

Coachburg News Review

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Stop This Destruction

EACH day's newspaper tells a new story of auto wreckage and property damage. Almost without exception the accidents so recorded are avoidable—entirely avoidable.

You read of the three car "pile-up" on the road out from Corvallis following the big game. Seven persons are now in the hospital, several of them seriously injured, all because one man sought to save a few seconds time—and perhaps the time saved would have been of no value to him. If the driver of that car which involved the other six persons who were injured and which involved and wrecked two other cars, had been just a trifle more careful, that wreck would not have happened.

No amount of laws, no amount of patrolling, or signs or signals are of real avail. They help, that is all. Auto accidents are due purely and simply to careless and heedless driving on somebody's part. More often than not the careless person involves someone else when his carelessness leads to his own destruction.

This is the winter season. The highways are wet and slippery. Approaching lights, even if dimmed, glare unmercifully on the wet pavements. Conditions are about as bad as they could possibly be without the added menace of carelessness.

Carelessness is purely a personal factor. With education help cut it. We hope so. Perhaps the time is not far off when it shall be made a crime punishable possibly by imprisonment, if and when a person is guilty of actually causing an accident. A careless, foolish driver is surely a menace to society and it would seem reasonable to treat him as such.

Oregon State college pounded its way to a victory over its traditional rival Saturday. Johnny Kitzmiller, Oregon's famous star was netable to play but his teammates made a noble effort. It was a great game played under most trying conditions. This state has two great, spirited football teams.

Oregon Editors' Opinions
Quality For Profits
(Oregon Journal)
WASHINGTON, 19.
California, all.
Oregon, 8.
These are the figures on principal farm products that are sold under official grades in the three Pacific coast states.

There ought to be an agency in Oregon that could lead a campaign for adoption of state standards of quality. For example, Oregon's dairy industry could bring into the state \$100,000,000 a year, where its present values are now about \$25,000,000, if demands of outside markets for better quality 92 or more were met.

Oregon's fruit industry could make an almost identical expansion, its leaders say, if rigid standards controlled quality and were made the foundation of selling campaigns.

Oregon's bulb industry, a few years ago nothing, and now bringing large sums each year, has opportunity to supply the very wide market once dominated by Holland.

Oregon is an agricultural state. Comparison need only be made with almost any other region to disclose its superiority of soil and climate and its remarkable diversity of products. But agriculture is more than the turning of the soil and the sowing of seed to the processes of rain and sun. It is an industry. It is as much under the necessity of standard methods and quality as other modern industries.

Standards alone make possible mass production, low unit costs and profitable distribution.

The experts of the college and university, the unfortunately detached state divisions of agriculture and business organization would doubtless be glad to join with the producer groups. Leadership is required. A slogan, too, and that slogan should be, "Quality For Profits."

(Eugene Guard)
For the big game Saturday, an obliging oil company is giving away motor placards to customers reading "Bust 'Em Beavers," or "Amaze 'Em Oregon" to be used as one's desires may be. A sensitive friend suggests that those are indeed "beaver" placards in behalf of the great educational institutions. Possibly. But every now and then

somebody finds a purely intellectual college to make nice old men and women out of the young animals. And look what happens, as for instance the recent rough-housing and hooliganism at Reed. Boys will be boys and girls are not always perfect ladies. Even at our age, we have been known to bust out and say "Gee!"

(Medford Mail-Tribune)
There is some hope for America when a movie star is done for as soon as fans discover she is really as naughty as she appears in her pictures.

FORESTERS ELECT VOORHIES MEMBER

Glenn Voorhies of Lookingglass, a 1915 graduate from the school of forestry at Oregon State college, has been honored by election to membership in the Society of American Foresters, according to reports received from Dear-G. Peavy of the school of forestry.

BOMB DAMAGES BARRACKS IN ERIN

BANTRY, Irish Free State, Nov. 17.—A bomb was thrown at the civic guards' barracks in Glengarriff near here today, damaging the front of the building. Four men in the barracks escaped injury. A woman's bicycle was found abandoned near the gate. The motive for the bombing was not known.

TWENTY TO VIE IN AUDITION CONTEST

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—Twenty youthful singers will be guests of San Francisco tonight. The singers—ten boys and ten girls from nine western states—will compete in the fifth annual district audition of the Atwater-Kent foundation following their reception here tonight. One boy and one girl will be chosen to represent the nine states in the national contests in New York in December 15.

The audition starts at 10 p. m., being broadcast over the NBC Pacific coast network from KPO. Nine judges, one from each state, and a special jury at large, will select the district winners. The judges' votes will count 40 percent and the votes of the radio audience 40 percent. Each singer will be identified by number only.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

with it. My only objection is that it wasn't strong enough.

"The editor of the Saturday Evening Post puts the same thought more forcefully when he says: 'The well-to-do, and especially the rich, owe it to the country that has prospered them to come out of their shell and do everything that they can to alleviate unemployment by hiring as many men as they can possibly put to work on jobs that need to be done now or will need to be done during the coming year.'"

THERE is sound logic in that statement. No student of business conditions in the past can be here that the present depression will last much beyond next spring.

So it follows that if those who are ABLE to spend will go on spending this winter in about their normal way they will hasten the return of confidence in the future and so hasten the return of good times.

Those whose incomes have not been affected have no good excuse for not spending as usual.

SPEAKING of incomes, the attorney general of Oregon holds that the income tax which was up held by the people in a referendum vote on November 4 applies only to 1929 incomes and doesn't go back and take in incomes earned in 1928 when the law was adopted by the legislature.

This writer, who isn't a lawyer, isn't competent to say whether that opinion is good law, but is quite sure that it is good public policy.

If, under present conditions, people had to pay a tax on incomes earned during the year of 1929, as well as the tax on incomes earned during 1928, the result would be to delay the recovery of business, because this money would be paid by this time, so that people would have to go out and borrow the money with which to pay the 1929 tax.

This burden would delay by far that much the starting of projects that will create employment and hasten the return of good times.

THE income tax principle has been adopted in Oregon, which, in this writer's judgment, is a good thing, because it will tend toward equalization of the tax burden according to ability to pay.

But victory for the income tax principle is no good reason for applying the tax arbitrarily in such a way as to hurt business. It is much better to proceed with the application of the next tax in a fair and reasonable way.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

HEART-BALM is a wonderful thing. A few years ago, jilted brides used to wait at the church for nothing. Now they get paid for their time.

Social Errors—The temperamental tub tenor who spends the weekend at your house and complains about the acoustics in the bathroom.

Take It or Leave It—Any bride who has been married over three times should wear service stripes on her wedding dress.

Wonders of Nature—Being so crooked that you can stand in the middle of the block and look around the corner.

Efficiency Experts—The wife who puts banana skins on the hall stairs so that she can tell when her husband comes in.

American Tragedies—When a two-faced woman only has money enough to get one of them lifted.

Auto Suggestion—Every family should have two cars. One for pleasure and one for the repair shop.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

BEHIND each ear can be felt a bony prominence. This is the so-called mastoid bone. Its interior consists of numerous spaces or cells, not unlike the cells in the honeycomb. The largest of these spaces is known as the "mastoid antrum," which opens into the middle ear.

When a person is in normal health, the mastoid cells never give trouble, but they are so located that when any infection enters, and their membrane lining becomes inflamed, the trouble may be considered serious. When such an inflammation takes place it is known as "mastoiditis."

Not only does the mastoid antrum communicate with the middle ear, but in its turn the middle ear communicates with the nose through the "Eustachian tube." This is the passageway between the nose and the ear.

There is a continuous membranous lining running through all of these cavities. That is why an infection in the nose, from a cold or influenza, may find its way to the ear. In consequence, there may be inflammation of the middle ear and mastoid cavities.

At first there are the symptoms of a cold. The nose may run, the ears feel "stopped up," and there are occasional twinges of pain in the ear. A gathering may form in the ear, and in a day or two this attacks, permitting a fluid to discharge. Usually the pain ends here and the discharge and inflammation soon disappear.

There are other cases, however, that are more serious. The symptoms grow worse and the skin over the prominence behind the ear grows red. The swelling increases until the ear is pushed forward. The patient has fever, restlessness, and may be delirious.

Between the mastoid cells and the cavity of the skull is a layer of bone, no thicker than a half dollar's worth of paper. This thinness of bone offers rather slight protection to the brain, which is situated just within the skull. In the adult it is easier for the pus to burrow through this bony wall into the brain than it is to escape outwardly into the soft tissue behind the ear.

When pus forms here it becomes necessary to perform an operation to permit drainage. The pus must be removed or serious trouble follows.

Very often mastoiditis results from some infection as the result of swimming in polluted waters. Recent press notices tell of swimming in the waters surrounding one of our great cities, who suffers from mastoiditis caused by

Going Against the Grain



Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: We are two girls who have succeeded in getting in "Dutch." We have just caused a misunderstanding between a boy and his father and all unintentionally on our part. This might result in breaking up our friendship, which would be one of the last things we want to happen. In order to clear this up, would it be incorrect to call his father on the phone and attempt to explain that it was not his son's fault? We believe that this boy is too much of a sport to attempt to clear himself at our expense. We realize only too well what it would mean for this boy and his father to be at odds. It isn't anything wrong but in a little out of the way. What we mean is staying at a home of a friend a little later than is perhaps conventional, although we had our mother's permission. Is there any way that the one suggested, as we do not know the boy's father? We would like the boy to realize that we are willing to take part of the blame.

BABES IN THE WOODS. Even better than a telephone call, which at best is but an informal affair, would be a nice little note to the father of the young man, explaining your part in the proceedings, and assuring him that such explanation is entirely voluntary on your part.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl eighteen years old. I am in love with a young man three years my senior. We have been out together quite often and he tells me that he loves and thinks a great deal of me. He certainly does not like to see me go out with other fellows. Still he does not make it his business to see me often. He used to see me three times a week and sometimes he came over every night. He wants me to tell him when I want to go some place or do something because he isn't fond of any sports. I know for certain that he never goes out with other girls. But he has four boy friends (guys) who have no girls with whom it is hard for him to break up. They are always after him. Please give me your advice on this situation.

WAITING: These matters must be settled before the young man and you. A frank talk will bring out and settle the question of his visits to you. Set two or three evenings a week and for the rest let him go out with his men friends. If the young men are nice and good companions, it would be unwise for you to endeavor to break up the association—men never thank women for interfering in their friendships. But if the young men have had influence on your friend, then you must ask him to decide between your friendship and theirs.

TWO U. S. GUNBOATS BATTLE CHINESE
(Associated Press Special Wire)
WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—The United States gunboat Tutuila was fired on by Chinese bandits today at two places while steaming along the Yangtze river.

Lieutenant Commander L. P. Bischoff, commanding officer, reported the fire was silenced with 3 inch shells and machine guns. Lieutenant Commander R. D. Tiedale, commanding the gunboat Palos, reported his vessel had fired upon yesterday five miles below Changling bluff. No casualties were reported in either case.

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Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

Ardeith Carroll works in a shop and is being wooed by Neil Burke. Her home life is far from pleasant. She lives with an aunt and a snoring girl cousin.

CHAPTER II. Ardeith hated this room which she shared with Bet. Hated the "golden oak" bed and dresser, scratched and warped with the years. The worn carpet. The broken armchair.

All the little softening touches the room owed her. The pink-shaded lamp on the dresser—Neil had given her on her last birthday. The crocheted curtains—three Sundays had gone into their making. The pink bedspread—that had taken the savings of a month.

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32 MILLION DRIVE AUTO VEHICLES IN U. S., DATA SHOWS

27 States Require No Test, Mental or Physical, of Persons Applying For License

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17.—There were 32,000,000 drivers in the United States as compared with a motor vehicle registration of 28,500,000 on January 1, 1930, according to a statement issued from the national headquarters of the American Automobile association today.

This was the highlight of a survey conducted by the national motoring body to determine the ratio of drivers to cars throughout the country. Among the things disclosed by the survey are:

1. That drivers exceed motor vehicle registration by 5,500,000.

2. That there are 1.2 drivers to every registered motor vehicle.

3. That of the people eligible to drive, that is, persons fifteen years of age and over, numbering 54,000,000, one out of every 2.7 persons drives a car.

4. That of the 32,000,000 operators on the streets today, 22,000,000 are in states where it is not mandatory that all motorists take an examination as to their ability, mental and physical, to drive an automobile.

Commenting on the survey, Thos. P. Henry, president of the A. A. A., said:

"The mere fact that there are 5,500,000 more drivers than cars impresses me as showing in a convincing manner the great reservoir of automobile buyers that still exists in this country. The saturation point that we have so often heard of is very far away."

"I am particularly impressed with the revelation that there are 22,000,000 drivers of powerful vehicles on our streets and highways today in states where it is not a mandatory requirement that all applicants give proof of their fitness or qualifications for the exercise of the driving privilege. Here is a condition deserving of immediate attention of those twenty-seven states that do not have a drivers' license law and also of the other ten states where the drivers' license law does not make an examination mandatory."

The cars were checked. The equestrian path crossed the highway here, and the traffic officer was permitting the riders to cross.

Sleek proud horses carrying sleek proud people. They moved through a different world, these high-stepping horses and the men and girls they carried, thought Ardeith.

That blonde girl there in the linen trousers and black coat . . . a pretty girl, and so sure of herself . . . Look at her turn and speak to the man on the bay mare beside her.

That man. Ardeith found herself sitting tense—leaning forward, her heart in her eyes.

A tall and laughing young fellow—riding so easily. The sun gleaming on his brown hair, flashing on his white smile.

As though the intent gaze of the girl drew him, the young fellow suddenly looked over. His eyes plunged deep into the eyes of the girl as he went by.

At her side, Ardeith heard Neil draw in his breath jealously.

A moment only, while the riders filed by in the sunshine. A breath of time, when the man on horseback looked deep into the eyes of the girl in the cut-down Ford.

Yet in that moment the world had changed for three people.

When the traffic signal was given to go ahead, Neil jammed in the gears viciously. It jolted Ardeith back to reality.

The girl's expression was dazed. Her eyes were staring—she had come riding toward her through the morning sunlight . . . After all this time she had seen him. . . And how oddly he had looked at her, as though he too had known her—had recognized the moment.

Ardeith tingled through her, kindling the flame which glowed in her eyes and sparkled in her hair.

Neil's bitter voice cut across her thoughts. "Well, I suppose you're happy now that you've seen your Stanford shiek again."

The girl's face crimsoned. "I don't know what you mean—"

"Oh, yes you do!" he answered roughly. "Think I didn't see your face when he went by? Look here—have you been seeing him? Have you gone out with him? Have you?"

Her heart thrilled at the thought, but she answered with offended dignity. "Of course, I haven't—though you've no right to ask. I never spoke to the man. I wouldn't have recognized him if he hadn't made such a fuss about it."

"No, you wouldn't!" he jeered. "That's a hot one—when you saw that newspaper picture of him for three years—"

Her face flamed. All pretense of dignity was swept away as she turned on him.

"How do you know that? Oh, that miserable little sneak, Neil! She told you he was talking me over with her! Oh, I hate you, Neil Burke!"

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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