

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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B. W. BATES, President and Manager
B. W. BATES, Secretary-Treasurer
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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOV. 29, 1928.

WHY WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL

Again the annual day is here when we perform our spiritual and soul-satisfying duty of offering devout thanks to the Almighty for manifold blessings, grouped under such captions as material prosperity and physical well-being. These reasons apply to Roseburg and Douglas county generally, with due allowance for the usual percentage of individual exceptions, such as are always or occasionally failing to share in the distribution of the loaves and fishes of industrial benefits or who have been overtaken by accidental misfortune. Taking Roseburg's case specifically, one finds cause for gratitude in the industrial progress made the past year. It has not been phenomenal, but it has been creditable. Building operations have been at the highest point for several years and business conditions have compared favorably with those in other towns of similar size in the state. There have been no serious epidemics or elemental calamities. Absence of these things year after year has perhaps made us indifferent to our good fortune in such regard, but we are reminded of our debt of thankfulness for immunity from such things when we read of the toll of lives and property taken by calamities in less favored regions elsewhere. In the county generally the past year has seen profitable and progressive industries, chiefly in the items of good roads extension, livestock and poultry, fruit crops and lumbering. Cattle sold for the highest prices since the World War, sheep and wool yielded record revenues, nearly all lumber mills ran steadily, an unexcelled output of turkeys brought the usual high prices, egg production increased and the leading fruit crop—prunes,—while far below normal, was the largest of any county in Oregon. Taken by and large, city and county have experienced an annual period that calls for unstinted gratitude to the Supreme Giver of all good things. And we are sincerely thankful not only for the benefits of the past but for future blessings that are promised in abundance by the present outlook.

It requires a column or so of newspaper space daily to describe the condition of the sick King George of England and attending incidents. A few lines suffice for General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, who is also battling with serious illness in England. Undoubtedly there will be the same conspicuous disparity in the publicity over their respective deaths, which by the way we trust are far off. We venture the opinion, however, that for every person who mourns the passing of the king, thousands will grieve over the death of the other man—a noble humanitarian. One is the mediocre figure-head of a vast kingdom whose personal worth is measured only in a material sense. The other is enthroned in the hearts of a countless multitude of fellow humans, who are impressed more by kindly acts and practical charity than by the possession of monarchical power. Booth and his life's work will live in the memory of grateful mankind long after his royal contemporary has passed on to oblivion, leaving his throne to an offspring of like unimportance to the actual administration of Great Britain's affairs.

CLAIMANT GIVES UP IN FIGHT FOR CRABTREE ESTATE

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—Four years of litigation over the will of Lotta M. Crabtree, former actress, who left the bulk of her \$4,000,000 estate to charity, ended today when Mrs. Annie Fritwell of San Francisco waived her appeal from a decree of Judge William M. Brewster of the probate court denying her the right to contest the will.

The principal trust created by the will was \$2,000,000 for the benefit of disabled soldiers, sailors and women who were in the service of the United States during the war. In the distribution of the trust, the principal as well as the income of the fund may be used for the beneficiaries for 40 years, when the trust will terminate and the principal and unexpended interest become a part of the residue of the estate.

Under the will the income of a \$200,000 fund is to be used for the care, relief and comfort of dumb animals; the income of \$100,000 for gifts of clothing, food, coal, medicine or small money donations to be expended during each Christmas season among the poor.

The will also provides that numbers of the theatrical profession who need financial assistance are to be given the income from a \$100,000 fund, while discharged convicts in Boston, San Francisco, St. Louis, New York, Washington, Louisville and New Orleans are to have the benefit of the income from another \$100,000 fund.

The residue of the estate is to be used to create the Lotta Crabtree fund, from the income of which sums are to be loaned with out interest to graduates of the Massachusetts agricultural college who desire to engage in agriculture and lack the means to do so.

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CUPID LAX ON JOB

BALTIMORE.—Records of the fiscal year just closed indicate a marked decline of marriages and a corresponding divorce increase from the past year. The cause is believed to be the independence of the younger generation and the good salaries thousands of girls are receiving.

Sticks to Job, Saves 125 Lives



After searching for hours in the region where the steamer Vestris was supposed to have sunk, most officers of the U. S. S. American Shipper gave up hope of finding any survivors. But Captain Schuyler Cummings, above, refused to abandon the hunt. Steering a zigzag course through the position given by signals, he finally sighted three lifeboats and a raft. His persistence saved 125 lives.

Twenty-Five Years Ago

From the Roseburg Review 1903

The Roseburg chamber of commerce has endorsed the project of having the mail brought from Roseburg over the Middle Fork road to Myrtle Point instead of over the Coos Bay wagon road.

Mrs. Booth Tucker, wife of Gen. Booth Tucker, head of the Salvation Army forces of the world, was killed and her body frightfully mangled in a wreck on the Santa Fe line near Beach Lake, Mo., Oct. 29.

The salmon run this year exceeded the fondest expectations of the fishermen in the Gardiner section. From 1900 to 1909, fish were delivered at the cannery every morning and the cannery crew is working day and night.

Rev. S. A. Douglas is enjoying a hunting trip near Kiddle. He will return in time to occupy his pulpit Sunday.

Arthur Woodin has returned from Dunsmuir, Calif., and is now filling the duties of hostler in the S. P. yards in place of O. E. Hampton, resigned.

Adam Doerner was in from near Cleveland today. His vineyard produced a good crop this year and the grapes are of excellent quality. He is busy now making wine.

County Surveyor Chas. E. Roberts has gone to Klamath county on business.

W. D. Chaddock, of the firm of Chaddock and Chappel, owners of the Eldorado saloon in this city, has established a saloon in Eugene, making the twelfth one for that place, the same number of saloons as now in Roseburg.

The Hotel Napoleon Bonaparte, now in course of erection on the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, will be when completed, the largest hotel in the world. It will contain 4200 rooms and will accommodate over 7000 persons.

Prof. J. H. Cochran's family departed on Wednesday morning's overland for Medford, where they will reside permanently.

THANKSGIVING DAY 11 YEARS AGO RECALLED

(Continued from page 1)

guarding ship yards, mills, docks, etc.

It was the intention of the commanding officer at Fort Stevens, and a promise to us, that we would be relieved after one month, and another company take our place, each company to have one job one month. But through the influence of local citizens with the western department, asking that there be no change, the 4th company was kept on the job for nearly five months, and until the strike danger was over.

I commanded many companies during the war, including 500 arctic men from Vancouver and four companies at Fort Vancouver. I found in any company at any time that would in any way compare with the company I had the honor of bringing into the service. We had been promised that we should be held intact and go to France as one organized unit, but the company (and all other companies) was broken up and the men placed in other organizations for overseas service. It was the greatest disappointment of my life to see them march away, while I was left to wrestle with recruits.

Three months after we returned to Fort Stevens from Astoria only one man remained in the 4th company (then called the 16th company) who went out with us in July, 1917, though we had 250 men on the roster. I made him first sergeant.

Here is an illustration of the sterling character of the men of the original 4th company. From October to March we were in Astoria. It was all guard duty. We were living in tents (poor tents, at that), and snow was on the ground. During the I. W. W. scare the men did double duty. They were without overcoats or rubber boots, without slippers, all without sweaters, though sweaters were plentiful even then for overseas men. I tried to get the necessary equipment from Fort Stevens and failed. Then I made arrangements with a local merchant to let them have what they needed most, each man to pay for what he purchased. Of course it was necessary for me to guarantee payment. The purchases amounted to more than \$1000.00, and I had to pay only \$4.50 to make my guaranty good. That record speaks for itself.

The turkeys for our Thanksgiving dinner were furnished by the people of Roseburg, and the menu reads as follows: Turkey, soup, cranberries, roast turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, creamed corn, brown gravy, bread and butter, shrimp salad, celery, olives, cake, fresh doughnuts, mince pie, lemon pie, nutted nuts, assorted candies, ice cream, milk, coffee, clams, cigarettes.

Following is the roster of the 4th company Oregon coast artillery (the best company, in no opinion, that every shouldered arms on Thanksgiving day, 1917): First lieutenants, Russell C. Danham, William A. Berenson; Second lieutenant, Frank J. Nick; First sergeant, Roderick S. J. Hamilton; Supply sergeant, Victor J. Merrill; Mess sergeant, Allen J. Brown; Sergeants, Mark Simpson, Edwin J. Jewett, Glenn N. Riddle, William J. Traub, John Battenbark, Thomas H. Brown, Harley J. Watson, Lorton Platt; Corporals, Edgar N. Rover, Ray-

Presbyterian Ladies Aid will hold its annual cooked food and fancy work bazaar Saturday, Dec. 1 at McKean. Darryl A. Baldwin Store.

mond L. Lahey, Charles V. Stanton, Lester K. Baker, George A. Smith, Victor R. LeVitt, Leo H. Rapp, Edward L. Allen, Jesse S. Frey, Roy V. Campbell, Rollin J. Lobough, Harry L. Mead.

Cooks, Alvin E. Wilkerson, Levi E. White. Mechanics, Frederick Worthington, Richard O. Fay. Butlers, Lawrence B. Kroger, Frank H. Lawrence.

Privates, Fred H. Andrus, Arthur L. Baldwin, Edward F. Barton, Niles Belcher, Ulysses B. Bird, Vernon E. Burton, Ray E. Burr, Charlie M. Burnett, Lynn Burr, Anton P. Barsch, Archie L. Bushnell, Harvey J. Cokeran, Alida L. Dean, Raymond H. Delaney, James F. Dillard, Charles A. Dunning, Calvin N. Evans, James T. Tiler, Leonard G. Foster, Hilary W. Gilman, Claude O. Green, Lorenzo P. Holman, David McKee, Frank E. Holtz, Clifford M. Howard, John H. Huston, Ernest L. Hutchins, Edwin A. Johnson, George H. Johnson, William Keller, William O. Maddox, Millard M. Meredith, Frank E. Miller, Fred L. Miller, Arthur V. Moore, Isaac M. Moore, Robert D. McGheeley, Charles R. Nail, V. Claude A. Palm, Willie L. Parsons, Edgar C. Perrine, Bryan Petroy, Monroe Porter, Worrie W. Ramsey, Rex E. Reed, Guy M. Russell, Jason H. Rust, Edward E. Sack, Victor C. Seether, Iolo B. Stephens, Ella B. Turpin, John E. Vanhooker, William M. Van Treese, William L. Wagner, Bonnie E. Whitsett, Earl G. Williams, George H. Williams, Hurley Winkelman, Poley Winkelman.

Many of these men reached higher rank before the war was over. How many of them were in France I am unable to say. I wish it were possible for us to have a reunion of the old company, and perhaps we may be able to do so some time.

—J. A. BUCHANAN.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

HOME GROWN THANKSGIVING

I have just read an account of how a Vermont family set out to raise on their farm every item of their Thanksgiving dinner, and how they succeeded. They raised the wheat, which was ground into flour in Vermont. They raised the corn, which was ground into fine meal. They got their sugar from their own maple trees. They churned their own butter. They made a cheese. They had home-made lard. The turkey, of course, came off the farm, and so did the cranberries and all the vegetables.

Thanksgiving Day is family day. When children come from far away. Recalling all those home-like arts Which ever go with loving hearts; And each with memories all his own Of days that long ago have flown; So each his own Thanksgiving makes, And each his toll from memory takes.

And why not do the same with God, Recalling all the way we've trod? How long since we have stopped to count And note how high life's blessings mount? With all the wonders of our eyes, How stale we grow about surprise! With all the glory of our ears, How listless with the passing years!

Just think how wonderful our feet Which skip and dance, and oh, how fleet! Yet they become a common thing And do not much thanksgiving bring. Our hands—what miracles of grace!— They're in our thoughts, but commonplace. Each finger is a work of art Which love designed to play its part.

And all this marvel world about— Enough to make the angels shout, So full of beauty everywhere— As if our God had set a snare To catch imagination's glance And wrap our very souls in trance At glory which He has enshrined, To which we are so strangely blind.

So as we near Thanksgiving Day, How much, indeed, for us to say! We do not need to search the mind To reason for thanksgiving find, Our ears and eyes and hands and feet, And acres of beauty that we greet, Sufficient are to rouse our praise And wake all anthems we can raise.

Yet just a word about the soul Which rules and justifies the whole: For it God dreamed these windows all, And all the wonders which enshrine; And there are friendship, love, and arts Which so enrich our minds and hearts— Ah yes! right here upon our sod We well can grow our thanks to God.

The FLORSHEIM Shoe



Presenting a clean cut, well dressed appearance calls for shoes that look the part... and Florsheim Shoes always do. Wear Florsheims and be well dressed.

\$10 Some Styles \$11 and \$12

Harth's TOGGERY

NEWS BRIEFS

BERKELEY, Calif., Nov. 26.—Hot dogs saved a girl's life today.

Silas Clare Wagner, 18, ate hot dogs and then drank poison. Physicians who used a stomach pump to remove the poison said presence of the hot dogs in her stomach saved her life.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 26.—Explosion of cartridge shells, souvenirs of the world war, probably saved the lives of S. L. Beard and his family at midnight.

Mr. Beard, his wife and two children, escaped by a window, when they found escape by doors impossible, after being awakened by the explosion of shells as a blaze consumed their home.

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 27.—Governor Patterson yesterday appointed F. L. Phipps of The Dalles as county judge of Wasco county to succeed J. T. Aldriman who was recalled. Mr. Phipps is a lawyer in The Dalles.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 27.—Norman Phelps, 42, insurance company employee, committed suicide by gas asphyxiation here yesterday.

A letter found in the man's room



TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

The dawn broke on Thanksgiving Day. The Thies "woke and yelled. Hurray! Hop 'up there, Mister Hunter. We're to have a dandy feast. We'll start the fire to blazing high, until it brightens up the sky. We want to be of aid, and we can do that much, at least."

The hunter sat right up in bed. He rubbed his eyes, and then he said, "Good morning, little Tinymites. You all seem full of cheer. But I don't blame you, not a bit, since all of you are feeling fit to eat some food and celebrate the wondrous day that's here."

It wasn't long till he was dressed. He rushed outside and said, "Tis best for me to look around and see that everything's all right." They found their turkey in the pot, "yum, yum," cried one, "Twill soon be hot, and when we start to eat it, it'll disappear from sight."

The fire was made. The turkey steamed, and every little "Tiny" beamed. The hunter then rushed forth and cried, "I have potatoes, too. We'll let them cook in with the turkey, 'cause that way it will cut down your 'Tiny' set the table, if you want something to do."

"They rushed into the hunter's shack, and soon they all came rushing back. "The table's set," cried Scouty. "We have done it up real neat." The hunter answered, "Now comes fun! Our fat old tender turkey's done! Just help me take it from the pot, and then we're set to eat."

They all turned in to lend a hand. When on the table, it looked grand. Wee Scouty cried, "I'll carve, and show you service that is real." He filled up every little plate, and then the hunter shouted, "Wait! Before we start to eat."



READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

Let's all give thanks for this fine (in the next story.) (Copyright, 1917, NEA Service. (The hunter springs a surprise! Inc.)

Negro Saves 16 From Sea



One of the heroes in the sinking of the S. S. Vestris was Lionel Licorice, diminutive negro quarter-master, who took command of a lifeboat and dived overboard 16 times to rescue drowning persons from the boiling sea. He also dived overboard several times to retrieve lost cars. Here he is as he arrived at New York with other survivors on the S. S. American Shipper.

was addressed to his estranged wife in Lakeside, Ore.

PENLETON, Ore., Nov. 27.—Tom Gurdane and Buck Lidenal, captors of William Edward Hickman, indicated today they were

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark



considering filing suit against the city of Los Angeles to force payment of reward offered for Hickman's capture. They said they understood the city did not intend to pay, despite an opinion by the city attorney that the city was liable for the reward payment.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN. THE SECOND SHIFT. J. WILLIAMS

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