

Roseburg News-Review
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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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RUSSELL CUNNINGHAM, the lost aviator pilot, has been found safe and unharmed and under his own power—not, however, on wings but on wheels. In this kind of weather, wheels may be safer, at that. Whether he realizes it or not, Cunningham has made a contribution to the advancement of aviation. He has shown that even under the worst possible conditions it is possible to come out safely enough. His flight tends to prove that as long as the motor of a plane functions, and so long as the pilot keeps his head and uses good judgment, there is no great danger to flying. Without doubt, Cunningham's long experience and cool judgment made it possible for him to save himself.

THURSDAY afternoon Clair Allen and his family started out in their car for a pleasant drive into the country. It was a beautiful afternoon and the family had no thought of danger as the car traveled at moderate pace down the broad paved highway. Suddenly a car approached them coming at terrific speed around a slight curve. The Allen car pulled over to the right side off the road but could not get away far enough. The oncoming car smashed into the Allen car, overturned it and now little Billie Allen lies in the hospital badly burned and with a broken leg.

THE annual Northwestern Turkey show which is held at Oakland each fall has more than five times more entrants than any other exhibit of turkeys held in the Northwest. Neither the Oregon State Fair nor the Pacific International Livestock exposition in Portland has any turkey exhibit at all compared with what we have just seen at Oakland although in a majority of cases Portland or Salem is much closer to the homes of those who entered birds in the Oakland show. This certainly speaks well for the initiative and enterprise of turkey growers in Douglas county.

THUS far this new year of 1931 looks a great deal like the one we have just finished. There is great hope in the heart of everyone now and not a blind hope either. This country had suffered through depression—even panics, before and the recovery has always been swift and sure. Business leaders are practically unanimous in voicing the opinion that there is no possibility of conditions growing worse. Since this is the case there is no such thing as a standstill in business life. We must be about ready for the long upward pull.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

AFTER years of search and research the scientific basis of "an apple a day keeps the doctor away" has at last been found. As partners, apples and health are inseparable, according to the National Apple Institute. The reason is that the apple contains the essential vitamins. It contains vitamin B, which increases appetite, promotes digestion, aids growth, protects and stimulates nerves and muscles and benefits nursing mothers. The absence of this same vitamin is noted by loss of weight and vigor, constipation, poverty, anemia, subnormal temperature, enlargement of adrenals, increase in size of heart, liver, kidneys, stomach, thyroid and other glands. Not to have vitamin B leads to impairment of muscles, to neuritis and to atrophy of certain lymphoid glands and even to paralysis. The apple also contains vitamin C, which builds resistance to disease besides serving as a regular liver-aid. The lack of it induces anemia, reduced hemoglobin content of the blood, reduced secretions, decrease in weight of bodily organs, infected and bleeding gums, defects of teeth, irritability, retarded growth, lack of stamina, congestion of internal organs and low resistance to disease. In fact, the apple has an indomitable power of which even the toughest fighter might be jealous. Not only is it a "balanced" perfect blend of mineral, vitamin, bulk and moisture carrying food, but "an apple a day drives fat away." Eat six or ten apples a day for a week, and these oils and weight will be reduced, runs the advice

of the experts, without the slightest discomfort or loss in health. And, of course, all this applies with exceptional force to the famous apples of the Pacific northwest. (Albany Democrat-Herald)

The forced landing of an airplane pilot in southern Oregon impresses on our minds the fact that air transportation's greatest danger lies in atmospheric conditions. Human ingenuity has brought the airplane to such a degree of mechanical perfection that there is little risk in flying so far as the plane itself is concerned. The inventive mind of man has devised engines that run without ceasing and planes that will stay in the air on an even keel so long as the motors continue to hum. Skill of the pilots in caring for the planes and operating them is such as to practically eliminate all chance for a mishap, as long as he refrains from stunt flying.

From the standpoint of control and operation the airplane is safer than automobiles, safe than trains and even safer than the old time horse and buggy.

But there remains for aviation one deadly enemy, namely the elements. Storms menace the safety but probably their greatest foe is fog and steel. Of all the dangers arising from the elements, undoubtedly that of fog is the greatest. For fog takes from the aviator all knowledge of his surroundings. He cannot see the contour of the ground beneath him. The landmarks are obscured, even the glaring beacons fail him. He becomes lost and is forced to make a landing onto the ground which he cannot see.

The worst air accidents of recent years have been those caused by fog and storm, where aviators, ignorant of their surroundings, have crashed against mountain tops or have lost their lives in making forced landings in the blackness of the fog.

Yet the mail airplanes must travel during the foggy weather. They must take the mail through to the end of the run. They must combat their most powerful enemy on unequal terms.

Piloting of planes during the fog of our western Oregon climate is a perilous business at best. It calls for nerve and courage. Some day the mind of man will find a way to overcome it, but the day has not arrived yet.

News Briefs

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3 — Ike Hoover, chief usher at the White House, has begun his 41st year of service there. In another capacity he began work in Harrison's administration.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3 — Dr. Margaret Mead, ethnologist and author, is preparing for another expedition to the South Seas by practicing dancing. She has found it assists her into the good graces of natives. Dr. Mead is the wife of Dr. R. F. Fortune, another ethnologist.

Uninvited Donkey Joins Dogs in Pursuit of Fox

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

TRING, Hertfordshire, Eng., Jan. 2 — A little gray donkey has joined the biggest thrill of the English hunting season and furnished hunters with many hearty laughs. A pack of deer hounds was being exercised near here yesterday when a donkey straying from a farm nearby suddenly trotted into their midst, brayed loudly and took off across the country at a gallop.

Off went the hounds in pursuit, chasing the ass hard into a wood. There he turned and faced the dogs, who instead of attacking the strange quarry lay down around him and watched to see what he would do next.

By a coincidence a fox suddenly broke cover nearby and the hounds forgetting the donkey, immediately gave chase to the more natural game. Then to the amazement of the hunters the ass joined the hunt and galloped after the fox, leaping hedges and ditches in grand style, apparently enjoying the chase as much as the dogs, who seemed to welcome the companionship.

All ended happily. The fox got away. The dogs were recalled by the huntsmen. And the donkey was caught and restored to the farmer.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

also. The architect who designed it knew his business.

The architecture is Spanish, as it should be, with soft, cream white walls, red tile roofs and abundant arches. There is plenty of sub-tropical greenery, of the desert kind.

There is an open-air plunge in a beautiful court, and the water is warm enough for comfort, and the sun is warm enough for pleasure and health. It is an altogether delicious place.

THERE is a little truck for dog training up close to the hotel, and up on the hill in the back corner is the life track where the animals run.

A few people are there to see the race. Very few dogs are there to be on them with the actual racing of the race is relatively quiet thing.

Being as free and unrestrained. The bookmakers are open and aboveboard. There is no hiding around the corner for anything. Agua Caliente lives by being free and unrestrained.

It is well worth seeing.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 159-L

BRINGING UP FATHER
By Geo. McManus

MR. JIGGS: KID, I HAVE MY JOB BACK?
JUNIOR: I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN' TO JAIL.
MRS. JIGGS: YOU MUST HAVE HAD A GOOD LAWYER.
MR. JIGGS: TOO, TOO.
JUNIOR: WHEN HE GOT THROUGH TALKIN', I WAS IN DOUBT'S WHETHER I REALLY DID STEAL THOSE CHICKENS.
MRS. JIGGS: ROSS, THE WORDS 'GOT BABY AIN'T GOT, HE JUS' DON'T NEED.

Maybe I'm Wrong
By J. P. MEDBURY

A MATEUR pianists used to butcher Wagner and Beethoven, but thanks to automatic pianos, they now electrocute them.

Take it or Leave it — Of course it's wrong to sell liquor, but you can expect the bootleggers to give it away.

Excuse It Please — Where there's a Willis there's a tennis game.

Ode to the Phone Company — Many are called, but most of them are the wrong numbers.

Wonders of Nature — There's a fellow in Cleveland who's so tall that when somebody steps on his corn he doesn't know it for ten minutes.

You're Wrong — Ivanhoe was not a Russian bohémist.

Social Accomplishments — It's a good thing for history that William Tell wasn't cross-eyed.

Vital Statistics — Two hoboes can loaf twice as fast as one.

Pitiful Cases — When a man has such a terrible case of fallen arches that he has to carry his feet in a basket.

Our Own Vaudeville — Jones: How in the world did you ever manage to borrow fifty cents from McTavish?
Smith: I put up a silver dollar as security.

Talks on Health
By DR. R. S. COPELAND

BOY and girls twelve to sixteen years of age have their own problems. They are at a time when rapid growth and development produce conditions that demand special attention.

This may be called the "awkward period" of life. The young folks don't know what to do with their bodies. Their growing hands and feet are in the way. There are strange emotions stirring in their hearts.

Sometimes there is a feeling of loneliness, a sense of aloofness, a suspicion that their elders do not understand them. This is the time to need advice, but the young things don't know where to get it. They don't want to be laughed at or scolded. They don't know where to turn.

I get many letters from men and women who write to me because, they say, I am a sort of impersonal individual. They would not like the family doctor with the questions they put to me. It is easier to write an outsider, although he is a stranger, but made at least half a friend, perhaps, by reason of his familiar writings.

Well, boys and girls, I am at your service. If you have problems so have a million other young people. If you will tell me what troubles you I may help me to assist a multitude of others who are having thoughts and anxieties exactly like yours.

I do wish to say this right now: Because you wonder about life, do not be distressed about it. Many of your strange feelings, probably all of them, are just the same feelings your parents and all the rest of your generation had every one of your ancestors went through the same stage. The fact that they became ancestors proves that nothing ill in their effects can happen as a result of the symptoms you observe in yourself.

Nothing is more terrible than the fear that you are abnormal. You may wonder sometimes if what you go through is not a sign that you are not normal. It isn't. As a matter of fact, you wouldn't be normal if you didn't have these symptoms. They are really the sure signs of your normal state.

If you write to me, in care of the paper where you read this, the kindly editor will forward the letter to me. But being assured that what you experience just now is what every older person has experienced may give you the com-

Around... The County
By R. R. WOOD

David Fate, a veteran of the Mexican war, having served in General Taylor's army through the entire campaign in Mexico, and later, in 1850, coming to Oregon, was born in Ohio, July 3, 1823. After the Mexican war ended he was married at Cincinnati to Mary Ann Ward. Crossing the plains with ox team the young couple reached Clackamas the fall of 1850, where they wintered.

Mr. Fate found employment during the winter for which he was paid \$1 a day. Heads of families of 1931 may find some consolation in the employment situation of this era when considering the wage a man got in Oregon eighty years ago, when at that time flour was selling at \$20 per sack, with boots and shoes relatively high along with all other manufactured articles. Those pioneers moved to southern Oregon in the spring of 1852, settling on a donation land claim near where Dixonville is now. Two sons and a daughter were born to Mr. and Mrs. Fate while they lived on the homestead four miles east of this city, and later they moved up on Days creek, 12 miles east of Canyonville, where two other sons were born. One of those sons, Remerk Fate, born on the Days creek ranch in 1862, and the only daughter, Mrs. Bob Stephens, of Roseburg, are the only survivors of the family of Mr. and Mrs. Fate. The latter died in 1906 and her husband passed four years later, in 1910.

Advice to Girls
By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am 19, and have been going with a nice young man three years, my senior, for the past six months. After going with him for about three months he dropped all of his girl friends. He is always telling me he loves me, and I really love him. I am very much envious by several girls who are always calling him and trying to make dates with him, but I've never heard of him having any dates with them. As he comes over to see me every night. We are both jealous if either of us mentions one of our old friends. For about the past two weeks everything hasn't been going so well. He said something about one of his girl friends who went with for about two years, which showed that he really cared about her. Things like that have been coming up and it seems that we are just gradually drifting apart. When he talks about these things I act as though they mean nothing to me. Please, Nancy, tell me something I can do to keep us together before it is too late, for if anything were to happen I would break my heart. He said he would marry when he made sufficient money. Patsy Lee.

PATSY LEE: There is no use, my dear, in taking anything too much to heart. You know that people who are over-jealous are apt to construe remarks and read them into quite a different meaning than was meant by the speaker. Why not carefully analyze all the remarks? You will then, most likely, have to admit to yourself that you took things too seriously. There can be no true love without mutual trust. You two, like nearly all other couples, have had other friends, and like other couples, when you met each other, everybody else went by the board. Isn't that sufficient for you? If he cares for you he will wait, and if you are as decent and as bright and smiling, he will no doubt be glad to wait. It is most likely because he is sure of you and himself that he feels that he can make allusions to former flames.

PLANNING TO HALT DAIRY SPECULATION

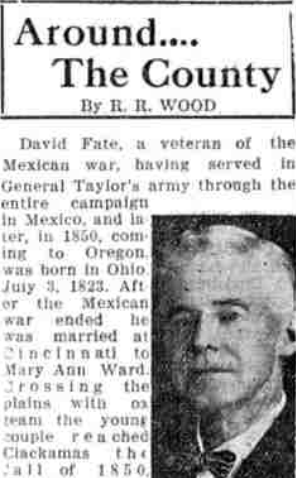
(Associated Press Leased Wire)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 2 — W. F. Schilling, dairy member of the farm board, will seek to have all chapters of the American War-boussens' association condemn speculation in dairy products.

Commenting today upon the action of the New York chapter in attacking speculation, Schilling said he was "pleased that the industry is noting the imperfections of the past and attempting to clean house."

The New York resolution recommended elimination of all future trading in butter, eggs and other dairy products. Schilling said "curbing this evil would go far toward increasing the profits of the dairy producers."

Phone your news items to the News-Review—telephone 135.



for I want you to have.

Answers to Health Queries
RITA D. Q.—What do you advise for enlarged pores?
A.—Try using hot and cold compresses alternately for 15 minutes night and morning.

MRS. O. W. F. Q.—Is there such a condition as a ruptured naval?
A.—What can I do to overcome constipation? I always have a coated tongue.
A.—Yes. An operation is the only cure.
2.—Your diet must be corrected. Eat simple, well cooked food.

D. M. Q.—Is it a good idea to put olive oil on the skin in order to have a nice sun tan?
A.—Yes, you may use olive oil, cocoa butter, or a good pure cold cream. However, do not risk basking in the sun too long. A little exposure to the sun each day will in time produce a tan.

other through the soft spots. But with the passing of the big mule teams with two wagons of the pioneering days better roads came as autos were ushered in, and those hardships are now only a memory, as well as almost beyond the wildest imagination of the younger generation who have never known anything but motor vehicles and concrete highways.

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Girl Unafraid
By Gladys Johnson

CHAPTER XLII.

Neither spoke of that return drive. Ardeth sat limply against the cushions of the seat, gazing now at her hands, relaxed like lifeless things in her lap, now at Ken's tense profile.

Just so had she sat on happier nights—nights which now seemed to have happened very long ago to another girl. Now and then reality pierced through. Ken beside her. Surprisingly she fingered a flow of his overcoat as though to assure herself of his reality.

Ken stopped the car on the dark street at the foot of the red brick steps. She got out and stood uncertainly, her eyes clinging wretchedly to his through the dark. Like a child she held up her face for his kiss. Then she turned and was running blindly along the cement walk of the garden, arms stretched wide to feel her way.

She panned for a frightened moment on the porch before she dared enter the long French window. Luckily a dance was going on and the bedroom was deserted.

A moment only, to slip off her coat; to fluff powder on her face and dab her cold cheeks with rouge.

In the hall she almost bumped into Tom. His anxious face lit up at the sight of her.

"Ardeth, where have you been? Carolyn and I have been looking all over for you."

"I didn't feel well so I went and lay down in the sunroom," she lied, hoping the sunroom had escaped their search. She bent over, straightening the bunch of velvet pampas at her waist. "Didn't want to be a wet blanket, you know."

Tom bore her away to the crowd of dancers. It was all unreal, like a bad dream. With a leap of the heart she saw that it was nearly 12 o'clock... twelve o'clock—a new year!

"Lights out!" roared Len Forsythe as the clock hands quivered on the hour. "Now, silence! Listen, everybody!"

The room plunged into blackness and Ardeth felt Tom's arm slip about her as dramatic stillness fell on the crowd.

"Low and silvery, the chimes of the tall clock in the hall. Then it was striking the hour with a deliberation which somehow chilled the blood of the girl who listened."

Two... three... six. Stifled, this blackness and silence! Like fate, mysterious, hiding, twelve. Pandemonium broke loose with the last stroke. Horns and whistles, rattles and drums.

The lights flashing up on gleaming eyes, laughing red lips.

"Happy New Year!" Tom shouted and bent to kiss her. He drew back, eyes suddenly alarmed. "Why, honey, you're crying."

The weeks which followed were filled for Ardeth with a strange sense of waiting. Hushed expectancy, underlying the days and nights; a mysterious foreboding which set up a flutter in her heart—rising in her throat to stifle her. Though what she waited for she could not tell.

The desire to see Ken had been madness in the first few days. She called him up. His voice was strained and tired—even curt. He would not see her and she knew he stayed away on her account.

The resignation for which she had battled so long was gone. Bitterness welled up in her heart. "Fools—fools, that's what we are—standing like three figures in a chess game," she whispered to herself. "Wasting life."

A sense of outraged justice shook through her, leading her to madness. She was being cheated of the sweet and natural things of life, the things which were her due. And she was only asking what was right—a home like Mary Eastwood had—another small Chicago with Ken's eyes—Ken's smile.

She saw herself growing older—going through life in a prim routine; thwarted, futile, like Jeanette, but without Jeanette's merciful ability to deceive herself.

Cards had come from Jeanette during her wanderings—around Europe, and letters on thin foreign paper scrawled with her bold angular writing, but she had not answered. Jeanette, a red-hot shrewdly suspected, would eventually settle in Paris and become one of the restless, accident-prone Parisians, which infest that god-forsaken city.

Wildness seized the girl when she thought of Jeanette. Oh, life for her must mean more than that!

And then, on a day when it seemed that the vicious circle would never break—Tom phoned.

RAINS BRING JOY TO CALIFORNIA

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 2—Old Jupiter Pluvius descended on southern California with a doubly welcome New Year's gift—a general rain which averaged an inch throughout most of the state. The rain storm, which opened up in showers late New Year's day, ceased at 8 a. m. today, with more showers predicted tonight by the government weather men.

It was the fifth time since 1910 that rain fell on New Year's day.

Orange and grapefruit growers, thousands of truck garden ranchers, and other farmers shouted their joys over the rain.

PIONEER ALASKAN PERISHES IN TREK

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, Jan. 2—Searchers found today the body of Thomas E. Garneau, 76, pioneer who froze to death while attempting to mush from Long Creek to Ruby. The searchers said evidence showed the aged man traveled in circles after about eight miles out. After attempting to start several fires, they said, he then apparently became panic stricken, threw away his pack and snow shoes and struck out again until overcome by exhaustion. Several relatives in Wisconsin survive.

MUSSOLINI'S PEACE COO PLEASURES FRANCE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PARIS, Jan. 2—The pacific utterances of Premier Mussolini of Italy in his last evening's address to the American people, in which he declared Italy would never start a war, were favorably received in France.

Le Temps emphasized today that

INQUIRY ORDERED INTO HANDLING OF FUNDS BY LUPER

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 2—Circuit Judge L. H. McMahan Friday afternoon issued oral instructions to the Marion county grand jury to investigate and report to him upon the circumstances and facts surrounding the alleged irregularities in the handling of the funds of the office of state engineer by Rhea Luper, recently resigned.

Luper resigned following an investigation by the state reclamation commission into the report of Otto Kuban, auditor for the secretary of state, that the engineer had appropriated to his own use \$4343.33 in interest earned on water and power application deposits remaining in his custody pending determination of the disposal to be made of the applications.

Luper contended that he was fully entitled to retain the interest earned by these funds deposited with banks, but at the time of his resignation it was announced that he had made complete restitution.

Judge McMahan said that in his instructions to the grand jury he did not allege that there had been any violation of law, but felt it to be the duty of the grand jury to inquire into any and all such indications of violation of a public trust with a view to determining the true facts and institute proceedings against the guilty if any guilt is evidenced.

Judge McMahan said he told the grand jury that he knew nothing of the facts in the Luper case except those presented in the newspapers and suggested that they start their investigation with the press reports as a basis. He requested them to report their findings to him and told them he would then instruct them as to the application of the law to the fact revealed.

The judge also said that the present grand jury would be held over indefinitely until it has completed its investigation of this matter and other public questions already before it.

Mussolini can rest assured no nation wishes to take Italy by the throat, but warns that any attempt to force a revision of the war treaties will risk plunging Europe into another war.

France, meanwhile, is awaiting with optimism the resumption of naval negotiations with Italy.

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