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PROGRAM STARTS ROLLING

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Douglas county's unique recreational land acquisition program at last is underway. The county court announces purchase of a three-acre park and picnic site on the Calapooia river, three and one-half miles east of Sutherlin.

The Calapooia park is the first actual purchase in this program, although much work and planning has gone into preparatory studies. The program now is shaping up rapidly, with expectation that pending negotiations will be completed soon.

Half the \$10,000 fund has been earmarked to buy riparian rights at Winchester Bay. Final negotiations are in progress and should be completed soon, placing the entire beach front under public control.

Other suggested purchases are being negotiated. Transfer papers, it is reported, have been completed to donate to the public a particularly desirable piece of river-front property as a memorial park. This is an outright donation and will cost the county nothing.

Other memorial park donations are known to be under consideration and several gifts are anticipated if the county court and budget committee adopt the program proposed by the Umpqua Basin Conservation council, which has recommended that the next county budget include funds for improvement, maintenance and supervision of lands acquired for public recreational purposes.

Some property owners have indicated willingness to donate lands suitable for park, picnic and other recreational purposes, providing improvement, maintenance and supervision are assured. They fear that unless this assurance is obtained the property they donate would be neglected and would become little more than a garbage dump.

It is a sad commentary upon common courtesy and decency that such fears should be entertained. But anyone who sees the refuse dumped along public roads, the desecration of beauty spots, and the actual vandalism on both public and private lands must admit that the fears are well founded.

Sutherlin Site To Be Improved

The site purchased by the county court east of Sutherlin, the first tract acquired under the program, is a good example of the public's treatment of scenic resources.

Here is a small grove, stretching out along the Calapooia river gorge and bordered by the county road. It is a very attractive piece of property—or was. But the beauty of the scene has been marred by promiscuous dumping of garbage and refuse, even to the disposal of carcasses of dead dogs.

The court is sending road equipment to the property to bury the rubbish, clear away undergrowth, and level high spots. A scalehouse will be built on one small corner, and the scalesmaster will supervise the park in the future to prevent further abuse.

It is hoped that some Sutherlin civic group will cooperate by installing tables, benches and other needed facilities to serve picnickers.

Program Attracts Much Attention

Douglas county's recreational land acquisition program has attracted widespread attention and commendation. While Douglas county was the first to undertake the plan, the budgetary allocation probably will be exceeded this year in several counties of the state where the program will be copied.

The Douglas county plan has received much favorable publicity, both in the state and on a nation-wide scale in conservation bulletins. Ross Newcomb, state game department biologist, reports that while attending a coast meeting of biologists the Douglas county program received high praise from fishery scientists.

Persons skeptical of the value of conservation practices should read the article by Louis Bromfield, "I Live On The Edge of Paradise," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, March 11 issue.

He tells of the terrible floods of only a few years ago, and how a comparatively small community resolved to do something about it. And how, over a period of a few years, floods, erosion and siltation have been halted, recreation developed, farm fertility improved and property values increased.

It is expensive to RESTORE, but much less expensive to PRESERVE.

It will cost us little to preserve recreational resources if we take action NOW, before population becomes too dense. The county court, we believe, is to be commended for aggressively promoting the land acquisition program and should be shown encouragement to continue the work on the most extensive scale possible under a limited budget.

Oregon Man Swaps Ginseng For Chinese Firecrackers

CANBY, Ore.—(P)—Twenty tons of Chinese firecrackers are in storage on the R. M. Weygant farm here—paid for with ginseng root.

The firecrackers arrived in Portland from Hong Kong.

Weygant had traded his ginseng crop for them for the second successive year. Ginseng root, a licorice-tasting affair, is highly prized in China as a medicine. It has no official medical rating here other than being regarded as soothing. The price of firecrackers? A little lower this year for the ordinary variety, but a bit higher for the ladyfingers.

Weygant said import duty on the crackers ranged from 4 to 12 cents a pound. The biggest duty was on the two-inch salutes.

They came in paper-covered wooden cases, wrapped in straw matting, to discourage pilfering enroute.

When farmer Weygant decided to raise something the Chinese wanted, he swapped it for Fourth of July stuff, he organized a fireworks company to dispose of the crackers.

Turtle eggs are eaten by natives and Europeans in South America.

Find The Winner



In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

His trusty shotgun, went out in the weeds and popped off a cottontail rabbit, brought it home, cooked it and fed it to his hungry wife and child.

He was haled into court and sentenced to 30 days in jail for shooting a rabbit out of season. He pleaded guilty, but explained that he did it to get food for his family. Whereupon the judge released him from jail, but made it plain that he'll have to pay a fine of \$2 for each day of his sentence, or a total of \$100.

I suppose such things just happen.

In our states, we haven't been doing too well in the way of enforcement of anti-gambling laws. So, a while back, a meeting of good citizens was held in Washington under the sponsorship of the attorney-general of the United States and an outfit called the Conference of Law Enforcement was organized. Its object is to put a crimp in gambling syndicates operating coast-to-coast, and to accomplish this the law-enforcement agencies of the federal government would be called in. It sounds like a good idea. These big-time gamblers skip across state lines and in doing so twiddle their fingers at state law-enforcement people.

The government people aren't bothered by state lines.

THEN somebody got scared.

How about the Saturday night poker game at Joe's house? Will the feders clamp down on it—like the judge down on poor Joe Doakes who went out and shot a rabbit to make some rabbit stew to feed his hungry wife and child?

Again I wouldn't know.

This is getting to be a complicated world, and the problem of law enforcement becomes more intricate and difficult as the days pass.

LET'S close on a grim note:

IF WAR COMES AGAIN, we'll all be provided with dog tags of a new kind. In case of an atom bomb attack in your vicinity, your tag will turn blue if you have been subjected to so much radiation that medical treatment can't help you. If there's a chance for you, your tag will be white or only faintly tinged with blue.

If you're a blue-tag case, the medics will shake their heads sadly and pass on. You will be beyond help and it's no use wasting time on you. Attention must all be concentrated on the white and only faintly blue tag cases.

There'll be no romance in the next war.

TRAIN KILLS VET

SUMNER, Wash., March 20.—(P)—A former air force lieutenant was crushed to death yesterday beneath the wheels of a south-bound Union Pacific passenger train.

He was identified from cards in his pockets as Harold W. Finley, 36. Two addresses were found, one for Tacoma and the other for Pocatello, Idaho. He also carried papers showing he had received treatment at various veterans hospitals since the war.

"Bachelor" seals—males too young or weak to fight—live by themselves on a separate island of the Pribilof group in the Aleutians.

Scapes from the MENDING BASKET

By Vlahmet S. Martin

"The Mulberry Trees are Moving." I saw the words on a church notice board in Eugene the other day. Wouldn't they catch anyone's eye, especially if that one loved trees? I couldn't recall anything in the Bible about mulberry trees; the words stayed tantalizingly in my thinking. So I enjoyed a delightful word-hunt, later on.

Smith's (Peloubert's) Bible Dictionary tells us: "Mulberry trees, Hebrew word *becaim*. Mention of these trees is made only in 2 Sam. 5:32, 24; and 1 Cron. 14:14. We are quite unable to determine what kind of a tree is denoted by the Hebrew word. Some believe the pear trees are meant; others the aspen or poplar, whose leaves tremble and rustle with the slightest breeze even when the breeze is not otherwise perceptible. It may have been the rustling of these that the 'going in the tree tops' refers to."

Since the Philistines were gathered against David and his army, could it have been, I wonder, that any concerted movement of the enemy troops would make the ground vibrate enough to quiver the aspens? But why couldn't they have been mulberry trees? Did you ever hear silkworms scrunching? If they don't work around the clock, maybe their scrunching noise was to be a silent (except to nearby listeners) alarm? Why not?

Anyway, the word David heard was: "When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, then thou shalt bestir thyself: for then shall the Lord go out before thee. . . ."

Previous to that time David was to "fetch a compass behind them (Philistines) and come upon them over against the mulberry trees?" (2 Sam. 5:23). Noah Webster helped here: to "fetch a compass" means in one applicable sense to take circuitous route. Surprise them from the rear? Good army tactics!

Incidentally, that word going comes from the Hebrew word *tsedah*, a stepping. I enjoy my Cruden's Concordance, but it is to an old, worn Young's Concordance giving the Hebrew derivative that I turn, many times, for helpful ideas. In this instance, in the long list of references on the word going, the going in the tops of the mulberry trees is the only time going comes from this word.

Anyway, I thank the minister of the First Baptist Church in Eugene for using such a pithy thought on his notice board that "the who runs may read" and enjoy a delightful idea-hunt! "The Mulberry trees are moving."

This Adventure Could Happen Only In Cayenne, On French Guiana Coast

By DEWITT MACKENZIE

AP Foreign Affairs Analyst.

The adventure could have happened only in Cayenne, the leprosy-ridden and fetid little seaport capital which lies against the terrible jungle of equatorial French Guiana.

It was back in '36 and I was "stuck" there for several days while waiting to visit the prisoners on the three little isles which lie ten miles off the coast and are most widely known under the notorious name of Devil's Island.

"Stuck" is right, for Cayenne was about as close to hell as one gets in this life.

A large percentage of the population of 10,000 was afflicted with leprosy. There was no sewage system. If you wanted to get rid of a dead cat you threw it into the street. Toilet facilities were old fashioned privies. And from the town's back door you stepped into that horror-filled jungle.

I stopped in a small, three-story hotel and had a corner room on the third floor with a window on each of the exposed sides—a point of importance to our tale. Because I was strange to the city my French landlord was solicitous for my welfare, and it was this which impelled him to say to me:

"Strange things can happen at night, Sir."

I mulled that over. I had just come from the neighboring Dutch and British Guianas with their awful jungles and had learned much about the dangers lurking in those forbidding wilds. There are more horrible forms of death lurking in the jungles than would fill a big book, but naturally my mind turned to things that fly. Inasmuch as my third-story windows were involved. Among these denizens of the air are the fearsome vampire bats which kill man and beast by draining their blood. These loathsome

Survivors Tell Tale Of Rescue From Life Boat

By ROY ESSOYAN

PEARL HARBOR, March 17.—(P)

—Exhausted survivors of the shattered navy tender USS Elder tonight described seven days of anxious suspenseful waiting for rescue adrift on a lifeboat in the shark-infested mid-Pacific.

In a radio-telephone interview with Pearl Harbor from the rescue ship Comstock, they told of the heroism of 14 men who stayed aboard the fiery tender.

The Comstock, a dock landing ship, picked up 26 crew member survivors. Three officers and 11 men remained aboard the Elder to fight the flames of an engine room fire on March 10.

The first thing the survivors asked when they were picked up was "fresh water—plenty of it."

Chief Boatswain Mate Morgan A. Tidwell, 31, Richmond, Calif., senior ranking survivor, said: "We sighted two transport planes yesterday and then about noon today we saw these four big patrol planes. We knew then that at last a rescue party was on the way."

Tidwell said "We had plenty of water." But some of it was slightly salty because "some of the beakers started to leak."

Asked if they saw sharks, Tidwell replied: "We saw plenty of sharks, but nothing special happened."

A difficult radio signal prevented getting clear why all 26 were aboard one raft when they were picked up.

Asked why the 26 left the Elder, Tidwell said "We were ordered to."

"Mr. Smith (Warrant Boatswain Milburn E. Smith, no address) told us to get the boat and life rafts over the side, which we did. We secured them under the counter (stern) and then someone gave us the order to get into the boat."

"There was a lot of three-inch case ammunition floating around." They had been jettisoning ammunition and were afraid the boat would be swamped.

The men who stayed aboard the Elder were fighting the fire and still jettisoning ammunition the last they saw of them.

"They couldn't go into the engine room. It was too hot," Tidwell said. In calm, unemotional tones, through scratching radio static, Tidwell told of sighting a transport ship Monday afternoon about five miles from his lifeboat. Tidwell learned after his rescue this was the transport General A. W. Brewster.

At this time the survivors were in one boat and two rafts tied together.

The 26 men "did everything to attract the Brewster's attention. We waved. We tried to flag them but the transport made no signal. They were in sight for one and a half hours and then they were gone."

Asked if anything unusual happened during the week, Tidwell said cryptically, "Nothing special"—just the boredom of the sea and no sign of rescue.

The men didn't need help to get aboard the Comstock's landing nets over the side and we went up under our own power," Tidwell related proudly.

Tidwell said the Elder's fire and explosion occurred about 4 a.m. on Friday, March 10. The 26 men were ordered to leave the ship late that day.

Difficulty in two-way radio talking balked interviewers' attempts to learn whether Tidwell knew what caused the fire and explosion.

Vets Hospital Dance Scheduled

All arrangements have been made for the dance to be held in the recreation building at the Veterans hospital on Monday, March 27, at 7:45 p. m., according to an announcement by Robert Kidder, chief of special services at the hospital. This dance is being sponsored by all the organizations on the Veterans Administration Voluntary service hospital advisory committee. These organizations include: The American Red Cross, B. P. O. Elks, Military Order of Cooties, American Legion and auxiliary, American Gold Star Mothers, Zonta club, Disabled American Veterans auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars and Auxiliary, Business and Professional Women and the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Mrs. Mildred Hermann is general chairman for the dance. The auditorium will be decorated by Mrs. Ann Ricketts and Mrs. Hope McKay in a manner appropriate to the spring season. Intermission entertainment is to be supplied by Mrs. Vera McClintock Jones, and refreshments will be served by the "Cooties." All ladies of Roseburg and vicinity are invited to attend as hostesses.

Well, that night when I was ready for bed I looked the situation over. I always slept under a mosquito net, and it was a hot night. Moreover, there was a fine, big moon making my room almost as light as day. I decided to leave those shutters open, and chance a vampire coming in on the moon's rays.

I was awakened out of a sound sleep by a claw-like scratching on one of my window sills. I sat bolt upright in bed and stared at the window. My hair was tugging at its roots.

There was silence for a moment. Then suddenly, with further scratching, there was a flash of white across the corner of my room, from one window to the other. More scratching—and then all was still.

I flung myself from bed and raced to the second window. And there it was, crouching on the rain gutter:

A big yellow and white tom-cat. Tom had merely used my room as a shortcut, to save himself the trouble of walking around the cornice.

WAVES SEE DUTY

PORTLAND, March 18.—(P)—Portland Wave reserves are getting in their first ship duty on the Columbia river this weekend.

Twenty-three sailed on a destroyer escort on a weekend cruise to Astoria.

LETTERS to the Editor

Writer Defends Status Of Musicians At Dance

ROSEBURG — I am writing this in defense of Local 539, American Federation of Musicians, against the justifiable unfavorable opinion the crowd must have had of the free dance at the Armory last Wednesday night in connection with the Spring Opening.

It definitely is NOT the policy of musicians to put on a careless, sloppy, totally unprepared show of any kind. Even if it is free, they strongly resent having to be a part of such a performance. At the same time, it is a religion with us that "the show must go on," so Jack Foster and his orchestra carried on with the tradition as best they could to give the crowd what they had been told to expect, but they worked under the following conditions: (1) No piano; (2) No sound system; (3) The floor was so sticky it was impossible to dance on it—no wax; (4) Dirt and filth everywhere; (5) Not one person present to offer a suggestion or help us at least get a piano until overworked John Hardiman found out the score and came to the rescue.

It was 9:45 o'clock and 500 people were waiting to dance, so we did the best we could without a piano and without a sound system; a futile gesture in the Armory. By 10:30 the piano showed up. (Thank you, Mr. Hardiman) The sound system was on. We had a dance—but not for long. Someone decided to go home and on their way shut off the sound system and locked the switch.

But musicians are a hardy lot and we still stuck. We had a job to do and it is habitual with us to give the public our best, even if it is free, donated music. Evidently, our point of view was not shared by others. I doubt if such a mess would have occurred had there been an admission charged.

Next time someone wants us to play at the Armory we are going to be booked up solid. Right now we are "fed up solid."

DICK FIRMAN
Chairman Indignation
committee, Jack Foster
and orchestra.

Problem Of Transporting Short Lumber Studied

PORTLAND, March 20.—(P)—Tests seeking economical ways to ship short lengths of lumber are being undertaken by the railroad.

Although there is a market for this type of lumber it has been costly to ship.

K.C. Batchelder, traffic manager of the West Coast Lumbermen's association, said Jon Titcomb, Springfield, Ore., lumberman, is chairman of a committee which will direct the tests. Batchelder is a member.

If the tests develop a loading method acceptable to the railroads, much lumber now lost can be saved, Batchelder said.

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