

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW OUT OUR WAY

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH

Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1929.

THE CENSUS SUPERVISOR APPOINTMENT

It has been announced in the news dispatches from Washington that J. H. Koke of Eugene has been named the census supervisor for Southern Oregon district. Those who were interested in the candidacy of Mrs. Howard Waddell for this appointment will be interested in the statement of the facts surrounding the appointment as written by John W. Kelly in the Morning Oregonian. Says Mr. Kelly:

"Instead of having six, Oregon will have seven census supervisors, and three have been selected. The district, which has Salem as headquarters, has been divided in order to create a headquarters at Oregon City; this was the second district, but Clackamas, Washington, Clatsop and Columbia have been pruned loose, leaving Salem with Marion, Polk, Yamhill and Tillamook counties. The change was made by supporters of Representative Hawley, at Oregon City, and they also succeeded in having Fred S. Perrine of the commercial club selected as supervisor. Robert J. Hendricks, for years a newspaper publisher, is supervisor of Salem district.

"John H. Koke, business man and member of the republican state central committee, is supervisor of the Eugene district, consisting of nine counties. An active contender for this place was Mrs. Howard Waddell of Roseburg, who had the endorsements of a majority of the republican county chairmen of the district, but she was declared unqualified because she is a resident of Roseburg and not of Eugene.

"Senator McNary sent telegrams to various indorsers of Mrs. Waddell to that effect. Mr. Koke, himself, was not a candidate and is reported as wanting the appointment to be given to John B. Bell, state senator for Lane and Linn counties, but when party leaders in Lane county sat down and talked over the situation, they agreed that they could compromise on Koke, so his name was sent in."

Mrs. Waddell is an extremely capable person and it is to be regretted that conditions were such that she could not be appointed.

Summer has come. The rain is past, the prune crop and all other fruit crops will be good, tourists are flocking through the county, and we are started on the largest and most successful cleanup campaign this Pacific coast has ever seen. Everybody happy? We should be.

It is noted by a press dispatch from Truckee that it is snowing in California. It must be terrible to live in that state.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE PROPHETESS OF THE OZARKS

From Vulcan, Missouri, comes this interesting news story: "There came into the Ozark country a young city woman who is quite literally getting the goats of the lanky mountaineers. She undertook the unusual job herself and is turning the animals loose on her 1800-acre farm in Iron County, and each shaggy beast symbolizes a new idea of service that has struck the hills.

"Miss Gertrude Brown, formerly general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Indianapolis, Ind., conceived the idea of upsetting things in these scrappy hills when several years ago she came to the 'Snow Me' State to have the lines of her property run.

"From everywhere," she said, "handsome mountaineers came and followed the surveyors like lost sheep bleating to be shown a way."

"I have seen ability blossom which I never dreamed was stifled in these raw-boned men and women," she commented. "Anyway, what I have done convinced me that the cities have not drawn all the life of the Ozarks to them."

"Miss Brown calls this rapidly growing goat ranch her 'little industrial democracy.' It is the working out of a dream which she had as a worker with factory girls in a half dozen of the nation's largest cities. Her idea is that the nature of people is developed or transformed by the work they do, and that profits are secondary to happiness and constructive activity, men, and not goats, she holds are the chief products of her acres which have been put to work in the interests of leading the mountaineers to engage in productive enterprise."

This woman in the Ozark hills
Has found the real under-a-hill
That hold democracy in place
And lend our land its simple grace.
Sue's been to them the needed guide
To lead their steps on upward stride,
To give their eyes a vision clear
That fills their lives with buoyant cheer.

God made man rich in valiant stuff—
And though he seem uncouth and rough,
Down underneath there sleeps a fire
That, kindled, wakes him to aspire.
Miss Gertrude's torch has lit his hearts,
And—all undreamed of—sudden starts
The unknown power locked in their brains
Until they make unheard of gains.

This prophet works with herds of goats,
But wakes to music human throats.
This new incentive which she brings
Has loosed the force of hidden springs.
These goats are but a handy tool
To put these Ozark men to school,
And as they roam the hill and glen
They are her aids in growing men.

Three cheers for noble Gertrude Brown!
She well deserves her joyful crown.
For, like Saint Paul, she's used her head
To stir men's souls and wake the dead.
She gives us all a vital thought;
Her sweet success our fancy's caught;
She is a breath of rare Ozark
Who's spurred those men to claim their own.



Grandpa was attending a party.

During the evening his flapper granddaughter came up to him and asked how he was enjoying himself.

"Fine, fine!" replied the old man. "I'll bet you never saw dancing like this when you were a young man," prattled the girl, artlessly.

"Just once," replied grandpa, reflectively, "but the place was raided."

If money means success, let us engrave on the tombstone: "He left \$25.50 and 12."

People are too trifling to take preventive medicine. Why doesn't a paternal government slip it over in the gum on postage stamps?

He Almost Did It.

It was on a streetcar that a bawdy woman was standing in the aisle hanging to a strap. In front of her sat a rather cantankerous-looking man, apparently absorbed in a newspaper. The car stopped suddenly and she trod sharply on his foot.

He looked up over the top of his paper with anything but a happy expression.

"Madam," he said, "will you please get off my foot?"

"Put your foot where it belongs," she replied shortly.

"Don't tempt me, madam, don't tempt me," he countered.

You can usually tell a hick by his attempts to define a hick town.

"Have you ever loved before?" "No, John, I have often admired men for their strength, courage, good looks, or intelligence, but you, it is all love, nothing else."

It is not what you are going to do but what you have done that gets you into the hall of fame.

What Every Woman Knows "Leading a blameless life won't keep a woman from being talked about," she remarked.

"No," he replied, "the only way she can prevent that is to move to be absent from the sewing circle or card club."

The children were found late yesterday. They had been without food and water for over a day and a half.

YONCALLA NEWS

(News-Review Douglas County Special)

YONCALLA, June 19.—Mrs. G. R. Arndt of Culture Grove visited with Mrs. Mary Cline for a few days.

Postmaster Edges left Sunday for Portland where he will attend the Postmasters' convention.

Mrs. Fred Kruse left Tuesday for Springfield where she will attend the Women of Woodcraft convention.

Mr. Jacob Fleishinger of Pendleton returned home Tuesday after spending a few days visiting at the Sles until home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Meiner, Geo. Elmer and Sankie Munner of Parma, Idaho, and Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Wamsley of Coalinga, Calif., are visiting at the W. C. Wamsley home.

Mrs. Fred Kruse and two sons of Hamilton, Conn., and Ernestine Johnson of Yale, Ore., are visiting for a few days at the Palmer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hitchcock and daughter of Yona, Colo., arrived here Tuesday to make their home with Mrs. Ida Haysen.

Mrs. Cody Long left Saturday for a few days' visit with friends in Portland.

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The Office Cat

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Do You Know Your Own State?

Excerpts from "Oregon Geographic Names" by McArthur, which explain the origin of names of geographic landmarks throughout the state.

SAN FERNANDO, Calif., June 19.—Fay Watkins, 12, and her sister Ellen, 13, were killed and four other members of the family injured yesterday after a truck driven by W. R. Watkins went over a grade near the National Forest Inn on the Ridge route.

LOS ANGELES, Calif., June 19.—Police have been ordered to cease raiding homes here for violators of liquor laws unless warrants have been obtained. Officers said the ruling would reduce arrests 35 per cent.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—Secretary of War Good today approved the application of 40 more youths from various parts of the United States to take the course in aviation training offered by the war department at Brooks Field, Texas, and March field, Calif. The courses begin July 1. The applications were in addition to 224 previously approved.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge for a series of races for the America's cup, most coveted of all yachting trophies, has been accepted by the New York yacht club. The races will be held in September of next year.

BISMARCK, N. D., June 18.—The resignation of John Lee Coulter as president of the North Dakota state agricultural college at Fargo, has been accepted by the state board of administration. Dr. Coulter will remain at the college until August 31 when he will become chief economist for the federal farm commission.

LOST KLAMATH YOUTHS FOUND BY SEARCHERS

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., June 19.—Suffering no apparent distress from forty hours of aimless wandering through thick woods and underbrush, two tiny boys were found today after they had been found by a searching party.

Buster Lowe, 7, and Jackie DeVine, 5 years old, wandered into the heavy timber near Kirk Monday morning. When they did not return an organized search was started, lumber camps suspending work that all men might join in the search.

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GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

OLD TINGALING DOES HIS FISHING WITHOUT HOOK OR BAIT.

Mrs. Flor, Hanid, Yam and Knari—the five little shadow-children with the turned-about names—finding that it was a cloudy day and they didn't have to remain with their little masters and mistresses, decided to go into the Chinese plate that stood on the dining room table. That was the advantage of being shadows, you see. The ones that little real-children can do with a Chinese plate is to eat cookies off it. Still, even that is not so bad provided, of course, that there are plenty of cookies.

On this particular day, the shadow-children jumped into the Chinese plate and started walking towards the little bridge that crosses the stream at the foot of the hill. When they reached the bridge, they made out, sitting under a willow tree on the bank of the stream, a Chinaman, fishing. At least, it looked as though he were fishing, for he was holding a rod over the water.

They approached the Chinaman. He had a long pig-tail.

"Hello," said Hanid politely.

"Shh," said the Chinaman placing his finger over his lips. "Shh, my name is Ting-aling and I'm fishing."

"What are you fishing for?" asked Yam.

Ting-aling gave this question grave thought. At last he said: "I'm fishing for fish."

Before the shadow-children could say a word, Ting-aling gave the rod a vigorous upward lunge. He had no fish on the end of his line. What was more surprising, he had neither hook nor bait.

"I never use a hook," explained Ting-aling, noting the children's astonishment. "The fish don't like it."

"How do you expect to catch them without a hook?" demanded Knari.

"It's very simple," replied the Chinaman with a smile. "They make a little four-in-hand and slip it around their necks. They are very fond of four-in-hands, you see."

"And don't you ever use worms?"

"No," said Ting-aling. "I never use worms. I use a four-in-hand."

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SQUABBLE CORNER

In which we beg Will Hayner's pardon for what he thinks we have done and for what we might have to do in the future.

Will J. Hayner, most ably assisted by Mrs. Hayner, and publisher of a fine, new little paper at Astoria, Ore., are personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Hayner and we know that they are mighty nice folks and that Will is a capable editor. We want to take this opportunity to say to those who are not already subscribers to the Astorian that they should be. Every person should be a subscriber to his home town newspaper.

These explanations and introductions out of the way we find ourselves under the painful necessity of bringing to you our first issue of two hundred subscribers. The fact that Will is mad at us, why should we tell you? We think it is our duty to tell you that we are not mad at you, but we have said some nasty things about you in the past. We think it is our duty to tell you that we are not mad at you, but we have said some nasty things about you in the past.

Now to get right smack into the meat. We ran a little over 100 copies of our first issue of the Astorian. It was a success. We ran a little over 100 copies of our first issue of the Astorian. It was a success.

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