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THE FUTURE LOOKS DARK

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Someone is always taking the joy out of life. One by one our "institutions" of living become only fond memories. These changing times alter habits of many years standing. Helpless victims of circumstance, we can only growl in our beads as the new order replaces the old.

Two events in quick succession have dropped us into the depths of despair. The Federal Communications Commission, we are informed, is cracking down on radio prize programs. As if it were not enough that we no longer will have inducement to collect box tops, or reasonable facsimiles thereof, announcement comes that Roseburg restaurants are to discontinue the five-cent cup of coffee and that henceforth, starting Aug. 15, or sooner in some cases, the delectable cup of steaming java, so necessary to the conduct of a busy businessman's day, will cost a dime.

Is this another political move to put pressure on Congress to reduce the cost of living? Do we read into this action by our restaurant operators insidious propaganda? Should we "view with alarm" the passing of a fundamental American institution—the five-cent cup of coffee?

Alas, we are forced to reject suspicion of guile, deceit or intrigue in view of the pure logic expounded to us by a restaurateur.

The price of bulk coffee, he reports, has more than doubled, as have the costs of cream and sugar. Being one of those persons who, because of shortages during the war, learned to drink our coffee black, we may be forced to go back to cream and sugar, although we can hardly stand the additions since recultivating our taste, in order to get our money's worth under the new price. But, continuing the discussion of expense, the ingredients of a cup of coffee are the least of the cost. Waitresses, who once were paid 35 cents per hour, now get from 80 cents and up. Wages for dishwashers are up from 50 cents to a minimum of 90 cents per hour.

Who would think that one of those heavy, sturdy appearing cups, used by a waitress in slopping coffee over the edge, would not last forever. Cost studies show, it is reported, that a restaurant cup, which may cost as much as 75 to 90 cents, lasts only an average of 60 servings. By that time, despite the protective affects of accumulated lipstick, it has developed a chip, crack or blemish. State restaurant laws prescribe immediate retirement for any cup, glass or dish which has even the slightest imperfection. Most restaurants have a huge pile of discarded chinaware (if such it may be called), perfectly usable in all respects except for minor blemishes—too good to throw away but barred from use by state law.

Then, too, the cost of replacement on coffee makers is high, as any housewife well knows, particularly after picking up the utensil and having the handle come off while the container and its contents spill on the floor or range.

Faced with these indisputable facts, we can only breathe a sigh of longing for the good old days and resign ourselves to an added burden in the death march of inflation.

What Effect Upon The Future?

We cannot help but fear the effect of the increased cost of a cup of coffee upon civic progress and the state of the nation.

Can business deals be successfully hatched over the morning's mocha when, instead of being relaxed and at ease, the tired businessman must calculate whether his budget will stand the impact of a dime charge? Will domestic strife result when the t.h.m. demands an increase in his weekly allowance from friend's wife? And how about the great American practice of matching for the coffee? As long as the price per cup was a nickel, matching was but simple amusement. Does doubling the ante bring matching into the classification of gambling? Are we contributing to adult delinquency? Ah me, the problems created by our profit-seeking restaurateurs!

And while we struggle to earn a dime for a cup of coffee, the sad word comes that we may no longer cling to the hope of the happy accident of getting rich quick, for the FCC is lowering the boom on radio prize programs. No more can we hope that our clever jingle—accompanied by a box top from the accumulated packages of cereal, or the wrappers from bars of soap—will win for us an airplane, fur coat, refrigerator and passage on the first rocket trip to the moon. Sad days are ahead, mates!

Son, 50, Accused in Death Of 83-Year-Old Father

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 6.—(AP)—John Fogle, 50, was charged here yesterday afternoon with felonious homicide in the death of his 83-year-old father, George B. Fogle.

The elder Fogle died Wednesday night in an automobile after an alleged fight between father and son. Coroner J. A. Wilkins said death was caused by a ruptured aorta, a large artery near the heart. Any beating the man might have received and the excitement of a fight, he said, could have aggravated an already prevalent case of high blood pressure and caused the death.

Mills, Sick, Calls Off Battle With Lesnevich

LONDON, Aug. 7.—(AP)—Light Heavyweight Champion Freddie Mills today withdrew from his tentatively scheduled September title fight with Gus Lesnevich because of ill health.

The Englishman, who won the 175-pound crown by defeating Lesnevich in a 15-rounder in London July 26, had agreed to meet the Clifffide, N.J., battler in Brooklyn, next month. The same program was scheduled to include a middleweight championship fight between titleholder Tony Zale and Marcel Cerdan of France.

Mills pulled out of the fight today because he said he had been suffering from severe headaches since winning the title and has been unable to train.

Ten Men Perish When Two Planes Collide

MIAMI, Fla., Aug. 6.—(AP)—A Navy board of inquiry today studied the charred wreckage of a Navy transport plane in which 10 men were killed.

The plane crashed and burned after a collision with a Stearman training plane 23 miles north of here late yesterday. The two occupants of the trainer parachuted to safety.

OUT OUR WAY



"A perfect record—13 A's." So read the caption under the picture of a pretty student, in a recent issue of *The News-Review*. I was reminded of a teacher in one of the high schools I attended.

Since I have been writing appreciatively of teachers so far, forgive me if I don't this time.

"I never give an A," Miss F. would say, firmly, without a doubt thinking she was being fair and sincere, "because no student is perfect. That is what an A means. Every other teacher might award a student an A—but not Miss F. Result? Many a bitter and resentful word about her, and also many a student let down in effort because 'what's the use? She wouldn't give me an A no matter what I do!'"

From an adult viewpoint her attitude is understandable; at least several possible reasons occur to me to explain her stand. They will occur to you, too. But just why should the children she was teaching pay the penalty for perhaps a frustration she had endured some time?

On the other hand, there was

the attitude towards one of our sons who was captain of the high school baseball team. He came home one day with the program for the new semester and on it was some course called, in his scrawl, "Journalism." Why on earth, "I inquired, 'did you sign up for something you don't even know how to spell, and have no interest in whatever?'"

His blue eyes smiled down at me in the superior way adolescents can assume. "It's this way, Mom. I have to have a passing grade to stay on the team. I have to have subjects that don't conflict with practice periods. And the adviser said it was an easy course—so that's for me!"

I guess it was all right. I mailed his diploma to him five years after he enlisted in the Navy at 17. He was in Pearl Harbor that terrible morning; he served on the famous U. S. S. O'Bannon all through the period in the story, "They Went to Hell and Back With Me"; and then he was on the U. S. S. Kadesh Bay, when that made the news. He completed his course in absentia—but hardly an "easy" one.

In the Day's News

(Continued From Page One)

WERE MADE TO RUSSIA

One shipment, he says, was of 300 pounds and the other of 1,000 pounds. They went by plane "from a small, obscure airfield in the United States." The shipments were made, he asserts, after tremendous pressure (on our government) from KNOWN RUSSIAN AGENTS and others "who had worked themselves into positions of importance here."

He added that it has been established "almost beyond question" that shipments of HEAVY WATER were made to Russia from this country during the war. "Uranium, as everyone knows, is fissionable material from which atom bombs are made. 'Heavy water' is a substance used in atomic research."

KEEP these Communist charges and counter-charges that are being made in Washington at the moment straight in your mind. They are shadow boxing. The Republicans are seeking to prove that the present Democratic administration isn't a fit custodian of our affairs.

Still, we can't laugh off charges that back in 1943 Communists were so deeply entrenched in Washington that they were able to put the come-better-on-officials of our government to the extent of getting and flying back to Moscow samples of the key materials we were using in our super-secret atomic research project.

The Russians, of course, were then allies of ours. But as allies they had no business putting the twich on us to get our most precious secret.

LET'S put it this way:

Suppose you are a housewife and have a secret recipe for a dish that unfailingly "wows" your guests and thus adds fabulously to your reputation as a hostess.

You certainly wouldn't take it kindly if one of your friends, visiting in your home, BRIBED

YOUR COOK (or maybe black-mailed her) into revealing the secret. You'd be almost certain to write that gal off your best-friend list as a person not to be trusted.

TAKE a look at it from this angle:

The Russians (Communists) back in 1943 were our allies. As such, they stood to benefit heavily from our work in developing a SUPER weapon that would wipe out our enemies (who were also the enemies of Russia) at a single stroke. If they had been strictly kosher they would have said to themselves: "Whatever these Yankees are up to will be as good for us as it is for them. So more power to them. We'll keep our mitts strictly off this atom stuff, for we don't want to seem to pry into the private business of our good friends."

INSTEAD, they hijacked our servants whom they had wormed as stooges into our household. That, in itself, should have aroused our suspicions and caused us to look with a jaundiced eye on these alleged friends and buddies.

WE know now, in the clear light of hindsight, that if we had sized the Russians up correctly back in 1943 or thereabouts WE MIGHT HAVE SAVED OURSELVES FROM GETTING INTO THIS TERRIBLE MESS WE NOW ARE IN. We are in a nasty fix because we DIDN'T size them up right.

We can't just laugh off this Communists-in-Washington business, you see.

Former Golf Champion Found Dead in Cell

HACKENSACK, N. J., Aug. 6.—(AP)—Cyril Walker, 57, one of the nation's leading golfers in the 1920's, was found dead today in a cell at police headquarters where he had been given a night's lodging.

Walker, a native of England, won the U. S. Open golf championship in 1924, defeating Bobby Jones by three strokes at Oakland Hills, Detroit.

Police Sgt. Daniel Bebus said Walker applied last night for lodging and was permitted to stay in a cell.

By J. R. Williams

Get-Rich-Quick Radio Programs Face Warning

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Like a stern, but not too hopeful parent, the Federal Communications Commission shook a warning finger today at the get-rich-quick radio programs popping out all over the dial.

The station-licensing agency said disapprovingly that "an almost infinite number" of these border on "illegal lotteries or gift enterprises."

So the commission announced a set of proposed new regulations aimed at curbing, if not eliminating, many of the programs currently offering fabulous cash, travel and merchandise gifts to lucky listeners.

In essence, the rules say there must be no more such give-aways in any way "upon lot or chance." Nor can the winners be required to (A) furnish any money or other thing of value (B) possess the sponsored product or (C) be or have been listening—or viewing—the program in question.

The commission didn't say when the new clampdown will become effective. But it said it will listen to interested parties up to September 10.

Privately, commission sources said the agency fears that the prize programs are throwing the national radio picture "out of focus," and leading the industry away from "the broad basic purpose of broadcasting."

These sources said there have been complaints from some top flight comedians and other entertainers.

Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

WOMEN NEGLECT CANCER

Salem Capital Journal
Interest in cancer is at an all time high, yet a nationwide survey published in a current issue of *The Woman's Home Companion* under the title, "What Do You Do About Cancer?" shows that women (and one out of four between the ages of 35 and 50 die from cancer) do not use the information and treatment available to them.

The magazine polled a national cross-section of its millions of women readers and 87 per cent confessed that they never have been examined by a competent cancer specialist. Thousands of them, says the article, might have been saved if they had such periodic examination.

Cancer in women, according to medical experience, is more likely than not to start in the breast or genital system and "so long as we don't go to a doctor for a breast and pelvic examination every year we are in effect driving in the dark down a hazardous road. Neither prudery nor dread of verdict," the article adds, "should deter us in personally having periodic breast and pelvic examinations." In some cases the women complained that their doctors were too busy or negligent to give satisfactory examinations.

The article suggests that women in various communities— to combat these negative attitudes—might interest two or three physicians trained in gynecology to organize a co-operative cancer control center. However complete the medical knowledge about cancer is real progress will be made only when each woman assumes full responsibility for the dissemination and use of this knowledge.

TEAM PLAY HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Grants Pass Courier

"Joe Tinker died today, his 68th birthday," reads a recent news dispatch from Orlando, Fla.

To the most of the younger generation, "Joe Tinker" is merely a name. Shortly after the turn of the century, he was one of a trio of names which stood high in the regard of America's baseball fans.

Joe was the Chicago Cubs' shortstop who excelled in starting double and triple plays. He was one of the famous "Tinkers-to-Ever-Chance" combination. The old shortstop only reached a goal in life which is the secret hope, perhaps, of most of America's boyhood. We'll wager that a hundred youths look longingly at a big league baseball uniform for every one who ever thrilled to that paternal comment, "My boy, you may grow up to be president of the United States some day."

To us, however, stories we have read about the daily lives of those men who made up the famous Cub infield turned our thoughts to another phase of living—the value of cooperation and team spirit on the part of the individual, whether it be in sports or any other walk of life. We have been told that personal relations were not always cordial between the noted trio, that at times as they cooperated so efficiently and wholeheartedly on the diamond, the fans did not know that they might not be on speaking terms in the club house.

We do not believe those men pooled their interests so completely in the playing field because they were individually afraid of the business office. Rather, they gloried in the finished perfection of play they had developed as a team.

There is a personal satisfaction in developing a genuine liking for cooperation with one's fellow man. You don't have to admire his personal qualities and to want him for a business pal in order to seek a day-to-day working agreement where your interests and his may meet.

Even "bad neighbors" often become friendly human beings

Inflation Measured in Sweat, Fear, Faith and Production

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK.—(AP)—Inflation can be reduced to a mathematical formula.

And some day the field of economics will come up with an Einstein who will write social history by figuring out that formula. It will be a big help both to the politicians and the people.

Inflation can be measured in terms of sweat and fear, faith and production. Any rise in the cost of living is an "inflation." But when does it become dangerous?

Judging from recent inflations in Europe and China, they become dangerous when a drop of sweat buys and produces less and less, faith in the nation's economy falls and fear of its money rises.

By these standards the present inflation in the United States is mild. Mild indeed compared to the rampaging inflation which destroyed the currency of Hungary in 1946 and is now straining the printing presses that turn out the money for Nationalist China.

Rising production, faith and a high value on sweat are the three anchors that keep the inflation balloon from skyrocketing.

Sure, prices have gone up steadily here. But so have production and the value of labor. Economists say that despite the high cost of living and the fall in the value of money a drop of sweat will buy more in the present market than it did ten years ago.

And that is what really counts in any peacetime system—what sweat will buy. When sweat brings back less and less, when men work harder and harder to produce fewer and fewer goods, hope dies and panic is born—and the wild horse of inflation runs through the land. Faces Mirror Crisis

When a country is saddled with true inflation you can read that fact in its people's faces. They mirror each other's fear of the present and the future. That was true in Hungary in May, 1946. The pengo, normally worth about 20 cents, fell to nothing. The government printed a 1,000,000,000-pengo note which it hoped was worth \$4.

It was in Shanghai in the fall of 1946 and one American dollar brought about 13,000 Chinese dollars. Three weeks ago a new Chinese 5,000,000-dollar note was worth sixty-two American cents in the black market. And when inflation reaches that point the

black market is the only real market. Today a souvenir continental or confederate bill is worth more than the Chinese dollar. In good times—periods of rising production and higher prices—the American tradition has been to "let 'er roll." Few people have been willing to put on a brake for fear this would bring on a depression.

That appears today to explain the reluctance to install economic controls despite the widespread resentment against the hardships wrought by the rising cost of living.

The people still have some money jangling in their pockets. They like the sound.

Canvas Covers for Kegs Of Beer Prohibited

PORTLAND, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Taverns can no longer use free—the canvas keg covers designed to keep beer cold longer.

The State Liquor Control Commission ruled out the covers yesterday after competitors complained a brewery was furnishing them free. They said this constituted "financial assistance" to retailers and violated state liquor law. The covers can be used if a charge is made.

The same brewery also was told to stop distributing free trademarked bottle openers.

U. of O. Professor Named To Marshall Plan Job

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—(AP)—Allan Hugh Smith, professor of administration law at the University of Oregon, was one of seven "efficiency experts" named yesterday to work on the Marshall plan.

The appointments were announced by the Economic Cooperation Administration. They are "to assist in the improvement of program and authorization procedures," the announcement said.

Various remains of prehistoric man found in Europe are estimated to date as far back as 250,000 years ago.

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Wax Gallery
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Fishing and Hunting
Club of the Air
7:00 P.M.
Monday's

The Cisco Kid
7:30 P.M.
Monday, Wednesday, Friday

Let George Do It
8:00 P.M.
Monday's

Henry J. Taylor
9:45 P.M.
Mondays and Fridays