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KEY TO PROSPERITY

Charles V. Stanton

Shortly after the First World War this country entered upon what was known as the "Golden Age of Advertising."

During the war years we had expanded our production capacity. The assembly line had just come into general use in the industrial field. We had learned that machines could replace hand labor, increasing production and cutting cost. We were producing more than our markets could absorb.

Industry and business undertook to dispose of its surplus production by advertising. Within a short time advertising became competitive and developed into an art and a science.

We also learned at that time that by increasing production, thus furnishing more employment, we could improve ability to buy goods. As more workmen made more money, they could buy more merchandise. We also learned that by advertising we could increase the desire of the public to buy the things we were producing.

We carried the theory a little too far. Enthused by prosperity, we accumulated vast debts through installment buying and paper credits. Our financial structure couldn't stand the pressure. It broke its seams and collapsed. We experienced the Great Depression.

Advertising Is Key

From the experiences of those times, however, we learned a great deal. We learned how credit controls can act as a governor between production and markets. We learned that a higher wage level and better working and living standards bolster consumer demand and stimulate a healthy production.

But the key to prosperity, we learned, is to be found in advertising.

Automobile manufacturers currently are spending many millions of dollars for advertising space in newspapers and magazines, time on radio, and programs on television.

What does this advertising mean to you?

You own an automobile and probably are thinking of buying a newer model — if not this year, maybe next year. If automobile concerns stopped advertising, stopped tempting you with new models, better motors, automotive improvements, etc., you would be less inclined to turn in the old model.

Automobile sales would drop. Manufacturers would discharge many workers. Idle workers are not prospects for new cars.

With fewer sales, manufacturers would have to raise prices. Many prospective buyers couldn't afford a car at a higher price, so they would keep on driving their old cars. This would make another cut in sales, and produce more unemployment. The cycle would keep on repeating until only the very wealthy could afford an automobile. Our high standard of living would be affected and we would enter a severe economic recession.

Means More Jobs

The automotive industry has been used as an illustration. Any other branch of industry or manufacture could have been named as an example.

In our economy two important factors operate to keep prices down, produce more jobs, preserve a high standard of living, and maintain prosperity. Those two factors are mass production and competition. Neither mass production nor competition is possible without advertising.

During the past year advertising reached new heights. More money was spent to create buyer demand than ever before. Last year also was our most prosperous year.

This week is being celebrated as Advertising Recognition Week. The importance of advertising is being stressed. Few people realize, perhaps, that, without advertising, the cost of everything you buy would be much higher, while income and living standards would drop materially.

The newspaper is the principal medium used in advertising. Out of the average advertising dollar, 33 cents goes to newspapers, 10 cents to television, 8 cents to magazines and 7 cents to radio. The newspaper thus is playing an important part, through its advertising columns, toward maintenance of prosperity and your standard of living.

We invite you to use newspaper advertising.

Hal Boyle

DENVER (AP) — There is a light that can fly like a flag in a boy's eyes, and the U. S. Air Force here is holding a match to that light.

It is doing it at Lowry Field No. 2, where it is establishing the third of America's service academies, one equal (and the airman naturally hope superior) to West Point or Annapolis.

Here on an area of a field formerly devoted to the study of the guided missile, the professional "fly boys" of our nation's defenses have set up temporarily a prestige school of their own.

From the rude wooden, two-story frame houses in which they are presently quartered they have scheduled themselves quickly to create a professional school for young airmen which will have the class, prestige, and solid educational background previously provided only by the other two older service academies.

To perpetuate itself as a separate defense arm, the Air Force must create its own separate tradition, as the Army and Navy did before it, and this it is doing.

By the end of the summer of 1934 the Air Force hopes to have built, God and Congress remaining constant, a permanent academy headquarters on a rugged and picturesque site averaging about seven miles long and five miles wide near Colorado Springs, a mile from the city.

I visited the temporary site of the new Air Force Academy here on a day of falling temperatures when the sun was intermittently hidden by heavy snow squalls.

Personally, I couldn't have recognized my own mother if she had helped at 40 yards, so

LENTE GUIDEPOSTS

Personal Messages of Inspiration and Faith

A MEDAL FOR FREDDIE

By Rosalind Russell

Linky, graying, Hans Christian

Adamson was visiting us in Holly-

wood when we noticed the first

strange turn in our old battle.

We were at dinner, back in 1942.

It was a long table, I sat at the

head of it; Hans Adamson was at

my right; and my husband Fred-

die, sat at my left. We were

all chatting, when suddenly

Hans reached into his pocket and

fished among his coins.

Now, Hans and my husband were

close friends in spite of the 20

years difference in their ages.

They were both officers in the Air

Force. Hans Adamson was one of

the best-read men I have ever

known, which is why Freddie and

I took so seriously his views on

religion.

Hans was an agnostic.

Not anti-religious; he was inter-

ested in religion; but there were

things he could not accept with his

rational mind.

Medal

"I try to understand your church-

es and your little medals and

things," he used to say, "but I

cannot. So I cannot believe."

That's why it struck us as so

peculiar when Hans fished among

his change that night and brought

out a medal.

Freddie, Hans said, and it

seemed that his voice pitched a

note higher than usual, "Freddie,

I stopped at the PX and got you

one of those new flying medals.

St. Joseph of Cupertino. I think

he flew or something. You're going

to do a lot of flying, and I want

you to have this."

With that, the second strange

turn occurred. My hand shot out.

I grabbed Hans' sleeve. I spoke

very impulsively.

"No. Keep that yourself."

"Why?" Hans asked. "I don't

want any medals. I got it for Fred-

die. He's a Catholic and he be-

lieves in those things."

The Right Thing

I realized I had spoken sharply,

and I tried to soften it down.

"What I mean is, you keep it for

now, Hans."

We all kind of looked at each

other, and I tried to change the

subject. The dinner party was

ruined. But in my mind, I sensed

a premonition that actually I had

done the right thing.

Three months later, Hans phoned

late one night to say that he was

going on a secret mission across

the Pacific. Freddie and I both

talked to him.

Hans kept saying that he felt

happier. He had never talked that

way before. There is not a bit of

cowardice in Hans Adamson yet.

He kept saying the trip had a fa-

talistic about it. And I at last saw

that he had really called to seek

help. Right out of the blue I sat

bolt upright in bed.

"Hans, do you have that medal

that you tried to give Freddie

some time ago?"

In His Pocket

Hans was silent for a moment,

as if he didn't want to answer.

"Yes," he finally admitted. "I've

got it in my pocket with my

change."

"Well, now, mind you I don't

think anything is going to happen.

But if it does, if something should

go wrong, you take that medal out

and put it in your hand and hold

on to it."

There was a prolonged silence.

I thought I had offended Hans.

When he did answer, it was with

the simple word:

"Yes."

After he hung up I wished I had

explained more to Hans about the

Catholic use of medals, how we

don't claim special powers to the

medal itself, how the medal helps

us focus our prayers, reminds us

of our need for prayer. But I had

missed.

With Rickenbacker

We were about to go to sleep

when Freddie mentioned: "Oh, by

the way, Roy, Hans has a rather

famous companion for his trip

across the Pacific."

"Yes?"

"Captain Eddie Rickenbacker."

so often, especially in men.

"He's alive," Freddie said. "I

know he is alive. He's getting

strength from somewhere."

I thought of the medal, and for

a fraction of a moment almost be-

lieved.

Time began to be counted in

weeks. The second week passed,

and the third began.

And then, suddenly, it was all

over.

Rescued

On the 21st day, the raft was

spotted. The headlines shouted,

but we felt strangely quiet. As if

we were being drained of the last

of some sort of strength.

On the 22nd day, the rescues

were made.