

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the

News-Review Company, Inc.

Entered as second class matter May 1, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1925.

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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, Denver.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$12.00; six months, \$6.50; three months, \$3.75. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$13.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$4.00.

By News-Review Carrier—Per Year, \$12.00 (in advance), less than one year, per month, \$1.25.

STATE TITLE GAMES

Charles V. Stanton

As predicted in this column recently, Douglas County's American Legion Juniors are on their way to the state baseball championship. Only one more hurdle—and it's a tough one—lies ahead, the series with The Dalles, victor over Porter-Scarpelli, Portland. The Portland team, composed of players from Grant high school, is coached by Barney Koch, former Roseburg mentor and popular local player for a couple of seasons with the Chiefs and later with Drain's Black Sox.

Our team, which is listed as representing Roseburg, includes players from Glide and Camas Valley. It is one of the strongest in late years, particularly in the pitching department, having three ace hurlers in Jerry Droscher, Dick Smith and Bill Oerding. It also is a better-than-average hitting team.

Although competition gets tougher with each series, our Legion Juniors have been meeting each challenge with skill and determination.

The state championship is at stake in the next series. Arrangements now are being made for the games, two of which are expected to be played on Finlay Field in Roseburg.

It is to be hoped that local fans will show their interest in the team by turning out for these forthcoming games.

Good Prospects For Future

I find I was in error when I previously expressed worries over next year's team. The squad, I am told, will be intact except for three members, Fred Hargis, shortstop; Gene Polley, outfielder; and Dick Crenshaw, pitcher. With this year's experience of playing together, and given replacement for the three lost from the squad, next year's team should go far.

It is to be hoped, however, that more eligible boys will turn out next season to try for the team and to gain experience for coming years.

American Legion junior baseball has become an important factor in our national pastime. Legion teams are carefully scouted by the big leagues, and records of superior players are under constant scrutiny. A boy demonstrating ability in American Legion ball is considered a prospect for professional baseball and a possible career and fortune in the game. A majority of today's major league greats made their starts under American Legion sponsorship.

The Legion's baseball activity began shortly after World War I when the veterans' organization saw an opportunity to do something for the nation's youngsters. Each American Legion post was urged to set up a baseball committee and to organize a team. Rules were established, state supervision provided, and schedules set for state, regional and national championships.

Financial Aid Given

Roseburg's Umpqua Post, No. 16, has participated in this program since its inception. Many fine teams have been turned out. Several players have gone into professional ball from this area as a result of experience gained in Legion play.

The financial burden was a strain on the Post in the early days. Committee members, as I well know, having served as a committee member for several years, had to dig into their pockets to pay deficits.

Major leagues later came to the rescue with cash appropriations to aid the program nationally. More recently the Ford Motor Company has cooperated with the American Legion by providing uniforms and assisting with equipment and cash. But much expense is still involved. Home gate receipts are very important in keeping the program strong. Local games this season were not overly well attended, although the crowd has grown as the team climbed the ladder toward the state title.

We have a chance this week, or this weekend, depending upon when the games are scheduled, to show our appreciation to the Legion Post, the cooperating sponsors and, most important, to the players themselves, by filling the stands for the first of the championship contests.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—Curbstone reflections on women by a pavement Plato:

The biggest mistake a woman can make is to try always to be utterly charming or perfectly beautiful . . . men may claim they admire perfection, but if they do it is only in heaven . . . on earth it frightens them.

A wise woman will follow the example of the old Chinese rug-makers who traditionally wove a slight imperfection into their colorful carpet patterns to show they realized perfection is for gods, not mankind . . . a woman who is always coldly and divinely beautiful pays a penalty . . . men yield her the same esteem they do a classic statue, but they don't marry statues . . . they marry girls with freckles and warts.

(Editor's Note: You've heard of leg men? Boyle's the 20th century's leading wart admirer.)

Most men today really realize women are stronger than they are, yet in their hearts they pity women . . . they don't feel women actually get as much real fun out of living as they do . . . motherhood isn't the worst ordeal of womanhood . . . to a man the thing he would hate most if he were a woman would be the necessity of having to look at his own face in the mirror so many times a day . . . how do women stand it?

Any man who won't admit he is secretly more attracted by a beautiful redhead than by a blonde or brunette is either a liar . . . or else married to a redhead . . . any career woman who brags she never depends on sex appeal to help her get ahead probably doesn't have enough to depend on anyway.

Toussled Touch Helps

Women are least physically attractive when they are most dressed up . . . office girls are most feminine when they come to work in a long light skirt and blouse . . . but a tousled touch helps romance (as every boss knows) . . . that's why more men propose marriage on picnics than in crowded ballrooms.

Proper facial expression is an aspect of beauty most women overlook . . . the chilly mask-like stare affected in public by so many otherwise smart-looking women has often been commented on by foreign visitors, and it is indeed an American tragedy . . . for it reflects not only a woman's fondly believed, but inward uncertainty . . . few things really please a man more than seeing a woman every now and then break out with an honest belly laugh . . . he loves her on sight . . . but he won't love her very long if she laughs that way every other moment . . . it's her change of pace that gets him.

Sarcasm Despised

The woman who annoys men most is one who never will do her fair share of pushing in a revolving door . . . but the most frustrating thing to a man is to court a girl who isn't ticklish. It isn't true that men are afraid to marry intelligent women.

That's Where the Tall Corn Grows



In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

rope's imagination has been sparked by our President's offer. European newspapers are describing the plan with such words as GRATIFYING . . . GRAND . . . ASTONISHING . . . and somewhat BIZARRE.

It isn't bizarre. It is a brilliant, dramatic move on the chessboard of the cold war. It is an adaptation to diplomacy of the sound military maxim that a good offensive is the best defense.

Hitherto the communists have sprung all the new stuff—all the surprises—leaving us constantly on the defensive, like the small boy who is outmaneuvered in a dispute and can say nothing better than "It ain't so."

It has turned the tables. He has put the bee on the Russians instead of permitting them again to put the bee on us.

This question, of course, arises: Is our President's proposal DANGEROUS?

Would it be turning our military secrets over to our enemies?

Let's be realistic about it. We KNOW that if we exchanged actual blueprints those the communists sent us would be spies. We have no confidence in them. Their record has been such that we CANNOT have any confidence in them.

But—Will their fabulous spy system, the communists' probe that knows plenty about our military system. Witness their success in getting our secrets of the atom bomb. Our great strength lies in the ability of our industrial system to outproduce the communist industrial system—and they know it. Even if the communists accepted like's proposal—which is doubtful—we wouldn't be giving away much.

More jottings from the notebook: The Highway 30 route up the Columbia passes Cello Falls—the ancestral fishing grounds of all the Indian tribes of this Northwestern country. The mighty dams that are slacking the Great River's waters from Bonneville to Lewiston and pouring a constantly swelling stream of kilowatts into the industrial economy of the Columbia Basin are doing something else. The are DROWNING OUT these ancient fishing spots where the original inhabitants came at the season of the salmon runs to get their traditional ration of fish to tide them over the winter season. Honoring its plight, given in solemn treaties, our government is BUYING OUT these historic rights. The price is currently said to average out at about \$4,000 per remaining Indian.

It's a lot of money, and it will come out of the taxpayers' pockets. You hear some cynical cracks about it.

But—Our ancestors took away this land—along with its fish and its game—from the ancestors of these Indians whose inherited rights are being paid for by the government of the United States. I'll pay my share of the taxes involved in the transaction without complaint. I'm glad to live in a country whose government honors its given word.

... they merely dislike intelligent women who are unintelligent enough to say sarcastic things about a man's faults . . . men secretly despise sarcasm in a woman more than they do untidiness in her.

No man is truly afraid of any woman unless she kills a trapped mouse in his presence. For some reason this so frightens him that unless he has long been married to her, he will pack his bag and run away from home at once and never, never come back.

Bruce Biossat

It's a long time between fish. All a guy can do is sit there and think. The opportunity is so rare that the thoughts should be profound.

But probably they get around to something like computing the chances of catching anything worth while.

First, there's the gamble of even getting away from the family and wetting a line. That happens about 12 times a year so you start with odds of 12 to 365 against you.

Then proceed to the chance of getting the right lake where the big buster waits for you. Let's see, how many lakes in the United States? They call Minnesota the "land of the 10,000 lakes" just for one single state. Must be 100,000 to 1 odds there, anyway.

There's little chance of not getting a boat or breaking an oar when you get to the lake. If you use an outboard, they're almost infallible these days. You're way ahead here.

But finding the right hole is another thing. Twenty feet can make a whopping difference. Fellow fishermen are free with advice but they always keep the best spots as secret as the amount of their pay check.

Are the fish there that particular day? The weather can have them loafing out deep or picking their teeth under a lily somewhere else. Are you going to drop your tackle box and scare every fish within a mile?

Then, for a fish to bite he's got to be hungry. When you see a big torpedo idly finning his way past your boat you think they never eat.

Next there's the case of just the right bait. That goes right down to the precise minnow or worm, for frequently a fisherman can see his adversary come dashing up to the hook then back away like a pedestrian from a panhandler.

Pertinent Questions: Will he miss when he strikes? Will the anxious fisherman jerk the hook away from him when he tries to hook him? Will he toss the hook and become the big one that got away?

What are the odds on getting him from the water beside the boat over the gunwale? Will it be a keeper? How many out of 1000 fish jump out after being once in the boat and unhooked? How many stringers or burlap bags are lost off the sides of boats on the way home?

Call the insurance company statistical departments. All these odds must be stupendous. One little night crawler in all that water? Poof.

Consider the fisherman to discover the amazing nature of the human being and to understand why, of all the species including fish, he has become the lord of the globe. He keeps in there, persistently ignoring the odds, dangling his sad little pink worms, flicking his silly feathers through the water, dunking his implausible costume jewelry lures instead of just going home and lying in a darkened room with a cold wet cloth on his forehead.

What was that? A BITE!

Nothing Settled At Geneva

Wrangling May Extend For Years Unless Powers Agree On Major Issues

By JAMES MARLOW
Associated Press News Analyst
WASHINGTON (AP)—The world would like to think, because this may have been the last big chance for peace, that the Geneva conference was a success and that good will come of it. And maybe it will.

But the realistic fact is that the Big Four meeting so far has proved nothing except that men who have been in conflict a long time can be polite when they get together, if they have a mind to. The test of the worth of the conference is in the future when the big powers have time to do something — by agreements and concessions — about what they only talked of in Switzerland.

There were no tangible deeds at Geneva. Nothing was settled. Nothing was solved. This was neither a disappointment nor a surprise. The Big Four indicated beforehand they expected no final solutions in Switzerland.

Their proclaimed purpose in meeting was to look for a path to peace through the relationship established at Geneva. Any settlements, flowing from that relationship, would have to be made later.

Cordiality Astonishes
All last week the words which poured out of Geneva reflected almost astonishment that President Eisenhower and the Prime Ministers, Eden of Britain, Faure of France and Bulganin of Russia, got along as well as they did.

It would have been more astonishing if they didn't. Even if their purpose in going to Geneva had been bad instead of good, all four men would have had to wear their best Sunday manners anyway.

Anyone who acted ugly would have appeared to the world as an enemy of mankind. And in the end of world opinion, and even opinion in their own countries, men help the scales between the West and Russia.

Eisenhower publicly acknowledged that the test of the conference was not in Geneva but in the future.

The average U.S. farm uses 363 kwh of electricity a month.

Murder Suspect Loses Liberty Bid

OAKLAND, Calif. (AP)—Burton Abbott failed Monday in his first bid for freedom from the jail where he has been held since the body of 14-year-old Stephanie Bryant was found in a Trinity County hillside grave last Wednesday night.

The 27-year-old University of California student, accused of the mystery-shrouded crime, was denied a writ of habeas corpus asked for on grounds that:

1. He didn't kill the girl.
2. The case should be transferred to Trinity County where the decomposed body of the beaten school girl was found nearly three months after she disappeared.

Abbott's attorney said his primary concern was the transfer rather than the release. He announced he would appeal.

Abbott and his attorneys said any blood spots found on the overalls and leather jacket he wore on a Trinity County trip could have come from fish he caught and cleaned in the mountains.

Rioting Still Besets Morocco

MEKNES, French Morocco (AP)—At least five Moroccans were killed and 19 wounded in clashes Monday between police and nationalist demonstrators.

The nationalists had turned out for the first visit to North central Morocco of the North African protectorate's new French resident general, Gilbert Grandval.

The demonstrators carried the red, green-starred flag of the Moroccan "empire" and shouted for the return of ex-Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef, exiled to Madagascar two years ago because of his nationalist sympathies.

Fires broke out at many places in the Arab quarter of Meknes and the rioting continued sporadically.

The number of dead was thought to be higher than announced. Demonstrators in Morocco often take their dead and wounded with them rather than let them fall into the hands of the authorities.

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