

The News-Review

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

Entered as second class matter May 7, 1926, 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 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, \$3.75.
By News-Review Carrier—Per Year, \$12.00 (in advance), less than one year,
per month, \$1.25.

GOOD PUBLICITY STUNT

Charles V. Stanton

George Farrell, Roseburg's city manager, contends that Douglas County is not getting enough publicity. Farrell came to Oregon from Missouri. People in that area, he asserts, think only of Portland, Pendleton and the Rogue River when Oregon is mentioned.

Portland, being the largest city, naturally is known throughout the country. People in the Midwest know about Pendleton because of the publicity given its annual Round-up. The Rogue River is famed for its sports fishery.

Whenever the Umpqua Valley, Douglas County or Roseburg are mentioned, people of the Midwest greet the names with a blank stare, says Farrell. They never heard of such places. They know nothing about this section of Oregon.

Farrell, however, is trying to change that situation. His activity is one all Douglas County people could afford to copy. If enough of us followed his lead, the Umpqua Valley soon would be favorably known all over the United States.

Last summer and fall Farrell made a 400-foot colored film with his home movie camera. He took scenic pictures, photographed industrial activities, "shot" fishermen and their fish, including a section devoted to last year's record steelhead.

Altogether it was a film giving the viewer a very good concept of the Umpqua Valley.

The film was sent to some friends in Missouri. They gave "shows" for their neighbors. The film created much interest. In addition Farrell clipped the daily weather report from *The News-Review* to show the area's climatic conditions.

The payoff is that several carloads of Missourians will be in Oregon this summer. Farrell has been informed by a number of his Missouri friends that they plan to spend their vacations in the Umpqua Valley.

Nearly all of us have friends in other states. They would be delighted to have a film such as that made by Farrell. If each of us could make up a "show" for our distant friends, we could make Roseburg, Douglas County and the Umpqua Valley known to the major part of the country's population within a comparatively few months.

SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

Mrs. Claressa Stumpf addresses to *The News-Review* a letter intended for the Reader Opinions column. Because I want to join her petition, I'm reproducing her letter below:

The City Council has turned down our motorcycle club twice now on property. One we were denied use of the airport and now a piece of property that we were given permission to use on the corner of Lookingglass and Melrose roads. Our esteemed council labeled us a public nuisance.

People of Roseburg were wanting to use this property to get off the streets. We realize motorcycles are noisy and that people don't like to be disturbed. I'm afraid, however, that motorcycles, like the horseless carriage, are here to stay. Our club is urgently in need of five acres or more of land on which to hold field meets. These meets would be open to all riders in the county wishing to attend.

Isn't there someone within a ten mile radius of Roseburg who would give us permission to use their land? We would sign all necessary papers to give a release on responsibility. If anyone has some acreage, or if someone has an idea of where we could procure a site, we would appreciate it if they would let us know.

Mrs. Stumpf, a representative of the Roseburg Road Runners, may be addressed at 1409 Cedar St., Roseburg, phone OR 3-5295.

I can agree with the City Council that the proposed site on the Melrose Road would be unsuited for the purpose of motorcycle field meets. It is too near a rapidly growing residential area.

Certainly, however, there must be good sites available near the city. Motorcycle meets are becoming more and more popular every day. Roseburg should do everything possible to become the county's recreation center. Here is one more deserving project. At the same time it might be possible to include a drag strip for hot rods. Readers should not compare the hot rod driver, a skilled mechanic and cautious driver, with the squirrel operator. They are two totally different breeds. Hot rodders and motorcycle riders are deserving of facilities for their sport. We hope Mrs. Stumpf's appeal will produce immediate results.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP) — Leaves from an oddity almanac:

Have you wasted some of the best years of your life brooding over how many grapes it takes to make a fifth of champagne?

So many vineyard visitors asked this question the Taylor Wine Co. finally assigned a vintner to find the answer. He discovered there are 83 grapes on a cluster of Cabernets, the variety used. A ton of fruit contained 6,500 clusters of 539,000 individual grapes and produced 850 fifth of champagne. Thus the number of grapes in a single bottle is 630.

But it takes 870 grapes to make a fifth of sauterne or claret. There are only 60 grapes to a cluster in the variety used in these wines.

Remember way back when a college boy's biggest worry was where he could find a job? That is no problem with student engineers today. They are now aristocrats of the campus. A. Example: The Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J., expects to turn out 128 graduates this June. And already more than 170 industrial firms are sending talent scouts to bid for their services. Tip to parents: Why not give your little boy a slide rule instead of a sled next Christmas?

Success — comes — in — strange ways — note: Denise Lor, vocalist on the Garry Moore CBS-TV program, got into the big money by disregarding the advice of both her mother and her doctor. Against the wishes of her mother,

a film costume designer, she went into show business. While singing semi-classical numbers in an ice show she caught a heavy cold and developed nodules on her vocal chords. A doctor advised her to take a vacation, rest her throat. Instead she kept singing, but in a lower register. Her new voice turned out to be just right for the new deep-throated "pop" tunes. Now, nodules notwithstanding, she earns about \$125,000 a year.

Male Ego: At least we have found something men do better than women: They eat a better breakfast. Only 23 per cent of white collar working girls under 25 regularly eat a well-balanced breakfast, according to a life insurance company survey. Is this why business women often seem short-tempered? The same survey found that 44 per cent of the men started the day right with a good meal.

Feminine Ego Dept: Women long have held they are valued drivers than men, and highway statistics often bear them out. One reason may be that they obey traffic lights better because they can distinguish between the lights better. Optometrists report that eight per cent of all men suffer

He's Finally Posted What's His'n



Top Secret Label Removed On White House Squirrels

By MARVIN L. ARROWSMITH

WASHINGTON (AP) — The White House Friday finally took the top secret label off Operation Squirrel Trap. It reported three "non-fighting" squirrels deported and mission accomplished.

"There will be no more trapping," Press Secretary James C. Hagerty proclaimed.

Hagerty's volunteered announcement came after days of strict silence in the press office on reports that squirrels were being banished from the White House grounds because they were digging holes in President Eisenhower's putting green.

With a grin, Hagerty said he had been reading in the newspapers about the squirrel trapping episode.

"The situation is just this," he

said. "I think that early last week a total number of three squirrels had been harmlessly trapped. Two were sent to (Washington's) Rock Creek Park and the other to Virginia."

"There has been no trapping since that time last week and there will be no more."

Reports that the squirrels were being expelled brought a Senate speech earlier this week by Sen. Neuberger (D-Ore.), who offered to contribute \$25 to a Save-the-White House-Squirrels Fund. He already has received several contributions.

Hagerty said the three squirrels trapped seemed to be the only ones which were damaging the green.

"Apparently the trouble now is cleared up," he said.

From Hagerty's office window, two squirrels could be seen frolicking on the White House front lawn.

Bruce Biossat

Every time we detonate a test A-bomb in Nevada, some of our friends abroad react with such anguish as to suggest their next day's breakfast has been contaminated by the radioactive fall-out.

Urgings are heard again and again that the tests be halted and that this be a first step toward some sort of negotiated peace settlement with the Soviet Union.

The elements in this argument need to be carefully sifted.

First, scientists differ widely as to the effects on humans of the radioactive fall-out from recent and current nuclear experiments. None argues that these inflict physical harm on the present generation of humans. The debate centers on what radioactivity may have done or be doing to future generations through its possible effect on the body's reproductive materials.

Some say the present level and scale of tests is not serious. Others contend enough radioactive substance already is afloat in the atmosphere to do some human damage in the generations to come.

Our government specialists evidently hold that the danger is not serious, else the tests would not go on. But certainly there is some doubt, and men could reasonably listen to the opposing arguments.

Yet the urgings from many quarters do not seem to recognize any reasonableness in these "who doubt the danger." The antitests assume all experiment is a menace. They want no more of it. They wish there had never been any. They appear to regard the experimental explosion of a nuclear device as a virtual act of war.

Now, as Admiral Strauss noted in his comprehensive report on the Pacific H-bomb tests, if there had been none we could not possibly know the real size of the world's peril. The horror the antitests people decree (and who does not?) is

something they could only have guessed at wildly without the tests. They and all of us might well have underestimated the danger. The tests measured our plight, and underlined the importance of preserving the peace.

Furthermore, we cannot easily halt the tests so long as we assume as we must in the interest of the free world's safety—that Russia is trying its best to develop more and more advanced nuclear weapons.

Should it then be asserted that the Russians, too, will be called on to stop their tests, the question arises as to how we may be assured of their compliance. Large amounts of hydrogen bombs can be detected outside Russia by measuring the atmosphere's radioactivity. But how do we prevent the blasts from occurring at all?

Obviously, enforcement of a ban on tests, like all disarmament proposals with real teeth, requires a system of rigid inspection. Russia has been cool to that idea from the start. Moreover, such a plan would have to be a subject for negotiation. And the antitests group has been saying the ban should come first, with negotiations on a bi-lateral afterward.

As anyone knows who pays any attention to our tests, they are seasonal. There is plenty of time between each series of experiments for discussion of disarmament or any other reasonable proposal to end world tensions. All it takes is a sincere Soviet wish for a settlement.

Meanwhile, there's no point in the United States clamping a ban on nuclear tests when it has no assurance whatsoever that the Russians would follow suit in good faith.

Pacing the floor in his sock feet, hoarse and weary, he was speaking for "another little million dollars" for a hospital in Galveston.

Senate president officer Dorsey Handman said at the 22-hour and 27-minute mark that Phillips had been speaking longer than any lawmaker ever had spoken in legislative debate.

Bill To Set Standards For Binding of Logs

SALEM (AP) — The House Highway Committee approved Thursday a bill by Rep. Lloyd E. Haynes, Grants, Ore., requiring log haulers to bind loads of three or more logs.

Haynes said the bill would make it safer for the motoring public. The committee also approved a bill to require that log trucks stop only at railroad crossings which don't have automatic signals. Now they have to stop at all crossings.

SALEM (AP) — The Oregon Legislature's three-phase milk war opens Monday when the House considers the bill to raise standards for B grade milk, and to eliminate C grade.

The bill, sponsored by large dairy and ice cream associations, would make the B grade milk have the same bacteria standards as A grade, and also force the B grade producers to have mechanical cappers.

However, the B grade producers wouldn't have to have two separate rooms in their milkhouses, as A grade men do.

The bill is opposed by Elmer Deetz, Canby dairyman, who led the successful fight against the milk control law. This law, which set minimum milk prices at all levels and established quotas for producers, was repealed by the people at the November election.

Deetz is active in support of two other bills, which haven't been considered by committees yet.

One would provide for a state milk administrator who would have power to set minimum prices at the producer level. The large dairy organizations haven't supported this bill, saying things are working out satisfactorily without any price controls.

The other bill would increase the butterfat content of milk from a minimum of 3.5 per cent to 4 per cent.

SALEM (AP) — The Oregon Legislature's Joint Ways and Means Committee came up with the sad news Friday that the House Tax Committee's revenue program falls far short of meeting the state's revenue needs for the next biennium.

The Ways and Means Committee, which prepares the appropriation bills, estimated its general fund appropriations for the biennium would total \$216,000,000.

But that doesn't include the proposed \$19,000,000 program for new colleges and institution buildings, or proposed merit increases in state salaries.

The Tax Committee's program calls for raising a total of \$20,000,000 and estimated this total would include \$10,000,000 for buildings.

The Ways and Means Committee's total appropriation estimate of \$235,000,000 is \$15,000,000 short of what is needed. The committee's revenue program is \$14,000,000, much of which probably will be defeated.

The Ways and Means report probably means that the Tax Committee will have to make a hunt for even more revenue, or that appropriations will have to be cut and no new buildings constructed.

The Tax Committee's program, so far calls for a 32 per cent in-

In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

grass, no grain, no water. Because the glass case is hermetically sealed, there is no air.

And yet—The thing goes right on living and growing. Not only that, but it goes on growing at a fantastic rate.

That would be against nature. So you'd look at the thing and you'd say: "This CAN'T BE. It must be asleep and dreaming."

You'd pinch yourself. You'd shake your head and open and shut your eyes. You'd stomp your foot to see if you could feel the shock.

These tests would convince you that you were awake and in full possession of your faculties. But you still wouldn't be able to believe the thing your eyes were seeing. You'd wind up eventually with a shrug of your shoulders and a crack to the effect that they must be doing it with mirrors.

That's Las Vegas.

We've all been taught that if a city is to grow from a hamlet into a village, from a village into a town and from a town into a CITY it must have PRODUCTIVE resources.

There must be rich soil upon which crops of food and fiber can be grown and upon which livestock can be grazed. Or there must be timber in the vicinity. Or ores. All these things provide raw materials upon which the labor of human beings can be expended in order to create wealth. By expending their labor upon raw materials, human beings create wealth and in the process of creating wealth they create cities.

All these things are fundamental. Even Karl Marx recognized them and taught them.

But here is Las Vegas. It lies in the middle of a barren desert, where even cactus has trouble in growing. It has some water adjacent, but it is in a deep canyon and hard to get at. The water is used for making of power, but the bulk of the power is shipped to Los Angeles and elsewhere.

At the minuscule industrial area of Henderson there is some metals reduction, but it is on a relatively microscopic scale. And yet, in the midst of this economic vacuum, there is a lustrous and burgeoning city that burgeons and grows luster and luster by the minute.

Every time you see it, it is about twice as big as it was when you saw it the last time.

How come? It is a strange story, and I'm running out of space for today. I'll go into it more fully Monday.

After a late lunch of sandwiches and coffee, the committee broke up into parties of two or three to inspect the vessel. Each of us carefully placed upon the lapel of his coat instruments to test radioactivity.

Upon entering the reactor room, I noticed Sen. Pastore (D-RI) taking a quick glance at his. Of course I am sure it was entirely out of curiosity. I looked at mine too, even though I had previously sneaked a glance. The gauge ranged from zero to 300. At no time did my gauge register more than two points. Sen. Anderson's (D-NM) gauge registered highest after the tour, standing at 10 points. One may easily absorb 200 points on a warm sunny day.

The atomic reactor was, of course, the center of interest. We were mere inches from lethal, deadly radioactivity. Yet, we could harmlessly place our hands upon this still, warm, but quiet source of enormous power.

I could feel its thrust upon the submarine's propeller, as if thousands and thousands of horses were racing and surging in unison.

After the reactor, we visited other compartments. The living quarters of the crew are better, we were told, than on any other submarine. We saw the tower, the control room, the torpedo compartment. Here, in turn, our parties stayed during a submarine exercise and mock firing and loading of the torpedo tubes.

After about 2½ hours of thorough and detailed inspection, we returned to the central compartment to exchange views, josh each other about our nervousness, and ask more questions of Rear Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, who is entitled to more credit than any other person for the Nautilus.

The rank's naval officers took their turns as president over three sittings at the dinner table where we were served delicious atomically cooked turkey.

After dinner the real shakedown maneuvers of the Nautilus began. Now that his guests had become thoroughly conditioned for it, as he thought, the captain ordered the Nautilus run through her paces.

The throttle was opened. The

propeller surged and we excitedly watched the dials as we went faster—down, down, down, down. Then up; then down. Straight ahead, full power.

The speedometer needle moved rapidly clockwise, receding only as the Nautilus took sharp banks and turns. Straight ahead again through the deep, and again the speedometer moved clockwise until we were told that we were racing under water at a record-breaking speed.

Then, up again; then, down again; up again; down again. The crew intensely watched all instruments, tested all valves, watched the performance of every delicate gadget. As for the members of Congress, we sat tensely watching the depth gauge with one eye and the speedometer with the other.

At the nadir of a deep dive, Sen. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, called a meeting. We gathered around a table large enough to accommodate all 12 of us plus the clerk, Corbin C. Allardice. At first, it was difficult to get committee business under way because members were still watching the gauges.

Sen. Anderson called Adm. Rickover before us to ask him about the operation, the performance, the cost and the promise of the Nautilus. The replies of Adm. Rickover soon broke the tenseness and for about two hours there was an enlightening and penetrating discussion of this man-made phenomenon.

Sen. Knowland (R - Calif) remarked at one point that this would undoubtedly be "the deepest thinking" congressional committee meeting that had ever been held. And I suggested that this might be a good place to dump the Dixon-Yates contract, along with his copy of the Yalta report.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

Senator Relates Experience Of Trip In Sub Nautilus, First With Atomic Power

Editor's Note: Sen. Albert Gore (D-Tenn) was one of 12 members of the Senate Energy Committee on Atomic Energy who made an all-night cruise Sunday night aboard the Nautilus, the world's first atomic-powered submarine. He describes his impressions in the following account written for *The Associated Press*.

By SEN. ALBERT GORE

WASHINGTON (AP) — How deep the Nautilus can dive is a secret. But there is no secret that I had nervous twinges as she plunged downward in excess of 300 feet.

How fast she will race through the dark, briny depths is also a secret. But it was the thrill of a lifetime to break all previous records in this respect as the midnight hour approached.

The fright, which I frankly admit, and the exhilaration, which I shall not forget, were only aspects of an enlightening, enjoyable, and inspiring experience.

The food that we ate was cooked by atomic power. The water that we drank was distilled from ocean water by atomic energy. The submarine was not only driven but lighted, heated and air-conditioned by atomic energy. In fact, all power for all purposes was exclusively nuclear in origin.

We boarded the submarine about 2 p.m. at New London, Conn., and almost immediately the Nautilus started down the Thames River. We wrapped ourselves in Navy jackets to stay on deck until we reached open waters.

After a late lunch of sandwiches and coffee, the committee broke up into parties of two or three to inspect the vessel. Each of us carefully placed upon the lapel of his coat instruments to test radioactivity.

Upon entering the reactor room, I noticed Sen. Pastore (D-RI) taking a quick glance at his. Of course I am sure it was entirely out of curiosity. I looked at mine too, even though I had previously sneaked a glance. The gauge ranged from zero to 300. At no time did my gauge register more than two points. Sen. Anderson's (D-NM) gauge registered highest after the tour, standing at 10 points. One may easily absorb 200 points on a warm sunny day.

The atomic reactor was, of course, the center of interest. We were mere inches from lethal, deadly radioactivity. Yet, we could harmlessly place our hands upon this still, warm, but quiet source of enormous power.

I could feel its thrust upon the submarine's propeller, as if thousands and thousands of horses were racing and surging in unison.

After the reactor, we visited other compartments. The living quarters of the crew are better, we were told, than on any other submarine. We saw the tower, the control room, the torpedo compartment. Here, in turn, our parties stayed during a submarine exercise and mock firing and loading of the torpedo tubes.

After about 2½ hours of thorough and detailed inspection, we returned to the central compartment to exchange views, josh each other about our nervousness, and ask more questions of Rear Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, who is entitled to more credit than any other person for the Nautilus.

The rank's naval officers took their turns as president over three sittings at the dinner table where we were served delicious atomically cooked turkey.

After dinner the real shakedown maneuvers of the Nautilus began. Now that his guests had become thoroughly conditioned for it, as he thought, the captain ordered the Nautilus run through her paces.

The throttle was opened. The

propeller surged and we excitedly watched the dials as we went faster—down, down, down, down. Then up; then down. Straight ahead, full power.

The speedometer needle moved rapidly clockwise, receding only as the Nautilus took sharp banks and turns. Straight ahead again through the deep, and again the speedometer moved clockwise until we were told that we were racing under water at a record-breaking speed.

Then, up again; then, down again; up again; down again. The crew intensely watched all instruments, tested all valves, watched the performance of every delicate gadget. As for the members of Congress, we sat tensely watching the depth gauge with one eye and the speedometer with the other.

At the nadir of a deep dive, Sen. Anderson, chairman of the Joint Atomic Energy Committee, called a meeting. We gathered around a table large enough to accommodate all 12 of us plus the clerk, Corbin C. Allardice. At first, it was difficult to get committee business under way because members were still watching the gauges.

Sen. Anderson called Adm. Rickover before us to ask him about the operation, the performance, the cost and the promise of the Nautilus. The replies of Adm. Rickover soon broke the tenseness and for about two hours there was an enlightening and penetrating discussion of this man-made phenomenon.

Sen. Knowland (R - Calif) remarked at one point that this would undoubtedly be "the deepest thinking" congressional committee meeting that had ever been held. And I suggested that this might be a good place to dump the Dixon-Yates contract, along with his copy of the Yalta report.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could proceed under water a full speed. "Indefinitely," he answered. "Long enough to go the distance around the world and the answer would still be 'indefinite.'"

The significance of this may be measured by the fact that an orthodox submarine can travel full speed under water for only about an hour.

After we had been submerged for hours, I asked Adm. Rickover how many days the Nautilus could