

The News-Review

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A SEASON ON BOOKS

By CHARLES V. STANTON

There should be a law regulating the time of year when certain books are released by publishers. Some books seriously disrupt efficiency and routine when they fall into the right hands at the wrong time. By taking the reader's mind off business affairs, preventing concentration on current problems and creating mental unrest, some types of books are definitely detrimental when released by publishers at the wrong time of year. On the other hand, the same books, given the public at the right time, could have exactly a reverse effect.

All of the above must seem very confusing without a specific example, so we will cite Claude M. Kreider's new book, "Steelhead" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), an advance copy of which has been received and, unfortunately, thoroughly perused.

Had we received this book during the wintertime when cold winds were blowing, rain falling, and water high and muddy, we could have read it with the utmost pleasure. Sitting in our easy chair in a warm living room, we could have thrilled to the descriptions of Shangri-La riffs on the Klamath River, or our well known Mott and Kitchen holes and Rock Creek riffs on the Umpqua, or China and Winkle bars on the Rogue. We could have shared the author's delight in the "savagery" of that initial strike of the Pacific steelhead, and the "bewildering, long, lightning-fast run." We could picture in our mind the many familiar fishing spots he describes so well, and even drag out the sports album and recapture past experiences on those riffs he portrays so beautifully. That would be, of course, if we were to read the book in the wintertime. We would find it relaxing, comforting, and a pleasure.

But what a difference when we read the book in summer! We gnash our teeth. We battle frustration. We accumulate nervous tension. Our typewriter won't spell. Our thoughts won't jell. Our production drops to a standstill. Efficiency is disrupted. We kick the cat, censure the wife, and get bawled out for snapping at fellow workers. All because the thoughtless publishers place a good book in the right reader's hands at the wrong time.

Here we must remain, tied down to a business office, our vacation still weeks away, our friends out by ones, twos and threes, enjoying their annual vacations while we must stay behind and help take up the labor slack.

And then we get a book brilliantly descriptive of steelhead fishing on virtually all of the principal streams of the Pacific Coast, with words descriptive of the North Umpqua as follows:

All the way up from California I had been thinking of these great summer steelhead, and coming up the canyon, the glimpses we had of the swift and beautiful river had been almost overpowering. I remembered reports we had heard of the difficulty of raising these big fish in the crystal waters of midsummer and of the difficulty in landing them. If you are a fisherman you will know the appeal of all this.

Next morning I found the Umpqua to be a totally different stream from our California rivers—and more difficult to figure out. There are stretches of foaming white-water riffles, narrow glassy chutes and slides separated by great boulders and ledges, and between at wide intervals are great, deep, bubble-shot pools. It is a wild and mysterious and appealing stream, shouting and murmuring by turn down the deep verdant canyon. And I wondered just where to try my fly.

Then he goes on to tell about his experience on the Umpqua.

He didn't catch any steelhead. (Goody!) Oh yes, he hooked them! He lost tackle (even as you and I). He learned that the Umpqua steelhead, like the river, is "different" from those sassy fish in California. Expert that he was, he gave up and went back to the lower Klamath where he wasn't overmatched. But he swears he's coming back to the Umpqua someday and get an Umpqua steelhead. We'll bet when he does he'll invent some more superlatives to put in that dog-gone book.

The novice steelhead fisherman can find no better textbook than "Steelhead" when it gets on the bookshelves, and even the experts will find some excellent hints. The treatment on tackle, flies, casting, etc., will meet approval from the old-timers. From the pages of this book one gains a liberal education in species of fish, habitat, principal steelhead streams of the Pacific Coast, all in a descriptive style which enthralls the reader.

But take our advice—don't read the book until winter comes, unless you're able to go fishing when you want to—for you'll want to, immediately.

Investigation Of Lake Crash Begun

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Aug. 25.—(AP)—State and federal aeronautics inspectors yesterday were at the Lake of the Woods site of the airplane crash that took the lives of four Oregon Republican leaders.

The group, accompanied by representatives of the Beech Aircraft Company, talked with witnesses and investigated weather and airport data prevailing Sunday in the lake area. The men plan to resume their investigation later today in Salem.

Making the investigation are F. K. McKivern, Washington, D. C., CAA representative who conducted the hearing in the crash in which the late Gov. Snell and three others died; Robert Johnson, Eugene, CAA flight operations agent, and Carl W. Nelson, Oregon State Board of Aeronautics inspector.

The CAA men reported they have not decided whether they will call a public hearing.

Publishers Will Build To House Larger Press

PASCO, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Purchase of the Kennebec Canning Co. property by publishers Glenn C. Lee and R. F. Philip of the Tri-City Herald was announced today.

The plant will be converted into the newspaper's headquarters. They said the purchase was necessary when plans for a new building in Pasco did not develop rapidly enough for the requirements of the Herald, in line with its growing circulation and advertising volume.

The mechanical production of the Herald will be concentrated in Kennebec. The Herald has rotary press which will be installed in the near future. The present plant was not large enough to accommodate such a press.

OUT OUR WAY



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



By Viachett S. Martin

A reader of The News-Review writes from California that maybe the reason I couldn't find "my" copy of the little booklet, "Our Syrian Guest" (July 28) was that I returned it to its owner. Well, that mystery is solved. I'm glad I wrote about it anyhow because today the copy I had for so long came back to me, and this time it has my name written in it, so I guess I'm forgiven. (Thanks, Mother.)

Another reason is that Ye Editor—no less!—wrote a letter to "The Mending Basket" in which he told of an "interesting coincidence." The proof went to our proof-reader, Mr. C. A. Brand, who was managing editor of The Oregon Press, Boston, at the time the booklet was published. He was so interested that he brought me his copy to read. I had not seen it previously, and I, too, found it fascinating.

Maybe before we leave "Our Syrian Guest" we should mention the fact that its author is William Allen Knight!

All o which may not contribute anything to world affairs—but might suggest an antidote for some of the news these days: remembering that The Good Shep-

herd does care for his sheep and lambs, regardless of what goes on in any and every capital in the world!

Speaking of the "lambs"—and aren't the small fry just that, the way they take in every lightest word spoken by "the Teacher?"—reminds me of what one young man told Miss N—, the other day. Her happy task includes teaching little folk to count from one to ten. The little fellow was having trouble: "he had counted about everything in the room, and it was time to go home. So I said, 'I'll tell you what to do. You count things at home . . . You count the potatoes your mother puts on the table tonight for dinner, and tell me in the morning how many.'"

Alas (and can't you imagine what that mother had to listen to? I can!) the would-be counter reported in the morning, "mother mashed them!"

I can imagine, too, what some teachers would do to these Mending Basket items if they were to grade them for hanging prepositions, split infinitives, and use of "like" for "as" (Did you hear Friend Hemmenway discourse on "like" and "as," the other day?)

In the Day's News

(Continued From Page One)

political decisions from a government higher up than its own (as Oregon and California, for example, accept decisions from our federal government in Washington.)

WHAT does it all mean?

This, probably: People do things like that ONLY WHEN THEY HAVE TO. Not before. Remember that our own federal government came into existence ONLY after it became clear that 13 weak little states that had just won their independence from England would probably be gobbled up by somebody else unless they got together and became stronger.

IMAGINE America all cut up by frontiers.

Suppose that every time you went over the line into California or Washington or Idaho you had to cross an international boundary with all the accompanying rigamarole of passports, tariff duties, police inspection, etc.

How long, under such circumstances, could we remain united, prosperous and strong?

Not very long.

When the people of the relatively small countries of Western Europe take a realistic look at their situation, they are forced to the conclusion that if they go on trying to do business and carry on their lives in the face of such handicaps they must sooner or later be gobbled up by Russia.

That is why they are willing to consider such a thing as a United States of Western Europe, even at the cost of giving up a part of their "sovereignty."

For that reason, this new talk is significant.

HERE is a thought that can't be wholly ignored:

The principal opposition to such a plan will come from politicians WHOSE JOBS WOULD BE PARSED DOWN AND MADE

LESS GLAMOROUS by the change.

OUR top military men come back from their week-end huddle on defense measures tight-lipped. The reporters are told that "no one will have anything to say."

Our air force, however, lets it leak out that one of the things it would like to have most of all is a "guided missile capable of carrying an atom bomb to a target 5,000 miles away—faster than the speed of sound." (Such a weapon would give no warning of its approach. Sometime AFTER it arrived and exploded, the sound of it would catch up.)

IN his recent final report, just before his retirement as air force chief of staff, General Spaatz told us that such a weapon is a MUST because there is NO EXISTING DEFENSE AGAINST IT.

If anybody, he added, is to have such a weapon, it must be the United States.

Do you agree?

IN Cincinnati the other night, two little girls of 11 and a boy of eight were caught by police trying to crack a safe in an automobile sales office. They were pounding it with a hammer and an axe and had already knocked off a couple of the knobs.

Why such a project by children? In the absence of any better reason, this one occurs: "Monkey see, monkey do."

Fires Inflict Minor Damage at Two Plants

City firemen answered alarms Monday to two minor blazes. Backfiring in an oil furnace at the Douglas County Flour Mill on N. Pine St. caused the basement of the building to be filled with smoke. Bob Bashford, employed at the mill, put out the fire with a foam extinguisher before the arrival of fire trucks, said Fire Chief Glenn H. Taylor. There was no minor damage.

In the morning, firemen extinguished a fire which damaged a gasoline crane at the Roseburg Lumber Co. log pond. Cause of the fire was not immediately determined. It had started when the gasoline tank was being

By J. R. Williams

U. S. Housewife Aids Impoverished Children in Greece

WASHINGTON—Almost single handed, Mrs. Stella Kopulos, an energetic little Washington housewife, has managed to aid hundreds of impoverished and ailing children in strife-torn Greece. In Tripolis, in the state of Arcadia, where she was born, Mrs. Kopulos is considered something of a saint.

Though she lives comfortably, in a nice house, and has seen to it her two daughters got a good education, she is not rich. Her husband runs a restaurant. Her aging Greek-born parents, Chris and Mary Sianis, make their living from the former's fruit and vegetable produce business. After World War II, Mrs. Kopulos received a letter from Mrs. Angelina Chingos, who is operating a children's center in Tripolis for some 1,000 partial and full orphans of 200 surrounding villages.

Mrs. Chingos, a family friend, explained that the British were supplying milk, UNRRA clothing and food and the Red Cross medical supplies. Mrs. Chingos wanted Mrs. Kopulos to send toys. "I raised money by giving a typical Greek dinner," Mrs. Kopulos told me. "Papa cooked lamb patties. Mama helped me bake the Greek cakes and cookies. A local group gave us a hall and the newspapers printed the date of the dinner. Some Greek friends provided the entertainment. With the money she bought 1,163 toys.

How She Raises Funds

Mrs. Chingos wrote again asking for medical supplies and instruments—stethoscopes, hypodermics and thermometers. Mrs. Kopulos got a local nightclub violinist to donate his services and whipped up a concert. The supplies she bought weighed 600 pounds. These were sent through the Near East Foundation. Mrs. Kopulos got the Business and Professional Women to donate five-cent school tablets. She raised money through another dinner to buy milk for crippled children of the Near East Foundation and food and school supplies. She has just collected \$150 by organizing a dance.

In the meantime she and her parents send 20 packages to Greece every three months. It costs \$2.52 per package. A typical box, Mrs. Kopulos says, contains two pounds coffee, two cans cream, one pound hard candy, two pounds sugar, two cans soup, two boxes cocoa, one pound of rice, sometimes spaghetti, old clothing, a few school supplies. "I never get tired," Mrs. Kopulos told me. "Everybody wants to help. It's the most exciting and gratifying thing I've ever done and I'm going to keep right on with it."

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South Commercial (one of the main highway routes).

Center Street (through the principal residential areas).

North Commercial-Front St.

Mission and South 12th (the cutoff highway route).

We'll venture a guess that Salem's program will have community-wide backing for the simple reason that so many of the people of Salem, rich and poor, have taken a personal interest in the problem. Salem will "hook its shirt" to get an arterial system.

They are working with the Highway Department on some plans for new bridges across the Willamette River, and on plans for some sort of real arterial highway (which will probably result in a by-pass).

We are so lucky in what has been accomplished for Eugene so far that we ought to be very humble. But Salem is way vander ahead of us in future planning and in public understanding of what planning is all about. They've been learning the hard way. We've had much laid in the lap!

filled, said Kenneth W. Ford, owner of the mill. Damage was not extensive.

Policewoman Loses In Questioning Suspect
PORTLAND, Aug. 25.—(AP)—Florence Findley, a special policewoman, was questioning a shoplifting suspect in a food store when called to the telephone.

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