

The News-Review

Published Daily Except Sunday by the
News-Review Company, Inc.
Entered as second class matter May 7, 1920, 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 at 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, \$13.00 (in advance), less than one year,
per month, \$1.13.

EXHAUSTING OUR BRAINS

Charles V. Stanton

Charles A. Sprague, former governor of Oregon, publisher of the *Oregon Statesman*, writing in his personal column, "It Seems To Me," comments in the Salem paper on a statement in this column recently that "The voice of the cannon is the one voice the Reds understand."

Says Publisher Sprague:

I wonder though if our resources in negotiation are limited to the threat or voice of cannon. That is the language of desperation. If the world's battle is for men's minds should we not exhaust our brains utterly before resorting to the final weapon? Surely our own brains are not so impoverished or those of the Communists so frozen that the cannon's roar is the only thing that is needed.

He points out that the Vietminh forces are wasting lives at Dien Bien Phu as a demonstration of force designed to influence the conferees at Geneva; that the Reds think that artillery fire and mass assault are the "voice" the French and British and Americans understand.

He adds:

Come down to it, to be sure, military might is still recognized as the final arbiter among nations. To that extent the voice of the cannon offers the ultimate reliance. But when great nations get their artillery to speaking wrathfully you have war; and that is costly business.

Is Freedom Worth The Price

Certainly no one can argue that war is other than costly business. We would avoid war if at all possible. But our argument is that we had better risk a small war than permit a big one.

Any experienced fireman will tell you that a home can be saved if the fire is discovered and attacked early. But, if the fire gets a good start, the home cannot be saved and neighboring buildings will be threatened.

We have had world wars simply because we didn't stop fires in the early stages. Had we presented a determined and united front against aggression by Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo in the early days of their campaigns, we very probably would not have had World War II. Instead we practiced appeasement. We "exhausted our brains" while dictators seized resources and enslaved peoples.

Communists, pledged to world revolution, have correctly interpreted our abhorrence of war. They well realize our reluctance to fight. They make the mistake, however, of interpreting abhorrence and reluctance as fear. Events in Korea and Indochina have done little to point out their error. In fact, they have good reason to believe we are afraid.

War indeed is costly. It is most abhorrent. But is not a small war to be preferred to a big war? And is not freedom worth whatever it may cost?

Reasoning With Puppets

Communists have proven themselves ruthless bandits, seeking to seize anything they can grab. They will continue to grab until some police power puts an end to their banditry. But like all bandits, they will retreat when and if confronted with sufficiently strong police power, we believe.

We would like to agree with Publisher Sprague that Communist brains are not "frozen." But how can we reason with brains that have been washed of all principles of human decency? Communist leaders are puppets, dancing on strings controlled by Moscow. We have time and again exhausted our brains in futile, exasperating talkfests in which we have achieved less than nothing.

Communist brains, we believe, are "frozen" and can be thawed only by applying the heat.

We sincerely hope, as does Mr. Sprague, that the Dulles thesis of "warning backed with real evidence of military strength will be enough to halt the Red march of conquest." But where is the "real evidence of military strength?" Certainly not in Korea, nor in China, nor in Indochina. And, until we do produce that evidence, we fear, we will only continue to exhaust our brains while the Communists enslave our friends.

Hal Boyle

HOMETOWN, U.S.A. (P) — Trellis Mae Peeble, America's average housewife, gnawed her fingernails in despair as she sat at her writing desk scribbling on a sheet of paper.

"Oh, Wilbur, I'm glad you're home!" she exclaimed, as her husband entered.

"Why?" he asked warily. Like most husbands, Wilbur was too practical a man to see any real reason why his wife should be glad to see him.

"I need your help," said Trellis Mae. "Tomorrow it's my turn to make the weekly current events report to the Ladies of the Minerva Literary and Glee Rummy Club. And I'm stumped."

"What's your subject?" "New Trends in Girdles?"

"No it's that McCarthy-Stevens hearing in Washington. I've been watching it on Mrs. Smith's television set next door, and I can't make heads or tails of it. The most interesting thing happened the third day."

"What was that, dear?"

"Mrs. Smith's baby got her first tooth."

Wilbur shook his head and sighed. "Well, honey, what do you want to know about the hearing?"

Lifting her pencil to take notes, Trellis Mae asked:

"First, why is Secretary Stevens trying to draft Sen. McCarthy into the Army? That confuses me."

A look of suspicion crept into Wilbur's face, then wonder, then utter joy. At last he thought he saw a way to get even with Trellis Mae's cloying ladies whom he thought a bunch of dizzy, time-wasting dames.

"Why, that's easy," he said, thinking fast. "Secretary Stevens wants to send McCarthy on an Army mission to Africa to organize the Mau Mau there against the Indochinese invaders. But Adm. G. David Schine—he you've heard

of him?"

"Of course, silly. Everybody knows him."

"Well, Adm. Schine is fighting against Sec. Stevens for McCarthy's services. He wants the senator to direct a secret Navy project to build an atom-powered rowboat. It'll free the Navy of cars forever—if it works."

"What won't they think of next? How about Roy Cohn?" Is he against Secretary Stevens?

"Adm. Schine? He doesn't seem to be too mad at Sen. McCarthy."

"Far from it. He has a third plan. He wants McCarthy to drop with some paratroopers on a Sioux Indian reservation out west—It's crawling with Reds—and avenge the Custer massacre."

"I should think it's high time we did something about that," said Trellis Mae warmly. "Sen. McCarthy must feel pretty lucky to have three bigshots like that all fighting to get him to come to work for them. But tell me, when will we see the midjet?"

"The midjet?" Wilbur was at sea.

"Yes. Remember the midjet they put on old J. P. Morgan's knee the time he went to Washington to ask the government to please be more careful of its money? Don't they always have a midjet about those Washington hearings?"

"One way or another," said Wilbur, grinning. "They'll bring out the midjet when the mystery witness testifies. They always have to bring out a mystery witness at a hearing to solve the mystery. But right now he's being kept

incommunicado."

"In where? Oh, never mind—if it's a secret. Just one question more. Why do they have all those light bulbs in the hearing room?"

"The politicians are trying to find a way to make daytime politics as popular as night baseball."

"Well, I'm not much of a baseball fan, but I will say that even in a night ball game it's easier to tell who's got the ball," said Trellis Mae, folding up her notes. "But at least, thanks to you, dear, I know now what the hearing's about. Men do have clearer heads than women when it comes to politics."

The next night Wilbur came home late and opened the door cautiously. A grimly silent wife met him.

"How did the ladies like your current events talk?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, they said it was wonderful. The best talk of the year. They asked me to make another talk next week on the same subject—it was so interesting."

"They did? Wilbur's face fell. "Then what are you mad about?"

"Well, I don't think a single member heard a single word I said. Two ladies showed up wearing new dresses that were exactly alike... down to the last polka dot. And everybody was watching to see what would happen."

"What did happen?"

"After the meeting both ladies fainted and tried to resign from the club. But we voted to accept only one resignation."

"Which one?"

"Why the one from the lady who never serves us anything but peanut butter sandwiches when the club meets at her home—of course," said Trellis Mae.

Wilbur felt a clanging in his ears. He slumped down in his chair, opened his newspaper. After a moment Trellis Mae said, "Wilbur, what's the matter with you? You're reading the newspaper upside down."

"Just trying to confuse myself," said Wilbur. "A man with a clear head can get pretty lonely in this world. I want to see if it isn't more fun to live in a fog."

Surely Spoils an Otherwise Beautiful Picture!



PEERY MEDICALS

BY W.K. PEERY

(Editors note: This story, "How Buffalo Got His Hump," is the ninth of a series of Umpqua Indian legends.)

A long, long time ago, the birds and animals lived together. They helped each other. Coyote put his nose in everybody's life. He had nothing to do himself, that person.

Jackknife had a wife. They built a nest. They made it in the ground. Jackknife scratched a hole in the earth, which his wife used for a nest.

She laid two eggs in it. Coyote told them to hide that nest. These birds did not do the thing Coyote told them. Jackknife's wife sat on her eggs. Coyote, Bluejay and Crow watched that nest every day. They wanted to see what baby Jackknife's looked like.

Green days went and the dry days came. It was time for those eggs to hatch.

One day there was a big sound. It was like thunder. Bluejay went to see what made that sound. He flew back. He said, "Buffalo is coming."

That is bad. They will walk on Jackknife's eggs," Coyote said that.

Crow said to Coyote, "You stay here. Buffalo will see where Jackknife has his house. I will tell him not to come this way."

He flew away, that Crow. He told an old bird's tale. Where Jackknife had built his house.

"You go around that house. Then you will not destroy Jackknife's house and kill his woman," Crow told Buffalo that.

Buffalo was tired and thirsty. He told Crow, "I will not look after Jackknife's house. He was silly to build his teepee in the ground."

"Jackknife has as much right on the ground as you have," Crow told Buffalo that.

Buffalo said, "You be careful incommunicado."

"In where? Oh, never mind—if it's a secret. Just one question more. Why do they have all those light bulbs in the hearing room?"

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In The Day's News

(Continued from Page One)

the Eisenhower campaign trains when he was seeking the Republican nomination. He rode them again in the campaign that followed the convention.

He rides them still in spirit. But whereas he had no misgivings in those crusading months that preceded the fourth of November 1952, he is beginning to FEEL misgivings.

Not of Ike. His faith in Ike is as strong as ever. He still holds high the Eisenhower torch. The doubts that are beginning to assail him concern what increasingly back here one hears referred to as the palace guard.

In this group this Southern editor doesn't include the major members of the President's cabinet. His faith in them is able, dedicated Americans continues.

His suspicions fall chiefly upon what he calls the White House politicians. Of them all, he likes Sherman Adams the least.

What he hopes is that Ike will lose them all out and assume personal direction of his administration.

That idea is growing back here. One hears it on all sides. And NOT INFREQUENTLY among Republicans up on Capitol Hill.

What it boils down to is a rising belief that the people have more faith in President Eisenhower than in the Republican party.

If that is true, it is growingly important that President Eisenhower shall assume personal direction of his administration—that which must stand or fall on his achievements. If he doesn't, confusion may grow. If confusion grows, the chances of a Democratic administration will rise.

All Republicans, of course, look upon that contingency as a calamity of the first magnitude.

And — All the Republicans in congress want to be reelected. In that they are like all persons who have ever held congressional office. Believing—as nearly everyone does—that the confidence of the people in President Eisenhower is unshaken, it seems quite likely that they will fall in behind the President if and when he does assume more active personal direction of his administration and that thereafter an impression of Republican SOLIDARITY will take the place of the impression of Republican division that now prevails a little too widely for Republican comfort.

Strike Of Woodworkers Possible Next Week

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The possibility of a strike next week of some 5,000 CIO woodworkers against the Inland Empire pine industry loomed greater Wednesday although a federal mediator continued conciliation efforts.

The union is asking a 12 1/2-cent hourly wage increase but there is no indication the demands will be met. Union members have authorized a strike against most operators starting May 3.

Meanwhile, a strike vote among about 500 woodworkers at seven Spokane plants was underway while both sides argued over a delay in negotiations. The union accused the management of stalling while a management spokesman said any delay was caused by union demands for area-wide bargaining.

Regional Game Office Is Moved To Corvallis

PORTLAND — The Northwest Oregon regional office of the State Game Commission is being moved from Albany to the E. E. Wilson Game Management Area north of Corvallis May 1.

Greater economy through consolidation of a number of efforts is expected.

Other regional offices are at Bend, Roseburg, La Grande and Hines.

VOTE ANNEXATION

NEWPORT, Ore. — Newport is expected to add 700 residents as the result of an annexation election in an area north of here Wednesday. The measure was approved in that area, 125-70.

The annexation will extend the city limits a half-mile to the north.

Bruce Blossat

Vice-President Nixon's remarks about the use of American ground troops in Indo-China have apparently caused more stir than is warranted by the present military realities.

His statement that troops probably would be used came in answer to a question which assumed that the French would fold or withdraw. Since no one believes the French are about to do either one, the question and answer are hypothetical.

The rebel Communist campaign against the Viet Nam fortress of Dien Bien Phu should not be minimized. It is a major fight, the sort of combat the French have been hoping to lure the Reds into for years. If the strong point falls, the French will have suffered embarrassing defeat—at the game they chose.

Crisis Purely Political

But it will not spell disaster for Indochina. Dien Bien Phu is not the key to the whole country. The French would still retain firm control of most of the important sectors, including all the big cities. They would not easily be dislodged from these.

No matter how Dien Bien Phu goes, in a short time the seasonal rains will begin, and the military stalemate that goes with drenching downpours will settle over Indochina again. Indeed, stalemate is the standard phase of the war, as it became standard in Korea.

So there is no early prospect, really no prospect at all, of Indochina falling to the Reds by force of arms. And it is only when that prospect is real and immediate that we shall have to consider the decision Nixon said he believed should be made—to send troops of our own in to prevent a Communist victory.

The real crisis over Indochina is a political one and it now centers on the Geneva conference. France wants a truce and evidently is willing to pay high to get it. Our government believes any sort of settlement the Reds would offer would fatally compromise Indochina, bringing to communism by legal means the triumph it could not gain in the field.

Dulles' Views Reinforced

By his appeals for united action to forestall a Red victory, by his trips to London and Paris, by his urgent emphasis on the need for holding Indochina, Secretary of State Dulles has sought to make clear that America will not accept an arrangement that gives away the key to Southeast Asia.

Insofar as his comments stand as a measure of the lengths this country may be prepared to go to in a possible future extremity, Nixon has reinforced Dulles' position. He has said bluntly what

was and is implicit in all Dulles' current diplomacy. He has said the hard thing, the thing that could not be misunderstood.

No one knows now how the country would react to a plan to send troops to Indochina if the moment arose for such a decision. But it is important for us, and the world, to know that high U.S. officials (for Nixon can hardly be alone in his thinking) believe we must take that step before we dare open the whole of South Asia to an engulfing Communist wave.

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Australians Find Radio, Gun Parts; Thought Russian

CANBERRA, Australia (P) — Police tried Wednesday to find out who dropped a powerful radio transmitter and receiver and parts of a pistol in the Molonglo River flowing through Canberra.

Dragged from the stream Tuesday, the find raised immediate speculation the items might have been dumped by the Soviet embassy staff after Russia broke off diplomatic relations with Australia last week.

The radio equipment and pistol parts were found two miles from the embassy. It appeared to have been under water about two days.

Official sources discounted such ideas, however, and official monitoring stations said there had been no evidence that the embassy operated its own transmitter to communicate with Moscow.

Three Masked Gunmen Hold Up Canadian Bank

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C. (P) — Three armed and masked gunmen escaped with more than \$10,000 Thursday from a branch of the Royal Bank of Canada here. A fourth man was at the wheel of a getaway car.

Two hours after the holdup the car was found in suburban Burnaby, but a wide search through nearby bushlands failed to show trace of the bandits.

"They got better than \$10,000," said Manager A. G. Oliver. "The exact amount will not be known until a complete check has been made."

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Liquor And Beer Floats Are Banned From Parade

PORTLAND (P) — Liquor and beer industry floats again will be barred from the Rose Festival parade here in June.

The State Liquor Control Commission rejected Wednesday a request from a festival committee to allow such floats to be entered. The decision came as no surprise, since Gov. Patterson said last week he was against such a move.

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