

Wood Becomes Part Of Many Products

The past year has been another one of tremendous development and potential diversification of the uses for timber products. And these developments have a direct bearing on the continued prosperity of our country—the timber capital of the world.

The American Forest Products Industries reports that today there are some 10,000 products made of the substance commonly called "wood." The manufacturing of these products now accounts for some 50 per cent of the jobs and 54 per cent of the payrolls of Oregon's manufacturing industry.

As the AFPI puts it, "Oregon economy literally stands on wooden legs!"

Wood and wood products have been integral parts of the state's development and growth since the territorial days, but the last 20 years have brought the most startling and significant changes. The wood-processing industry has leaped ahead at about the same speed as the technological advances in other industries—and that has been with tremendous vigor.

Wood is finding its way into the nose cones of missiles and the apparently perpetual battle to retain the waistline is fought with reducing pills built from wood products. (The loss of appetite is brought about by the expansion of wood pulp in the stomach.)

Mrs. Kelsay May Be Historical Figure

The Douglas County Court this week made a popular choice in selecting Mrs. W. O. Kelsay to fill out her husband's term as state representative. And certainly it couldn't have chosen a person who was more conversant with Rep. Kelsay's philosophies and purposes.

One of the most interesting aspects of her appointment, however, may make it historically significant. Incomplete records indicate Mrs. Kelsay may be the first state representative from Douglas County and the second woman from the county

The American woman's fineries are often found to have been originally wood pulp which was dissolved and scientifically spun into rayon. Newspapers are obvious wood products in their familiar form. However, less obvious are cigarette filters and cellophane wrappers. Another even more obscure use of the magic fiber of wood is its transformation into plastics. For example, did you know that wood byproducts are basic components of your telephone?

As with the telephone, wood products and byproducts are quite often not recognizable. As mentioned above, plastics have wood in them; so do such items as lacquers, photographic film and disinfectants.

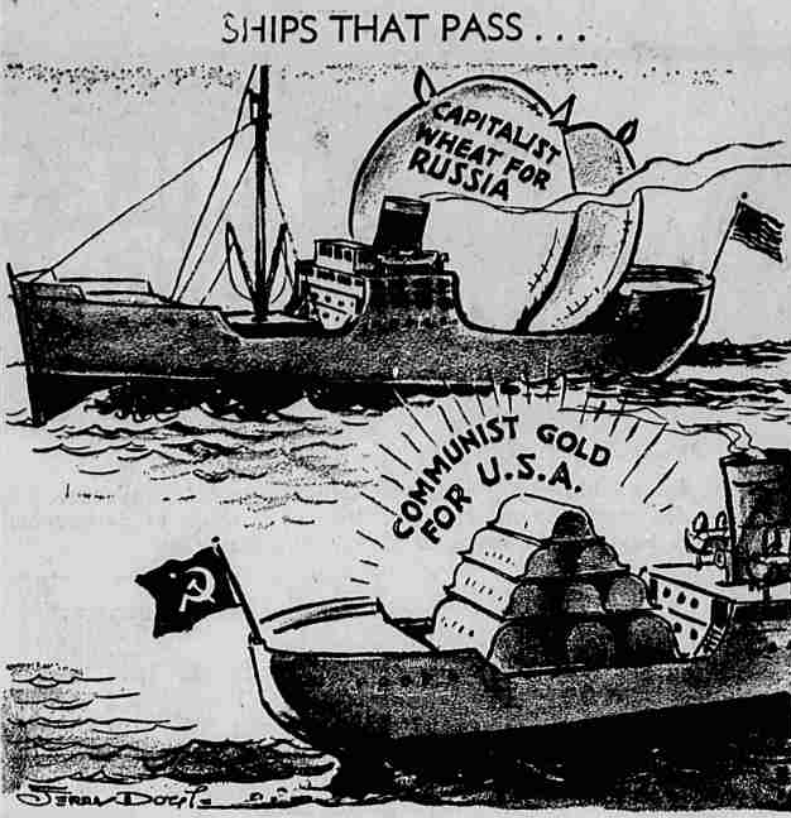
Still not impressed? Well, here's an added list of the strange shapes wood has taken in recent years. Wood produces acetic acid which goes into perfumes; baking yeast; butadiene which is used in synthetic tires; carbonic acid used in industrial chemicals; ethyl alcohol used in solvents; cattle and chicken feed; glycerine used in medicines and industrial chemicals; sugars used in stock feed and ethanol.

Wood is making our life more comfortable, is helping stretch our buying power and helping raise standards of living. Its uses continue to grow as research delves into the secrets wood has to offer.

Historical Figure

The record shows that a woman from Glendale, Miss Kathryn Clark, was chosen to fill a vacancy in the Oregon State Senate in 1915. She took over the position created when Sen. George Neuner Jr. resigned to accept appointment as Douglas County district attorney. Miss Clark became the state's first woman senator.

On the House side, neither memories by old timers nor records indicate a woman had served there from the county.



Keep Swabbies In Bell Bottoms

By ROBERT C. RUARK
As an old sea dog — well, I did make lieutenant senior grade because of the passage of time and the consequent ALNAVS — I would hazard that a sailor is a sailor, drunk, sober or asleep in an alley. You can tell he's a sailor by the cut of his jaw. And he used to have a lot of pride in the monkey suit which proclaimed him to be unlike lesser mortals.

At the same time the first-class bosun or gunner's mate or yeoman who made chief petty officers.

They are running an experiment, momentarily, in which about a thousand gobs are trying out the coat-shirt-tie-pants outfit which separates the chiefs from the lower-case hired help. The experiment is designed to test public acceptance, personal satisfaction, and also stowage and dry-cleaning costs and problems.

I have news for the Navy. The chiefs ain't going to like it, and the swabbies are. In this case I go along with the chiefs.

Chief Has Edge
There is nobody in the world with as much pride of craft as a seasoned chief petty officer. He is smarter than an officer, tougher than his younger inferiors, and he is also generally the man the admiral comes to for advice.

And that pride is all wrapped up in the fact that he has graduated from 13-button bell-bottoms and a silly jumper with a Buster Brown bow tie, and is now wearing neat blues, whites or khakis in a civilized cut that was not inherited from the British Navy.

There is no uniform any slier than the clothes they give to the enlisted man under the rate of chief. The pillbox hat is foolish, the tight pants with the funny bottoms are ridiculous, there is nowhere near enough pocket space, the jumper is to laugh at, the collar is a sight gag, and the neckerchief both useless and undecorative.

But it has one thing going for it. It says "Sailor!" at the top of its multiple lungs.

Sailor Is Sailor
In the Army or the Air Force or the Marines, it is difficult to tell a general from a private on a dark night, but a sailor is a sailor, drunk, sober or asleep in an alley. You can tell he's a sailor by the cut of his jaw. And he used to have a lot of pride in the monkey suit which proclaimed him to be unlike lesser mortals.

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Reader Opinions

Voter Gives Reason For 'No' Vote On Tax
To The Editor:
I would like to make it known that my negative vote at the Oct. 15 election was not a vote against the budget. It was strictly a vote against the bill itself.

I also would like to make it known that while there may be some things in the budget that I am inclined to look upon with some disfavor, basic school support is not among them. I am sure that had the budget been out of line the legislature would have been able to have trimmed it by more than one-fourth of one percent which they did.

I voted against the bill because: First, it was not a new approach to the state's tax problems, did not broaden the tax base, and did not contain any of the recommendations of Dr. Sly, the economist, to whom the legislature recently paid \$35,000 to prescribe a remedy for the state's tax ills. Because the Senate rejected what was, in my opinion, a far superior bill. Because the bill that was passed was nothing more than a re-hash of the present tax bill which has been amended, re-amended, hashed, and re-hashed until it is so full of loopholes that it resembles a crocheted breadspread rather than a tax bill.

Last, but not least, I voted against this bill because it removed the extra \$600 tax exemption from the blind and gave them a paltry four dollar tax credit in its place. This virtually amounts to taking from the blind his bread and giving him a stone instead.

I would suggest that when the legislature convenes in special session Nov. 11, that, as a first order of business, they pause a few moments and hang their heads in shame for this act.

I expect to write a letter to the governor, the president of the Senate, the speaker of the House of Representatives, and to our own senator and representatives explaining my stand on this issue and I certainly urge others to do the same.

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Roseburg, Ore.

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CONFIDENTIAL TO JILTED AT THE ALTAR IN ANAHEIM: I think you're lucky. How would you like to find out he was no good AFTER you were married?

The Editor's Corner

By Charles V. Stanton

Opinions Of Editorialists Are Not Being Silenced

Right in the midst of our celebration of National Newspaper Week we were informed that one of this country's largest and best known newspapers had folded. Financial losses caused the New York Mirror, a newspaper having the second largest circulation in the country, to suspend publication.

Immediately the cry goes up complaining of the shrinkage in the number of newspapers. There is a constant wail that the "voice" of editorial opinion is being "silenced" by newspaper failures, mergers, chains and cooperative business management.

All of which, in my opinion, is a bunch of baloney. Why do we need so many newspapers? Is it better to have a great number of small, poorly edited, struggling newspapers, unable financially to keep pace with the modern trends in publication, or to have fewer strong, vigorous newspapers utilizing the latest methods of gathering and disseminating news and information?

True, the number of newspapers has been shrinking steadily. But, at the same time, newspaper readership has been growing rapidly. Today more people—a greater percentage of people—read the newspaper than ever before.

But we hear a lament that where we once had editors who spoke with mighty thundering voices, our newspapers today, merged and chain operated, fail to give a diversity of editorial opinion.

Names Called
I'll admit we once had editors who volleyed and thundered. If you'll go back to early day files you'll discover that they spent most of their time calling each other names. Furthermore, you'll be surprised how much early day editorial writing was extremely provincial, often ill-informed.

Despite the fact that the number of newspapers is decreasing steadily because of financial difficulties, the volume of editorial expression and opinion never was as great as it is today.

Newspapers able to survive the financial pressure of the times are able to give their readers a much wider interpretation of the news, coupled with editorial opinion.

Expression, in addition to the purely local comments of the editorial staff, includes columns from some of the country's best writers and observers.

Instead of one person volleying and thundering, as some people seem to mourn, a newspaper has a considerable number of commentators, observers, experts in various fields, all writing interpretive and opinionated columns for the information and entertainment of newspaper readers.

Today's newspaper readers are getting vastly more editorial information and opinion than ever before. Furthermore, this comment and opinion is diversified. It comes from persons considered experts in their respective fields.

The loss of any newspaper is a great loss in exactly the same ratio that the loss of any business or activity which puts people out of work is concerned. But the loss isn't reflected in any reduction in editorial comment or in news coverage, I believe.

As we increase facilities for communication, circulation, transportation, collection and dissemination of news, we do

not need as many newspapers as we did in the days when a newspaper could be circulated only in its immediate environs and was edited in large part from the glue pot.

Today's newspaper is chiefly dependent upon advertising for its income. Circulation doesn't bring in enough revenue to keep a newspaper in operation. That, coupled with losses resulting from New York's costly newspaper strike, provided reason for the Mirror's failure. The Mirror had a tremendous circulation, but experienced a big drop in advertising revenue.

The advertiser once had a definite limitation on the vehicles he could use to get his message to potential customers. The newspaper was his chief method of reaching the public. In later years, however, he has added radio, television, billboards, direct mail and other forms of advertising promotion.

The newspaper remains the chief vehicle for successful advertising. At least that's what newspapermen believe. But the advertising dollar is being split into too many quarters to permit all newspapers to continue successful financial operation. There also remains the question of advertising effectiveness of the vehicles used. That's something time and experience will determine.

There is ample room to worry over the constant shrinkage of newspapers because of financial changes. But when we hear weeping and wailing about newspaper losses leading to weaker editorial comment, I can't help but give out with a Brooklyn cheer.

Yoncalla Class Slates Dinner

By MRS. KARL HUMMEL
Members of the eighth grade class at Yoncalla will hold their annual fund raising dinner at the school on Oct. 24. Serving will be from 6:30 to 8 p.m. Funds raised will be used for the class trip.

Eddie Curtis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Curtis, has been released from the hospital after treatment of injuries suffered in a one-car accident near Boss Springs while returning from a hunting trip. He was taken first to Cottage Grove Hospital and then to Sacred Heart Hospital in Eugene. He reportedly suffered a mild concussion and cuts and bruises. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Dillon of Palo Alto, Calif., have moved into the Charles Applegate house.

Curtis Weiss, remedial speech instructor, was the guest speaker at the recent meeting of the Yoncalla PTA.

THE LIGHTER SIDE:



Don't Mention Pigeons To Her

By DICK WEST
WASHINGTON (UPI)—Ogden Nash, the poet laureate of piffle, once wrote:
"There is nothing in any religion

"That requires one to love a pigeon."
Let this couplet serve to introduce you to a friend of mine who shall be known for purposes of this narrative as Mrs. Assisi.

Mrs. Assisi has a reputation in her neighborhood of being a friend of our feathered friends. As she put it, "I'm the one they come to when baby birds fall out of the nests."

One recent Saturday evening a man brought to her door a homing pigeon that had crashed in his yard. According to Mrs. Assisi, "The poor thing was in a catatonic condition. He couldn't move anything but his eyeballs."

(She was, of course, talking about the pigeon. The man was perfectly sober.)
True to her nature, Mrs. Assisi took the distressed creature into her home, gave it some bird seed and bedded it down for the night in a parakeet's flight cage.

The next day she persuaded her husband to climb upon the top of the carport and attempt to relaunch it. The bird, however, was so weak it couldn't fly any better than her husband.

On Monday morning, Mrs. Assisi called the Audubon Society, hoping it could identify the bird's owner from the markings on his (the pigeon's) legband.

The society referred her to the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, which connected her with the banded bird division, which referred her to a pigeon fancier in Maryland, who referred her to another pigeon fancier in a different county.

Finally, it was ascertained that the bird belonged to a pigeon fancier in Richmond, Va. Mrs. Assisi was advised to "take the poor thing down to Mt. Vernon and point it south on U.S. 1."

The bird, however, still was not flyworthy. So that night Mrs. Assisi telephoned the owner in Richmond. Meanwhile, she drove a considerable distance to buy some special pigeon food.

The owner asked Mrs. Assisi to give the pigeon some cod liver oil and ship it back to him by rail. Mrs. Assisi persuaded her husband to build a crate around it, and on Thursday, much have nothing to gain by making it, and on Thursday, much have nothing to gain by making it.

That very same day, en route to visit a neighbor, what did Mrs. Assisi see but a homing pigeon hopping across the lawn. If he were your son, what Mrs. Assisi turned and ran.

The Almanac

Today is Wednesday, Oct. 23, the 296th day of 1963 with 69 to follow.

The moon is approaching its first quarter.

The morning star is Jupiter. The evening stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

On this day in history:
In 1915, about 25,000 women marched in New York City demanding the women's right to vote in all 48 states.

In 1942, the British Eighth Army launched an offensive against Axis forces at El Alamein, Egypt, to open a campaign that was to sweep German and Italian forces out of North Africa in World War II.

In 1955, voters in the Saar rejected a proposed statute to "Europeanize" the tiny country and draw it more closely to France.

In 1956, the short-lived Hungarian revolt against the Soviet-dominated regime began.

A thought for the day — The American novelist, Thomas Mann, said: "Opinions cannot survive if one has no chance to fight for them."



Dear Abby!

Try A Classified!

— By ABIGAIL VANBUREN —

DEAR ABBY: I have a problem I'll bet you've never heard of before. I want to take belly dancing lessons and I can't find any school that teaches it. I looked in the Yellow Pages under DANCING, BELLY, and EGYPTIAN without success. I don't want to become a professional belly dancer. I just want to learn for my own satisfaction. Can you help me?
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1st Anniversary SALE!

SALE STARTS THURSDAY — DOORS OPEN 9:30

Paint By Number Set	REG. 3.00	SALE PRICE \$2.26
Strombecker 12V Motors	2.49	1.74
Model Cars	1.49	1.19
Aurora Race Sets	24.95	18.95
Craftint Water Color Tubes	25c	10c
Wood Fiber — For Making Flowers	40c	29c

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