

**PICKENS DESCRIBES TRIP BY PLANE**

(Continued from page one)

ated by the wind driven toward the rear by the propeller, combined with the forward propulsion of the plane, threatens to tear even this tight-fitting skull-cap from the head, and without those goggles even small particles of matter might penetrate the eyes. The officials of the PAT (Pacific Air Transport) say that within a few months they will have small cabin planes on this route. The open cockpit plane for passengers is destined to go the way of the open car for tourists. But I liked this long and perilous journey in the open plane, so as better to appreciate what the boys have been doing and enduring in the air.

Each air station evidently keeps posted on the weather and the general meteorological conditions by wires from other stations and by reports of the incoming flyers. On a black board at the station the waiting passenger can read: "Weather clear, or cloudy, or partly cloudy," as the case may be; "Visibility 50 miles, or 30 miles"; "Clouds at Mt. Shasta"; "Wind, northeast, calm or stormy"; and a "Ceiling report, as to the penetrability of the ceiling of clouds, as tested by searchlights, etc."

We climbed the sky from the Oakland field at 5 A.M. Dawn was just beginning to shimmer in the east, and the street lights of the great cities of Oakland and San Francisco and of their suburbs shone in regular lines and curves and circles, like armies of well-trained lightning bugs. At a great distance all small lights seem to blink. The sky was cloudless, the stars beautiful. As we sped on over the city and bay and lake and stream and moor and farm, Dawn crept higher and brighter,—into the glorious phenomena of sunrise from an air-plane! First a great pot of gold-fire seemed welling up in the east, as if about to boil over, but just before the spill, there arose out of the fire a orange-yellow ball, quickly enough Day came and with it the great discovery of California orchard blossoms and leafing trees,—farm yards and ranches of chickens, hogs, sheep and cattle.

After a long journey we came into distant view of Mt. Shasta, and began to meet a great ceiling of clouds coming down from the north. We now climbed higher and higher in the air to pass the rising mountain ranges, some of them snow-covered. Just at this point the pilot did a little stunting. I think for my benefit: He dipped far over on the right wing and then suddenly far over on the left wing. Perhaps he had been to the movies and learned that colored people are very "scarey"; for just as soon as a colored man comes out on the screen, you always know exactly what is going to happen next,—something is sure to rise up under a sheet

and he is just as sure (in the pictures) to run. They had never had a Negro passenger on this journey before, and perhaps the pilot was curious to see just what would happen. There was no evidence—something was wrong—his lost interest—he never stunted any more.

But Shasta! The majestic mountain stood, silent and eternal, with its head above the advancing ceiling of clouds. As the clouds moved down from the north on Shasta, the mountain cut the ceiling like a knife, and the wide rift remained many, many miles toward the south, as the great cloud-plate moved on, as when a wide board moves down on a circle saw and passes on as two boards. Thru this rift on the southern slope of the great white mountain fell a single blaze of sunlight while all the rest of the landscape and the sky was dark-gray. When we, far toward the south, first came into view of the mountain this blaze of gilded silver looked like ceiling and the darker horizon of the sky.—Straight at Shasta we turned the nose of our plane, and approaching nearer we nosed around the mountain, passing over one of its shoulders or kees. North of Shasta and shortly before we reached our stop at Medford, Oregon, we came upon a range of mountains on which the snow was falling and over which the white clouds were creeping like huge pieces of cotton. Here we climbed higher, 6,000 feet, clearing the clouds to make sure of clearing the mountains. Down between the clouds or thru their rifts, here and there, we could see the dark mountain or patches of its white snow. But above us was another and entirely separate ceiling of clouds apparently darker, because we were looking up at its unlit under side.

At Medford, well over half way on the journey from Oakland to Portland, we landed at the air port. Other mail planes from Portland and Spokane arrived soon afterwards. We ate some breakfast, after temporarily relieving ourselves of the burden of the parachutes; and in less than half an hour I was off again, with a new pilot and in a new plane,—the one that had just arrived from Portland, which was to fly back to that city.

For at least three hundred miles of this trip we passed over succession of precipitous mountains, lakes and narrow valleys, with scarcely any fit ground to land on in case of distress. Just two days before, a mail pilot, flying from Medford toward Oakland ran out of gas, jumped, opened his parachute and landed safe on a ranch. He could have coasted down his plane if the fog had not obscured the ground. The abandoned plane dived into a hill a short distance from him and the parachute, and was not so badly damaged.

The air distance from Medford to Portland is about the road distance from New York to Boston. We made it in two hours. All thru the journey the winds have been opposing us; further north they became stormier and

the clouds heavier. We followed the direction of the greater valleys and canyons, and occasionally a rush of wind from some smaller side valley or tributary canyon would rock the little plane, but the ever alert pilot would immediately right it. Everything depends upon the continuous roar of that little engine, the firm holding of the stays and the wings,—and the instant attention of that pilot.

About 25 miles or so before we reached Portland, rain set in. The impact of your speed of more than 100 miles an hour plus the driving hurricane of the propellers makes a drop of rain strike the face like driven sleet, stinging it almost to a blister.

At last Portland, the river, the bridges, the hills, and the landing Port in Vancouver, Washington, 13 miles beyond Portland, over the Columbia River. When we landed, the air port people had a photographer on hand to make a picture. The head official remarked: "It's pretty hard to get colored people to fly! Perhaps he thought if he had better get photographic evidence in reporting this unusual case. One of the colored friends who flew me off to Oakland seemed to know all about planes, showed me all the machinery, told what each part is for, and described many flights which he had witnessed at that field; and when I asked whether he had much experience in the air, he replied: "No, sir-ree,—never get me into one of those things!"—"Oh," said I, "you are a fan—you admire the flying business from the ground!"

William Pickens, Seattle, Washington

**Bynon Would Maintain Oregon Highways**

(Continued from page one)

University of Oregon and later graduated from Willamette University after completing the law course. While at Willamette, he studied law in the office of McNary and McNary and had the benefit of personal tutelage by Senator McNary.

As soon as war was declared in April, 1917, Mr. Bynon volunteered, spent two years in the service and, while overseas, rose to the rank of captain. After the armistice he resumed the practice of law and in 1922 was appointed Assistant United States Attorney under Lester W. Humphreys. He was promoted to be first assistant during the term of United States Attorney John S. Coke and served in that capacity until Jan. 1, 1926, when he resigned and returned to private practice with his law firm.

Mr. Bynon is married and has two children, and is a taxpayer in Multnomah County. He is a member of numerous civic and fraternal organizations, including Multnomah Camp No. 77, Woodmen of the World, Multnomah Hunters and Anglers League, Progressive Business Men's Club, City Club, Mazamas, and others.

In his platform Mr. Bynon, after



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pledging his support, to a program of economy and efficiency in administering state affairs, stresses the importance of a proper maintenance of Oregon's highways, the need for preservation of fish and game, for a vigorous Americanization program, for more stringent laws against vice and for due recognition of ex-service men. He pledges his support to the efforts of Portland school teachers to improve the status of their retirement fund. He heartily approves of the results attained by the state-wide development fund, which is making Oregon a Mecca for tourists and attractive of desirable settlers to the State, and he declares emphatically that he needs "more smokestacks, more industries and more payrolls. His campaign slogan is: "Clean government. Laws to promote the prosperity and happiness of our people."

**MORE ABOUT "ARROW TIPS"**

(Continued from page one)

lowered, an order for such a reduction will be made. It must be remembered, however, that the cost of a couple investigations will run quite high," quoth Commissioner Osterader in the Oregonian of April 19th.

Well any countryman and fellow citizen, begin to save your pennies, as the investigation will probably show that rates should be raised. I am perhaps unduly suspicious but have ever had any help as to rates—street car fares or otherwise from the Public Service Commission? And incidentally, from what source did the sudden determination to "investigate" originate? Just what did the Oregonian mean by the following sentences: "If any disclosures shall be made of ability to sell current profitably or less than it is now sold for, these disclosures are not likely to come with great suddenness."

No, I suppose not. No one expects such disclosures to come at all. We of the plane every day common people are quite prepared for a disclosure that will eventually force the tax payers to buy the two systems if we would prevent confiscation of our daily wages by the Power Trust for further information address Headquarters, Philadelphia and New York, with active agents in the lobby of Congress, Washington, D. C.

These April showers we are having cause one to empathize with this stowaway in the airplane, who gave as his excuse that he wanted to get as near as possible to the sun girl. What the weather man! My kingdom for a sunny day!

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**NO MUD SLINGING IN AL SMITH'S CAMPAIGN SAYS MANAGER**

Portland, April 21—A clean vigorous state-wide campaign, with no abuse or attacks directed against any other candidate, and the pledge to support whatever candidate is nominated at the Houston convention, are the lines to be followed by Oregon Smith supporters, according to word from the Smith for President Association, which has recently opened headquarters in the Seward hotel.

A clerical force has been installed and are kept busy handing out or mailing the literature essential to such an educational campaign as has been planned to make the people acquainted with the merits of the New York governor.

John C. Veatch, chairman of the executive committee voices the sentiment of the Smith workers in these words:

"No mud-slinging at any time. On the contrary, we'd rather have our workers say a good word for the other fellow. Our primary purpose is educational, since we want the people of Oregon to know what kind of a man Al Smith is and why we are heart and soul for his nomination. But whether in victory or defeat, we intend to go to the Houston convention pledge to support the candidate selected by the delegate."

With the opening of the Portland headquarters, the Smith campaign has taken on active aspects, and telegrams and letters pledging support are pouring into the office.

Preceding the Smith victory at the Spokane convention, Utah came into line with 16 delegates uncompromisingly for Smith, according to a telegram from Salt Lake. Besides, reports from Smith workers in Portland and Oregon points indicate that the popular New York governor will have little trouble in winning the Oregon nomination since other democratic candidates are more or less inactive, at least in this state.

Bert Thomas and his wife Peggy who were arrested at their home 506 Cavier St. some time ago on a liquor charge in Federal Court Wednesday for which Bert was sentenced to serve four months in jail while his wife was let off with a fine of \$250.

**Daily Fashion Hint**



IDEAL FOR SPORTS

For girls and juniors is this sports costume designed. The jacket may be made of suede cloth, with belt, cuffs and collar of knitted jersey. Seldom does one see a windbreaker with such chic lines. The skirt may be of flannel or jersey. Medium size requires 1 1/2 yard 54-inch material, with 1/2 yard contrasting fabric for trimming. The skirt calls for 1 1/2 yard 54-inch material, with 1 yard lining for bodice. Pictorial Printed Pattern No. 4174. Sizes 6 to 16 years, 35 cents. Skirt No. 4150. Sizes 14 to 18 years and 34 to 44 bust, 35 cents.

**Special Notices IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES For The District of Oregon**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
vs.  
40 Barrels,  
15 Half-barrels,  
50 Ten-Gallon Kegs,  
75 Five-Gallon Kegs of  
Adulterated and Misbranded  
Buttermilk

**NOTICE**

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 3rd day of April, 1928, 40 Barrels, 15 half-barrels, 50 ten-gallon kegs of adulterated and Misbranded food labeled as follows: (Containers) "Concentrated Buttermilk Super solid" (Envelope attached to container) "Super Solid Buttermilk" (Leaflet contained in Envelope) "The Superior Buttermilk" Its a life saver, etc."

(Tag tacked on each container) "Super solid. A modified Buttermilk concentrated"

were arrested and taken into the possession of and now are in the possession of the United States Marshal for the District of Oregon, pursuant to a warrant and process duly issued by the Clerk of the United States District Court for the District of Oregon, in a suit for condemnation and forfeiture entitled:

"UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**ERICA vs. 40 BARRELS, 15 HALF-BARRELS, 50 TEN-GALLON KEGS, 75 FIVE-GALLON KEGS OF ADULTERATED AND MISBRANDED BUTTERMILK**

brought under the provisions of Section Ten of the Food and Drugs Act approved June 30, 1906; that all persons claiming any right, title or interest in and to the buttermilk aforesaid are hereby notified to appear in the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon, on or before the 7th day of May 1928, at Portland, Oregon, to show cause, if any there be, why the same should not be decreed against and forfeited to the United States as adulterated and misbranded food.

CLARENCE R. HOTCHKISS, United States Marshal for the District of Oregon

CHAS. W. ERSKINE, Assistant United States Attorney, Attorney for Libelant

**COLORED GIRL ATHLETE TO TRY FOR OLYMPIC**

Pasadena, Cal., April 6—Miss Geneva Stocks, a colored lass, and a student of the Junior College here is aspiring to compete in the Olympic, and plans to enter the tryouts. Miss Stocks comes from a family of athletes and is one of the most popular pupils at the college. She has won several athletic honors and trophies in local events and is rated as one of California's foremost girl athletes.

**LODGE DIRECTORY**

**I. B. P. O. E. OF THE WORLD**



**NOTICE**

Dahlia Temple No. 202, I. B. P. O. E. of W., of Portland, Oregon, meets the 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month at Stag Auditorium. All visiting Daughter Elks in good standing in their respective Temples are invited to meet with us.

**DOLLY PARISS,** Daughter Ruler.

**LULA HUBBARD,** Daughter Secretary.

Syracuse Lodge, No. 1, K. of P., meets the second and fourth Friday nights each month at the Stag Auditorium 381 1/2 E. Morrison St.

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H. B. TRUITT, K. of R. & S.

**ROSE CITY LODGE No. 111, I. B. P. O. E. of W., MEETS THE 2ND AND 4TH WEDNESDAY EVENINGS OF EACH MONTH AT THE STAG AUDITORIUM, 381 1/2 E. MORRISON STREET. ALL VISITING BROTHERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.**

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