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COULD USE SOME HELP

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Many people have been asking us recently what has happened to Roseburg's Municipal band.

We can't provide a suitable answer, except that community support is lacking.

A few of the "old faithfuls" have stayed together. For the most part they are past the marching stage. While ready and willing to turn out for any worthwhile purpose, they usually travel on the bed of a truck.

A truck is no place for a band.

A band belongs on foot. It needs flashy uniforms, a tall drum major in a high shako and a bevy of young and beautiful gals in scanty, glittering costumes to twirl batons as they strut to the tempo of stirring march tunes.

Or a band needs a shelled platform, where, under soft, diffused lights, it plays its concerts before an appreciative audience spread out on a croquet lawn, with frolicking children occupying the foreground and drowning out the delicate obbligato.

Roseburg has long been noted for its music. In the very early days of its history it had a band. Many old-time residents can still produce pictures of the mustachioed dandies of the silver cornet bands of years long gone.

About the turn of the century, the late F. H. Applehoff not only directed a band, but also had a top-notch orchestra and a large chorus.

In the first quarter of the century Roseburg bands were widely known—and they were good bands. They played numerous out-of-town engagements at festivals, fairs and various shows. They went to several of the state fairs upon invitation.

Roseburg once boasted an annual Strawberry festival, and we have been told that a near revolution occurred when the Oregon Agricultural college (as it was then known) was invited to send its student band to the festival. Residents felt the home town band had been insulted. We understand, however, that the college band made a big hit, people decided two bands were better than one, even though the college boys weren't as good as the hometowners, and a repeat invitation was extended.

Schools Take Limelight

The municipal band, however, had begun to show signs of age and deterioration along in the late 'teens, when "Dad" Wright appeared on the scene to organize Roseburg's first school band. Interest rapidly transferred to the school organization. Quickly we built up outstanding school bands which have continued to be of exceptional quality throughout the intervening years.

But as the school bands have grown, the Municipal band has gone downhill—not in quality but in numbers.

Maybe it is costing Pop so much to keep Junior interested in the school band that the Old Man can't afford a horn of his own. Perhaps we're so used to riding around in automobiles that we don't take kindly to the thought of marching a few hot miles in a parade. But more probably we don't have a big municipal band simply because we aren't interested enough to provide the uniforms, music and encouragement.

Surely, taking into account all the students who have been graduated from high school bands in the past years, we must have a wealth of talent available. We should be in a position to recruit a large and excellently trained municipal band.

The stirring music presented from the rodeo bandstand seems, from the inquiries we have received, to have aroused some local interest. These warm nights cause people to long for the weekly band concerts which in former years filled Library park.

We can be most appreciative of those music lovers who still serve despite discouragement and handicaps. They can turn out some mighty fine music—even from the bed of a truck. We only wish we could recruit more faithful music lovers.

Maybe if we gave them the kind of support they deserve, we would be surprised how Roseburg's reputation for outstanding bands could be revived.

Scrap from the
MENDING BASKET

By Vinnett Martin

There comes a time when a wife gets tired of waiting for a husband to take a hint, or do an errand. Maybe she calls in a neighbor handyman, as I did down in California, to "build me a good big cupboard right outside that side door. We don't need a side door half as much as I need more storage space. The boys hang their back, or vice versa. There will be one less door to bang."

Oh, what a store-closet that was! EJ, when he recovered from the shock, turned to with a paint brush and a nightmarish to keep clear. Now and did the inside in white enamel with blue edges on the shelves. I had 300 jars of fruit and vegetables from our own garden, or from ranch trucks that stopped at the door ("apricots, lady? Only \$1.50 a lug... ah!) also tennis rackets, sleeping bags, and goodness knows what all. Guests used to look dazed when they opened that door expecting to find themselves outdoors. I lined the glass in the door with ivy paper.

Here I already had the room. What I wanted was shelves. I was using makeshift shelves of table leaves and bricks, and boxes, or else the Indian idea of interior arrangement, stuff setting around the edge. I had asked EJ to bring me some orange crates. He thought even in a store-room there should be shelves "properly made" (but when?). I had a little talk with

the grocer. Said he, "I'll see EJ brings you some orange crates." He did, too! (Thanks, Mr. Ritter.) EJ has been telling me quite a while, when I'd be hunting something that a person should "have a place for everything." My writing "clutter" (his term for what accumulates when you write a daily column) has been here and there; behind books, in a box under the bed, back of clothes in a closet. I always caught my braids on a button or hook when I'd delve in that last one. The desk has been a place for everything. Now I have a place for everything. I am endeavoring to do "one thing at a time" as husbands tell us women should do.

Yesterday when he came in I was not trying to write this column with one eye on the clock, one eye on the range to watch what was cooking. I was upstairs, blissfully doing one thing at a time. But—alas, I lost track of the time. I had eight letters to show for my efforts, all done "one at a time." But downstairs, although there was no "clutter," no table was set, and on the range—nothing cooking!

In Austria where rooms and meals cost as little as \$2 a day, tourists can enjoy mountain climbing and good skiing in the Austrian Alps all year round.

Busy Day At The Bank



In The Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

(Continued from Page 1)

try, it would be gone for good so far as our side is concerned. Russia thereafter would get the Iranian oil and our side would do without it.

As background on the British Iranian oil ruckus, here is an interesting little dispatch from London:

"The Anglo-Iranian Oil company, whose properties in Iran are being seized under a new Iranian nationalization law, declared a dividend of 25 percent today.

"THIS BRINGS DIVIDENDS FOR THE COMPANY'S FISCAL YEAR TO 30 PERCENT, the same as in the preceding 12 months."

Thirty percent dividends are pretty stiff. That means that every three and a third years you get your whole capital investment back out of profit.

It seems to me that if the British had been content with smaller profits on their Iranian oil business and HAD PAID IRAN MORE FOR THE OIL, THAT COMES OUT OF IRANIAN GROUND, they might not be in such a nasty jam now.

Here's something to remember: The BRITISH GOVERNMENT (which, by the way, is a socialist government) owns half of the Anglo-Iranian Oil company. These 30 per cent dividends, you see, haven't been due wholly to the greed of PRIVATE British investors.

The British government has been a party to it.

Personally, I admire the British, and I've liked and respected most

of the Britishers I've known. In the world of today, this is a flat fact.

The British are our natural allies. They are tough and dependable. Their word, once given, is good. You can rely on them. In a nasty, bloody, dangerous fight, when every chip we've both got is on the table, we can be comfortably sure they won't run out on us.

BUT—The British have always been believers in LONG PROFITS. It is probably that the most fabulously profitable concern on earth was the Hudson's Bay Company in its heyday. The Hudson's Bay Company was a government-licensed monopoly. Its records have always been kept a close secret, but enough has leaked out to make it fairly plain that in the big days of the fur business its stockholders expected to get their investment back in about ONE year.

It's worth remembering that we split with the British because they insisted on buying the raw materials of the 13 original colonies at LOW prices and manufacturing them into finished products to be sold back to the colonists at HIGH prices.

I think maybe it would be a good idea if the British could be made to realize that the days of such profits are OVER. Big volume and small profits per unit is the motto of modern business.

We've led the world in that direction, and we're probably going to have to get over to our allies, the British, the fact that LONG PROFITS at the expense of other people are a relic of the past.

After A Year Of Korea's Yo-Yo War, The Question Is: "Where Do We Go?"

By SUMNER AHLBUM

A year ago this June the great American summer exodus was getting under way. President Truman was spending a sultry Saturday afternoon back home in Missouri. Since the end of World War II, we had been living in an atomic age, and if anybody was thinking about war at the moment, it probably was in terms of pushbuttons and swift retaliation by air.

That afternoon—it was just before Sunday dawn in the Far East—a war began on Korea's 38th parallel. Nobody here exactly called it a war. There were no push buttons, either an as it turned out, there was no swift retaliation.

When we go into it, alone at first but almost immediately under the United Nations flag, nobody was quite sure where we were going. The idea seemed to be to push the Communist invaders of South Korea back to the 38th parallel again.

Six months after the strange war—that was not a war started, it began to look almost as if we were not going anywhere. We had almost been pushed off the Korean peninsula; we had recovered and moved deep into North Korea, far beyond the arbitrary 38th parallel; and we had been shoved back again while green troops talked about "bugging out."

Now we have recovered again. Over ridges and rice fields littered with dead Chinese Communists, we have forged our way back up the peninsula to a curving line that is mostly north of the 38th. Our troops are no longer green, and morale is high.

We have taken a terrible toll of North Korean Reds and the Chinese Communists who joined them. But we have paid heavily, too; after a year of fighting, our casualties, the number of men, ships and planes in combat, and the cost in dollars is greater than in

the first year of our war against Japan.

But in that war, our policy was clear; there was no doubt where we were going.

In this one, even our immediate victory seems indecisive. We are talking about peace—anxiously, in fact. There are reports that Russia is talking about it, too, but nobody knows how seriously. Meantime, there are plenty more Red Chinese in North Korea, still more across the Yalu River in Manchuria. Apparently they are no less willing to die than the divisions already "clobbered" by the UN.

Meantime, there have been long, drawn-out hearings in Washington. There seems to be less talk about tomorrow than about yesterday, not only in Korea but in the whole Far East.

Where do we go from here? After a whole year, we have built up our defenses, taken ships and planes out of mothballs, put new men in uniform—but we have nothing that looks like a policy for Korea, which is where the fighting is going on.

It seems high time the administration and Congress got together, and made a decision. The way it shapes up at the moment, if peace were to come in Korea tomorrow, we wouldn't know what to do about that, either.

The average U. S. motorist pays 66 cents in taxes every time he buys 10 gallons of gasoline.



RAYMOND R. HELMS, 19, above, recently enlisted in the U.S. marine corps. He will leave July 12 for San Diego. The son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Helms of Idleyd, he was graduated from Glendale high school this year. (Picture by Miller-Moderne Studio)

AFL To Tighten OK On Political Job Candidates

KLAMATH FALLS — (P) — The turning tide against endorsements of candidates for political office by organized labor was expressed again by J. D. McDonald of Portland, president of the Oregon Federation of Labor, as he opened the 48th annual federation convention here.

Some 400 delegates were present at the opening formalities, and many others were expected to be registered later.

McDonald, in his opening address, recommended "for the general success of the labor movement" the federation take a definite stand against political endorsements and devise ways and means of publicizing the records for public office.

Then, McDonald advocated, unions should rely on the good judgment of rank and file members to select the political candidates best qualified to care for labor's interests.

The federation president also took notice of academic theorists and big business, which he said are presently dictating the economic control of policies of the federal government.

A few large banking systems and insurance companies helped form the Office of Price Stabilization, McDonald said, and OPS controls create false scarcities of supply by discouraging production and free distribution, force black marketing and may compel many small businesses to close because of lack of merchandise.

He advocated that Congress devise ways and means of increasing production and force free distribution, rather than using controls to whip inflation and protect individual initiative.

Flaming Plane Crash Fatal To Crop Duster

KLAMATH FALLS — (P) — A man tentatively identified as Harold McPherson, Midland rancher, was burned to death by the cockpit of a crop duster plane here.

The plane crashed in a clover field on the Klamath Falls airport and burned before anyone saw it. The pilot was charred beyond recognition, but firefighters at the airport said they believed it was McPherson.

'Progressive Education' Due To Yield To Basic Studies, Likely Hickory Stick, Too

By DOROTHY ROE
Associated Press Women's Editor

What do U.S. boys and girls learn in school?

This question is absorbing the attention of a growing number of parents, business men and other interested groups. A recent survey by the *New York Times* revealed a shocking lack of knowledge of American geography among U.S. college students. The survey, based on a list of questions given to college students throughout the country, showed that many would be unable to make a passing grade in a sixth grade geography test.

Simple questions such as the location and population of the ten largest U. S. cities showed college seniors with only the vaguest notion of the size, shape or characteristics of the land they live in.

A previous survey by the same newspaper brought similar results in a quiz on American history.

A recent article in this column on poor spelling among secretaries brought a flood of mail, both pro and con.

A number of secretaries wrote in to point out the difference between secretaries and the common garden variety of stenographers. It must have been the latter, they said, who didn't know how to spell.

Several teachers wrote to obtain the test word list given in a secretarial training course conducted by a large New York corporation, regularly flunked by 50 percent of the secretarial aspirants.

Example From Florida

Now comes a letter from Dr. L. J. Graves of Tallahassee, Fla., who writes:

"Dear Miss Roe: "I read your recent article about graduates of high schools being poor spellers.

"Dr. Richard Jordan gave tests to 372 freshmen students at the school after matriculation. He says the tests 'showed that students who took science in high school knew scarcely more about it than those who didn't.'"

"Mathematics has been given a back seat. History apparently is not taught very impressively. "What are the students taught in our high schools? Apparently the same trouble prevails all over the United States. Is this due to our so-called 'progressive methods and liberal education'?"

I don't know the answers asked by Dr. Graves. But I do think a lot of such questions are inspiring educators all over the country to re-examine teaching systems.

Discipline Also Lacking

Already there is a return movement about for the strictness to the old readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic routine of the little red schoolhouse of fond memory. Also a new respect for the hickory stick is beginning to appear in some quarters.

The so-called "progressive" schools seem to be fewer, and parents are seeking institutions of learning where discipline is recognized as a necessary part of educating the young.

There still are those, however, who believe that if Johnny doesn't like to read, he shouldn't be forced to learn. Or that if Mary hates arithmetic, she needn't learn to add. What will happen to these young unfortunates when they go into the cold, cruel world of adults and have to read road signs or count change from their dollars, the "progressive education" addicts always fail to say.

The pendulum is due for a swing back to some of the old-fashioned virtues, both in education and in adult attitudes.

Most of the American people are rediscovering the value of old-fashioned patriotism. A look at what some of our recently popular "isms" have done to the world has

Law Halts Bibliomaniac Who Never Read Books

LONDON — (P) — Sydney Wordsworth was so crazy about books he wanted to line the walls of his cottage with them. He nearly succeeded — until the law stepped in.

The 57-year-old factory hand spent most of his 3 pound 10 shillings (\$15.40) weekly salary, plus a nestegg of 500 pounds (\$1,400) on books.

The Wordsworth library grew to 3,000 volumes and its owner ran out of money. But he wanted still more.

In magistrate's court, Wordsworth pleaded guilty to stealing five books from a London stall. But Magistrate Paul Bennett let him off with a warning to curb his obsession.

Wordsworth told the court his eyesight was nearly gone. He had never read any of the 3,000 books he'd acquired through the years.

Air Force Guard Found Shot With Own Weapon

LARSON AIR FORCE BASE — (P) — The death of an air force private on guard duty Saturday was reported by authorities.

The victim was Pvt. Robert Harold Weise, 18, whose mother, Mrs. Goldie A. Lemke, lives at Fond Du Lac, Wis.

Air force officials said Weise, a member of the air police, was standing guard at a base outpost when he asked by telephone to be relieved for lunch.

The corporal of the guard found his body at the post 12 minutes later. The 45 caliber pistol he carried had been discharged. The shooting was described after an investigation as accidental.

IF your New Year has not been delivered by 4:15 p.m., phone 2-2431 between 4:15 and 7 p.m.

Ex-WSC Grid Player Dies In Apartment Fire

OSWEGO, Ore. — (P) — Michael L. (Mike) Moran, fullback for Washington State college 36 years ago, died here, trapped in the bedroom of his blazing Lakeshore apartment.

He was alone when the fire broke out. His wife was at Corvallis attending a special summer school, and his son, Michael Jr., a University of Oregon law student, was in Portland. A daughter, Nancy, is employed in the U. S. consulate in Indonesia.

FINISHES OLD-TIMER

SYDNEY — (P) — A man recently shot an Australian crocodile which was living before white people first settled here in 1788.

The crocodile was perhaps 200 years old. Its hide was 23 ft. long and 5 ft. across. Jim Doyle, professional shooter, killed the crocodile in the East Alligator river in the Northern Territory. Doyle said the crocodile recently attacked eight of his horses while they drank. He had to destroy four of them. Doyle sold the hide in Darwin for about \$33.

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The fine men you see sitting up in locomotives' cabs, heaving coal, setting switches and punching tickets aren't ordinary workers. They're transportation specialists, chosen to perform highly-important jobs. Old Joe, who's been pulling those heavy freights for 40 years. Happy Bill who's been on his run since this town started. Faithful Fred who's been brak'ing' just Lord knows when. These are family men, good citizens, excellent providers. Casey Jones has been immortalized in song and story because he and ALL railroad men typify the ever-rolling' ramblin' caboose-and-cab-lovin' personalities so important in our lives. ALL ABOARD!
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