

TRIO OF FRENCH AIRMEN PREPARES FOR ATLANTIC HOP

Lowering of Time Made by Lindbergh One Purpose of Venture—Start Within 10 Days.

NEW YORK, May 12.—Setting themselves a schedule of 30 hours in which to reach Paris, three French flyers hope to soar away from Roosevelt Field, L. I., within ten days in a huge single motored monoplane. If successful the air riders, Rene Lefevre, Ameno Lotti, Jr., and Jean Assallant, would better by three hours the standing record established in 1927 by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

The monoplane, a Bernard, powered with a 600 horsepower Hispano-Suiza engine, has been at Roosevelt field undergoing a tuning up for the past week. All is now ready for the flight, Lotti said, the capability tests of the plane having been made in France prior to its being brought to this country on the Leviathan last week by Lefevre.

The flight will be over the great circle route. Le Bourget field is the objective. The plane has a cruising speed of 150 miles per hour and can be accelerated to 140.

In estimating the time needed an 20 hours, Lotti said, no allowance was made for a tail wind. This if encountered, would appreciably lower the time.

"We hope to start after May 19 which is next Sunday," Lotti said. "It is our intention to take advantage of the favorable conditions expected to prevail immediately before and after the new moon which is due on the 25th."

"Our primary purpose is to show the trans-Atlantic flight can be done by a French plane and a French crew."

Lotti is 31 years of age and the son of the proprietor of the Hotel Lotti in Paris. Assallant is 24, as is Lefevre.

At present it is planned that Assallant take the controls on the take off but during the trip all three will manage the huge ship, Lotti declared. The plane will carry 950 gallons of gasoline, enough to keep it aloft for 35 hours.

AREAS IN THREE STATES SWEEP BY HIGH WATER

(Continued from page 1.)

In this section, will be inflicted on bottom farm lands.

Springs river and other streams went out of their banks in southwest Missouri last night following 24 hours of heavy rainfall.

At Fort Scott homes were flooded late yesterday by the Marmaton river. Many families took refuge in railway depots and other buildings thrown open to them, where they spent last night.

Arizona Forest Swept NOGALES, Ariz., May 12.—After burning over more than 15,000 acres the greatest forest fire in the history of this section of Arizona today was believed to have burned itself into the control of 100 weary men who had fought the blaze on an ever-widening front for six days.

Cowboys rode before the fire driving herds of terrified cattle down sun-baked slopes ahead of flames which licked at scrub oak on a ten-mile front. Panned by a high wind the blaze in places traveled as fast as a prairie fire, jumping canyons and fire breaks in the Patagonia mountains.

Buildings and equipment of mining properties were consumed, while miners fled to Henshaw, small mining village near here, where the blaze was diverted a few miles from the town. Miners' families were rushed from the village, many of them taking their belongings with them.

Carbide Lamp the Cause The conflagration started when a miner stumbled and dropped his carbide lamp in dry grass. The blaze quickly sprang over grazing lan into the mountain timber. The red glow of the burning forests was visible at night for more than fifty miles.

The blaze finally was halted by the combined efforts of fire fighters, shifting winds and the topography of the country. Unless the wind changed today rangers hoped to beat out the embers along the fringes of the hatched sides of Patagonia canyon.

"POOR EVIDENCE" WINS RE-TRIAL FOR KLAMATH INDIAN

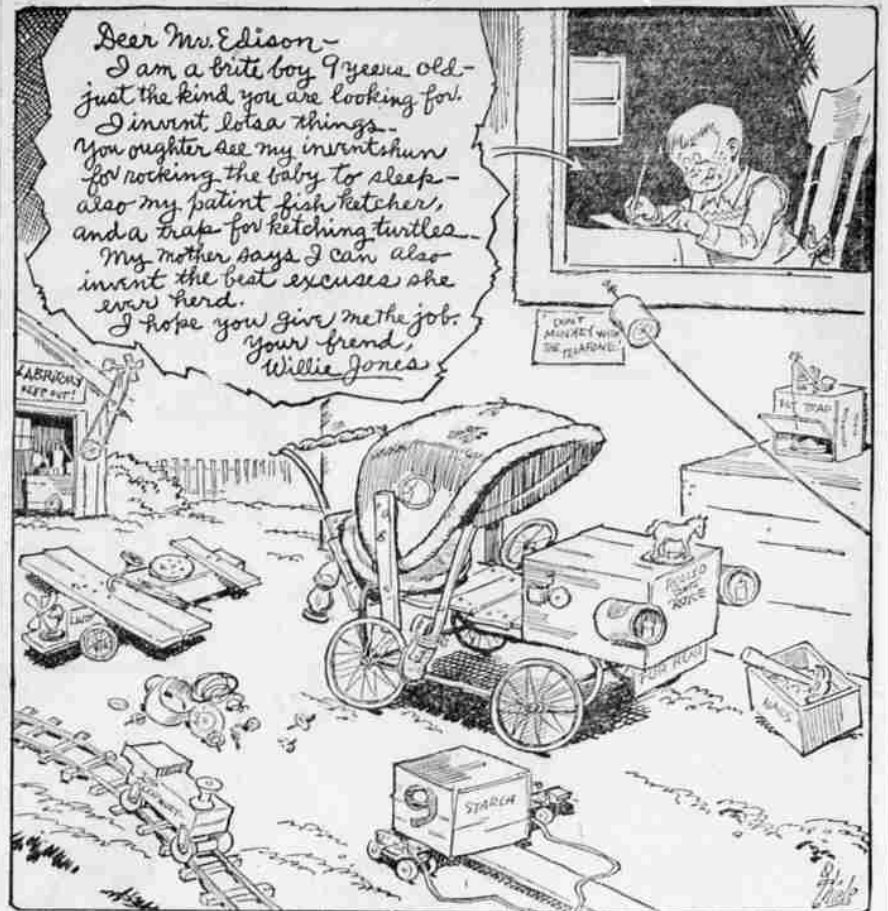
SAN FRANCISCO, May 12.—Confessions obtained "through the exertion of improper influences" were held to be "poor evidence" by the United States circuit court here today in a decision granting Orville Davis, Klamath Indian, convicted in Medford, Ore., of murder, a new trial.

Davis, charged in his appeal from the federal district court conviction, that he had been forced to witness the official examination of the body of Lawrence Walker, another Indian, whom he was charged with clubbing to death in January, 1928.

The strain of being compelled to observe the ghastly sight resulted in his breakdown and subsequent confession, Walker asserted. Judge Rodkin and Dietrich remanded the case to the lower court for a new trial, while Judge Gilbert dissented.

John Alexander of Glide, was a business visitor in this city today. Mr. Alexander is a member of the committee in charge of the Glide Community Fair and states that excellent progress is being made on the plans for that event.

News Note: "Thomas A Edison Looking for a Bright Young Man to Carry on His Work."



Dear Mr. Edison— I am a little boy 9 years old— just the kind you are looking for. I invent lotsa things— You oughter see my invention for rocking the baby to sleep— also my patent fish catcher, and a trap for catching turtles. My mother says I can also invent the best excuses she ever heard. I hope you give me the job, your friend, Willie Jones

HOSPITALITY WINS HEARTS OF MAJOR AND MRS. L. MOTT

Enjoyable Recreation in North Umpqua Region Inspires Communication Descriptive of Various Phases of Daily Life in and Out of Log Cabin; Quail and Pheasants Become Lady's Friends.

Frances Hewitt Mott, wife of Major Lawrence Mott, U. S. resident game warden, is running her famous husband a close race in the writing game. While Mrs. Mott has been writing feature articles for only a short time, her efforts have been marked with much success. Incidentally she has been giving Roseburg and Douglas county some wonderful publicity, "behind your backs," as she says.

Radio station KXA each morning at 10 o'clock has a half hour period known as the 10 o'clock family, conducted by Eddie Albright, staff announcer, in which a group of between fifty and sixty thousand listeners participate. The program is designed to interest housewives, shut-ins, and all who are able to listen in at that hour, and the program proves one of the most popular radio features in southern California.

Major and Mrs. Mott for a number of years conducted the radio station at Catalina Island, and have a large radio following of their own, so that when Mrs. Mott contributes to the 10 o'clock family program, her letters are eagerly awaited. Mrs. Mott is writing one letter each week for this program while spending the summer in Oregon and is giving this section some excellent publicity.

In her first letter, written April 22, shortly after their arrival, Mrs. Mott proved herself a real Californian; and she told all about the rain and mist and cold weather, so that part of the letter is not going to be published. But Mrs. Mott is forgiven all because of the wonderful way in which she describes Oregon hospitality.

Hospitality Captivates "We are happy as two people can possibly be," she says, "and it is all due to the unheard of hospitality of these blessed people up here. Honestly, we are fast getting to the point where we hesitate to express a wish—no quickly is it granted by our Roseburg hosts and hostesses."

Mrs. Mott's second letter written since they took up their camp at the Rubar place on the Curry ranch, must have furnished a great deal of pleasure and enjoyment to the members of the KXA 10 o'clock family. Mrs. Mott says: "In camp by the side of the Thunder—otherwise known as the Umpqua. Dear Eddie, Alice and the Ten O'Clock Family:— By the heading of this letter you will know that we are in camp, and a perfectly lovely camp it is, too! Located in a grove of pines, firs and yew, oaks of poison oak! As Sterling Young, who is now with us, says, "Not so good!" But then, like everything in nature up on which man has placed his thought of evil and harm, this same old poison oak waves its leaf flags of brilliant hue so that one can take heed and beware of its after.

After a week—almost—of rain and Oregon mists, the sun came out and dried up the roads so that we could get our Caddie Russ off the paved highways and into the woods. New-found and already very dear friends, had proffered us their camp. It is just six miles from Roseburg and the Umpqua thunders along right at the front door. All the Roseburg people, who can make the grade, have these river camps where they come for week-ends and upon any other days that lend themselves to holiday-making. Fortunate people!

So far, every blessed one of them have put their camps at our disposal. Should we make up our minds to sample every one of them, we would not get back to Hollywood for a year! So far, we have seen two of them—this one and that of another friend we have

you coax—or swear at them. By the time supper was on the table, the inside of my mind looked exactly like the inside of that stove—just black soot and smoke, and the smoke coiled out in words that might read all right, but that in being spoken, cloaked themselves in tones that no publisher could print—and get by the censor. "You are camping—and fishing. But I am pioneering—ranching—without a rancher to do his share of the work. I told you there were three things I would not do—clean fish, cut wood and carry water. I have done all but clean the fish, today! Unless you want your summer spoiled, you get busy and cultivate that rancher spirit. Wood and water is the substance of that spirit!"

"Yes, Miss April told us a marvelous yarn about spring's being here to stay. She assured us that water had been completely routed and that her genial invitation to get out of a nice, warm hotel, and down to the Thunderer's bank, was an honest promise of her having taken possession of the land. The days of sunshine, and we moved our bags and baggage—to say nothing of fishing paraphernalia, out here. She stayed with us the day we moved and all during the morning of the next day—Friday. Then along came Saturday—and winter! Ouch! Many ouches!

With a big fireplace at one end of this twenty by thirty room; a big wood range at the other; a pile of logs for the fireplace, but nary a stick for the range, I had my fun—while the men went fishing.

Oh yes, it takes more than a cold rain and a snow blown wind to keep a fish-mad man from fishing. But I had a nice, warm storm all stowed away in my mind for Major Mott and his fishing friend, guide and philosopher, when they should return, shouting lustily for FOOD.

But what could a poor girl do, when they brought home a great, big shiny Chinook salmon? Nothing but put the inner fire out—planning and glooming of herself. I did manage, however, to voice a bit of my complaint in this wise: "I have found a new name for myself."

"A new name? What's the matter with 'Lassie'?" from Major Mott. "Lovely, in Hollywood. But as long as we are in camp I am to be known as W. W."

In as much as this was the title by which we called the wood, guide and philosopher, when they should return, shouting lustily for FOOD.

"What's the big idea?" "Wood and water," and I busy about getting wood and water for Mrs. Mott. That will never do. But they sat huddled over the smoldering coals in the fireplace, making no move towards either woodpile or river.

"How about supper, Lassie?" "W. W. When I get them, you get 'em—but not before!" "Oh, Lord! Well, Red, I suppose we'll have to get them if we want our supper. You get the water and I'll get the wood."

The water was all right. The Thunderer makes it a business to supply it's latest, coldest, and sweetest water. I have experimented with hot many years. But the wood—that Major Mott brought. He found the smooth, round limbs that can be broken with one blow from the ax. The kind that won't burn no matter how much

most wonderful butter. You know, you of the older generation before the days of cream separators and creamery-manufactured butter, just the kind I mean. The cream comes off the big milk pans in sheets—all wrinkled up and thick enough to cut with a knife. Then it is left to sour and is churned in the old-fashioned way. I had a brown crock full of it. And how these good friends of ours waded into it. Hot biscuits made it disappear as if by magic. Then they all wanted to know where I got it. Here they are—living right in Roseburg—and all eating manufactured butter and I, just come, had already found the butter of my childhood memories—and the cream that pours onto one's mush in chunks! Yes, we get butter, cream and milk from Red's mother. We go nine miles to get it, but it is worth every inch of the way.

Do I hear a modern creamery person mention germs? Well, what of it? When people are as happy as we are—in spite of missing out the best of all the supposedly good and wholesome things that lead germs in man's mental creation; Besides, we're not creating mental germs to destroy us. We're camping and fishing; sleeping out of doors and defying winter's hand-over of cold and rain. We are letting dear old Mother Nature tempt us to her vagaries of wind and rain and sunshine. We will return to the city's coziness, new creatures with our powers of resistance added unto and running over!

Sunday, about two o'clock Sterling Young arrived. So many of you will remember him—the lad who used to play the violin for you over K. F. W. O. Another wild—and empty—fisherman. And it is not in fact, I don't care to make thing in the world except to make these two miles of mine happy! If, in my success at making them happy, I succeed in passing some of that happiness on to others, then, indeed, is my cup of joy full and running over.

These two are a sort of happiness laboratory with me. I study and work in their lives and what- ever mood results I obtain, like every worthwhile experimenter, I pass the knowledge gained along to my sisters who are likewise trying to make their husbands and sons happy. For to me this is woman's reason for being. To make men happy; to build them into strong, active world forces which are the only outcome of the life of a happy man.

If every woman saw the truth about herself—that she is the soul and spirit of the man of her choice; and then worked hard at her job of keeping herself his soul and spirit, the divorce problem would disappear from off the face of the earth. Family is glorious! Clear, clean and bright as the night. The same sort of a day that brought us into this wonderful camp. The three males were off for the upper pools, at three this morning—and I am alone.

But not entirely alone. Already the birds, a pair of geal and a cock pheasant and his demure standing of what it all means to get along without running water, gas, electricity, vacuum, soap, and all the rest of the mighty good things that make a man comfortable in his city home.

The next day it rained some more—and was decidedly colder. But that did not phase the fisherman! They set off before day-break for a pool way up the river—and forgot that there were two pools to fill with water and one armful of wood was not enough to get me through the day.

Major Mott blessed me goodbye—a very stony farewell on my part for I was still deep down under the covers of our bed that is out on the porch.

"There is wood and water to-day, for you, dear," he assured me and all was peace—until I got up. One armful of wood, one bucket of water and two chunks of wood in front of the fireplace. I looked at the collection. Scratched my chin. Then scratched HARD—inside my head—and burst out laughing.

"Oh, what's the use? You can't make a pile out of a saw's cut. Nor can I make a good match out of a winter and poet! I'll chop my own wood—and be done with it." Besides, it is mighty fine exercise and—Coolidge does it, so why not I?

I can hear some one ask—"What was Red doing all this time?" Easy. He was using the entire sitting room and of the camp fixing tackle for the next day—and wisely refraining from entering into the array of words and attempted education on my part.

Saturday, Sunday, Monday—nothing but rain and cold—and fish. Oh, yes, while I chopped wood and kept myself warm and the cook stove working, Major Mott and Red searched the waxy fish and brought home some beautiful. Oh, I must not forget to tell you of the brightest spot in this catalogue of new experiences.

Thursday evening, the end of the perfect April day that lured us out of the hotel and into camp, also lured others to the river banks. Eighteen jolly people gathered in the log-wooded camp for supper. What a merry time we had! Each woman provided something for our meal and the men supplied the wood and water—and washed and wiped the dishes! We, being sort of victors, were not asked to bring anything. But someone had got the butter and, our camp being but an eighth of a mile further down the river, my hostess asked me if I had enough butter to divide with them. It so happened that I did have. And, oh, it is the

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"OREGON BOOTS" USED AT STATE TRAINING SCHOOL. (Associated Press Licensed Wire) SALEM, Ore., May 12.—The state board of control, blinked its eyes in surprise Saturday when a bill came in for 16 "Oregon boots" purchased by W. H. Baillie, the new superintendent of the state training school for boys. The Oregon boot is a very heavy iron that is famous in the criminal annals of the United States. Until a few years ago it was used at the state penitentiary as a leg iron on incorrigible prisoners, particularly when being transported. It has never been used at the training school. Baillie recently did away with strap punishment at the school and substituted hard labor. Burns—New Hotel Welcome formally opened recently.

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