Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH ..... Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1929.

ATTEND TURKEY GRADING SCHOOL

"Best stock receiving preference." This comment on the Philadelphia turkey market appearing in the state college turkey market report in yesterday's News-Review should carry special significance to Umpqua valley turkey growers. Coupled with the statement recently made by County Agent J. C. Leedy that less than four per cent of the turkeys placed on the Thanksgiving market by local growers were of No. 2 grade, this item may explain why Douglas county turkey producers are receiving from one to two cents more per pound for their birds than anywhere else in the United States. Those who have been following the daily reports received by the News-Review from Corvallis, have undoubtedly noticed that fancy Northwestern turkeys have been in constant, steady demand, while lower grades have been dragging on the market. Here in Douglas county, where we can raise the largest and best turkeys in the world, quality should be the paramount feature. By constantly striving for improved standards we can continue to top the market. The grading school to be held in Roseburg the last two days of this week will afford an excellent opportunity to gain still further knowledge regarding quality and should not be neglected by any turkey grower.

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THOSE PEACE-BOUND RUSSIANS

In the Nation last week appeared an article by the editor, Oswald Garrison Villard, employing a first hand interview with Rudzutak, the Russian minister of transportation, described by Mr. Villard as one of the three foremost personalities in the soviet government. Comrade Rudzutak told Mr. Villard that "There would be no war with China. There could be no thought of that." And the admiring Villard went on:

> Not once did any of the familiar shibboleths come from his lips, no buncombe about national honor, no resort to Theodore Roosevelt's pet phrase that there are worse things than war, no assertion that the glory of the Russian people would be upheld in blood, not one word to inflame the populace or to arouse further the wrongdoers in China. Instead came a quiet, firm insistence that whatever other nations might have had in mind, when Russia signed its name to the Kellogg Pact it meant what it said. It would not go to war.

That was last week. This week soviet Russia is waging active warefare against the Chinese and chasing them hither and yon across the landscape. The Russians are on the aggressive. A Tokio dispatch says Chinese resistance is fast breaking down under a rain of soviet blows. This will not convince Mr. Villard, of course. He just knows the Russians are completely amiable and will never go to war.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DAY

The children grown and moved away
Will all come home Thanksgiving Day;
They come by train or in their car;
It's been their talk for many weeks—
Grand-children come with rosy cheeks;
They gather in the old home town
Which for this day will wear the crown.

They meet old chums of long ago
Who cry, "Oh, how those children grow!"
They slap each other on the back,
And many witty jokes they crack.
It is an annual jubilee—
This homely old Thanksgiving glee;
And gray old codgers 'gain are young,
And silent men let loose their tongue.

It is a time to "reminiss"—
A time when happy memories kiss;
And all are boys and girls once more—
Forgotten terms are "rich" and "poor";
'Tis "Dick" and "Bill" and "Jane" and "Sal",
And every one's a "dear old pal."
All talk at once, are blithe and gay,
And no one cares just what they say.

They gather in the old homestead
Where once they slept in trundle bed,
Where mother knows their every trick,
Has seen them well, has seen them sick;
Where father taught them how to work,
And used a switch when they would shirk.
What pictures now fond memory paints
Of those gray-haired beloved saints!

And now the dinner hour draws near—
They gather round the turkey's bier;
As "Dad" returns that ancient grace
A holy hush falls o'er the place;
But soon the table bursts aflame
As each begins his piece to claim;
The drumstick here, the gizzard there,
And oh, what joy in every share!

About it all there's Yankee gloss—
Cranberries!—mother made the sauce!—
And stuffing sweet with hickory nuts,
And hams that smell of smoking butts;
And every face is wreathed with smiles,
And laughing chaff the time beguiles;
And all are filled—e'en to the least
At that old-time New England feast.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus

The OFFICE CAT

Blondes may come and blondes may go but we know a certain redhead that has so much "it" that the fellows who meet her call it "them."

The new paper money has no silk threads showing, but we don't miss them with so many good looking girls to look at.

It's the short lane that is apt to lead you astray.

It's quality, not quantity that counts . . . You never heard of a centipede in Ziegfeld's Follies, did you.

The fellow who wants to see you on a matter of life or death may be only a life insurance agent.

The Color of Your Day.

What color do you give your day—
Aspiring blue or brooding gray?
If clouds your morning say obscure
Do clouds throughout your day endure?
And if the dawn in splendor breaks,
And to it's call the world awakes,
is then your whole day long aglow
With all the colors of the bow?

Perhaps you wake, your soul alight,
With mystic visions of the night;
Then do they give your day the hue
Of golden gifts designed for you?
Or does some black and haunting dream
Becloud your morning's hopeful gleam?
And is your day, beneath it's gloom,
Enshrouded by a pall of doom?

Then search your soul, for there alway
Shine glories of eternal day;
Undimmed they are by cloud or rain,
By mortal dread or woe or pain
No grief or fear should tint you light
For soul-fires always burn pure white—
The soul abides; its changeless ray
Should fix the color of your day.

—HOWARD M. HOKE.

Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

Whenever you see a fellow buying a bathing suit and a helmet the chances are he's just told his girl that he'd go through fire and water for her.

WONDERS OF NATURE

An ambidexter is an egotist who can pat himself on the back with either hand.

THE MODERN GIRL'S DAILY DOZEN

1 lip stick.
1 eye-brow pencil.
1 box powder.
1 bottle peroxide.
1 jar cold cream.
1 quart gin.
6 oranges.

SOCIAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Sending for a free expert to fix a wooden leg.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Taxidermists are now using college boys for stuffing raccoon coats.

PITIFUL CASES

The absent minded bouncer who hit himself in the jaw and threw himself out of the night-club.

DAILY TRUE STORIES

As the father of the flapper remarked: "The ink's all gone, I guess Doris has been mending the holes in her stockings again."

MOMENTOUS MOMENTS

When the class in phrenology goes out for skull practice.

YOU'RE RIGHT

Lucretia Borgia had many personal friends.

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MAKE THIS HOLIDAY ONE OF JOY, HEALTH

Dr. Copeland Sends His Thanksgiving Message, Urging That This, First of Our National Holidays, Be One of Thanks and Recreation.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M. D.
United States Senator from New York.
Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

As I write this my ears are made glad by the ripplings of a beautiful stream. Here I am in the back yard of the home where all my young days were spent.

It takes some weeks for these articles to get to the printer and then to you. For this reason they are prepared in advance of the time you read them.

DR. COPELAND.

So here I sit and project my mind forward to the frosts of November and the joys of Thanksgiving Day. You will get this message on the day preceding this, our first national holiday.

It is easy for me to picture what will take place on Thanksgiving, 1929. In Michigan the weather will be cold and blustery by late November. I have known this stream to be frozen over before Thanksgiving. Many a time I have adjusted my skates right where I am writing.

In imagination I can hear the gobbling and grumbling in the barnyard around the mill. The brothers and sisters of the head of the turkey flock are wondering where their kingly brother has gone.

But I am not wondering! I can catch the tantalizing aroma of that baking turkey! As Mother opens the oven door to baste the bird the perfume rushes out to fill the air with appetizing fumes.

What a day Thanksgiving was! If the family gathering was not in the house up the mill it was held at grandfather's farm, two miles away. I can never forget those gorgeous holidays. Uncles and aunts, cousins by the score and grandmother beaming on the group. What a memory.

We need these days of jollification. Life must not be too staid and stupid an experience if we are to be happy and growing with health. As I view it, it is a sad mistake to make such a business of life that a holiday seems a "waste of time."

The race is not to the swift always. But even though the race is a fortune what difference does it make if you miss it?

As a matter of fact, however you are more likely to win if you conserve your precious body. Each of us need and must have an abundance of recreation.

The very word "recreation" means "re-creation." We must have time and leisure to permit the muscles and nerves to store up new strength. There must be frequent re-creations if we are to live long and have the physical endurance to fight life's battle.

Then, on the spiritual side, isn't it right, meet and our bounden duty to stay our earthly affairs long enough on occasions to offer up to Almighty God sincere thanks for what He has given us?

Thanksgiving Day is a day for thanks to the Creator and a day to permit nature to do her work of re-creation. I trust you will live up to the highest ideals of what this day should be to you and yours.

Answers to Health Queries

Mrs. R. J. E. Q.—Will you kindly advise whether or not it is wise to use a 2% solution of ——— in the nostrils every day being careful not to swallow it. I find it helpful for a sinus condition using just a drop or two at a time.

A.—No, I do not advise it. If you have sinus trouble your doctor will outline the necessary treatment. A catarrhal condition can be relieved by a cleansing spray. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

* * *

M. S. Q.—Are bowlegs hereditary?

A.—No.

* * *

V. M. W. Q.—What should a girl of 15, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weigh?

2.—What should a girl of 23, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weigh?

A.—They should weigh respectively: 114 and 122 pounds.

* * *

E. H. Q.—What should a girl of sixteen years weigh, if she is 5 ft. 9 ins. tall?

A.—For her age and height she should weigh about 140 pounds.

* * *

R. L. M. Q.—What should a girl weigh who is 16 yrs. old and 5 ft. 3 ins. tall?

2.—What should a girl weigh who is 8 yrs. old and 4½ ft. tall?

A.—They should weigh respectively 117 and 80 pounds.

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Good Manners

By MRS. CORNELIUS BEECKMAN

For the Graduate

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:

1. How should a girl ask a boy to take her to a graduation dance if she has a bid?

2. Should a formal or informal dress be worn at a dinner dance?

3. When coming home late with a boy—too late to invite him in—what should she tell him?

4. How should bouillon soup be eaten?

5. Is it necessary to wear silver slippers at a semi-formal dance?

6. When arriving home with a boy, should a girl offer him her key if he doesn't ask for it?

PROSPECTIVE GRADUATE.

SHE should write him a note of invitation, explaining to him that she has the tickets, and that she would like to have him accompany her.

2. A formal dress.

3. Just graciously extend your hand as you say goodnight.

4. Test the heat of the bouillon with a spoon the first few mouthfuls and then, if you wish, drink the rest as you would drink a cup of tea.

5. No.

6. No. If he does not know that gallantry suggests that he take her key and unlock the door, I guess that she will have to do this herself.

The Phrase "In-Law"

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:

1. Should I introduce my husband's mother as "I want you to meet John's mother?"

2. Should she, when introducing me, say, "My daughter-in-law," or should she say, "Jack's wife?"

D. J. M.

SINCE the words "in-law" are traditionally rather frigid, it is better to use only the words "mother" or "daughter" when making introductions of this kind. "Mary, this is my mother," or "Mother, this is Mary Allen." Usually this is enough of an identification. But, if you wish to make a more definite introduction, you may, if you wish, say, "Mary do you know John's mother?"

In the same way, your mother-in-law would say, "Mrs. Andrews, this is my daughter." It's all very much nicer and pleasanter than adding the "in-law."

Shepherd's Crooks Passe

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:

Are shepherd's crooks appropriate for the bridesmaids to carry at an evening wedding? The reason why I ask is that, with the crooks, one has to wear the hats, and hats are not appropriate on an evening wedding.

KATHRYN.

DO let me beg you not to have shepherd's crooks at the wedding. They are passe. They are altogether too "theatrical." Have the bridesmaids carry charming bouquets of flowers, the colors of which complete the harmony of the costume. Then you will not be criticised.

Stationery for Mourning Notes

DEAR MRS. BEECKMAN:

1. Is it proper to immediately notify a small circle of friends by a simple hand-written note when some one in the family has passed away?

2. What kind of paper should be used?

CLAIRE.

YES, such a note is the best of form. Plain white letter paper, the double-sheeted kind, is in perfect taste. "Mourning paper" black bordered, is not much used nowadays, and the plain white variety is beyond criticism.

(Mrs. Beeckman will be glad to answer questions on etiquette submitted by readers.)

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CHRISTMAS SEAL BUYING AIDS WAR ON WHITE PLAGUE

Public Contributions Have Helped Greatly Toward Constant Lowering of Death Rate.

"Buy Christmas seals!" That slogan has been heard year after year, and gradually the people of this country are beginning to realize more and more just what importance the suggested act has. Christmas seals play an important part in the national health of the United States. Thousands of children, yes, and even adults, owe their present health and happiness to the little stickers that frequently are pasted with so little thought on Christmas packages. Surely no gift could be greater than the conveying of health to some children, or to some grown person, into life the dread spectre of tuberculosis has crept.

During modern years science aided by funds raised through the sale of these tiny stickers, has accomplished wonders in the control and eradication of tuberculosis "the white plague." Health records show each year a decreasing death rate from the disease which is still one of the greatest causes of death. Tuberculosis is still the greatest cause of death of people between the ages of nineteen and forty.

Preventive Measures.

One of the principal facts learned is that tuberculosis can best be prevented by building up strong healthy bodies for the children of the land, and for that purpose there has been created health associations in nearly every part of the country. These associations seek out the children that are undernourished and that lack proper environment for health and endeavor to help them to obtain better physique and vitality.

Children in the schools are weighed and measured at frequent intervals and records kept of their growth. They are examined frequently for physical defects that might endanger their health, so that maladies may be located and cured in the early stages when correction is possible.

It is such work as this that the little tuberculosis Christmas seal makes possible.

How Funds Are Spent.

When money is spent for the purchase of these attractive little stickers, the funds go into the treasury of the health organizations association with the anti-tuberculosis organization, which is national in its scope. Each of the health associations receive their proportion for work in their own sections, the amount received being in direct ratio to the sum raised.

In Oregon 95 per cent of the money paid for stickers is expended within the state through the Oregon tuberculosis association and its affiliated organizations, one of which is the Douglas county public health association.

This latter organization is sponsoring the seal sale in this county and Mrs. H. C. Boyle of Roseburg, is county chairman, Mrs. H. E. Coleman is chairman in Roseburg and has the assistance of a large group of ladies, who are vitally interested in the health and welfare of the residents of this county.

The sale starts November 29, the day following Thanksgiving, and will close after Christmas.

State Press Comment

BUYING BLANKBOOKS

Looking up county and municipal records, we find them 25 and 30 years back, soiled and thumb-marked by use, but in fine shape, due to first class binding, good quality linen ledger paper. The pages are neither torn nor loosened from their binding. These old books have had rough usage, but their records are intact, accessible, in ship shape.

Some of our recent records are not in as good shape. They are loose from bindings, index tabs gone, corners torn off pages, other pages half torn across, and occasionally a loose page is misplaced or entirely missing.

Upon inquiry, we learned that some of our Portland bookbinders have been turning out a quality of work which has the reputation of being unsurpassed in the United States. They got started with high quality and they kept it up. A certain pride in workmanship, in fine materials, has sustained the tradition of quality. But quality involves greater expense, hence higher price.

In our agitation for bidding on every leadpencil, blankbook and piece of stationery, some of our counties and municipalities have been placing orders at prices less than good work can be produced. Instead of re-ordering quality goods, they have been tempted into buying inferior stuff which will not stand up. Price is what has talked so loud—and low price has proven to be far more expensive in time lost, grief, and the costs due to error and poor materials.

Most of this inferior work has come from outside our state. California has good bookbinders—and some not so good. Those who are not so good in quality work are also lacking in scruple when it comes to quoting low prices and misrepresenting their wares as "just as good".

We cannot complain on California coming up here and getting business when our own blankbook manufacturers sell their books as far east as the Dakotas on quality, getting prices higher than St. Paul because of superior quality. But it does seem as though our public officials ought to look a bit further than mere price and talk when they have a local industry with the fine record made through the years by Oregon bookbinders. If we do not recognize loyal adherence to quality by our own home industries, which pay taxes in our state and employ labor that buys the products of our counties, what can we expect in the way of consideration in vital matters involving united action through our state? It is loyalty to those who really have earned it and deserve it that builds up communities and states into powerful unity that commands respect. If we discard the loyalty principle from our business transactions it is only a matter of time before we are all split up and feel so bitter towards each other that it is difficult or impossible for us to get together for constructive work.

Pennysnatching in public purchasing may sound good for a time when reported to taxpayers, but in the long run it proves costly in money and, what is worse, in public spirit. There's a big difference between careful, prudent purchasing and saving a nickle at the expense of a dollar's worth in quality.—Oregon Voter.

Those Were the Days

(Astoria Astorian)

Duck shooters attention. When you feel the urge to boast about your bags you might recall a statement which we note in the files of the Morning Astorian of 50 years ago regarding the duck shooting activities of two "young and inexperienced" duck hunters. The article states, in all seriousness, that they had bagged only 1600 ducks between them during the October shooting and had even "worse luck" in sight for November. The fact is also casually mentioned that the best "one shot" record of the two, was 43 ducks. At that the raids of those early day "pot hunters" operating with 10-gauge scatter guns, is part of the reason for the high cost of duck shooting today.

(Medford Mail-Tribune)

The resignation of Coach McEwan comes as no surprise to those who knew something about the real situation at the state university. The former West Point mentor has not been exactly a failure as a football coach, but he has not come up to expectations, nor has he made a record commensurate with the large salary he has been paid.

In all probability his resignation will be accepted and at the end of his present contract he will step out and another man take his place. Who his successor will be we don't know, but probably a man without a reputation from a nation-wide standpoint, who will be content with a smaller salary, and be better qualified to quiet the turbulent political waters surrounding the temple of learning at Eugene.

In our opinion there are a number of available football coaches who could do as well at the state university as McEwan has done. He has his friends and partisans who will regret to see him depart. But we don't believe his retirement will, in any way, lessen the chances of turning out a team which may return Oregon to the enviable position it occupied in the football world a few years ago.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Hagues not hall of fame is to be erected on Staten island. Paul Revere, Alexander Hamilton, John Greenleaf Whittier, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Presidents Tyler, Garfield, Roosevelt and Taft will be among those commemorated.

Green Feed!

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Crown Feeds eliminate guesswork. They cost more per sack but less per dozen eggs.

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LON CHANEY SEEN IN HIS BEST ROLE IN NEW PICTURE

Lon Chaney, "The Man of a Thousand Faces," the screen's greatest character delineator, will be seen in a new, unusual and most lovable role in "Thunder," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production to be seen at the Antlers theatre Saturday and Sunday. Discarding the make-ups, hideous and bizarre, that have characterized many of his former productions, Chaney becomes a veteran railroad man, and an intensely human one, a part that will live long in the memory of those who see it.

To see Lon Chaney in "Thunder" is to see him at his best, for it is vastly different than anything he has ever done before, not on the order of the grotesque, but instead intensely poignant and human.

He takes the part of "Grumpy" Anderson, a grizzled, hard-bitten old railroad engineer—his whole life wrapped up in his engine, the traditions of the road and his love for his two railroad-men sons and tiny grandson. How tragedy comes into his life when one of his sons foreseakes the road for a "white collar" job, because of love of an actress, how the girl, with love and understanding, finally returns the boy to his road and his father—make the gripping human interest plot. Scenes of the great Mississippi flood, breath-taking rides on frozen rails, spectacular night club scenes contrasted with the modest home of a railroad man, are among the highlights in the production.

Chaney drives his locomotive like a veteran. The railroad scenes were filmed on the Chicago and Northwestern railroad and are authentic in every detail. The building of an entire locomotive is one of the most interesting of the incidental scenes in the play.

Phyllis Haver plays the actress heroine, and James Murray the fireman son, who seeks to desert the road for love. Between them a charming love story is worked out, for Miss Haver is beautiful as well as an accomplished actress. Murray gives an exceptionally convincing portrayal. George Duryea, who recently scored in "Tide of Empire," plays the other son, a brakeman, finally killed in line of duty, and Frances Morris is seen as his wife, a home maker for the family. Little Wally Albright, Jr., plays the small grandson.

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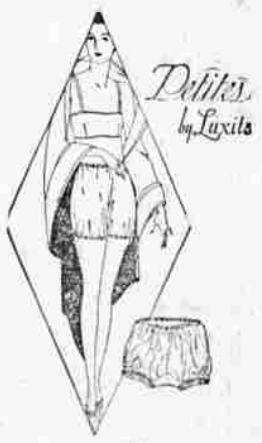
Vapex—Baalman's Gas Tablets, Kruschen Salts, Vick's Rub. Salicon Highway Pharmacy, Oakland. —Adv.



. . . Petites

Just what the name implies—the absolute minimum in dainty undergarments, yet affording complete protection. Snug, smooth-fitting, comfortable—cut to conform to the summer mode. Cool as a sea breeze—new as tomorrow. For they are tomorrow's garment, recently introduced in France and at fashionable watering places.

PETITES are short, pert trunks with elastic at waist and legs. Come in to see them on display in our glove silk lingerie department; also the cleverly tailored brassieres to match.

Luxite Silk Lingerie
Wilder & Agee Co.
Roseburg, Oregon