

SPEAR HAS WORK PLENTY TO SHAPE U. OF O. GRID TEAM

(Associated Press Local Wire)
EUGENE, Ore., March 10.—A single comment—that there was still much to be done—was the only expression from Dr. Clarence W. Spears as he closed the first period of spring football practice at the University of Oregon today. The rigorous two week's drill, however, was but a prelude to the heavy program to extend through six weeks at the opening of the spring term of school next week.

The former Minnesota coach's introduction to the Webfoot football team was characterized by a com-

paratively scanty and irregular turnout of candidates. The work of conditioning the team for the grueling campaign of next fall was hindered by the press of approaching term examinations but next month the full squad of 32 players signifying their intentions of reporting will be expected out.

With the addition of John O'Brien of the Western State Teacher's college at Kalamazoo, Mich., the full coaching staff will be present. O'Brien, who played under Doc Spears at Minnesota, will take over the end coaching position. The remainder of the work will be distributed to Bill Reinhardt, backfield; Gene Shields, line, and "Pink" Callison, freshman coach, who has come over to the varsity for spring work.

HUSKY HOOPSTERS TAKE REVENGE ON TROJAN QUINTET

(Associated Press Local Wire)
LOS ANGELES, March 10.—The question of the Pacific conference basketball championship is to be settled here tonight when the University of Washington quintet takes the court against the University of Southern California causers in the third game of the title series.

The Huskies from the north, winners of third division, Saturday night posted a 36-to-31 victory over the champions of the southern section after the Trojans had won the initial clash in an impressive 46 to 31 triumph.

Victory for Washington would mean the first championship for the Huskies in the three years they have annexed first place honors in the northern division. Last

their light, sweet fragrance. Laura passed. Richard Dawn looked up and gallantly swept off a cap!

"Good evening, madam."

"You must have been a gay young blade in your day, Dad."

"In my day? Now listen, Pat. If I weren't your old man you'd be making eyes at me."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised."

"You're in love with Guy, Pat?"

"Sort of. But I fancy he's rather intrigued with Mrs. Bryce."

"No! What makes you think that?"

"Isn't she an awfully magnificent creature? And, of course, she has money. I suppose a man might consider that no drawback."

"Pat—you're lying—you don't think he's intrigued with her at all."

She went up to her father and ran her hand through his curls.

"Dad—don't you tell mother—she doesn't want me to care. I don't know whether he's intrigued with Barbara Bryce or not. I only know I hope like hell that he isn't!"

Richard Dawn put an arm about her in quick warmth. "She can't touch you, Pat! She's not in it with you! Listen, girl—don't let the lad know—let him be the first to tell."

"Oh, you old sport, you! You darling old sport!"

About a week later Pat and the young lord of the skies flew upward. Nearing sunset and all the heavens dashed with gold and copper.

He looked at her with happiness. He shouted: "Let's elope."

"I'd love it."

They flew up and up. The clouds bloomed. They were gorgeous sky-flowers.

He reached over as he often did and put her hand under his on the controls.

"Oh," thought Pat, "he means it! If we could but sail and fly!"

A plane that had been flying some short distance away now came zooming nearer. They could hear its roar added to their own.

It came shining and splendid between them and the setting sun. It was a silver plane with long streamers of lavender.

It flew alongside. A girl leaned out and waved.

And for the first time Pat saw the pale face and magnificent eyes of Barbara Bryce.

To Be Continued.

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61 NEW FAMILIES LOCATE IN OREGON

Oregon gained 61 families during February who bought 22,905 acres of land and invested \$205,400, according to the report of W. G. Ide, manager of the state chamber of commerce. February of this year far surpassed the same month of 1929 when 22 families made Oregon their home and bought 752 acres of land and invested \$22,500. The report also points out that 212 families wrote of their intentions to move to Oregon this coming summer and they would have over one million dollars for investment purposes. During the month 3315 families answered the state chamber's advertising, asking for information about all parts of the state. Over 15,000 pieces of Oregon literature and letters were mailed to these families.

TELEGEN WEDDED FOR FOURTH TIME

ASBURY PARK, N. J., March 10.—Lou Tellegen, actor, was embarked upon his fourth matrimonial venture today, this time with Miss Eva Casanova, an actress who has been appearing with him in vaudeville.

They were married yesterday by Judge Martin L. Ferris, a justice of the peace and a retired Baptist minister.

Miss Casanova formerly was the wife of Minor McLain, an actor. They were divorced a year ago.

Tellegen's wife was Countess Jeanne de Broecker, whom he married in France. Geraldine Farrar, noted singer, was his second wife. They were married in 1915 and divorced in 1923.

Mr. Tellegen came to this country as leading man for Sarah Bernhardt. His mother was a Russian dancer, Anna Maria, teacher of Anna Pavlova, Nikinsky and Isadora Duncan. His father was a prince of the Greek nobility.

OREGON BUSINESS COLLEGE Opens Monday, March 17.

Located on Jackson street, upstairs over Smart Shop, opposite Umpqua hotel.

On account of unprecedented developments by the United States government during this and next year, now is the time to prepare for civil service examinations, which can be taken in Roseburg.

Cease wavering, dreaming, wishing. You crave success, money, freedom from care and poverty. You now have the chance. Enroll now and secure a \$25.00 reduction.

Pluck not luck wins.

Are you better equipped and more efficient than you were last year? Act now.

Reference—Chamber of commerce, credit association, either of the three banks.

Two more can receive individual instruction until school opens.

Call at college or write Box 1272. Adv. S. P. BAILEY, President.

NOTICE

\$50 reward for information leading to the conviction of any party or parties guilty of placing poison on my property for the purpose of poisoning a valuable dog and endangering the life of other stock.

HENRY ELPEL, Canas Valley.

MONITOR STATE BANK TO PAY OFF AND CLOSE DOORS

(Associated Press Local Wire)
SALEM, Ore., March 9.—The Monitor State bank of Monitor, Marion county, will liquidate and discontinue operation within the next 10 days. This was announced Sunday by A. A. Schramm, state superintendent of banks.

A letter to the bank's customers asks them to call at the bank with in 10 days to receive checks for immediate payment in full of their accounts. The checks will be drawn on their choice of three banks that are assisting in the liquidation. They are the bank of Mount Angel, the Coolidge & McClain bank at Silverton and the Bank of Woodburn.

The closing bank has deposits of \$35,000, capital of \$15,000 and \$3,000 surplus. B. F. Giesy of Aurora is president and C. W. Conyne is cashier. The letter to customers states that the decision to liquidate "is made reluctantly after careful study of local conditions and the realization that changing economic circumstances make continued successful operation impossible."

OREGON NEWS

EUGENE—The first step to keep the McKenzie highway open the year around was taken by the chamber of commerce which authorized a committee to make snow measurements, then ask highway department aid.

PORTLAND—Recently dismissed from a hospital where he recuperated from auto injuries, Ted Towars was back in the same hospital after he had been knocked down by a motorcycle.

OREGON CITY—Jimmy (Flash) Watson, well known in coast pugilistic circles, was arrested on a charge of operating a liquor still.

EUGENE—Four unnamed university of Oregon students have been suspended for the remainder of the academic year for having liquor in their possession and serving it in public.

PORTLAND—Gunnar Milton, 50, whose suicide note said he felt himself "slipping," ended his life by hanging himself in a rooming house.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Highway Construction, Douglas County, Oregon.

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Douglas County, Oregon, at the court house in Roseburg, Oregon, at 10:00 o'clock A. M. on the 3rd day of April, 1930, for construction work on a section of road between Oakland

and Elkton. The work involves approximately 21,000 cu. yds. of excavation, the limits being more particularly described as from Station 240+00 to Station 262+00 and from Station 321+00 to Station 343+00. A sufficient bond will be required for the faithful performance of the contract in a sum equal to the total amount of the bid.

Plans, specifications, forms of contract, proposal blanks, and full information for bidders may be obtained at the office of the county clerk or the county roadmaster, Court House, Roseburg, Oregon, upon the deposit of five dollars.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals, or to accept the proposal or proposals deemed best for the County.

ROY AGEE, County Clerk of Douglas County, Oregon.

FLU-GRIP

Call a physician. Then begin "emergency" treatment with

VICKS VAPORUB

OVER 27 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

MISS PAT

A Story of Romance and High Adventure in Life of Modern Days.

By Elenore Meherin, Author of "Chickie" and Other Famous Serials

CHAPTER 5

"You mean to say that you just up and forgot me? Didn't even remember until midnight more or less?"

A very gay Miss Pat confronted the parking youth.

"But the skies had to fall first, my darling Pat. And I was naturally somewhat jolted. Besides, you don't seem extremely grieved. Not nearly as concerned as I was when I remembered last night."

"Oh, did you stay awake with remorse? I'm pleased at that! She's rather beautiful, isn't she? A winged angel, if you must have ladies fall from the very heavens into your arms. I'm glad you pick them pretty."

"I do."

Pat returned the young man's teasing wink. She was in a blithe, exhilarant mood for three beautiful reasons. First, she had read of the accident and was comforted that he had not carelessly forgotten her. Her shining romance could now ripple along in its high, sweet key.

Second, they were here at the St. Francis dancing and suppering. They were celebrating for the last evening. It was the first time they had been dancing together. Pat sipped with rapture when her step fell in with his—happily, easily. They swung along in buoyant rhythm. What a relief from fawks Peter Thompson and from baby-faced Lew Willis. Quite proud she was to have the tall, supple young man at her side.

And third, a hope she had held for the last year and a half was now to be realized. This morning she received notice that she would be admitted for the fall season at Stanford.

The future beamed both for her head and her heart.

"And I suppose," said Guy as he led her to a table and noted with a secret delight the radiance in her eyes, "that you'll give up all frivolity and go find yourself a career? I hope you don't mean to get awfully wise and efficient. You won't turn into one of these Mrs. Atlases with the world on their shoulders and telling everyone else when to step and how?"

Pat sighed. "Don't you like capable ladies? Well, you must admit it's a big problem for us sweet young things to solve. Shall we find our souls and lose our gentlemen friends? Or shall we chuck the career and grab the man?"

"Can't you have both?"

Bolony! Remember the fable of the dog with the fine juicy bone in his teeth? As he crosses the bridge he looks into the water and sees his image with another bone. He opens his mouth to grab it. Presto—he loses both. That's about the way it is with us poor frails today.

"We can be glum and pure, yet win our man and hold him; we can be merry and bad, there will be even to die for us. But the lady doesn't live who can take love, yet retain freedom."

"What an optimistic young feminist you are!"

Pat sighed. Four years. So much could happen. And he, whom she found so enchanting, might pass on so often joyous dreams do. Again she sighed.

"I'm still here, Miss Pat. Why the sighs?"

"I was just wondering what my four years would bring."

"What do you want them to bring—love?" Pat—have you ever been in love?"

"Five or 20 times, more or less."

"No—I mean real love."

"Oh, why should one crave love? The minute we get it we are bound; another has thrall upon us."

"You've loved like that? Tell me, Pat!"

He leaned across the table,

searching her young, revealing eyes.

"Not yet! And in the next four I shan't have time for the grand passion on such magnificent scale."

"Pat—you can't prophesy about the emotions. You can't know how you'll feel in four years."

It burst from her like a happy flame: "In four years I'll love just as I do now!"

"And then? Pat, what do you intend to make of yourself?"

"Some kind of laboratory assistant. I'm going in for science."

"And meet all the gay young doctors."

"Would they fall for me? Don't be shy about answering. If I'm not attractive at all, I'd like to know it. In this dangerous age when there's such heavy competition, a girl had better be born minus a nose than minus appeal. I'd be awfully pleased to know I had a small parcel of it."

"You need only enough to win one man, Pat, what will you do with the fellow when you find him? Pat, do you mean to marry and settle down and be a nice, homely little wife?"

She laughed. "With half a dozen kids and papa's slippers at the fire or on the front porch according to the weather and the socks darned. Yes—that's just exactly what I mean to do."

"You're positively against all companionate marriage, I see."

"Well, I shan't mind earning my living before hand and when I come to the second blooming, as W. L. George calls it, I'll be glad to have a career. But that will be after the important things are done."

"Which important things?"

"Loving my husband and raising my kids."

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Radio is not a toy nor an experiment; its

technical elements are unobtrusive—and

so perfect and dependable that they may

be taken for granted.

Victor Radio TONE proves Victor's elec-

trical and mechanical excellence. To dupli-

cate what is heard before the broadcasting

microphone, it must be superlatively fine.

That is what Victor Radio does—and is.

Let us prove it to you in your own home—

no obligation whatever. Just come in and

ask for a home demonstration.



OTT'S MUSIC STORE

Roseburg, Oregon

If Handmade Remember! Spit is a horrid word, but it is worse on the end of your cigar



... the war against Spitting is a crusade of decency ... join it. Smoke CERTIFIED CREMO!

Thousands of men who would gladly trounce a spitter caught in the act continue, nevertheless, to accept cigars rolled by dirty fingers and tipped with spit! And remember more than half of all cigars made in this country are made by hand, and therefore subject to the risk of spit!

Certified Cremo protects you against this abomination! Every tobacco leaf entering the clean, sunny Certified Cremo factories is scientifically treated by methods developed by the United States Government during the war. And its purity is safeguarded along every step of the way by amazing inventions that foil, wrap

and tip the cigars without the possibility of spit!

Try a Certified Cremo—see how wonderfully good it is! Made of the choicest, tenderest leaves that the crop affords, we claim Certified Cremo's quality is tastier than that of any other cigar. Don't let its 5c price stand in your way. Your physician has in mind a cigar like Certified Cremo when he recommends a mild smoke in place of heavy brands.

Crush-proof... immaculate... foil-wrapped... Certified Cremo is the kind of cigar the late Vice-President Marshall undoubtedly was thinking of when he said: "What this country needs is a good 5c cigar!"

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cremo
THE GOOD 5¢ CIGAR
... THAT AMERICA NEEDED

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POWELL

Furniture and Hardware