

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Company, Inc.
Entered as second class matter May 7, 1910, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon under act of March 3, 1879.
CHARLES V. STANTON, Editor and Manager
Member of the Associated Press, Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, the Audit Bureau of Circulations
Represented by WEST-HOLLIDAY CO., INC., offices at New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Denver
SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$12.00; six months, \$6.50; three months, \$3.25. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$13.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$3.50.
By News-Review Carrier—Per Year, \$12.00 (in advance), less than one year, per month, \$1.25.

APPLAUSE IN ORDER

Charles V. Stanton

If a football team won 60 successive games it would be heralded throughout the nation. If a baseball team played five straight years without losing a single contest it would have sports writers burning up their typewriters.

Football and baseball are spectator sports and command widespread reader interest.

Only a few people are interested as spectators of tennis matches and that's why the sensational record of Roseburg High School tennis teams has attracted little attention outside this immediate area.

It has been many years since Roseburg has had championship football or baseball teams, although prospects are picking up.

But since 1949 we have had unbeaten tennis squads. The Roseburg High School racquet swingers have mowed down the opposition in 60 straight tournaments. The last defeat for the Roseburg squad was in 1949. Victory is getting to be such a habit that the boys moan if they fail to take a match in straight sets.

This year's players are maintaining the pace set by those of former seasons. They are deserving of a big round of applause for their achievement.

BUILDING RECORDS NEEDED

Failure to obtain building records accurately portraying the growth of the community has been mentioned in this column on numerous occasions. We have records for new construction inside municipal boundaries, but building in the fringe areas goes unrecorded. Building records are freely used by industry and business seeking sites and markets. In a spot such as Roseburg, where fringe construction is far ahead of building inside the city, the community gets no credit.

The Equitable Savings & Loan Association, which makes regular monthly and quarterly reports of all building in the Pacific Northwest, now is complaining about this situation.

"So much home construction has moved beyond city bounds, where permits are most frequently not required, that no regional or national figure on dwelling construction can be wholly correct," the association says.

The association suggests that counties require permits to make possible a proper picture of home building.

WHERE ARE THE VOTERS?

Do parents vote in school elections?

This question is asked by Bernice Radtke, clerk of the Yoncalla School District No. 32. She answers the question with an emphatic "No."

Citing the defeat of the rural budgets and a proposed serial levy by Yoncalla voters, the school clerk reports that only 88 out of 250 registered voters participated.

The school principal, she says, sent information to 225 families. The school paper, published a few days before election, urged parents to vote.

Of the 88 voters, according to the report by the school clerk, 40 had no children in either grade or high school. They had not received the information sent out by the principal.

Yoncalla School District is no different than most districts throughout the county—or the state, for that matter.

Too many parents, people who should be most interested in schools, neglect school elections, but do plenty of beefing when schools are not conducted the way they think they should be run. On the other hand, there is always a tight vote of people who have no children in school and who are opposed to anything that might add to taxes. They usually are out in full strength.

We agree with the Yoncalla school clerk that if parents want good schools they must do their part in elections.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—American kids still flock to the circus by the millions, but a career under the big top lures fewer of them every year.

This saddens Pat Valdo, who has followed the tanbark trail for 51 years—and would do it all over again gladly.

"There are very few American circus families anymore—they are dying out," said Pat, who worked up from clown to general performance director of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. (This is the organization that for 70 years has been conducting a whispering campaign that it is the greatest show on earth.)

"Americans still excel in the high trapeze acts, but that's about all."

"Why it is I don't know. Our kids are good athletes, but not many want to go on and become professionals. Those who do want to become performers concentrate on other entertainment fields. They sing or talk or dance."

Pat, who knows most of the 600 animals and 1,000 people in the circus by name, nodded moodily to Big Ruth, an elderly elephant, as she ambled past. Big Ruth waved her trunk at him—just one old pro saluting another.

"There aren't aren't enough good American acts left to put on a whole circus program," said Valdo. "There are now about 19 nationalities among our performers."

"But they're all good, they know their jobs, and they get along. We have a United Nations here that really works."

Pat is a tall, leathery, timeless man who doesn't like to talk about his age beyond admitting "I got a lot of mileage on me—a lot of miles."

He was born Patrick Fitzgerald, and is the only Irishman I ever met who changed his name. In his case he can plead self-defense. "It was a defense against hunger," he grinned. "I was in a

"I'm Working on a Big Construction Job, Mister!"



Bruce Bioassat

Editorial Comment

MOLASSES MADE FROM TIMBER IS NOW FEASIBLE

Cos. Bay Times

A few days ago when it was rumored that a firm might bid on the Empire Oil Docks to use them for molasses storage, there were a number of snickers. But it was not such a far-fetched possibility as it might have sounded.

First, molasses are often carried in tankers just as fuel oil is and of course it must be stored and pumped aboard through piping systems such as are in Empire.

Secondly, there has just been completed a process for converting wood into molasses at an economical cost.

The bid that was finally submitted for the Oil Docks by the Upper Columbia River Barge Company for the time being rules out the idea of the molasses scheme here.

But the report by an engineering magazine, that molasses manufacture is feasible, points to another possible use for the great timber stands that surround the area.

Sugar made from wood waste, a long-pursued prize in both the United States and Europe, appears to be moving closer to reality with the completion of cost estimates on a new German process for wood saccharification.

Chemical Engineering, McGraw-Hill publication reports.

Warned by repeated failures of previous American and European experimenters to produce cheap wood molasses for livestock feed, the Germans have turned instead to the production of dextrose to compete with that made from corn.

Development of a new source for dextrose has many advantages: dextrose is preferred over cane and beet sugars in many canning operations and is valuable as a chemical raw material. These markets should mean a more stable price structure for dextrose, a situation which wood molasses never had, the magazine says.

In Germany, where corn production is very limited, there is every reason to expect a big future for the new process. In the United States, however, the prospects are more doubtful, principally because there are only a few places in this country—mainly in the West Coast—that could support a plant for dextrose extraction from wood, and even in those places, there is doubt that there would be enough wood sufficiently free of sawdust and bark to allow its use in the German process. Assuming, however, that such a location could be found and that the German results could be duplicated in this country, the process appears to be a highly competitive as well as profitable one, according to the magazine.

The new process is actually a revamped version of the original Rheinisch-Alkali process which, like other early wood sugar processes that were directed toward the production of molasses or alcohol, proved to be uneconomical without government subsidy. The new modification of the Rheinisch process, however, is reported to reduce process losses from 13.2 to 2.1 per cent of the entering sugar, and to cut steam costs and electricity requirements by 65 to 80 per cent respectively.

According to latest cost estimates, a bushel of corn should go down 20 per cent, a drop that is unlikely under the present U.S. price support program, wood dextrose could still successfully compete with corn dextrose in a free market. According to cost analysis, production costs for wood dextrose in the United States would total five cents per pound. In 1951, it is estimated that dextrose produced from corn saccharification methods cost about 5.82 cents per pound—allowing for fluctuations in byproduct values. Although these figures depend a great deal on credits assigned to by-products and on raw material costs, it is estimated that even if the price of corn should drop from the chosen figure of \$1.70 a bushel (depreciated from long-term corn and general price predictions) to \$1.40 a bushel, production costs of corn dextrose would just reach the calculated economical operating limit.

In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

him just as confidently as a Democrat as I shall vote for him as a Republican.

Until a few days ago, the choice between Earl Newby and Paul Patterson was a harder one. Newby is from Southern Oregon. He is a pleasant neighbor and an agreeable companion.

But last week he came out for FEDERAL development of water power and against the Eisenhower-McKay partnership water power policy. In a letter to Governor Patterson he said: "I stand for FEDERAL development of our great power resources."

The people are entitled to know where you (Governor Patterson) stand on this issue so vital to their welfare and progress."

I'm getting more than a little weary—down here in what those of us who live here are coming to call a little cynically the State of Jefferson—of paying big federal taxes to finance the building of big government dams up in the Columbia Basin to provide cheap INDUSTRY AWAY FROM US DOWN HERE IN SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Under Big Government policy, our water power resources were ignored. Under the Eisenhower-McKay partnership policy we stand a good chance to get some development of our own. I can't go along with Newby's desire to go back to Big Government.

Although he has no opposition, I shall cast a vote of confidence for Guy Cordon. In seniority (length of service) he ranks eighth among Republican senators. I'm not at all sure the issue isn't the most influential member of the senate. I quite agree with Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, who said recently of him in an article published in newspapers of her state:

"Senator Cordon is one of the quiet and effective senators who gets results. If everyone performed as he does the senate would complete its work much sooner each year. Senator Cordon has a disciplined, straightforward thinking that makes you keep your eye on the ball. There are no frills to Senator Cordon. He is a man of proved political courage."

Dick Neuberger, who will be Cordon's Democratic opponent next fall, has plenty of frills. That will be a real battle on the issue of something - for - nothing vs. work - for - what - you - get.

I shall of course support Harris Ellsworth for member of congress from this district. As everyone here knows, we have been business associates and close personal friends over a long term of years. There is no one in whom I have more complete confidence. I have seen him in action in the house of representatives for years, and I know his ability, his integrity and his effectiveness.

Pat was working until he was 62, died about a year ago."

Pat looked up at a young performer swinging gracefully on a trapeze high under the canvas. So many performers come and go, and the memory of his vanished friend kindled in his eyes.

"In the air," Pat said softly, "he was like a bird."

For a moment Pat stood there, feeling the loneliness known to all birds of passage. Then he smiled and set about the 1,001 tasks of getting the big show started on the long road.

In a recent Chicago speech, Paul Hoffman, board chairman of the Studebaker Corporation, had a lot of forthright things to say about freedom in the educational world. One particular part of it was rather startling.

Hoffman said he'd been told that at a certain "university" in this country all courses touching on communism had been dropped. In other words, you can't study the subject.

According to Hoffman's information, the school did not take the initiative in this matter. Groups within the community brought pressure.

Furthermore, it is said that any informal discussion of communism by a member of the faculty would start telephones buzzing among the pressure groups. The threat of investigation hangs over every man who contemplates even the most dispassionate examination of communism.

If this is an accurate picture of conditions at the school in question, then it is not in any real sense a university or even a college. It is just a place where a student may go to absorb certain spoon-fed items of educational diet, predigested by community groups which have taken unto themselves the responsibility for deciding what he may "safely" look into.

No doubt these people are alarmed at the menace of communism, both externally and internally. They have thereupon concluded that the way to fight it is to keep college youth (and probably others) in total ignorance of it—presumably on the theory that even the slightest contact may prove contaminating.

Ordinary common sense would seem to suggest that exactly the reverse is true—that the way to fight evil men and evil doctrines is to learn everything possible about them.

We ought to know how communism was born, who its world leaders were and are, how their minds work, what political techniques they have developed, what appeals they make to spread their cause, and so on. Only thus can we hope to combat the evil effectively.

"Know your enemy" is an old maxim, but no one has yet demonstrated that it is not a true one. As for the fear of contamination, what that amounts to is saying you believe that the ideals of democracy and liberty cannot stand up in competition with an enslaving tyrannical totalitarianism. That's pretty faint-hearted philosophy for an American.

We must all hope the case cited by Hoffman is an isolated one, and that it will soon be corrected. For the path the other way leads to the enthronement of ignorance.

When we follow to in great numbers the Communist's would capture us spiritually—without firing a shot. Indeed, without the need of a single subversive.

With two families claiming him, the dog climbed upon the lap of Colin Handeman, 11, and gave him a sloppy, cold-nosed kiss while Colin was testifying in the witness chair.

Judge Parker ruled that the dog was Sport, a pet of Colin, and not Tippy, a dog that belonged to Harvey Baker, 15.

It took a two-hour hearing to decide a dispute between the Handemans and Baker families over whether the dog was Sport or Tippy. Both pets looked alike and disappeared about the same time.

Then Sport—or Tippy—came into the Baker yard and was claimed as Harvey's missing pet.

The dog showed equal affection for both families at the trial until he kissed Colin in the witness chair. Then Judge Parker ruled: "A dog never forgets its original owners."

Bitterly disappointed, Harvey Baker was promised another puppy when Tippy's mother has her next litter.

PEERY MEDICALS

BY W.K. PEERY

(Editor's note: Buzzard is the eleventh and last of the series of Umpequa Indian legends as told by Mrs. Ellen Crispin.)

A long, long time ago, the Great Tamasius promised the animal people a bird that would take away all evil Eagle had done. One day the people looked into the sky. They saw two great, black birds. They seemed strange. They did not scream, those birds. They sailed around silently, like a cloud. They came closer and closer to perch in the top of a high fir tree.

The man bird said, "We have come to live with you. We will do all the good we can. This bird told the animal people that."

Those birds cleaned up everything. They cared for the sick. They cared for the babies and looked to them. The medicine men sang to the birds and wondered. The people wondered why these birds came here.

A medicine man said to the man bird, "Who are you?" The bird answered, "I am Buzzard."

"Why did you come here?" The medicine man asked that.

"The Great Tamasius sent us," Buzzard said that.

Then the animal people and the men people remembered the promise of the Great Tamasius. Those birds did good things for others. They did nothing for themselves. When Buzzard told the people they would leave before the snow came the people cried. The people asked, "Why do you go away?"

Buzzard said, "We must go where it is warm and sunny."

A medicine man said, "We will build you a teepee that is warm and tight."

Buzzard said, "No. We must have sunshine and light."

One day those birds sailed in the sky and Buzzard's woman said, "We must build a summer teepee."

When the animal and the bird people heard this they all wanted to help.

Buzzard said, "No. We will build our teepee high on a bluff. You could not get there to help us. The coyote and the weasel could not bother us there."

Soon they found a place. They carried sticks and built a nest. The bird people came. They looked at that nest. The animal people looked at it from the ground. All of them felt bad. They told Buzzard he should have a better house to live in.

Buzzard did not say anything. She laid two eggs. One day Crow flew by and landed inside the nest. He was surprised. He hurried back to the people. He said, "Old Black Buzzard has two little white birds."

Bluejay heard the noise. He came fast. The animal people told him what Crow had said. Bluejay was like to tell things first. Bluejay said, "Crow lied. It is not so. I will go and see."

He flew away, that Bluejay. He lit on a limb below the nest. Buzzard's woman was on the nest.

Bluejay said, "Woman Buzzard, have you got two white babies?" Buzzard's wife said, "Yes."

Bluejay did not know what to do. He had said Crow lied. He waited until Buzzard's wife flew away to help her man hunt.

Bluejay thought, "I will take those babies home."

He tried to take those little birds, but they cried. They were too heavy for him to carry. Buzzard's wife heard her babies crying. She flew back and dropped a rock on Bluejay.

Bluejay was sick. He flew towards his home. He said, "If I go back and say the birds are white, Crow will whip me."

Bluejay flew in a circle. He thought and thought. He said, "I will tell people the birds are black. He thought how he would say that."

Bluejay lit in a tree. He said, "Haw, haw, haw. Crow lied. Buzzard's babies are black." That made the other birds mad. They drove Crow away.

Bluejay sang long and loud. He ruffled his feathers. He was a vain person. Raven did not like the way Bluejay acted.

Raven said, "I will go and look into Buzzard's teepee. He went to that place. He asked if he could see the babies."

Buzzard said, "Yes." Then he

told Raven the things Bluejay had done.

Raven did not tell what Bluejay had said.

Raven flew home to the people. The men people, the animal people and the bird people wanted to know what he had seen.

Raven said, "Tomorrow, when the sun comes out warm, you be here. Then you will see the Buzzard babies."

They took lots of night (food). The next day they waited for the sun to come up. When the sun grew warm, they saw the two big birds coming. Each had a little baby wrapped up in a skin. They flew down.

Bluejay looked around. He said nothing that time.

Buzzard and his woman unwrapped those babies and the people were silent. Buzzard's children did not have any feathers. They had hair. Buzzard's woman was proud. The people did not say anything. They thought those babies were ugly.

Bluejay thought it was safe to come back. He lit in a tree and laughed loud. He said, "What a joke I played on you."

Chipmunk said, "You lied." Ground Squirrel said, "I do not think you went there."

Bluejay said, "I went there. You ask Buzzard's woman."

Buzzard's wife did not say anything. Everybody looked at Bluejay. They were all silent.

Crow said, "He cannot help lying. His many times great grandfathers all lied." Nobody talked to Bluejay any more.

One day Chipmunk came running. He said, "Those little buzzards are turning black."

Fox said, "We will wait two more moons. If Chipmunk has lied like Bluejay we will drive him away."

The people waited two moons. They went to Buzzard's teepee. They saw those babies. They were black. The people did not know what to do. Buzzard told them that all their buzzard babies were white when they were born.

The Buzzard family lived there that summer. One day Buzzard called Swallow. Buzzard said, "You tell all the people we are going to give a potlatch. They had lots to eat. Bee brought honey. Bear and his family brought berries. Coyote and his woman brought fish. Cougar brought meat. Sledge brought camas. They ate lots of those people."

When they had eaten, Buzzard told them, "We will circle the sky tomorrow. Then we will fly back to the sunshine."

The animal people had heavy hearts. When morning came Buzzard and his family told the people goodbye. With the two young birds among them, Buzzard and his woman circled the sky. He told the people, "When the snow is gone and the leaves come again we will be back."

The people worked hard fixing their teepees for the winter. They forgot the Buzzards. Then the winter came, cold and hard. The men people and the animal people did not have much food. When the snow was gone all the people were sick.

One day Bluejay squawked, "There is Buzzard and his people. 'Nobody believed Bluejay. He suked."

Buzzard and his family circled closer. Buzzard's wife stopped and looked at Bluejay. She said, "You look sick. What is the matter with you?"

Bluejay said, "I am sick. All people sick."

"We have brought the sunshine. We will clean you up," Buzzard's wife said that.

Many day long Buzzard and his family worked. Buzzard hunted long and hard. His wife made soup. She put camas in it to feed the people. Soon they were all well.

Buzzard said, "I am going to rest. All I am going to do after that is float around in the sky and be a friend to all the earth-people, the men, the animals and the birds. I will keep the earth clean."

"Every day you can look in the sky when the days are warm and see Buzzard floating around."

Quicker Test Is Devised For Salk Polio Results

PITTSBURGH (AP)—A new test will make possible a quicker check on the effectiveness of the Salk polio vaccine.

Dr. Jonas E. Salk, who developed the vaccine, and Dr. J. S. Younger, both of the University of Pittsburgh, explained the new test at a session of the society of American Bacteriologists.

They said the test employs color changes to show whether the blood of an inoculated child has developed sufficient antibodies to kill live polio viruses.

Dr. Salk said the new testing technique has already been made available to laboratories cooperating in the current nationwide field trials of his vaccine.

Briefly, the test consists of placing blood sample from a vaccinated child in a test tube with polio virus and other substances. The test tube is then placed in an incubator for seven days. If the mixture turns from red to yellow, it means the child, theoretically at least, has developed sufficient antibodies in his blood to kill the polio virus.

The test, says Dr. Salk, will help in determining the number of inoculations needed and the best spacing of the shots for maximum effect.

Exploding Star Found By Palomar Telescope

PASADENA, Calif. (AP)—An exploding star or supernova was found in the constellation of Virgo with the 18-inch Schmidt telescope at the Palomar Observatory.

California Institute of Technology said, "A rough preliminary estimate indicates that it was about as bright as previous supernovae, which have been about 100 million times brighter than our sun."

A supernova is an exceptionally bright star appearing in the sky where none has been observed before. It is believed to result from a colossal stellar explosion in which the star brightens greatly and then fades out.

FILM FINISHING

In by 9 am, ready at 5 pm
Roseburg Pharmacy
241 North Jackson

Dr. E. W. CARTER

Chiroprapist — Foot Specialist

Diseases of the Foot
Roseburg, Oregon

217 North Main
CARTER BUILDING
TELEPHONE 3-7066

MUST BE SOLD IN 30 DAYS!



\$395

To clear land for resale, price drastically cut on a small group of 2-bedroom surplus structures...

COMPLETE with electric, range, refig., w. heater, wiring, plumbing & fixtures... Easy to reduce to panels as required by law.

Vancouver Housing Authority

it of the German wood process. Moreover, all the wood-by-product prices in the German cost estimate—molasses, sugar syrup, derived from the mother liquor, and lignin) appears to be conservative, the magazine points out.

A 20-year market analysis, shows that dextrose prices, rather than varying as greatly as corn, follow more closely the price of sucrose and the wholesale index. This indicates that a producer of wood dextrose would not be completely at the mercy of a rapidly shifting corn market and could count on a relatively stable profit margin, the magazine says.—u.e.b.

Alcohol-From-Wood Plant Up For Sale Again

SPRINGFIELD (AP)—The Springfield alcohol-from-wood waste plant, built by the government during World War II, is up for sale again.

Late last year, the Springfield and Eugene Chambers of Commerce urged the General Services Administration to accept a high bid for the plant of \$186,000, made by the Western States Development Corp.

But last week, Oliver Larson, manager of the Springfield Chamber, received a letter from Sen. Guy Cordon, saying the GSA had rejected all bids as too low. Cordon said the GSA told him it had offered to sell the plant to Western States Development for a "fair market value" of \$400,000 that the firm would not go that high.

Cordon said he was informed bid would be called again by the GSA's regional office at Seattle.



Only God can make a tree

Man's efforts, at best, are insignificant in comparison...

TO BE OF SERVICE

...is man's greatest

earthly responsibility.

Long & Orr

Mortuary

201 South Pine Phone 2-2611