

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Company, Inc.

Entered as second class matter May 7, 1920, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon, under act of March 2, 1879.

CHARLES V. STANTON
Editor

EDWIN L. KNAPP
Manager

Member of the Associated Press, Oregon Newspaper Publishers
Association, the Audit Bureau of Circulations

Represented by WEST-HOLLIDAY CO., INC., offices in New York, Chicago,
San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$18.00; six months, \$10.00;
three months, \$5.50. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$22.00 (in ad-
vance), less than one year, per month, \$1.80. Outside Oregon—By Mail—
Per Year, \$22.00; six months, \$12.50; three months, \$7.00.

THE HABITS OF READERS

Charles V. Stanton

We heard a great deal of comment during the election campaign about a one-party press in a two-party government. The catch phrase, adroitly used by the Candidate Stevenson, received much discussion. Those who used it knew that the one-party press would prominently display the two-party statement in good position on page one.

But little was said about one-party readers, although a few editors have touched on the subject in their post-mortems.

Just by way of self-examination, what did you read? Or, even more to the point, what DO you read?

Newspapers have been conducting readership studies for a number of years. In these studies trained interviewers contact a representative group of readers and learn exactly what each person reads in a certain edition of the newspaper. Composite figures are compiled. Averages are extended to embrace the paper's entire circulation. Reports are issued at intervals to show readership patterns and habits. These habits are subject to minor fluctuation, depending upon general conditions. For the most part, however, they are quite consistent.

For instance, about 99 per cent of all readers read some part of the front page. Maybe they only scan the headlines, but they at least take a fairly good look at the big type.

When you get to the small type it's a different story.

If the item concerned the political campaign or politics in general, perhaps one-third of the readers managed to wade through a few paragraphs. Democrats read more paragraphs concerning their party than they did of Republican news, while the Republicans brushed over the Democratic side with a quick once-over-lightly.

Who Wants Cheesecake?

If the small type of an item on page one received 60 per cent or more readership, you can be sure it was a story of a preacher eloping with the red-haired gal from the alto section of the choir. Nothing else, apparently, would draw that proportion of readers through the full length of a news story, providing the item consisted of more than about eight paragraphs.

Few readers pass up a local picture. A local picture published on any page in the paper will draw the attention of more readers than the most exciting story on the first page.

Let's take the picture of Miss Stardust of 1952, the shapely and beautiful young gal garbed in a few glittering brilliants and little else. Who among the readers give it the most attention, do you suppose? Was it the men or the women? The men, did you say? Nope, you're wrong! It's the women at a ratio of about 7 to 5. If the gal was wearing a fur coat, it was the women 2 to 1.

But let's take the case of another figure with a good paint job. Slap in a picture of a new model automobile and the men eat it up, while the women read suggested reducing menus.

Have Pity On The Poor Editor!

The editor slaves away to write a profound column interpreting the news, or expressing opinions, and what's the result? If more than 40 per cent of the readers wade through his column, he can be very happy. A few more men than women will take a gander at his sweat-blood-and-tears production. He has one consolation; he draws more readers than the columnists. But those untrained, inexperienced, opinionated authors, who write letters to the editor, have him backed off the boards. They'll draw readership equal to the best story on the front page.

There's another angle to the editorial column that intrigues us, an angle not covered in the readership surveys. If the editor expresses his own ideas, he's a moronic, stubborn old goat. If he takes a neutral position, he's a fence-straddler. If he's not for you, he's against you—an avowed enemy. If he says nothing, he's a yellow coward.

Maybe he should be thankful he doesn't get 100 per cent readership. Based on complaints from 40 per cent readership, more or less, what would it be if everyone read his stuff?

Scraps From the



MENDING BASKET

Vahnett Martin - P.O. Box 874, Drain, Or.

Hilda Peterson's work in collecting and assuming the financial responsibility of the anthology of poems by Umpqua Valley poets received approving comment in the current Author & Journalist. Editor Crawford concludes with: "Any day I look for the Chamber of Commerce to get out a bulletin listing poetry, as well as fruit and lumber, among Roseburg's main assets." Congratulations Hilda.

Sure enough, Monday morning brought letters from Mrs. Ulah Winston. Mrs. June Bacher, and a relayed message from Mrs. Eva Waite.

I am sending the information on to the State Archivist, Mr. David Dunaway, who will be glad to have it, to fill in file on early treasurers. May I thank you here in the column?

Mrs. Waite has a picture of her uncle taken when he was about 16; but she has written to great-granddaughters who, she thinks, may have a later picture of Nathaniel Lane, and biographical data.

Mrs. Winston explains that the original owners of her home were another family, not the Levi Rice mentioned in the Nov. 13 Mending Basket. Would the Dexter Rice family have information about him for the State Archivist, and a picture?

Mrs. Bacher "spent most of the morning on the telephone but accomplished nothing. No one knew anything about Kilbourne, or Kilborn." However, she did relay Mrs. Waite's message. Incidentally Mrs. Bacher, in regretting that her research work is not available to interested people except in her own copies, remarks: "If at any time you or your friends want any of the stories, please call on me. Such history should belong to those who love things—not just to the author. . . . So much work was involved, it seems a shame to waste all the research that has gone into them." (Sorry I didn't hear of the Nov. 16 broadcast in time to mention it here.)

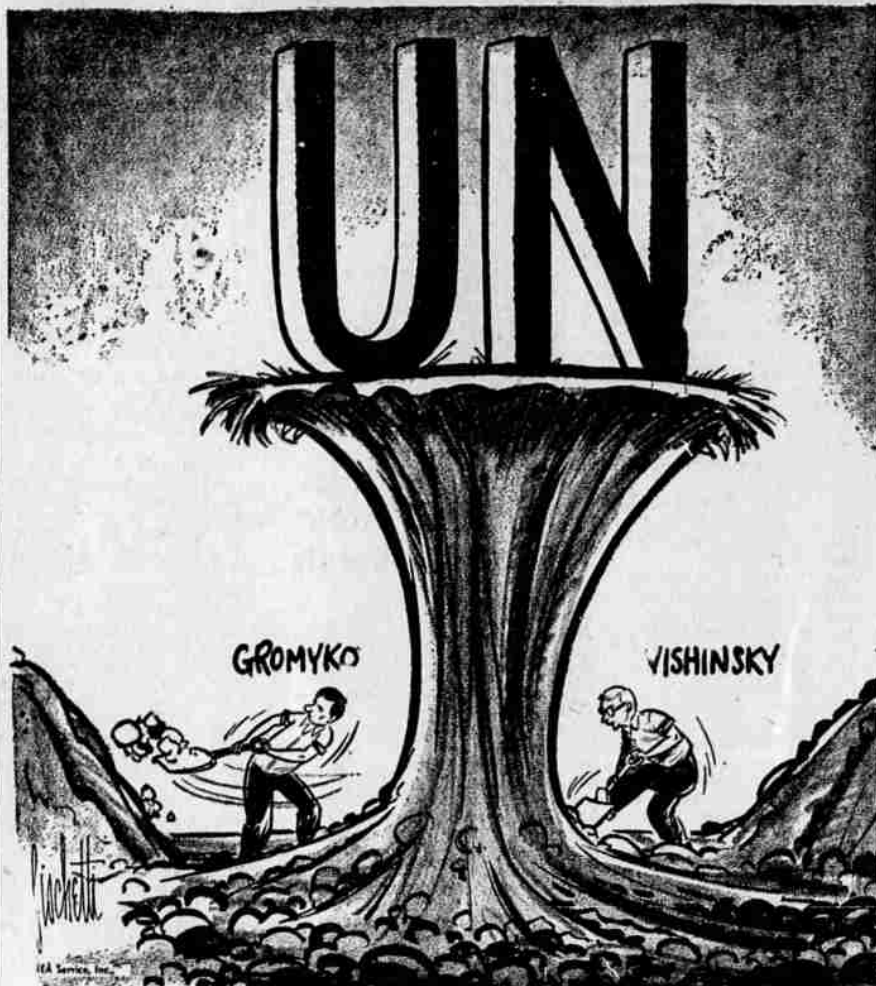
Autumn issue of The Archer, edited by Wilfred & Elinor Brown, Camas Valley and Hollywood, is gay with a holiday red cover, and a striking blackprint by Rena Penn Brittain. I'll quote a verse by a Coquille, Oregon poet as a sample from the current issue.

Without the difficult valleys could be no victorious height. And the heaviest, darkest shadows are cast by the brightest light.

Frances Holmstrom.

The Archer has contests for a

Danger—Men Working



Fulton Lewis Jr.

WASHINGTON REPORT

Copyright 1952, King Features Syndicate

WASHINGTON—Now that the army has seized Gen. Douglas MacArthur's personal files, I hold renewed hope that the same will be done with President Truman's.

The President—for the benefit of posterity, he says—is going to haul out of the White House truckloads of official documents when he departs Washington in January. To our everlasting regret, we let the late President Roosevelt get away with the same thing. Many of the same people who applauded Roosevelt's cleverness are now bemoaning Gen. MacArthur for trying to keep his own files.

The Roosevelt papers are under lock and key at Hyde Park, New York, and only a few favored biographers have full access to them. Naturally nobody gets to see the ones containing proof of the late President's stupidity in international affairs. Recently, for instance, an army colonel, doing research on a historical project for the Pentagon, got a shuffling around from the gatekeepers at Hyde Park. All he wanted to know was why Roosevelt thought it necessary during the war to meddle in internal political affairs in Canada.

Mr. Truman had to approve the seizure of Gen. MacArthur's files before Secretary of the Army, Frank Pace, could dispatch his squad of baggage smashers to New York. Actually, however, it's the State Department and not the Pentagon that wants to button up the Pacific general's private papers.

The State Department kept dispatching left-wingers to Japan to "help" the general run that nation while he was there. He bounced several of them right back into Dean Acheson's lap, but some of them managed to elude him. MacArthur tagged all of them, however, and his aides say that portions of his memoranda on the subject would blister the varnish on Acheson's swivel chair if made public.

Gen. MacArthur still has access to his papers, which is probably all he wants anyway. If this satisfies him, I can't see why the same arrangement could not be made for the retiring President. There is no reason why Mr. Truman's files should be shipped to Independence, Missouri, especially since he expects to hang around Washington much of the time after he leaves the White House.

The President's documents should be classified and filed for public inspection, just as other of his papers are. They belong to us, not to him, and I for one don't want to travel to Missouri every time it's necessary to look at the record. Right now I can get over to the government archives for a 40-cent taxi ride. As a citizen, I'm entitled, on request, to look over any and all non-secret documents. But when they are in Missouri, it will cost considerably more than \$100 to get to them.

Mr. Truman, of course, is entitled to keep his personal letters, although some of them undoubtedly have historic importance. Those he found expedient to write on asbestos paper probably never should be made public.

The difficulty in forcing the President to leave government files intact is that nobody can order him to do so. And none of his cronies is going to suggest that he refrain from taking home things that do not belong to him. At least, none of the ones I know about who hang around the White House.

One possible recourse, however, has been suggested by a number of people who have written letters to me on the subject. They

variety of themes. A stamped envelope will bring a copy of rules and dates etc. (P. O. Box 3867, Vic. Center Station, Hollywood, Calif.)

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

tape was late shortly after the opening. Prices made generally good progress, with the best gains limited to around one point.

Losses usually were small and quite scattered.

What does it mean?

It ISN'T inflation. The belief is general that the new administration will move to STOP inflation. It could be CONFIDENCE—confidence that under new and able and honest and DYNAMIC leadership the United States of America can move forward to new heights of achievement.

From Moscow: Russia's egg and poultry trust has been rocked by a scandal. A Moscow court today sentenced six of the trust's employees to jail terms of from 10 to 25 years for upgrading chickens and using the profits to throw banquets. The government says the profits ran to about \$48,000.

Well, for one thing, that's what always happens when too much power is held in too few hands too long.

The Moscow commies have been in power for a long, long time.

OR—It could be that the commie big shots wanted to GET RID of the six poor devils whom they accused of petty graft. Dictators with SUPREME POWER do things like that, you know.

History tells us that—very plainly.

Moe communist finagling: In North Korea, back in 1945, the commies seized all land owned by absentee landlords and gave it to the tenants. It made a great hit. But in 1948, the red brass explained that in 1945 they had granted only "use rights" to the tenants.

So they took it away and redistributed it again. This time the redistribution wound up with all the best land in the hands of the communist party big shots.

There's trouble at another penitentiary—this time at the southern Michigan prison at Jackson, where 2000 convicts staged an uprising last night. The rioters were subdued after two hours of shotgun blasts and sub-machine gun fire.

I suppose you've noticed the growing frequency of these prison ruckuses. Hardly a week goes by without one or more of them somewhere in the country.

How can it be stopped?

One way would be to put convicts to work at useful and constructive labor. Nothing is truer than that Satan will find some work for idle hands to do.

One reason why we herd our convicts together in idleness is that both organized business and organized labor object bitterly to the competition of goods produced by prison labor. Personally, I think it is mistaken opposition.

The amount of goods thus produced wouldn't be a drop in the bucket in our total production and the good that would be accomplished would far outweigh any slight harm that might be done.

4-H CLUBS INCREASE

There are 113 more 4-H Clubs in Douglas County this year than a year ago.

That's what recent reports show says Max Kurler, County 4-H Club agent. There were 1,049 clubs in October while in the fall of 1951 there were only 936.

The completion rate for projects is up too, Kurler reveals. Rate in the October report was 83.4 percent, while the 1951 rate was 79.4 percent.

Mustache, Unlike Bankroll, Cannot Lay Claim To Romantic Influence

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—Many women have married a man because of his bankroll. But did any woman ever marry a fellow solely because of his mustache?

Did she ever, crumpling shyly against his manly bosom murmur:

"You yourself have an utterly irresistible personality, my dear. But your mustache! Ah, I can fight against it no longer. It has swept me quite off my feet."

A boy, rubbing castor oil on his upper lip to stir the slow growth of the reluctant fuzz thereon, may daydream of such situations.

But I have never heard in real life of a mustache with much romantic influence.

What is the actual social impact of the mustache?

This question arises because it appears that this form of male facial landscaping is getting more popular.

It seems to me I see more and more mustaches around. I would like to believe this is only because there are more people in the world as I like to look at the bright side of things.

I would hate to see mustaches become a badge of valor or a measure of achievement, as in a society in which that were true I would have to become a hermit.

Three Reasons For Growth

Men grow mustaches for only three general reasons:

1. They have an inferiority complex.

2. To pay an election bet.

3. Curiosity.

The first of these reasons is the most widespread. And the average mustache carrier will admit it, if pressed.

"I grew mine to prove to myself that I could do something the other guys in my crowd hadn't done," one said. "It helped me overcome a lifelong feeling of inferiority, and gave me an immediate sense of security and personal victory."

The boy or man who rears a mustache out of curiosity or to pay an election bet he has lost soon finds the novelty wears thin, and off comes the mustache. The time and trouble it takes are no longer worth the effort.

But one who grows a mustache to cure himself of inferiority will never yield it until death. In case of fire he places its safety before that of women and children.

It is his hairy manner of success in the battle every man fights within himself, his flag against the world.

Mouse Becomes Lion

Behind every mustache lurks a mouse that has been turned by

trial the chief of the works equipment department of the Stalin Coal Trust, a Communist named Yasin who cheated the state, but have even defended him."

The director of the Kazakh Republic Institute of Agriculture Zhengaleyev, and his deputy, Karibayev, "treated the institute as if it belonged to him, indulging in any whim." The two are accused of stealing goods and state funds and expelling from the institute more than 10 scientific workers who tried to expose them.

MY PAPER
HASN'T
ARRIVED YET

IF NOT,
Phone
2-2631

BETWEEN 6:15-7PM

Full 6 years old



Full
6 years
old

The EXTRA YEARS enhance the
great Bourbon Taste of

OLD HICKORY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

\$4.05
4 1/5 oz.
\$2.55
Pint

86 PROOF - OLD HICKORY DISTILLING CORPORATION - PHILADELPHIA, PA.