

Roseburg News-Review

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A Welcome

NATIONALLY known sportsman and a mighty good fellow in spite of his notoriety, has deigned to make his permanent home in Roseburg, Captain Frank Winch...

Who is Frank Winch? An easy and interesting question to answer. First of all he is a friendly, likeable citizen. That is enough to commend him to Douglas county residents who ask no more than that of anyone...

THE Seattle Star has started a fight on the Mt. Hood tramway plan saying that it would be an outrage to convert beautiful Mt. Hood into a tin-can camp...

peting with American lumber abroad and at home. In the production of her Siberian lumber, Russia is employing convict and alien labor, thus being able to produce it much cheaper than can the mills of America...

The law, enacted many years ago, was designed to meet just such a situation and the western lumbermen in calling upon the government to enforce it now against the importation of Russian lumber...

The lumbermen got scant recognition of their plight from congress in the enactment of the new tariff bill. The least the federal government can do is to give them the protection of laws already on the statute books.

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Around... The County

By R. R. WOOD

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles to be written by a local writer...

LOCATED in one of the most productive sections of Douglas county, and right on the Pacific highway is the thriving town of Yoncalla...

To John Ewell, that consistent booster for the Umpqua, goes the credit for getting Captain Winch enmeshed in our valley and in welcoming Captain Winch to Roseburg, we do so, with thanks to John...

Good Manners Necessary

THE Forest Service welcomes campers into the forests but urges that they bring their good manners with them. The Portland Advertising Club "Spotlight" gives the following summary of what the foresters consider good manners...

ALTHOUGH the saw mills in this section, like the mills in most other parts of the state, have closed temporarily, there is still quite a lot of lumber going out each week, and livestock shipments are holding up well...

INDICATING something of the present state of activity prevailing in Yoncalla and vicinity are the shipments in car lots of some of the principal commodities that are produced in that section...

Yesterday's news carried an account of a collision of an airplane with an automobile. This temporarily settles another question. The driver of the automobile was killed.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

The Russian Lumber Menace

BACK in the early days of this country there was enacted a federal law to prevent the importation of articles in the production or manufacture of which slave or impressed labor was used...

The lumbermen of the northwest are now asking the federal government to enforce this law with respect to the importation of Russian lumber which is now com-

BRINGING UP FATHER

By Geo. McManus



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

LEAP YEAR is what keeps bachelors on the jump.

Take it or Leave it—It's hard to become a violinist nowadays; we don't have enough elbow room.

Daily True Story—"He's going away without any reason," said wife as they took her husband to the insane asylum.

Excuse it Please—It's all right to have a family skeleton, but you shouldn't take her in swimming.

Momentous Moments—When the thin man in the circus begins stropping his shoulder blades.

Auto-Suggestion—It's hard to understand a woman motorist. You never know what she's driving at.

Pitiful Cases—When an alpha-belted soap salesman has to swallow his own words.

Efficiency Experts—The counterfeiter who made a few extra bills so that he could pay his income tax.

Wonders of Nature—They don't need any speed caps on the straight and narrow path.

Our Own Vaudeville—Teacher: Willie, define the word snorer. Willie: Sure. There's one born every minute.

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

DURING the last quarter of a century there has been a growing appreciation of the importance of child health and child welfare.

National consciousness has been aroused to the need of health and education for the child. We have learned this must be looked after in the home, in elementary and high school, and on up through college.

No more important and far-reaching plan for public health service has been presented than that given some weeks ago under the auspices of the White House conference on child health and protection. Dr. Thomas D. Wood, chairman of the committee on the school child, has stated the program of the work outlined.

What we DON'T KNOW is that the man who built this early toll road, with THEIR OWN MONEY, put into it more money than they ever GOT OUT OF IT. Yet that is the fact, amply attested by the record.

These men, you see, had a vision. They wanted something for Oregon. They weren't afraid to spend their own efforts to get it. We today have no monopoly on the vision of a greater Oregon.

Letters From the People

Communications to the News-Review for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 100 words in length, and must be signed by the writer, whose mail address must accompany the contribution.

To the Editor: Why is it that a single girl cannot find employment in Roseburg, and why do the business men hire transients, or married women, whose husbands hold good positions? It is very discouraging to parents who have educated their children here and are paying taxes to have to send them elsewhere to find employment.

With periodic health examinations for every child, dental inspection and treatment once or twice a year, health instruction, all promoted in the school as a health center—such a project is indeed a wonderful plan. Great things would come of it. I pray it may succeed. A healthy child lives, acts and

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

learns in an atmosphere created by the joy of living. The cooperation of the home, the school, nurse and physician is useful in this larger plan of education. Every parent and every teacher should be a health teacher, and by example and precept direct children under their care to sensible health habits and health knowledge.

Then take off your hat. BOB SAWYER, of Bend, standing by the grave of John Craig, traced in simple, plain language the story of the McKenzie highway beginning with Felix Scott, running through the time of Craig and the various toll road companies and coming down to the present day.

He TOO was seeing a vision—the vision of a more complete historical record of the fine and beautiful story of early Oregon. It is a pity that so few of us have seen that vision. The men and women who MADE the story of Oregon are nearly all gone. Soon they will ALL be gone—and with them the first-hand record of great deeds.

HOW pitifully LITTLE we really know of the story of our past. We know vaguely, for example, that Felix Scott pioneered the first crossing of the McKenzie pass with wagons. A few of us know sketchily that John Craig lost his life carrying the mail across the McKenzie pass in the snows of winter. Not one of us in ten thousand knew that for years before he had been working with all his strength to build a highway across the pass.

We know little or nothing of the men who were associated with him in his undertaking that has meant so much to us of these later days.

WE KNOW in a dim way that the first passable highway over the McKenzie pass was a toll road.

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These men, you see, had a vision. They wanted something for Oregon. They weren't afraid to spend their own efforts to get it. We today have no monopoly on the vision of a greater Oregon.

It well worth their while to look into this. An old and true saying is: An idle mind is the devil's workshop. If this can be applied to our young people now, what kind of citizens can we expect in the future? Why not give the single girl a chance? Let the married woman live within her husband's income, make more than a stopping place for him, and she will find her time pretty well occupied. There are exceptions, of course, but these do not hold for the majority. I believe that any business man interested in the welfare of this town will give our single girls preference when any applications are made.

Teachers Paid \$5 A Week in Haiti

NEW YORK, July 15.—Rural Haiti depends for its education on teachers who are paid four or five dollars a month. Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of the Tuskegee Institute and head of President Hoover's Haitian commission on education, said today on his return with the commission from a 24-day tour of the island.

Dr. Moton said the commission's report will be completed and sent to the president within a few days.

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A TAXPAYER.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl eighteen years of age and am deeply in love with a boy. My mother and father do not want me to have "dates" until I am twenty-one years of age.

The girls of my age are having "dates" and I am being left out of the crowd on that account. How can I make my mother and father understand? Do you think I am too young to have "dates"?

PATTY: Perhaps you could gain permission to have a little party at your home to which you could invite your friend. Then your parents could see for themselves the character and behavior of your associates and may relax their rule and let you go out, perhaps with another nice young couple.

DEAR NANCY LEE: If a girl invites a fellow to a dance and gets no definite reply, is it correct for the girl to write asking him if he is coming?

I asked a young man to a dance and he said he would come. This was about two weeks ago. The dance is next week, and I am not sure he is coming. Would it be correct to write to him. I know of no other way to get in touch with him.

ANXIOUS: Yes. Write the young man and request a definite answer to your invitation. If it is not immediately forthcoming, then extend the invitation to someone else.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl in my early twenties. I was engaged to a fellow of my own age. Every once in a while I seem to think he still cares for an old girl friend of his. Please tell me what is a good way to find out. I really couldn't find out by inviting her to a party or anything like that because she lives in another city. I would also like to know, Nancy Lee, what is a good way to lose a jealous disposition.

INDEPENDENT PATSY: Unless you are pretty sure that your suspicions are well founded, it would be best to let things remain as they are. Just forget about your previous attachment the man may have had. Very few men become engaged to the first girl they are friendly with. You can only care a jealous disposition by the exercise of your will. Don't read meanings into everything, and be content with things as they are.

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A TAXPAYER.

The SEA BRIDE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Faith Kileup marries Captain Noll Wing, skipper of the whaler, "Sally Sims," a man much older than herself.

CHAPTER II. She had always dreamed of being married before this great fire in her father's home. She herself had chosen these logs, and under her eye her brother, Roy, had borne them into the house and laid them upon the small stuff and kindling that first to bring to life an abode and Noll Wing were married; she had thought of it as a symbol of the new life that was beginning for her and for her husband. She was terribly disappointed.

In that first pang she looked helplessly about for Noll. She wanted comfort pitifully. But Noll was laughing in the doorway, talking with old Jonathan Felt, the owner of his vessel. He had not heard, he did not see her glance. Bess Holt cried:

"Somebody light it quick! Roy Kileup, give me a match. I'll light it myself. Don't look, Faith! Oh, what a shame!"

Roy knew how his sister had counted on that fire. "I'll bet Faith doesn't feel as though she were really married," he laughed. "Not without a fire going. Do you, Faith? Better do it over, Dr. Brant!"

Someone said it was bad luck; a dozen voices cried the same word. Then, while they were all talking about it, round-faced Danl Toby went down on his knees and lighted the fire that was to have illumined Faith's wedding.

Faith, her face at her throat, looked for Noll again, but he and old Jonathan had gone out to that ancient demijohn of cherry rum. Danl was looking hungrily at her; hungry for thanks. She smiled at him. They were all pressing around her again.

Faith's luggage had already gone aboard. When she and Jen and Bess reached the wharf the others were at the tables under the boathouse, aft. They rose and pledged Faith in lifted glasses. Then Faith sat down beside her husband, at the head of the board, and old Jen settled morosely beside her. They ate and drank merrily.

Faith was very happy, dreamily happy. She felt the best presence of her husband at her side, and she lifted her head with pride in him, and in his ship which he commanded. He was a man. Once or twice she marked her father's silence, and once she touched his knee with her hand lightly, in comfort. Cap'n Wing made a speech. They called on Jen, but Jen was in no mind for chatter. They called on Faith; she rose and smiled at them, and said how happy she was, and laid her hand on her husband's shoulder proudly.

Roy came running, after a time. And a little later the tug whistled from the stream, and Cap'n Wing looked outside and stood up and lifted his hands. "Friends," he said jocosely. "I'd like to take you all along. Come if you want. But—tides in. Them as don't want to go, along had best be getting ashore."

Thus it was ended—that wedding-supper on the deck, in the late afternoon, while the flags floated overhead and the gulls screamed across the refuse-dotted waters of the harbor and the tide whirled and eddied about the piles. Thus it was ended.

Old Jen kissed her first of all, kissed her roundly, crushing her to his breast, and she whispered, in his close embrace:

"It's all right, dad. Don't worry. All right, I'll bring you home—"

He kissed her again, cutting short her promise. Kissed her and thrust her away, and stamped ashore and went stockily off along the wharf and out of sight, never looking back. A solitary figure, somewhat to be pitied, for all his broad shoulders and his old head.

The others in their turn. Then everyone waited, calling, laughing, crying, while the "Sally Sims" was torn loose from her moorings. Cap'n Wing was another man now; he was never one to leave his ship to another's care. Faith thought proudly. His commands rang through the still air of late afternoon; his eye saw the bawlers cast off, saw the tug take hold.

The "Sally Sims" moved. She moved so slowly that at first one must watch a fixed point upon the wharf to be sure she moved at all. Men were in the rigging now, setting the big, square sails. The wind began to tug at them. The voice of the mate, Mr. Ham, roared up to the men in profane commands. Cap'n Wing stood stockily on wide-spread legs, watching, joining his voice now and then to the uproar.

The sea presently opened out before them, inviting them, offering all its wide expanses to the "Sally Sims" blunt bow. The "Sally" began to lift and tilt awkwardly. The tug had long since dropped behind; they shaped their course for where the night came up ahead of them. They sailed steadily eastward into the gathering gloom.

"Mr. Toby!" bawled Cap'n Wing. Danl came aft to where Faith stood with her husband. He did not look at her, so that Faith was faintly disquieted. The captain pointed to the litter of planks and boxes and dishes and food where the wedding supper had been laid. Faith looked dreamily, happily. She had loved that last gathering with friends of her childhood. There was something sacred to her, in this moment, even in the ugly debris that remained.

But not to Cap'n Wing. He said harshly in his voice of a master: "Have that trash cleared up, Mr. Toby. Sharp, now."

Trails! Faith was faintly unhappy at the word. Danl bawled to the men and half a dozen of them came shuffling aft. Sus

she had touched her husband's arm. "I'm going (slow now, Noll," she whispered to him. He nodded. "Get to bed," he said. "I'll be down."

He had not looked at her; he was watching Danl and the men. For two weeks past Faith had been much aboard the "Sally Sims," making ready the tiny quarters that were to be her home. When she came down into the cabin in now it was with a sense of familiarity. The plain table, built about the butt of the mizenmast, the chairs, the swiveling, whale-oil lamps—these were old friends, waiting to replace those other friends she had left behind in her bedroom at home. She stood for a moment at the foot of the cabin companion, looking about in the familiarly, her hand at her throat.

She was not lonely, not homesick, not sorry. But her smile seemed to appeal to these inanimate surroundings to be good to her.

Then she crossed the cabin quietly and went into the smaller compartment, which was used by Cap'n Wing for his books, his instruments, his infrequent hours of leisure. This room, entirely across the stern of the ship, but it was little more than a corridor. The captain's cabin was on the starboard side, opening off this corridorlike compartment. There was scant room aft aboard the "Sally Sims. The four officers bunked two by two in the cabin opening off the main cabin; the mate had no room to himself, and by the same token, there was no possibility of giving Faith separate quarters. There were two bunks in the captain's cabin, one above the other. The upper had been built in during the last two weeks. That was all.

Faith had not protested. She was content that Noll was hers; the rest did not matter. She found a measure of glory in the thought that she must endure some hardships to be at his side while her man did his work in the world. She was, after the first pang, glad that she must make a tiny chest and a few nails serve her for wardrobe and dressingroom; she was glad that she must sleep on a thing like a shelf built into the wall instead of her high, soft bed with the canopy at home. She was glad—glad for Noll—glad for everything.

She began quietly to prepare herself for bed. And while she loosened her heavy hair and began the long, easy brushing that kept it so glossy and smooth, her thoughts ran back over the swift, warm rapture of her awakening for Noll. Big Noll Wing—her husband now—she his bride.

She had always worshipped Noll, even while she was still a schoolgirl, her skirts short, her hair in long, thick braids. Noll was a heroic figure, a great man who appeared at intervals from the distances of ocean, and moved majestically about the little world of the tow, and then was gone again. The man had had the gift of drama; his deeds held that element which lifted them above mere exploits and made them romance. When he was third mate of the old Bertha, a crazy islander tried to knife him and freshed his blade in Noll Wing's shoulder from behind. Noll had wrenched around and broken the man's neck with a twist of his hands.

He had always been a hard man with his hands, a strong man, perhaps a brutal man. Faith, hearing only glorified whispers of these matters, had dreamed of the strength of him. She saw this strength not as a physical thing, but as a thing spiritual. No one man could rule other men unless he ruled them by a superior moral strength, she knew. She loved to think of Noll's strength. Her breath had caught in ecstasy of pain that night he first touched her close against his great chest till she thought her own ribs would crack.

Not Noll's strength alone was famous. He had been a great captain, a great man for all. His maiden voyage as skipper of his own ship made the reputation for him. He got all his cargo forth with into a very sea of whales, worked night and day, and returned in three days short of three months with a cargo worth thirty-seven thousand dollars. A cargo that other men took three years to harvest from the fat fields of the sea, took three years to harvest, and then were like as not to boast

OREGON COURT IS AFFIRMED IN CAR SEIZURE DECISION

(Associated Press Leased Wire) SAN FRANCISCO, July 15.—The United States circuit court today affirmed an Oregon federal court judgment ordering return of a seized automobile in which liquor had been found and which the government had sought to forfeit under provisions of the internal revenue law.

Portland police seized the car in February, 1929, and Helen Forrest, one of the occupants, was convicted in municipal court of illegally transporting and possessing liquor.

Federal authorities who claimed the car contained the liquor had been concealed to avoid payment of internal revenue taxes. In upholding the lower court, however, the circuit court said forfeiture proceedings should have been carried out under provisions of the national prohibition act.

"We think it is now settled, an automobile or other vehicle engaged in the illegal transportation of liquor can no longer be forfeited under the provisions of the internal revenue laws," the court said.

of the harvesting. Oh, Noll Wing was a master hand for sperm oil; a master skipper as ever sailed the seas.

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Austin Demonstration

TUESDAY EVE 7:30 p. m. L. R. Chambers Service Station

Fishing and Hunting Trips

Pack and saddle horses at Steamboat for hire. Write or phone Joe DeBernardi Phone 38F15 Glide, Ore.

Roseburg Cabinet Shop

542 Fowler St. Phone 541-J Dryer Fans Specially adapted for Kurtz Prune Dryers. Come in and let us demonstrate them. Fans complete ready to install. Price \$10.50 E. S. Cockleiras F. L. Cockleiras

DR. NERBAS

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

John R. Kelly

SHEET METAL WORKS Heating and Ventilating —If It can be made of Sheet Metal—We Can Make It. 444 N. Jackson St. Phone 466 ROSEBURG, OREGON

Cook the Food Not the Cook

Keep Cool With Gas SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CORPORATION Instant Heat 340 N. Jackson Phone 235

ATTENTION!

Loyal Order of Moose Members Special Meeting July 16 Wednesday Eve. 8 p. m. Entertainment and dancing after meeting. Bring your wives.

Roseburg Undertaking Co

Established 1901 M. E. RITTER, Manager Founded and Maintained on Efficient Service and Courtesy Ambulance Service Phone 284 Dak and Kane Sts. Licensed Lady Embalmer