

The News-Review

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SERIOUS STUDENTS

Charles V. Stanton

One of the most interesting program features at the Oregon Press Conference in Eugene last week was a panel discussion conducted by students from the School of Journalism.

The panel members directed a series of questions at publishers and editors in an effort to learn how they might best fit themselves for careers in journalism. They wanted to know the subjects they should study in school, what educational helps they should obtain to prepare for newspaper work, what opportunities were open to them after graduation, what they could expect in the way of starting pay, etc.

The questions revealed that the age of the specialist has impressed itself upon the minds of students. Many seem to feel that they must leave school prepared to step into an editorial niche devoted to authoritative interpretation and opinion.

But what the newspaper needs, particularly in the weekly and small daily field, is a reporter with an inquisitive mind, able to learn through intelligent questioning and analysis. A reporter trained in the technique of journalism, able to write intelligently, needs little specific training, aside from a good education in liberal arts. He can always "pick the brains" of an expert when he needs information in a special field.

More Students Needed

Newspaper business young people have been concerned in recent years because too few young people are entering schools of journalism.

For many years schools were graduating more students than could be absorbed by the industry.

In those days the field of journalism was surrounded by a halo of romance. Older people can well remember the many motion pictures based on the theme of the heroic newspaper reporter who, with skill and cunning, and with great peril to his life, combatted and exposed evil gangsters and married the lovely daughter of the boss.

Magazines were filled with fiction stories, shorts and serials, greatly exaggerating the romantic features of journalistic activity.

Many starry-eyed youngsters were attracted to journalism as a stepping-stone to adventure, excitement and romance.

The press presented the distorted picture. It de-emphasized romance.

About that time radio began to sweep the country. It capitalized on the disillusionment fostered by newspapers. As a result it began to take the cream of the graduates from schools of journalism.

In late years, however, there has been a considerable revival on the part of students in training for newspaper careers.

Military Service Handicaps

But military service requirements have made it difficult for the press to obtain adequate replacements as well as to make staff increases. Completing four years of university training, young men have had to enter the armed services, rather than seek jobs.

After completing their years of service, a great majority have returned to school for post graduate work, financed by G.I. benefits.

A few are now completing their schooling and becoming available to the profession. The number of graduate students will increase annually after this year, which is good news to the industry.

It is particularly impressive to observe the earnestness with which these young people approach their prospective careers. The panel conducted during the Press Conference evidenced the desire of the students to fit themselves, through education, to assume fully and seriously the responsibilities of their chosen profession. The attitude shown by the students is convincing proof that the press of the future will continue to maintain high ethical and professional standards.

Hal Boyle

LOWRY AIR FORCE BASE, Colo.—Any young man thinks admission to the new U.S. Air Force Academy here is an easy step toward a soft life in the armed forces gets a quick disillusionment.

Only the hardy survive. Of the 306 cadets selected last summer from 6,500 applicants to join the first class of the nation's third service academy 41 have already been washed out.

The reason most of them left the going was simply too rugged, the discipline too Spartan.

The survival rate actually so far has exceeded the expectations of academy officials, who deliberately have planned a four-year course of study tough enough to strain the stoutest. They aren't interested in creating a corps of swivel chair warriors. Each cadet signs a statement that upon graduation as a navigator-observer he will go and become a pilot.

As Lt. Gen. Hubert R. Harman, academy superintendent, points out: "Today a single officer in the U.S. Air Force may be called upon to carry out a mission which, during World War II, would have required the crews of a thousand planes. That officer must have the courage, the character and the patriotism to press home his mission against all odds. He may have to do this alone in the skies with no other American within thousands of miles to observe his conduct."

Requirements Varied
What kind of a boy aspires to become this type of officer?

The average cadet here is 19 years old, serious-minded, a good student, and comes from middle class parents. Comparatively few spring from families with a professional military background. He

may not be of vastly athletic caliber, but he will be in top physical condition and he has 20-20 vision. Almost every minute of their day is rigidly controlled, from the time they rise at 5:30 a.m., and make their beds until "lights out" at 9:20 p.m.

They march to and from classes, and practically everywhere else. They spend at least 20 hours a week in class, more than that preparing their lessons. Among the arts they are expected to learn: how to deal a deadly judo blow effectively, how to dance gracefully.

Dinner Plus Lingo
At dinner table they practice Air Force lingo, and each cadet in turn acts as table pilot, navigator, or crew chief. When the coffee reaches the table, for example, the navigator may announce: "Sir, the JP-4 (coffee) has completed its cross-country and is on the ramp."

Or: "Sir, the fuel injection (water) has met its ETA and is on the ramp."

LENTEN GUIDEPOSTS

THE COURAGE NOT TO RUN

By Irving Ben Cooper

Judge of the Court of Special Sessions, New York City

The very day I borrowed the book from one of my classmates I was ambushed by a gang from the neighborhood.

It was March, 1917, and we were living in St. Joseph, Missouri. I carried the book home from high school, and walked into the kitchen. It was so cold I might just as well have been outside. Yet, there was Mother on her knees, scrubbing the bare floorboards again; this time in preparation for Passover.

Mother put down her scrub brush, signed, braced her back against the old pain in her back, and stood up. She held out the hand I knew what was expected of me.

The other children were not at home—there were six of us—so I had to make the trip down to the railroad tracks, alone.

In the doorway I stopped to take a quick survey of the street. The gang was not in sight.

Picking Up Coal
I managed to get all the way to the track without seeing the gang. I began to pick up coal that had fallen from the cars coming into St. Joseph.

I picked up my mail and started home. I had gone about a block when from some bushes came the voice: "Sheeny, what you got there?"

"Coal!"
"Let's see, Ben boy."
And the leader of the gang stepped out, followed by six other boys. I began to run.

They caught me. I went down, holding onto my mail, tight-fisted, and fought as best I could with one hand.

The leader stood up. "Let him go," he said. "Let's save part of him for later."
An Alger Book

I came, shaking, into the kitchen and tossed down my empty pail. I sat down near the cold stove and struggled against crying.

I didn't get to read the book that day. Or the next. But on the third day, there was a brief spell when no one was around. I sat down at

THE KITCHEN TABLE AND LOOKED AT THE BOOK. THE TITLE WAS "ROBERT COVATTE'S STRUGGLE."

Nothing has been the same in my life since then. I read the story of a boy who was in just as desperate straits as my own. He, too, faced a fate that seemed against him. With courage he won out. I was so excited I told Mother about the book.

"Maybe you could read a bit," she asked.
"And our sessions began."

"Like the Bible"
I read the entire novel to Mother there in the kitchen. She sat so still I wondered if she were listening. Then, one day, she looked up suddenly.

"Just like in the Holy Book," she said.
Later she repeated herself. I began to notice that she said this when ever Alger spoke of courage.

This talk of the Bible puzzled me. Although Mother attended synagogue regularly and held rigidly to virtues like honesty and fair play, she was not orthodox in her religion. But she kept mentioning it right up to the moment when we turned the last page.

We read every one of the Horatio Alger books together. Soon I began to see myself as an Alger hero. I would stand up to injustice. I would get out of the slums. I would go to college. I would have to pay my own way for everything, from shoelaces to tuition, and become a success.

A New World
I was a champion family like my own.

During these months, with Mother's constant reference to the Holy Book, I began to take a new interest in the Bible. Gradually I began to see why these stories meant so much to Mother. They were her model for courage. They were the model for her life; just as, in my childish way, I had begun to see myself as an Alger hero.

I don't want to say that with the coming of Horatio Alger into my life everything was changed. I still was called sheeny. Mother was still fond of her knees, scrubbing. My father still had to work in his

SHIP FOR LONG HOURS TO EARN HIS DOLLAR.

Yes, with it all, things were not the same.
The Same Pail
I remember the day I knew it for sure. I came home from school to find the pail waiting for me on the kitchen table.

I walked out the door, and suddenly, in the middle of the street I stopped. I remembered the last Passover and how I had come off toward the track slowly, as though I were on the verge of understanding something.

Then suddenly, down the street, I saw them coming toward me. Three of them.

But that day I did not run. I took a deep breath, held it, and started toward them.

Their leader slowed down for an instant, confused. Then about three yards away from me, I heard him say under his breath, "Okay, sheeny." And in another instant all three of them were on me.

I Cried My Eyes Out
I closed my eyes and I began flailing my arms as though possessed. I hit one boy somewhere near his head, and I was suddenly aware that I was fighting only two boys. And then I

We stood toe to toe, and I got the worst of it until suddenly I saw him drop his hands to his sides, and he just stared at me. He was confused. He began slowly to back away.

I stood there on the street, shaking and sobbing in my anger, cut and bruised—and happier in that moment than I had ever been before.

TOMORROW — Ivy Baker, treasurer of the United States, tells how her father and mother had a "spiritual storehouse within themselves" that enabled them to triumph over poverty.

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IN THE DAY'S NEWS

By FRANK JENKINS

(Continued From Page One)
much thought to foreign travel. We have given almost no thought at all to foreign languages.

It is true that we have a smattering of foreign language teaching in our high schools and colleges, but it has little practical value. You can't get a working knowledge of a foreign language out of a book. Fluency in a foreign tongue is gained by ear, not by the eye.

So, when we come face to face with the idea of stopping over an international border and mingling with people with whom we can communicate only by signs we are apt to be a little terrified.

Being a little terrified —
You will be inclined, when you step through the gates at Nogales or Juarez or Laredo or some other border point, to cover up your uneasiness by assuming what the psychologists call a defense mechanism.

That is to say, you will be apt to assume — unconsciously, perhaps — an offish, superior, even slightly contemptuous manner.

Don't do it. Resist the temptation. Take yourself firmly by the name of the neck and say: "Look, Bud, these people are PEOPLE. Just like you. You are entering their country as a guest — a paying guest, to be sure, but still a guest. Since you are entering THEIR country, the fact that you have never taken the trouble to learn their language is a greater

discourtesy than the fact that they may not be able to speak your language fluently. Get off your high horse, BE YOURSELF."

If you will do that — if you will give yourself some good advice along that line and then take it and act on it — you will have no more trouble in entering Mexico than you would have in going down to the courthouse in your home county and paying your taxes.

In both cases, there will be forms to be filled out, some money to be paid. But if you are even half as decent and reasonable in dealing with the Mexican officials at the border gates as you would be with your own American officials in your own county courthouse, you will have no trouble whatever and will come through the ordeal relaxed and at ease and in the mood to enjoy your trip thoroughly.

But —
If you fall into this defense mechanism mood and get cantankerous and ornery as a means of protecting what you conceive to be your dignity, you will come out of it ruffled and upset and in no shape to enjoy the trip you are undertaking.

Don't do it that way. You just can't afford it. Besides, you are going to find that the deeper you get into Mexico the more you will admire and like the Mexican people. Almost without exception, they are courteous and pleasant and hospitable.

Peter Edson

WASHINGTON — (NEA) — Ten major union labor political action organizations spent a total of \$2,212,000 in 1953 and 1954, according to a new, copyrighted tabulation made by the Association for Industrial Mobilization.

Congress of Industrial Organizations Political Action Committee spent \$924,000, of which \$523,000 was spent nationally, the rest locally.

American Federation of Labor's League for Political Education was second with expenditures of \$310,000, of which \$96,000 was spent nationally.

United Auto Workers CIO-PAC spent an additional \$275,000 in 33 states, and United Steelworkers spent \$186,000 in 27 states. Of the independents, Railway Brotherhoods spent \$90,000 on political activity in 30 states and Machinists' Union spent \$48,000 in 31 states. New York CIO-PAC, largest and most powerful of state committees, spent \$22,000.

ASSOCIATION for Industrial Mobilization makes this report. It indicates what the scope of union political action will be in the 1956 election.

The association is a new organization. Its aim is to act as a counterpart to the research staff of the National Political Action Committee and report on their work.

Founder, head and at present the complete staff of AIM—as it is to be called for short—is James M. Brewbaker, 40, a Virginia lawyer. For the past 12 years he has been lobbying for National Assn. of Manufacturers.

Having seen a dozen or more of

Rail Spokesman Argues For Higher Taxes For Trucks

WASHINGTON — Demanding that trucks "pay the costs of their extraordinary highway demands," the Assn. of American Railroads (AAR) called on Congress Monday to lay special taxes on the trucking industry to finance new road building.

Without such tax adjustment, the railroads said the trucking industry would have "a virtually free ride on the public highways at the expense of others."

Burton N. Behling, AAR spokesman, told the House Ways and Means Committee that a bill for uniform across-the-board tax increases on fuel and tires "fails to meet tests of equity and sound economy."

Instead, he proposed upward graduated charges for heavy vehicles and "supplemental" taxes in the form of permit, or registration, fees for trucks of 10 tons and more.

Behling testified at hearings on plans to finance a new 40,000-mile system of interstate highways at a projected cost of \$1 1/2 billion dollars.

The committee bill, drafted by Rep. Boggs (D-La.), provides for 12 billion dollars in new revenue over 15 years in the form of a penny increase in all motor fuel taxes, another three cents a pound on tires regardless of size, and new taxes on trucks and retread rubber.

Airplane Bomber Closely Guarded

DENVER — Four guards, that were changed every hour, peeped at John Gilbert Graham Wednesday through 3-inch holes in each wall of his special cell at the Denver County jail.

Graham, the 24-year-old Denver drive-in restaurant operator accused of blowing up an airliner, was returned to his 7x7 cubicle Sunday after spending eight days at Colorado Psychopathic Hospital.

He underwent a second series of psychiatric tests after trying suicide in the cell previously.

Officers said the usually sullen prisoner laughed and joked during the 15-minute cross-examination by a sheriff's car. At the jail, he smiled willingly as photographs were taken.

Once inside his cell, however, he scowled, thrust his hands in his trouser pockets and paced up and down.

Graham was charged with murdering his mother, Mrs. Daisie E. King, 34, of Denver, last November shortly after a United Air Lines plane exploded and crashed near Longmont, Colo. Mrs. King was the wife of 41 persons who died when parts of the craft rained down on a beef field.

The gangling, crew-cut defendant has pleaded innocent and innocent by reason of insanity, and his sanity trial is scheduled to start in Denver District Court March 5.

Ike Lifts Ban On U. S. Tanks For Saudi Arabia

NEW YORK — The freighter James Monroe sailed for the explosion-prone Middle East Monday with a controversial cargo of U.S. tanks for Saudi Arabia.

An employer spokesman said the ship's crew carried war risk insurance of \$5,000 each.

President Eisenhower embargoed the shipment for two days last week following protests from Israel and members of Congress. But he lifted the ban Saturday night.

Saudi Arabia, site of a big U.S. Air Force base and extensive oil fields operated by U.S. companies, ordered and paid for the 25-ton tanks last year.

Georgia-Pacific Plywood To Enter Paper Industry

NEW YORK — Georgia-Pacific Plywood Co. announced Monday it is entering the paper producing industry through the formation of a subsidiary, which will

build a 90,000-ton kraft board and paperboard mill at Toledo, Ore. Industry sources estimated the cost of the plant at between 20 and 25 million dollars.

Owen R. Cheatham, president of Georgia-Pacific, said the subsidiary would be known as Georgia-Pacific Paper Co. and would have its headquarters in Portland, Ore.

English Village To Honor Ancestors Of Washington; Stars And Stripes To Fly

WASHINGTON, England — The Stars and Stripes will fly bravely tomorrow in this Durham County village in honor, say the Englishmen who live here, "of our George Washington."

For some centuries ancestors of the first President of the United States lived in this North Sea coast village 265 miles north of London. And the community feels that although Washington was born in fall of Virginia, it has some special claim to him.

There are even many here who are convinced that the design of the Stars and Stripes had its origin here, and that the stern eagle of the great seal of the United States was originally a Durham bird.

A ceremony has been arranged for the first President's birthday this year at the 212-story gray stone building known as Washington Old Hall, ancestral home of early Washingtons. The American flag will be raised.

Washington Clan Gone
So far as is known, not a single member of the Washington family now lives here. Historians have remarked that the first President seems to have taken little interest in his English antecedents. The Washingtons and Westingtons who remained here were loyal to the British crown.

Contacts are being re-established now and Washington Old Hall, managed by an Anglo-American committee, is being set up as a museum and a center to foster

Anglo-American amity. It is attracting an increasing number of American visitors, and Washington hopes to become as popular as that other Washington shrine, Sulgrave Manor near Northampton, to which the family moved after long residence here. The immediate English progenitor of George Washington was his great-grandfather, Col. John Washington, who left Britain for the American Colonies in 1657.

The age of Washington Old Hall here is uncertain, but according to one chronology it was in existence in 1183. It tumbled into decay, and it would have vanished from the earth after condemnation in 1936 had it not been saved by a committee which raised a restoration fund here and in the United States.

American Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich accepted it as American property at a ceremony last September. His remarks on that occasion gave a great boost to the contention that the designs of the American flag and the great seal have their origins here.

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DEGREE PRACTICE
Members of the Evergreen Grange degree team will hold a practice Wednesday at 7:45 p.m. at the grange hall. All grange members have been requested to attend. They are to bring cookies or sandwiches.

LAUREL LODGE NO. 13
A. F. & A. M.
Roseburg, Oregon
STATED COMMUNICATION
Dinner 7:00 p.m.
Examination, all degrees
Special Program
WED., FEB. 22—8:00 P.M.
Visiting Brothers Welcome
W. M., Loren O'Neal
Sec. Durward Owens

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