ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH ..... Editor

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ROSEBURG, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 25, 1929.

BUILD THE NORTH UMPQUA ROAD

ALMOST directly east of Roseburg in Douglas county is Diamond lake. Leaving Diamond lake in three directions are roads and highways leading to central, eastern and southern Oregon. The lake is a beautiful playground. Not so spectacular as Crater lake but possessed of infinitely greater recreational advantages Diamond lake is a vacation paradise. Closer by air line to Roseburg than to any other city of equal size Diamond lake is not accessible to Roseburg people. Although but 85 miles away we must drive 220 miles to get to it. Eugene, Bend, Klamath Falls, Medford, Grants Pass and intermediate points all may reach Diamond lake with a shorter drive than can the people of Roseburg and Douglas county. This is merely one of the many reasons for the renewal of the North Umpqua Development association with the avowed purpose of promoting the building of the North Umpqua road to Diamond lake.

Another point directly affecting the income of every person in the Umpqua valley and a point which more insistently demands the building of the North Umpqua road to Diamond lake is the fact that here in the very heart of Oregon we have an area almost one hundred miles square that is not crossed from one side to the other by a road that will permit the passage of even a wagon. This seriously affects the farmers of the Umpqua valley for this reason: Central and eastern Oregon offers now, and increasingly greater in the future, an excellent market for the farm products of this valley. North of us Lane county has easy access to this market. South of us Jackson and Josephine counties have easy access. Our farm produce competes with Lane, Josephine and Jackson counties for the eastern Oregon market but we must truck our product north to the McKenzie pass or south to the Crater lake road BEFORE we can begin to compete with them on an equal basis. The building of a road to Diamond lake will give this county an even break and we need it.

If it were necessary to build the entire eighty-five miles of road to give our people these recreational and commercial advantages to be gained by having this road up the North Umpqua, the undertaking would be decidedly worth while. But, consider the sheer simplicity of it, there is only a short gap of approximately twenty-two miles between the road from Roseburg which ends at Steamboat creek and the road from Diamond lake which ends at Big Camas.

We have stood by and aided in the development and construction of hundred and thousands of miles of roads to bring the Oregon state highway system to its splendid state of perfecion. Our requirements have waited and bowed to the more urgent demands of other communities. The time has come now when we want and badly need the construction of TWENTY-TWO MILES of road—any sort of road—and now let us go out and get it.

POEM FOR THE DAY

By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS

THE CHIEF OF THE AMERICAN PRESS

That modern wonder, the radio, across twelve thousand miles of space, brought this message to New York:

Little America, Antarctica, June 19.—To Adolph S. Ochs, New York Times:

"Your long connection with polar expeditions with Peary, Scott, Amundsen and others has been an important contribution to polar discovery. You have helped make possible our north and south polar expeditions. Your attitude throughout has been very kindly, and your associates all the way down the line have reflected toward us your liberal attitude. It has therefore been very helpful and a real pleasure to be associated with you.

"Among other things you have done much to enable us to establish our radio station, which has kept such remarkable communication with the United States. It seems proper, therefore, to name this station, the southernmost one by many hundreds of miles, the Adolph S. Ochs radio station. It isn't much to do, but our decision carries with it kindest regards and best wishes from every one of us."

Ochs sent the following reply:

"Highly honored by your giving my name to radio. You are doing nice things in a nice way and thus giving additional pleasure and honor in cooperating with you. All join me in affectionate greetings to you and your crew."

'Mong all our world of printing folks
There stands at head Adolph S. Ochs.
How high he peers above the mass—
No other man is in his class!
His eye roams everywhere on earth—
Is keen enough to scan its girth;
His head and heart can match the eye;
He is the world's most famous spy.

Ah, here's a man who dares believe
The truth will always right retrieve,
Publicity deep wrongs will cure—
That through it truth will e'er endure.
So all the news that's fit to print
Goes flying forth from out his mint.
He deals in news from everywhere;
To get the latest is his care.

All men are pawns on his chessboard —
He does not gather news to hoard.
He watches Lindbergh on his flight;
His eye can peer through polar night;
All vital forces are his friends—
A sympathizing ear he lends
Wherever brain or heart enthuse,
For out from them must come the news.

Commander Byrd but shows his wit
In sensing where Och's name will fit.
This man who scans the earth to know
Belongs, of course, to radio.
In every land he plays his game;
His name, by right, is linked with fame.
'Mong all the world of printing folks
One man stands head—Adolph S. Ochs.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams

GOOD-NIGHT STORIES

By Max Trell

KNARF'S IMPUDENCE GETS HIS MASTER FRANK INTO TROUBLE.

If someone—your aunt, let us say—is taking an afternoon nap, you must not wake her. You mustn't even go near her. The only thing to do is to tiptoe away as softly as possible, and to stay away until she wakes up. Otherwise, you are sure to find yourself in trouble, even though, like Master Frank in this story, you are not at all to blame.

The real mischief-maker was Knarf, who, you know, was Master Frank's shadow. It happened one afternoon that Knarf, along with Hap, Flor, Hanid and Yam—the other little shadow children—ran into the parlor to see what was to be seen. They saw the little real children reading by the window and in the rocking chair they saw aunt he last asleep. In her lap was a ball of yarn and her knitting needles.

Now the shadow-children were exceedingly quiet. Shadows are always so. It is not likely that you have ever heard your own shadow make the slightest sound. You would imagine, therefore, that the little shadow-children would not disturb auntie.

Still, wouldn't, and neither would Flor, Hanid and Yam. But Knarf was different. This little shadow-boy would disturb anybody. He positively took delight in it.

No sooner did he spy auntie peacefully dozing than he gave a spring and landed right on the ball of yarn in her lap.

"Come back, come back!" urged the others. No one heard them but Knarf, for they spoke in shadow-language, which is a hundred times quieter than a whisper.

Knarf might just as well not have heard them, for the attention

"Hooray! This is Sport!"

he paid. Instead of returning, he proceeded to jump up and down on the ball. Then, when the novelty of this pastime wore off, he went skipping in and out of the needles, which were long and shiny. He climbed up to the top of one needle and came sliding down another.

"Hooray," he shouted. "This is sport!"

All this might not have been so bad, perhaps, if the Shadow-children had not the effrontery to crawl upon auntie's shoulder and start to—do you know what? He started to hide in her ear!

"Hooray," he yelled. "Bu-u-u-u, bu-u-u-u."

Auntie didn't hear anything exactly, but she began to dream that someone was sawing a log of wood right over her head. Of course, this wasn't a particularly pleasant dream and a scowl passed over her face. As it happened, Master Frank looked up at this moment and, seeing the scowl on his auntie's face, turned to the other children.

"She's scowling!" he whispered excitedly. "Who is, who is?"

Just say "who is, who is?" quickly several times. There's a sight of "sssssss" in it, isn't there? Indeed, it was just like the buzzing that Knarf was making.

Auntie opened her eyes. She looked straight at little Frank, who, as chance would have it, was "zzzzing," away as fast as ever.

"You woke me up, you naughty boy!" cried auntie.

Master Frank was very put out to receive this reprimand. Not so Knarf, who chuckled in glee. He was quite proud of himself, you see. Pride, however, as you have no doubt heard, comes before a fall.

Auntie, feeling something on her ear, gave it a vigorous rub, and off went Knarf, head over heels.

"Next time you won't be so impudent," sail Hanid ,helping him to his feet.

"Next time I'll be worse," cried the bad shadow-boy. And, strange to say, he was!

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HARD TO SUIT

Golfer (who has just gone round in 112): Well, how do you like my game?

Caddie: I suppose it's all right, but I still prefer golf.—Tit-Bits.

EDITORIALS ON THE DAY'S NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

sovereign state sent a negro congressman to Washington.

If the sovereign people of a sovereign state (assuming, for the sake of argument, the correctness of the state's rights theory) choose to do that, what is a mere president's wife to do?

BUT, after all, why waste words over so foolish an issue? The professional negro baiters are merely seeking prejudiced votes, and why try to talk sense to anyone so far gone as that?

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.

FLORENCE

FLORENCE, Lane County—Is on the north bank of Siuslaw Inlet, at the mouth of Siuslaw river. The town is said to have been named for A. B. Florence, who was a member of the state senate at the sessions of 1858, 1859 and 1860, representing Lane county. According to another version, the town was named for a French vessel, wrecked about 1873, at the mouth of the Siuslaw river.

FOLEY SPRINGS

FOLEY SPRINGS, Lane County—Are on a homestead which was taken by Dr. Foley about 50 years ago. After his death the springs were bought by Peter Raney. Raney secured the establishment of a post office which was called the Foleysprings, in honor of Dr. Foley. The springs are hot, rendering the baths very pleasant.

MRS. PANTAGES IN FATAL AUTO CRASH; MURDER CHARGED

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, June 25.—Mrs. Lois Pantages, wife of Alexander Pantages, wealthy theater chain owner, today faces a second degree murder charge following the issuance of a complaint by the district attorney's office yesterday.

Preliminary hearing was postponed pending the recovery of Mrs. Pantages, who was seriously injured in the collision of her automobile with one driven by Joe Rokumoto. A coroner's jury found that Rokumoto, who was fatally injured in the crash, had died as the result of the woman's reckless driving.

The woman had previously been charged with driving while intoxicated, a felony.

The United States is the largest exporter of lumber and lumber products in the world.

The Office Cat

Jones: "Is Phillips still so careful about his lawn?"

Robinson: "He's getting worse. I saw him going over it this morning with his wife's vacuum cleaner."

There can be little doubt of the fact that advertising has come to be America's most popular indorse sport.

Skirts are still too high to be torn over any political proposition.

There is no question about this: The industrious boys of today will be the successful men of tomorrow.

Less plotting and more plodding.

We'd like to be rich and influential enough so that when we made a ring-tailed simian of ourselves people who knew about it would say, merely: "How indiv dual?"

A variety actor who had spent his life in cities invested some of his savings in a flivver and took a tour through the rural districts of the south.

In front of a cabin by the roadside one day he saw an old colored man surrounded by a flock of pickaninnies.

"Hey," the actor called, "are all those children yours?"

"Yassah," replied the old man, "and we got lots more, too."

"Where are the rest?"

"Deys wid dey Mammy."

"Did you say Mammy?"

"Yassah."

"Well, say," exclaimed the variety actor, "where do you get that Al Jolson stuff?"

"Some men robbed the bank last night and escaped in your car."

"You say they robbed the bank? Well, then maybe they can afford to run the car."

Nobody ever translated a rooster's morning song into words, but in a general way he seems to be advertising his barnyard as the finest one in the whole township.

AMERICANISM: Spending so much money trying to win a girl that there isn't enough left to marry her.

Many ex-saloon keepers are becoming lawyers. They feel called to the bar.

Some consolation: Better to be loved and bessed than never to be loved at all.

Love is the quality that makes dish washing at nothing a week seem more attractive than typewriting at $35.00.

News Briefs

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

PENDLETON, Ore., June 25.—Plans for a new nine hole golf course are being considered by the Pendleton Country club. High Junor, Portland professional, laid out a course of three thousand yards and over. The project would cost approximately $30,000.

MEDFORD, Ore., June 25.—At 4 p. m. Sunday 351 automobiles had registered at government camp in Crater Lake national park, and it was estimated that fifteen hundred persons had driven to the rim. This is a record for a pre-opening day. The road was opened Saturday. One-way travel was maintained yesterday for half a mile, part of the way through a snow bank. The lodge will be opened to guests Thursday, but the official opening will be held next Monday, July 1.

SCAPPOOSE, Ore., June 25.—The annual meeting of the Oregon reclamation congress will be held in Ontario, Ore., between September 8 and 18.

GUGGENHEIM COIN DONATED FOR FREE DENTAL CLINICS

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

NEW YORK, June 25.—Announcement was made yesterday on behalf of Murray Guggenheim and his wife, Leonie, that they planned to establish free dental clinics for children in all five boroughs of New York.

The announcement did not state the total amount of the foundation. It was said between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 had been set aside for the construction, equipment and endowment of the first unit in Manhattan. That clinic is to be put in operation as soon as possible and a comprehensive plan for the establishment of the other worked out.

The organization, which is incorporated as the Murray and Leonie Guggenheim foundation, has for its broad purpose the promotion through charitable and benevolent activities of the well being of the world.

The clinics will supply first dental service to children between two and 16 years.

Dr. S. S. Goldwater, former health commissioner, and Edmond A Guggenheim, their son, are chapter members of the foundation with Mr. and Mrs. Guggenheim.

Mr. Guggenheim is a member of the family whose vast fortune was made in the copper industry and is an uncle of Harry F. Guggenheim, president of the Daniel Guggenheim fund for the promotion of aeronautics.

Watkins products. 120 West Lane. Phone 177.

Alemite grease and fittings are sold at Wharton Bros.

DR. NERBAS
DENTIST
Painless Extraction
Gas When Desired
Pyorrhea Treated
Phone 188 Masonic Bldg.

What Famous Users Say About Richfield

CAPT. WILKINS

"Richfield Gasoline served our Whirlwind splendidly during twenty-two hours of Arctic flying in temperatures ranging to forty-eight below on our flight across the top of the world. During our efforts to explore the unknown Arctic, we have used Richfield Gasoline under all conditions and temperatures with the utmost satisfaction."

INTREPID explorer and adventurer, Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins! Captain Wilkins was knighted by King George of England for his 2300 mile dash across the frozen Arctic in a single motored, Lockheed Vega monoplane. With his pilot, Lieut. Carl Ben Eielson, he is one of the only two humans who have ever flown over the top of the world.

His exclusive choice of Richfield for the severe flying conditions of the Arctic is tribute to Richfield's performance and is compelling proof of the qualities that have made Richfield the choice of such world famous men as Fred Duesenberg, Anthony Fokker, Art Goebel, Harry Miller and scores of others.

These are the same qualities you need in the gasoline you use in your *own* car — instant speed and acceleration, greater power and mileage.

RICHFIELD The GASOLINE OF POWER
RICHFIELD Ethyl

RICHFIELD

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