Everyone appreciates a good loser and we cannot help mention the gracious manner of Sheriff Percy Webb in giving instructions and other details of the sheriff's office to V. T. Jackson, who will assume his duties the first of the year. Mr. Webb is exerting his efforts in every way possible to make the road clear for his successor, setting a mighty fine example and one that should be followed by every outgoing office holder.

A Pennsylvania seer predicts a mild winter, judging by the condition of the weeds. We differ—it's going to be a terrible winter judging by some of the weed's we've smelled lately.

In Chicago continuation schools courses in the use of rouge and make-up have been started. Maybe that rule should be changed to readin', 'ritin' and rougin'.

A man in England complained because his wife threw a custard pie at him. What did he want—pumpkin.

Among the many ways in which a man can make his pile, don't overlook the junkyard.

PRUNE PICKIN'S
By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS

Poseyville is Becomin' quite Sophisticated. Now the social-select Of the village Are playin' Bridge For money an' Maw can no longer Hide Paw for goin' Down to the Waterfront an' Losin' the Weekly pay-check.

Now with Armistice Day off'n our chest we can begin scopin' up the shakels to purchase a turk for the family. Speakin' of turkey pools we suggest that we all git up a pool an' buy a bird.

It won't be long now, folks, until Xmas and those greetin' cards with camels crossin' a desert are already puttin' themselves in appearance.

OUR FAVORITE WAR STORY
A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived and a new private made the mistake of going too near one. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started for the hospital. On the way, the injured man regained consciousness. He gazed at the sky overhead and felt the swaying motion of the stretcher. Feebly he lowered his shaky hands over the side, to find only space. "My gosh!" he groaned, "I ain't even hit the ground yet."

THE SWEETEST MUSIC
—in all the world, to the feminine ear, is the sound of somebody else doing the dishes.

GOLF WIDOW'S LULLABY
Hush-a-by, baby, pretty one sleep, Daddy's gone golfing to win the club sweep, If he plays nicely—I hope that he will, Mother will show him her dress-maker's bill.

Hush-a-by, baby, safe in your cot, Daddy's come home and his temper is hot; Cuddle down closer, baby of mine, Daddy went round in a hundred and nine.

LAFE PERKINS SEZ—
"Some fellers demand a 'tooth fer a tooth' but wants yours to have gold in it."

Pruning tools at Wharton Bros.

AGGIES TOUTED TO DEFEAT OREGON IN SATURDAY'S GAME

Record Crowd Expected at Annual Struggle; Iowa and Wisconsin Face Titular Battle.

(Associated Press Special Wire) EUGENE, Ore., Nov. 13.—The annual football game between the University of Oregon and Oregon State College varsity teams is expected to be played at Corvallis Saturday before the largest crowd ever to see the teams in a battle against each other. Pre-season showing of the teams gives the Aggies the edge in backfield play with Oregon holding the advantage in the line. Although Oregon expects to start its entire first-string line against the Aggies, two cripples will be in the Webfoot lineup—George Staileman, center, and George Christensen, 225-pound tackle. Both were injured in the Washington game a month ago and in the contest against the California Bears last week. Christensen was carried off the field in both games with a sprained ankle, while Staileman has an injured knee.

Iowa Vs. Wisconsin CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Iowa will face probably the most powerful forward passing attack in the big ten when it battles Wisconsin for first place in the football championship chase at Iowa City Saturday.

With either Bill Lashy, Sammy Behr, end, Bartholomew or "Ho" Crutcher going the tossing or receiving, the Badgers have an aerial attack that none of their opponents has been able to solve this season. When Michigan stopped them in a great stand at Ann Arbor recently, Wisconsin pulled the game out of the fire in the last two minutes when Crutcher caught a pass and scored.

Reallizing Iowa's line has but few weak spots, Coach Glen Tietz is polishing up his favorite style of play. In scrimmage last night, the first Monday scrimmage at Wisconsin in years, he opened his trick bag, pulled out three new plays and the varsity completely befuddled the reserves.

Iowa began its drill for the Wisconsin invasion with a short signal drill yesterday, but beginning today, Coach Bert Ingwersen plans to drive them relentlessly with scrimmages and to throw up a defense against passes, an attack the Hawks stopped at Ohio State with great success Saturday.

American fence is full standard weight and will give you the best of service. It is sold at Wharton Bros.



HOSIERY Silk or Wool

Socks that are sure a pleasure to wear. In these socks, is the careful shaping, and the good quality, that make them a pleasure to the owner. Vertical patterns and modern designs is the new trend.

50c, 75c, \$1.00

Harth's TOGGERY

Alfred "Bud" Ellison of Eaglebe was here over the week-end enjoying a visit with relatives and friends.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"We've decided we want a taxi after all."

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE SPIRIT OF THE SALVATION ARMY

In his book, "Echoes and Memories," Gen. Bramwell Booth tells this story of his father, Gen. William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. He went one morning in London to see his father. As he entered the room and the elder Booth saw him he blurted out: "Bramwell, did you know that men slept out all night on the bridges?" "Well, yes." "Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to have known it and done nothing for them." He would not listen to excuse. "Go and do something!" he said. "What can we do?" "Get them shelter." "That will cost money." "Well, that is your affair! Something must be done. Get hold of a warehouse and warm it, and find something to cover them. But mind, Bramwell, no coddling." That is the Salvation Army spirit: "Do something!" No coddling of the men who're down, In idleness about the town, But thought he's down he's never out— That is the constant Army shout. For every man must have a friend Who'll seek his broken life to mend; No matter where the trouble brewed, That broken life must be renewed.

No matter what his evil taint, It visions man a ransom'd saint; No matter how by evil seamed, It holds he is a man redeemed. It does not dream or speculate, But tells to man his high estate; And to the vilest sinner's case Applies the salve of saving grace.

About its God it never doubts, But of His wondrous mercy shouts; It loves His gracious deeds to tell In snatching men from sin and hell; It lifts the harlot from her shame, And clothes her with His holy name; Adopts the children of the slums And tolls them with its horns and drums.

It does not wait for perfect things, But wades right in and loudly sings; It goes where angels fear to tread, And God wraps glory 'round its head. God bless the Army and its work— I've never known it yet to shrink. For sharing Christ with all who're down, God gives to it a glory crown.

PLANE INSPECTED

Frank Orrell and Harold Sanders of Medford flew to Roseburg today in a Veille monoplane, a small sport and commercial plane, to secure an inspection of the ship for federal license. The fliers stated that the flight this morning was a bad one, as they had to climb above a storm and then take chances on coming down through the fog to get under the clouds. Their plane is a small, two-passenger enclosed type that is proving very popular for sport use. Mr. Sanders conducts a school and flying service at Medford. They have made arrangements to have their plane inspected here by a department of commerce representative in order that they may secure a license for the commercial use of the plane.

NEURITIS MUST BE HEALED

Taking dope to mask the pain caused by neuritis or rheumatism is a waste of time. Lasting relief can only be obtained by healing the inflamed nerves and tissues. Go to your druggist and ask for a package of Tylenol—that penetrating healing absorbent which soaks in through the pores and helps to drive out the inflammation for good. The minute you rub it on you begin to feel better. Pains and aches soon stop, congestion is removed, and nervous stiffness or swelling in muscles or joints gradually disappears. Tylenol is guaranteed harmless—pleasant and easy to use. Always in stock at N. THAN FULLERTON

TINY MITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE (in the next story.) (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

OUR AMERICAN BIRDS

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History

THE BIRD OF THE WEEK (BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS)

(Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

THE CHUCK-WILL'S WIDOW

The chuck-will's widow belongs to the goat-sucker family and gets its name from its oft repeating this strange note "chuck-will's-widow." It is a cousin of the whip-poor-will and the nighthawk. There are said to be eight-five species of these queer birds. They are nearly all natives of tropical countries, but send their representatives into all parts of the world. 'The largest of the family is this chuck-will's-widow. Like the alighting hawk it is usually sleepy and quiet during the day, and does not become active until twilight or evening. It is quite well known in the Southern states as far north as Virginia in the far east, and to Missouri in the middle west and on to Texas. It has a very loud note that carries well and may be heard at night for a mile. While hunting food it flies high, often but a few feet from the ground. It spends its daylight hours in hollow trees or squatted close on some large limb where it is dark and shady. It is twelve inches long, bronzed and rusty, with the end half of the outer tail feathers white. He has a small bill, but a very large mouth good for catching flying moths and other winged insects. He sometimes plays the hawk and feeds on small birds. It makes no nest, but lays two white eggs blotched with gray or lavender right on the ground.

THE FAKER WIDOW

Come hearken here, you sleepy bird, And let me slip to you a word! Why about your chuck-will's-widow sad— You only sing because you glad— You knew you never were a lady— A widow—now that's all too shady! How dare you claim you're not a male? A widow!—such a lying tale! You know you wake my soothing ire (When'er you sound your tuneful lyre) Your story's such an awful whopper You ought to know you'd come a cropper. You're just a rooster, you well know— Your widow tales will never go. Why try to rouse our anxious pity With such a silly, senseless ditty? Go "tell the truth and shame the devil." And live your life right on the level. Your idle chuck-will's-widow shout is worse than pussy willows flout. They do not claim to have the kittens— They only wear their furry mittens. If I that die so long had tried, I'd slip within my hole and hide. Now through woods and 'cross the hill

OUT OUR WAY



THE NON-INDIVIDUALISTS.