

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1928.

THIS IS AN AGE OF HOPE

Clarence Darrow, who laid aside his rose-colored glasses long ago, thinks we are in serious danger of losing our freedom. "The yearning and desire for freedom come from the poor," he says. "The rich have it anyway and don't care about it. Freedom and liberty produce wealth, and wealth destroys liberty. Liberty can't live long in a rich country." There is no denying that we are a rich country. Are we, as Darrow says, getting to the point where we don't care what happens to our liberties so long as we continue to make money? A great many students of the times share Darrow's fears. It isn't surprising that they do. For the new is always strange and a bit terrifying. And we in the United States have embarked on a new kind of life. We are building up a culture that is not like any culture that ever appeared before. It is founded on a new basis: the removal from the path of every man of every material discomfort that science or machinery can conquer. Of course, we haven't perfected it yet. There are still slums in our big cities; there are still the soft coal fields, for instance, where thousands of men and women are fighting dire want. But we have gone far. The average laboring man in America has more luxuries than the rich man had a generation ago. We don't often comprehend what a revolution this has involved. Did you ever realize that until very recently it was taken for granted, by everyone, that the great bulk of the population of even the most prosperous country always would be very poor? Did you ever realize that everyone not long ago assumed that it was impossible to form a society in which the huge majority of inhabitants would not be forever submerged in poverty? We have gotten away from that. Without exactly meaning to, we have set up our society on a new basis. We have decided that prosperity can extend to all. We take it for granted that carpenters and masons who are building a house shall drive to work in their own automobiles—automobiles that are often more expensive than the car of the man whose house they are building. We take it for granted that a factory hand may buy a radio, deck his wife in stylish clothes and send his boy to college if he sees fit. And all of this means that we are erecting an entirely new civilization. We have completely reversed some of the most fundamental tenets of all other cultures. No wonder that some men, like Darrow, get pessimistic! Our new edifice cannot be measured by the old yard-sticks. But there is more reason for hope than for discouragement. We are making for ourselves a new freedom—freedom from material cares, from privation, from heart-breaking worry, from the chains of want. We are broadening our horizons; why should we think that the vision of spiritual freedom need be lost? This is not an age for pessimists. It is an age of hope. We are on the threshold of a new day. The gleaming skyscrapers of our great cities are symbolic—symbolic of the shining white cities of brotherhood for which we are even now laying the foundations.

It does seem as if romance were dying out swiftly. The other day in Paris, two upper-class Frenchmen got into an argument that could only be settled on the field of honor. One challenged the other to a duel. The challenge was accepted, seconds were appointed and the usual arrangements were made. But the weapons—ah, hark! The Frenchmen fought, not with swords, nor even with pistols, but with—boxing gloves! They fought, we read, five rounds before they decided that honor was satisfied. We submit that the world has come to a pretty pass when things like that can happen. To be sure, a duel with boxing gloves is ever so much more sensible than a duel with swords or pistols. But who in thunder wants to see duels conducted with common sense? Romance is dead. All that remains is to open D'Artagnan's grave and see if he hasn't turned over.

A Detroit lady went to a "plastic surgeon" in Chicago the other day to have some facial defect or other remedied. The "surgeon"—somehow, we just can't help putting that word in quotation marks—noticed that her legs were a bit crooked, and offered to straighten them for her. So she let him perform an operation to make the crooked legs straight. Unfortunately, something went wrong. She was at last compelled to call her family doctor; he discovered that gangrene had set in, and only by operating promptly and cutting off both her legs was he able to save her life. The impulse to beautify oneself is natural. But it is a good idea to go slowly. Crooked legs are a great deal better than none at all.

While the country is talking about this disappearance and that, wouldn't it be a good idea to find out what became of those fellows who used to make their living playing Hawaiian guitars?

Lieutenant LeBrix says one of his reasons for wanting to marry an American girl is that he could learn to speak English. Quite an optimistic young man.

A Missouri man who hasn't shaved since Lincoln was assassinated claims to have the oldest whiskers extant. Is it possible this man never read a joke book?

America is a country where juries decide whether or not a criminal is insane, but where the jury always gets the benefit of the doubt.

WRITER TELLS OF TRIP UP UMPQUA RIVER ON BOAT

R. A. Emmett, a former resident of Douglas county, now residing in Klamath Falls, writes a very interesting communication, appearing in the Oregonian, regarding the attempt to navigate a boat up the Umpqua river to Roseburg. Mr. Emmett, who claims to be the only survivor of the group that made the trip, writes as follows:

My recollection of pioneer navigation of the Umpqua above Scottsburg is that Captain Hahn built a stern-wheeler steamboat at Scottsburg and in January or February, 1870, ascended the Umpqua to Roseburg, a distance of 119 miles by water, in about six days. I have no knowledge of who financed this boat, but it must have been done at Scottsburg. It was not at the time of a freshet, but about a medium stage of water, perhaps about three feet above low water mark. It was necessary to draw the boat over the worst rapids with line and capstan. This required my personal assistance at the Crown rapids, 12 miles below Roseburg.

The farmers were clamoring for transportation to market their produce any way, at any time or place. The matter was discussed as impracticable, and even impossible. However, when the boat arrived, loaded with farm produce and returned safe to Scottsburg, public sentiment was reversed. Congress, being in session, the farmers and business men secured an appropriation of \$20,000. A survey was made and a contract was awarded to the late W. B. Clarke of Millwood. The work was performed. Major Roberts made an inspection and approved the job, and the contract was paid. The work was generally condemned as not being sufficient.

Captain Hahn, after the experience of the first trip, advised that a longer, stronger, and more powerful boat would be required; whereupon a company was formed of farmers and business men for the purpose. Coles Valley, was president and Harvey Dixon secretary of the company. The boat was constructed under the supervision of Captain Hahn, assisted by Mr. Dixon.

In The Oregonian (Feb. 12, 1928), is an article giving the exploits of Harvey Dixon, in which he dwells at length on his experience in building this boat and on its subsequent failure to ascend the rapids three miles above Scottsburg. Captain Hahn, a very bright, man, brave, fearless and sturdy, reckless, was indignant at the article, and a man named Clarke (initials unknown), who had been engineer on the first trip to Roseburg, the trip in charge. He made the trip up and failed to get over the rapids above Scottsburg. It was said the boat was too long, that when the front and settled down on the level water above the falls it would naturally lift the stern and above the water of the rapids, thereby depriving the wheel of its driving force.

No other effort was ever made. After a year or more the boat was sold and taken to Coos Bay and used there for years. About June 1, 1870, Ben Holladay's railroad was completed to the same place, and the public being assured of rail transportation, and Portland being a better market than Scottsburg, the ardor of those interested in water transportation was dampened.

I believe I am at this time the only person still living who rode on the boat that came to Roseburg.

R. A. EMMETT.

J. A. CARAWAY IS MADE MANAGER OF PENNEY CO. STORE

A change in management at the local Penney store was reported today. Mr. H. H. Smith, who has been in charge of the store, has been succeeded by J. A. Caraway, who for the past five years has been connected with the local store. Mr. Caraway has been connected with the Penney stores in Oregon for the past seven years, and during the five years that he has been in Roseburg, has been one of the very active employees in the local store. He has many friends here who will be glad to learn of his advancement to a position for which he is well qualified, by experience and training.

FOR CORNER

Subject to the approval of the republican voters, I hereby announce myself a candidate for nomination of County Corner, at the primary election, May 18.

M. E. RITTER.

TWO DEAD RESULT MAIL POISON PLOT

(Associated Press Local Wire) ALBUQUERQUE, Feb. 17.—Postal authorities working on a "mail poison plot" case which was responsible for the deaths of two Albu residents followed a trail today which led them toward Los Angeles or Long Beach, California. Investigation indicated the plot may have its inception 15 months ago with the organization of an anti-children trust societies, in which one of the victims, Mrs. Curtis Lavers, had been active. Mrs. Lavers, 37, a farmer, died on the victim, died on the same date as Mrs. Lavers, February 2, after having taken sample "oil" medicine sent through the mails.

Twelve persons in Albu, including the two victims and state's attorney James A. Allen, were the only ones so far as is known who received poison capsules. None



All Wool 2-Pants SUITS
successfully fill all the dress needs of men, for they are created by expert tailors of excellent materials that wear well.

\$30.00
Harth's TOGGERY

except Mrs. Lowry and Baker, used the medicine. Following their deaths, state's attorney Allen ordered an investigation and examination of the vital organs of the deceased, and the contents of the capsules.

The medicine, Attorney Allen said, had been mailed from Kansas City, Kansas, although the labels on the boxes indicated it was a product of the Seibert Pharmaceutical company of St. Joseph, Mo.

Post office inspector I. V. Kinney, who traced the mailing of the medicine from Kansas City, indicated isolated to the plotters having gone to California.

MRS. E. E. COLLUM DIES AT HOSPITAL

Mrs. Edna Mayola Collum passed away at Mercy Hospital last night at the age of 39 years. She was born in Upper Lake, Calif., on March 16, 1887. She is survived by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, her husband, Edward E. Collum, and four small children.

Services will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 in the parlors of the Douglas funeral home. Interment will be made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery. Rev. Penhall of the South Methodist church will officiate.

SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAMS PLAYING OUT OF TOWN THIS WEEK

Only one basketball game is to be played in the city tonight, that being between the national guard team and the Oregon State normal school. The two high school teams will play away from home, the senior high school going to Grants Pass, while the junior high plays at Eugene.

Next week Ashland senior high plays here and the following week Grants Pass comes here.

MRS. COOLIDGE BETTER

(Associated Press Local Wire) WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Mrs. Coolidge was much better today, White House physicians reported.

Her ailment, described as a cold, has kept her to her apartment for a week and prevented her from participation last night in the White House reception at the White House.

For the first time since she became ill, Mrs. Coolidge was able to leave her bed and she walked around a bit today.

CANDIDATES BREAKFAST

(Associated Press Local Wire) WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Three grooved presidential candidates were among the group of senators at the White House breakfast this morning.

They were Senators Curtis of Kansas, Watson of Indiana, and Willis of Ohio. Others present included Borah of Idaho and Walsh of Montana, who have been mentioned in connection with presidential discussion; Ashurst of Arizona; Wheeler of Montana; Warren of Wyoming; and Waterman, Colorado.

NOTICE

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the partnership existing between Edwin E. Owen and Martin B. Cass in the conducting of a florist and poultry business at Gardendale, Oregon, was dissolved on the 6th day of February, 1928. The undersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted in the name of the above partnership after and from the date of this notice.

MARTIN B. CASS.

Today

(Continued from page 1.)

stood. Lindbergh's "luck" was like that of Captain Paul Jones, and General Grant—a mixture of perseverance and brilliant courage.

There is reason to believe, unfortunately, that some of our navy men, very comfortable on big battleships and afraid to fly, befitting real flying systematically, and discourage government aviation. For Uncle Sam, that is distinctly "un-lucky."

Cotton fields of Arizona and California are menaced by the southern boll weevil and Mexican plunk worm, according to Dr. Hartlett, Arizona's state entomologist. Itinerant cotton pickers, carrying pink worms and weevils with them, spread the cotton plague—as railroad trains formerly spread mosquitoes all over the nation. The mosquito flies only a few hundred feet from its birthplace, but trains provided safe, warm transportation.

Some day the itinerant picker dancer will be ended by a perfected mechanical cotton picker, passing the picked cotton through rollers strong enough or hot enough to crush and destroy the weevils, worms and eggs.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 139-L.

STATE PRESS COMMENT

An Immediate Need
Acquisition of a site for a landing field and construction of an airport are urged upon the community as an immediate need by the general airport committee, composed of representatives of local civic organizations. It is pointed out that aviation is now assuming an important place in the commercial world and that all communities must be prepared to take advantage of the opportunities offered by this development if they are to take any real part in it.

No one can say what importance aviation may play in the industrial development of the country during the next five years. It has been growing rapidly, with expansion of mail, express and passenger transportation daily assuming a more material part in the business life of the nation.

Three years ago the first contract was let for the establishment of an air mail route. Today 25 of these routes have been established by the government, and express are being made for still greater increase. During November airmail contractors carried 171,734 pounds of mail. For this service the contractors received \$216,996.68. In addition, express and passenger routes, where they already have been established, have done a corresponding business.

Survey has been completed of the Pacific airway and bids have been accepted for construction of four landing fields, for emergency purposes, between this city and Roseburg. Municipal fields are left to the enterprise of those cities in which they are located.

Roseburg is now considering the proposal of leasing lands to the extent of \$25,000 for a field there. Marshfield is considering extensive development and Medford already has a field upon which improvements are to be undertaken. To take part in this general movement, Grants Pass must make provision for an airport.

Land is cheaper here now than it will be in a few years. Available sites will soon be broken up into smaller tracts and it may soon be next to impossible to secure an adequate field. It will be economy to make provision now for the future and have a part in the development which is certain to come.—Grants Pass Courier.

Should Lindy Arrive Here

Coos Bay should have an airport within 30 days for the Pacific Coast airline service, which is making Coos Bay one of the mail centers. It is imperative that the airport be established within that time, or Coos Bay will perhaps lose this service now being proposed.

This was the opinion voiced by a member of the Marshfield-North Bend Rotary club at a session of that service organization, yesterday. This member has studied aviation, has taken pilot lessons, has flown planes and has ridden in various craft. He knows enough of aviation to realize to the fullest extent the importance of an airport on Coos Bay. His statement should be taken seriously by those of us who know less of aviation but who, nevertheless, are just as anxious to see the rapid development of Coos Bay. And an airport is one of the prerequisites of a greater city.

Coos Bay is already known on the Pacific Coast in connection with flying, as Vern G. Gorn, who organized the Pacific Airway Transport company, and became its first president, lived in North Bend. During the organization of the company and preparing for the opening of the mail service, Gorn pilots brought Mr. Gorn to Coos Bay, and made safe landings here, despite the lack of a proper landing field. Mr. Gorn was a member of this same club which yesterday heard the renewed plea for an airport.

The suggestion made yesterday that the field opposite the port dock between Marshfield and North Bend be put in shape for a temporary landing field until a permanent one can be established, is a sound suggestion, we believe, as it will take care of the present needs, while Coos Bay officials have ample time to establish a real port on a permanent basis. This can be done and it should be done.

Where can there be found a

THE ANYMITE STORY

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNOCK

The big balloon then floated high and disappeared up in the sky. The Tines, in the trees, kept on rolling over the ground. They kept together on their way and then the bunch heard Clowey say, "It seems we're going very fast. I wonder where we're bound."

"What do we care?" weee Copy cried. "As long as I can stay inside this tire it is really fun to move along like this. The ground, as far as I can see, is smooth and safe as it can be. I guess we'll keep on going until something goes amiss."

"Course now and then they'd hit a bump which made the tires go thumpy, thump, but all the Tines held on tight and didn't mind at all. Then Clowey cried, "I'm dizzy now. I wish I could jump free, somehow." But he was rather scared to 'cause he feared he'd take a fall.

For miles and miles they rolled real fast and (trees and shrubs went sailing past. They reached a little hill which looked, by far, too high to climb. Cried Clowey, "Speed is what we need." And so the tires picked up speed. This made them reach the hilltop, 'cause the speed came just in time.

Then, as they started swiftly down, weee Copy cried, "There's Rubber Town. I see it at the bottom of this hill. We'll soon be there." Then Clowey yelled, "I fear this race will roll us right on through the place. My goodness, if that happens, it will surely seem unfair."

Just then the bunch heard Clowey groan. His tire hit upon a stone. It jolted back and forth a while, and then there came a scare. With one loud bang the thing blew out, and all the bunch began to shout. They saw poor



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

Little Clowey is a flying through the air. (Clowey gives the other Tines a good laugh in the next story.) (Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



He: Is marriage consistent with your theories of the possibility of transcendental happiness?
She: Well, granted a lack of economic soundness on your part and a congenial incapacity for meeting financial obligations, I should hesitate until I ascertained the amount entrusted to you in your grandfather's will.

OUT OUR WAY



SAY WES, WHICH ONE O' THEM IS YOU?

A FOOT OR AHEAD?

By Williams