

# The News-Review

Established as second class matter May 7, 1926, at the post office at Roseburg, Oregon under No. 3715.  
Member of the Associated Press, Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association, the Audit Bureau of Circulations.  
Represented by WEST-HOLLIBAY CO., INC., offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Denver.  
Published Daily Except Sunday by the News-Review Company, Inc.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES—In Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$12.00; six months, \$6.00; three months, \$3.25. Outside Oregon—By Mail—Per Year, \$13.00; six months, \$7.00; three months, \$3.50.  
By News-Review Carrier—Per Year, \$13.00 (in advance), less than one year, per month, \$1.25.

## BOOSTERS FOR ROSEBURG

Charles V. Stanton

**BAKERSFIELD, Calif.**—Roseburg has a strong boosters' association in this city of Bakersfield, sprawled out amid its forest of oil derricks. The booster organization consists of three natives of Roseburg, classmates and graduates of Roseburg high school, and all living now in Bakersfield.

They are Leo D. Rapp, James T. Goodman and Bert G. Bates. We enjoyed a nice visit with them here.

Leo's father, the late G. W. Rapp, was a food merchant and operated stages between Roseburg and Coos Bay in days before the automobile. Leo's mother, Mrs. Wm. Vinson, still resides in Roseburg, as does his brother, Harry.

Leo has been Kern County auditor for so many years that one has to go back on the official records to find out when he first started. He has become a permanent fixture in the county government. In late years no one even thinks to contest him for the office, come election time. His job keeps growing and growing. The day before we arrived, he had been informed that another branch of the county's fiscal operation had been consolidated into his department, along with several employees and a lot of headaches.

Stopping at a service station, I asked if anyone knew Rapp, and could tell me how to reach him.

"Why everyone knows Rapp," said the attendant, as he told me how to reach the temporary courthouse in a former pavilion near an athletic field. It was there that we found Leo and his large staff of helpers busily engaged in handling the fiscal matters of an extremely large and wealthy county.

### Goodman Former Athletic Star

Most of us who attended the Roseburg High School at the time Rapp, Goodman and Bates were organizing the school's first "Hungry Seven" band, have grown paunches, developed bald spots, and give ample evidence of our advancing years. But Jim Goodman, son of a former Roseburg business man, still could don the baseball uniform he wore while pitching for the Baptist Church team in the old Twilight League.

He was the star athlete of RHS in the "good ol' days." He was a crack forward on the basketball team, one of the fastest in the state in the 100-yard dash, and a baseball pitcher who could have made the majors had he been inclined to take up professional baseball.

I well remember his pitching prowess because he had the Indian sign on me. He quickly learned that I couldn't hit a slow curve with a tennis racket. Whenever I came up to bat I knew exactly what he was going to throw, and I'd try every trick I knew to meet the ball, and I'd miss it by a foot. He knew I was nearsighted in one eye and couldn't focus on a curve breaking away from me, and that's all I ever looked at when he was pitching.

He went into the banking and insurance business, starting at Roseburg and moving later to Portland. He now has an accounting and brokerage business in Bakersfield, and is joining with Bert Bates in an advertising agency.

### Started Roseburg Evening News

Bert Bates is the son of the late B. W. Bates, who bought the *Roseburg Plaindealer*, changed the name to the *Union Valley News* and later started the *Roseburg Evening News*. He also brought about the consolidation between the *News* and the *Roseburg Review* as the *Roseburg News-Review*.

Bert cut his first teeth on a printer's rule and could feed a platen press before he could pedal a bicycle.

He became associated with his father in the *Evening News* and the *News-Review* after his graduation from high school, and was with the paper until its sale to the present owners.

For many years his local humor column, "Prune Pickin's," was one of the best newspaper features in Oregon.

The Roseburg paper couldn't afford an engraving plant in those days, and Bert often would laboriously etch one of his cartoons into a chalk plate. By pouring hot type metal on the plate, the cartoon would be reproduced.

A talented musician, cartoonist, chalk talker and entertainer, Bert was in great demand throughout the county and once took a flier on the vaudeville stage, about the time vaudeville was hitting the skids. Bert alleges he helped kill vaudeville.

He now is doing a thriving advertising and publicity business in Bakersfield. He is publicity and advertising director for the Kern County fair, an all-year job; does much work for the Bakersfield Chamber of Commerce, and handles a number of regular advertising accounts.

When we visited him he had the place strewn with drawings and layouts and was frantically trying to finish up some deadline work, despite the pain of having had some aching molars extracted only a few hours earlier.

And, while Rapp, Goodman and Bates are all closely tied in with the public and business life of Bakersfield, all you need do is drop the name of Roseburg into a conversation and the three are off like hounds after a hare. There's no better place in the United States, they'll tell you — or anyone.

## Prosecution Charges Negro Group Supported Bus Strike

**MONTGOMERY, Ala.**—Prosecuting attorneys developed fresh testimony Tuesday that a newly-formed Negro organization has devoted most of its efforts to supporting the segregation boycott of Montgomery city buses.

The Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., first of 90 Negro leaders called to trial on indictments growing out of the boycott, is president of the Montgomery Improvement Assn., formed Dec. 5, the day the Negroes began their mass refusal to ride segregated buses.

Purpose of the testimony was to try to link King to what the state calls a conspiracy to hinder operation of the bus company, Montgomery City Lines, Inc.

Mrs. Erna Dungee, financial secretary of the Improvement Assn., was back on the witness stand for the second day to identify checks paid out by the organization. Many of them, she said, went to drivers who have used cars in a motor pool which has provided transportation for Negroes during the boycott.

Mrs. Dungee also testified she saw King at many of the mass meetings held at Negro churches in Montgomery since the boycott started, and that the 25-year-old Baptist minister spoke at some of the rallies. But she said she couldn't recall what he said except that he discussed "the protest," which is the Negroes' term for the dispute.

The financial secretary also said collection of money was taken up at every mass meeting she remembered and that "I'm sure" some of the money went to the Improvement Assn.

Mrs. Dungee said the Negro organization has performed no direct bus boycott and has spent no money "directly" for any other purpose.

## LENTEN GUIDEPOSTS

### THE BROKEN KITE

By Ralph Wheelwright  
Los Angeles, California

There is a little red kite in a dusty corner of our garage. One of the cross-sticks is snapped in two. Dried weeds and a burr tangle the rag tail. The string is broken off at the bridle.

It's been there more than a year now. I've wondered many times about that broken string.

Oh, you say, kite strings break all the time, and I know perfectly well that is true. But it was so very important that the string on our little red kite should break exactly as it did. Exactly when it did. Or we should never have experienced, Ralph and I, our Big Adventure.

It was 8, going to be 9. The long afternoon shadows were already slanting across the lawn. My back throbbed from Sunday garden toil. And he was bounding me to take him kite-flying.

A GOOD SPOT  
There isn't much room in the city today for a boy and a kite, even in

California. But we found a wonderful spot, just around the bend on Sunset Boulevard, the deserted Will Rogers polo field. Wide, flat acres.

"Can I fly it myself?"  
"Now I know. This was a most important day. His solo flight."  
"Were you frightened, Dad, first time your father let you fly your kite?"

"A little, maybe."  
He had never tired of my telling him about my own red kite. I guess I told him the story a hundred or more times. He knew every small detail by heart.

My own kite had been no flimsy little job; it was all of seven feet high. So great was its pull that we had to use rope, instead of twine, to hold it aloft.

In Open Country  
Where we lived then, outside of New York, was still open country. I know now how my father felt as he watched me tear down the street, lifting the big kite into the air.

Then it happened. Suddenly the rope snapped. The kite went into a crazy spin. We watched it go, hurtling wildly on a high wind.

"Come on, son. We'll get there before it hits."  
We followed the falling course of the kite across the railroad tracks, over into the shanty section of town.

There, on a roof top, we saw my kite dangling.

An angry voice stopped us.  
"Hey, what do you want?"  
The face that went with the voice was even more terrifying to a small boy. The need of soap and water and razor did not help allay my terror.

A Kid Sneaks  
"That's our kite," said my father quietly.  
"A swartzy kid snarled from the porch."  
"Yah, well it's mine now!"  
My father pushed open the rickety gate.

"I'm sorry it fell on your house if it did any damage."  
A huge, hairy hand shoved into his face.

"You don't come in here!"  
My father caught his balance.  
"The kite is our property. Give it to us, please."  
"I give you this."  
Something clipped my father on the jaw, and he crumpled in a heap. At the same time the tough kid got in a sock at me. My father got up, shook his head, and swung right and left.

Recks Fly  
"Run home!" he shouted to me. "I don't know why I didn't run. I certainly wasn't brave. Fists, rocks, sticks were flying. Once I managed to get a poke at the kid who slugged me. The free-for-all was going full blast when two policemen on horse back galloped up with swinging nightsticks."

When it was all over, my father climbed to the roof and brought down the kite. He had a broken nose, a black eye, clothes ripped to shreds.  
"I guess I didn't tie the knot very good."  
That's the story Ralph never tired of hearing.

And now, he was going to try it alone. His big day.

It Went High  
The kite went high, well over Monteville Canyon. It caught the setting sun on its red belly, pirouetted gaily on its tail. Then I saw the string go limp in his hands. A glance skyward showed the kite doing cartwheels as it plummeted earthward.

"The string broke!"  
We watched it go, far down the canyon.  
"Don't worry, son. We'll get it."  
Before long we caught a glimpse of something red dangling in a tree top.

"There it is! It's in somebody's back yard."  
I could feel Ralph's eyes upon me.  
"Somebody's . . . yard?"  
"Uh, huh."  
"Gee, Dad, what if they won't give it to us?"

"Beside Me"  
I knew the role I was playing. "Then," I said as heroically as I dared, "we'll go in fighting!"  
I never saw his eyes so wide.

"Where will I be?"  
"Right beside me."  
"I will!" he exclaimed, incredulously.

I looked down into his excited face and thought I'd never seen him so happy. He put his hand in mine, his strong, squarish little hand, and I felt an intangible something flow between us. At this moment, above all others, he was a part of me. My son.

An unkempt man brandishing a pitchfork came toward us.

It has choked the streets, buried parked automobiles, and most wonderful of all, made the traffic simply vanish in thin air.

It delights children, opens theater doors (because so many people with tickets can't get downtown), makes strangers feel like talking to each other, and gives everybody a chance to tell you "how I got to the office." Or vice versa.

It has been magic, pure white magic.

You think of New York as the epitome of the machine age, in fact as a great roaring machine itself. But when the storm engulfed it, the city was as helpless as any cross-roads community.

Snow plows and trucks, and steam conduits beneath the streets, cleared some places. Mostly though, it was done with muscle and shovels.

Before they started, however,

people going to work simply walked down the middle of the streets.

It gave you an eerie feeling to see the avenues deserted except for an occasional bus or truck, imagine walking down the middle of 5th Ave at 9 o'clock in the morning — and living!

Together, the wind and snow fashioned shapes of incredible beauty.

Great billowing curtains of white came swirling down from the skyscrapers. Sometimes, it looked like columns of thick smoke pouring from a rooftop. Snowy whirlpools, like pale ghosts, floated slowly down Park Ave.

New Yorkers are usually worse than Englishmen about not talking to strangers. But on the bus, everybody was an old friend of everybody else. The blizzard was an experience shared, a common bond.

Two years earlier people had showed signs of wanting new leadership. But then doubts developed, and the voters turned back to the Democrats for the fifth straight time in a presidential year.

Not until 1952, when the magnetic personality of Dwight D. Eisenhower put a different slant on things and a fresh cup of problems like the Korean war developed, did Americans finally cast the Democrats aside and vote for GOP leadership in the White House.

Most observers think the people voted the Republicans in not only to deal with their new problems, but to earn a "quiet time," a period free from too much change and internal strife. Such a period would allow for consolidating gains, for trying out, for adjusting balance between various conflicting forces.

The historians might very likely say that President Eisenhower has accomplished these things, has brought stability and calm and unity into American life.

BUT of course the problems do not stop developing, no matter who holds the White House.

The Soviet challenge has changed from military to economic. The farmer has fallen on poorer times.

As always, the people want solutions. Few Republicans who understand the ways of the voter could imagine he would be content indefinitely with "stability" when difficulties are piling up. In any event, they would be disinclined to take the chance.

The 1956 election naturally will show how great the popular pressure for new solutions may or may not be. Any party wanting to play it safe had best be prepared not merely with promising answers for the future, but with a record of action.

By 1948 many things had changed.

Politicians usually extol the two-party system most vigorously when they are out of office, since without it they'd have no hope of getting back. Those already in aren't too ready to concede that the state or national might ever need anybody else.

Privately, however, all but the most rabid partisans, whether in or out of office, know that the two-party system operates uniquely to meet this country's shifting needs.

As the years pass old problems are solved and new ones arise. The popular mood runs from demanding sweeping change to asking for a quiet period of consolidation.

SOMETIMES parties and candidates are shrewd enough not to adapt themselves to it. When they can manage this, they often can hold onto political power longer than they otherwise might. But sooner or later every party runs into an altered mood or a new batch of problems which it isn't equipped to deal with.

When the Democrats took office under Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933, they were the big brooms sweeping hard. Abrupt changes were made and the people approved. Then slowly the mood grew more cautious, and it was reflected in Republican congressional victories in 1938 which helped check further sweeping action.

Had war not loomed in 1940, the election story might have been different.

But guesswork on that score is foolish, since war and its prelude brought a host of totally new problems and the Democrats convinced American voters once again that their party had the best answers.

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## Editorial Comment

From The Oregon Press

### TAXPAYING PAIN

Astorian Budget

The grumbling about increased state income taxes goes on as citizen after citizen figures out his income tax returns for the year.

The fact that citizens are going to have to dig out of their own pockets to pay taxes is the sole reason for the grumbling, as a comparison of any individual's state and income tax returns will show that the federal government is taking some three to four times as much from the taxpayer as is the state government, even with the increase.

This situation is just another evidence of the viciousness of the painless withholding tax method of extracting funds from the taxpayer.

No one is peeping about the federal income taxes that were extracted from him during the year via withholding tax, but everyone is yelling his head off because the state requires a comparatively small lump sum payment.

The taxpayer should be conscious of the nature and burden of his taxes. Such consciousness, which is of course painful to the taxpayer, makes him more conscious of the nature and needs of his government than he would otherwise be.

If the taxpayer who has to dig up \$50 in cash for the state this spring is made more conscious of the importance of his state government, it is a good thing.

If the same taxpayer suffered proportionate pain by having to dig up his \$350 or \$400 federal income tax in cash at the same time, he would become far more conscious of the importance of his federal government than he now is.

And it would be a good thing for the citizens and for the government in the long run.

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