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CHARLES V. STANTON
Editor

EDWIN L. KNAPP
Manager

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STEAMROLLER VS TANKS

By Charles V. Stanton

Wednesday's head-on collision between the Taft steamroller and General Ike's tank column furnished one of the most epochal events of modern politics. It was far more exciting, in our opinion, than the Willkie stampede of the 1940 convention.

We previously have mentioned in this column that we believe the country to be in the grip of a tremendous popular groundswell directed against both major political parties. People are fed up with political machines, if we interpret their actions correctly. They want a change. Not only a change from the present administration, but a change as well from party regimentation. One of the major reasons for Ike's popularity, we believe, is the fact that he is not a professional politician and has never been aligned in any major role with either party.

If we accept that theory, the action of the Republican delegates at Wednesday's stormy session is understandable. They repudiated both the national committee and the credentials committee. They took the convention into their own hands — the hands of people representative of every cross-road in the country. The Taft machine was driven into the ditch. The force, of course, was applied by another machine, that of the Eisenhower organization, but riding with those new tanks were hundreds of delegates who refused to submit themselves to party discipline and insisted upon the right to set up their own controls.

In fact, through democratic processes, we experienced a minor revolution. In some of our neighboring countries that same situation would have been accompanied by armed conflict and bloodshed.

Many observers are fearful that the terrific battle on the convention floor will lead to a permanent rift in the party. That consequence is entirely possible. We anticipate, however, that before the meeting reaches its final adjournment, the Republicans will close ranks, and that the session will end on a high note of optimism for a conclusive victory at the general election in November.

WE DON'T MEAN TO SCOLD, BUT —

We don't mean to scold. We have no right to do so. But it is a temptation to chide the voters of Roseburg for their failure to vote at budget elections.

We are extremely thankful, however, that we still are privileged to go to the polls or to stay away as suits our convenience. Conversely, we cannot expect to retain that privilege if we fail to exercise our right of franchise. Only by our votes do we protect our freedom to do as we please.

But, enough of preaching!

For the second time Roseburg's proposed city budget was beaten. The special election, despite urging by press and radio and through contacts with individuals and clubs, brought out only a handful of voters.

This time the result was much closer — a margin of only five votes. We believe we are safe in declaring that another one-hundred votes would have passed the budget. Now it must be submitted for a third time.

It costs money to hold elections. Each time a vote is called the city has the expense of publication, paying election boards, setting up booths, etc. So there is a measure of false economy in so many elections. We do not mean that a budget should be adopted until it is satisfactory to the residents of the city. We believe, however, that there is little general complaint with the overall budget, as proposed except from the uniformly negative vote to be anticipated at any election involving money. That negative vote was but little changed from the previous election. Had a few more people voted, we believe, we would not have to face another election.

We wonder — and, mind you, we're not scolding — just how many people who have been complaining about narrow streets, inadequate police protection, municipal services, etc., went to the polls Wednesday.



If we had been charged admission to see the sight we just watched quite as if we had never seen it before, we should have thought the money well spent! And if it had been a once in a lifetime thing how far we would have been willing to travel! But all we had to do was sit on the bench by the garage door, and watch the light glow brighter above the dark hill... until suddenly, — "There it is!"

The noisy highway below us was lost in our delight in the great ball of light that rose slowly until it floated free of three fires that let go of it reluctantly, three fires in the sparsely wooded ridge of the dark hill.

Knowledge tells us the moon is — I quote from the dictionary — "a large, round, luminous sphere of rock or other solid material, like a planet, that revolves around a larger body." I wouldn't remember a figure like that a half minute — 2162 miles in diameter. Not "about," dear me, no! A flat 2162 miles. If you don't believe Knowledge you can figure it out for yourself. (How on earth did they do it?) And in case you wonder how far that rocket ship will take us on that much advertised trip to the moon, it's 238,840 miles. Just like that, it doesn't mean a thing to me, that many miles. Does it to you? Why that great glowing ball of light was just behind the hill and I knew that hill isn't more than a mile away. So there!

What's that you said? The moon isn't a "ball of light" — it only reflects the sun's light. And I tell you I just saw it float up and up

Fulton Lewis Jr. WASHINGTON REPORT

(Copyright, 1951, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

CHICAGO — On instructions from Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, New York state's 96-man delegation remained seated during the two standing ovations for Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin here at the national convention today.

It was a new low in convention politics. Virtually all other delegates arose to applaud and remained standing and shouting for five minutes when the Wisconsin senator strode to the rostrum for his slashing attack on Communists in the administration. They repeated the performance when he finished.

There are two possible explanations. One is that the New York governor evidently disagrees with anyone who possesses enough courage to expose Communists. The other is that Dewey used the insult as a means of serving notice on Sen. Robert A. Taft and his political cronies that if Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower wins the Republican nomination, there will be an all-out war between the party's two factions.

I am inclined to accept the first explanation. In 1948, when Dewey was planning White House redecorations even before he was elected, he urged suspension of public hearings by the House committee on un-American activities. His reason was that he didn't want to disturb any elements among the voters by further probes of Reds in the government and elsewhere.

The only ones being made uncomfortable by the Communist investigation were the Communists themselves and their Moscow puppet disguised as Liberals. The then chairman of the un-American activities committee, former Rep. J. Parnell Thomas, yielded to Dewey's demands. This error, added to the Dewey cream puff campaign for the presidency, resulted in his defeat. Apparently he hasn't learned a thing in four years.

McCarthy received not only a rousing ovation but, even more important, held the rapt attention of his audience. They wanted to hear what the fighting ex-marine had to say about his private war against the Reds on the public payroll — the ones that Mr. Truman could never find.

McCarthy is immune to insults from politicians who prefer to put their own interest above the security of the country. The silence of the 96 New Yorkers was hardly noticed, with 15,000 others cheer-

Hear Fulton Lewis Daily
On KRNR, 9:15 P.M.

Propaganda Ingenuity, Sartorial Eye-Catchers, Bedlam Combine To Fill GOP Convention Days

By M. J. MERRYMAN

(Special Correspondence to The News-Review)

CHICAGO — Chicago is awash with GOP propaganda. The tide is still rising and anyone who doesn't want to get drowned is advised to stay home.

Since the children at our house are crazy for campaign gadgets, I took a deep breath and dove into the Hilton hotel, GOP convention headquarters, to do some collecting. Some seemed to be singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" to the tune of "Halls of Montezuma," but on closer inspection it turned out to be a Taft parade going one way and an Eisenhower the other. An organ was playing "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise" under a big picture of General MacArthur on the balcony.

So many people jammed in the entrance that the pickets walking for the Radio Writers Guild kept tangling banners with some Warren enthusiasts. "What's the beef," someone inquired. "Money," grunted a picket and fought his way forward.

A sound truck drove past blaring "Don't Go Aft, Come Up With Taft." Eisenhower is the Man of the Hour, screamed an oncoming truck. A teen-ager careened into me and panted, "Where's the Warren parade?" "Nobody knows," said the man at my right. "What's happening, anything?" somebody asked me. A drum corps started marching. "Who's that for?" I said. "Well, it ain't for Dewey," from my friend on the right. Someone was screaming into a microphone but it didn't seem to be connected. A gorgeous girl in a red and white striped swimsuit handed me a sheaf of stamps that said "Draft MacArthur for President." "Won't I have fun unsticking those," "My feet hurt," said a woman with a Wisconsin delegate badge pinned to her shoulder. She sat down and took off her shoes.

I ducked down the back stairs where it is possible to snag an elevator without the half-hour wait in line for the lobby cars and bumped into Hal Shof of Portland, toiling up the stairs with a loaded briefcase. All is not cheese for the hard-working delegates.

Might as well have saved myself the souvenir trip — the huge Ike, Taft and Warren buttons so coveted by the small fry are gone and obtainable only by sharp bargaining and an exchange of cash on the street corner.

Confusion Even At Tea
Confusion on a higher plane at the tea given in the Tafts' honor on the top floor. Mrs. Taft looked the least harried of all. She wore a white sheer dress printed with red umbrellas and red carnations, the Ohio state flower, and greeted guests with no show of hurrying them on although their numbers must have been astronomical. I finally found out how it works. "Hand-shaking" cards are distributed in advance of the social affairs and if you are a card-holder you

In the Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

In this piece what they decided to do about Texas. But it is obvious that yesterday's floor vote shook the solid Taft phalanx in the credentials committee. They'd like to build it through, but fear the effect when their action is appealed to the floor and ALL the delegates vote.

That's the situation at the moment of writing this.

Watch the floor when the appeal on delegate contests gets there. That will be the high dramatic hour of this historic convention.

While the politicians battle in the smoke-filled downtown hotel room (from which the public is barred) the spectators at the convention auditorium down in the stockyards section mark time.

I expect their state of excited puzzlement will be augmented by a fact that is inherent in the auditorium's location. It is not unlikely that from time to time the great hall's air conditioning system will fail to function for a moment or so and nauseating odors will creep in.

The delegates won't know whether these disgusting smells come from the adjacent stockyards or FROM THE SMOKE FILLED ROOM DOWN TOWN where the politicians are stirring their witches' brew.

It could be either way.

While they wait, they listen to political oratory. One of the speeches is made by Pennsylvania's Governor Fine, who tells them the Republican party must UNITE if it is to be victorious. The eyes of the Democrats, as says, are upon us and they're HOPING for us to pull a boner — such as winding up in a Donnybrook Fair, with everybody using his shillelagh on everybody else.

Personally, I haven't much use for this guy Fine. It looks to me like he's waiting around for the psychological moment to use the Pennsylvania delegates he is supposed to hold in the hollow of his hand TO GET HIM WHAT HE WANTS.

That's one of the big things wrong with the convention system.

Let's flash back for a second to last night. Last night and 7-year-old Hoover, Herbert Hoover and his hard-hitting, no-punches-pulled speech.

Men who keep the faith and fight the good fight, through brutal unpopularity as well as ad-miring acclaim, through the bad days as well as the good. Men like that are the kind of men to

white and blue bands and a big "IKE" pasted on the crown.

As you know, Oregon's Judge Lamar Tootz (just confirmed a brigadier-general and the good-natured butt of 90 per cent of the delegation's breakfast jokes) and Bob Elliott conceived the idea of the magnificent demonstration for Mr. Hoover. Oregon led the parade. Governor McKay first with Shirley Field, the delegation secretary from Portland, waving the Oregon sign just behind him.

One citizen, never identified, disported himself in a Caveman outfit anchored with Ike buttons. Grants Pass should import him. Women delegates from all over sport an astounding collection of "Win with Ike" stoles, "Daft about Taft" skirts, huge buttons marked "Ike" and "Eisenhower." Californians can be seen for miles in their burning orange Warren caps. Red and white par- asols embroidered "I Like Ike" bob up in the crowd. Not so silly at that for protection from the burning lights. Most of the women wear dark glasses. It's more brilliant inside the barn than out.

Not all the outfits are partisan. . . all eyes gravitate to Connecticut to see what Mrs. Luce is wearing. Tonight it was navy blue with sleeves, a distinct comedown from the low-necked, sleeveless white dress with black polka dots and sequins she wore throughout the first session. Most of the women change for the evening session and the livestock pavilion looks almost like a ball-room with brilliant evening gowns breaking up the long vistas of men in business suits. Although the men are not out of it. Governor Lodge of Massachusetts wows the girls in the gallery. He is handsome to begin with, and always in spotless white from head to toe.

Ducked into the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel for a look at the credentials committee but that was a hopeless jam. Could just barely pick out Tom McCall of Portland and Bill Walsh of Coos Bay whose heads towered over the mob. Think I saw Mrs. Frank Fowler of Astoria trapped in the corridor but it looked like suicide to fight my way over to her.

Ovation To Hoover

The long wait for the evening session turned into quite a show. As the week progresses the costumes get fancier. Oregon blossomed out in straw hats with red,

In The Armed SERVICES

Theron Harris Aboard Destroyer In Korea

Now serving aboard the destroyer USS Laffey in Korea is Theron S. Harris, seaman, USN, husband of Mrs. Patricia R. Harris, 748 S. Pine St.

The destroyer is engaged in shore bombardment activities in the Wonsan Harbor area.

Roseburg Navy Man Reports To Hawaii

Darrell G. Davis, airman, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Davis of Roseburg, recently reported to Navy Air Transport Squadron Eight in Hawaii for duty. His wife, Mrs. Allene Davis, lives in Roseburg.

Davis graduated from Roseburg High School. He enlisted in the Navy on December 7, 1950. He reported to Hawaii from the U. S. Naval Station on Kwajalein.

Squadron Eight is currently engaged in the Korean Airlift.

tie to. In the long, long pull, they're far better for all of us than the demagogues. They bring us fewer headaches.

That 15-minute of wild cheering, heart-warming demonstration they gave Hoover last night was something. There on the spot, he shed some tears and out here 2,000 miles away I felt like it. His head may be bloody, but last night it was still unbowed.

In closing, let me quote a paragraph or so from the non-convention news of this morning.

At Castle Dale, Utah, yesterday the army engineers set off 160 tons of TNT and blew the side of a mountain out. The purpose of the blast was to gather information to help determine HOW FAR DOWN HILL MUST BUR- ROW—AND IN WHAT KIND OF TERRAIN—TO BE SAFE FROM ATOM BOMBS.

There is a close connection between that experimental blast and what is happening in Chicago this week. That TNT explosion to find out what is best to do IF THE ATOM BOMBS BEGIN TO FALL is the grim backdrop against which the exciting drama in the Chicago convention hall is being played out.

The atom bomb is the sword of Damocles that hangs over us, suspended by a slim thread. Will it fall?

Put it this way.

It will be LESS LIKELY TO FALL if we have the right kind of leadership. In Chicago, we're struggling to GET the right kind of leadership. The right kind of leadership is the most important element in the conduct of human affairs.

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SPECIAL MEETING

There will be a meeting of the Winchester Plywood Assn. on Sunday, July 13th, at the Mar-Linn Timber plant North of Roseburg, for the purpose of organizing. The stockholders will meet at 1 P. M. The meeting then will be open to the public at 1:30 P. M. for those that are interested in joining the group or are willing to help get the plant started.

COME OUT AND GIVE US YOUR SUPPORT!

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