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**The New Year Is Here**

YESTERDAY we tore the last  
 yellowed leaf from the old  
 1930 calendar. Now before us in  
 all its radiant newness is the sheaf  
 of leaves smeared with figures de-  
 noting the months, the weeks and  
 the days of 1931. What will they  
 bring?

"We know now and perhaps even  
 too well what 1930 brought. And  
 still, we are alive and most of us  
 here on the west coast of these  
 United States of America are reason-  
 ably comfortable and happy."

"A pessimist is of no earthly use  
 to anybody—his is a disease often  
 contagious."

"There is a story that goes some-  
 thing like this: A very much dis-  
 couraged and pessimistic travelling  
 salesman stood on the railing of  
 a bridge about ready to jump over-  
 board, a suicide. Before the fatal  
 leap was made a passing police-  
 man accosted the man, asking  
 him to wait and talk things over.

They talked for a time and then  
 went for a walk around the block.  
 When they returned to the bridge,  
 the story goes, they both climbed  
 up on top of the railing and jump-  
 ed into the river.

"We are told there is a world-  
 wide business depression but it  
 will end. A wise old farmer was  
 asked by an impatient one: "Oh,  
 will this rain never stop?" The  
 reply was, "Well, it always has."

If you are preparing a set of re-  
 solutions inscribe this little bit  
 of advice in the back of the book  
 some place: If you own something  
 and do not absolutely have to sell  
 it—keep it. If you have in mind  
 buying something—buy it. The  
 same truth applies in either case,  
 prices will seldom ever be lower  
 than now.

The man who waits and tries  
 to wait for the absolute peak is  
 nearly always wrong.

However, a new year begins  
 today. The page is turned, the  
 last leaf of the old calendar thrown  
 away. Let's brush the cobwebs  
 out of our thinking apparatus and  
 sit down to face facts and figure  
 the coming year out. Hysteria,  
 gloom talk, pessimism will cause  
 no wheels to turn. If we will put  
 both feet on the ground, keep our  
 chin up and begin 1931 with faith  
 and courage in our hearts, it will  
 not be such a bad new year.

**Oregon Editors' Opinions**

(Reedport Courier)

ABOUT four years ago two peo-  
 ple, man and wife, approached  
 a local real estate dealer and  
 offered to buy a piece of property.  
 If suitable terms could be arranged,  
 these terms were quickly ar-  
 ranged, for there are few places  
 in the country where property can  
 be purchased upon as attractive  
 terms as Reedport and vicinity.

This couple ordered a small  
 amount of lumber, built a two  
 room house and then set diligently  
 about clearing, fencing, cultivating  
 and, of course, paying for the  
 property.

At times employment was  
 scarce, but they worked their prop-  
 erty, building fences, chicken  
 houses, bee hives, and raising gar-  
 den truck. Today they not only  
 have the property paid for, but  
 are buying two larger tracts of  
 land in the vicinity of Reedport.

During the year 1929 they sold  
 \$706.57 worth of chickens and  
 eggs, approximately \$169.00 worth  
 of honey and bees, receiving them  
 prices about \$250.00. This money  
 does not include an abundant sup-  
 ply of fresh eggs for home use  
 and many chicken dinners, as well  
 as all necessary garden truck for  
 their table, in addition to this  
 sum of money they have eight-hen  
 stands of bees, and 250 chickens  
 or hens on hand.

This income is equivalent to six  
 and one half months of employ-  
 ment in the mills at the present  
 part time schedule.

There is little excuse for many  
 other families not being equally  
 well situated, for property can be  
 bought for ten dollars down and  
 ten dollars per month. It is not  
 necessary to erect a six or seven  
 room house with baths, furnaces,  
 and fireplaces, for a beginning.

There are those who may envy  
 Mr. and Mrs. Crampton's accom-  
 plishments, but it was luck that  
 any one could have duplicated by  
 "WORKING." It is just as easy  
 to make your pastime, hobby, or  
 recreation some productive enter-  
 prise, as it is to while it away  
 attending every event in the coun-  
 try side.

This community buys annually  
 from outside \$50,000.00 worth of  
 vegetables and approximately \$50,

100 dozen eggs, all at two prem-  
 iums one for the broker and one  
 for the freight carrier. We need  
 many more vegetable farms, many  
 more chickens, and more families  
 with the industry of the Cramp-  
 tons.

Recent figures show that two  
 of the leading down town grocery  
 stores buy annually fourteen thou-  
 sand dollars worth of local pro-  
 duce exclusive of eggs and pota-  
 toes, and that they must buy many  
 times that amount from outside  
 brokers, for they cannot be pur-  
 chased here. There is no substitute  
 for individual industry.

(Cooa Bay Times)  
 A news dispatch from Washing-  
 ton tells us that 25 Washington  
 cities are seeking the two million  
 dollar soldiers' home provided by  
 congressional action for the north-  
 west. Oregon's best bet for this  
 home is Roseburg.

The race is to the strong and  
 the swift. Roseburg has no inside  
 track for this great construction.  
 IF SHE GETS IT, SHE WILL GET  
 IT THROUGH CONCERTED ACTION  
 ON THE PART OF THE STATE OF  
 OREGON AND THE SUPPORT OF THOSE TOWNS  
 AND COMMUNITIES IMMEDIATELY  
 IN HER DISTRICT AND ROSEBURG IS  
 ENTITLED TO THIS SUPPORT.

It is Washington versus Oregon  
 before congress over this issue. If  
 Roseburg gets the home, it will be  
 because Oregon has brought more  
 united influence to bear; and if  
 she loses it will be because Cooa  
 Bay, Southwestern Oregon, South-  
 ern Oregon, Grants Pass, Medford,  
 Eugene, and other Oregon cities  
 and districts have permitted Wash-  
 ington cities and districts to out-  
 general them.

If Oregon cities and districts  
 would rally to Roseburg strongly  
 enough to WIN THIS SOLDIERS'  
 HOME, it would be far more than  
 a \$2,000,000 victory; it would mean  
 the development of state unity and  
 harmony that must come before  
 Oregon is in the race with Wash-  
 ington and California.

**ROY LYLE WILL GET NEW U. S. DRY JOB**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
 SPOKANE, Jan. 1.—The Chronicle  
 says it is advised that Dr. James  
 Doran, federal commissioner  
 of industrial alcohol, would  
 name Roy C. Lyle, former dry chief  
 in the northwest, as a supervisor  
 in the industrial alcohol bureau.

Lyle was suspended before his  
 acquittal in Seattle of liquor con-  
 spiracy charges and no place was  
 found for him after the prohibition  
 reorganization until today. Sena-  
 tor Wesley L. Jones, Washington,  
 author of the "Five-and-ten" law,  
 requested his reinstatement.

The paper said Lyle is to be  
 supervisor of the 12th district.

**ONE ARMED CONVICT FUGITIVE IS SLAIN**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
 SALTSMOUTH, N. C., Jan. 1.—  
 Otto Wood, North Carolina's most  
 notorious criminal, was shot to  
 death in a gun battle here yester-  
 day with Police Chief R. L. Rankin  
 and Policeman J. W. Keefer.  
 The one armed escaped convict,  
 widely known for his ability  
 to break jail, fired two shots at  
 the officers before a bullet from  
 Rankin's gun struck him in the  
 head.

**BOAT FISHING IN MCKENZIE TO STOP**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
 EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 1.—Perma-  
 nent closing of the McKenzie  
 river to boat fishing, from its  
 source to the Belknap bridge, and  
 from Leadburg dam to the outlet,  
 five miles downstream, and the  
 closing for a four-year period from  
 Belknap bridge to Blue river, was  
 the course decided upon by the  
 state game commission this week,  
 David Evans, commissioner, an-  
 nounced yesterday.

The commission based its deci-  
 sion upon what was best for fish  
 in that stream, Evans said.

**Editorials on News**

(Continued from page 1)

see in this situation the hand of  
 God.

AND don't forget that it was an  
 Oregonian, John Marshall  
 who, while helping to dig the rail  
 race for Sutter's mill, picked up the  
 first gold nugget found in Califor-  
 nia and so started the gold rush of  
 '49, which, as already noted,  
 furnished the financial strength  
 that was instrumental in enabling  
 the North to win the Civil War.

COLORADO, hold reign of the  
 civil race that ravished the  
 mild people of Spanish America  
 after their accumulated gold.

It is fitting, perhaps, that on the  
 beach that bears his name there  
 should be nifty hotels that ravish  
 the tourist of his hoarded gold as  
 efficiently, though much less pain-  
 fully, as ever the Spaniards of the  
 Middle Ages cashed their money.

But such is the fact. If you don't  
 believe it, come down here and pay  
 a week's bill for room and board.

THE Silver Strand. It is thus  
 that they named, euphony,  
 the strip of beach that runs south  
 from Coronado toward the purple  
 mountains of Mexico.

It is a euphonious name, and it  
 is a lovely beach. And here, in  
 the dying days of December, when  
 the wild blizzards howl over the  
 plains of the great interior, people  
 go surf bathing, and enjoy it, and  
 afterwards lie in the warm sand  
 and soak up the sunshine that AL-  
 MOST never fails.

This far southern tip of Califor-  
 nia has much to recommend it,  
 along about this time of the year.

**TILLIE THE TOILER**



**Not So Easy to Collect**



**Maybe I'm Wrong**

By J. P. MEDBURY

IT'S funny how water always  
 freezes with the slippery side  
 up.

Pitiful Cases—A raccoon is a lit-  
 tle animal that has to die in order  
 to keep college boys warm.

Null and Void—The fellow who  
 set an alarm clock in the middle of  
 the night and tried to catch him-  
 self snoring.

Vital Statistics—Every man is a  
 bachelor until some woman inter-  
 rupts him.

Efficiency Experts—The bank  
 president who encouraged his  
 daughter to marry the cashier so  
 if he ran away with the funds, the  
 money would still be in the family.

Excuse it Please—The average  
 dairy is the same as a Spa. They're  
 both watering places.

Wonder of Nature—The discus  
 thrower who swats flies with man-  
 hole covers.

Auto Suggestion—In some states  
 now, it's against the law to run  
 over a pedestrian on Sunday.

Social Accomplishments—Living  
 within your roommate's income.

Our Own Vaudeville—Brown:  
 That fellow in a self-made man  
 Black: That's what I thought. He  
 looks like he knocked off work too  
 soon.  
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**Talks on Health**

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

WHAT does the New Year day  
 mean to you?  
 Is it a day of regret, or one of  
 hopeful outlook? What is your at-  
 titude toward the coming year?

It is the ambition, the imagination,  
 the foresight of man that  
 makes him different from the low-  
 er animals. He can plan, and, hav-  
 ing planned, can make his dream  
 come true.

It is natural for one to trans-  
 late life into terms of health. I  
 do this because long experience  
 has taught me that, in comparison,  
 nothing else counts.

One of the comforting facts of  
 today is that the horrid concep-  
 tions, medicines and local applica-  
 tions of other days have been  
 thrown into the rubbish heap. They  
 have been discarded by all think-  
 ing persons. They did very well  
 in the ignorant past, but in 1931  
 we are more enlightened.

Right living is known now to be  
 more important than all the pre-  
 ceptions that can be written. Dis-  
 ease and death are defeated by  
 preserving the body, rather than  
 by "curing" it, or repairing it.

There will never come a time  
 when the family physician, and  
 the specialists, too, will not be  
 needed. But more and more, their  
 task will be to keep us well, not  
 to get us well. By their timely ad-  
 vice we shall be turned away from  
 practices that result in harm. Early  
 attention will help them to help us.  
 They are consultants whose  
 services should not be neglected.  
 In this capacity they are really  
 as essential for mankind as the  
 choice of clothes, that must, ne-  
 cessarily, depend upon the form of  
 entertainment.

**UNDER HEAVY BAIL ON GIRL'S CHARGE**

(Associated Press Leased Wire)  
 PORTLAND, Dec. 31.—Robert  
 W. Stratton, 28, of Idaho Falls, Ida-  
 ho, was bound over to the grand jury  
 today at his preliminary hearing  
 on charges of threatening to kill  
 Nedra Smith, 18-year-old girl he  
 had known three weeks. Bail was  
 set at \$15,000.

The complaint was signed by  
 the father of the girl. Miss Smith  
 declared Stratton struck her over  
 the head with a pistol.  
 Police say Stratton is wanted in  
 Idaho Falls for questioning in con-  
 nection with grand larceny and  
 forgery charges.

**Around... The County**

By R. B. WOOD

After the fight with Indians at  
 Battle Rock, just off the shore line  
 at Port Orford in 1851, at which  
 time the pioneers took refuge on  
 that now historic  
 old monument  
 that rises abruptly  
 by out of the sea,  
 Cyrus Hedden,  
 one of the party,  
 spent considerable  
 time exploring  
 the country.  
 He later joined a  
 surveying party  
 and went into the  
 interior where they  
 were not long in  
 getting lost in the  
 great  
 forests and mountain  
 ranges of what  
 now constitutes  
 part of the great  
 Douglas and Coos coun-  
 ties. The area  
 wandered around, according  
 to a story told by John Hedden,  
 son of Cyrus Hedden, the former  
 being a resident of Scottsburg,  
 until they finally stumbled onto the  
 waters of the Coquille River.  
 They followed the course of the  
 stream through the gorges and  
 along steep mountain sides until  
 they came to quiet water, finally  
 securing a couple of dugouts in  
 which they embarked. Discovering  
 a group of Indians fishing along  
 the shore after a trip down  
 stream, the surveyors concluded to  
 land and scrape acquaintance with  
 the party of fishermen. Cyrus  
 Hedden's experience with Indians  
 led him to urge caution, and he ad-  
 vised against the scheme of mak-  
 ing a landing. His suggestion was  
 not given serious consideration,  
 and the canoes were headed to-  
 ward shore, the whole party land-  
 ing near the Indians, and no soon-  
 er had this been done when the  
 savages started a fight, and things  
 got to a white heat in a few  
 minutes. Outclassed by the white  
 man's firearms, the Indians soon  
 fled to the beach, leaving the sur-  
 veyors in possession of the field,  
 but with a wholesome respect for  
 Mr. Hedden's knowledge of the na-  
 tives' method of warfare.

It was only a short time after  
 this experience that Cyrus Hedden  
 came to the lower Umpqua river  
 section and located at where  
 Scottsburg sprang into existence  
 as the chief city in southern Ore-  
 gon. This was in 1852, and the  
 young pioneer, then 32 years of  
 age, began his mercantile career.  
 Twenty miles up river, opposite  
 where Elkton now is, the Hudson  
 Bay company had established a  
 trading post in 1822. This was the  
 first white settlement in the great  
 empire country that in later years  
 was reclaimed the Umpqua basin.  
 This trader's post was in charge of  
 John Garvin, a French Canadian,  
 and was operated for twenty years  
 or more, the principal business be-  
 ing purchase of furs from Indians  
 and white trappers, and supplying  
 those men and what few families  
 there were with groceries, fire-  
 wood, whiskey and tobacco. These  
 products were exchanged for furs,  
 and a thriving trade was enjoyed  
 by the Hudson Bay company for all  
 that time. With the opening of  
 Cyrus Hedden's store at Scotts-  
 burg, which was at tide water, and  
 20 miles nearer the coast, both In-  
 dians and trappers found it de-  
 sirable to trade there. In addition,  
 the place immediately began tak-  
 ing on the importance of a point of  
 distribution for all the inland coun-  
 try, including that territory now  
 comprising Lane, Douglas, Jose-  
 phine and Jackson counties, and  
 northern California as far south as  
 Yreka.

The Hedden store has been con-  
 tinuously operated ever since it  
 was established and is owned by  
 all authorities to be the oldest  
 mercantile establishment in Ore-  
 gon. Cyrus Hedden, the founder of  
 this business, was born in 1820,  
 lived in Scottsburg from the time  
 he settled there in 1852 until his  
 death in 1911 at the age of 91.  
 John Hedden was associated with  
 his father in the business for many  
 years, and still serves the people  
 of the lower river section, the store  
 of today occupying practically the  
 same spot that it did when the

**Advice to Girls**

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:  
 About three months ago I met  
 a young man one year older than  
 I, whose friendship I refused be-  
 cause I have planned to have a  
 career. I realize now that I thought  
 of him that I pretended and I  
 have been told that he is a  
 lot of me, but when he became  
 so serious the first time I went  
 with him, it frightened me so I  
 wouldn't go again. He came back  
 several times and the last time  
 he acted as if he were angry as  
 I didn't even talk to him and he  
 went back to his home several  
 hundred miles from here. Do you  
 think that he might come back to  
 see me again some day? He  
 seemed to be a perfect gentleman  
 I'm afraid he thought I was just  
 flirting. Do you think he could  
 tell?

When he found that I didn't ap-  
 prove of getting he seemed to  
 have respect for me and he didn't  
 kiss me.

Thank you, DABE.  
 BABE: As the young man is  
 aware of your stand you take  
 on the question of getting, I do  
 not think that he is of the opinion  
 that you were merely flirting with  
 him. Why not sit down and write  
 him a nice friendly letter, telling  
 him that although it may not have  
 been obvious to him, you have al-  
 ways enjoyed his visits to your  
 town. If he cares for you as much  
 as he claimed to at first, he  
 should be very glad of your letter  
 and it should be sufficient to start  
 a resumption of your friendship.

DEAR NANCY LEE:  
 I have been thinking about a  
 few questions:

1. Is it the proper thing for a  
 girl of 16, in a small city of 10,000  
 people, to make her debut?  
 2. If so, what should a girl friend  
 of hers wear?

What is the usual entertain-  
 ment at such a thing? Hoping,  
 PATS.  
 PATS: The debut, in the usual  
 sense of the word, is a custom  
 adhered to only by members of a  
 society in large metropolitan centers,  
 where the debut usually takes the  
 form of a magnificent ball, and  
 costs a small fortune. But, if you  
 feel that you would like to be for-  
 mally introduced into your world of  
 friends and acquaintances why not  
 give a nice tea party, either at  
 your home or at a hotel? Or, per-  
 haps, your parents and the parents  
 of some friends could arrange a  
 supper-dance for you and your  
 friends, for very often the parents  
 of society "buds" join forces to  
 arrange such an affair. As to the  
 choice of clothes, that must, ne-  
 cessarily, depend upon the form of  
 entertainment.

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 the head with a pistol.  
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 Idaho Falls for questioning in con-  
 nection with grand larceny and  
 forgery charges.

**Girl Unafraid**

By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XL.  
 It was as though her thought  
 summed him. A rattle at the  
 front door and there was a florist  
 boy with a large square box. Even  
 before she lifted the cover Ardeth  
 knew it came from Ken.  
 Large double white violets. A  
 fragrant mass, crisp and sweet  
 and somehow smelling of the  
 brown wet earth.  
 No word with them. She needed  
 no word.

When Tom came to drive her  
 out to Mary's she was waiting for  
 him with her wraps on, and there  
 was a bunch of white violets  
 pinned to her coat collar. Tom's  
 watchful eyes saw that she had  
 not given it. It was a quiet drive  
 out to Mary's.

Impossible to be sad at Mary's  
 house, a cheerful glow of candle-  
 light and holly. With Fred, tall  
 and grinning behind his new pipe.  
 With the Chickadee ecstatically  
 embracing everyone's knees and  
 incoherent with delight.

"If the child hasn't become an  
 idiot through sheer excitement I'll  
 be thankful!" Mary explained as  
 she carried Ardeth away to the  
 bedroom to lay off her wraps. "She  
 was too little to get the idea of  
 Christmas last year, but I think it  
 will take her until Easter to re-  
 cover."

So Mary chattered and all the  
 time her eyes were regarding  
 Ardeth with a queer uncertain  
 look as the girl stood before the  
 mirror.

Ardeth was altogether lovely  
 today in a maroon crepe, which  
 flung her tender throat, and  
 into warm relief and made a flame  
 of her tawny hair. A long string  
 of carved ivory beads and the  
 white violets added the necessary  
 contrast.

Mary spoke the words having  
 an odd reluctance, as though they  
 were dragged from her against  
 her will.

"Ardeth—did you know that  
 Ken and Cecile have separated?"  
 Eyes suddenly large and dark  
 in a white face Ardeth turned to  
 face her.

"Cecile's mother told Mrs. Ark-  
 ins. They're thicker than thieves,  
 you know. Ever since that Spy-  
 thing came out Cecile's been a  
 demon."

Ardeth's hand had crept up to  
 her throat, frantically twisting  
 ivory beads.

"It was just a couple of days  
 ago, Mary went on. Then, bit-  
 terly, "Must good it will do. Not  
 for Ken nor you—oh, my dear  
 child, don't look so!"

With a soft rush she rose, took  
 the girl in her arms. "I told you,  
 Ardeth, so you wouldn't hear it  
 from someone else and be startled.  
 But it means nothing, darling. She  
 won't give him up legally. She's  
 too selfish, too spiteful. She has  
 him in a cul-de-sac, Ardeth."

Mary felt the slender body  
 trembling, Ardeth's voice came  
 hoarsely, "Where—where is Ken  
 now?"

"I don't know. At a hotel, I  
 suppose. From what Mrs. Parker  
 told Phil's mother, the break in  
 final. Mary lifted her head  
 sharply as new voices filtered into  
 the bedroom. "The Ames have  
 come. I must go. Pull yourself  
 together, Ardeth child, and come  
 out and join us."

When she was gone, Ardeth  
 moved to the window.

"Ken had left Cecile... what  
 did that mean? Mary was right—  
 Cecile would never give Ken his  
 legal freedom. Things were un-  
 changed for herself.

Rain driving into a gray world.  
 Where was Ken on this rainy  
 Christmas? He would not be with  
 friends—he knew his sensitive  
 nature too well for that. Alone  
 and unhappy on Christmas. A  
 hotel room—dinner alone.

The girl had drooped against  
 the window frame, unshed tears  
 rising in her throat. Gray rain  
 lashing outside, and in her heart  
 a little hopeless prayer.

Carlyle Forsythe was giving a  
 New Year's eve party.

When Tom mentioned it—tak-  
 ing it for granted that she was  
 going with him, Ardeth had hesi-  
 tated. Unfair, to give Tom all her  
 spare time, ran her thoughts.  
 Unkind to lead him on in this  
 manner.

Tom's lips had a wry little  
 twist. "Don't be afraid, Ardeth.  
 This isn't leading up to another  
 proposal. I guess the silent part-  
 nership