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YES, WE'RE LAZY

By Charles V. Stanton

Steel balls, eight feet in diameter, strung on two-inch wire cables, are being used to clear trees and brush from land soon to be flooded as a part of the reservoir behind Hungry Horse power and irrigation dam. Cables are being used to mow down the trees, but some device was necessary to keep them above stumps, left from previous logging operations. So a mechanically inclined person conceived the idea of four and one-half ton steel balls, strung on the cables like beads, thus keeping the line above stump level, while adding weight to the cutting operation. Power is furnished by huge tractors at each end of the 500-foot cable. As many as 200 acres of forest land have been cleared in four hours by this process.

We noticed in our favorite newspaper a picture of a jeep to which some ingenious G. I. had added a lot of special equipment used in unloading cargoes coming by airplane. By having this equipment mobile, the unloading process is speeded and simplified.

One of the country's foremost industrialists once reported that when his engineering department is stuck with some difficult process, it assigns the job to the laziest man in the plant. Invariably, within a couple of hours, the workman has found the simplest and easiest method of doing the job, usually a method the engineers overlooked because of its simplicity.

Inventions Speed Progress

American are an ingenious people. We're lazy people. A friend, returning from Europe, told of watching workmen laying a cobblestone pavement. Each stone was carefully selected and fitted into place. It was exceedingly slow, monotonous work. Few American workmen would labor that hard unless driven by necessity. Instead we invent machines—machines that will mix, pour and finish a whole roadbed in concrete at one operation.

We're not only a lazy people but we like to live well. So we invent machinery which gives production in tremendous volume, making possible low production costs, which, in turn, permit payment of good wages to workmen. Workmen, having a high rate of pay, are able to buy goods produced in our factories and thus keep up the production rate.

When anything causes this cycle of production and buying to be thrown out of balance, we have depressions or inflations, depending which way the balance is shifted.

Our economy, therefore, hinges upon our ingenuity—ingenuity making possible the indulgence of our laziness through employment of machines to do our heavy work, but thereby increasing production while simultaneously reducing costs.

The Montana inventor has found a new and faster way to clear land with less physical exertion. The G. I. in Japan has saved a lot of lifting, shoving and moving, by mounting equipment on a jeep. Lazy people are constantly inventing new machines and new methods to speed progress.

Ho hum!
Guess we'll go home and try to invent something that will eliminate all work.

In The Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

(Continued from page One)

critically important port of Pusan, which we have to hold at all costs if we are to stay in Korea. This range of hills, as you will note if you study your map with meticulous care, IS THE LAST HILLY GROUND BETWEEN THE BATTLE LINES AND THE PORT OF PUSAN.

If we lose it, we will be driven back out into the flatlands, and it is in the flatlands that tanks operate to the best advantage. THE RUSSIAN-BUILT TANKS USED BY THE KOREAN REDS HAVE OUR TANKS BADLY OUTRANGED.

As dawn broke this morning, down at the Southern tip of the Korean peninsula, the situation from the standpoint of our side was ticklish in the extreme.

Then—
At this tense moment, with the fate of our whole Korean campaign hanging perhaps in the balance—

THE TRANSPORTS CARRYING THE 2ND U. S. DIVISION OF MARINES, WHICH HAD BEEN PUSHED OUT OF CAMP PENDLETON DOWN NEAR SAN DIEGO SOME TWO WEEKS AGO, HOVE INTO SIGHT!!!

The first transport pulled up to the dock. The dispatches don't say so, but presumably Pusan was the place where the transports docked.

As the leathernecks, in full battle equipment, began to disembark, an American brass band ashore struck up THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, the immortal battle hymn of the marines, which stirs the hearer's blood like Dixie, or like the Marseillaise, whose strains over and over have turned impending French defeat into victory. I doubt if anyone has ever heard THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA without that quickening of the pulses, that rush of adrenalin into the blood, that puts fighting spirit

Ex-Eugene Girl Aims At Flagpole Sitting Record

SAN FRANCISCO — (AP) — A 23-year-old beauty operator is the latest aspirant for the world's flagpole sitting record.

The lady, Erma Leach, was lowered to her 65-foot perch at a used car lot by a helicopter Tuesday.

She was clad in a snug-fitting two-piece white bathing suit, but gave assurance she had more to her wardrobe.

If she can last out the 115-day sitting marathon, the used car

Little Plane Lead Big Ones

By HAL BOYLE

KOREA—(AP)—We sincerely hope our little air control mission did some good for the boys on the ground at the front.



HAL BOYLE

along with him to see how it's done.

Circling at 1500 feet 10 to 15 miles deep into enemy territory north of the Taejon-Yongdong-seemed deserted. I couldn't pick out Hwanggan road, the country a target.

The only vehicles I saw on the roads were already blackened, gutted and motionless.

But Morgan had the advantage of special training—and the radioed suggestions of ground and liaison officers with the infantry.

Over the radio I heard him call to four F-80 jets cruising high over us:

"There is a tank or field piece that seems to be firing from the village of Youngsong about 8 miles north of Yongdong—and they are getting some of our boys."

"Roger!" said the leader of the four jets.

There was some argument then about just where the village was.

We settled that by circling the target village several times until the jets came down from the heights and saw our unarmed spotter plane.

Then they struck. It was an awesome, splendid, terrible sight—bright young men in taut, slender machines, pouring death at 500 miles an hour into an old, old town occupied by disciples of a new tyranny.

But it was people's homes that erupted in flame as well as the enemy's secreted stores of machines and ammunition and fuel.

I thought of that as the Red torques leaped and the black smoke poured from places where folks were born, married and buried.

"Good work! You hit a fuel dump!" cried Morgan to the jets.

The jets then raked the town with rockets. They spent their last .50 caliber ammunition ripping another nearby village.

Suddenly Morgan let out a yelp. We wheeled and headed for base.

"I didn't mean to scare you," Morgan said over the interphone, "but the guerrillas were firing at us. I could see the red flashes from their guns."

A little later he offered this comment: "My home town is beautiful. I wish I was back there."

It. Morgan is a sensitive, fine man with two small boys at home. Back on the ground, he reported the destruction by the jets of two fuel dumps or tanks in one destroyed village and the blowing up of at least two hidden vehicles in another small fire town.

Locals

Picnic Dated — Knights of Pythias and Pythian Sisters will hold a joint picnic Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2 o'clock at Umpqua park. Coffee will be furnished.

Able To Have Callers — Carl Coleman, who has been ill at his home at 826 South Main street, Roseburg, since Saturday, is reported to be improved and now able to have friends call.

Visitors Leave — Mrs. Frank Pierce and Mrs. Margaret Elstead left Tuesday for their homes in Portland, following a week in Roseburg as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Kidder on North Stephens street.

To Attend Convention — The office of Dr. A. E. Dalros and Dr. M. C. Mix, Roseburg chiropractors, will be closed Saturday, Aug. 5, while the doctors attend the convention in Portland. They will be back in their office Monday, Aug. 7.

Camp Articles — Many articles left at Camp Tye may be claimed by Camp Fire Girls and Bluebirds at the Camp Fire office at Miller's department store, according to Miss Barbara Lou Kitt, executive secretary.

Back From Portland — Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shriver have returned to their home in Roseburg, following a week in Portland attending to business. Mr. Shriver is in charge of the roofing and insulation departments of Denn-Gerretsen company.

Reservations Asked — Wives of Rotarians are invited to attend the 7 o'clock dinner of Rotary Ann's Monday night, Aug. 7, at Carl's Haven. Those planning to attend are asked to make reservations by Saturday morning, Aug. 5, by calling Mrs. Schell at 305-R-4.

PEO Picnic Dated — Chapter B1 of the PEO Sisterhood picnic will be held Tuesday, Aug. 8, at 6:30 o'clock at the summer place of Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morgan at Winchester. Mrs. H. N. Jacobson will be co-hostess with Mrs. Morgan. Those attending are asked to bring a basket lunch and their table service. The hostesses will furnish the dessert.

At Voeller Home — Mrs. H. Voeller of Portland is spending several weeks in Roseburg visiting her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Voeller, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard A. Lindell and Mrs. Leonard A. Lindell and Mrs. Jerry and Allen of Gridley, Calif., are expected to arrive here this week for a few days visit at the Voeller home. Mrs. Lindell and Mrs. Voeller are sisters.

What Next?



Reunion Dated—The annual day, Aug. 6, at the Drain Community hall at 12:30 o'clock. Coffee and cream will be furnished. Members of the family and friends are invited.

Scrap from the MENDING BASKET

By Viannett S. Martin

Singing Fiddles is a well-told story of the early days of the Oregon mission and its leader, Jason Lee. It interested me because its author is now an Oregonian living in Yaquina bay; also because its hero journeys down into the Umpqua valley below the Elk.

Singing Fiddles (Arcadia House, N. Y. 1950) was written as a result of four years of research by Ann Tedlock Brooks. She pored over old diaries and documents, and then using the accumulated fact as a background she wrote in an interesting story quite fictional but realistic. It could have happened, one thinks.

Mrs. Brooks was born in Kansas and taught school there; then she lived in St. Louis where she wrote three historical novels dealing with the Mississippi river: Smoke on the River, Paddle Wheels Churning, and Smoke on the River. She is at present engaged on an historical novel about the Yaquina bay area where she lives. While we were in Newport recently the Newport News was running serially a story, Love Comes Laughing, by Mrs. Brooks, in which the characters and locale were of the area.

Singing Fiddles is the story of a lovely girl deeply in love with a young doctor. There is another girl not so lovely who is enamored of Dr. Hunt and unscrupulous in her determination to break up the love affair. There is much about the Hudson Bay Company and the famous Dr. Loughlin; and sympathetic portrayals of the rigors and the devoted selflessness of the early day missionaries.

"My purpose," writes Mrs. Brooks in her foreword, "is to present the tale of the missionary as the founder of the Northwest of American."

Indeed, as one reads, one wonders at the great courage, the deep piety, the unflinching facing of the uncertainties of frontier life, with which the men and women of those early days met each day's demands upon them.

The Whitmans, the Lees, and the others are lovingly pictured. Singing Fiddles renews in us a realization of how much this great Northwest owes to the early day heroes and heroines called missionaries.



JAMES WILLIAM WHITLAW

son of Mrs. Edna P. Whitlaw of Los Angeles, Calif., was enlisted July 29 in the U. S. navy, through the local recruiting office in the armory. Whitlaw has been living with his uncle, E. W. Pierson, at Brockway. He attended school in California. (Staff Photo)

QUICK FOODS

for SUMMER SNACKS

JUST HEAT and SERVE

for MENU MAGIC

HOT? Why bother cooking over a hot stove? Just visit Red & White's "heat and eat" department. Here you will find a variety of suggestions for quickly prepared foods. Tempting appetizing ideas that will do justice to any menu. Treat the family tonight!

SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY & SATURDAY AUGUST 4-5

OUR VALUE	303 Tins
CUT GREEN BEANS	2 For 29¢
OUR VALUE	303 Tins
PHEASANT WHOLE KERNEL CORN	2 For 25¢
OUR VALUE	303 Tins
PEAS	2 For 25¢
LYNDEN	16 oz. Jar
Chicken & Noodles . . .	33¢
Chicken Fricassee	99¢

Sunshine HYDROX COOKIES

12 oz.

35¢

Sunshine Orange Slices

16 oz. pkg.

25¢

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

15¢

Lynden RAVIOLIS

16 Oz.

2 For 35¢

RED & WHITE COFFEE

1 lb. 2 lbs.

79¢ \$1.57

LUX for fine washables

27¢

RINSO with SOLIUM the "Sunlight" ingredient

Large Pkg. 27¢

Giant Pkg. 55¢

LUX Soap Beauty care of the Screen Stars

Reg. 3 for 23¢

2 For 23¢

SPRY with CAKE-IMPROVER

89¢