

Roseburg News-Review

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Entered as second class matter May 17, 1920, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under Act of March 2, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, per year, by mail	\$4.00
Daily, single month, by mail	.50
Daily, by carrier, per month	.50

ROSEBURG, OREGON, SEPTEMBER 13, 1930.

PLANS NEED MODIFICATION

THE problems that confront us here in the Umpqua valley regarding power development have been badly complicated by the fact that our various gubernatorial candidates are running their races on platforms having more or less to do with the subject of power and power developments.

Here, we are opposing the proposed projects of the power company for several reasons. None of these reasons has anything to do with the issue of private versus public ownership of utilities. That is entirely another matter. Our reasons have nothing to do with state politics.

This newspaper joins with the Roseburg chamber of commerce, with the sportsmen's organizations, with several of the granges, in voicing protest against the granting of the filings made by the power company on the North Umpqua river. No objection is made to development of water power on this stream by the company. It is the manner in which this proposed development will be made and the consequences therefrom that arouse opposition to it.

In simple terms, the objections to the present filings are:

1. High dams will menace fish, wild life and to some extent human life and property within the area.
2. Such development would tend to seriously hamper and make more expensive the building of the highway up the river.
3. When the filings are completed practically the entire river above Rock creek will be under company control and the recreation lands in that area will be under company control.
4. Under present regulations it is felt that the state will not be paid a just horsepower rate for power which is generated here and used elsewhere.

People here want very much to see the proposed development made. They want the big expenditure made in the county with the consequent addition to the tax rolls. They feel, however, as does this writer, that if the development is made as proposed, the price for it which we and future generations must pay as outlined above, is too great.

It is believed by those who have thoroughly studied the problems, that the water power of the North Umpqua river can be fully developed without destroying the recreational assets of the river. Such a plan should be developed and would meet with little or no opposition here.

The economic aspects of the problem are a little more complex. The state of Oregon finds itself in the position of being a source of water power which will be transmitted to other states thus expanding their industries. Under the present scheme of things, we cannot very well hope to have industry come here to use power if it can be easily and cheaply transmitted to where industry already is established. Since the source is ours, since the raw material from which power is made is ours, we should be paid something for it to compensate us, in a way, for our giving up this resource which will be taken for private use and for profit. The present rate per horsepower is not considered adequate.

As the matter stands now, the power filings have not been approved by the state engineer and they will be referred to the legislature. In the mean time a more practical solution might be had if the power company would seek to understand the local opposition to its proposed development and made some effort at modifying its plans so as to remove the most distasteful features.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

After fifty years THERE were golden notes and a golden story in the ceremonies of the golden wedding anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. John B. Horner at Corvallis.

The presence of hundreds of guests at the function attested the wide interest in the two principals now passing at a milestone along the great way in the state of the past and to mingle yesterday and today together for a half century celebration of married life.

On the list were friends of and long since from many towns and Oregon counties. And there were many who had passed under the assistance and care of Dr. and Mrs. Horner in the relation of pupil and teacher. And the message of all to both was one of congratulation on a great work constantly maintained and faithfully cherished.

The golden note of the occasion was sounded by Dr. Horner himself in remarks during the evening, when he said:

"After 50 years of married life, I heartily endorse the system approved by our ancestors who looked upon marriage as a life contract—a sacrament entered under a holy ordinance and which have been sanctified by a mutual alliance or companionate marriage as exceedingly dangerous to good society."

"There is something sacred and beautiful in accepting for life the hand and heart of a noble woman who treats all to one who she believes has a strong arm and a great heart; and there is something else—something sublime in finding worthy of this constant faith and confiding love into the end."

It was the utterance of a true soul, the appraisal of one of life's most sacred ordinances by one whose life, character and works attest the soundness of his statement.

Lives like the lives of the Horners are anchor and chains that help hold society safe in the harbor of civic, moral and spiritual living.—Portland Journal.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

biggest problem in the world today is what to do with the surplus of food products.

ANOTHER set of marionets told an 25 years ago that in a quarter of a century the wicked timber barons would have cut ALL the timber, leaving none for us to build homes with.

What is the truth? Here it is: We have so much timber that our biggest problem in this timber country is to find a market for it before it rots in the tree.

SO when alarmist politicians whose idea is to get into office with a catchy slogan, about in your face that all the power is about to be grabbed up, so that none will be left for us to use, laugh in their faces.

NOBODY can monopolize all the power in all the streams. But, if anybody could, we should turn to OTHER sources of natural power, such as the heat in the interior of the earth.

Nobody is going to be able to take power away from us. There is too much of it lying around. And every day research workers are finding new ways of utilizing it.

Attractions AT THE MOVIES

LIBERTY—Today, "Gov." with Captain Salisbury in person; Sunday and Monday, "Children of Pleasure," with Lawrence Gray; Tuesday and Wednesday, big duo, "Murder Will Out" and "The Fall Guy"; Thursday, Friday and Saturday, "Czar of Broadway" with John Gray and Betty Campbell.

TILLIE THE TOILER



Maybe I'm Wrong

By J. P. MEDBURY

ONCE upon a time there was a poor little cannibal boy and every time his folks had missionary for dinner, he got the neck.

Pitiful Cases—The mosquito who bit a flapper on the throat and died of alcoholism.

You're Right—It's better to be down and out than never to have loved at all.

Wonders of Nature—You can't laugh at the sword-swallower who eats a lot of sabers; that's his bread and butter.

Take It or Leave It—A chimp-dog could never be a success if he didn't go to the dogs.

Feminine Mathematics—A lot of women are so slow that it takes them three years to go from one birthday to another.

Auto-Suggestion—Hot water is good for tired feet, but so are taxicabs.

Ideal Dumbbells—The superstitious man who went around town whitewashing all the black cats.

Advice to Neckers—The stuff that dreams are made of, usually comes off on your coat collar.

Our Own Vaudeville—Marie: Dorothy's bridal gown looks soiled. Helen: Yes, she never stays married long enough to send her wedding dress to the cleaner. (Copyright, 1930, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

SOME time ago I told you of a little known disease called "tularemia." Recently I have had letters telling of the appearance of the disease and asking for information.

First the symptoms and later the germs of tularemia were discovered in the ground squirrel about twenty years ago. Not long after that cases of infection of humans were reported.

Of this disease the rabbit is the chief carrier with which man comes in contact. Wounds made while cleaning diseased rabbits may become infected. Fortunately comparatively few rabbits have the disease.

The germ of tularemia is carried by the deerfly and the woodtick, and may be transmitted to man through the bites of these pests. If you are spending time outdoors in communities where tularemia is known to exist all bites should be carefully watched.

In handling rabbits the infectious material may be carried to the eye. When this happens it may cause "conjunctivitis," an inflammation of the lining membrane of the eyeballs and the covering of the eyeball.

A Germ Disease Usually the trouble begins with a papule or pimple of the skin. This develops near a wound which has become infected with a rabbit. It may appear at the point of the bite made by a woodtick or a deerfly.

From two days to a week passes before the wound becomes very sore. By this time chills and fever have developed. There is also aching throughout the body, with loss of weight, prostration, and sometimes delirium.

The acute stage of the illness lasts from two to four weeks. During this time, the site of the original wound ulcerates. The nearby glands become swollen and may even suppurate. There is considerable fever.

Following the attack there is slow recovery. The period of convalescence may cover from two months to six months or even longer.

Advice to Girls

By NANCY LEE

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am madly in love with a boy. He cares for me also. My parents do not object to him. I only see him on rare occasions. Would it be proper to write to him? I love him very dearly.

Would it be all right to go with one of his best friends when he cannot accompany me? Nancy Lee, please give me some advice on this.

WONDERING LOVER. Do not tell me whether the boy writes to you or not. If he does not find it worth while to drop you a line occasionally then there is no reason why you should take the trouble to write to him, unless, of course, you don't mind cheapening yourself. If he does write to you, then, of course, it is only proper that you should answer his letters. If you were as "madly in love" as you say you are, I somehow do not believe that you would be thinking about going out with anyone else.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am a girl in my teens. I had a boy friend and he moved away. He never wrote to me. He came back recently. How could I renew his friendship?

PEGGY. Chosen words of welcome when you see the young man will surely indicate to him that you are glad that he has returned to your town. All you can do is to indicate that a resumption of the friendship would be pleasing to you, and if he does not take the hint it will be because he does not wish to.

DEAR NANCY LEE: I am also 15 years old. I am considered pretty and have a sweet disposition. I am liked by all the kids in high school. Do you see any harm in going with a boy once in awhile, although not on school days, as long as he behaves that serious about it and act decently when I go anywhere with him. I make good grades in my school work, and the boy I like does not smoke drink or dance. He is very jolly and full of fun. I also would like to know how to prove to my mother that I do not deceive her while I am gone to school. I deceived her once, and she thinks I will again. And I would like your advice.

PUZZLED: Tell your mother that you must have confidence in your own word. Since the boy seems to be so nice, why not ask your mother's permission to invite him to your home some day so that she may judge for herself what a nice fellow you have? Do not do that until you can continue your companion ship to this boy alone, you are far too young for that. Enjoy and cultivate the friendships of nice young folk and enjoy a bright cheerful girlhood.

Resigns as Head of Federal Reserve



The resignation of Roy A. Young (above) as governor of the federal reserve board has been announced at the white house. Young resigned to become governor of the Boston federal reserve bank.

But Not on Foot



JAUNT BRINGS APPRECIATION OF PROTECTION OF FORESTS

Immensity and Potential Wealth of Umpqua Timbered Region Impresses Scribe as He Traverses High Trails With Federal Service Group.

By R. R. WOOD

Twenty-five years ago and more, when the government undertook the direct control of the great forest areas of the west, very little was known of the actual conditions existing. The plan was to protect the timber and preserve it for future generations. It was pointed out by men who had been in the policy that the timber of the mid-west and northern states had become practically a thing of the past, and that unless action was taken it would be but a short time until there would be no merchantable timber left in the public domain. All this led to the establishment of the forestry service, and through the years it has been gradually developed, until at this time it has reached its present efficient peak, and is carrying on in a program of protection and preservation of the public timber lands throughout the nation.

Perhaps many may have been led to believe that this plan involves the exclusion of the individual from the forest area, prohibiting settlement, and thereby to meet the demands of a great public federal service. A study, of the whole situation will probably reveal facts that have been overlooked by those of us who are not as familiar with this problem. All citizens are, or may be, equally interested in preservation of the great forest areas of the county and state. These are pretty generally unentered public lands, although many have desired to file homestead rights on certain tracts.

It is true that about twenty-five years ago a vast acreage of timber land passed from government control to private ownership through timber land entries. At that time a great many fraudulent filings were made, backed by men with capital, who entered into agreement with individuals who had certain timber tracts with the understanding that such land was to be decided over to those parties supplying the cash necessary for handling the deals, plus a stipulated sum for the services of the "settler." In this way a considerable acreage passed from government domain to private interests. Aside from that, however, there remain in the forest areas of Douglas county and bordering counties, millions of acres of public land that are heavily timbered with different species of pine, fir, spruce, cedar, which will eventually be turned into cash assets. But to insure this timber becoming a perpetual revenue to the people of the state, the federal government undertook to protect it through the service of the United States Forest Service.

Timber Area Viewed Accepting an invitation from Supervisor Vernon Harpham of the Umpqua forest, the News-Review field representative was privileged to spend five days in the wonderland of nature in the Umpqua valley during which time the party, including Supervisor Harpham, rangers, packers and newspapermen, traveled into the depths of the greatest body of merchantable timber remaining in the United States, where they spent the day in earnest endeavoring to protect the timber by protecting it from destruction. Motoring from Roseburg to Siamboat, nearly fifty miles up the North Umpqua, where the trails begin, the Roseburg men found everything in readiness for taking the road to the higher mountain altitudes and through the almost inaccessible forests. The saddle horses and pack mules, provided under the direction of Chief Forest Ranger Fred Asam, who has spent 15 years in the Umpqua and Williamette watersheds, are trained every day, were assigned, and the journey was on. Fred Asam taking the lead as guide. It was no boulevard, even right from the start, although the trail was good and well defined for the first few miles. The journey led over the great Umpqua mountains, a roaring mountain torrent that plunged madly over rocks and thence to the Umpqua. Nightfall after a climb over steep, rocky hills, all heavily timbered, brought the party to Chilcoot, 5000 feet above sea level. Here the Roseburg men were joined by Ranger Paul Piper of the Bohemia district, trainer station, and Elbert Bede, editor of the Cottage Grove Sentinel. These gentlemen had made the trip in to Chilcoot by way of Bohemia mountain to meet the party from Umpqua.

Chilcoot is a lookout station, and in the top of an adjacent fir the lookout passes many hours each day, and not infrequently at night, scanning the distant horizon for evidences of fires that may have gotten started through carelessness of some hunter or camper. Ascent to the lookout is by way of a ladder, and on the little platform about six feet square at the top is a telephone for transmitting information to all other stations throughout the Umpqua forest. These telephone lines have been put in during the years past, the rangers literally bowing their way through the dense growth in many places, to make the installation of the lines possible, and to enable the trails to be built. From Chilcoot, the Lookout Dick Meadows and the beacon at Glendale, away southward, and at Cottage Grove, to the northwest, each over miles and miles of broken and timbered ranges, are to be seen flashing their signals to night flyers of the aviation corps and aerial mail.

A Hard Trip

Traveling northward over mountain ridges after leaving Chilcoot, the second day was one long climb over the country little explored, the horses picking their way most of the distance through "blazed" trails in the timber and brush. McKinley Rock, rising abruptly at the end of a ridge, literally hundreds of feet high and presenting a perpendicular surface to the south could be seen away to the north in the Bohemia mountains. The scum of a footed park came scrambling down, and men, trees, overhanging rocks and up

and down rocky paths that were steep enough to make a goat dizzy, without giving every man in the party a lesson of patience and will in service in a good cause that was really inspiring. This may be a lot to say about those five or six pack mules, but they certainly earned more than they got for the job of carrying the camp baggage for this expedition. Late in the afternoon the jumping off place appeared to have been reached. From a narrow, trackless way trail the group could look out over towering trees far below and straight ahead empty spaces marked into the sky line, shrouded in an uncertain haze—it might have been a perilous—at any rate there was no turning back the horses were weary. In order to reach a designated camp called City Creek by the guide, the party had to stop for lunch. The other had water been found along the skyline route, and none of the travelers appeared to want to go on heavenward, so following the tinkle of the bell on the old lead mule the descent was undertaken. The world tilted less distressingly—enough so, in fact, so that the two newspapermen dared let go their grip on safety first devices on the saddles—and the horses, actually dripping wet from holding back in the brush, began to cool in the late afternoon breeze that wafted down the canyon—we had reached City Creek.

Climbing and Climbing

The third day the party had descended somewhat as fire hazards in the north called Ranger Paul Piper, and Editor Elbert Bede also turned his steps, or correctly speaking, toward his saddle horse and mule, toward home. A strenuous ride for two or three hours took the way up into the cloud forest to the Bohemia trail station, 4500 altitude. Aside from the little shelter cabin, open on one side, without floor or windows a crude fireplace in the front where the lookout does his cooking, bunk back in one corner, with foot rest, and a table, the place hung shelving to prevent woodrats mice and squirrels from taking toll, the "improvements" of the station consisted of a six foot square open platform, built in the top of a fir tree, and reached by a foot ladder, and a table, the feet above the ground. Around this is a single pole railing, while the telephone is fastened to one side thereof and next to the tree, three-eighths inch wire cables reach from the top of this post to anchorage on the mountain top to the west, and from there to the young man in charge climbs up and down, or when the wind sweeps over the range. At this point of 71 feet above the crest of Buster Butte, J. D. Adams, a young ranger from the Bohemia fire through out the hours of each day, he is not otherwise busy he is carrying water from a spring three-fourths of a mile below for his domestic purposes. He has a five gallon can that is strapped on a sort of back which fits his back and which he carries up the mountain where lookouts are maintained during the summer and fall in order to help in protecting the public domain forests from the fire demon. In this part of the forest are many wolves, and frequently their howling is heard at night, and the hunter awake and his rifle within easy reach. For the fellow who likes solitude, these lookout stations are perfect resorts.

Where Two Rivers Head

Along the crest of the divide between the Umpqua and Williamette watersheds, the trail winds its way upward to the sky-line of the Cascades. It affords a wonderful vision of the gorges on either side in which these two great streams have their origin. At places on the trail there is just enough room for the horse and pack mule to get up where lookouts are maintained during the summer and fall in order to help in protecting the public domain forests from the fire demon. All of the time the limitless forests reach out apparently farther and farther, the eye failing to find an ending of it all. For hours at a time the great open spaces of the trail winds in and around, and down, frequently a startled deer breaking from cover to gaze in astonishment for a moment before seeking safety in the dense undergrowth always near. The sky of a mountain grouse, too, is seen in the distance, and every day, and an occasional hawk is seen to have just passed along the trail ahead as the party moved along. No woodman's ax has marred the beauty of the forest—it is simply perfect—and Uncle Sam is keeping watch over the forest with his eyes of approximately 140 men who make it their business to inspect the public in camping, in taking care of fires, in keeping all camps clean and destroying all litter they leave, also in building trails and telephones connecting with remotest corners of the government lands in order that fire-fighter grounds may be expedient when menaced by any blaze.

Whether started by summer electrical storms or by a careless camper or a smoker.

This station was found literally anchored to the rocks at an elevation of nearly 5500 feet. This station is of the type that Supervisor Harpham hopes to get the government to build at all lookouts. It is a 1x12 structure, class on all four sides, with a chimney above the main room, and in the upper section is an instrument board for indicating fires. In the lower room the telephone is handy, while the table, oil stove, and bed occupy space in this 12x12. It is a wonderful improvement over the "open shelters" and fire tree ladder ascent swaying lookouts found at other stations, danger to life and limb in these latter, said Mr. Harpham, because the young men may be frequent ascent become careless, and life may be lost in an accident that is a calamity above.

From this rocky crest a wonder-

QUADRUPEDS UNDER QUARANTINE TO BAN DOUBT OF EPIDEMIC

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Ore., Sept. 12.—For the protection of horses from dourine, an infectious disease, the state livestock sanitary board has declared a quarantine against that part of Matineer county south of the 43rd parallel, effective September 15. Similar quarantines have been declared in six Nevada counties and one Idaho county.

The resolution provides that no stallion, rigging, gelding altered within 30 days, mare, burro, jack or jenny over 12 months old shall be moved from the area without a health certificate. It does not interfere with movements of stock for ranching operations between the quarantined and adjacent areas. The animals may be moved to slaughtering establishments here federal or state inspection and proper regulations are observed, but this movement may be by rail only.

All animals within the area must be blood tested for dourine. Those showing evidence of the disease will be killed or otherwise disposed of according to state or federal regulations. The expense of the tests will be borne by the owners of the animals.

One handicap met by the board is that in Oregon there is no indemnity fund to compensate owners for animals killed. Other northwest states have the fund, and it was felt the next Oregon legislature probably will be asked to make an appropriation.

Delay in reporting on tests is unavoidable for the reason that blood samples have to be sent to Washington, D. C., for testing.

A panorama is spread out in every direction—literally too big for the unaided eye to take in. But it is unbroken forests everywhere, from the young fir of the Umpqua river forest service is undertaking to protect for the benefit of coming generations, to the big trees that are now awaiting the need of the public. Creeks abound in the canyons, while on the south the silvery firs of the Umpqua river winds along at the foot of towering cliffs and wooded hillsides on its way westward. This station is reached after a sharp climb over a trail through lava rock that is very steep, even dangerous, as a horse might lose his footing in the moving mass, and rider go headlong over the cliff.

Lure to Hunters

This is the hunter's paradise. Deer, bear, cougar, wolves, coyote, lynx and lesser game abound. It is through this section bordering along the North Umpqua that the Umpqua National Forest, a section of the forest service is undertaking to protect for the benefit of coming generations, to the big trees that are now awaiting the need of the public. Creeks abound in the canyons, while on the south the silvery firs of the Umpqua river winds along at the foot of towering cliffs and wooded hillsides on its way westward. This station is reached after a sharp climb over a trail through lava rock that is very steep, even dangerous, as a horse might lose his footing in the moving mass, and rider go headlong over the cliff.

To accomplish this the forest service is doing a great work in striving to prevent fires in the future, and the efficiency of this work is seen in the fact that there has been little trouble here in recent years for reasons past the hazard has lessened through the eternal vigilance of Supervisor Harpham and his force of experienced men out on the ranges and in the stations. With county and state cooperation the entire area of nature's wonders and the finest watershed and timbered big game section left to the people in all America is destined to become the Mecca of tourists who may camp, fish and hunt, while tired and jaded pelves are refreshed by life in the great open spaces of southern Oregon that lie between the peaks of the Cascade range and the Pacific.

FRANK SITTON OF DAYS CREEK DIES

Frank Sitton, aged 83 years, died at the home of his nephew, John Sutton at Days Creek, yesterday. He was helping with the chores when he suddenly collapsed, as a result of heart failure, and died within a few minutes. He was born in Montgomery county, Ill., July 19, 1847. A sister, Mrs. Fats died in Myrtle Creek a week ago. The body was brought to the Roseburg Undertaking company parlors by M. E. Ritter, and will remain there until Sunday when it will be taken to Canyonville for the funeral services, which will be held there at 2 p. m.

It's too Early for the Furnace

Use a gas heater these cool mornings and evenings.

SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CORPORATION

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