

Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor
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Big News

Big news for Douglas county
came by the bucketful last
week.

The biggest news of the week
was, of course, the decision regard-
ing the soldiers' home. That was
BIG.

Next was the naming of Senator
B. L. Eddy as a member of the hy-
dro-electric commission of the state
followed almost immediately by the
announcement that he was made
chairman of that body.

And last, but by no means least,
came the announcement Saturday
that the survey for the North
Umpqua Highway has been ordered.
This announcement has been long
and anxiously awaited for it
means the beginning of a project
that is all important to Douglas
county.

Often referred to as the golden
summer harvest, the tourist sea-
son trade is becoming a greater
and greater factor in our county.
At first rural people were inclined
to cast a disinterested, even scorn-
ful eye at the attempt to secure
more tourist business but lately
that attitude is changing. People
on the farms are beginning to re-
alize that urban prosperity is quickly
reflected to them.

The establishment of the sol-
diers' home, for instance, is no dif-
ferent in principle in its effect upon
the entire county than the in-
crease of tourist travel will be.
Both will bring new money into the
county and new money coming here,
no matter who happens to receive
it first, means an increased
prosperity all around.

Yes, last week saw the actual
culmination of years of effort on
the part of the people of this coun-
ty. Long hard patient work is
crowned with success. We have
learned how to go out after things
and get them. This success marks
merely the end of the first or intro-
ductory chapter. Douglas county
and Roseburg is face to face with
the dawn of a new era. We must
not let down now, complacent and
smug with victory. A new chapter
begins challenging us to carry on
for even greater things.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

St. Helens Disagrees

THE SENTINEL is not in accord
with Congressman Hawley's
views as were quoted in the Sun-
day Oregonian and which related
to the location of the national sol-
diers' home. The congressman was
quoted as saying that Oregon, as a
unit, was in favor of the Roseburg
location. Until he made this state-
ment, we were of the opinion that
St. Helens and Columbia county
were, or at least should be, consid-
ered as some unit of Oregon. Either
the venerable congressman is mis-
taken or else the Sentinel is, but
we believe we are correct.

If Hawley promised his support
to Roseburg, which evidently he
did, we have no cause for his
wholehearted support of that lo-
cation but we do have a remon-
strance to offer as to the congres-
sman's statement, which is not true,
and is based on the hasty, though
premeditated action of the Oregon
legislature when, by joint resolu-
tion, it declared all of Oregon in
favor of the Roseburg site. Some
of the legislators were sleepy, others
were tired and there were few who
knew what the noise as until the
resolution had been passed. Our
Mr. McGraw voted for the resolu-
tion and our joint senator, Joe
Dunne, was in Salt Lake City. It
was one of those "hurry up" reso-
lutions and Congressman Hawley,
by his long political experience,
knows this and should not make
capital from such action.

The Result of Unity

Gradually, Oregon is learning
that the way to get something
from the federal government is to
go to Washington and, with tact-
ful address, convincing argument
and indomitable persistence, ask
for it.

To this comment from the Se-
nate Times in reference to the sol-
diers' home victory we would add

that Oregon is learning to ask
unitedly. At least it did so in this
instance. Too often it has failed to
present a united front when it
sought federal favor. In the fight
for the soldiers' home Oregon was
practically a unit for Roseburg,
whereas Washington divided its
cause among half a dozen towns.
If Oregon had been similarly in-
doctrined, the chance of winning
would at least have been a better
than even. Which is by no means
intended as a boast, as Washington
has been fully as effective in the
past in securing government projects
as has Oregon.

We simply call attention to the
fact that in this instance Oregon
followed the right method and that
it brought results.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am a young girl sixteen
years of age. I am boarding with a
very refined family and find it
most comfortable with the excep-
tion of the gentleman of the house.
He has been acting rather pecu-
liar. I think he is trying to
make love to me. Please, let me
know what I should do or say to
him without losing his wife's
friendship.

LONELY BABE.

WONDERING.

WONDERING: Unless you dis-
cuss the situation frankly with
the young lady you will be in a
perpetual haze. Ask her just
what the other suitor means to
her and if she has postponed the
engagement because of his return.
If she refuses to answer, give her
a week's time, and if she still
has no definite opinion then you
will know what it is all about.
Don't let a girl just use you as
a convenience.

DEAR NANCY LEE:

I am coming to you for ad-
vice. I am 24 and have been going
with a girl of 20 for almost two
years. We were engaged. One day
one of her former sweethearts
came back. Now she wants to go
with him. We are engaged. We had
a few arguments but I still love her
and lose much sleep. Do you think
she still cares?

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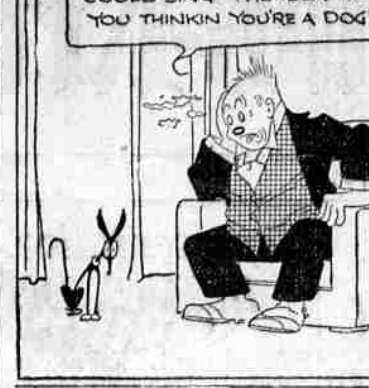
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WONDERING.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



WHO'S AT THE DOOR? A BILL COLLECTOR OR A BOOT-LEGGER?

DO WE GONNA SEE A DOG-FIGHT AN I THINK I KNOW THE WINNER.

AM MR. JIGGS!

THEY BOTH OUGHT TO BE IN THE CELLAR WITH THE MICE.

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History of Umpqua Post

By J. P. MEDBURY



AMERICAN LEGION

Roseburg, Oregon—1919 to Oct. 1, 1930

CHAPTER 37

A great deal of discussion was had in post meetings during this period regarding the plan of the American Legion to acquire or have set aside some permanent outdoor parks and playgrounds. It will be remembered that this movement was initiated by the Umpqua Post de-
legation during the La Grande, Oregon, convention in 1927. Also, at the meeting of March 6, 1928, the post pledged to suitably mark the graves in an abandoned Indian burying ground several miles up the North Umpqua river from Roseburg. It was brought out that to care for the cemetery after the last of the Aborigines have "passed on" is a very worthy undertaking. This was the last burying ground of the Umpqua Indians.

On April 3, 1928, John E. Flurry reported to the post meeting that the election on the airport bond issue had carried by a large margin, and urged that the post lend its active support to the new Airport Commission, the members of which are all members of Umpqua Post No. 16, American Legion. This ends the long fight of the post for an airport. The justice let it be said that no effort or expense has been spared in this fight. The post even paid for whole page advertisements in the local daily paper, in its campaign of education for aviation. Also let it be said that a few of the so-called progressive business men in Roseburg opposed the Legion's efforts so bitterly that Umpqua Post No. 16 has never been fully reimbursed for money it put up in taking options on the necessary land. This fight was one for progress, it cost us much time and money, but we charge it all up to a fine piece of community service.

The meeting of May 15, 1928, was a lively one with many reports which showed activity in all Legion undertakings. The post committees reported completed plans for entering a float in the Strawberry Carnival parade which was to be held a few days after the meeting. This float when entered proved one of the most unusual ever seen in a parade in Roseburg. In commemoration of the interest the post had shown in aviation, this float was a large airplane built on a truck. The flat floor of the truck was completely covered with green ferns, making it appear like a green field of well trimmed grass. The airplane was perfect in design and its perfect outline was made with thousands of beautiful roses. This was a striking symbol of what the Legion has done for Roseburg in aviation. This float was awarded a cash prize of \$35.00.

Completed plans for the observance of Memorial Day were announced including the furnishing of cars for the members of the G. A. R. Umpqua Post No. 16 has always made it a special order of business to see that the graves of all veterans of all cemeteries in and near Roseburg are properly decorated on Memorial Day.

ly notified to resign her pedagogical job or her beauty crown. She kept the crown.

That it is a teacher's duty to be as plain as possible has long been the creed of the Kemalist authorities.

DRY CRUSADER WILL SPEAK HERE APRIL 16

A community meeting will be held in the Roseburg Methodist Episcopal church, South, Thursday, April 16, at 7:30 p. m., under the auspices of the Flying Squadron Foundation, in cooperation with the churches of Roseburg. The speaker, Miss Norma C. Brown, vice-president of the Flying Squadron Foundation and associate editor of the National Enquirer, will discuss "The Issue of the Hour—Can Prohibition Be Saved."

Miss Brown, an ordained minister, began to preach at the age of 15 years and has since been heard in every state in the union. She has visited Roseburg previously. She has been a very active worker in the prohibition campaign, and is presenting a message dealing largely with the plans for the year of 1932, in strengthening the enforcement of the prohibition law.

TELEPHONE RATES FACE COMPLAINT

SALEM, Ore., March 21.—A complaint involving rates, tolls and charges of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph company, was filed with the public utilities commission here today by the Western Merchants and Manufacturers association of Portland. The complaint alleges charges of the telephone company are unreasonable, and in many cases discriminatory.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

Three Sets of Twins for Bossy

GOLDSBORO, N. C.—Will Haddley's cow has given birth to seven calves during her life, including three sets of twins.

NOTICE

I will not be responsible for bills contracted after my death.

A. W. LUNDY.

Poultry feeders and fountains of all kinds are in stock at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

THE SPY NET

by ARED WHITE

CHAPTER 9

For the better part of half an hour Farnham loitered about the reception room, alone and very uncomfortable, since no one paid the slightest attention to him. The guests were scattered about the chateau, chatting in convivial groups. When the Spanish woman finally reappeared Farnham caught the welcome sight of Mademoiselle Le Rivet beside her. Carlotta had put aside her plaque and her dark eyes were flashing in friendly high spirits again. Mademoiselle Le Rivet, he saw, was pale and ill at ease.

"I have forgiven you, you ver' bad man, for being so rude," exclaimed Carlotta. "And I have brought the wonderful news. Gizele, who knows everybody, have arranged it with Baron Oberhelfenschwil. You are to sit at the gaming table with—ah, but you can never guess?"

"With the Baron?" suggested Farnham.

"With his Highness Abbas Hilmi, the Khedive of Egypt."

Farnham stood blinking for a moment.

"That would be wonderful," he said dryly. "But, as you saw last night, I do not know the first thing about playing Sicarar—no, even how to place my bet."

"It is not baccarat the gentlemen play tonight for Abbas!" exclaimed Carlotta. "It is the great game of the Americans, the game you speak of yourself last night, monsieur—poker!"

"You mean the Khedive is sitting in at a game of poker?" Farnham stammered. He thought a moment and laughed. "I don't imagine I could muster francs enough to ante with in such a game. Besides, it would be like me to hold aces against a king, wouldn't it?"

The Spanish woman caught him by the arm, while Mademoiselle Le Rivet stood by in thoughtful silence.

"Come, Gizele's baron waits to present monsieur the American to defend the honor of his country in the international game!" exclaimed Carlotta. "The ten thousand francs, it is sufficient."

Farnham, as he noted the protestations, was escorted upstairs, the senora meeting his fears of the size of the game with the deft argument that he need risk even less than that at the baccarat the Friday before. Mademoiselle Le Rivet left them at the stairway, saying she was inquis after the health of an officer lately arrived from Constantinople. Carlotta leaned heavily upon him, almost drunkenly, as they mounted the stairway.

"A few minutes, monsieur, long enough to say you have played the king," she told him. "You are a king who will sit again at Cairo before so ver' long. His Excellency, the Count von Kuhl, will attend to that, monsieur."

"A great man, Abbas," said Farnham softly. "But has not the great Count made a grave mistake in giving Abbas the honor of the Russian Grand Duke tonight, senora? It has puzzled me, but perhaps you can make the reason clear if there is one."

She snapped her fingers again. "That for the Grand Duke!" she cried. "Have you not heard who that shall be? It is the Grand Duke? That wretch Lenine has the hand of His Excellency, the hand that fed him, monsieur, and so the Grand Duke loses his power to the rabble. His Excellency always knows who is a king."

Senora Quarezza broke off sharply in the sudden realization that her tongue was loose, and cast a quick, apprehensive glance at Farnham. He was looking straight ahead, politely interested.

"If the cards are only lucky tonight," he said, "wouldn't it be wonderful to say that I had beaten the Khedive at poker?"

"Madre de Dios!" Carlotta swore with a laugh in which there was a sigh of relief. "It might be a king's ransom you would win in Swiss francs, monsieur."

The shining bald pate and be-spangled Honved cavalry uniform of the Baron von Oberhelfenschwil loomed in a nearby alcove as they came to the lounging hall. He acknowledged Senora Quarezza with the merest nod of his head, ignored Farnham, and marched stiffly ahead of them in the manner of a man who performs a disagreeable function that is far beneath his dignity. Half a dozen men were seated around a poker table in the baccarat room, conspicuous among them the be-frenzied and stone-faced Abbas, nonchalantly intent upon a game of stud poker. Baron Oberhelfenschwil mouthed the presentation of Farnham, indicated a vacant chair, and turned away. The Khedive, hunched into a stolid little ball of a man, lifted two bloodshot, dead eyes momentarily.

"Upon my word!" he commented, in the hoarse sneer of a man who needs give no thought to the sensibilities of others.

Farnham flushed crimson, sat down rather awkwardly, and accepted from the banker a small pile of octagonal baccarat markers that were in use as poker chips. While the others played and talked, he looked about surreptitiously at the other players. Two obese, elderly men in lurid uniforms of ancient vintage, three somewhat younger men in civilian evening clothes, all square of head, gloomy of face, emotionless, expressionless. The man who recognized the game was a young, very swarthy man whom Farnham recognized as the one who cut the Khedive's meat for him at the Beau Rivage. The aide was not playing.

The few words spoken were in English, terms of the game. When they addressed one another at length, it was in French, the usual language of Geneva. Half a dozen women stood over the players, or sat craning their necks at the play. Senora Quarezza had a

major-domo place a chair for her

close at Farnham's side and sat down, now quite subdued.

"A thousand francs," said Abbas, tossing a single marker into the center of the table to start the play at the next hand.

His up card was a jack, and high. The others called. Farnham had a ten spot up, another ten down. He hesitated long enough to make a hurried calculation. At a thousand francs a card, it would take half his ten