

Legion Season Assures Fond Memories

One more look at the 1963 Roseburg American Legion Junior baseball team and season.

Before the excitement of the season begins to fade into the dimness of history and the fine line between fact and fiction blurs, some few brief observations may be in order. . . . And they are all complimentary.

For one thing, this year's team was not one of exceptional talent. As few as four members of the squad could be considered really good baseball players and fewer than that have shown any potential for a career in baseball. Pitching, as the record shows, has been excellent and long-ball hitting has been above average and that's about it.

How, then, can we account for the tremendous record of this year's team — a record which saw them more-or-less expected to win another state title before the season ever started? How can we account for their success under such pressure and with every opponent pointing specifically for victories over Roseburg?

Three factors, at least, contributed to their achievement.

First, and least paramount of the three, was community spirit and backing. There can be no doubt that the tremendous crowds which turned out for every game and cheered vociferously for their favorites helped put the team in the right

frame of mind to win.

The second, and very important, element in the 1963 success was coaching. Here again, the record bears out the claim. Since Bill Harper has become associated with Roseburg Junior Legion baseball, the team has compiled an almost unbelievable record of accomplishment. His joining the athletic staff of Oregon State University next month is further testimony to his ability.

The most important contributing factor to the success of 1963 cannot be described in one word — the closest single-word description would be "attitude." Actually, the players just had the desire, the confidence and the determination to succeed and they won more games just because they wouldn't be beat than for any other reason.

Bouquets for contributions to the outstanding season should go to the men who performed such a commendable job with grounds, tickets and other details. Also to the many individuals who organized and supervised the state and regional playoffs and to the unsung — the Umpqua Lions Club — whose members did such an amazing job with the concessions all season.

The 1963 American Legion Junior baseball season is one all of us will long remember with great pleasure and intense pride.



Higher Education

The Editor's Corner
By Charles V. Stanton



Nation's Political Parties Have Reversed Philosophies

One of our popular magazines recently published a feature article, "Radical Right Invades the G.O.P."

That, it seems to me, raises a question. Is it any worse for the "radical right" to invade the Republican Party than for the "radical left" to invade the Democratic Party, or both parties for that matter?

Isn't it smarter to do away with the titles of Republican and Democrat, which don't apply to either of our major parties today, and divide along the lines of "Liberal" and "Conservative," which would more truly reflect our political philosophies?

The Democrat Party of today bears absolutely no resemblance to the party of only a comparatively few years ago. No longer does it follow the Jeffersonian dictates upon which it was founded.

A Democrat a few years ago believed in free trade, states' rights, decentralized government, fiscal responsibility, minority representation.

The Republican Party, on the other hand, was a party favoring protective tariffs, centralized authority, subjugation of state governments to federal powers, and subjugation of minorities by the majority.

What has happened to reverse so completely the two major parties in their philosophies?

The answer, I believe, is to be found in a socialist invasion, first of the Democrat Party, with the take-over of the Republican Party next on the agenda. . . . American for Democratic Action (the ADA), a strong socialist organization, long has dictated the policy and acts of the Democrat Party, so much so, in fact, that the party has completely reversed itself from its original principles. The ADA has cleverly insinuated itself into virtually every phase of our political activity, even in our city halls.

In late years the ADA fifth column has been gradually infiltrating the Republican Party. One phase of that infiltration has been an exceedingly clever propaganda campaign.

The Republican Party, in my opinion, has been anything but smart in its political psychology. Nor has the party built men with "image" to offer competition for high office. Instead, the G.O.P. has latched onto persons with little political savvy, but men with a flair for showmanship. The party has put its faith in popularity rather than training and experience in political science.

We find today that the two parties are traveling side by side down the same road, with virtually nothing to divide them except an "I can do it better than you" position. . . . It is to be noted today, however, that there seemingly is a trend toward conservatism. At present it is too early to tell just how effective or extensive this trend has become. Actually, however, it would seem to be the only major point of cleavage. Consequently it would seem to me that the old titles no longer are applicable and that names should be more significantly coupled with philosophy.

If, for example, Republicans were to drop the existing party name and call themselves "Constitutional Conservatives," they would, I predict, sweep the Solid South, which is aroused by the Kennedy Civil Rights program. . . . But no true Southerner, Suh, will ever vote for a demagogue. Republican under any circumstances! But give that same Republican a

different name, a name that isn't detested in the South, and the present Republican philosophy would obtain almost unanimous endorsement in that part of the country that has kept the Democratic Party strong, and which has been so negligently treated because the Democratic Party had it in hand. . . . All of which brings us back to the question, just why should it be wrong for the "radical right" to invade the G.O.P. when the "radical left" has been quietly mounting its invasion of the same territory for years?

In Days Gone By

Taken from the files of the News-Review

40 YEARS AGO

August 28, 1923

Matching every dollar spent by the Allied countries on farm production in the country with the conclusion of a corresponding amount of their war debt to the United States is contemplated in a plan presented to the farmer-banker conference of six states.

The monthly farmer-businessman picnic will be held at Hut-ton's Grove and a good attendance is anticipated.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon the thermometer stood at 95 degrees and is expected to rise another 3 degrees before evening.

25 YEARS AGO

August 28, 1928

Waldport tried unsuccessfully today to get rid of its malodorous whale. The carcass refused to yield to flames as an effort to burn it was made. Desperate townspeople prepared an appeal to the state Board of Health.

An industrial crisis affecting many businesses and more all embracing than any in San Francisco since the 1936 maritime strike grew in gravity today.

10 YEARS AGO

August 28, 1953

Two fugitive Communist leaders and three others, charged with harboring them in a remote mountain hide-out in the Sierra Nevada were swept up in a dramatic capture by FBI agents posing as campers.

Don Grate, Chattanooga Lookout centerfielder, threw a baseball 443 feet and 3 1/2 inches today to better his own world's distance record.



Dear Abby!

Be Tactful!

— By ABIGAIL VANBUREN —

DEAR ABBY: I am a member of that long-suffering group which I call the GWSOC—"Girls Who Married Somebody's Only Child." I have learned to endure Mamma's references to "My Baby," (now gray-haired and 44.) I let her cook the way she wants to when she visits us. I even laugh it off when she forgets and calls me by my husband's ex-wife's first name. But she still insists on asking personal questions about our finances such as, "How much are you making now? Did you get a raise? Is your car paid for yet? What else do you owe?" She doesn't help us financially, (in fact we help her; so must we answer her questions?)

THEM decide whether or not they could afford a gift. Go to them and tell them you are sorry. . . . DEAR ABBY: The 14-year-old who wrote of her disgust at seeing sex books and magazines everywhere brought a good reply from you. (To turn her gaze to higher and better things, and to seek good books, wholesome friends and spiritual learning.) There is a lot of good around. What we seek usually determines what we experience. As parents, we should work to clean up our local stores of this immoral rubbish. How? By shopping elsewhere! We may have to walk a little further, but it is worth it. The merchant who takes a stand against the sale of such trash deserves our support. Find out who he is, and reward him with your patronage. . . . MRS. L. F. H.

DEAR ABBY: My husband and I have enjoyed a wonderful friendship with a married couple for over 30 years. They are living on a limited budget, so when I had a big family party to celebrate our anniversary, I did not invite them because I didn't want them to spend the money for a gift. Ever since that time they have been very cool and formal to me. I would give anything to have their friendship again as it was before. Was I wrong to exclude them from a party to which a gift should be taken? How can I let them know I am heartbroken over this? . . . DEAR FRIEND: You should have invited them and have let

CONFIDENTIAL TO ALL THE HAM RADIO OPERATORS WHO WERE KIND ENOUGH TO WRITE TO ME: 73 and 88: . . . CONFIDENTIAL TO THOSE WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND HAM RADIO SIGNALS: "73 and 88" means "love and kisses." . . . Everybody has a problem. What's yours? For a personal reply, write to Abby, Box 3365, Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . For Abby's rookie, "How To Have A Lovely Wedd. g." send 50c to Abby, Box 3365, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE LIGHTER SIDE:

Creeping Euphoria Is New Menace

By DICK WEST

WASHINGTON (UPI)—During recent Senate hearings on the test ban treaty, a couple of witnesses cautioned that there was some danger it might lead to "euphoria."

At first, that part of the testimony didn't make much of an impression on me. That was because I had euphoria confused with Ethiopia.

I thought the witnesses were warning that Ethiopia might start nuclear testing. Which didn't seem very likely because Ethiopia had already signed the treaty.

Besides that, I wasn't aware that Ethiopia had any nuclear weapons to test.

Upon reconsideration, I concluded that euphoria must be some kind of atmospheric condition; that when you tested you got fallout, and when you didn't test you got euphoria.

Curious to know whether euphoria was as harmful as fallout, I consulted a dictionary and learned that the word means "a feeling of well-being." That confirmed my worst fears.

Since then I have been keeping a close watch to see if I could detect any signs of creeping euphoria. My vigilance may have hit pay dirt.

Assuming that I can recognize euphoria when I see it, then Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson scattered some of it around in a speech before an AFL-CIO convention at Houston, Tex., Monday.

"I feel good today," Johnson said. "Our nation was never stronger. Our economy was never healthier. I am here in my home state. My friends are in this room. It rained last night in the hill country. And tomorrow's my birthday."

Its Full Effect! If Johnson has that much euphoria even before the treaty is ratified by the Senate, I shudder to think how well he will feel when it is in full effect.

Clearly, some sort of counter measures are called for before euphoria begins to run rampant. Let it never be said that I'm not doing my part to stem the tide. I feel lousy. Also apprehensive. The lace bugs are ruining my

Taping Of Mark Frantic Affair

SALEM (UPI)—Gov. Mark Hatfield and newsman Charles Collingwood will appear calm and relaxed at 10:30 p.m. Friday when "Portrait" is broadcast over CBS-TV.

Their apparent calm belies the electric air of frantic activity which surrounded the taping of the program at Hatfield's home here Monday.

Scores of cameramen, directors, producers, technicians, and truckloads of equipment converged on the northwest corner of High and Kearney streets early Monday.

Lights were installed, furniture moved, cameras placed, microphones set up.

Crowd Gathers The Hatfields, who were away for the weekend, met Collingwood in Portland in the morning. They arrived in Salem shortly before noon. Streets were blocked off while pictures were taken of their house. Crowds of onlookers gathered.

Mrs. Hatfield had left instructions to prepare lunch for 14. She ordered a quick change, and 40 were fed.

After lunch the taping of the interview began.

A sound recorder went out, and they had to start over. Then a grass fire threatened a nearby television relay, and fire trucks roared past the house while Hatfield chatted unconcernedly inside.

Wife Watches in Truck Mrs. Hatfield, still wearing an apron from lunch, sat in one of the television trucks and watched the program on a monitor.

The Hatfield living room became oven-like from the heat of television lights.

When it was over, a director commented on Hatfield's relaxed air.

"I don't feel relaxed," the governor smiled as he wiped perspiration from his brow.

A director, after reviewing the taped interview, commented "that's the best interview we've ever done. The governor is charming, and he's so articulate."

Yoncallans Leave To Live In Elmira

By MRS. GEORGE EDES

Mr. and Mrs. George Edes have sold their home south of Yoncalla to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Braun.

Mr. and Mrs. Edes have since left for Elmira where they will live in a new mobile home near their daughter, Mrs. Dean Hall.

Enters Hospital Perry Smith has been taken to the Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. George Edes visited recently with their children and their families in Elmira.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ashton of Medford spent the weekend visiting at the Kenneth Mulkey home. Fred Roberts who has been stationed in Germany for a couple of years is home after being discharged from the U.S. Army. His wife will come over in a few weeks. Roberts is a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sefton and Mrs. Harriett Roberts of Yoncalla.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Edes and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Parkey of Sandy were recent overnight guests at the George Edes home.

Mrs. Merle McKirdy spent the weekend at the home of her son, Kenneth and family at Gold Beach.



Tourists Brought Boom To Palamos

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain — It is only slightly less crowded than Washington where I am at the moment, but it is a different sort of crowd. Here we are already integrated—Germans, Americans, Italians, Swedes, English, Dutch, Danes, Swiss, French—all getting along peacefully with the minority group.

The minority group is Spanish. We march, all right, just as the multitudes will be marching on Washington, but we march in Mercedes-Benz and Porsche, Volkswagen and Hillman, Chevrolet and Austin, Saab and Renault, and Jaguar and Cadillac. The minority group marches in Seats, the Spanish version of the Fiat.

We march to the post office and the cable head and to Senor Samso's all-purpose cantina. We march to the beaches and to the "campings" and to the Cala Go-Go and to the souvenir shops. We march to the Hostal de la Gavina and to the Flamingo and the other twist joints. The Spaniards march with us. They may be a minority group for three months of summer, but they are shaking that old peseta tree and gathering in the leaves that fall from the tourists.

The carcasses of dead and dying vehicles are hauled to one side of

Tourists Brought Boom To Palamos

the road, and the screams of the mangled tourist who took the curve too fast mingle with the screams of the old settlers who live in spacious villas and who lament the good old days when the Spaniards owned the Costa Brava, and a foreigner was a curiosity.

But the tradespeople don't moan. The people who lease land for camping sites don't moan, and neither do the real estate speculators. For the past five years at least, the once-exclusive Costa Brava has ridden the crest of a tourist tidal wave which has turned the rugged coast into a building bonanza.

The building boom is like nothing I ever saw. Tiny villages are now respectable towns; little towns are reasonable cities. German and Swiss money has poured in, buildings shoot up, and real estate has occupied its value in the past 10 years.

I came to Spain 10 years ago last May, and there was only one small hotel in Palamos, and one rentable good house from Palamos to San Feliu, some 15 kilometers away. I stood alone in my modest hutch on the beach, with a clear, unobstructed view in all directions.

My place is now a small oasis in

a suburb which links mushroomed towns for miles. I am surrounded by neighbors of all nationalities. In the older days nobody swam within a quarter-mile of "my" beach (there are no private beaches in Spain). Now "my" beach is sardined with oil-gleaming, nearly naked bodies. (In the older days men wore tops and the unmarried swam separately according to sex, with the married safely established as a buffer state between.)

Once the status symbol in Palamos was a bicycle. Now the bicyclists own motor bikes, and the motorcycleists own automobiles. Everybody's got money; it is almost impossible to hire a carpenter or a plumber, because the projects still spring up like mushrooms.

There are whole villages compounded of hotels of various categories, not counting annexes, pensions, rooms for rent, villas for hire, formal camp sites and areas where tents may be pitched. Cafes, restaurants, night clubs, new movie theaters, fancy shops, cheap shops — hambres, have we have come on.

When I came to Spain if you didn't buy gasoline in Gerona the chances are you wouldn't find any until you got to Barcelona. And if you were headed for Madrid, you filled up in Barcelona and again in Zaragoza or you ran dry. Now we have the most modern of filling stations, with attendant, "snack-bars" and motel accommodations all over the landscape. We have zebra-striped apartments and ultra-modern office buildings and factory sites that look like chic suburbia.

We have new roads and more building, because by the time they get one end finished, the other end has worn out from tourist traffic. And, oh, yes, we have signs commemorating accidents, and uniformed traffic cops, and speed-limit zones. We had none of these boons to civilization before.

Pretty soon we will have a hydrofoil boat service from Barcelona to the Costa Brava, and helicopters, too. I shouldn't wonder. But one thing remains from the past which makes all this progress bearable. It is still almost impossible to get Barcelona on the telephone, not to mention the outside world, and any country in which the phone system is lousy cannot be all bad.

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—In The Day's News—

By FRANK JENKINS

As this is written, the civil rights demonstration march on Washington was shaping up. It is expected to include 100,000 or more persons, both white and colored.

Its sponsors pledge that it will be orderly. And to help them carry out their pledge, a force of some 10,000 security officers is standing by. It will include policemen, National Guardsmen, civilian police reserves, parade marshals and—if needed—some 4,000 soldiers and Marines.

The ruckus in Viet Nam is getting worse. The Russians cue out the Red Chinese again.

In the Middle East, fierce fighting erupts between Israel and Jordan.

In New York, a teacher strike threatens to close all the schools. The long-discussed railroad strike is due to come to a head later in the week.

The argument over ratification of the nuclear test ban treaty continues.

Question: Isn't ANYBODY happy a ny more?

New angle on the test ban pact: Speaking in Los Angeles the other day, Evangelist Billy Graham said the recently negotiated test ban treaty between the U.S., Brit-

ain and Russia "offers nothing but false hope."

Speaking at a prayer breakfast, he told his hearers that "Russia is still out for world revolution, and the test ban treaty means nothing."

The test ban treaty has been negotiated and signed. But before it can become effective, so far as the United States is concerned, it must be ratified by the Senate. Our senators are now making up their minds as to how they are going to vote.

On the treaty, you may have strong personal convictions. You may feel that it SHOULD be ratified. You may feel that it SHOULD NOT be ratified.

But— You may say to yourself— WHAT CAN I DO?

Well, here's a thought: In a democracy, the INSTINCT OF THE PEOPLE is immensely important. The instinct of the people is sometimes better in immensely important situations such as those in their authority.

So— If and when you find that your mind is made up — that you're for the treaty, or against it, and that's that— WRITE YOUR SENATORS. Tell them how you feel about it. And why.

For your information, Oregon's senators are Wayne Morse and Maurice Neuberger. California's senators are Clair Engle and Thomas H. Kuchel. Their address is Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C.

Make your letters short. About all you need to say is I'M FOR IT or I'M AGAINST IT, along with a brief statement of your reasons.

Don't think your letters won't be read. They will be.

Among other things, there is a lot of politics in this business—and your senators are going to want to know how their constituents feel about it.

A thought for the day: Adolf Hitler said, mankind "as grown strong in eternal struggles and it will only perish through eternal peace."

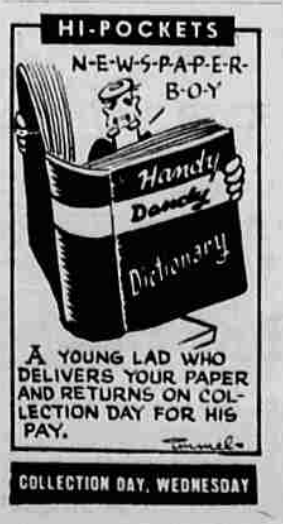
LITTLE LIZ



If all the cars in the country were plocced end to end, some fool would pull out to pass them.

HI-POCKETS

N-E-W-S-P-A-P-E-R-B-O-Y



A YOUNG LAD WHO DELIVERS YOUR PAPER AND RETURNS ON COLLECTION DAY FOR HIS PAY.

COLLECTION DAY, WEDNESDAY

The News-Review

543 S. E. Main St.
Published Daily Except Sunday by NEWS-REVIEW PUBLISHING CO., Roseburg, Oregon
Telephone 672-3321
Entered at post office at Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 7, 1973.
J. V. Brenner, Publisher

The News-Review is a member of the United Press International, NEA Service, Audit Bureau of Circulation and the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association.
National Advertising Representative is Newspaper Advertising Service Co., Russ Building, San Francisco, Calif.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Carrier and Roseburg P. O. Boxes — 1 month, \$1.75; 3 months, \$5.00; 6 months, \$9.00; 1 year, \$16.00. Outside of Oregon: 1 month, \$1.75; 3 months, \$5.25; 6 months, \$9.50; 1 year, \$21.00.