

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Company, Inc.
Entered as second class matter May 1, 1926, at the post office at
Roseburg, Oregon under act of March 3, 1879.
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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, Denver
SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$12.00; six months, \$6.50;
three months, \$3.50. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$13.00; six months,
\$7.00; three months, \$3.50.
By News-Review Carrier—Per Year, \$13.00 (in advance), less than one year,
per month, \$1.25.

FRIDAY IS ELECTION DAY

Charles V. Stanton

An Oregon primary election, peculiar in its lack of conflict, is scheduled for tomorrow.

We cannot recall an election in late years in which there has been so little interest. With only limited contest there is every expectation that few voters will go to the polls. A very light vote is anticipated.

The only saving factor, insofar as Douglas County is concerned, is found in the race for county commissioner, where contests exist on ballots of both parties. The commissioner nomination is the only contested position on the Democratic ballot. The Republican ticket offers a little more excitement, as it contains a battle for the gubernatorial nomination between the incumbent, Paul Patterson, and Earl Newberry, now secretary of state. Two candidates are in the race for commissioner of the Bureau of Labor. Five Republicans seek the county commissioner nomination.

While the primary election is lacking in excitement, the two ballots indicated a most heated general election, with a sharp division on party lines.

No Recommendations

It is not our policy to make recommendations on local contests to voters at primary elections, unless we have reason to believe that some candidate is totally unfitted for the office he seeks. We have endeavored in the news columns of this newspaper to give voters the information they need to make their own decisions. We only hope that, despite the limited contest reflected in the two party tickets, voters will go to the polls and exercise their right of franchise.

It is a rather peculiar trait of American people that we often neglect those things we value most. Every American is extremely jealous of his right of franchise. He will sacrifice his life to protect it. He expects candidates to solicit his vote. He has shown time and again his resentment when subjected to pressure to vote for certain measures or candidates. Yet, unless the election involves a "hot" issue or contest, he is apt to keep his sacred privilege packed in moth balls. He neglects the responsibility demanded by a representative form of government.

We fear that Friday's election will be one of those affairs in which only a comparatively few voters will take the trouble to go to the polls. We hope that Douglas County voters will surprise us by polling a big vote.

Too Many Elections

We perhaps fail to vote at every opportunity because we have too many elections.

People of Roseburg, for instance, voted a week ago on a city budget and voted Tuesday on a school budget. Residents of the suburban area northeast of town voted Tuesday on the school budget, voted Wednesday on annexation and will be called to the polls again tomorrow.

Rejection of both the city and school budgets forces two more elections in the near future for Roseburg residents.

People get tired and careless when summoned to elections so frequently.

Defeat of city and school budgets indicates that the tax load is beginning to worry a good many people. The negative vote cast at the school election was approximately three times that of the "No" vote normally and consistently expected. Thus the expression of sentiment plainly was that the people are not willing to assume large tax increases.

Considering the critical school problem, the necessity for continuing heavy capital investments, plus constantly rising cost of wages, materials and services, it becomes quite apparent that new sources of school revenue soon must be found. Tuesday's election results point clearly to the fact that the limit has about been reached on levies against property.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP) — Lately I've been running into a lot of sleepless wives.

Can't figure out the reason, but naturally this sleeplessness must be caused by husbands.

When a man gets insomnia, he generally shoulders the full responsibility for it himself. He figures he drank too much coffee, ate the wrong combination of foods, or else took his business or personal worries to bed with him.

A wife approaches the problem from the opposite direction.

"I can't sleep," she moans.

"Why? What has your husband been up to now?"

Her only task then is to find something her husband has done wrong. As this isn't very difficult for the average wife, she pins down his latest error, bawls him out roundly, and then is able again to sleep the sleep of the just.

Sometimes a husband discovers his wife's insomnia has been caused not by something he did—but something he didn't do.

"Why didn't you stop me from eating that rich dessert last night?" she tells him. "You know it wouldn't agree with me. But there you sat like a complete idiot, and let me go right on eating it. Sometimes I don't know what I'm going to do with you. I never sleep a wink."

Every husband over the years gets thoroughly familiar with that wifely phrase—"I never sleep a wink." For some reason known only to women, however, you never hear a wife admit, "Well, I slept a wink last night."

There are several common types of insomnia among wives, and perhaps you have one of the following in your own home:

1. The Empty Stomach Insomnia—This plump lady wakes up every hour on the hour, then raids the refrigerator, wolfs down half a chicken—and sleeps like a baby for another hour. Her real problem is that she hates to waste time sleeping when she could be eating. The best way to solve the situation is to move the refrigerator to her bedside, or else set her up a cot in the kitchen.

2. The Choker—She wraps her arms around her husband's neck, slowly throttling him. The last words he hears just before he blacks out unconsciously are her moans, "Why can't I sleep?" If you check this wife's family tree, you will probably find that her great-great-grandmother was a boa constrictor.

3. The False Insomnia—This wife snores like a den of roaring lions from midnight until 8 a. m. then looks accusingly over at her red-eyed sleepless husband and says, "You simply have got to do something about your snoring. It kept me awake all night."

4. The Traveling Insomnia—She wraps herself in a sheet and two blankets and prowls the house restlessly in search of sleep. She dozes in every bed and chair and winds up on the living room rug. But as soon as her husband goes to work, she lies down on a couch and sleeps like an angel all day.

5. The Intermittent Dreamer—"I just dreamed I was walking barefoot in my nightgown through a meadow full of \$1,000 bills," she says, shaking her husband awake. "What does that mean?"

6. The Suspicious Insomnia—She steals herself to stay awake at night hoping her husband will talk in his sleep and reveal the name of the blonde she is sure he is keeping on the sly.

7. The Share-and-Spare Alike Insomnia—"Don't you dare go to sleep before I do," she sternly

Present-Day Houdini



THESE CHAIRS REGULARLY BURY HIM SIX FEET DEEP IN AUBRE—



BUT HE ALWAYS COMES THROUGH WITHOUT A SCRATCH ON HIM.



PEERY MEDICALS

BY W.K. PEERY

We read of milestones in history, yet what good are these markers along the tortuous path of progress, if somebody does not travel the old route now and then to see what the historical markers really mean? We say the construction of the first railroad locomotive was a milestone in the history of transportation. When the first woman donned male apparel, it was a milestone in the liberation of womankind, perhaps. When the flapper in the twenties cut her hair short and tossed her long tresses in the barber's wastebasket, that too was called a milestone in feminine discard of tradition. A few righteous people said it was a memorial to the descent of woman in ways that were nothing short of evil. Remember? Ministers preached energetic sermons on the moral status of short haired women and long haired men.

There were other milestones too. There was the establishment of prohibition in the United States and college boys swallowing guns. Was this the twenties? But these were all milestones marking some phase in human history. Yet to get a true perspective of where we are today, and just cause to feel just a little ashamed at our complaining ways when we criticize a government that could give us more, if it only would, it might be well to go back over a few of these milestones.

Just for a starter, let's begin with refrigeration. We were well along into the twenties before mechanical refrigeration made its bid to enter the kitchen of every home in the land. Before that it was the ice box, with the ever leaking pan underneath and the slightly slimy contents within. But these advantages were limited to those who lived in the city where there was a brewery refrigerator that made ice. Those of us who lived on farms or in small villages where no ice was to be had must needs resort to devious means to guard our foods against the devastating effects of premature decay.

One means of refrigeration, or rather, food preservation, a generation ago was the well. If the water system was operated with a windlass and bucket, perishable foods were carefully wrapped in deer muslin or their equivalent, and lowered to within a few inches of the waterline. If you wanted to draw a bucket of water in the meantime, you raised the bucket and carefully withdrew the contents and placed them on a convenient ledge. The water being duly drawn, the food was repacked and lowered to its original position.

Those who had a running brook in the yard were really folks to be envied. They had a spring house. A box arrangement was made to hold the food and various devices were developed to keep the food cool by moisture evaporation. It was the same idea we find in the less expensive air conditioning today.

Nevertheless fresh food had to be eaten as fast as possible, else it would spoil. The results were distasteful, with the attendant aches and the hurried visits to the little house at the end of the lane.

Sure, refrigeration was a milestone in human progress. Our immense refrigeration plants, our refrigerator cars and improved household refrigerators.

Marriage is a 50-50 business. If I can't sleep, why should you? What can a man do to cure his wife's insomnia? Of course, he should smother her with sympathy and understanding. But the best thing he can do is earn more money for her. Nothing relaxes a woman better—or puts her in more of a restful mood—than spending a lot of money.

The worst thing a husband can do is to tell his wife, "Why don't you do a little more work? The reason you can't sleep is you're overtired from doing nothing so hard all day long."

That is a sure way to get insomnia himself.

Congress Chat

By HARRIS ELLSWORTH, M. C., 4th Oregon District

It would not be surprising if, by this time a fairly high percentage of the people of our country believe that the work of the Congress is standing still while the much publicized McCarthy-Armey hearings drone along. Actually that activity has practically nothing to do with the normal work of the Congress. Only those Senators who feel obliged to sit at the hearing table are involved. The remainder of the Senators and the Members of the House are paying little attention to the hearing other than to follow it in the newspapers and perhaps, like I do, look at a re-run of the televised version on my TV set in the late evening.

On March 1 I introduced in the House a companion bill to one sponsored by Senator Dworshak in the Senate. Its purpose is to permit the Commodity Credit Corporation, which has accumulated a large tonnage of hay and pasture seeds under the program to transfer some of the seed to the Forest Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service and the Bureau of Land Management. The purpose of such transfer is to allow those government land-administering agencies to improve pasture and feed areas which are owned by the government. I have heard of no objection to this idea. In fact, it is urged by the Department of Agriculture.

Last week the Senate passed the bill. I have now urged the legislative committee of the House to bring out the bill for consideration on the floor of the House. It is important that action on this legislation be taken soon if it is to be of any value this year.

The sub-committee on Public Land of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, has reported the O & C controverted lands bill to the full committee. I am not informed as yet as to when the full committee will consider the report of the sub-committee but it may do so in the near future.

The assumption that the recent court decision has settled the entire controversy is not correct. Even if the decision is not appealed to the Supreme Court, the administration of the O & C lands was not settled. Also, the board pattern of government ownership which the bill provides is badly needed.

Progress on the problem of getting the various agency comments on the Division of Irrigation project report submitted to the Department of Interior, as required by law, is slower than anticipated. Meanwhile I have talked with the chairman of the sub-committee on Irrigation and Reclamation of the legislative committee who assured me that he will set a hearing date for the legislation early in June.

It seems likely, as this is written, that the bill for Cougar Dam on the McKenzie will be on the floor of the House either the 19th or 20th. It has been "programmed" by the leadership for that week.

Wheelchair Life Sequel To Auto Speed, 70 MPH

Editor's note: This is the first in a series of articles dealing with the effects of traffic accidents in Oregon. All names, of necessity, have been changed.)

Two years ago Jim Clark, a Portland teen-ager, was returning from the beach with another young friend. They were traveling, Clark remembers, at about 70 miles an hour when his friend lost control of the car and it plunged down a 800-foot embankment.

When the two boys were found several hours later they were rushed to a Hillsboro hospital where doctors said Clark suffered a broken hip, several broken ribs and a severed spinal cord.

Today, at 17, Clark is a paraplegic, a term generally associated with war veterans. His entire life was altered in that one accident, an accident that has cost his family an estimated \$6,000 so far.

The hardest part of being in a wheelchair all the time," young Clark told traffic safety division interviewers, "is that my mother and father have to wait on me all the time. I guess you don't realize how many things you do for yourself until something like this happens."

Jim's parents believe he has taken his injuries very well, but it is still difficult for them to see him sit on the sidelines watching sports in which he loved to participate.

He is finishing his high school education at home and, though he no longer can take part in sports, he coached a sandlot softball team last year. He also was a member of a wheelchair basketball team before it disbanded.

Before the accident, Jim always had wanted to work outdoors with his hands. Now, he is taking bookkeeping courses and, through the state division of vocational rehabilitation, which handled many such cases resulting from auto accidents, hopes to find work in that field.

His complete story will be recounted on the state's public service radio, "You Never Know," soon.

I hope teen-agers will listen to it," he said. "Maybe it will make them realize what driving too fast can cost them." Jim, like so many others, discovered the price of an accident the hard way.

RESERVOIR LEVEL DROPPED

WALLA WALLA, WASH. — Army engineers have lowered the water level in the McNary reservoir four feet to permit flood control storage of 125,000 acre feet of water in event the Columbia River rises to a danger point.

The action was disclosed Wednesday by Col. F. S. Tandy, district engineer.

Peter Edison

It is faintly heartening news that the White House has denied published reports of a breakdown in the talks with the Soviet Union over President Eisenhower's atom peace pool proposal.

Evidently the United States still is studying Russia's most recent note on the matter and has not replied to the Kremlin. Until it responds one way or another, it cannot fairly be said the discussions have failed.

Yet it must be conceded at the same time that they have not shown any great promise, either. The President's plan was basically simple. Nations with resources of fissionable material would contribute a part of their store to a common international pool which would then be devoted to development of peaceful uses for atomic energy.

The hope was that as such work would advance, the pool would be increased and there would be less and less attention given to atomic energy for military purposes.

But all indications are that Russia has raised the same old road block to this plan that it put in the way of previous Western proposals for the control of atomic energy. The Kremlin insists that a flat ban on atomic weapons be approved before any other steps are taken.

In other words, Russia would have us first destroy the stockpile of bombs and other devices which are our principal assurance of security. After that we would have only the Kremlin's word—which has no market anywhere—or sincere cooperation in a worldwide plan aimed at peace.

So long as this objection is made, there can be no control program nor even the faintest beginnings of the President's noble proposal to give mankind some constructive benefits from this staggering source of power. The hope that still remains is a thin reed.

Shortcomings Revealed
The shower bath, the telephone and the dry cleaning establishments evidently are the miracles of Western civilization which the Chinese Communists at Geneva and most irremissible.

The functionaries around one of the Geneva hotels where the Reds are staying make this quite clear. They say the maids can't keep them in towels; they take a shower every time they go back to their rooms. And though it costs about \$1 every time, the Chinese are whipping their suits out to the hotel cleaners about every other day. They seem fascinated by the fact they can get them back the same day.

As for the telephone, the Reds appear to regard it as a great substitute for human locomotion. Operators say they spend their entire evenings talking on the telephone to their colleagues, though some of them may be just a few steps down the corridor.

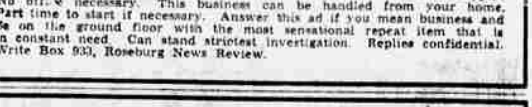
Maybe they figure Western spies are mapping every trip they make down the hall. Certainly they don't trust anybody. They carry their own bags to their rooms and keep everything but their toothbrushes out of sight and under lock and key.

Possibly they think all this secrecy and precaution protects them against prying eyes. But in their childlike responses to this brush with Western civilization, they are telling us a good deal about the shortcomings of their own.

We would guess they can hardly wait to rush home and claim the invention of the telephone, the shower nozzle, and instantaneous dry cleaning service.

Tele-fun

by Warren Goodrich



"I'd better cover the Pilecone age another time, Mabel. Someone else may want to use this party-line." ... You won't miss important incoming calls if you don't tie up the party-line with long conversations. ... Pacific Telephone.

WANTED...WANTED

MAKE UP TO \$500 PER MONTH

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