

Social Security Is A Big Item

People may still grouch about the Social Security program idea, but after a recent report by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, no one will disagree that it is an important part of our economy.

By the end of 1962, Douglas County had 6,395 beneficiaries receiving \$429,026. This means about \$5 million is put into the economic stream every year in the county. The county ranks eighth in the state for benefits received.

In the state, Social Security payments were being made to 204,168. Their payments for the year amounted to \$170,500,000.

Of this number, 192,185 were getting retirement and survivors' benefits, while 11,983 were getting disability benefits.

Going a step farther, nationally, the number receiving social security checks was 18,200,000. They were collecting more than a billion dollars a month.

The average Social Security benefit paid to a retired worker last year was \$76.03. To a retired worker and his wife, the figure was \$127.19. Social Security retirement benefits may be, and often are, paid to both men and women reaching 62 years of age.

Other payments are made to widows upon reaching 62 and to minor or disabled children and their mothers. A small death benefit is also paid on covered employees. Payments range from \$120 to \$255 for these death benefits.

Social Security is a big item in the economy, but it will become even bigger. In 1962, about 78 per cent of all persons over 65 years of age were eligible for the monthly benefits when they retired. This figure has been rising rapidly as more people are covered and more are reaching the 65 age. Of those reaching 65 this year, 89 per cent are expected to be eligible for benefits.

Rotarians To Hail The Scholars

Roseburg's Rotarians later this month will again stage an event which proves that all popular honors don't necessarily go to athletes, as some people claim.

It is the annual banquet to honor young people who have made their marks in studies and native intelligence. The top scholars of the county will be hosted for the event.

The Rotarians deserve plaudits for their recognition of scholastic achieve-

ment in youngsters. Athletes have a way of capturing the public fancy, and it is natural that they bask in the glory of the limelight for their physical prowess.

At the same time, the less spectacular, but probably more important activity of learning, and learning well, can go virtually unnoticed.

Rotary has introduced an annual program to correct that oversight, and we hope it becomes a tradition.

WASHINGTON WINDOW

Gov. Rockefeller Faces Spring Of Discontent After Bad Winter

By LYLE C. WILSON

United Press International

This one could have been the winter of Gov. Nelson M. Rockefeller's discontent and the spring of same, too. It is difficult for the ordinary citizen to believe that the going ever could be tough for a Rockefeller or, for that matter, a Kennedy or a Morgan.

But if the going has not been tough for Nelson Rockefeller, it surely has not been easy of late. His path points toward the White House. The path is steep, much steeper than it seemed likely to be a year ago.

The Rockefeller luck faltered last November when he was re-elected with a pallid majority of 357,562 of total votes cast. New York State Republican leaders had projected last November's election as a flamboyant beginning of the Rockefeller sweep toward the Republican presidential nomination. The script read that the governor would win reelection by upward of 800,000 votes over Democrat Robert M. Morgenthau, a political unknown.

The script was wrong. Rocky had a bulge of only 529,000 votes over Morgenthau, 43,000 under his 1958 plurality against Averell Harriman. Rockefeller's 1962 margin was the lowest of any state-wide Republican winner.

Conservatives Hurt
Contributing to that somewhat discouraging political situation was the new-born Conservative Party in New York State. Its candidate, also unknown, polled 141,000 votes. These are judged to have been conservative Republican protest votes against Rockefeller's liberal policies. The Conservative Party will be on the ballot in 1964 in opposition to Rockefeller if the governor is nominated for president.

The governor had money trouble with his Republican legislature this winter. He was bound by a campaign pledge not to raise taxes. Instead, Rockefeller proposed higher fees in several areas, including automobile licenses. Cries of anguish echoed over New York State. The Republican legislators were in a mood to rebel.

They finally trimmed about \$67 million from Rockefeller's \$2.8 billion budget, refusing altogether to increase fees of automobile license plates.

Rockefeller's revenue took a hit with his Republican legislature was well reported so that voters knew of it from coast to coast. It was not good advertising.

Still pending, of course, are political returns on the governor's divorce a couple of years ago. There had been much gossip but

not much printed about the possibility that there was another woman in that situation somewhere.

No Comment

Last month Mrs. Margaretta Fidler Murphy, 35, a former member of the governor's staff, was divorced from Dr. James S. Murphy, 40, a biologist at Rockefeller Institute. Rockefeller's response to questions whether he planned to marry Mrs. Murphy was: no comment.

Rockefeller is 54. He had been married 31 years when he was divorced a couple of years ago.

There had been five children. None of the foregoing has improved Rockefeller's political image. How much, if any, the image has been impaired is anybody's guess. It may not have been impaired at all. There is another factor, however:

Events are pressing the Republican Party toward a major bid next year for Southern electoral votes. It is likely that the Republican presidential nominee must have major Southern support to win. Rocky's notable civil rights record may prove to be the greatest obstacle to his nomination and election to the presidency.

Reader Opinions

Daylight Time Likened To Square Blanket Law

To The Editor:

I knew a shepherd out in Wyoming who went crazy trying to find the long way of a square blanket. But while he was in his paranoiac condition he worked out an ingenious idea. By cutting twelve inches from one side of the blanket and sewing it on the opposite side he convinced himself that he had solved the problem and slept happily ever after. He became so enamored with his discovery that he became an ardent missionary for the idea. He stormed the gates and gained admission (as a sheepherder lobbyist) to the State Legislature. Through his efforts and a small amount of money that august body passed the "Square Blanket Law." This law forbade any shepherd to go out on the range without first altering all his blankets according to the pattern discovered by that original herder.

Some of the slower witted boys did raise a ruckus since they were unable to understand how cutting twelve inches off one side and sewing it on the opposite side would help the situation any. But they lost and so set to work cutting and sewing. That's why all blankets out in the Wyoming sheep country have a seam down one side. And that's why the slower witted ones sing a little ditty entitled, "Things ain't What They Seem."

Now if I hadn't read somewhere that it was Ben Franklin who thought up the idea, I'd like to believe that the same ingenious reasoning which gave Wyoming the "Square Blanket Law" gave Oregon the "Daylight Saving Law." Just cut one hour off one end of the twenty-four, tack it on the other end, presto, we have a longer day. I often wonder how our forefathers ever got so much accomplished without this wonderful invention. Then again, like the slower witted boys up in Wyoming, I wonder if things are really what they seem.

E. A. West
Kellogg Rt., Box 122
Oakland, Ore.

A thought for the day—American statesman Daniel Webster said: "Where tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers therefore are the founders of human civilization."

Limit Reading Material

To The Editor:
A great lack in literature today is that of exciting reading material for the poor reader.

Women fill their lack with movie and true story magazines. Men have their "For Men Only" types. People of legally responsible age should be able to read what they choose.

We read of proposals to censure our literature. I, too, object to having certain types of literature available to children. But I have a simple solution. Distribute such literature in places minors cannot enter, such as taverns.

Wilma Fish
733 N. E. Knoll
Roseburg, Ore.

Remarks On Dunes Area Said To Be Distorted

To The Editor:

I understand that in a recent letter Jack Parker of Florence made distorted statements about the Oregon Dunes National Seashore that are so gross that they should not be ignored. It is too bad when personal interests lead a man to make such statements about a major recreational development which would have widespread benefits for Oregon, for the nation, and for the future generations. I should like to correct his misstatements.

First, the TV documentary on the Oregon Dunes was not prepared by an advertising man, but was a public service feature prepared completely independently by KOIN-TV, because it believed that people should know the facts about the proposed Oregon Dunes National Seashore. KOIN-TV supports the Oregon Dunes National Seashore because it believes this development is in the best interests of Oregon.



News Analysis



By ROBERT C. RUARK

It is growing increasingly difficult to retain any old, firm-based illusions these days. I believed, naturally, from earliest childhood, that the moon was made of green cheese, not suspecting that the Wisconsin cheese lobby planted this one.

Then, when I became a man, I put away my childish things, and decided that the moon was not made of green cheese at all, but possibly of plastic or something equally durable.

But now I am told by a Dr. Charles R. Warren of the U. S. Geological Survey that the moon is made not of cheese, plastic, nor old tennis shoes, but that the moon is covered with, of all things, FUZZ! Doctor Warren must be a very keen fellow, indeed, because he has even figured out the depth of the fuzz. Exactly one inch.

Why the fuzz? Well, Doc Warren figures that no materials familiar to this earth would produce the kind of shadows which the moon occasionally casts, thereby ruling out sticks, stones, nails, snails, puppy-dog tails and old gin bottles. Whether the moon has craters is still open to argument.

I will accept craters, but I will not accept fuzz. For all both Dr. Warren and I really know, the moon may be slip-covered in chintz, corduroy, or nubby silk. It might also be covered with leftover canapes heaved out of a cocktail party on Jupiter. You have to throw that gunk somewhere.

But after all this nonsense about fuzz, I am going back to my original belief that the moon is made of cheese. Green.

In the general area of disillusionment, I see where the public schools of Philadelphia (where else?) have taken the original version of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" off the curricular shelves, and have replaced it with a bowdlerized version.

In the new version, the fighting, feuding and fusing are toned down, all derogatory references to Negroes deleted, and the Southern dialect simplified and abridged. If Huck is altered, can Tom Sawyer be far behind?

This is, of course, the sheerest damned nonsense, as it was nonsensical to hold still for the great pressure a dozen years ago against the British picture which portrayed the villainous Fagin, as

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Dickens wrote him, in "Oliver Twist" as a Jew. It is just as ridiculous as making him a jolly Jew in the stage version of "Oliver!" It is as foolish as Negro pressure groups agitating against the old South's mammy picture of Aunt Jemima on the pancake mix.

I am certain that one of these days will see the villainous Iago made into a Russian, as the Italians mount their pressure, and poor old Othello, who was doing pretty good as a black Venetian, will come out with a blond hairdo, like Peter O'Toole in "Lawrence of Arabia." The Danes will eventually resent Hamlet, and we will have a funny musical called "Ophelia" in which the melancholy Dane will be presented as a barrel of laughs, as played by Danny Kaye.

We are a most-amazing bunch of idiots, we Americans; possibly the strongest, dumbest, most herd-prone nation in the world. We will gallop after the bellwether in any given direction, and then turn, led by the Judas goat, and gallop right back into the abattoir.

We quaked before the noisy monster, McCarthy, and then someone called him a jerk, which is what he was, and we were no longer afraid of McCarthy. We victual the world with food and weapons, and go mad over the yo-yo, the conkiskap, and the hula hoop. We find ourselves on the psychiatric couch, worship Mom while accusing ourselves of mother hatred, make a cult of the female leg, all the while encouraging evilly intended, largely homosexual dress designers to belaud the bodies we worship, with idiotic, ugly, monstrous changes in clothing and hairdo.

I see where the bird lovers of Italy are now protesting against the use of small birds—robins, larks, thrushes, and blackbirds, as a staple food for pies. I hope the craze doesn't hit America, or I will have to forget an old nursery rhyme. The rhyme will now read: "Sing a song of dollars, pocket full of bourbon. Four and twenty turkeys, baked in a pie." Pie? Better make that "oven," else the pie-makers' lobby will be on my neck. (Copyright, 1962 by United Feature Synd., Inc.)

In Washington, Rep. Paul A. Fino, of New York, was encouraged by New Hampshire's action to call in the reporters and tell them that in his opinion there is only one way to cut taxes, reduce the national debt and still have money enough for schools, housing, disabled veterans and health care—adopt a NATIONAL lottery.

He added: "There's no question that the New Hampshire action will have a tremendous impact on members of congress. It will provide impetus for the congress to take a second look at the national lottery bill."

Maybe. But—The Congress of the United States of America has another way out—equally simple and just as effective. The Ways and Means committee of the U. S. House of Representatives voted to RAISE THE NATIONAL DEBT ceiling to a new high of \$309 billion dollars. This latest hike in the debt ceiling would become effective on July 1. During the interim the debt ceiling, now \$305 billion, would be set at \$307 billion, and some time before Aug. 1 Congress would be asked to set a new, and presumably higher, ceiling for the coming year.

Simple, isn't it? You spend and spend and spend—putting it on the cuff until the time comes when there is no longer any room left—and then you put through a bill to BUY A NEW CUFF. It's a wonderful system. It beats the national lottery scheme all hollow.

Herbert Hoover presented an 11-point attack upon depression and the New Deal today, and called upon the Roosevelt administration to abandon what he termed "a dangerous road for democracy."

France and Great Britain, fearful of a German-Italian deal to give Adolf Hitler a free hand in Czechoslovakia, have decided on an immediate, joint appeal to Praha and a warning to Berlin, French sources reported today.



The Editor's Corner

By Charles V. Stanton

No One Is Irreplaceable, But Talents Unduplicated

It is said that no person is irreplaceable. I once had a boss who, when I began feeling important, told me to fill a pail with water, stick in my thumb, pull it out quickly, then look for the hole.

It may be true that no one is irreplaceable but in some cases, it seems to me, certain people have talents that can't be duplicated; people who fill niches society never will see filled again.

One such person, in my opinion, is Giles French who recently sold the Sherman County Journal which he and Mrs. French published for the past 32 years.

The Sherman County Journal is a weekly newspaper published at Moro. It is the only newspaper in Sherman County.

It never was a big newspaper, from the standpoint of number of pages or number of readers. I question that it ever made much money for its owner. The Sherman County Journal, it seems to me, was a reflection of its publisher.

Giles French isn't a big man physically, just as his newspaper was limited in size and circulation. But, as one of Oregon's outstanding senators for many years, he was a power in the legislature and in state politics. As an editor he was known throughout the whole country for his courage, his candid, pithy expression and for the Will Rogers type of philosophy that made his newspaper known everywhere.

This country has produced many famed editors—editors known for particular abilities, characteristics, styles, and services. Giles French, even though he published a small newspaper in a sparsely settled part of Oregon is one of those who has carved for himself in the annals of journalism a place no other ever will fill.

The Sherman County Journal, despite its size, was more quoted in

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