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THE POPPY AWARD

By CHARLES V. STANTON

We hope Dr. Haskins, manager of the Veterans Hospital at Roseburg, doesn't call on us again to act as a judge at a contest.

Talk about doing the impossible! That was the sort of assignment which Dr. Haskins dumped in our laps when he selected a committee to judge displays made by various departments as a part of the open house Sunday, marking observance of National Hospital Day.

Employees at the Hospital, numbering 375 persons, are divided into departments, and each department prepared a display, utilizing equipment and products and demonstrating the work of that particular section. The exhibit was set up in the auditorium of the recreation building and proved to be one of the major attractions for the hundreds of people who took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the Hospital.

Employees had no idea that their respective displays were to be judged competitively, but Dr. Haskins was so delighted that he decided to make awards, in cooperation with the employees' organization, headed by Bob Allen.

Without realizing what we were getting into, we accepted an invitation to act as one of the judges.

How does a person make a selection between entries of equal quality? Every exhibit was perfect, in our opinion, and, when we finally tried to make up a score sheet and work on an arbitrary point system of grading, the result was that we had most of the displays in a first place tie.

The blue ribbon finally was awarded by the puzzled committee to the laundry department—not because it had a display with the greatest public appeal or showmanship, but rather because it demonstrated so effectively the efficiency of a comparatively small department handling a gigantic task.

More spectacular were displays by the Vocational Therapy Departments, with exhibits of products from the workshops, where patients turn out jewelry, leather goods, beaten metal art, photographs, etc.

The Engineering Department, embracing the service industries—carpentry, plumbing, electrical, painting and others—also won high acclaim from spectators, as did the exhibits by the greenhouse and farm sections, nursing, special services and, in fact, all 23 divisions, each of which deserves individual mention and description.

But up at one end of the hall, as a part of the Special Services presentation, was to be found a display of red paper poppies. These artificial flowers were familiar in appearance to most of the many interested spectators and perhaps few stopped to realize that they soon will be asked to buy one or more of these memorial tokens. Nor do many of them know or realize how much these flowers mean to veterans everywhere.

In the first place, approximately 400,000 of the memorial poppies will be produced in veterans hospitals at Roseburg and Portland. They are made exclusively by patients.

Hospital life is a pretty dreary affair to most of these men, some of them doomed to a lifetime of hospital residence. Many have no source of outside income. Separated from relatives and friends, they have had little social contact.

Patients are paid two cents for each poppy, the flowers being purchased by the American Legion and Legion Auxiliary. Violet Guille, hospital chairman for the Umpqua Post Auxiliary, supervises and directs poppy work at the Roseburg Veterans Hospital. Income from poppies made during the year enables a patient to buy the many small extra comforts he needs—candy, tobacco, books, magazines, etc. Some are even contributing to family income from the money they derive in making poppies.

Poppies will go on sale May 27 and 28, ahead of the annual Memorial Day holiday. Mrs. Jane Stephens is poppy sale chairman for Umpqua Unit of the American Legion Auxiliary and, with scores of volunteer workers, will offer the flowers in the Roseburg area.

Purchasers will know that two cents from their contribution represents money paid to a veteran patient in one of the Oregon hospitals. The balance of each contribution will go into veteran rehabilitation activities and to care for orphans and dependent children of veterans.

The poppy display didn't get first prize in Sunday's exhibit at the Hospital. But, we are quite sure it will be amply rewarded when Poppy Days roll around next week.

Breaking Of Rib Restores Life To Man Pronounced 'Medically' Dead

LOS ANGELES, May 16.—Roid C. Lewis, 46-year-old aircraft armament inspector, was "medically dead" for 12 to 15 minutes last week ago, his doctor says. And he was revived by a unique measure.

The Los Angeles Times told about it Friday. It quoted Lewis' surgeon, who would not permit the use of his name.

Lewis, an employee of the Hughes Aircraft Corp., who lives at Santa Monica, went to his doctor's office last Friday for minor surgery.

An anesthesiologist injected the usual amount of sodium pentothal, a commonly used anesthetic, and Lewis, the surgeon said, "died."

"By every medical criterion of death, he was dead," the doctor was quoted. "There are the medical criteria of death: cessation of breathing, no audible heart beat, no discernible blood pressure and

the loss of superficial and deep reflexes."

The doctor and his assistant injected coramine directly into Lewis' heart and piped oxygen directly into his lungs. But nothing was of any avail.

Then the surgeon remembered that in some seemingly hopeless cases of drowning, resuscitation may be accomplished if a bone is broken. It provides shock.

He snapped Lewis' 10th left rib with his hands, and the patient revived. Yesterday the operation was performed, with a different anesthetic. The doctor said he hasn't told Lewis about his temporary "death." But he let Mrs. Lewis into the secret.

Small fabric circles saturated with a deodorant are available in jars. There is just enough moisture on each pad to dab both underarms.

Well Worth Special Attention



Scrap from the MENDING BASKET

By Viahneth S. Martin

Mr. C. H. very kindly shares with us the story of the Maple Leaf emblem so dear to Canadians. It was, you may recall, recently requested in this column. I quote from his most interesting letter, in which he gives, he is "certain, the authentic background of this story."

"It all seems to have started during the French and Indian Wars when the French were laying low many a proud 'redcoat,' from the Mississippi to Hudson's Bay. Now I said 'redcoat' and ironically enough, that has much to do with the story. Wherever the British went, they went down in defeat, not because they were outsmarted, but because they were so easily spotted—too easily spotted!"

"Imagine how their bright red uniforms must have stood out against the natural surroundings! Especially in the green woods of Quebec! Ah, yes, the French found it easy pickings to send bullets toward those scarlet figures among the green pines . . . and maples."

Perhaps by now you have guessed what the British did? That's right! They stripped the great green leaves from the big maples, covered their uniforms with them, probably the first use

of modern-day camouflage in warfare! From then on the tide turned with the British and more than one battle was won because of the humble maple leaf.

"Thus today the maple leaf, in gratitude for its part in bringing about the Dominion of Canada, is justly given honor as that nation's emblem."

What an interesting story! Thanks again, Mr. C. H.

Since there is a little space left I'll add a few words about an entirely different subject: In one of the letters referring to the April 29 Mending Basket (in which I quoted a saleswoman's thought and words) was the assumption that the store in question was in the same place as the post office through which our rural mail comes. Not so! Nor was it in Roseburg!

But conditions in stores are somewhat the same, as a general rule, are they not? So I thought the question one of general interest. I do hope "the ball will get rolling" in an impersonal way!

Another point: Because so many clerks are mothers, and what affects them affects their home and children, I just happened to think first of P.T.A.

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

three billions to our national debt. Your present share of the nation's debt is in the rough general neighborhood of \$1750. On the assumption that each billion dollars of federal government money means about \$7 to each of us, that means that your share of the national debt will be hiked about \$21.

THE Hoover Commission, which has been going over the government's finances with a fine-tooth comb, estimates that with reasonable economy (that is, economy that would help rather than hurt) we could save about three billion dollars PER YEAR in the OPERATING expenses of our federal government establishment.

So far, in Washington, everybody is talking about the report of the Hoover Commission, but nobody is doing anything about it.

Economy in government has always been a fine thing for politicians to talk about but a very bad thing to DO anything about.

POLITICIANS are nobody's fools, and experience has taught them that they get elected often by spending than by economizing. If that situation is ever reversed and spenders are regularly defeated and economists regularly elected, we will have economy in government.

But not until then.

INCIDENTALLY, the reason the congressional tax experts figure that we'll go three billion

deeper into the hole this coming fiscal year is that because of the slump in the boom incomes will be lower and so tax collections will be lower and at the same time spending will be greater. (They think tax income will be down about \$2,100,000,000 and spending up about \$900,000,000). If you figured that your personal income was going to be down next year, you'd start planning how you could spend less. The politicians follow a different system. Their idea is to SPEND MORE REGARDLESS.

THERE is a curious, but interesting, story on the wires from New York. It relates that copper stocks ROSE on the stock exchange Saturday morning. During the week, it adds, the price of refined copper had fallen from a postwar high of 23½ cents per pound to 18 cents per pound.

How come? Well, people who buy stocks reason that COPPER WILL SELL AT THE LOWER PRICES but wouldn't have sold at the higher price. If copper can't be sold, it's worthless, whereas if it can be sold it has value.

Put that way, you see, what happened on the stock market makes perfectly good sense.

Boy Bicyclist Killed In Collision With Car

MEDFORD, Ore., May 17.—(AP)—Harold Martin Swanson Jr., age 7, of Prospect, died Saturday night in a hospital here of injuries received when he rode his bicycle into the path of an automobile.

Police said the car driver, Charles Skeeters, Talent, was not to blame. No citation was made.

Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

FAWNS LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE

(Game Commission Bulletin)
Time again to warn soft-hearted but misguided individuals against the practice of picking up fawns in the woods or along roadsides. The mother deer is accustomed to parking her young while she goes on a search for food but has every intention of returning for it. A fawn should never be picked up even if it appears to be deserted and starving. Baby deer are inclined to look thin and hungry, but are all right and have a good chance of survival if left alone.

What happens if a fawn is picked up and taken home by an individual to be kept as a pet? For a year or so it is a cherished pet. Then as the deer grows older, it becomes unmanageable, a nuisance to the neighbor's garden, and often dangerous to human life. The deer then either has to be killed or even if released it has become domesticated and is inclined to return to its home territory. The Game Commission policy during the past year has been to deny anyone a permit to keep fawns, which have been taken instead to the game farms. There the deer are cared for until old enough to release. However, the deer would be much better off if they are left alone to grow up in their natural habitat.

Casualty Drop Indicates Better Highway Safety

At the end of three full postwar years, 438 Oregonians who were destined to die in traffic accidents were still alive. Another 5,384 scheduled for injuries were still unharmed.

This sidelight on Oregon's greatly improved highway safety record was revealed by Secretary of State Newberry. He said traffic would have claimed that many additional victims had the death and injury rates of 1945 continued scheduled for injuries were still three years.

In 1945, the state's fatality rate was 11.8 per hundred million miles, which was approximately the average for the preceding ten years and well under the 1929-1941 average. In 1946, the rate dropped to 10.6. By 1947, it was 8.7, and in 1948, 7.6. With traffic increasing by leaps and bounds during the same period, each decrease of one point in the death rate represents approximately 55 lives saved, Newberry declared.

Using last year as an example, he said the 1945 death rate would have meant 647 victims against the 417 actually killed, a saving of 230 lives. Prevented injuries totaled 2,678 for the year, and the over-all accident situation is comparable.

The secretary pointed out that all Oregon drivers share credit for the improvement and are now reaping more tangible benefits in the form of insurance premium reductions recently announced for the state.

LETTERS to the Editor

Two-Sided Question

"ROSEBURG"—I read in your paper that the local business men voted 100 percent for daylight saving. They don't get up until 7:30 or 8:00 o'clock and they want to play golf or ride around in the evening. Why not give the farmer, logger, truck drivers and sawmill workers a chance to say what they want? They are leaving their beds at 3:00 to 5:00 o'clock in the morning. If the clock is turned up an hour, what time do they have to get up?
IDA ELLIS,
724 E. 2nd Ave.,
Roseburg, Ore.

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