

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION
EDITORIAL

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Hawley Leaves

CONGRESSMAN HAWLEY an-
nounces on the eve of his de-
parture for Washington to attend
the winter session of congress, that
he is going to ask for substantial
government appropriations for Ore-
gon. This is good news.

New federal buildings, new ar-
mories, highway money and an ap-
propriation for the Champeau
memorial are on the list.
Most interesting of all, so far as
this part of the state is concerned
is the congressman's statement
that he will endeavor to get funds
for the extension of the south
jetty at the mouth of the Umpqua.
According to engineers' reports,
the harbor at the mouth of the
Umpqua is peculiarly adapted to
real improvement through the con-
struction of a long jetty on the
south side.

At the present time the port of
Umpqua is not deep enough to ac-
commodate major shipping al-
though the entrance is good and
there is a fine long water front.
In other words, were it not for
being handicapped with lack of depth,
the Umpqua port would be an ex-
cellent one.

Experts have thoroughly studied
the situation and it is not only
stated by them but has been pro-
ven, that if the harbor mouth is
properly protected by jetties,
the scouring action will automatically
and without the expenditure of
money for dredging, deepen the
channel to a point which will give
satisfactory depth for larger ves-
sels.

Good ports with adequate rail
connection will mean much to the
future of this part of Oregon. Con-
gressman Hawley will be of great
service to his district if he suc-
cessfully presses his demands for
port improvement.

We see in the terrific defeat in-
flicted by Stanford university upon
the University of California, a
splendid object lesson in what his-
torians call the "rise and fall of
empires." California, with her
"wonder team" started the foot-
ball world a few years ago. Then
she was unbeatable and all power-
ful, she dictated terms and sched-
ules. Now California is fallen.
Interesting, too, is the fact that
the superiority of the state of
California's two leading teams,
Stanford and U. S. C., has been
eclipsed by the erstwhile lowly
Cornell of Washington State col-
lege. It is about time that the
"high-bat" attitude of the self-
styled Big Three of California foot-
ball be challenged.

A sad and sorry man and a sad
and sorry woman in Portland sure-
ly realize now that trifling with
and breaking the moral code of our
civilization often brings a terrific
penalty.

This is Thanksgiving week. Look
around you and then read the news
coming from other parts of the
world. We have a whole lot to be
thankful for.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

It can't be answered as yet. But
this much can be said: Roseburg
has a better chance than ANY
OTHER CITY to get it.

THE home will be located either
in Oregon or in Washington on
All of Oregon is united behind
Roseburg.

Washington is NOT united. Of
these several cities are contending
actively against each other for
this important institution.

Here in Oregon, we are all work-
ing together for one city. That
fact gives us a tremendous ad-
vantage.

W. C. HAWLEY, congressman
from Oregon, is the second
most powerful man in Washington,
the MOST POWERFUL, of course,
being the President.

Mr. Hawley is chairman of the
house ways and means committee,
which decides how the govern-
ment's money is to be spent. He
can tell ANY government depart-
ment how much it is going to get
in the way of appropriations, or
how much it is NOT going to get.
If Congressman Hawley will put

TURKEY INDUSTRY GIVEN PUBLICITY

A most interesting article on tur-
key production in this state, with
particular reference to the industry
in Douglas county, is presented in
the magazine section of the Sun-
day edition of the Portland Ore-
gonian. The article was written
by Ethel Romig Fuller, feature
writer for that paper, from infor-
mation furnished by Herbert Beyer,
of the Northwestern Turkey Grow-
ers, and J. C. Leedy, county agent.

Letters From the People

Communications to the News-Review
for publication in this depart-
ment should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 100 words in length, and ex-
actly as dictated by the writer, whose full
address must accompany the con-
tribution.

SLASHING OF LAND FOR PASTURAGE ADVOCATED AS TWO-WAY BENEFIT

Oakland, Oregon
November 14, 1930
Editor News-Review:

In the present period of business
depression, it seems to be the
paramount duty of individuals,
municipalities and the state to fur-
nish employment to the multitude
of unemployed, who are, or soon
will be, suffering for the necessities
of life, to devise a system of
employment which will alleviate
such suffering, at a minimum of
loss to the provider of the means.
Of course there is a diversity of
public needs, and I am only think-
ing of the needs of rural western
Oregon, one of the greatest of
which is more tillable or pasture
land. Of course, I expect to be
met with the retort that we are
now suffering from over-produc-
tion; that the only way to get
prices back to a profit is to check
production. To meet this theory, I
will ask you one to inquire of my
neighbors or your neighbors if they
could not raise wool, lambs, or
dairy stock cheaper if they had
the now useless acres of land cov-
ered with worthless timber, slash-
ed and in pasture.

You have perhaps heard of the
Irishman who was asked if one
man wasn't just as good as anoth-
er. "Yes," he replied, "and per-
haps a little better." I will say that
while the plan I have may not be
as good as some other, I con-
sider it better than none at all.
My plan is this: Let the state ap-
point a commissioner for each of
these counties to receive ap-
plications from ranchers for money
to pay for slashing land, to be fur-
nished by the state, the same to
be charged up to the rancher and
to become due and payable in ten
years, with interest at 7 per cent
after four years. I think that before
such debt became due the use of
the land would have paid for the
investment.

What the exigencies of the present
time demand is a system of
employment, covering a wide area
contiguous to the home of the labor-
er. As this kind of labor is es-
sential to the prosperity of the
rancher, and convenient to the
needed laborer, for the field for
such labor extends from the base
of the Cascades to the coast and
from the Columbia to the California
line I think it would relieve
a great deal of present need and
ultimately result in profit to the
landed proprietor and the state.
J. H. Miller.

WOULD PLAN FUTURE CREATION OF Y. M. C. A.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Nov. 24.—Editor
News-Review: It seems to me
that it is timely to begin to think
about providing a Y. M. C. A. or
some similar institution for our
boys.

On account of present financial
conditions it may not be wise to
begin a campaign to raise money
at present, but plans could be talked
over this winter that later
could be put into execution.

I greatly admire the progressive
spirit of many of our citizens, as
shown in their efforts to build up a
larger and better community, but
we must not lose sight of the fact
that it is not only the number and
prosperity of our citizens that count,
but the moral and spiritual develop-
ment of the coming generation as well.

TURKEY GRADING TAGS TO GUIDE CUSTOMER URGED

Buckara, Oregon
November 21, 1930
Editor News-Review:

Turkeys are now coming in
large numbers. It is to be regret-
ted that the farmer is to be paid
less than 10 cents per pound per
grade.

When you visit the market,
you may find plain flocks, with
no indication as to whether it is
fancy, choice or prime.

The farmer is to be told the
lack of the value of the public
that he should be graded, choice
or prime. It would be very little
trouble for the inspector, when
trading to place quality tags on
the birds, and there should be a
penalty of \$500 for any merchant
selling such birds, without the
proper marking.

Grading is not another method
for grabbing from the farmer in
favor of the vested interests.

Yours truly,
FAIR PLAY.

POLLY AND HER PALS



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

WHAT this country needs is a
good air brake for the man
who's always talking about him-
self.

Among the Niterrats—The fel-
low who wouldn't stop eating al-
phabet soup until he came to a
period.

You're Wrong—You don't ne-
cessarily have to commit suicide
twice just because you're leading
a double life.

Momentous Moments—When a
professional gate-crasher meets St.
Peter.

Feminine Figuring—The average
girl always leaves the kitchen out
of her air castles.

Social Accomplishments—An ig-
noramus dying of Bright's dis-
ease.

Pitiful Cases—The absent-mind-
ed kleptomaniac who took the
small pox.

Justifiable Homicide—When a
man tells you he's rushing to a fire
to buy a smoking jacket.

Take It or Leave It—Chiroprac-
tors ought to make good crash
shooters. They know how to roll
the bones.

Our Own Vaudeville—Mother:
What makes you so late getting
home from work? Daughter:
I had to stay at the office and op-
erate one of those time-saving
devices.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

IN speaking to me the other day
a mother confided that none
of her children had been vac-
cinated. She was afraid of the
vaccination and did not consider it
necessary because the disease is
so infrequently met. When I told
her there were cases of smallpox in
the country and quite near her own
community, she became quite
alarmed and promised to have her
children vaccinated.

Because of the extreme rareness
of smallpox today, many parents
are extremely careless in reference
to the vaccination of their children.
This is a great mistake. Parents
acting on this theory are a menace
to the general public health. Small-
pox will never be rid of while a
certain percentage of the popula-
tion goes unvaccinated.

Hardly a day passes but we hear
of new cases of people joining to
another person some cause or an-
other. If many persons come to
believe that the cause of tobacco
smoking is the cause of lung cancer,
there will be an anti-tobacco be-
lief. Today in this country, in
view of the tremendous advances
made by science, there are many
hoax and well intentioned people
who call themselves "anti-vac-
cinationists."

Personally, I am in conflict with
the status made by this group.
Yet the members have much influ-
ence and from the standpoint of
good and evil do great harm by
their conduct. Vaccination in child-
hood is a simple procedure and
there can be no doubt the protec-
tion given by it against smallpox
is complete far from fire to seven
years.

Vaccination was first introduced
in England by Edward Jenner in
1776. For many centuries it had
been common knowledge that infec-
tion by cow-pox protected one
against smallpox. He noticed this
in the rural country, particularly
in the farms.

One day Jenner took matter
from the hand of a dairymaid who
was infected with cow-pox and in-
oculated a young boy with it. This
boy was subsequently exposed to
smallpox but did not contract the
disease. This was the first suc-
cessful attempt at vaccination.

If everyone were vaccinated,

An Ounce of Prevention



Around.... The Country

By R. R. WOOD

Recollections of the very last
of the really big fights with Indians
of the west were revived this week
in meeting an old
"Indian" at Riddle, Ore.

The manner and appearance of this
old plainsman were so different
from the ordinary that he was ques-
tioned a trifle.

Smallpox is a dreadful ailment
and no chances must be taken re-
garding it. It is a comfortable feel-
ing to know that vaccination is a
reliable preventive of this dread
disease.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

I am a girl 19 years of age,
and am very much in love with a
fellow that I have been going with
for about four months.
He also tells me he loves me
enough to marry me. But he isn't
my nationality or religion, and for
that reason my parents object to
me going with him. It would
break my heart to leave him and
break up our friendship. Please
give me advice.

BLONDE: You must be guided
by your own desires and in-
stincts in this most important
matter. Your parents have your
welfare at heart and they know
that a difference in religion is
often a barrier to real happiness
between a married couple. Nation-
ality is not so important. Per-
haps you could arrive at an under-
standing with the young man that
would ease the difficulties and
make matters right with your par-
ents.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I have a problem which I
cannot solve, so I have
written to you for advice.

I am a girl in my late teens and
have a very great friendship with
a young man of 22. I have known
this man for about three years. I
love him more than I could tell
and he has confessed his love for
me. But, Nancy Lee, he has just
told me that he is married and is
now divorcing his wife. What
should I do, Nancy Lee? Should
I continue to go with him, though
he is divorcing his wife for a good
cause? We have talked about
marriage (though I realize I have
time ahead for me for that) and we
said we would wait for two or
three years until his divorce has
been forgotten. Am I doing right
Nancy to go with him now?

I am doing right to go with him
at all. I really love him too much to
give him up.

Thanking you for your reply.

ANXIOUS: Don't you think
that it would be better to drop
your friendship with the man un-
til after the divorce is granted,
and for some time afterwards, it
will preclude any criticism of your
conduct or of his. There is plenty
of time to discuss marriage and if
he has your welfare at heart, and
if doing right to go with him at
all, I really love him too much to
give him up.

DEAR NANCY LEE:
I am a girl 19 years of age
and have been going with a fel-
low three years. Would you please
tell me what is the correct time
for him to leave my home. It is
eleven o'clock a suitable time.

RAMONA: The time you set is
quite late enough. Unless
there is a large party, no caller
should ever stay out his welcome.
And when a man habitually leaves
the home of a young woman at a
late hour, it reflects very badly on
her.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

Ardeth Carroll is just a shopgirl,
leading a very simple life, but her
ideal is high. She looks beyond the
drab existence marriage to
Neil Burke would mean. Seeing
handsome Ken Gleason with Cecile
Parker, society belle, Ardeth's
heart leaps. When Cecile's sister,
Jeanette, opens a specialty shop,
she asks Ardeth to take charge.
Ardeth meets Ken at the shop.
Shortly after, leaving Jeanette
has left for the day. Ken calls,
feigning he had planned to drive
Jeanette home. He asks Ardeth to
go instead. Ken plans a tour of
Ardeth, Jeanette, Tom Corbett
and himself. Jeanette and Tom are
unable to go so Ken is alone with
Ardeth.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Ken had told of Jeanette's
absence, Ken had told of Jeanette's
absence. She was like a dis-
appointed child. Her lovely day—
her beautiful day—snatched away
at the last minute!

Then came angry rebellion.
She'd go with Ken anyway! Sup-
pose there were but the two of
them. People weren't unkind and
such things any more. She would
go—she would.

They were definitely any com-
ing over on the ferryboat thrilling
to a daring of romance.

Blue bay—blue sky—and the
sun gleaming on the man's un-
covered head. There was a little
crease in his thick hair where
the hat brim had pressed a crease
which would just hold his finger,
thought the girl dreamily. Then
she had given a little start, start-
ling at the thought and would
not tell him why she laughed.

This golden day dropped into her
lap, far removed from the other
gray days of the week. Nothing
mattered—Ardeth's nagging—
Neil's jealousy—Cecile Parker's
not even tomorrow's wedding
would put the worldly snail between them
again. Nothing mattered while she
was here with Ken on this golden
day!

The thrilling sense of intimacy
deepened when they left the boat
and turned from the city. The
country road, through fields and
ways to a salt-licked creek winding
through the salt marsh. Wide sky—
wide flat—the blue air creep-
ing along with Ken and herself.

When they reached the ark
they were filled with the wild
spirits of children. Ardeth ex-
claimed over it all the shabby
cabin, with its cushioned seat
raining around the room. The
tiny kitchen, its one window
looking over miles of marsh. The
warped floor-boards of the sun-
flooded deck and the soft lapping
of water as the tide seeped up the
slough.

She tied a huge flour sack dis-
towel under her arms and helped
Ken prepare a lunch on the rusty
wood stove. From the cupboard
Ken produced a thick beef-
steak, a jar of potato salad, French
bread—butter—cheese. A box
of French pastry had been badly
jammed in the trip over and sent
them into gales of laughter.

It was easy to laugh today. Just
the sight of Ken with a dish-
cloth around his neck, solemnly lick-
ing whipped cream from his finger-
tips, was sufficient to move the
girl to tender ridicule.

Just the sight of a sooty
smudge streaking Ardeth's nose
was enough to start Ken's short
ruffling over the marshes.

They were thoroughly aware
of each other's presence. Aware
of the empty miles which closed
them here together. They com-
bated their secret excitement with
an almost hectic gaiety.

They burned their fingers and
broke plates. They dropped forks
and dived for them at the same
moment as their heads came
smartly together. They satated the
salty too much and entirely forgot
to reason the steak.

Ardeth cut her finger and Ken
bound it with a strip of clean dis-
towel. That moment of close con-
tact when he held her hand in his
own silenced the man's high spirits
and sent the blood surging through
his body.

They ate lunch on the shady
side of the deck overlooking the
blue bay. Ken was in hilarious
spirits again. He played walter,
hanging a napkin over his arm
and waving Ardeth to her seat with
an elaborate flourish.

"Ham, lamb, ram, sheep or mut-
ton? Name your animal, lady!"
The steak is the piece of resistance
—if you bend it we can't take
it back!"

After luncheon they cleared the
table, stacked the clean plates back
on the kitchen shelves and went
out again onto the deck.

Ardeth flung herself on a rattan
couch piled with faded cushions.
Ken perched on the rail and lit a
cigarette.

At first they talked easily. Gay
inconsequential chatter—of the
shop—of Jeanette—Ken told
incidents of his college days. He
spoke of Tom Corbett, who owned
the ark with him.

"We roomed together at the
university. Tom's a piece of
fellow. I'll bring him in sometime
to meet you. I've an idea Jeanette
likes him pretty well. Maybe
he'd come today. Jeanette would
have forgot to remember her
house party. Oh, well, we don't
miss 'em do we, Mary?"

Her gaze wandered. Broke away
from his confusion. She gave a
shaky little laugh.

"I should say not! It's their loss—"
And suddenly she could not go
on.

Silence growing between them.
Spreading. The wide sun-flooded
country was tremendous with ex-
pectancy. The air between them
seemed with unspoken words.

She felt the weight of Ken's
gaze, but found of a sudden that
she could not lift her lashes. Her
heart set up a rapid pounding.

Ken had slipped from the rail.
He came over—seated himself
beside her on the couch.

Then his arms went about her—
his ardent face poised over her
own.

"Oh.... no!" Her own voice in

face poised just above her own,
between his narrowed lashes his
eyes were dark as ink.
"Crazy about you, Moth!" His
voice shook, though he tried to
make it light. "Like me a little?"
"A little." She tried to smile
and knew her lips were trembling.
"A lot!"
His breath was warm on her
lips. "You're beautiful, Moth. Too
beautiful. There ought to be a
law against you."
She tried to smile and felt
tears sting her eyes. "As beautiful
as Cecile Parker?" She could not
help that slipping out.
A small silence dropping be-
tween them, darkening the day.
His arms slipped from her. He sat
upright and his eyes went out
across the marsh.
"Cecile?" His voice was
dry. "What brought her to your
mind?"
Ardeth moistened her lips. Her
eyes were fastened on his tense
profile.
"On.... nothing. Just be-
cause you were with her that day
I saw you in the park. I suppose
you're great friends, aren't
you?"
"Oh, sure," he answered care-
lessly. "The Parkers are old fam-
ily friends of ours. They're just
mother and me left in our family,
you know. When I finished my
engineering course at college I
went into Mr. Parker's office.
They're all been mighty decent to
mother and me."

Something creeping between
them.... darkening the bright day.
"I thought.... I thought...."
she stammered.

"You thought I was rolling in
money—like the Parkers?" He
finished the thought for her.
"Thanks for the compliment. I'm
just a poor working man. Moth.
Supporting my mother like the
heroes of the Henry books I used
to read when I was a kid...."

Something odd in his tone when
he spoke of his mother. Ardeth
looked up quickly. He was staring
across the marshes, lost in thought.
His eyes were narrowed painfully.

Just a fleeting expression, gone
as soon as he noticed it—gone as
the cloud shadows passed over the
sloughs.

As though he felt her eyes he
looked down and his arms tight-
ened about her shoulders.

Blue fire kindled in his eyes
and he smiled.

"Why all the conversation,
sweetheart, when I could be kiss-
ing you?"
(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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