

**Thousands Strike By Air, Sea**

**In The Day's News**

By **Frank Jenkins**

What about the Berlin situation? The stock market thinks it's better. It resumed its advance Thursday morning in brisk trading. At noon, the Dow Jones industrial average is up 1.62 points at 719.82. The rail average is up 1.43 points at 142.53.

Prices on the American Stock Exchange moved generally higher during the morning.

Why? Well, we and the communists are exchanging NOTES instead of bombs.

That is usually interpreted as a good sign.

What about the notes? Here's a sample:

We, the British and the French have just sent notes to the Kremlin protesting what happened in Berlin. The notes are identical. They say the "sealing of the East-West Berlin border by the East German communists was a flagrant and particularly serious violation of the QUADRI-PARTITE STATUS of Berlin."

When the diplomats use language like that, we can relax. When they begin to use the short Anglo-Saxon words is the time to worry.

Getting away from the affairs of this troubled world, more than a thousand of the world's astronomers are gathered at Berkeley for the 11th assembly of the International Astronomical Union.

A Frenchman, Dr. G. Courtes of the Haut Provence observatory at St. Michel, tells his contemporaries that he has discovered "a tremendous glowing object in an island universe far beyond the Milky Way. What causes it to glow? He says there seems to be no LIGHT around to cause it to glow by reflection. He thinks it might be hydrogen gas, and the gas might be burning.

How big is it? Hold your hat.

Dr. Courtes says it is about 30,000 light years in diameter.

How big is a light year? ONE LIGHT YEAR IS EQUAL TO SIX QUADRILLION MILES.

That raises another question: How big is a quadrillion?

Well, . . .

A quadrillion is a thousand trillions. A trillion is a thousand billions. A billion is a thousand millions. A million is a thousand thousands.

Figure it out for yourself. Anyway, this object that Dr. Courtes has spotted out in space is QUITE AN OBJECT. It's bigger than our national debt.

In conclusion, here is an extract from the findings of the astronomers who are gathered at Berkeley:

"Astronomers are finding many lopsided and chaotic galaxies (Milky Ways) out in space. One of these galaxies seems to be RUNNING AWAY FROM US at half the speed of light—zipping 83,000 miles farther away every second."

Hmmmmmm.

It may be inhabited, and its inhabitants may have heard of the serfball state of affairs on our planet AND ARE GETTING AWAY FROM US AS FAST AS THEY CAN.

They could hardly be blamed.

**Alligator Too Much For Army Officers**

FT. STEWART, Ga. (AP) — A 6-foot alligator proved too rambunctious for three Army officers from Ft. Stewart.

Capt. H. E. Motley said he and the other officers were driving a truck on the Army reservation last week when they spotted the reptile crawling along the road and "stopped to have a little fun."

"We took a canoe paddle out of the truck and poked it at the alligator," he said. "It snapped the paddle in two. We started back toward the truck. So did the alligator.

"We got another paddle and tried to beat the alligator off but it splintered that paddle, too."

Motley said they climbed into the truck and the alligator then crawled under the vehicle, chewing off the tailpipe and muffler and biting the axle.

At that point, Motley said, the officers decided they were no match for the reptile and drove away quickly.

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**EDITORIAL PAGE**

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**PIE IN THE SKY**

By Charles V. Stanton

Writing in his column In The Days News, Frank Jenkins said recently: "These uncommitted neutrals can't be so dumb as to ignore what has been going on before their eyes."

Can't they? Jenkins, along with many other observers, contends that the flight of East German residents to the West should be enough to convince anyone of the failures of communism. The East German resident, Jenkins points out, is being treated as a "serf." Those who would flee to freedom are facing a wall of bayonets. Barriers have been erected to halt the embarrassing movement from East to West.

Anyone who will stop and think, even briefly, will realize that communism is failing to give the East German the things he wants and believes he has a right to expect. The realization should be sobering to those people and those nations to which communism is beckoning so invitingly.

But again I must question, will people THINK?

**Stomach Vs. Brains**

When a man's hungry his only thinking pertains to filling his stomach.

What does the Cuban peasant care about being a "serf?" He's always been a serf. He's never had anything of his own. He's acquainted with hunger. In fact, a great many Cuban peasants have never experienced a full meal.

Here in the United States many of us fail to understand the situation pertaining to the poverty-ridden people in other parts of the world. Communists show themselves much more understanding. That's one reason communism has spread throughout so much of the world and promises to make still greater gains unless we adopt a different approach.

We seek to win friends and influence people by giving money. We've given billions. But our foreign aid has gone largely into countries where there are only two classes of people, the very rich and the very poor. Our contributions have helped the rich, but they haven't gone far in taking care of the poor.

The poor vastly outnumber the rich. Filled constantly with thoughts of getting enough to eat, they easily become political pawns.

In many parts of Asia, Africa, Latin America, a large majority of people are serfs. They have no hope of ever being anything except serfs. Their only hope is that they won't always be hungry serfs. They don't care who their masters may be. They want only enough to eat.

**Promises Believed**

While thinking people realize that the exodus of people from East Germany is indicative of communism's failure, many millions of people don't even think of that aspect. They only want food. They can't eat American greenbacks.

The Communists don't fill them with food but they do feed them with promises.

You say that people won't swallow promises? Oh yeah?

We Americans consider ourselves educated, thinking people, but for the past 30 years we've been electing politicians on the basis of promises. We don't need food, but we listen to any politician who will promise us the soft life. We sell our freedom to politicians who bribe us with our own money, politicians who promise us security from cradle to the grave, politicians who speak boldly as candidates and forget their promises when elected. We permit politicians to pile up huge debts, politicians who support programs of free spending, while playing footsie with special interests as a means of gaining reelection. We consent to a staggering national debt, to continued deficit spending, all on the strength of promises.

We aren't hungry. Can we blame people who actually ARE hungry for yielding to promises when we desert the true American way of life in return for pie-in-the-sky promises?

**Hal Boyle**

**What's A Citified Cat Do When She Visits A Farm?**

SPARTA, N. J. (AP) — What does a city cat do when she goes to the country?

Well, for one thing, she gives you the time of your life — just watching her have the time of her life.

For three years Lady Dottie has been a real cool big city cat, as aloof and sophisticated as the pampered ladies who dwell on Park Avenue. She has led almost as sheltered an existence as they.

For three years she has looked out at life from the windows of our eighth-floor Manhattan apartment, gravely watching the rains pelt against the panes, the snowflakes swirl outside like tiny white ghosts, the soaring gulls crying faintly afar, the rusty freighters of the world plow up and down the East River.

For three years Lady Dottie has been more or less an apartment house prisoner, but a cheerful one.

Then we took her for a week's vacation to a 130-year-old farmhouse here in the friendly New Jersey countryside, and it was as if she had been born a second time in another universe.

Everything was strange and new to Lady Dottie. At first she was lonesome and afraid in a world she never made.

Everything startled her. She stepped out on the lawn under the wide-armed century old maple trees as gingerly as if she were walking on heated glass. Each time a car roared by on the highway, screened by a green fence of sweet cedars, she flattened and her ears twitched.

A horse bearing a little girl in a big-brimmed cowboy hat came galloping down a side road. Lady Dottie had never seen a horse before in her life. She flattened, her ears went down and she began to back crawl like a crab. An apple plopped to the ground from a tree behind her. She leaped three feet into the air, then streaked for home like Willie Mays on a base steal.

Then she became aware of the grass. Cats love an occasional taste of green things. That first day Lady Dottie nibbled so much grass—she was too nervous to eat her food—she became sick at the stomach twice.

But each day she has become more venturesome and self-confident. Her veneer of sophistication has vanished. She spends the long summer hours chasing chipmunks and prowling the woodpiles and barns looking for field mice. She has developed an insatiable appetite for milk.

"She must be catching and eating those mice," said my wife.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Cats always drink more milk when they make a meal of a mouse," replied Frances, who comes from a small town in Missouri. "Everybody knows that."

Well, I didn't know it, and I'm still not sure it's so. Wives are always making a big sweeping statement like that, and then try to convince their husbands it's gospel truth.

Three bluejays in a sideyard cedar tree are Lady Dottie's chief enemies. Every time they see her black and white body slipping sinuously near, they alert every other wild thing in the area by screaming at her.

Lady Dottie doesn't like being given "the bird" by a trio of hick jays. She would swarm right up the tree after them except for one thing. We clipped her claws in advance, so she wouldn't harm any feathered thing.

But she has proved her valor in a better way. Twice dogs have wandered into the yard. Lady Dottie's back never arched in panic. Her yellow eyes widened and glared like two angry eyes, and she crouched ready to attack. Each time it was the dog who turned and left.

No night wanderer, Lady Dottie comes indoors willingly at bed-

**DEAR ABBY**

Abigail Van Buren



**You're Oversensitive Lady!**

DEAR ABBY: My older brother recently passed away. It was God's blessing because he had been sick in the hospital for over a year, and there was no hope for him. While he was in the hospital I went to see him often, and brought him little things to cheer him up. The week after his funeral I got a note in the mail from my brother's wife THANKING me for being so kind to her husband, Abby, I am deeply hurt. This man was my own flesh and blood brother, and I don't think I need to be THANKED for being good to him during his illness. I want to speak to his wife about it, but my children tell me to forget it. I am not going to forget it. But first I want you to tell me what to say to her.

DEAR SISTER: I agree with your children. Your brother's wife did not want to slight you; therefore, when she thanked everyone else for their kindness to her husband, she included you. Let the matter drop. Your sister-in-law has a enough to worry about.

DEAR ABBY: My husband drinks. When he really gets a snootful, he goes out on the porch, flaps his elbows and crows like a rooster. What is the meaning of this?

ROOSTER'S WIFE  
DEAR WIFE: Maybe he's trying

to tell you it's time you woke up. He's a lush.

DEAR ABBY: I feel terrible. My best friend dropped me because my sister had her baby three months early. My friend told me to my face that she couldn't go around with me any more because it might hurt her reputation.

Abby, I never did anything wrong, and I don't think it is fair that I should suffer for something my sister did. What should I do? I am 13.

NEEDS A FRIEND  
DEAR NEEDS: Your "friend" doesn't know the meaning of true friendship, so you haven't lost much. Just continue to be a good girl, and you will win the friendship of someone who accepts you for what YOU are, and realizes that you are not your sister's keeper.

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For Abby's booklet, "How To Have A Lovely Wedding," send 50c to Abby, Box 3365, Beverly Hills, Calif.

**James Marlow**

**The Real Issue On Berlin Is Showdown With Soviets**

WASHINGTON (AP) — If you read the fine print in Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson's pep talk to the West Berliners, you'll notice the distinction being made between dream and reality, but not as bluntly as stated here.

It's the kind of distinction which might make peaceful settlement of the Berlin rumpus a little more possible.

The dream is that the Communist government of East Germany doesn't exist and that divided Germany can be reunited. The reality is that it does exist and that Germany won't be reunited any time soon.

When Communists sealed off East Berlin with barbed wire to stop the flood of East German refugees to West Berlin last week, depressed West Berliners complained because the Allies did nothing more than protest.

There could hardly have been direct intervention without war with the Soviet Union.

So President Kennedy sent Johnson over to boost morale and promise American support in protecting West Berlin—but not East Berlin—from communism.

Johnson delivered the message. But, while saying nothing at all about active support for the East Germans, he did say this: "In the short run, the barbed wire is what it will not go away by a wave of the hand. But in the long run this unwise effort will fail."

"Lift your eyes from these barriers and ask yourselves: Who can really believe that history will deny Germany and Berlin their natural unity?"

In other words: The Allies will not interfere in what happens in East Germany, and any unification of the two Germanys must remain a long hope only.

What history does make clear is that the allies do not consider East Germany or East Berlin a problem to fight over. Their hands-off performance now is only a repetition of 1953.

That year anti-Communist Germans revolted, the Russians smashed them with tanks, and the allies did nothing.

To the allies, their real problem is to keep the Communists from closing off West Berlin, whose 2 million people, 110 miles inside Communist East Germany, give their allegiance to the West.

The Allies have refused to recognize the East German Communist-Soviet puppets but hardly more so than the other satellite governments — as the legitimate rulers of East Germany.

To do so would be to agree to the permanent division of Germany, which is the last thing West German Chancellor Adenauer wants. So the West has kept needing Premier Khrushchev to permit unification, knowing it's the last thing he wants.

It makes good propaganda, but it solves nothing. And there is some irony in it.

The Allies, because of agreements with Moscow, claim the right to keep troops in West Berlin. All allied military supplies and personnel for that city must pass through or over East Germany. These supply routes are controlled by the Russians.

But this amounts to only about five per cent of all traffic in supply.

Only bums sleep outdoors, she sleeps at the feet of my wife, purring so loudly it sounds like distant thunder.

This happy week of enchanted freedom will soon be over for Lady Dottie. Will she ever be as content again in a big-city apartment?

When she gazes out the windows with her great inscrutable eyes, what will she really see — the cozy comfort there, or the life of liberty she has known in the country here?

**Editorial Comment**

**SP'S HEALTH SECRETS**

Eugene Register-Guard

The cover article of the August 11 issue of Time will, no doubt, be read with interest in many parts of the land, but in none will it be read more avidly than here.

The article deals with the Southern Pacific Co., and this is the heart of the SP's most valuable rail freight service area. The "friendly Southern Pacific" has probably been subjected to more criticism in Oregon during recent years than anywhere else west of St. Louis. At the same time, the SP is one of Oregon's principal taxpayers, and, in Eugene, a major employer. What's good for the SP may not be necessarily good for Oregon, but whatever happens to the SP is of vital importance to Oregonians.

The Time article used the personality of SP President Donald Joseph McKay Russell to give color to its lengthy compilation of facts about the SP. Then, citing this railroad as the healthiest in an industry that is generally sick, almost sick to death, Time contrasts the SP's performance with the nation's overall railroading situation. Time's facts seem to lead to the conclusion that the SP is relatively healthy because of aggressive management and would be healthier if this management were not so bound by government regulations. Then, by inference, it indicates that other U.S. railroads would similarly benefit if they had Don Russell's concern for efficiency and costs — along with less regulation or, at least, fewer government-imposed disadvantages in their competitions with other transportation systems.

Of course, the SP's current attempt to gain control of the Western Pacific is included in the Time report. Considering this as a contest with the Santa Fe, and remembering the so-called jinx effect that Time cover stardom has had upon a number of athletes, politicians and others, SP boosters may be dismayed that President Russell's picture appears on the Aug. 11 cover. In any event, all who do read the Time piece will be impressed by the great number of jinxing problems with which Russell and all other U.S. railroad presidents must cope.

Time makes it quite clear that the SP is not trying to merely stay in business — though dozens of other U.S. roads would be glad of just that prospect. Under Don Russell's throttle hand, the SP is

highballing it toward the day when the government willing, that is — it will operate a "transportation supermarket" in which shippers are offered the choice of rail, highway or water movement of their freight.

No doubt the SP will always be subjected to boxcarsful of criticism in this locale, if for no other reason than that it is the only railroad operating east and west out of the Eugene area. But after reading the Time article there will be fewer who complain that the SP isn't trying, and trying hard, to be one railroad that is not forced into receivership. There may even be more who will praise and realize how dependent the SP and this lumber - manufacturing - shipping part of Oregon are upon each other for mutual successes.

**FISH FLOUR**  
Eugene Register-Guard

Fish flour — made by grinding up and dehydrating whole fish — is now reported to be the world's cheapest and most abundant source of animal protein.

Furthermore, the U.S. and Russia are vying with one another to see which can develop means of producing this highly nutritious, easily transported, easily stored food item in volume quantities. Both intend to use fish flour for shipment to needy nations. Each hopes for a cold war victory as a result.

"Insider's Newsletter," published by the same people who put out Look magazine, says fish flour is tasteless and odorless. In research laboratories it has been proved a powerful deterrent to both malnutrition and diseases resulting from improper diet.

According to this report, Russia is rushing plans to produce fish flour on factory ships right at sea. In the U.S. a Massachusetts corporation has a plant ready to begin commercial production as soon as standards are established by the Food and Drug Administration.

Here, for once, it seems the cold war rivalry may be producing a valuable contribution to the whole of mankind. All of our shipments of standard surplus food items to underdeveloped lands, and all of the Russians' exports of foods which they have literally taken from the mouths of their own people, have been of no lasting significance. But, if fish flour can be economically produced in either the U.S. or Russia, it can soon be produced in or near Chili, In-

onesia, India and Korea. Millions who might have starved or have gone through life half-starved may be fed reasonably well.

This outcome, whether it be actually initiated by the U.S. or the USSR, would auger well for the cause of human freedom. Removal of the fear of want would be a deterrent against "belly communism." Thus it should be American's aim to see that fish flour production methods are perfected quickly and these methods, rather than the mere product, are established in every nation where they can be utilized.

**PEA SHORTCAKE**  
Springfield (Mass.) Union

The countryman is capable of helping his peers in many ways — if only they would accept his counsel. He could begin with his family, but as a man learns, his help and offspring, especially teenage daughters, often have different and intransigent ideas.

Consider the matter of pea shortcake. Green peas, fresh from the garden, are a special delight to a man who raises a big crop along a six-foot-high trellis. The pea crop is important; it gives a man a chance to work in his garden early in the spring; it is heartening to watch the vines climb head high. The blossoms are attractive, and the masses of long pods promise a big crop.

Two centuries ago, peas were important. Scientists think peas reached our shores from the West Indies about 1700. Etymologists argue pleasantly and futilely whether we should write "pease" or "peas." We know that in India, the land of cowpea origin, there are some 50 different names for this legume.

The facts are interesting but relatively unimportant. The vital concern is to change the nation's eating procedure. Garden peas, not over 30 minutes from vine to table, should always be served as pea shortcake.

Open two crisp-crust biscuits in a soup plate; use plenty of butter or margarine on them. Then over the four halves pour a full pint of peas and the juice in which they were cooked. Be sure there is plenty of juice. There is something peculiarly tasty and satisfying about the dish, and any man who lets his wife and daughters block him from his constitutional right to this flavorful dish deserves to have a mess of wiry parsley drizzled over his meat and potatoes.



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