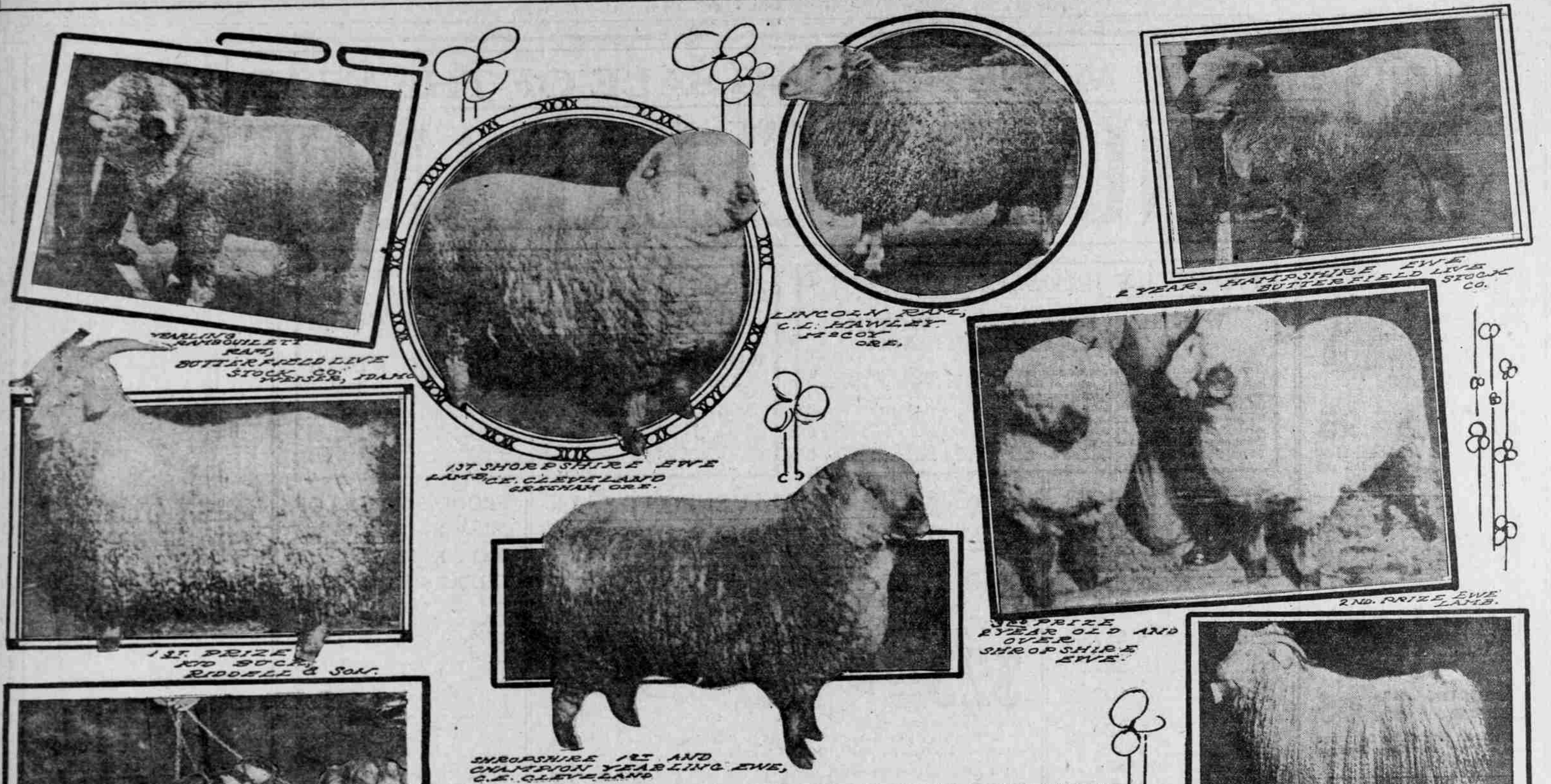


SHOW PROVES OREGON IS BEST SHEEP COUNTRY ON EARTH

Climate of Willamette Valley Especially Favorable to Development of Long-Wool Breeds—Leading Growers of Western States in Attendance at Convention Just Past.



SHROPSHIRE 125 AND CHAMPION YEARLING EWE, C.E. CLEVELAND

cially was this true in the long wool class of the Cotswold breed. Royal winners of England were entered in competition with the Oregon bred yearling ram and it was easy to win the grand championship.

The lower floor of the Armory was cut into 250 pens to provide for the accommodation of the large number of exhibits.

Sheep Equal to Europe's.

In the Rambouillet breed there were exhibits by the Butterfield Livestock Company, of Weller, Idaho. The Rambouillet is a native of France and Germany. He is a remarkable looking animal, to those not acquainted with sheep and the ram carries large horns, superbly curved. In the judgment of the scorers these sheep were the equal of any to be found in Europe. R. H. Jackson, of Dayton, Wash., also had several very fine specimens, as did the Numa-maker Sheep & Land Company, of Heppner, Or. but they were of the unregimented class. In the Lincolns the Cloverdale Stock Farm, of Deer Island, Hawley & Son, of McCoy, and M. S. Woodcock, of Corvallis had several splendid specimens. Out of the show, which was under the direct management of Secretary Montom, who worked hard for its success, there came the conclusion that Oregon is the greatest sheep country in the world. In the long wool class of the Willamette Valley, climatic conditions favorably with those of any part of the world for sheep, especially that of England, which is believed to be the greatest sheep-breeding country.

The attendance during the four days

tainment for the visiting delegates, as was promised at the meeting last year in Ogden. The reception on the part of the city began by meeting the incoming delegates at the train and directing them to the headquarters. This was followed by informal receptions of hot only the officers of the Oregon State Woolgrowers' convention, but those of the National association. The Armory had been especially decorated for the event and the convention hall was one of the prettiest sights given to Portland people to witness in a long time. Long banners stretched from the center tinsel bell. Across one side was a large electric sign, wreathed in evergreen and tinsel, bearing the words: "Happy New Year." On the other side of the hall were a bleeding heart and arrow. In one corner was a waving flag. The illuminated effect was striking. On Wednesday night the formal dance and reception took place. The arrangements were under the supervision of Mrs. Sarah A. Evans. The music of the convention hall was provided by Mrs. Rose Bloch Bauer. She was cheered to the echo every time she appeared and by a vote of the delegates she was declared to be the "best sheepman in Oregon," with the explanation that it was the highest compliment a sheep man could pay. On Thursday night came the smoker and vaudeville. Friday night the Baker Theater was turned over to the sheepmen and they enjoyed the "Fitch's" girls. Saturday it was voted by resolution that the sheepmen had the best time of their lives and that they would rather live in Portland than any other spot on earth.

Tariff Chief Topic.

The convention of the National Woolgrowers occupied four days and dealt largely with the tariff question. Fred W. Gooding, of Shoshone, Idaho, presided most of the time. George W. Walker, of Cheyenne, Wyo., was secretary. Papers were read by many of the prominent men of the mountain states. Thomas C. Power, ex-Senator from Montana, Dr. N. Wilson, of Douglas, Wyo.; Frank J. Haggenbarth, of Spencer, Idaho, and Samuel Ballantyne, of Idaho, were among the principal speakers.

Portland provided a splendid enter-

AMATEURS FURNISH COMEDY RELIEF IN LOS ANGELES AVIATION MEET

Some of Them Really Succeed in Flying and Their Inadequate, But Painless Flights Help People Forget for Time, Tragic Death of Popular Arch Hoxsey.

BY R. M. WHITNEY.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 7.—(Special).—Aviation meets have their comedies as well as their tragedies, and the recent meet at Los Angeles had both. The awful, spectacular fate of Arch Hoxsey, the popular hero of the meet, after he had won the world's altitude record and the American endurance record, most of the special prizes offered by the aviation committee, circled Mount Wilson (the only mountain flying ever done except by the ill-fated Chavez)—this dramatic end of a young man who had sprung into international prominence practically in a week's time, coming at the end of his great week and on the last day of the meet, will be the feature of the most long-remembered by the crowds of spectators who went daily to Dominguez Field to see the exhibitions of this new form of sport. But there were other features that brought laughs and good feeling instead of the anguish that the great tragedy caused. Most of the fun was furnished by the amateurs and novice—local youths who had been working on aeroplanes of various types since a year ago this month. At the meet a year ago there were a half dozen, impossible types of local machines, none of which could get off the ground without the aid of a derrick. But this year the local aeroplanes were all modeled after the various types of biplane and monoplane that have been proved capable of flying.

The novices were not allowed to take their machines out on the field during the regular exhibition hours after the first day, when none of them had been able to get off the ground. Their entry fees were forfeited on that day, but their ardor was undiminished. Every forenoon, and in the afternoon at the close of the regular programme,

these young fellows would get out their machines and try desperately to fly. They could get no assistance from the accomplished aviators except by watching them while they were at work. For three days a prize was offered for the first novice who could get his machine back into its hangar, once it was taken out, without an accident. This prize was finally won by George Deussler, who, while unable to fly as yet, did succeed in running his aeroplane, a Farman type, around the ground for some time and getting back to his hangar without smashing the machine. Later, it is only fair to say, Deussler succeeded in making several creditable short flights, and those who witnessed them predict a future for the youth.

The day after Hoxsey was killed there was a natural hesitancy on the part of the experienced aviators in starting the afternoon programme. The spectators, too, were nervous, and the enthusiasm of the previous days was lacking. Something had to be done to relieve the tension, so the committee offered prizes of \$25 for each flight past the grandstand by a novice. For days the young men had been barred from the limelight and they jumped at the opportunity to try for some public notice.

Edgar Smith, who has a little aeroplane of the Demolais type, weighing only 150 pounds—less, in fact, than the aviator himself—and a machine that had never experienced real flying, set his teeth and ventured out. Laughter and ridicule would be his fate if he failed—and he alone knew how many times he had failed. He pushed his machine to the upper end of the field and started his engine. Taking his seat in the machine—all his work had to be done alone, for no one volunteered to help anyone except the real heroes of the air—he manipulated the levers that were to set the machine going. To his surprise and that of the spectators and the committee most of all, after a short run on the ground

and the lifting of the rising plane, his machine rose in the air. He was off! Imagine his feelings! He was flying! And in his own machine! Straight as a bullet he sped past the grandstand ten feet above the ground.

The spectators recognized his triumph after more than a year of trying to get his machine into its hangar. Probably no sound could be more pleasing to human ears. To make the success more impressive the committee awarded him at his landing place and handed him his \$25 in gold. It was his first prize money. No longer was he nobody. He was an aviator.

This time, Brooks, Hoxsey's partner and the inventor of the spiral dip, which had killed his other partner, Johnstone, ran out his automobile and dragged the novice's machine back to the starting place. There were plenty now to help. His engine was again started. "Let her go," cried Smith, with a new thrill in his voice. Hoxsey and his tragic death were for the moment forgotten. Five times Smith flew past the grandstand and each time he got his \$25.

Glenn L. Martin, another local aviator, also served to make that anxious day a success. He had flown before, but up to that day he had been unable to get his machine off the ground during the meet.

The rules were somewhat less strictly enforced on that day because of the feeling of anxiety. While Brooks and Ely were flying, Martin got his machine out of the hangar and tried it out back of the grandstand, when the spectators were watching the regular aviators. It flew. He was exuberant. It did not answer his helm as readily as the other machines did—but it flew. Disregarding the fact that he was not allowed to take his machine out on the regular course, he made his start back of the grandstand and flew around the course. He was one of them. His machine wavered somewhat and its flight was erratic, but he managed to navigate the 2800-meter course. There

would have been danger in this had not the two aviators in the air seen that this was a strange craft and steered clear of it. The spectators were puzzled. After completing the course, Martin alighted gracefully and easily and Brooks, Ely, Parmelee and the other experienced fliers hastened to greet a new comrade. After this Martin shared the honors, and actually won a prize or two in competition with men whose flights have made them famous.

This feature of the novices coming into their own was one of the important accomplishments of the meet. They had worked hard and enthusiastically, sacrificing much—for, be it known, aeroplane-making is expensive, and the nearer success you attain the greater the expense. Some of the machines have been invented and developed into flying machines by these novices, and while their craft need many more improvements, they are on the road to ultimate real success.

C. F. Walsh is another local man whose machine, made by himself, succeeded in flying during the meet. Glenn Curtis says that the accomplishments of these amateurs is of real importance. Even the machines that are modified after some of the recognized types have distinct features that are different. Some of these individual devices will go to the scrap heap, but others will be adopted as the aeroplane is developed and all will serve their purpose in one way or another.

The advance in aviation in 1910 was well exemplified by the two meets held here during that year. The first meet was when aviators were scarce and flying a wonderful novelty.

Paulhan, the Frenchman, was the only real feature of that meet. Curtis was there, but, as always, he was more interested in experiments and practice than in spectacular feats for the benefit of the crowd. Applause did not spur him on to new achievements. He was working out his own problems in his own way, and frequent criticisms of him were made for his failure to try to beat Paulhan.

Some of Paulhan's mechanics did more spectacular flying than Curtis. Paulhan broke a world's record at the meet—the record for altitude—rising to some 4000 feet. Hoxsey's record at the recent meet was almost three times as high. Someone likened the differ-

ence between the two meets to the difference between a street corner, gas-line torch, wagon tail splinter and a high-class vaudeville show.

Robinson Crusoe's story was rivalled by the tale brought to the mainland by Horace Linton from San Nicholas Island, the other day when he told Coroner Hartwell of the death of a fisherman on the little island. Linton is a sheep-herder and has lived alone on his bleak island for several years. This week was his first trip to the mainland for five years. A boat calls and leaves supplies every week, but the rest of the time he is entirely out of touch with the world.

A few months ago Charles Petersen went to the island for fishing and was welcomed by Linton as a companion to help him while away the dreary days. Then suddenly Petersen was stricken with pneumonia, as a result of long exposure to the weather during a fishing trip. The supply boat was not due until a few days before Christmas, and stormy weather might delay it weeks.

Linton moved his tent to the vicinity of the fisherman's so that he could be of service at any time, day or night. Petersen's condition grew steadily worse, and as the sheep were able to take care of themselves, Linton devoted his entire attention to his new-found friend.

When Linton built fires of driftwood and held his body near the flames. He cooked temptingly as he could such bits of food as the sick man thought he could eat. But Petersen grew worse, and at times was delirious.

In his delirium he found strength and fought the man who would save him. Many a desperate battle the two men had on the lonely island—the crazed one trying to kill his friend and the latter trying to subdue his opponent without harming him. But Petersen became weaker and weaker.

Then Linton tried to find some medicine among his belongings that might do some good. The only thing he could find was some quinine. He administered this and broke the delirium. Petersen's strength increased and at last Linton felt so great an encouragement that he determined to visit his sheep and see how they were faring. He started to walk across the island, a distance of six miles, where the sheep were, and as he left Petersen rose to his feet and waved his handkerchief.

Linton trudged along the beach, turning occasionally to wave a greeting to Petersen and receive the return salute. He was gone several hours. When he returned Petersen was dead. Evidently wounded worse, Petersen had crawled from the beach to his tent and the exertion had proved too much for his strength. The date of his death was November 28, almost a month before the supply boat was due. As it turned out, the boat did not arrive until two days after Christmas. Linton dressed the fisherman's body in the best clothes he had on the island and then constructed a rude coffin. A grave was dug and the tent became a shroud. A rude monument was erected over the grave on the wind-swept island, and Linton once more took up his lonely life.

The women of the Civic Association have declared war against all the people of Los Angeles who put up bill boards, advertise on them, or patronize those who do either of the former classes. Mrs. Cora E. Lewis, one of the officials of the association, who has been waging war on the billboard nuisance for a long time, said to your correspondent recently:

"The Council simply puts us off with one excuse after another that we cannot combat, and we are left in a hopeless position. It has come to a place where we have to wage war along our own lines regardless of any aid we can get from other quarters. It is our intention now to begin a real campaign against all the men who do business with billboards, though, of course, we shall not declare any boycott, because that is forbidden under the law. We shall fight with every other means in our power, however, in the hope that some day we shall have the satisfaction of getting billboards down to our demands."

Mrs. Lewis then stated the plan that has been drawn up by the women of the Civic League. The previous fight has been to get the boards down to eight feet in height, but the City Council told them that as all the paper for all the billboards throughout the entire country is made in the same place and contracts are already made, the size of the boards could not be changed at this time.

This was about the last straw for the women, who threw to the winds all ideas of waiting any longer. The Civic League will take the first step by compiling a folder of just the right size for anybody's pocketbook which will contain all the names and addresses of all the

OZMUN POPULAR OFFICIAL

Much Regret Expressed in Constantinople Over His Death.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 7.—(Special).—There is a widely prevailing regret over the recent death of Edward Henry Ozmun, the American Consul-General at the Turkish capital. Instances of the integrity and enterprise with which he served America and of his high character as a public official and citizen of the world are now cropping up everywhere. It was due to his initiative, for instance, that the well-known home for American sailors was founded here which proved a very effective influence, a few months ago, in making the stay of the American fleet a credit to the American National character.

Mr. Ozmun's service at Constantinople dates from 1906, so his term of responsibility has witnessed the ascendancy, the coup d'etat and the tleklisk regime established by the Young Turks. He rendered a great service to the young government at the time by risking his life to give shelter to the radicals who were hunted through the streets by an armed re-actionary populace. One day he received a leader of the Armenian Liberal Party in this way, and an excited and savage rabble surrounded his house and started to batter in the doors. Had it not been for the timely arrival of some constitutional troops, Mr. Ozmun would certainly have lost his life.

A native of Rochester, Minn., he was well known throughout the state for his achievements at the bar. He was a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, class of 1881, and left a seat in Minnesota Senate to take up consular duties in Stuttgart in 1897, where he remained till his promotion to Constantinople.