

Reflections On Nomination Day At Chicago

By MARY JANE MERRYMAN

CHICAGO — Sitting on the Oregon bus waiting to whistle out to convention hall for what everyone hopes will be nominating day, Oregon's hundreds of delegates, alternates and voters piling on hot and happy after a short but spirited march around the block shaded by big Oregon for like banners and headed by Monty Ballou's five-piece band from Portland. Everyone tired but still bouncing.

Barney Mulholland — the 250-pound hired to unseat the transportation in this busy city — is moving. On come huge boxes filled with manila envelopes marked "Eisenhower Kit". A sign I kept banners mounted on poles which trip up everyone struggling down the aisle.

Big the signs in the windows. No doubt about who Oregon is going for.

Mrs. Doug Elliott of Portland and children, Barbara and Bill, collapse in the seat. "Oh well, we can all sleep next week," she sighs.

"Let's go," everybody hoots and Barney turns out into traffic with our two faithful police escorts. Oregon has the only police escorted chartered bus at the convention, thanks to a lucky shot of Gordon Orput's. The first trip out Monday took some 45 minutes in traffic, so Gordon fell into conversation with a police captain and remarked he wished we had an escort. "When you want 'em for, right now?" said the captain. And we have had them ever since. It is a tribute to our chaperones they haven't killed us.

Barney is a Kefauver man himself. Patrolman Jim MacDonald is for Taft and the Oregon delegation is working to take Police man Don Brum's vote away from Stassen.

Big palavers on the bus as people compare tickets. The ticket shortage is close to everyone and we all pass them around as much as possible to give everyone a chance to see the fight.

Mrs. Marshall Cornett, who is in charge of tickets, has that sort of haunted look people get when there just isn't enough stuff around to do with.

In the state and up the long long trail to my balcony. We are all good friends up here now and my pal, Doug Smithfield from Duluth greets me with a pat on the shoulder. "That mebbe you was sick, you weren't here last night," he says and starts to fill me in on what has happened.

Altho it is an hour past starting time, the floor is almost deserted. A few people wander around the balconies. The organ is playing "There'll Be a Great Day."

"Amen," mutters Mr. Smithfield. "And the quicker the better."

Mr. Barnum could have learned a trick or two from the GOP when it comes to putting on a show. Or maybe he did.

I've always heard about the boorish that goes on at convention time, always listened to it over the radio, but somehow the full impact doesn't hit you until you actually step into the hall and become a part of it yourself.

This year you smell the pervasive stockyard aroma, peer up at helicopters and blimps patrolling the convention area for lasses, trip over horses, elephants, masses of banners, placards, horns, whistles, balloons, people. Everyone runs or stands immobile, there is no half-way measure. No one seems to know where anyone or anything is. No one cares, either. It's the night for demonstrations and by jingo they are going to outlast and outdo all the other candidates' supporters or bust in the attempt. Your best friends give you a glazed look and rush on. People you never saw be-

fore hug you and kiss you.

The number of corny speeches produced is fantastic. It crosses one's mind that perhaps the great American public so often referred to are not quite so anxious to listen as the orators think. While Mr. Speaker lambastes the Democrats, the opposition, Joe Stalin, etc., Mr. Public consumes unnumbered hot dogs, reads the morning paper thoroughly even back to the recipe section, gets up and takes a constitutional, wanders around the hall and chats with all his friends, catches up on his sleep and mutters "Oh no, not another speaker."

Some get restless and pick a fight. Am reminding myself not to try that. Just in front of me this afternoon was an over-enthusiastic young man doing his best to amuse the gallery by jumping up and down boogie. None of us noticed particularly that an unusually large number of well-dressed young men took the seats immediately behind him. On his next demonstration he was carted unceremoniously off, feet first. All the newcomers were private detectives. Consists of the gallery was that he wasn't bothering anyone, but the ways of the law are strange.

Policemen are everywhere, having as much fun as anyone else. Most of them his jolly young men, friendly and talkative. Anyone trying to bum his way in usually gets a sympathetic ear and a seat. All of us who have sat here for four days are friends now and I don't even bother to show my ticket.

"Hiya, Miss," grins Patrolman Sam Baldwin, "see you survived with those alien-happy Oregonians."

Nothing starts until an hour or two late, sometimes three or four. In the meantime, there's the show on the floor to watch. Across the hall Governor Fine is giving a walky talky girl what must be his thousandth interview, leaning against a big standard bearing the sign Go American. Governor Dewey climbs over a row of chairs calling "Joe, Joe, come here a minute." A bored pause is popping blue Eisenhower balloons with a lighted cigarette. "Maryland will caucus at the north entrance," announces a loudspeaker and the delegation trails out the back of the hall.

Mrs. Luce from Connecticut is

adds, "but that Virginia, she's a real politician just like her Dad." He rushes off to get another picture of her.

"These aides must be kept clear," bellows Chairman Joe Martin. "That Joe, he's a card," says the Fire Prevention guard who is sitting on the step beside us. "Rather bang that gavel than anything."

Friendly Tip Meant Money For Newlyweds

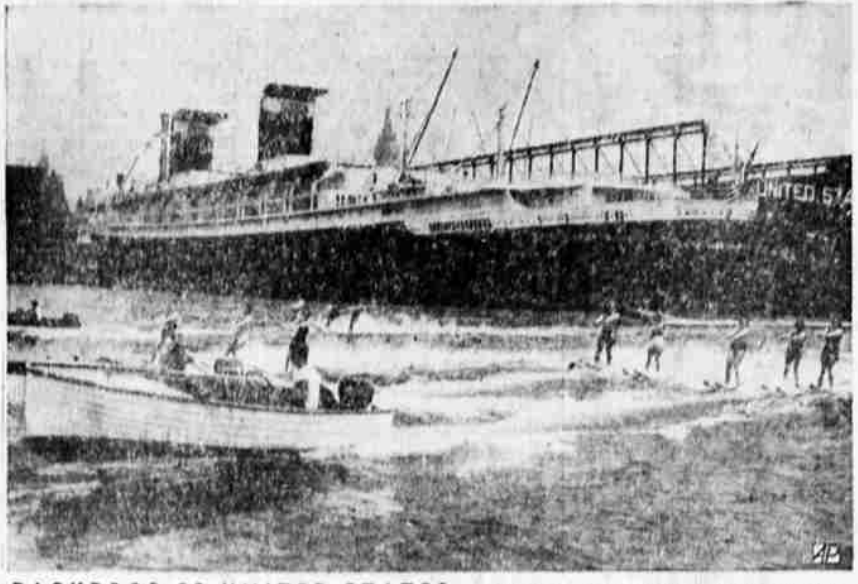
"Every penny counts these days, so thanks to a friend's advice, I switched to new Vano Powdered Bleach. It gives me so much more suds with far less soap. Bleaches beautifully, too," says Mrs. Henry L. Vano.

Vano chemists revealed Mrs. L.'s claim was correct. Vano's built-in water softener cuts soap consumption and cost while it bleached perfectly in either soft or hard water.

busy as a bee, working her way back and forth below the speakers rostrum. Gorgeous as ever, her hatless blonde head unmistakable. Today she wears pink gingham bound in black. All the men want a word with her. She stops to say something serious to Mrs. Murdock, the committeewoman from Pennsylvania. Mrs. Murdock herself is no slouch. She is wearing a fire-engine red cotton coat with a collar constructed of red, white, and blue stripes spangled with stars. Someone is handing out pink leis and kissing each recipient.

The press and the speakers rostrum, the radio and television staff, which take up roughly one-third of the floor space look singularly dour as they hold aloof from the excitement. No banners, no cheering.

Patrolman Baldwin, who is an amateur camera fan, says "Say, you're from the west, do you know them Warren girls? They are seated just below us, laughing and friendly. "They're all cute," he



BACKDROP SS UNITED STATES — Superliner United States, before maiden Atlantic voyage, is background for water skiers on trip around New York's Manhattan Island.

BONANZA

By CORA LEAVITT

Mrs. By Pool is here from Redding visiting her daughter, Mrs. Elva Maxwell. Mrs. Pool and Mrs. Maxwell left the first of the week for Raymond, Wash., to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Tommy O'Connor and sons spent several days at other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Jones have moved from Klamath Falls to their ranch near Bonanza to put up their hay.

Hobby and Bonnie Holyman, Grants Pass, are visiting their aunt and uncle the Lewis Van Sipes.

Shirley Hubble, San Francisco, spent the holidays with her parents the King Hubbles and was here for the 30th wedding anniversary party for her parents on July 6.

Margie Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Brown and a graduate from Bonanza this year, is employed at the First National bank on South Sixth Street.

Mrs. Leland Harris and Billie visited on Saturday with Mrs. F.W. Brown who has been quite ill and is now recovering from minor surgery.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Burnett and Mrs. Elliott House and Mrs. Anton Suty and Mrs. John Sullivan have also been visitors.

Mrs. Edna Roberts and Mrs. Cleda Wells visited in Langell Valley on Monday at the Leavitt home.

Mr. and Mrs. McGee from the rock crusher visited at the Bill Burnett home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Collier and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Monroe spent Wednesday evening, July 9 at the Koenig home near Hildebrand. Mrs. Collier and Paul Monroe and both the Koenigs were raised in the same town. This is the first time Mrs. Collier had seen them in 43 years. The Colliers left July 9 for Grants Pass to visit her other brother the Art Monroes and the L. W. Monroes and their families.

They have been visiting the Paul Monroes for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Corpening and baby daughter are here from San Francisco visiting his mother Mrs. Florence Horn and his brother Jackie and other relatives and friends. On July 8 they all enjoyed a picnic supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frazier in Langell Valley.

Mrs. Lloyd Gift and Mrs. Bertha Vinson were here from Squaw Flat for a few days. Mrs. Gift's health is improving slowly.

Mrs. Howard Kellison's sister is here from California for a week. Howard is suffering a lot of pain from his eye which was injured in the accident July 4 when "Rattler" snake Pete" was shooting blank cartridges.

Railroaders Call Strike

CHICAGO (AP) — The Order of Railway Conductors Monday called a strike for 8 a. m. PST July 29 against the Pullman Company.

The union is seeking a 12 1/2 cent hourly wage boost granted other railway unions. It said the company offered 11.07 cents an hour.

B. C. Johnson, vice president of the independent union, said union members were 96 per cent in favor of the strike in a mail ballot.

daughter of San Francisco have been visiting relatives and friends for several days.

Bernard Nork of Sweet Home spent the weekend with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nork and other relatives and friends.

Mary Jo Graves is now employed in Klamath Falls. She graduated from Bonanza this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kyler and daughter formerly of Langell Valley are now living at Boulder, Montana, where the mines are where people are being for arthritis and other ills. Quite a story was in a recent life magazine about the town.

June Noble left July 1 for St. Louis, Missouri for a few days. She accompanied Mrs. Jimmy Shuck and Vicki, and will join Jimmy who is stationed near there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Pinell of Klamath Falls visited at the home of their daughter Mrs. Bill Burnett and family on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Gundersen and family of Longview, Wash. spent the holiday weekend with her brother Peter Hrazciska and family.

Douglas Wolcott is here from Los Angeles visiting his uncle George Baker and family. The George Bakers, and family spent the 4th at Tulelake with the Oliver Perry's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin entertained the following guests over July 4th weekend, Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Bretches and Susan, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Church and Johnnie and Chuck all of Klamath Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bonham and Alberta, Lone Pine, Calif., spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Les Leavitt and Mary. The eve of July 7, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Dearborn and sons, Mr. and Mrs. O.C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Burnett and family and Mr. and Mrs. Wes Dearborn and family visited with the Bonhams and Leavitts.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Staller and children spent the 4th at East Lake, meeting her parents from McMinnville at the lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Weimer and Barbara, Riddle, Ore., spent several days with the Jack Weimers. Barbara remained for a week with her aunt and uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dehlinger and family of Henley spent the 4th with the Weimers.

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