ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1929.

GOODBYE, FOLKS

With this issue of the News-Review the retiring owners and publishers say farewell editorially to the readers and patrons of the paper. It is not an easy matter for us to sever the pleasant business relations of such long standing—thirty years for the senior member of the departing firm and fifteen years for the junior member—but there is a large degree of consolation in the fact that the paper has been passed on to experienced and ethical journalists who will maintain its high standing as an accurate and timely news herald, a reliable advertising medium and a welfare promoter for all Douglas county. Our retirement from the business field in this city does not banish our sincere wishes for its continued advancement and prosperity. Although future business activities will require our residence elsewhere, Roseburg will continue to occupy a large place in our hearts. Regardless of time, distance or occupation, there will ever be thoughts of the city on the Umpqua where material blessings were lavished upon us and where we can count on the remembrance of scores of warm personal friends who can never be supplanted in our affection by new ones. It is inevitable that the future will see us frequent visitors to this good old city. There is bound to be an irresistible yearning to return to the scenes of our long journalistic labors, to shake the hands of former fellow townsmen and appraise the progress of time. Thoughts of such visits do much toward lightening the regrets at our forthcoming departure. And until then we say adieu to all, wishing you continuance of the same measure of happiness and material welfare that we ourselves have enjoyed.

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The success of any institution depends largely on the personnel of its working force and before the writer steps down and out from the management of this paper he wants to say there never existed a more loyal and conscientious set of men and women than those employed in the business and mechanical departments of the News-Review. There has never been a ripple of dissension with any individual employee. Evidence of this fact is that many of our workers have been connected with this publication for over twenty-five years. To these men and women the management owes a debt of deep gratitude.

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Just the same, it is going to be a mighty hard matter to find a place quite so good as Roseburg to cast one's lot. It is almost useless to attempt such a quest.

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Here's hoping the mayor and city council come to some sort of reasonable terms before the end of 1929.

GUNNER ACE OF CHICAGO GANG POLICE CAPTIVE

(Continued from page 1)

arose before noon. I don't know a thing about this murder."

Motive Established

Police said McGurn had "plenty of reason" for wanting at least two of the slain gangsters out of the way. The Gusenberg brothers, who were killed, are believed to have been the ones who twice last year sought to kill McGurn and one nearly succeeded. He was shot as he stood in a telephone booth, being seriously wounded. On another occasion the automobile in which he rode was raked by machine gun fire, but he escaped harm.

On May 14, 1928, police entered a room in the Guyon hotel and found McGurn there, a machine gun on his lap and a pistol, loaded with dum-dum bullets, in his possession. Although possession of the weapons is a penitentiary offense, McGurn was freed on a technicality, the police having entered the room without a search warrant.

Capone's Name Appears

Yesterday's arrest was the first to be made since Commissioner Stege broadcast a list of 17 "wanted" men. McGurn's name headed the list. Police said they had established the fact that their prisoner went to Florida in December and conferred with Al Capone, but that he returned to Chicago several weeks before the gang massacre.

McGurn gave his name as Gusenberg. He formerly was a pugilist, fighting as Jack McGurn. He is reputed to have attained machine gun efficiency during the war.

A mysterious woman witness was at the show-up last night, but Commissioner Stege requested newspapermen not to inquire who she was. He said she was hurried back riding in Lincoln park, near the murder scene, and that on several occasions she had seen men who were pointed out to her as "west side gangsters." On the day of the killing these men were in the slayers' car.

The Daily Bombing

The second bomb within three days exploded in the restaurant of Mrs. Margaret Sheppard last night. Woodwork was torn out and windows broken, but no one was injured. A more powerful bomb exploded at the same restaurant early Monday morning. Competitors are blamed.

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THANK YOU, MR. COBB

Bill and Bert: We are going to miss you boys. As the time of your departure draws near, the shadow of sadness comes at the going away of good friends.

We know your hearts have been in your work. At all times you have championed the cause of progress and right, as you have seen it.

As you leave you take our blessing with you, knowing that we love you.

You leave with us pleasant memories and a work well done.

THOS. COBB.

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CONSUMPTION OF PORK GAINS; BEEF USED LESS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

CHICAGO, Feb. 27.—All records for consumption of pork and lard in the United States were broken last year, while the consumption of beef was the lowest on record, the Institute of American Meat Packers announced.

Ten and one-half billion pounds of pork and lard were consumed, as compared with 10,240,000,000 pounds in 1924, the year of greatest previous consumption, the statement said.

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Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 188-L.

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WOMAN DIES AT 119

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SANFORD, Fla., Feb. 27.—While more than 100 children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and great great grandchildren mourned, six middle-aged grandsons yesterday bore to the grave the body of Mrs. Viney Oglesby. Mrs. Oglesby died Monday at an announced age of 119 years.

Seminole braves still roamed the forests of Florida when Mr. and Mrs. Oglesby first made their home here.

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Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Root Stand

—o—

FIGHTIN' IRISH

CORK, Irish Free State, Feb. 27.—When De Valera ordered his little army of Irish foll—were to lay down their arms five years ago, everyone of them did—except Cornelius Healy, "One-Eyed Gunner of the Surplus," as he was known, marched all over the country carrying a machine gun on his shoulder and started his own little war whenever he got the chance. Free State police, however, have decided that Healy will be safer if boarded in the state for the rest of his life. He was caught one night at his home—and the war is ended.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST
Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated
Phone 488 Masonic Bldg.

PRUNE PICKIN'S

By BERT G. BATES

GOOD EVENING FOLKS—

Well, well, well—
Here we are
At the end of
The trail—
Goshamighty fellers
We hate likell
To bid ya all goodbye—
With this issue
Prune Pickin's
Passes out of
Existence—
Many of its
Victims will sleep
Better t'night
Than they have
In yrs. but then
We wanta say
Right now that
All the unkind
Things we have
Muttered in this
Colyum for the past
Eleven yrs. were said
With malice toward
None and charity
For all.

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An' now we wanta make our last will and testament.

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Dear Mister and Missus Public: We herewith set our hand and foot on this twenty-eighth day of Feb. bequeathin' and deliverin' to the undernomed individuals the the amts. set opposite their name, to have and to hold until death do them part. It is further ordered that should any of the recipients of the gifts bestowed by Prune Pickin's use same in a manner not fittin' same, that they immediately be turned over to charity—the gifts, not the individuals. So here goes and we hope this final act of ye ed. will merit the approval of both friend and enemy.

To the cheese of pieece and his staff we give Bill Whipple's old bike. There isn't a dern bit of use runnin' the wheels off that pieece flivver at the taxpayers expense. But lomma think—hoolnell is cheese o' pieece in Poseyville?

To Lather Barnes we give a nose-bag which will allow him to eat his lunch while at work and also give the customers a rest. Don't get me wrong, Lather, this is a nose-bag not a muffler.

To Nap Rice we bequeath the right to pluck all the wild flowers on the surroundin' hills.

To Al Cresson we donate a sponge and necktie. That celluloid collar oughta be good for another ten yrs.

To Guy Cordon we hand this can of bear-oil. May his pompadour always be one of the upstandin' things in this community.

To Carl Wimberly we furnish a dunnysackful of incense. Light up the ol' corncob, sprinkle incense in the bowl and give the family a treat, Carl.

To Mayor Hoover we pass this mallet—the same one we have used on delinquent subscribers. Now the city council oughta come to your way of thinkin'.

To Garbage Collector Jim Draper we supply a tin whistle. May yer ponies continue to gallop, Jim, until violets grow in the dumpyard.

To Dan Whitsett we pass this pillow. That curbin' alongside the Rsbg. Nat. Bank must be gittin' dern hard, Dan.

To Joe Murphy we donate a book on "How to Make Love." When you finish with it, Joe, pass it on to the other boys who have been too bashful to say the word that increases the grocery bill.

To Johnny Throne and Dock Seely we give the right to wear a perpetual red rose in their coat lapel—but be sure and pick 'em out of yer own yard.

To Mister Fletcher, the weather prophet, we give our Office Cat. Treat him right, Fletch, he never did like powdered glass.

To the members of The News-Review force we apologize for the many harsh words we have uttered. But then we just had to make Paw think WE were workin'.

And to the deah ol' city council—those brave and sturdy lads—we offer our sincere sympathy and a celluloid medal for their endurance. Some day we'll come back to Poseyville and we hope you've all kissed and made up.

To the telephone gale who have heard us jangle the receiver in their shell-like ears, we apologize and express the hope that some day we can give you the number in a voice with a smile.

To the boys in the courthouse we have nothin' to give. You've all got dern good jobs and soon'll be in a new bldg. Ya oughta be darn glad this colm is about to peg out for you folks over their have been great targets for our razzberries.

To J. W. Perkins we give an oil-can and wheelbarrow. If you hit oil, fill up the can and bring over a barrowful of shekels.

And now that, but not least, we give to our readers a hearty handclasp—one that will be felt throughout the yrs. to come. We like you all and in leavin' dear ol' Poseyville we drop a tear that splashes to the top story of the Perkins bldg. We arrived in this village when there were saloons galore and wooden crosswalks. At that time we were two yrs. of age. You've let us live here longer than we thot you would so we thank you from the depths of our heart.

Nova, little Sally and myself say so revoir—and some day when we return, as is freely predicted, come out to the poor farm and out yer self a piece of cake.

S'long friends, you're all reg'lar guys and we like ya heaps!

Love an' Kisses,
BERTRAM GEOGRAPHY BATES.

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LAFF PERKINS SEZ—
"Dangemmit, I hate to leave ya."

TWO TAX BILLS GET APPROVAL OF LEGISLATORS

(Continued from page 1)

initiatory, the senate Wednesday killed the supervised district theatre, one of the items on the program of the property tax relief commission.

Some Oregon counties have as many as 70 road districts. This bill proposed to limit them to to five.

On motion of Upton the senate made the Huddick "home rule" bill, giving the city of Portland authority to regulate telephone rates, a special order for Friday at 11 o'clock.

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 28.—Governor Patterson gave the glass eye Wednesday to the senate judiciary committee's bill which would take from the chief justice of the supreme court the power to transfer circuit judges from one judicial district to another, and sent it back to the senate with his veto. The chief justice has had this power for many years for the purpose of relieving congestion and speeding up the transaction of circuit court business.

The bill introduced by a majority of the Multnomah delegation vetoed by the governor and passed over his veto Tuesday, is designed to make unnecessary assigning of outside judges to Multnomah county.

Another veto of the governor yesterday was sent to the house on house bill 129 which would give to county school superintendents the right to apportion the irreducible school fund at any time during the year instead of on the first Monday in October as at present.

Salmon Take Limited

Those who fish with hook and line will be limited to taking three salmon in any one day from all the streams in Oregon excepting the Columbia, according to H. B. 159 passed by the lower house Wednesday afternoon. Gouley of Marion county introduced the bill.

Veto Overridden

The lower house Wednesday afternoon passed S. B. 164 over the governor's veto. The bill provides for three additional assistants in the probate department of Multnomah county circuit court. Twenty votes were cast in favor of sustaining the governor.

Chance for Armory

Senator E. K. Bailey of Lane county accomplished something on the floor of the senate Wednesday that isn't often done in the legislature. He made a lone handed attack on an adverse report of the ways and means committee and defeated it. As a result the Cottage Grove armory bill, calling for a $30,000 appropriation, goes on the calendar with a chance for passage for the session. Cottage Grove is first in the adjutant general's list of cities that merit armories. Had Bailey not arisen and made a dramatic speech when the report was read the measure would have been killed by indefinite postponement.

Senator Kubli, whose La Grande armory bill had just been killed, was sympathetic with Bailey and gallantly backed him up on the floor.

Senator Staples, chairman of the senate ways and means committee, took exception, citing the state's $2,000,000 deficit and the need of 75 new beds at the state tuberculosis hospital, which, he said, the hospital can't have, but which should be supplied before any more armories are built.

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

HERBERT HOOVER THE GOODWILL PRESIDENT

This newsnote comes from Washington:

"By air, land and sea, closer connections are being drawn between the United States and Central and South America. The developments have all come since Herbert Hoover's return from his goodwill trip, and as a result United States business men are expected to reap a trade harvest.

"By air, the Postoffice Department announces the basis of aviation services to Peru and Chile, for which bids will be opened this month; and almost simultaneously Col. Charles A. Lindbergh will start the regular services between Miami and Panama.

"'Within the next six months,' it is officially stated, 'the Postoffice Department hopes to have in operation the longest air-mail route in the world.'

"This will be to Santiago, Chile."

Our Herbert Hoover, man of peace—
'Tis good to see his friends increase!
He's bosom friend of Uncle Sam,
And keeps him first, for he's no sham.
As soon as he had nailed his job,
His useful head began to throb;
He sailed away on friendly trip
To get the Southlands in his grip.

Our Hoover is a canny boy,
Knows how to give his neighbors joy;
And everywhere he went, he smiled—
Their high respect and love beguiled.
His visit was a bright surprise;
They saw his sun about to rise;
They liked the kindness in his face;
And Mrs. Hoover added grace.

His speeches had the kindly ring
Which neighbors into council bring;
They rang so brotherly and true
That men grew hopeful who'd been blue.
And ere he reached their outward rim,
They'd given all their hearts to him.
And now the nation's speeding fast
To bind these friendships up to last.

Yes, Hoover's made the South our friend,
And now our airmails thither wend;
Commercial mail goes to and fro,
And time will see this friendship grow.
All hail this coming Hoover day!
For his success we all will pray.
His noble soul all hate will kill;
The Hoover reign foretells goodwill.

As the World Wags

BY G. C. R.

Lindy's Plane Wrecks
Chicago's Quiet Election
America's Many Movies

THE WORLD caught its breath yesterday when word went out that Lindy and Anne had just experienced an airplane crash. It was a minor spill and neither of them was hurt. But the event made real news. Almost any other flier could have the same thing happen without much excitement, but not so Lindy. The eyes of the world have been focused too intently upon him since that eventful time when he flew across the dark, lonely stretches of the great Atlantic straight to his destination.

AGAIN THE Lone Eagle has demonstrated his superb flying ability. He was faced with the hazard of coming to earth with one landing wheel missing. Even then he would have made a safe landing had not the other wheel given way under the tremendous strain. At that, even though his ship turned completely over, neither he nor his bride-to-be was hurt. Call him Lucky Lindy if you will, but there is something more than luck about that kind of flying.

THINGS ARE certainly getting tame in Chicago lately. For example take the election the other day. Police had to arrest only a couple of dozen people during the election. Yes sir, things are certainly subnormal around the windy city. That's no respectable number to stress to follow in the wake of so important an event as an election.

MOST OF US forget that every day we are mingling with people who have had mighty interesting experiences. Take the sourdoughs of the gold rush days who have made themselves known here during the past week. Most of these men who trekked the snow-covered trails of Alaska in the Klondike stampede have intensely gripping yarns to spin. When the boys first came home from the war we were all anxious to hear their experiences, but now we seldom try to get their stories. It takes only a few years to dull our appetite for tales of big events.

IF YOU have any doubt about the number of theatres in America in comparison with other countries, consider the figures just issued by the Western Electric company regarding installation of audible moving picture machinery. The company has already installed 1,271 units in this country, 16 in Canada and 23 in other countries. Orders are unfilled for 1,082 more units in America, 27 for Canada and 125 for all other countries. Now, who's going to the movies?

UP IN PORTLAND Sunday night two police officers came upon a youth who was peering into the window of a house. One of the officers shot the boy who is now in a very critical condition. It has developed since that the boy was a friend of the family into whose parlor he was supposed to be peeping. An investigation of the action of the officer has been ordered by the city's mayor. What we can't understand is why the officer was so quick on the trigger. It seems as if there would have been an easier and more human a way. A "gun totin'" officer without proper discretion is a public menace.

TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN — PICTURES BY KNICK

The Tinies scampered to the tree, which was a funny sight to see, and then they all looked startled. "Well, for goodness sakes," cried one. "It has no leaves. It isn't green. It's quite the queerest I have seen. Perhaps it is a mystery tree, and we had better run."

"Ha, ha," laughed Scouty. "Don't be scared. It seems that we have always fared real well in everything we've done. It doesn't frighten me. Let's crawl beneath and go to sleep. Just think how nice and warm we'll keep. The way the tree is hanging, it looks snug as it can be."

Right shortly Scouty's little bunch seemed quite all right to all the bunch. They got down on their hands and knees to crawl in for a nap. But ere they'd moved an inch or two, a voice cried out, "Say, who are you?" The Tinymites were startled. Had they crawled into a trap?

Though Coppy was upset from fear, he jumped and cried, "Why, we came here to rest our little worn out bones. Perhaps you think we're dumb. We'll surely keep all things all right. Say, where are you? You're out of sight. We all are wondering right now just where your voice comes from."

"Right here I am. Why, can't you see? You thought that I was just a tree. My hair's so long, and I'm so queer, I guess I fooled you all." The Tinies were amazed, of course, and Scouty spoke in voice quite hoarse. "You bet you fooled us. It's because your head's so fat and tall."

"Well, I'm the tree man. That is true. And I am glad to welcome you. I live here in the forest where my life is nought but play." And then the tree man laughed aloud, which cheered the little Tiny crowd. "We're glad to know you," Carpy said. "That's all that we can say."

READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE

(The Tree Man becomes a good friend in the next story.)

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Twenty-Five Years Ago

From Roseburg Plaindealer FEBRUARY, 1904

EUGENE. — A mild sensation has been created at the University of Oregon by six men students attired in women's clothes witnessing the girls' freshmen-sophomore basketball game in the gymnasium last night. The faculty had previously announced that no men would be allowed to see the game, but six young men fitted themselves out as women and wearing veils over their faces, gained admittance to the gym.

Their identity was unknown until the close of the game when they gave the college yell and ran from the room. A perturbed faculty is now investigating.

W. H. Fisher, of the C. I. K. store went to Portland last Friday to spend a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rose, of Pendleton arrived Friday for a visit with A. O. Rose and family.

Misses Regina and Maude Rust, Fossie Shambrook and Elva Wimberly are planning a very novel party to be given in the Native Son hall next week. The invitations, tiny bits of board with lettering burned in, are out today.

A party of young people, chaperoned by Miss Rose Parrott of the high school drove out to Winston Saturday night to witness the drama, "Rio Grande." The drama was well presented; and the dance following, a Japanese cake-walk, was very interesting.

M. N. Harris of Medford was in this city yesterday attending to business affairs and visiting.

SIDE GLANCES—By George Clark

How's the mulligan stew today?"

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams