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DAM POLITICS

Charles V. Stanton

It has been most interesting to observe the comments of the Oregon press relative to the political coup by Senators Morse and Neuberger in obtaining money for "new starts" on federal over projects in the Pacific Northwest. Putting together the reports from Washington, with comments by A. Robert Smith, Washington correspondent for *The News-Review*, and the ideas expressed by various Oregon editors, one can only reach the opinion that in the field of politics it's "damned if you do, and damned if you don't."

Oregon's senators flooded newspapers with their telegrams and letters pertaining to their "great victory," telegrams which took gloating raps at the administration's "no new starts" policy. But these telegrams, according to the Oregon City *Enterprise-Courier*, "served only to run up the taxpayers' bill with Western Union," the editor pointing out that all the information had been reported by wire services.

Even those localities supposedly benefited by the appropriations seem most ungrateful.

The *Astorian-Budget* blew its stack over the \$1,000,000 Ice Harbor Dam appropriation, which it called "grim news." Astoria is headquarters for Oregon's commercial fishery. It has consistently fought construction of high dams on the Columbia and, more particularly, on tributary streams.

Would Block Fish Runs

Ice Harbor Dam, says the Astoria newspaper, would spell the end of salmon migration in the Snake River system. But the *East Oregonian*, Pendleton, after praising Senator Neuberger's record on conservation, contends that "It is apparent that Senator Neuberger has concluded, as have many others, that fish ladders could safely move salmon over Ice Harbor Dam. We have yet to see any evidence that they could not."

But that isn't the way they look at it in Astoria. The *Astorian-Budget* points out that Ice Harbor dam, by itself, is virtually worthless; that it is the first unit of a four-dam project including Lower Monumental, Little Goose and Lower Granite, all within a distance of 75 miles near the junction of Snake River with the Columbia and below the principal tributaries of the Snake—Imnaha, Clearwater, Salmon and other rivers—all productive salmon-spawning streams.

Senator Neuberger in a Letter to the Editor, published in the *Astorian-Budget*, Astoria, is ungrateful for the \$750,000 obtained for improving the Columbia River harbor and channel. He charges that the editor's opinions are "dictated by political partnership rather than engineering and biological facts." He questions why objection is raised to dams in the Snake River and none against John Day and other mid-Columbia dams, hinting at tie-ups with private utilities.

But the Astoria editor, who has at least a consistent record of opposition to all dams affecting fish migrations, comes back with the fact that channel improvements benefit Portland more than Astoria and, as to dams, mid-Columbia dams are spaced far enough apart to give migrating fish a chance to rest, while the four successive dams in 75 miles on the Snake "could destroy the salmonoid production of the Snake River." Then, replying with a question, the editor says, "Sen. Neuberger is quite vocal in his objections to any privately sponsored dam that might harm fish. Has he objected to any public dam project that might harm fish?"

Izaak Walton League Joins

The Oregon senators also are in a hassle with the Oregon Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, which Neuberger accuses of an "abusive attack," although Chapter President Dan Allen says he only wrote voicing opposition. Allen went to Washington to do battle against Ice Harbor.

Neuberger previously has carried much weight with the Izaak Walton League because of his support of conservation measures. His election was due in at least some part to support from Waltonians. Now these same Waltonians are up in arms. Which only goes to prove how fickle friendship becomes when linked with politics.

And then we find the McMinnville *News-Register*, which has been boosting for a resurvey of Yamhill River basin water resources, very ungrateful, even though the appropriation bills contained money for that job.

"It's not that we fail to appreciate their support... It's just that they jumped, with political expediency, into a program that received little of their interest prior to the time it might serve their political purposes."

The senators knew so little about the project, says the *News-Register* that they asked only the \$21,500 sought prior to World War II, whereas the estimate is now some \$30,000 to \$50,000. "Had they been working with Congressman Norblad," says the McMinnville editor, "they would have had all the facts."

Ain't politics grand?

Bruce Biossat

John L. Lewis, boss of the United Mine Workers, is almost the forgotten man of the nation's labor front. It's been years since he tied the country in knots with a big coal strike.

Some like to ascribe his uncharacteristic quiet to Lewis' advancing age. But the evidence seems to point elsewhere. For some years now the coal industry has been sick. Consequently, the union's bargaining position has not been strong.

Credit Lewis with fully recognizing the industry's plight, and working closely with coal operators to bring about improvement. Last year soft coal output was more than 200 million tons below the record high of 630,623,000 in 1947. This year things are slightly better.

Reader Opinions

Reader Tells Difficulties In Driving Log Trucks

ROSEBURG — Jim Faught's letter in Tuesday's *News-Review* in which he comes to the defense of log truck drivers deserves hearty approval. While it is the duty of a newspaper to report the facts, it is also the duty to keep editorial opinion out of the news columns. We believe that unconsciously at times a newspaper may convey the wrong impression as to who is responsible in highway accidents.

In other words, the bare facts as reported do not always leave the reader with the correct impression as to just what happened. I drive about 3,000 miles a month over Douglas County roads and I have rarely had cause to fear that the driver of a log truck was going to put me off the road or ram into me. What I am particularly afraid of is the impatient driver following with his bumper right on the tail of the truck, watching until he thinks he has a 2-in-10 chance to make it around without being clobbered. I have found that whenever a log truck waves you to pass, that is the time to go, and not until. He sits up a lot higher than you do and he can see further ahead. He doesn't want you behind him any more than you want to be there, but as Jim Faught said, if he goes too slow he is cussed out for holding up traffic and if he goes too fast he is cussed for that. You trucking boys just continue to go slow and I'll follow you from Roseburg to Myrtle Creek if I have to, or until you give me the go-ahead, and I won't gripe. You are keeping me, and a large percentage of the rest of the state, in business. If any group of people in Oregon are entitled to sympathy it is the log truck drivers. If they overload they are fined. If they underload they can't make their truck payments. They can't haul when the roads are muddy. When the roads are dry they eat dust. They blow one tire and have lost about two days' income. They lose their brakes on a down-grade and have to ditch their truck. Sometimes they are killed. And they have the literal hell regulated out of them. But bear in mind how many people they make jobs for.

E. V. Lincoln
Roseburg, Ore.

He wrote it, painstakingly, on a little oval table you still can see in a little room over a drugstore here in Gettysburg.

But he didn't get to deliver it on schedule.

For one thing, the parade to the cemetery was late in starting. Then Edward Everett was a half-hour late arriving at the cemetery. He'd been out inspecting the battlefield.

Every school child has been told what happened next. Everett spoke for two hours.

"Standing beneath this serene sky," he began, "overlooking these broad fields..."

It got pretty deadly before he was through.

Abraham Lincoln pumped Everett's hand and then spoke his own few words, starting "Four score and seven years ago..."

It is a tribute to his audience that those who could hear the President applauded—six times, according to the Adams Sentinel and General Advertiser's correspondent on the scene.

A few hours later, Lincoln stopped by at the Presbyterian church—where another Republican President, Dwight D. Eisenhower, sometimes worships today.

Lincoln didn't stay for the end of the church exercises. His train to Washington was waiting.

Few people remember that, in the midst of all this tumult, Lincoln made another speech.

A crowd gathered outside the Willits house and clamored for him. Finally, his tired figure loomed up in the doorway.

"I appear before you, fellow citizens," he said, "to thank you for the compliment. The inference is a fair one that you would hear me for a while, were I to commence to make a speech."

"I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. The most substantial is that I have nothing to say."

"Laughter," reported the newsman on the spot.

"In my position," the President went on, "it is somewhat important that I should not say foolish things."

"If you can help it," a heckler interrupted, according to the same observer.

"It very often happens," concluded the President, "that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. Believing that is my present conviction this evening. I beg you to excuse me from addressing you further."

What ever became of Edward Everett, anyway?

ter, and there is slender promise of still further upward strides. Overseas shipments of coal have doubled. The utilities and the booming steel mills are using more coal. With many signs pointing to general gains in the economy, these demands should go on rising.

But the industry is far from out of the woods. The industry believes it must hit 500 million tons of output a year before it can approach minimum stability. And some of the figures are still discouraging.

For instance, retail use of coal this year is down 18 per cent from last year, and overall industrial use is off 6 per cent. The railroads, always a backbone customer in the old days, are today so heavily dieselized that their coal requirements are very low.

The industry's sickness has driven many producers out of the field. In the last five years, more than a third of the nation's active mines have closed down.

Of those remaining, many have merged and have made heavy investments in new machinery to reduce operating costs. The so-called captive mines—owned by the steel companies—have added relatively to their already substantial strength.

All this has helped the industry to arrest a slide that began when oil and gas first made heavy inroads into the use of coal.

The competition goes on, but coal men are fighting to hold a place of consequence in the nation's economy.

The industry's trends have gravely hurt employment in the field. Once around 700,000 in soft coal, it is now down to 250,000. And of the noncaptive mines, nonunion labor accounts for 30 to 40 per cent of production.

Still, the biggest operators are getting better returns, and Lewis may feel the time is ripe for the UMW to ask for more money. Workers in other industries have had their pay boosts since the miners last got one, although the miners' average hourly wage continues to top all other major work groups.

It could be that front pages will blossom with Lewis' name once again in the next few months, as he presents fresh demands on the slightly healthier coal industry. But it would seem doubtful that he would press so hard as to force another great strike.

For a major coal stoppage at this stage would almost certainly speed the conversion of more factories and homes to other fuels. And Lewis knows there has already been too much of that for his industry's good.

Congress Chat

By HARRIS ELLSWORTH,
M. C., 4th Oregon District

The closing hours of the first session of this 84th Congress did not offer very much in excitement or interest for the people who packed the galleries of the House to watch it adjourn "as it died."

Nor had the session dragged on past the previously predicted July 31 adjournment date as long as some of us thought it might. Only three or four controversial matters remained to be disposed of after Saturday and those were handled in a more or less routine manner Monday and Tuesday. There did not seem to be much of the last minute rush and confusion which has usually marked the end of a session.

The last two or three hours were dull almost to the point of being boring, particularly for the spectators which accounts, I guess, for the fact that there was very little singing, joke telling and humorous speech making which usually occurs when the final gavel falls.

Several big bills which were earlier scheduled for final action during this session were put over until next year. Included in that list were the sugar allotment bill, the Upper Colorado reclamation bill, federal aid to school construction, amendments to the Social Security Act and some others.

These can and doubtless will be disposed of early in the next session which convenes in January.

The President suffered two disappointments late in this session. The housing bill as finally passed was not what he wanted. It included 4,000 units of straight federal public housing. His request was for public housing to be constructed only to provide low rent homes for those who were forced to vacate slum areas as the result of the slum-clearance and what is called the Urban Redevelopment Program. Since the Administration can still control the allocation of funds for public housing, the Congressional action on that subject was not too much of a blow but the failure of the Congress to pass the highway construction program was a real setback.

I am now preparing a summary of this session of Congress which will be sent to quite a large mailing list of people in our Congressional District. If you would like to receive a copy of this "Report to the District" by your Congressman just write me at New House Office Building, Washington, D.C.

This is the last of these weekly letters from Washington for this year. After September 8 I return and I will be at our home in Roseburg until the end of the year. Meanwhile we are going to take a vacation trip we have been promising ourselves for years. We are going over to the Hawaiian Islands where I plan to get a really good rest. After we return from the islands we are going to spend several weeks visiting each of the seven counties in our District.

My office at home will be open in the Pacific Building in Roseburg right after the first of September. The Washington, D.C., office will also be kept open so that I can keep in touch with the government departments here.

IN THE DAY'S NEWS

By FRANK JENKINS

(Continued from Page One)

Some time ago the weather sharpers hit upon the device of naming hurricanes. For some reason known to them alone, they give these ruckus-raisers FEMININE names.

When comes the hurricane season, they start off with a name beginning with the letter A, such as Annie, and go on down the alphabet. Connie begins with C, so it is immediately apparent that she is the third of the really nasty hurricanes of the 1955 season. Simple, isn't it?

We newspaper people go all out when a hurricane heads inward from the Atlantic toward the coastal regions. Hurricanes are dramatic affairs and when they loom on the horizon we drag out of the drawer our most dramatic vocabularies.

Here's a sample culled from the teletype's offerings: "Hurricane Connie's BREAK-NECK winds are CLAWING toward the Eastern seaboard—and WATCH OUT warnings have been issued."

"She is WHIRLING north-northwest, which if this direction is continued could be a SMASH against the seaboard—in the same general path where three hurricanes caused such destruction last year."

Pretty neat, what? You can bet your bottom dollar that the reporter who turned that one out was proud of it.

It is what is called VIVID writing—and in these modern days we

newspaper folk set a lot of store by it.

From the weather standpoint, the news has been getting a little monotonous lately. It has been too universally concerned with SIZZLING days and hot, MUGGY nights. This has been coming from all over the country—including our own area.

So Connie gives us a welcome change.

If you want more change, here it is:

A harsh winter is reported from Southeastern Australia—zero temperatures and the WORST BLIZZARD OF THE SEASON.

That's one nice thing about the weather news. If you don't like one kind of it, you can always search around a bit and find some other kind.

What to do?

It's a problem, of course. But I'm reasonably sure that if the inmates of our institution of correction were kept busy at least eight hours out the 24 at CONSTRUCTIVE work there would be fewer of these riots.

here's why WEISFIELD'S sell more diamonds than any other northwest jeweler



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Hal Boyle

By ED CREAGH
For Hal Boyle

GETTYSBURG, Pa., (AP)—Almost 6,000 men had been killed in the battle. Hundreds more were dying by the day. Gettysburg—a peaceful bustling town today—was a carnage house in 1863.

So, to bury the dead, a cemetery was started. And a consecration ceremony was decided upon. That called for an orator. Edward Everett was the silver-tongued choice of all concerned.

Would he come? He would, he informed the committee, but he was a busy man. Couldn't they put the ceremony off a month or so?

They could and did—for Edward Everett. Then, pretty much as an afterthought, they sent an invitation to the President of the United States.

He came—on the date selected by Edward Everett.

Abraham Lincoln and his party came by train, after a horse-powered switch from one railroad to another at Baltimore. He walked from the station to David Willits' house in the village square.

There he stayed the night. He knew he would be called upon to make a few remarks so he brought some notes from Washington. He didn't think much of this first draft so he called in the reigning expert, Edward Everett, was not the first nor the last outside consultant called in to help on a presidential address.

In the end, though, it was Abe Lincoln's speech.