

Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION
EDITORIAL
1930

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Tell the World

UNSEEMLY as it is of persons to boast, it seems as though time simply must be taken to point again, with pride, facts about our really superb climate.

Readers of this column will remember that last summer and the summer before last, attention was called to the fact that in extreme hot weather, Roseburg temperature was lower than that of any inland point in western Oregon.

Now in the dead of winter, it simply must be pointed out that our climate is the most moderate of any inland point in western Oregon or in western Washington.

Again harking back to last year, you will recall that all points north and south of Roseburg had lots of snow. From one to two feet of snow was common. During that time the most snow ever on the ground here at any one time was SIX INCHES—this according to official weather bureau reports.

Did you read temperature minimum figures published yesterday? Here they are again for direct comparison, minimum temperature for the following points:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature. Salem 20, Albany 24, Eugene 26, ROSEBURG 30, Wolf Creek 18, Medford 22.

These figures were compiled by the Associated Press. They speak for themselves. Not only that, but weather figures daily tell the same tale of exceptional climate in Roseburg.

Seems as though we should do MORE shouting about this climate of ours. You cannot readily account for the reason that we have a milder climate than points comparatively nearby, but it is true, so we should tell the world about it.

News Briefs

MOBILE, Ala., Dec. 30 — The seizure of the rum laden auxiliary schooner Deauville, flying the British flag, off Mobile bar, was announced yesterday by coast guard officials.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30 — Bootleg liquor prices have gone up 5 per cent in California and Nevada as a result of recent extensive raids on hills, said Col. George Sawyer, assistant district prohibition administrator.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 30 — William Lombardo, 19, a gangster, died yesterday of bullet wounds inflicted Friday by several men in an automobile who shot him down in front of his home. Lombardo was carrying on police records as a gun runner and whiskey runner and was also known to be an associate of wholesale narcotic sellers and extortionists.

ERIE, Pa., Dec. 30 — Lieutenant Harold Sherwood, Brooks field, Texas, on his way to visit his parents at Waterford, Pa., twenty miles north of here, crashed to his death yesterday on a farm adjoining that of his parents. The plane went into a dive and exploded.

EX-PRIMA DONNA DANGEROUSLY ILL

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
NEW YORK, Dec. 29 — Mrs. Marcella Sembrel, one-time prima donna of the opera, is seriously ill of gallstones at her Central Park apartment. She has cancelled all teaching engagements and is under a physician's care. She is 72.

KIPLING REACHES HIS 65TH BIRTHDAY

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
RIVERSIDE, Swazee, Dec. 30
Messages of greeting and congratulation-poured in today from all over the world to the beautiful Tudor house where Rudyard Kipling makes his home, the occasion being the famous author's sixty-fifth birthday.

24 THOUGHT LOST IN STEAMER WRECK

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
OSLO, Norway, Dec. 30 — The steamer Torffjord with a crew of 24 was believed here today to have been lost outside Egersund during a storm Saturday night. Wreckage from the vessel floated ashore.

WET ORGANIZATION ASKS OREGON DATA

SALEM, Ore., Dec. 30 — Raymond S. Lusk, Inc., a statistics

firm in Washington, D. C., retained by the Crusaders, an organization favoring the repeal of the 18th amendment, has written George Alexander, state prohibition commissioner, for information relative to the cost of prohibition enforcement in Oregon and the number of persons on the payroll of the state prohibition organization.

CHILEAN WATERS TAINTED BY QUAKE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
COQUIMBO, Chile, Dec. 30 — Green seas, reeking with an unnatural odor, washed the shores of northern Chile today in an aftermath to what is believed to have been a tremendous seismic disturbance far beneath the waters of the Pacific ocean.

The captain of the port here issued an official warning to inhabitants not to bathe in the water or to touch it, since an examination had revealed a considerable quantity of animal matter, apparently millions of fishes killed in the shock.

REVIVALS SET BY SALVATION ARMY

A series of special evangelistic meetings are to be conducted at the Salvation Army hall, starting with a watch night service at 8 o'clock Wednesday night. The meetings are to continue each night under the direction of Rev. and Mrs. M. W. Gilliam of Kenos, Oregon.

Letters From the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this column should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 400 words in length, must be signed by the writer, whose full address must accompany the communication.

YOUR TOWN AND MY TOWN

Editor News-Review: This is your town and my town, and that means that those who live within the corporate limits, but those who live in the surrounding rural districts, who make this town their trading center, who attend its churches and whose sons and daughters are enrolled in its schools. This then is our town.

We have helped build it up together, we have made it a better place to live in and given it its character as a representative "American" community. We have worked together and played together; we have enjoyed prosperity together and suffered adversity together; and both have served to bind us more closely to each other.

There is one institution in our town which "can't" lay claim to no small part in making our community what it is. That is the "news" paper. Chronicle of the news which keeps the people of our community informed of the activities of their neighbors and therefore gives them a better opportunity to know one another; interpreter of the spirit of our community; of its needs and its needs to make it a better community; and leader in the movements which answers those needs and promotes the welfare of our community.

And in this glad season when we all can know the joy of giving, let us add to our list just one more duty—a duty of loyalty to our community. Let us highly resolve to carry over into the new year the spirit of good fellowship and work for the interest of our fellow man, thereby making happy homes, a prosperous community and our town a better town. Then at the close of 1931 we can review with admiration of its needs and its needs to make it a better community; and leader in the movements which answers those needs and promotes the welfare of our community.

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Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)
you grow anything BUT the best. That's good marketing sense.

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS FROM SA

linas to Santa Maria, you cross the Salinas river often than an adding machine can count.

That is, they call it a river, it hasn't any water in it, and when the wind blows down its bed the dust cloud that rises can be seen for miles.

But at least it serves something for the contractors to build bridges over.

A.I.I. the rivers down this way

who died in this metropolis of the West just died. Telling a friend about it, he said:

"When Sadie went and threw me over after stringing me alone all these months, making me think I was the only guy, I was pretty low in my mind.

"Going home, I had to cross the bridge, and I was feeling so shabby that I'd have jumped over the rail and ended it all right there in the Los Angeles river if I hadn't hated so bad to get my clothes dusty."

You can believe that tale or not, but you must sympathize with the boy after crossing these rivers down here a few dozen times.

CARD OF THANKS

We want to thank father's friends for all kindnesses shown him during his residence here, especially Rev. Marlin and his church family. Also to Commandant and Mrs. Starmer and assistants, especially the nurses who were so kind during his last illness.

Mrs. Kate Robb, Spalding, Miss Nellie M. Spalding, Mrs. J. E. Marsh, Portland.

TILLIE THE TOILER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

MIDDLE western scientists have just described a lot of prehistoric bones. Probably an ancient race of crag shooters.

Excuse It Please — When a man is married, there's no use talking.

Efficiency Experts — The tightwad who knocked out his dog's teeth so he wouldn't have to buy him any meat.

American Tragedies — The absent-minded sufferer who went up to his own door and tried to sell his wife some insurance for her husband.

Stop, Look and Listen — There's a railroad so slow that the commuters go down to the station tomorrow to catch yesterday's trains.

Pitiful Cases — When a woman has so many wrinkles on her face that the mosquitoes go in them to hide.

Null and Void — The fellow who goes courting with a lantern in case his girl's lights should go out.

Vital Statistics — There'd be fewer divorcees if more people would stay married.

You're Right — I. O. U.'s are letters of credit.

Our Own Vaudeville — Teacher: Johnny — what's a dogma? Johnny — A puppy's mother.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

NOT so long ago I wrote about food poisoning. I did not mention that indigestion may be caused by poor posture. This will amaze you, but nevertheless it is true. It may be the only cause for abdominal distress.

When you picture a West Pointer complaining of a headache, or dizziness, or eruptions after a meal? It is not because he wears a pretty uniform but because he is taught the proper posture for his body, that he does not suffer from the evil effects of crowded abdominal organs.

When we stand erect the muscles of the abdomen are in their proper place. In this position they give the necessary support, not only to the abdomen, but to what is known as the "splanchnic circulation." The splanchnic circulation gives off the main body supply to the stomach, liver, intestines and spleen. These are the organs that are so important in the proper digestion of food, and of the elimination of poisons. When we slouch or stand improperly we hinder this circulation.

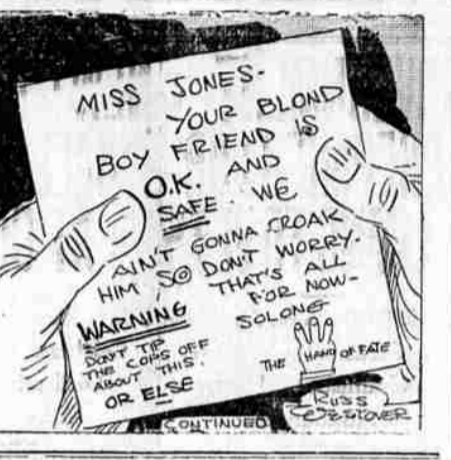
I was at West Point recently and talking with the wife of an army officer on this very subject. She told me how her husband, twenty-five years ago, insisted that she stand up like a cadet. He taught her the importance of "drawing in the stomach" and standing erect. For six months, she said, it required constant thought, but after a while, that correct posture came to be second nature. Now she stands up like a major general.

Headaches, nausea, "biliousness," lack of appetite, nervousness and habitual constipation, may be caused by poor posture. As we grow older these complaints become more frequent, for the muscles tend to relax.

It is of great importance that the advantage of proper posture be impressed upon the young. Children should be emphatically corrected wherever there is any tendency to poor posture. This should be the rule from earliest childhood. Do not expect the school teacher to do all the work. Correct and instruct your children at home as to proper posture and methods of walking.

Persons who slouch when sitting are likely to walk in a careless fashion. They slump forward with the stomach thrust out, shoulders rounded, and the arms dangling in front of them. These same people know the proper method of walk-

Why Mac Disappeared



Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Eighty years ago there came to what is now Douglas county a group of pioneers whose arrival in the Oregon country with that first wagon train in 1843 had much to do with the earliest history of the state and its development.

Something of the possibilities in the then unknown empire lying along the northwest coast and west of the Rockies, was a man named George A. Burt and Charles Applegate, both of whom settled in the beautiful valley where Yoncalla now nestles at the foot of the mountains. Burt selected the land that was in later years to become a part of the town site for Yoncalla, and Applegate is being two daughters of this pioneer, besides other descendants. These ladies are Mrs. Samler and Miss Sue Burt. Their mother's maiden name was Ellen Applegate, and she came west from Missouri with that now historic first wagon train in 1843. Both the Burt and Applegate families settled in you said in 1850, eighty years ago this last summer. Miss Sue Burt and Mrs. Samler are granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Applegate. Another pioneer who crossed with that 1843 wagon train was Lindsay Applegate, and he located on a donation land claim of some 600 acres that was about two miles from where Yoncalla now stands. This property is now the farm of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Brown, residents of Yoncalla. That land claim is known at this time as the Oak Ridge farm. Those early pioneers lived amidst the dangers of attack by Indians, as the whole country was claimed by various tribes, some of them not any too friendly.

She looked at her own white reflection in the mirror with disdainful eyes. That was right — let a lie make her look guilty. Was that the sort of thing her pride fashioned to suffer? Then she deserved to suffer! Whipping up her courage with contempt — hot thought seething behind a cold pride. Struggling back to a measure of self control.

At four, the next afternoon, the phone rang. She found herself mute and trembling at the sound of Ken's voice.

"Ardeith — have you seen this week's Spy? That thing — her reply he went on in a hot rage. "What a rotten thing. If I could get my hands in that beast — whoever it is. Don't you care, sweetheart. Everyone who knows you will know it's just another of the dirty lies. I'm going down to the printer. I'll find out who that sneak is and he'll print a retraction on the front page or I'll twist his head off!"

She had suddenly galvanized into life. She was clinging to the phone saying, in a frantic voice, "No! No, Ken, Listen to me — you mustn't do that. Don't you see — it would only make more talk. It would get in the daily papers — it would be dreadful! Oh, don't you see?"

"Ardeith, do you know who The Spy is?" Ken's tone was grim.

"She shook her head violently, as though he could see her. Shook it until the hair flapped against her face.

"No! Of course not! But you mustn't try to find out. Can't you see — to take notice of it would show that we recognized ourselves. Even Ardeith saw that — what else?"

"But I'm not going to let some sneak get away with that! I'm going to find out somehow and when I do —"

"Ken! Ken!" she was imporing now, "you must listen to me. Please — please! Don't you see, you can't get him for what he wrote. Not legal! He said you left here late. It's true. He can prove it. And if you fight him — why it will just get people to talk. They'll think what they please, anyway. Don't you see, dear?"

She was crying in her earnestness.

The man was still for a moment, only singing emptiness coming over the wire to her. When he spoke again the fire had gone from his voice — he sounded very tired.

"But to have to sit helpless while some one snubs us in the back..."

"It's the only thing we can do with safety."

Another long moment, and when he spoke again his voice was beaten.

"Whatever I do seems to hurt you, Ardeith. I just bring you trouble and unhappiness. It's like the old idea of Greek tragedy. No matter how well intentioned a fellow may be — no matter how he may struggle to go in one direction, he's pre-destined to go the other way. I'm sorry, Ardeith. It's all I can say. I shouldn't have come that night. A rotten thing to do — to get you into my own mess. Forgive me."

"Oh — of course. Of course." She was crying.

"Well — Goodbye. I want to see you, of course, but it's too dangerous. But I had to talk to you. Goodbye, sweetheart."

"Ken!" she cried. But the click on the wire told her that he had hung up.

She replaced the receiver. Looked about the room with vacant eyes as one coming out of a daze. Fortunately, there was no one in here.

She went swiftly to the rear room. Washed her hot face. Patted it with the powder puff. She found herself wondering how Ken had discovered the article.

She was not to find out the answer to that until she went out to see Mary Eastwood later in the week.

Girl Unafraid

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
"Ken knows much, my cousin Leo. What this Cyril Underhill does. Who calls him —" she suddenly checked herself. Stated a side-wise look at the girl. Made a little gesture with her hands. "Well, I have told you because I like you a lot, Miss Carroll. But you will say nothing of course."

Ardeith was silent, turning over in her mind the information she had just received. She did not doubt the truth of Ardeith's statement for a moment. She knew the network of relationships which bound together San Francisco's Chinese. She knew the cleverness of these excellent operators who could hear and see all and say nothing — at least to no white person.

Chinatown could ring with the affairs of Pacific avenue, but Pacific avenue would never guess it. It was Ardeith's personal loyalty alone which had allowed even this much to seep out of her.

So Cyril Underhill was The Spy. Her face burned as she remembered the days he had been down here, petted and patronized by the very women he was secretly stabbing in the back.

She remembered him standing, dark and elegant by the Coramandal screen, reading excerpts from the scandalous articles he had secretly written, encouraged by malicious feminine laughter.

But Cyril Underhill was The Spy. It would be like her to appreciate the spiteful humor of this being behind the scenes. Or was Cecil deceived and worked as well? Was this man of no loyalties leading her on, too?

But Ardeith was right. Ardeith thought with a sudden maddening sense of impotence. Her hands were tied with her knowledge. If she told this to Ken — her heart leaped with fright. Ken would kill the sneak. It would mean a scandal which would bring the world down about their ears.

To expose Cyril Underhill would release scandals whose ramifications would shake an upheaval which would shake a city to its social depths.

No. Not yet. Wait! and in the meantime do nothing which could bring this scandal-monger down upon her defenseless head.

That night, when Ardeith had left, Ardeith went to the little alley in the rear of the shop.

The quick winter night had fallen. It was black and cold in here. Tall lofty buildings frowned down on two sides. The end of the blind alley was formed by her own little shop.

Ardeith had left the night lamp burning in the rear room and now she pressed her face to the window pane, where the paint had worn thin.

Objects in the room were plainly visible through the pink light. Anyone in there would be recognizable to one watching from the alley.

Just so had Cyril Underhill stood peering in the night. Ken had come down here, broken and lonely. He had watched the impassioned scene. He had seen Ken leave in the early morning hours.

The girl closed her eyes for a moment and sobbed.

The thought was like a snake coiled in her path. She repainted the window panes. She hung heavy curtains before it and drew them close at night. But she could not draw a curtain over that disquieting knowledge in her own mind.

The venomous attack left her painfully self-conscious. She dreaded attending to the store the next day. She flinched whenever a customer glanced at her. Something of defiant courage gone from her. She tried to gain it back by lashing herself with self-censor.

She had told Tom that she was unafraid. Had told that to Mary, and then she was in panic at the first thrust of a coward's sword.

She looked at her own white reflection in the mirror with disdainful eyes. That was right — let a lie make her look guilty. Was that the sort of thing her pride fashioned to suffer? Then she deserved to suffer! Whipping up her courage with contempt — hot thought seething behind a cold pride. Struggling back to a measure of self control.

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SOVIET IN RETAIL BUSINESS AND HOW!

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

MOSCOW, Dec. 30.—The Soviet government is entering the retail business.

"Twenty-five 'open shops' have been inaugurated in Moscow by the commissariat of supply, where, at price, anyone may buy anything available at any time. Food, clothing and virtually everything to be found in the cooperatives is to be found here also, with the Kulabs, or landed peasantry, clergymen and former aristocrats who are prohibited from patronizing the cooperatives sought as customers.

The prices are high. Twenty-five dollars a pound, rice \$1.25 a pound, smoked sausage six dollars a pound, a head of cabbage one dollar, apples one dollar a pound.

Despite the high charges, crowds of eager purchasers may be seen about the stores. It is somewhat of a mystery where the money is coming from, but apparently the outcast classes still have some funds and jewels concealed, while many receive money from friends and relatives abroad.

As high as are the prices, they are lower than those of the fast disappearing modern Russian private trader and apparently he soon will be forced out of business. The presumption here is that the government feels if there is money to be made in this private trading with the outcast classes the government might as well profit as the traders, whom it was always frowned upon.

Canyonville Instructor Here— Prof. and Mrs. C. A. Campbell, of Canyonville spent Monday in Roseburg looking after business matters and shopping. Prof. Campbell has taught in Canyonville and vicinity for the past several years.

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Let your voice say "Happy New Year" to the folks at home

START the New Year with wishes of happiness. The cost is low. And even lower, if you call "station-to-station"—the term used to describe inter-city calls when you will talk with anyone who answers. "Information" will gladly give you the number if you don't know it. It's easy to make an inter-city call.

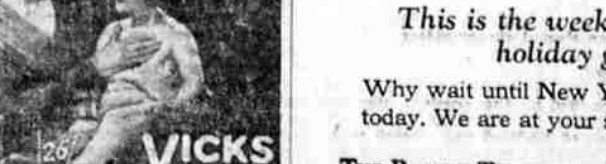
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