

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Company, Inc.
 Entered as second class matter May 7, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.
 CHARLES V. STANTON Editor EDWIN L. KNAPP Manager
 Member of the Associated Press, Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, the Audit Bureau of Circulations
 Represented by WEST-HOLLIDAY CO., INC., offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year \$2.50, six months \$1.50, three months \$1.00. By City Carriers—Per Year \$2.00 (in advance), less than one year, per month \$1.00. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year \$3.00, six months \$1.75, three months \$1.25.

WE REMEMBER BILL!

By CHARLES V. STANTON

We'll call him Bill because that wasn't his real name. He was a wiry little guy and played shortstop with our South End Demons. Believe me, that was a real ball club! There were many vacant lots in those days, and we all saved string to make baseballs, which we covered with leather from old boot tops, as we converted those lots into baseball diamonds.

That was the year we won the city sandlot championship. At least, we claimed the championship. So did the other teams. Of course, no game ever went beyond the fifth inning. The fight always started by that time. But we were out in front before the argument which ended each game, so we claimed the title.

Bill was deceptive. Being small, he usually was the first to be picked on when the inevitable battle started. But rival gangs soon discovered he was dynamite, so, despite his stature, they let him strictly alone after they had learned the hard way what a good scrapper he was.

It was after the baseball season had ended and we were starting to kick a football around, planning our strategy for taking the West Side Wildcats into camp, that our plans were disrupted by news that Bill was sick.

We went by his home and saw a big red "Contagious" sign on the doorpost.

Doctors didn't know much about polio in those days. They knew it was contagious and that it killed and crippled but they didn't know what to do about it. Many people were dying, and every night after school we would walk apprehensively to the gate in the white picket fence around Bill's house to see if the sign was still there, or if Bill and the sign both were gone.

One day the sign was missing but our anxious inquiry revealed that Bill had survived.

A few days later we were permitted to call on him. The pale, weak figure didn't look like Bill, and the tired voice piping up from the bed trying to wisecrack—although the word "wisecrack" hadn't been invented yet—made us want to cry, as we stood nervously twisting our caps and wishing we could get out of that sick room quickly. Of course, we were too big to cry, so when we got outside there was a good deal of rough-housing to show we were still hardboiled "Demons."

Then we learned that Bill's legs wouldn't work. It was rather hard to understand, that Bill couldn't kick a football, or run a race, or wrestle or box—or anything. And we'd lay awake nights trying to feel what it must be like not to have any legs. We'd turn back and forth, using just our arms, as we endeavored to figure it all out.

But Bill wasn't whipped. We heard his mother crying in our house one day. Between sobs she was telling our mother about Bill.

They had a long flight of stairs in Bill's house. He refused to let them carry him up and down those steps. He would drag himself from tread to tread, pulling one foot into position, then trying to make it force his weight upward. It was painful and exhausting. Two or three steps and he would fall on his face, sweating from every pore and crying, but he would let nobody help.

It was like the day Bill fought the catcher for the North Side Bears. The catcher was twice as big as Bill. Bill's nose was bloody and his face was all cut up. He was crying but still fighting and he kept on fighting until the catcher was down in the dirt.

One of Bill's legs recovered somewhat within a few weeks and he could hobble around a little.

He made his folks get him a bicycle. He rigged it up so his game leg was fastened firmly to the pedal. Then he would ride by the hour trying with all his determination to make that leg work naturally.

When baseball season rolled around again, Bill was back at shortstop. He couldn't move very fast to the right, and he couldn't shift at all to the left. He didn't field many balls and he couldn't hit the broadside of a barn at bat. But we'd have whipped any guy who so much as intimated that the Demons needed another shortstop.

We didn't win any games that season. But who cared? We still had good fights!

Bill's folks were awfully poor after his illness. They both worked at everything they could find to do to pay off the doctor and drug bills. There wasn't any Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in those days to help parents with expense involved in treatment of polio, nor to give patients the type of treatment that would have saved Bill many, many days and weeks of self-inflicted physical suffering, as his determination forced him into an instinctive course of muscle training which today can be guided by trained therapists.

Maybe it's because we remember Bill that the March of Dimes seems so important.



Scrap from the MENDING BASKET

By Viahnett S. Martin

Never mind what the calendar says. Spring is on the way. Here's the first gaily colored flower catalogue: roses, cosmos . . .

One year we had some unusually beautiful cosmos plants that grew tall and sturdy of stem, and in due time blossomed until it was heart-lifting to look at them. All day long six little finches, usually upside down, swayed and fluttered and hopped about in the cosmos, enjoying the seeds which formed quicker than I could keep picked off—perhaps I didn't try too hard? The finches were such a joy!

There was a prevailing western breeze which some days became quite stiff. I would watch the cosmos bending their graceful heads way over, and then, the gust having passed, and many a time since I have remembered the lesson taught by the self-adjustment of the flowers.

Had they fought against the wind what would have happened? By giving a little, tolerating by sturdy self-adjustment that had nothing of weakness or shilly-shallying about it, they even grew stronger as trees, buffeted by winds on hilltops, send down a deeper root.

Sometimes we find ourselves in much distress through a stubborn

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

cotton and spread it over the craggy tops of the mountain.

It turns out to have been a snowstorm, which we miss by an hour. By the time we pass over, the pavement is dry again for the most part, but the sides of the highway are dusted with fresh snow. From 3000 feet on up the snow comes clear down to the pavement's edge, and, it being Sunday, it looks like maybe half of Los Angeles has brought the kids out to ski and to coast. The skis are store-bought, but most of the sleds have been cobbled together by papa with the aid of a dull saw. But the kids love it.

Be-rr-r-r! The things that kids can love to do!

It's unusual, and it's raw and chilly. A palm tree weighted down with snow has an indisputably embarrassed look, the way you feel in a dream when you've been caught out without any clothes. A camellia bush is even worse. But don't get the idea that Southern California is suffering. All the real suffering down here you could put in your eye. Even the sun-hunting tourists haven't too much to complain about. Compared with what it is where they came from, this weather is relatively comfortable.

THE start south from Fresno is too late even to hope for a hotel reservation in downtown Los Angeles. So, as the shades of

refusal to make any adjustment in our thinking. We can keep our spiritual integrity, of course, as we make such concessions to whatever winds of adversity blow upon us.

If we were going on a hiking trip, how carefully we would load our shoulders, how surely we would leave out anything that would hinder us. Yet in this journey of life we sometimes load our pack with thoughts of self-pity, self-righteousness, self-love, self-justification. Self-pity that would imply that a kind Father is kinder to one of His children than to another; self-righteousness that would assume we have the right to dictate a course of action, or that we have no need to learn Job's lesson; self-love that takes refuge in "hurt feelings" for when the going gets hard "hurt feelings" give us an alibi to hide behind and so evade an honest facing of our own mistakes; there are so many selfisms and self-thats which we stumble over. So many lessons we learn over, and over, and over!

One of the reasons why I am so sure of immortality is that it takes us all of this experience to learn our lessons—surely there must be a place and a way to use such knowledge when we finally have acquired it?

night approach, the thing to do is to start sleuthing a motel. As you pass 'em by, you look 'em over. It's a rough thing to say, but most of 'em are on the crummy side. They're a cinch to be that way if they were built as much as five or six years ago. The public's taste in motels has been rising rapidly, along with the standard of living, and most of the pre-war ones look to our pampered post-war eyes something like a share-cropper's shack.

As in most other business transactions, you must be offish and choosy. If you get panicky, letting thoughts of what it would be like to sleep in the car run through your mind, you're almost certain to pick a lemon. But if you keep your nerve and hold your standards high you'll come out in the chips. Whatever may be said of the better hotels, there's a buyer's market in motels. If you pick 'em over long enough, you'll find a moderately classy one with a vacancy sign out.

EVENTUALLY, that comes to pass. A neat neon sign proclaims that it is the Pepper Tree Inn. It really is tucked in under a clump of pepper trees. (So often, you know, the Lone Oak service station is so named because there is no lone oak in the vicinity.) It has a hospitable look. Moreover, it has a coffee shop. It turns out to be quite on the goodish side—no Ritz or Biltmore, but comfortable AND WARM. The spread of natural gas heating through the sunny southland has been a boon to the itching foot tribe. There can be no gainsaying that.

Rescued Eskimo Credits Prayers Of Companions

NOME, Alaska, Jan. 29.—(AP)—The prayers of his two companions, both of whom died, enabled Gregory Ayac to survive 17 days on an Arctic ice floe, the 24-year-old Eskimo said from his hospital bed here.

He finally drifted to safety at a fishing camp near Shishmaref, 500 miles from where the three were swept to sea, and was flown to Nome by a weather observer.

His feet are frozen, but he would not have suffered even this injury had his mukluk not been torn by jagged ice, Ayac said.

He told his story to Emily Boucher of the Nome Nugget. Ayac said the first to die was a 30-year-old father of three. He succumbed four days out. The other was the youngest of the group, who lost his mind and finally froze to death.

Ayac said he saw Air Force search planes overhead but was unable to catch their attention. The Air Force gave up the search several days ago.

A devout Catholic, he attributed his survival to the prayers of his companions.

Ayac said the three were drenched from spray as they drifted on the ice.

"Our parkies were frozen stiff," he said. "We jumped from one ice cake to another, building shelters at night, huddling together until daybreak. We lived on raw meat from two seals we caught."

Court in Chicago Dismisses Action Against S. P. Co.

CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Superior Court Judge Samuel B. Epstein dismissed a \$90,000 personal injury suit filed here by W. J. Hart of Albany, Ore., against the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The Southern Pacific is only a business agent in Chicago. Hart, who claimed damages because of the loss of a leg in a switching operation in Oregon in 1946, filed under the Federal Employers' Liability Act which gives him the right to bring action at any place where the railroad does business.

Judge Epstein, however, ruled that the court could refuse to hear a case here because of consideration of convenience.

"The influx of these cases into this jurisdiction is not a mere accident," the judge said. "It commenced in 1941 when an enterprising group of lawyers saw the possibility of personal profits from the importation of them. These cases have been clogging our court calendars, and materially interfere and delay the progress of other cases."

The railroad asked that the case be dismissed, arguing that it was not convenient for 14 defense witnesses, all living on the West Coast, to travel 2,300 miles to testify, and that it was equally inconvenient for Hart to bring witnesses here.

Columbia Fishing Season Not to be Lengthened

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 28.—(AP)—The commercial season in the Columbia River will not be lengthened this year.

Arthur J. Suomela, Oregon master fish warden, explained that salmon runs have not yet been built back to the numbers desired.

In fact spring chinook runs in the Willamette River are declining, and the runs in the Cowlitz River are hardly holding their own, he said.

"Until the downward trend of these runs can be reversed, it was felt unwise to increase the fishing intensity on them," he said.

Commissions In Regular Army Open To War Vet Grads

Screening centers for processing applications of former officers with wartime service in any of the armed forces for direct appointments as second lieutenants in the Regular Army opened Jan. 24 at the Presidio of San Francisco and five other stations in the Sixth Army area, it was announced at Sixth Army headquarters.

Fort Ord and Fort MacArthur, Calif.; Fort Douglas, Utah; and Fort Lewis and Vancouver Barracks, Wash., are the other stations where screening centers will be located.

The new officer procurement program is one of several procurement projects by which the Army is building up its officer staff. This is the first time that direct Regular Army commissions are being made available to former officers of the other services.

Eligibility requirements include one year of commissioned service in the Army, Navy, Marines or Coast Guard between Dec. 7, 1941, and Sept. 2, 1945, or equivalent service with the United States Health Service on wartime duty with the Army or Navy, or with the Coast and Geodetic Survey Service under specified military authorization during the war.

Age limits are between 21 and 27 years, although in certain cases credit allowed for active duty in wartime and since December 31, 1947, will permit appointments of qualified individuals up to their 30th birthdays.

Applicants must also have a bachelor's degree from an accredited college or university, although applications will be accepted now from individuals who will be graduated prior to June 30, 1949. A waiver will be considered for applicants having 120 or more semester hours gained through attendance at an accredited institution, even though they have not received a degree.

Appointments under this program will be in addition to those offered to distinguished military graduates of the Senior Division, Reserve Officers Training Corps, and to selected applicants of the competitive tour program already under way. To be considered, applications must be postmarked prior to April 30, 1949.

This new program makes it possible for former officers from any of the services who have finished college under the GI bill of Rights to apply their wartime service to a career in the Regular Army.

Application forms and more detailed information may be obtained by those interested from any United States Army and Air Force Recruiting station. Professors of Military Science and Tactics at university ROTC units, Senior Instructors of National Guard and Organized Reserve Corps units, or any local military establishment in the Sixth Army area.

Georgetown, once a suburb of Washington, is older than the capital city and was named in honor of Britain's George II.

Education Responsibilities Recognized by Residents Of Douglas, Mrs. Gorrell Says

Douglas County residents have caught the spirit of responsibility for providing adequate education for their children, Mrs. Lula C. Gorrell, former county superintendent of schools, asserts.

Mrs. Gorrell offered concrete evidence of public interest in education at a banquet given in her honor at the Umpqua Hotel in Roseburg Sunday. The banquet was arranged by the Douglas County B League Association in appreciation of Mrs. Gorrell's cooperation and assistance in the county's B League athletic program.

Construction of new school buildings furnishes substantial proof that the public is willing to better conditions for pupils and teachers, Mrs. Gorrell said,

pointing out the large number of new buildings already built or in process of construction, together with those planned for the near future. She recounted the growth of the county's school system during the past eight years and told of the hard struggle to keep schools adequate to handle the rapidly increased enrollment.

The banquet program was directed by Chester Cook, president of the association, who presented Mrs. Gorrell with an electric blanket as a gift from the B League. Appreciation was expressed in short talks by Lee Roy Hansen, secretary, and Omer Monger, member of the board of control, for Mrs. Gorrell's cooperation in B League activities.

GET ON A PAYROLL SAVINGS PLAN!

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Douglas County State Bank

Member—Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

QUALITY COUNTS

Quality and precision mixed concrete costs you no more than ordinary concrete. So, why not buy the best when you buy.

PRE-MIX CONCRETE CO.

Phone 620

Lover's Lane Leads Here . . .

Many times each month Knudtson's is the shopping place for, you guessed it, engagement and wedding rings. This time honored custom of presenting an engagement ring and the bride with a wedding ring leads many a male to the counters of jewelry stores all over the world.

Because these diamond rings have such an enconced place in our lives and because diamonds are so universally popular Knudtson's actually specialize in the study and grading of these gems. Knudtson's have one of the largest stocks of mounted and unmounted diamonds of any jewelry store in the west—more than 1,000 of these stones worth from \$30 to many thousands of dollars.

Your choice in a diamond is particularly important to you and Knudtson's honor that importance because they know that the fine jewelry of today is the heirloom of tomorrow. Engagement and wedding rings made by Knudtson's of Douglas County gold more than 60 years ago are still being worn today. Think of the memories and pride in those bits of gold.

Knudtson's are here to help you in choosing jewelry you wish to wear or give. No customer of Knudtson's was ever knowingly misinformed nor has any piece of merchandise been knowingly misrepresented—for more than 60 years. No wonder we are so proud of the reputation we hold—and these ethics and pride in craftsmanship are at work for you today just as they were for the pioneers of Douglas County.

Besides the well known brands of diamond rings such as Orange Blossom and Keepsake, Knudtson's specialize in designing diamond rings, right here in their own shop. You are invited to inquire about this special service and to see the display of diamonds offered.

Each diamond in stock is scientifically graded for quality, color, cut and brilliance to the internationally recognized standards of the American Gem Society.

