

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1928.

SURPLUS OF TEACHERS

According to reports submitted at the meeting of the board of state normal school regents at Salem last week, more teachers in Oregon are now out of employment than at any time in the history of the state. In other words Oregon's supply of school teachers is in excess of the need. In spite of that fact the regents last week ordered the construction of a third state normal school, at La Grande. With the state facing a deficit of nearly \$2,000,000 and with more teachers now than jobs, it seems like the board of regents has displayed poor judgment. But the people at large have no complaint coming. At the last state election it was their votes that authorized the additional normal school and the regents are but obeying that mandate. And now Mr. Taxpayer, consider what you have added to the state's financial burden: The new school structure itself carries an appropriation of \$175,000; to equip it will require approximately as much more, and at each biennial session of the legislature thousands of dollars will have to be authorized to maintain the school, not to mention sundry other thousands of dollars for desired "improvements." Some idea of the amount of money that will be requested to carry on the La Grande normal school may be gleaned from the fact that the Ashland normal, only in the second year of its existence, is asking over \$350,000 for the next biennium. Monmouth normal is asking over \$590,000, of which \$425,000 covers the estimated cost of proposed new buildings. The aggregate total of all items for all three schools makes quite a sum, doesn't it? Not at all pleasant to contemplate, especially when the expenditure of about one-third of it will be premature. As remarked before, it was the state electors themselves who authorized the third normal school, but we feel safe in asserting that there would have been no outcry against the regents had they withheld their accordant order until such time at least as the state felt an impending need of more teachers and was not quite so heavily in the "red."

MICHIGAN'S NEW INCOME

A generation or so ago Michigan was a great lumber state. Mighty pine forests covered her hills and river valleys, and the cutting of them poured a great stream of wealth into the pockets of Michigan's citizens. Now most of the lumber is gone, although the upper peninsula still does a good bit of cutting each year. But Gov. Green believes that the summer tourist and vacation business will, in the near future, give Michigan an even greater annual revenue than the lumber business ever did in its palmist days. He warns citizens that if they do not kill the goose that lays the golden egg—if, in other words, summer visitors are treated courteously, given good accommodations and are not overcharged—Michigan will speedily find her lakes, her sunshine and her beaches far more valuable than her old-time pine forests. Probably he is right. It is amazing that Michigan's development as a vacation center has not been even more rapid. Climate and scenery are superb. Nature has provided a magnificent vacation ground there.

A HIGHWAY INVESTMENT

There are investments and investments. Some things that hardly look like investments turn out, on examination, to be excellent money-back propositions. Just now a great super-highway, connecting Canada and the United States with all the countries of South America, is being proposed. It would enable motorists to travel the entire length of the two continents. At first glance it looks like a good idea, but expensive—something that would cost more than it would be worth. But maybe it would be a mighty good investment. At present there are only 1,000,000 autos in all South America. Will such a highway in existence can it be doubted that that number would double, treble, almost overnight? And where would the new cars come from if not from the United States, purveyor of autos to all the world? It might be that American business men would be very wise to get behind that proposed highway and make it a reality.

The New York welfare council says New York is no place to be without friends, a job, relatives or a bank account. Well, maybe not!

Now that cigaret lighters are the vogue, what in the world is one to pick one's teeth with?

COMING EVENTS IN ROSEBURG

Cut out this list of dates of outstanding events for the year and keep it in your pocket for handy reference. Watch for changes and additional announcements as they may be arranged.

Campfire Girls Camp at Wolf Creek July 16-30
County Farm Picnic, Kiwanis Grove July 21
Epworth League Institute on Little River site July 9-16
Douglas County Merchants' Institute August 30-31
Southern Oregon Seal Sale
Conference September (no date set)
Knights of Pythias Convention, Dist. No. 5 Sept. 22
Regional P. T. A. Convention Oct. 17-18-19
Fall Meeting Presbytery of Southern Oregon Oct. 23-24
National Election November 6
State Horticultural Meeting Dec. 12-13-14

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Plaindealer
JAN. 2, 1903.

An Early Oil Well

A perfect working model of an oil drilling plant is on exhibition at the Umpqua Valley Oil company's office in Roseburg. It is a perfect facsimile of the company's large plant at Myrtle Creek, including derrick, walking beam, cable, drill, sand pump and all, and the operation of the little model gives one a most perfect idea of the principles on which the large plants are constructed and operated. This unique model is the handiwork of our mechanical townsman, Wm. Hodson.

Mr. Gaddis, the manager of the Roseburg Creamery, is a hustler and a past master at bluffing, and it looks very much as though he were going to win the day, and make Medford merely a shipping station for his Roseburg Creamery—Medford Success.

MARRIED—Bonebrake-Oden. At the residence of Wm. Van Buren in this city Feb. 1, 1903, Geo. A. Bonebrake to D. L. Oden, Rev. F. H. Minshall, officiating.

Pessimism

Composed by a Harvard College student: "Dirty days bath September, April, June and November. From January up to May, the rain it raineth every day. All the rest have thirty-one without a blessed sign of sun, and if any of them had two and thirty, they'd be just as wet and twice as dirty."

S. D. Evans of Umpqua Ferry was in this city this week on business pertaining to the improvement of his city property here.

The city dads at a meeting last Monday night attempted to take some judgment on the citizens of West Roseburg in attempting to force them into the city by special act of the legislature. There was not a single citizen of West Roseburg desiring to be incorporated and on Tuesday everyone signed a remonstrance at such highland proceedings and sent it to Salem, when the amendment to the charter was promptly killed.

MALGREM LEFT ALIVE IN GRAVE, ZAPPI ADMITS

(Continued from page 1.)

Why have you fled?
"Where is Malgreim? Has he died or have they left him alive?"

Zappi's Story.

Captains Mariano and Zappi and Dr. Malgreim started from the scene of the crash of the Italia across the ice for land on May 30. In their march they suffered untold privation. For days they drifted on floating ice. Zappi was quoted as saying that several miles southwest of Brook Island Malgreim was unable to march on. He told his two companions to go ahead and take all the provisions. Zappi's account continued:

"Before leaving Malgreim asked us to dig a grave in the ice and he lay down. Quietly he stretched out his hands bidding us adieu and handing up his compass, requesting us to give it to his mother."

"We plodded on slowly. In 24 hours we were only 100 meters from Malgreim. We saw Malgreim raise his head. Hoping that driven by hunger he would go on with us, we waited. Realizing this, Malgreim cried:

"Go, go, at the price of my life you'll save all."

"We marched on."

12 Days Without Food.

A mile from Brook Island Mariano became blind. Again they drifted with the ice and during their wanderings they saw six alienated men about a mile distant but the Soviet flier Chukhovskoy from the Kraasin was the only one to see them. For twelve days they had not eaten anything. Mariano felt death approaching. He begged Zappi to place his body aboard the Russian plane if the airman should succeed in landing. His bidding was obeyed when the Kraasin approached to pick them up.

The Kraasin then pushed on to rescue the five men commanded by Lieutenant Alfredo Vigliani at the scene of the disaster. The group heard the Kraasin's siren and sighted her shortly after 4:15 p. m. Thursday. They radioed their position directing the ship to them. Smoke signals and rockets were sent up by the Vigliani group. Five and a half hours after they had heard the siren they were safe aboard the vessel.

The Vigliani group was found to be well provided with food and warm clothing. They had three pneumatic boats ready for emergencies, such as the breaking up of the ice.

Amundsen Not Found.

The report received in Stockholm yesterday morning that Roald Amundsen and his five companions had been picked up by the Russian icebreaker Maltin has been hampered by fog and ice in her search for the missing men and at noon reported her position but sent no word of having sighted any survivors.

With the Chukhovskoy party also picked up, there are now only two groups connected with the Italia tragedy definitely unaccounted for. One group consists of the six men who were carried off in the bag of the Italia when it was wrecked last May and the other group consists of the six men in the Amundsen party. There was some hope that these two groups may have joined, since Amundsen was known to be searching for the bag party particularly.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE MARCH OF THE SHADOWS

Go watch the twilight shadows fall
Until the darkness covers all—
Across the mountains, stepping slow,
Until at last no hilltops show;
The shadows, always on the march,
Shut out the light 'neath heaven's arch.
No matter what we proudly say,
The shadows always have their way.

The king who once was crowned with fame,
Is now a faint, forgotten name;
The conqueror who shook the world,
Now sleeps beneath his banners furled;
The voice that woke men's proud acclaim,
Is silent now, awakes no flame;
They all have joined the ghostly band
Who dwell in darkened shadow-land.

As with the great, so 'tis with me,
My eyes grow dim, I cannot see;
My ears grow deaf, I cannot hear—
These flaggings tell of shadows near.
But as I in the shadows march,
I still have hope, 'neath heaven's arch,
That in God's morning time of light,
I'll find—find all the shadows white.

OUR AMERICAN BIRDS

Popular Home Lessons in Natural History

THE BIRD OF THE WEEK

(By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS)

(Cut out this block each week and you will soon have an interesting bird book of your own.)

THE YELLOW RAIL

By Louis Albert Banks

The yellow rail is likely to show up anywhere in America. He breeds as far north as Hudson Bay in Canada, and winters on the Gulf of Mexico and in southern California. He is a strange bird. He looks like a little hen—a very small hen, for he is only seven inches long. He is an unusually handsome bird, with plumage of glossy brown and yellowish buff; black and white barred side feathers. The back is blackish with the feathers edged with white. These small rails are like field mice, hard to locate or obtain sight of in the marsh grass. They like grassy tracts around coulees and prairie marshes. They like to conceal themselves in marshy areas and thick clumps of grass—any place where it is marshy—yet they do not particularly care for stagnant water where cattails grow. They make a nest of grass right on the ground. They are exceedingly retiring and do not seem to care to display themselves in anyway. They have from six to twelve eggs which are a rich buff color, speckled with reddish brown in a wreath about the larger end. They live more completely to themselves than any other bird I know.

Neglected, wet and sodden marsh
Where every voice you hear is harsh—
Poor little hidden silent rail,
Down on that lonely rabbit trail!
Your deepest purpose is to hide;
You are not vain and know no pride.
We all think you a pretty bird—
That you should hide is quite absurd.
And yet you have just what you want—
Select this secret quiet haunt,
And here you live a life serene
With your own lovely modest queen.

Quite happy he who gains desire,
Who finds a life that does not tire;
Quite happy he who gains content,
Who finds the place for which he's meant.
I take it back it's not "abundant"—
That was a careless, thoughtless word.
Keep beauty for your mate alone—
We all too much to pride are prone.
O teach me, too, that lesson clear
Of charm, content with quiet cheer;
To find my beauty in my soul—
The noblest part of nature's whole.
Teach me the sweet and gentle grace
To meet all life with smiling face;
To give earth's marsh a gayer touch,
And be not noisy—overmuch.

A LITTLE HERMIT RAIL

When'er I think of lonely things,
Of hermit souls and desert wings,
I think of you, sweet yellow rail,
Down in that old forgotten vale.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

WRITER TAKES EXCEPTIONS TO STATEMENTS OF EDITOR

ROSEBURG, July 16.—Editor News-Review.—Have just read the dispatch from Detroit of July 11 in which an agricultural editor claims the farmer is all right economically that he is only "crying" for luxuries. Is there any reason why farmers and their families should exist on the bare necessities of life? Is there any reason why a woman on the farm should slave with no conveniences and the sons and daughters be denied any thing but the rudimentary education?

Every business man but the farmer sets the price upon his product whatever it is. He figures out the cost of production and adds to that a per cent that will give him a comfortable living and not just bare necessities. When he figures the cost he takes into account all expense of production—called overhead—and adds an amount as salary for himself and then a per cent and this per cent in some lines goes as high as seventy-five per cent and even higher.

The business man in the city can get help for the eight-hour day prevalent there. The factory has an eight-hour day in fact every line of business but the farmer can figure on eight hours work for their employees. In turn the consumer pays this eight hour labor. That is all right. But the farmer can not make his price for his product. He is not allowed to say, "I have figured up the cost of production and added my own labor and a per cent for money invested and this is my price." He takes his product to market and the middle man says, "I will give you so much." If the farmer says, "The production cost me more," the commission man says, "I don't want it," and his perishable product is on his hands. He might go to the retailer, but the retailer smoothly says, "I have contracted with the commission man to furnish me with farm products the year around." The farmer must then sell at a loss or not at all.

The wool grower sells his wool at a bare cost of production with no account of capital invested therein and when he uses clothing for himself or family must pay for about four handlings of it with a big per cent added for each handling.

The farmer is a real producer and not a leech on the economic life of society and why should he be ridiculed because he desires for his family more than the bare necessities of life. He deserves more luxuries than any other class.

Is there any place in the plan of creation where it is laid down that the farmer should be without luxuries?

It is becoming almost impossible to get farm help, the hours are of necessity so long and men and women will not go into the country to work. If the farmer has help he must work early and late and see his help sitting around while he finishes out a long day or else they are off enjoying the luxuries after an eight-hour day of half-hearted labor. The mother on the farm must care for her own family and be housekeeper, or no matter how large her family, for girls today must have all the luxuries and very little work.

Then some editor who has, perhaps never played even night on a farm says, "The only farm problem is desire for luxuries."

No money invested brings an small per cent as that invested in farms. The farms bear the bulk of taxation. The city and capital therein fight an income tax and throw the entire burden on the farmer.

What encouragement is there to any young people to take up agriculture?

Let me repeat what encouragement is there for the farmer. There is a "farm problem" a part of which is the marketing problem. No other business would produce year after year and have customers set their own price and many times away below cost of production. Another part of the "farm problem" is the burden of taxation. True investigation will reveal a big complex problem.

EMMA PECK WOODS.

IS THAT NICE?

"Yes, madam, I arrived at my present position with nothing to help me but my intelligence."

"How nice to be able to say that you started with nothing at all."

—Pages Gates, Yverdon.

DR. NERBAS

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THE ANYMITES

STORY BY NAL COCHRAN—PICTURES BY KNOCK

The funny hippo moved along against a current that was strong. It didn't bother him one bit, because he was stronger still. The Tintles sat within the seat upon his back. It looked real neat. Said Clowey, "Everything is fine, as long as we don't spill."

"Oh, I am sure that we're all right," The hunter tied the seat on tight," said Clowey. Then the hippo bunch broke out in merry song. "We're sailing on the hippo's hide and having quite a wondrous ride. We do not have to paddle, but we travel right along."

"It's like a boat, but better still," because this is giving us a thrill. We don't know where we're heading for, and neither do we care. As long as we stay up on top, and do not take a sudden flop, we'll just enjoy this crazy ride, and breathe in nice fresh air."

"Hey, that's enough!" one "Tintle" cried. And soon the happy slugging died. The hippo kept on swimming, and the whole bunch took a nap. They slept for 'bout an hour or so. Then Clowey woke and a noted, "Oh, we're coming to a hanging rope. Perhaps this is a trap."

"Supposing we are caught in it. That wouldn't be fun. I think I'll sit up forward in this little seat and push the rope aside. Then we can slip quite safely through. Now watch, and you'll see what I do." Then Clowey found that it was quite a foolish stunt he tried.

He grabbed the rope, real brave and gold, and while he had a good firm hold he felt his body rise in air. The hippo slipped away. This gave poor Clowey quite a scare, because he was hanging in mid air. As soon as he could catch his



READ THE STORY. THEN COLOR THE PICTURE.
breath, he shouted, loudly, "Hey!" (story.)
(Clowey is rescued in the next Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

STATE PRESS COMMENT

Oil's Importance

Not only is the oil industry important as furnishing a private means of locomotion to practically every citizen of our country, but petroleum products form a larger proportion of railroad tonnage than any other manufactured commodity.

The oil industry has invested some \$11,000,000,000, which is half as much as is invested in railroads and more than twice the investment of the steel industry.

In the 48 years since the first oil well was drilled in Pennsylvania in 1859, 746,000 wells have been drilled in 21 states, of which 319,000 are still producing. One-half of all producing wells had initial production of not more than 25 barrels a day, while less than three per cent of wells yield more than 50 per cent of domestic production. The industry spends some \$500,000,000 annually for new wells.

Physical waste of oil is practically nonexistent with improved methods of producing, handling and refining. Up to a few years ago, natural gas was either allowed to escape or was utilized in its natural state only for lease operations. Now it is one of the most important factors, and 500,000 gallons of gasoline are produced daily from gas wells.

Oil companies bear a staggering burden of taxation, and, in addition, all but two states impose a retail sales tax on gasoline varying from one to five cents a gallon. A number of cities also levy an additional sales tax for local purposes.

State gasoline taxes in 1927 amounted to some \$250,000,000—an amount nearly equal to one-third the interest on our national debt for that year, and a sum sufficient to build two paved roads from New York to San Francisco and one from the Canadian border to the Gulf Coast.—Salem Manufacturer.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



"You ain't fallin' fer any of that stuff are you? That's just a scheme to get the working man's vote."

Even the most efficient farmer will have little profit left if his business is so small that his volume of sales is low. finds R. S. Brown, farm management specialist, in studying farm success and failure. The diversified Oregon farm doing a gross business of \$4,000 to \$6,000 annually has an opportunity to pay a profit above expenses. The average volume of business on Oregon farms is too small, records show.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY, THE HIGH SIGN. J. Williams