

ROSEBURG NEWS-REVIEW

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Writing Notes Again

IT SEEMS as though the state department of the United States is deliberately asking for trouble with Japan when it tells Japan that she will be "held responsible" for any damage to Americans and their property in China.

Nearly a month ago—February 3, to be exact—the Japanese government asked Americans in a certain area in China to leave and to mark their property clearly so that it could be spared by the Japanese forces of destruction.

Silent for four weeks, our state department suddenly denies Japan's right to do that. Why? Are we to be crowded up to the brink of the war chasm so that another presidential election campaign can be based on the slogan: "He kept us out of war?"

So long as the Japanese pronouncement was not answered immediately and since there has been no public demand in this country that it be answered as it was—the whole thing has a queer look.

We should take a practical as well as a patriotic view of the Chinese situation. The undeclared war has been going on long enough for people who feel unsafe to leave. Japanese requests that American property be marked and the statement that every precaution would be taken to prevent its damage, is a surprisingly reasonable attitude under the circumstances.

Whenever we undertake to hold a war-cracked nation responsible for damage there is only one way we can do it—that is by force. Our note to Japan bears a startling resemblance to our 1916 note writing to Germany. Are we going to repeat the whole performance?

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

poor man's pasture

The tariff starts at a quarter, and leads up by easy steps to four bits; the first-named figure providing the simpler forms of poison and the latter taking in the more gilded lubricants. By the time you've lapped up two or three at these figures and then have tipped the waiter in a manner befitting his expectations you're beginning to check to see how the rent money stands—especially if you're on the paying end of the party.

BUT the fact remains that there is much talk in California of changing to the state control system. Whether this talk is backed by virtuous motives is debatable. The point most often mentioned is that in Oregon and Washington liquor is much cheaper than in California, and one suspects that instead of improving the moral tone proponents of the state control system down here have in mind the objective of obtaining more liquor for less money.

Anyway, the discussion brings out the fact that no universally satisfactory method of dealing with the liquor problem ever has been devised, and it seems probable that none ever will be.

THE cocktail hour, in pleasant surroundings and among agreeable and decent people who know the value of moderation, is a stimulating institution, but the sight of a drunken man reeling home after spending the grocery store money for booze is about as disgusting and disillusioning an experience as can be imagined.

About the only conclusion this writer has ever been able to arrive at is that until human beings all become perfect this can't be a perfect world.

Visits in Eugene—Mrs. W. H. Davis, of this city, spent Sunday visiting in Eugene.

ALLEGED ATTACKER OF CHILD ON TRIAL

Charges in Two Separate Indictment Faced by WPA Worker, 53.

The trial of William Chandler, 53-year-old WPA worker at Reedsport, Indicted on two counts—assault with intent to commit rape and contributing to the delinquency of a minor—was called unexpectedly in circuit court this morning. It had been expected that court would be occupied today and possibly Tuesday with the damage actions of Mrs. Howard Leech and John A. Fredrickson against Bernice McMahon, suits growing out of an automobile accident. The court was advised this morning, however, that these cases had been settled out of court and an order of dismissal was entered.

The trial of Chandler was then called and a jury was empaneled, consisting of David D. Henry, George D. Madison, Kenneth Fortin, Laura D. Bates, Mrs. Mabel Dewey, John Vere Winniford, Ward Cookeam, Fred W. Ritzman, O. T. Henry and Louis Kohlhaas Sr.

The trial is the first in the circuit court for Douglas county where charges contained in two separate indictments are to be tried simultaneously. Procedure in such cases recently was established by the state legislature. This law permits the jury to hear the facts and to then render a verdict in which the defendant may be found guilty on either or both counts or may be acquitted.

In his opening statement to the jury, District Attorney J. V. Long said the state would attempt to prove that Chandler forced a 5-year-old Reedsport girl into an unoccupied building, forced her to drink, and attempted an assault upon her. The district attorney said Chandler was seen dragging the girl into the building by a resident of Reedsport who procured a rifle and went to the building and placed Chandler under arrest.

The girl was reported, the district attorney said, to have been quite badly bruised about the face and head and upon the arms and was in a very frightened condition.

Attorney Maurice Hallmark, who by court order was appointed to defend Chandler, told the jury that the defendant had been drinking heavily, that he denied any knowledge of his actions, and that the jury would be required to determine the facts from the evidence submitted.

DOUGLAS THIRD IN TRAFFIC TOLL DROP

Douglas ranked third among Oregon's eight group III counties on the basis of its improvement in traffic accidents, injuries and deaths last month over January, 1937, Secretary of State Snell announced this week.

Counties in this group ranked in the following order: Deschutes, Josephine, Douglas, Wasco, Baker, Union and Klamath. Unsettled county was not ranked because too few reports received. Up to January 31 there were 23 accidents, 5 injuries and no deaths in this county. Last January there were 25 accidents, 12 injuries and no deaths.

LOCAL MAN LOSES IN BICYCLE RACE

Fred Miller, well known Roseburg barber, yesterday lost a bicycle race against time in an event witnessed by hundreds of his friends. More than 60 automobiles followed Miller, as he pedaled a rented bicycle from the Roseburg city limits on a wager that he could reach the Del Rey cafe at Winchester in 15 minutes. The distance is 4.3 miles.

Not having ridden a bicycle for more than 20 years, Miller suffered leg cramps and gave up the contest a full half hour before he was only seven seconds of time remaining.

MILLIONS PAID FOR HUNTING LICENSES

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28.—(AP)—The biological survey disclosed today hunting pays—pays the states.

Sportsmen in the United States alone in 1937 paid \$1,465,237.37 in 1936 just for the privilege of hunting. This was a million dollars above the total return from license sales the year previous. A total of 77,566 Oregonians and 171 visitors paid \$268,157.50 for Oregon licenses.

In addition to license sales, the biological survey reported sale of 13,772 migratory bird hunting stamps in Oregon.

Local Man Again 1st as Lamb's-Tongue Picker

For the fourth consecutive year, Tom Higgins, meat cutter at the George Kobthagen market, brought in the first lamb's tongue of the season to the News-Review office. The five blossoms found Sunday by Mr. Higgins at his Lookingsburg farm were the earliest to be discovered in recent years, the flowers previously having made their appearance during the month of March.

Mr. Higgins reports that his farm field is beautiful with buttercup, bird bills, and other early spring blossoms.

OUT OUR WAY

I'M GONNA LEAVE YOU HERE NOW, SO REMEMBER WHAT YOUR HANDKERCHIEF IS FOR. DON'T ASK FOR SECONDS ON ANYTHING. SAY NO MAMAM. KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF CANDY DISHES. DON'T LICK YOUR CHOPS. WIPE 'EM. THINK EVERY TIME YOU MOVE—AND I HOPE YOU HAVE A NICE TIME.

I WILL—FROM HERE TO TH' HOUSE!

"THE NEUTRAL STRIP"

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U. S. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

2-26

For Love of Polly

By RACHEL MACK

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

POLLY CHILSEY, heroine; stranded in London when war breaks out.

JERRY WHITEFIELD, hero; the Yankee who sees her through.

CABELL BANKS, privateer captain.

CHAPTER XXII

At the end of a week Cabell Banks arrived at the hotel and asked to see "Monsieur Jeremiah Whitefield."

"Le voiei!" said the Innkeeper, and he pointed out Jerry just coming in at the door with his wife.

Cabell walked over to the door and kissed Polly on both cheeks, to the intense pleasure of some native onlookers who had supposed all Americans to be cold and restrained. Jerry asked Cabell to come with them to their room, and presently the two men were deep in conversation in a window looking toward the harbor, while Polly sat across the room with her knitting.

She would not, she mentally vowed, intrude on the friendship of Jerry and Cabell Banks. It was a strange, masculine thing, built of mutual misfortunes and shared dangers. Their three futures were cradled in this friendship. The two young men had a plan, and Cabell was impatient to get on with it. And so was Jerry. Polly admitted, trying to feel no jealousy.

Cabell said, "I've found the ship for us, Jerry! She's tied up at Carteret. We'd be able to get out of Carteret."

Jerry mentally located the little port 20 miles to the south. "We might get out of there all right. Yes, I think we could. What's the ship like?"

"A clipper. Built in Baltimore."

Jerry's face fell. "New Englanders don't hold with those gaudy clipper ships. They're too flimsy."

"They're the fastest things on water."

"I doubt if I could handle one. No, I don't believe I could bring one home right side up," Jerry declared.

Cabell, hooted in disagreement. "My friend, I've been in charge of things about you. There are a number of stranded American sailors in this port and some of them are from down Connecticut way. They tell me you saved Captain Cobb's barkentine Eliza on a trip around the Horn. You were just 20 at the time."

Polly looked up quickly. There was so much Jerry had never told her. "How did you do it, Jerry?"

"It was a long story, you might say. It was the trip we lost on. My first mate in a blow and my second mate from a fever. Captain Cobb was down in his bunk with a broken leg and I had to take charge. The bosun or the galley cook could have done just as well, if they'd been put to it. Captain Cobb made me first mate after ward. But there are better and older sailors than me that've never had the chance."

"Maybe," Cabell agreed dryly. "Look out, or you'll get conceited over your conceit. . . . This clipper now . . ."

"What's wrong with her? What's she doing in a little port like Carteret? How long has she been rotting there?"

"She's been there only a couple of months and she's sound. Her captain died of a fever. They put her in there. Her owner's a Baltimore merchant who's financially pressed. He wants to sell her."

"That means he wants ready money. You could hardly get her on credit, I reckon."

"I reckon not. But what'll you hear this? His agent's the same French banker here in Cherbourg. My father transacts business with him. I've convinced this banker that Cabell Banks, senior, of Boston, would want me to have the ship to get home in, and that he'd like me to have enough money advanced to outfit the clipper and pay the crew for five weeks. The chief expense will be a pair of long guns, properly mounted, but

he'll stand for it. It's a perfect situation. I'll get the ship. Who're we to snipe at fate?"

"A Baltimore clipper's not safe, Banks. Those Marylanders are made to build them. Too flimsy. Too fast . . ."

"Too flimsy, I grant you. But not too fast. Nothing could be too fast for us now. Do you realize, Jerry, we've got no right to fight the British till we get our commissions? If we tried it we'd be pirates instead of privateers. We've got to get home, and quick. We'll be a hare pursued by a hundred hounds, this crossing. 'You've convinced me,' Jerry said. It had occurred to him that no ship could be too fast to get Polly home in. After they'd made America they could trade the thing for a stout New England crew that wouldn't topple in a gale or crash like an eggshell when fired on."

Ten days later in the small harbor of Carteret Polly Whitefield went aboard the clipper Gray Gull owned and captained by Mr. Cabell Banks, junior, of Boston, and whose first mate was Jeremiah Whitefield of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

"We've kept her old name," Cabell explained to Polly as he escorted her aboard. "We haven't changed her name. We had such a hanker for it already in use."

"Gray Gull seems suitable," Polly said. She looked up dimly at the remarkably tall masts, so different from Cousin Tim's, and her own. "These masts seemed to dwarf the slender hull from which they sprang. There was so little freeboard visible that the Gray Gull seemed shallow as well as slender; when Polly mentioned this to Jerry, who had come below to her, he in charge, he assured her that the Gull belied her looks. She had a stout keel, he said, as sturdily laid as if New England carpenters had built her. Already he was proudly possessive, like a loving relative, and Jerry, a beloved child, and so was Cabell.

Polly thought: "Even before they've put to sea they're crazy about their Gray Gull! How much more Jerry's going to love her after he's sailed her a while!" She knew the ship was new, with ships, but her father had been a typical seafaring man. After he lost his proud Lynde off Nantucket five years ago he grieved for her as he grieved for his wife, who died the same year.

So the loss of Jerry's pride in the Gray Gull was a beautiful quarters for Polly. He took her there now and watched her anxiously as she looked around her. When she exclaimed with delight over the white painted walls and the warm carpet on the floor, he would shake his head and say, "It's none too good for you," he said. He told her that there had been one long cabin, but Cabell had had a partition built generally giving them the larger quarters and reserving the smaller for himself.

Jerry left her, and a sailor brought her little trunk into the cabin and stowed it beneath the bunk. "That's shipshape!" she told the shy lad. He seemed very young, not over 17, and Polly opened a box of French pastry she was carrying and offered him some. When she was alone she took off her bonnet and sea coat, feeling that she was one with all the women on earth who had followed their men to sea. Though she was the least of them, she would share their joys and sorrows. For those on board the Gray Gull the hard part must come now. The waiting. The watchful waiting. The run to sea when the time came. Though no English vessels patrolled the insignificant harbor, she knew that they lurked to the north, watching Cherbourg, and to the southwest, blockading Brest. The Gray Gull must take her chance. Her 50-odd sailors were impatient to be off—Americans, most, weary of an enforced sojourn on the wrong side of the Atlantic.

Polly sensed the tenseness that first night aboard. The second night was worse, for a sharp breeze was blowing like a clarion call. Jerry and Cabell stood at

the wheel, staring toward the west and talking earnestly. No one seemed to remember her existence. That, too, was part of being a seaman's wife. . . . Then came Cabell's low call commands, relayed by Jerry. Sailors began running, ropes were hauled. . . . Polly looking up into the starlight saw the masts bloom with canvas, saw sails fill and spread. The Gray Gull, like an eager bird was running out to sea.

(To be continued)

KRNR PROGRAM

(1500 Kilocycles)

REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.

4:15—Backyard Astronomer, MBS.

4:30—Girls of the Golden West.

4:45—The Children's Hour.

5:00—"Melody Lane" With Wanda Armour.

5:30—Howie Wing, Kellogg, MBS.

5:45—Jan Garber.

6:00—Zeke Manners and His Gang.

6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.

6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.

6:45—Interlude.

6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—The Marines Tell It to You, MBS.

7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.

8:00—Symphony.

8:15—Promenade, MBS.

8:30—Gus Arnheim.

8:45—Puncho and a Orchestra, MBS.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.

9:15—Norvo's Orchestra, MBS.

9:30—Sign Off.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1

7:00—"Early Birds."

7:30—News-Review Newscast.

7:45—Alarm Clock Club.

8:00—Merry Makers, MBS.

8:30—Louis Rich Entertains, MBS.

8:45—Let's Get Organized With Frank Roadman.

9:00—Man About Town.

9:30—Studies in Black & White, MBS.

9:45—Scotch Irish Tryst.

10:00—King's Jesters, MBS.

10:15—Microphone in the Sky, MBS.

10:30—Hecker's Information Bureau, MBS.

10:45—Voice of Experience, MBS.

11:00—"That Was the Year, Copco."

11:15—Variety Show of the Air.

11:30—Women's News Parade, MBS.

11:45—Music for the School, MBS.

12:00—Len Silva, Organist, MBS.

12:15—Jean King, Vocalist, MBS.

12:30—Brooklyn Symphony.

12:45—News-Review of the Air.

1:00—Hemphill's Man on the Street.

1:15—Cripple Creek Cowboys.

1:30—Third Alarm, MBS.

1:45—Book a Week, MBS.

2:00—The Johnson Family, MBS.

2:15—"World Book Man" & Musical.

2:30—Katz on the Keys, MBS.

2:45—Today's Front Page.

3:00—Feminine Fancies, MBS.

3:30—Salvation Army Program, MBS.

3:45—Camp Fire Girls Nat'l. Birthday, MBS.

4:00—Fulton Lewis Jr., Commentator, MBS.

4:15—WGN Concert Orch. MBS.

4:30—Headlines, MBS.

4:45—The Children's Hour.

5:00—Hawaiian Harmonies.

5:15—Hamburger Symphony, MBS.

5:30—Howie Wing, MBS.

5:45—Knickerbocker Symphony.

6:00—Zeke Manners & His Gang.

6:15—The Phantom Pilot, MBS.

6:30—Frank Bull, MBS.

6:45—Interlude.

6:50—News Flashes.

7:00—Hour of Romance, MBS.

7:30—Symphonic Strings, MBS.

8:00—Vincent Valentine.

8:30—Jimmy Dorsey's Orch., MBS.

9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.

9:15—Crosby's Orch., MBS.

9:30—Sign Off.

Return to Portland—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bell left last night for their home in Portland. They spent the week-end here visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Houser, and stopped over in Corvallis en route home to visit her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Houser, and family.

By Williams

SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSN UNIT TO MEET HERE

The central division of the Douglas County Sunday School association will hold its first convention in Roseburg Tuesday, March 1, meeting in an all-day session at the First Baptist church. This is the first convention of the association, which was formed at the time of the county convention last November.

Rev. Enguaid Iverson of Medford; Rev. D. D. Randall, Sunday school missionary of Medford, and Rev. Henry E. Hedrick, Portland evangelist, will be outside speakers. Other leaders will be from among the Sunday school workers of Douglas county.

The convention program is announced as follows:

Morning

Registration.

10:00—Song and devotional service, Rev. W. C. Faucette, Roseburg.

10:20—"The Aim and Object of This Convention," Rev. Enguaid Iverson, Medford.

10:40—"What the Sunday School Has Done for Our Country," Rev. D. D. Randall, Medford.

11:00—"The Sunday School and the New World Just Ahead," Rev. Lloyd S. Cox, Glendale.

11:20—"Leading the Sunday School Student to a Saving Knowledge of Christ," Rev. T. Robinson, Sutherlin.

11:40—Discussion, business, led by W. G. Blake, Roseburg, president of the association.

12:00—Basket dinner.

Afternoon

1:20—Song and devotional service, Rev. Leonard Johnson.

1:40—"Guiding Little Feet into the Christian Way," Mrs. Charles Doerner, Roseburg.

2:00—"Establishing the Junior on the Solid Rock," H. B. Church, Roseburg.

2:20—"Meeting the Problems of the Difficult Intermediate Age," Mrs. W. C. Wickham, Roseburg.

2:40—Business and discussion, led by W. G. Blake, Roseburg.

3:00—"Holding the Interest of Young People in Christ," Rev. C. A. Edwards, Roseburg.

3:20—"How Shall We Interest Adults in the Bible Class?" A. Larson, Lookingglass.

3:40—Song service, special music, sentence prayers.