

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH, Editor

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The Sales Tax.

(No. 2 of a Series)

THE following title will appear
on the ballot which the election
clerk hands you on Friday, Janu-
ary 31:

SALES TAX BILL.—Purpose: To
provide funds for old age as-
sistance, aid to the blind and
to dependent children, by im-
posing sales tax on gross in-
come from sales of tangible
personal property, of two per-
cent for retail sales and one-
fourth of one percent for
wholesale sales; transporting
such property from the state
without sale, considered as
sale. Exemptions include:
sales up to \$10 monthly;
sales to United States, state,
their agencies and subdivi-
sions; sales of motor vehicle
fuels, fresh sweet milk, canned
milk, butter, eggs, cheese, raw
unprocessed fruit and vegeta-
bles, meat, fish, unseasoned
loaf bread, rolls and buns for
consumption off premises.

Vote YES or NO
After investigating the situation
regarding the Oregon old age pen-
sion, which investigation involved
discussion with various persons
well informed on the legislation,
and after obtaining considerable
data from the state tax commission
and from the secretary of state,
the News-Review has arrived at
the following conclusion:

If the people of Oregon desire a
better old age pension, that is a
pension of \$25 a month or there-
abouts, for people 65 years and
older, with the government paying
one-half, instead of a pension av-
eraging less than \$10 per month
for persons 70 years and older,
they should vote FOR the sales tax law.

If, on the other hand, a pension
of \$10 or less per month financed
by a county tax levy upon real
property is wanted, then vote
against the sales tax.

The first Oregon old age pension
law was passed in 1933. In the
1935 regular session the pension
law was changed to comply with
anticipated federal legislation. This
law provides that it shall not be-
come operative until federal funds
for state old age pensions are
made available, at which time it
will be put in action whereupon
the 1933 act will be repealed. This
1935 regular session law appro-
priated \$1,000,000 from state funds
to which was to be added a county
levy for the same purpose totalling
\$900,000 but upon which it is an-
ticipated only about \$700,000 will
be realized. This combined fund
was to be matched dollar for dollar
by government funds.

After the 1935 regular session
of the Oregon legislature adjourned,
two things happened. First the
congress passed its old age as-
sistance law which turned out to
be decidedly different from what
the legislature anticipated, thereby
making a new Oregon act or an
amended Oregon act necessary.
The second happening was that
the late Senator Huey Long blocked
the passage of the appropriation
bill which would have made the
money available to the states. This
appropriation has not yet been
made by congress but doubtless
will be made during the present
session.

The special session of the Ore-
gon legislature was called. While
the amendments to the 1935 pen-
sion act were being considered, be-
ing covered in senate bill number
43, word came from Washington
that no more federal funds would
be available for relief in Oregon.
Faced with this new problem the
legislature, during the closing
hours of the special session did
two things. It proceeded to finish
up the old age pension legislation
to conform with government re-
quirements and then changed the
\$1,000,000 appropriation for the
pension fund under the 1935 pen-
sion act, to the relief fund.

The effect of these two acts was
to provide an old age pension act
which conformed to government
requirements and which would be-
come operative when government

money became available BUT the
money originally set aside (\$1,000,-
000) to put with government money
for pensions was GONE—having
been assigned to the relief fund.
Brought up short against this
problem the legislature searched
in vain for other revenue sources
than a sales tax and finally passed
a law for a sales tax which was
referred to the people. The tax is
to be used entirely for the old age
pension fund.

That is the story of how the
sales tax law happens to be pre-
sented to the people. Tomorrow we
shall endeavor to present some of
the financial data of the situation
and describe the result to old age
pensions of either the passage or
rejection of the sales tax proposal.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

keep up with steadily rising prices.

IT ISN'T the amount of money
one gets that counts—it is what
one's money WILL BUY that
spells the difference between com-
fort and want. When the value of
money decreases every day (as is
always the case when the printing
presses are started) those who
work for wages are the WORST
ROBBERED.

WE ARE apt, especially in these
modern days, to think of
money as wealth. IT ISN'T.
If you want to test that state-
ment, permit yourself to be locked
up for a week in the vault of a
great bank. There will be money
all around you—money in vast
sums. But it won't keep you from
getting hungry.

THE worst calamity that can
happen to any country is to
start the printing presses turning
out money that has back of it
nothing but the government's
promise to pay "it and when,"
Germany and Russia proved that
in the terrible days following the
war.

It isn't probable that this coun-
try will start the printing presses
at any time soon, for the reasons
of Germany and Russia are still too
recent. But every year in which
our government spends more than
can be raised by taxes IN-
CREASES THE TEMPTATION to
start the printing presses in order
to get money enough to KEEP ON
SPENDING.

That is why wise people, big and
little, are anxious for our govern-
ment to quit spending more than
it takes in.

LETTERS from the People

Comments on the News-Review
should be written on only one
side of the paper, should not ex-
ceed 300 words in length and must
be signed by the writer, whose mail
address must accompany the contribu-
tion.

SALES TAX HELD NEEDED TO AID AGED AND CRIPPLED

To the Editor:—Yes, the sales tax
is necessary. Otherwise, ac-
cording to the attorney-general,
there will be no pension for the old
persons, the blind or the crippled.
According also to the attorney-gen-
eral, the state will not have to pay
\$1,000,000 but \$3,000,000, and then
the government will add \$2,000,000
more, making a total of \$6,000,000,
and he estimates that annu-
ity will give an average pension of \$20 per
month. The seller has to pay the
2 per cent on his sales, but of
course it is the consumer who pays it
in the end, as the merchant adds
the tax on to his goods. Any
single sale up to \$50, where the
party is not engaged in that busi-
ness is exempt. I can't imagine
a better way to raise the money for
the blind, the crippled and
aged. This tax is not an intransi-
ent sales tax; the exemption clauses
make it easy on the poor working
man and the medium wealthy
class. The richer a man is the
more he will pay. He will prob-
ably want to buy a \$1,000 car, he
will have to pay \$1,020, as the sales-
man would add on the 2 per cent.
There are several exemptions: No
tax would be levied on unprocessed
meat, eggs, apples, pears,
prunes, cherries, or any fruit; no
tax on bread; no tax on water and
lights.

Now let's see how hard the sales
tax would be on the poor man. He
probably has had to spend a week
or so during these hard times
hunting work, and then probably
only getting two or three weeks
work. After he buys food for him-
self and family he hasn't much
money left to buy luxuries. He
may have to buy a pair of \$1 over-
alls, which of course will cost him
2 cents more if the tax is voted.
There is another thing I would
like to call to the attention of the
voters. If the tax passes there will
be \$3,000,000 outside money added
to the \$3,000,000 of state money,
all of which will not be spent out-
side of the state, as those who will
receive it will not buy autos, but
will spend it in home stores. It
is wonderful how big big interests
are working against the sales
tax.

JAMES HILDEBURN.

A New Year's Greeting from the Heart!



LOVE DENIED

by Louise Long and Ethel Doherty

CHAPTER XXXV

"Oh," thought Sharlene, "he is
saying that love is thrust aside for
work?" Hastily she turned to se-
cure a catalogue from the desk
from which the attendant had de-
parted. Swiftly she scanned the
pages. "No 29—Stuart Pennington.
PATERNITY." She went
back to the picture. Paternity!
She would have called it "York."
Stuart thrust everything aside for
work. Even love really meant nothing
in his life. This was his love.
These pictures like this—were his
children.

She spent nearly an hour in con-
templation of the canvas, re-
counting it, admiring the detail, recalling
Raj Samand, finally giving Stuart
an undesired praise. Then she awoke
to the fact that Kent was long over-
due. She glanced at her watch.
Frowned a little, and laughed aloud
suddenly at the thought that his
movie pretense was keeping him.

The sound of that familiar mu-
sical laugh reached Stuart Pennington,
outside, as he was crossing the
floor toward the main gallery. He
halted, thinking his ears must
have tricked him, and then went
swiftly toward the door.

Stuart recognized that tall, love-
ly form as Sharlene stood, back
turned, looking up at his picture.
She was alone! What had made
her laugh? The subject of the pic-
ture was hardly worth mirth-provok-
ing. What chord of the past had
been touched to evoke that gay re-
sponse? He entered the gallery so
quietly that she was not aware of
him. He came down hesitatingly,
wishing that he might see the ex-
pression on her face and not be
seen. How still she was, how in-
tense. . . . Then he heard rapid
footsteps approaching outside and
turned his back to the door, pre-
tending to study a picture—an enor-
mous canvas, not painted to be
studied at such close range.

Kent Damerell came in hastily,
flushed and frowning with irrita-
tion because of the apology he was
going to have to make to his wife.
She did not turn and he glanced at
the other occupant of the room
who was also turned away, appar-
ently absorbed in a picture. He
recognized instantly that burlesque
bare head. Was this some kind
of an intrigue? Before he had time
to make up his mind Sharlene
glanced at him, watch casually,
sighed and turned.

"Oh, there you are Kent!" she
said gladly and went toward him.
"When did you come in?" Kent
saw that she wasn't acting. She
was unaware quite evidently of
the other man standing in the
poorly lit end of the room. The
situation pleased him.

"Sweetheart," he said with un-
usual warmth, "I'm so sorry to
have kept you."
"That's all right, dear," she as-
sured him smilingly, responding
like a flower to sunshine. "I never
mind waiting, when you're at the
other end of the gas!"

Stuart kept his back turned de-
terminedly but of course he could
not help hearing every word of
this tender passage. He was em-
barrassed at his predicament and
hoped fervently that they would
leave without discovering him, as
they were blocking his only exit.
"Kent, you must look at Stuart's
picture before we go. It's a beauti-
ful thing!"

"The big one over there?" Fol-
lowing her glance he was silent for
a moment, surveying it. "He's
gone in for black subjects, eh?
Never cared much for the black-
and-whites himself."
"No, no!" Sharlene remonstrat-
ed. "This is a great Rajput king
in India."
"Doesn't interest me either.
Come on, love, let's go home."
Then in a lower voice, "You beau-
tiful baby!"

"Silly," . . . Wait, I'll put this
catalogue back—
And then she saw Stuart Pennington
in the shadows, his nose
almost pressed against a huge,
garish picture of ships at sea.
"Stuart!" she cried when she
could get her breath.
He turned to how and Kent
saw, to his chagrin, that he was
suppressing a smile. "How do you
do?" he said cheerfully. "I couldn't
help hearing your comments on
my picture. Damerell, and I'm smil-
ing baby!"

He shook hands laughingly, im-
personally, without even a change
of color. He even met Sharlene's
stared eyes tranquilly as if she
were a casual acquaintance. Noth-
ing else could so completely have
convinced his former wife of his
indifference. If he had cared about
—or hated—her, he could not have
been so remote. She acknowledged
that he was quite cured, and
was thankful. Only, with feminine
perversity, she was also a little
bit sorry.

"I love the picture, Stuart," she
said haltingly. "I'm glad you're
working again."
"Thanks."
"Come along, Sharlene," urged
Kent, taking her arm in his large,
possessive way. "We're going to be
late to the Farrington dinner."
Sharlene drew in her breath
sharply. It was reminiscent of an-
other night—another husband.
"We're going to be late to the Far-
rington dinner?" But Stuart did
not flicker an eyelash. He had suc-
cessfully forgotten his Prince Con-
sort days. Kent conducted her
toward the door, hand on her arm.
"Don't mind my criticism, Pen-
nington," Kent threw over his
shoulder. "Art's out of my line."

"I know it," Stuart assented
with a grin. "You probably know
as much about art as I do about
airplanes. Good afternoon."
"Goodbye, Stuart," Sharlene
said, mustering a little smile be-
fore she disappeared.
"Six o'clock!" exclaimed Kent as
they hurried down the corridor. "I
had no idea I was so late. You'll
have to get used to a business man
for your husband!"

"The tired business man," Sharlene
amused with a smile.
"No fooling, Sharlene, I did
have an awful lot of things to see
to, dear."
"Lawyers are awful boring, aren't
they, dear?"
"Well, they have their uses."
"Oh, of course, they have their
uses."
He glanced at her quickly. "Then
the traffic was frightful!"
"Yes," she agreed without a
smile. "It was so awfully crowded
I don't see how you ever got
around."

He felt a mounting sense of irri-
tation, and he could not have told
why. They were crossing in front
of the entrance to the dancette
court.
"Oh, Monsieur!" a waiter ran out
to detain Kent. Kent saw what he
held in his hand and started to
hurry on with a muttered word,
but Sharlene had also seen what
was in the man's hand, and she
held her husband back.
"The man wants to speak to you,

youth into a game of beach ball.
(She had to wage grim warfare on
the flesh, if not the devil, to keep
her film form.) Miss Gray came
toward Julie, dodging the ball un-
successfully. It bounced on the top
of her head and knocked off her
glasses, which did not add to the
sweetness of her temper.

"Julie!" she said sharply. "Mr.
Damerell has come—"
"What? Out here?"
"I had him wait in the living
room because I didn't think you'd
want to see him in this mess!" She
looked haughtily about her.
"Listen, you hold him there till
I get rid of the bunch." She ran
over to her pals. "Kids, you gotta
scram!"
A groan went up. "Aw, Julie,
have a heart!"
"I mean it! Beat it! I've got an
important caller—and I've got to be
dignified. Hurry up!"
"You go on an' be dignified an'
leave us be!" all but yawned the
languid youth, stretching out
again under an umbrella.

"Jose! No more drinks!" Julie
called to the Filipino boy who was
bringing out a tray. "You take up
all the glasses—"
"Hey!" Each guest reached hap-
tily for his glass and drained the
dregs.
"Now you kids go crash some
other party down the beach," said
Julie firmly, "and don't go home
with my bathing suits."
Convinced at last that the star
meant it, they gathered themselves
together and sauntered away grum-
bling, but with a weather eye out
for a likely haven farther down the
shore.

Julie stopped to fix her face and
exchange her bathing suit for an-
other more daring one, before she
went in to see Kent. She found
him with her yellow Peko on his
lap, sunk in one of her modernistic
chairs a few inches off the
floor, in the midst of the garish
black and gold splendor of her liv-
ing room.
"Kent!" she exclaimed. "How
nice! I could never get you down
here before!"
"I didn't know what I was miss-
ing!"
"Highball?" she asked, ringing a
bell.

"Thanks. But have you any
beer?"
"Oh, you darling! You like beer,
too?" She was ecstatic.
"Yes, I heard once that you
made good beer yourself!"
"Oh, I used to—who told you?"
Stuart Pennington?
His lazy smile vanished. "No, I
don't see Pennington—naturally."
"Why naturally? People in Hol-
lywood are always good friends
with their 'exes' and their 'exes-
in-law'." She turned to the Phi-
lippo boy who had come in. "Be-
cause, Jose, I'll indulge too,
though I shouldn't." And she pat-
tered her little round body ruefully.
(To be continued)

TOWNSEND CLUBS' DOINGS IN DOUGLAS

ROSEBURG—Attorney Ray B.
Compton was elected president of
Roseburg Townsend club No. 1, at
the annual election meeting held
Friday, E. G. Wilmarth was elect-
ed vice-president. D. R. Shim-
brook, secretary, and Regina Saw-
yers, treasurer. The advisory board
is composed of Bert G. Bates, J.
W. Lemmer, J. V. Long, H. B.
Roadman, Elmer Hugginsbotham and
Ed Cocklebrass. Committee chair-
men named by the president are:
H. B. Roadman, membership; J. W.
Lemmer, townships; A. J. J.
Wilmarth, entertainment; A. J.
Hoehradel, dances; D. R. Shim-
brook, finance. Plans were discus-
sed for a masquerade dance to be
given by the ladies auxiliary at the
Oriental gardens, February 6.

MYRTLE CREEK—The Myrtle
Creek Township club will meet
Thursday, January 14, at 8 p. m., at
the grange hall. Attorney Ray B.
Compton of Roseburg will be the
speaker. All members and friends
are urged to be present.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA DATED IN ROSEBURG

"St. Claude," coming to the
First M. E. church in Roseburg
next Friday night, a free presenta-
tion of the message of the wife of
Pontius Pilate in her plea on be-
half of Jesus, is creating interest
in those who delight in dramatic
form of great lessons, said Rev. E.
B. Lockhart yesterday. Four scenes
in the episode are given—the coun-
cil chamber of Pilate's palace, same
during the trial of Jesus, same after
judgment has been given and the
garden of Gethsemane. The play, which
has been given during the past few
weeks in the churches of Salem
and Portland. The presentation
here is open to the public, from
whom merely a silver offering will
be asked. It will be at the church
at 8 o'clock, and a cordial invita-
tion is extended to all.

POSITIONS OPEN TO CIVIL SERVICE TEST

Civil service examinations are
to be conducted to fill positions as
road foreman, highway building
equipment operator and truck driv-
er, together with the position of
forest and field clerk, according to
word received by the local board
of examiners. Any persons inter-
ested in filing applications for ex-
amination may obtain full particu-
lars from C. E. Fields of C. B. Cal-
kins at the local postoffice.

CCC CREW COMING HERE WEDNESDAY

The new CCC company assigned
to Steamboat camp will arrive in
Roseburg at 4 a. m. Wednesday, ac-
cording to word received by V. V.
Harpham, supervisor of the Umpqua
National forest. The company,
which is coming from Minnesota,
will be provided by the forest
service with transportation to the
camp, arrangements being made
today for the necessary equipment.

RAMBLINGS of the NEWS-REVIEW MAN

By PAUL JENKINS

WILLIS E. MAHONEY, the wish-
ful mayor of Klamath Falls,
has declared himself as a candi-
date for the United States senate,
to oppose the re-
publican incum-
bent, Chas. Mc-
Nary. He is run-
ning as a "Jack-
sonian Democrat," if
he knows or
cares what kind
of a democrat
that is. The last
time I remember
his mentioning
Mr. Jackson, he
was quoted by
one of his staunch supporters as
urging his constituency "to be like
Old Hickory, and not to fire before
they saw the whites of the enemy's
eyes," confusing the hero of New
Orleans with Israel Putnam, the
ploughboy of Bunker Hill.

It is to be suspected that if Old
Hickory heard about this shellbark
mayor and his Jacksonianism, he
would burst from his grave and,
forgetting about the Seminoles, or-
ganize the militia for a quick
march to the Oregon country, with
blood in both eyes, and a pistol in
each hand.

World Wonder Wood, Morphean
architect and builder of near Suther-
lin, is nothing if not forthcoming,
and I just have come to realize
this. I drove past his palatial yes-
terday morning, through a sheet
of water running briskly across the
highway from one lake to another
in the midst of which sat his free-
holding, and the thought occurred
to me that if the water continued
to rise he'd be marooned as tee-
totally as old Ben Gunn.
Then hard upon the heels of this
thought came another, a remem-
brance of the good old frigate Con-
stitution, lying handily in drydock
in his shipyard there, ready for
launching at a moment's notice,
with its 96 million pieces and all.
Have you ever seen Mr. Wood's
Constitution? If you haven't, it's
about time you stop in and parted
with a dime. It will be well worth
your time (that is, if he hasn't
sailed it away to escape this
flood) and will surprise you with
its completeness of detail and archi-
tectural ingenuity. Take the kids
along; they will enjoy it more, no
doubt, than you will.

From a low swell of ground at
the foot of the hills this side of it,
I discovered that Sutherland had
a lot of water too, and drove there
to find out if Jack Culver had ordered
it, and found he hadn't, as I might
have known.

The fire in the basement furnace
of the bank building, which houses
the postoffice, had been blotted
out by a rush of invading water,
and Mrs. Stark, postmistress, had
nothing to keep her warm except
an occasional harassed thought of
Mr. Jim Farley, the affable (to
democrats) postmaster-general.

KRRR PROGRAM (1,600 Kilocycles) SPONSORED BY NEWS-REVIEW

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15
Morning Hours
7:00—Alarm Clock club.
7:30—News-Review on the Air.
7:45—Alarm Clock club (cont'd).
8:30—Devotional.
8:45—Vocal Selections.
9:00—Band Music.
9:30—Guy Lombardo's Orchestra.
10:00—Woman's Exchange.
10:45—Popular Stars.
11:00—The Tavern's Novelty Fun
Feast.

11:15—"As You Like It" (request).
Afternoon Hours
12:05—Coco's "Tinto Pete."
12:20—News-Review News Broad-
cast.
12:30—Roseburg Motor Co. Var-
ieties.
1:00—San Soust Turkey Show.
1:15—Organ Music.
2:00—Vanity Fair and the World
Bookman.
2:15—Tango Time.
3:00—Salon Music.
3:30—Story Hour.
4:00—The Editor Views the News.
4:15—The Sandwich Shop in
Fairyland and Scapbook.
4:30—Musical Scapbook.
5:00—Sign Off.

Swain Has Hard Time Finding Safe Spot for Proposal

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Jan. 14.—
(AP)—The telephone switchboard
of the Cambridge police station
buzzed imperatively.
Patrolman Fred Marekni pushed
a plug into place, snapped the key
and announced "Cambridge police."
"Tell me," said an irritated
man's voice, "is it against the law
to propose marriage to a girl in
this city?"
That was a new one to Marekni.
"Not that I know of," he an-
swered.
"Then, how is it that every time
I park my car and work up enough
courage to propose to my girl,
someone flashes a light at the win-
dow and yells 'Move on!' the voice
asked.
Marekni suggested the family
living room with the girl on a sofa
and the young man on his knee
was the traditional place for a pro-
posal.
It meant a boarding house living
room in his case, the voice said,
and that was out of the question.
The patrolman had an inspira-
tion.
"The safest place for you to

park is right outside of the police
headquarters," he said. "No one
will bother you. Any officer will
think you came to the station on
business."
"Thanks," said the voice and
rang off.
Later the switchboard buzzed.
Marekni plugged in.
The same man's voice spluttered
at the other end of the wire.
"It's fine," he said. "No one
bothered us. She said 'Yes' and
we're going to be married in June.
We'd like to have you come to the
wedding."

One Word Led To Another

By
Bugs Baer

(Copyright, 1935, King Features
Syndicate, Inc.)
Drinking is an Amateur Sport

Internal revenue receipts on
booze are sliding like a cat on a
slate roof.

We are only drinking up to
64 per cent of our bootleg cap-
acity.

Figures of 1935 and 1925 show
the citizen will not drink for taxa-
tion as he would for fun.

Furthermore, the 1917 man-
about-town could spot most of
the suburbs and a few extra
villages to his 1935 descen-
dants.

The 1936 man-about-town has not
yet published any certified arith-
metic on his taxable capers.

It is only a while since that
big New Year's celebration
which broke all records for
width, depth and velocity of
current.

But on that night the public pin-
ned its ears back.

The people drank for them-
selves. And not for the gov-
ernment.

Is it possible that drinking is an
amusement and not an industry?

Is staggering the fourth di-
mension of locomotion?

Is double vision the highest form
of photography?

The old white ribbon argu-
ment was that drinking cor-
rupted nations because it cor-
rupted the individual. But all
governments are fashioned up-
on the keystone of taxation.
And alcohol is the easiest
thing to locate. We must bal-
ance when we cannot balance
ourselves.

It was confidently prophesied
that the income from rumrums
would be one thousand million dol-
lars a year. That's the legal skim-
ming of saturated and bat-eyed
gardening.

It's a horrible thought that
we must finance ourselves from
bungholes. But we always
have taxed our good habits so
why not tax the bad? That
was a question we asked quite
some years ago. And we be-
lieve that question had a lot
to do with repeal.

ADOLPH'S OBSERVATIONS

All you have to do is to watch
the average fellow a little close
and you will come to the con-
clusion that most of us are "bug-
house."

Today I was in a little shoe shop
and the proprietor had gotten a
request for something he had to
send away for. He wrote his order
with pencil on an old piece of pa-
per and I tried to read it, when he
had his back turned, but it was no
use. You just couldn't make out
what it was all about.
He called up the post