The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us: No Fear Shall Awe"
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Hemisphere Conference Skids

Hemisphere defense, which was to get a start with conference of foreign ministers of nations of the western hemisphere at Havana July 20, skidded on wet paving over the weekend when Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay said they would not send their foreign ministers there. Jose Cantillo, foreign minister of Argentine, started the skid when he said he would not attend. He is the one who embarrassed the program of the United States at Lima last year. Now the secretary-general of the communist party in Chile denounces the conference and says Chile should adopt a policy of absolute neutrality toward the United States as well as Germany and Britain. He asserts that the economic interests of Latin-America are adverse to those of this "super-industrialized" country which wants colonies as markets for goods. He further predicts that the United States will seek air and naval bases "which would constitute armed bases of warlike imperialism."

Even though this communist may not speak with any authority, the fact that four of the leading countries of South America withhold full participation in the Havana conference reveals the fundamental difficulty of hemisphere defense, as was discussed in The Statesman last Thursday. Latin-America is suspicious of this country, and the economic interests of the two are by no means complementary. They are competitive in important points. Meantime President Vargas of Brazil reiterates his address hailing the new and fecund forces in world affairs, further strengthening the view that the United States builds on an insecure foundation if it puts any reliance on Latin-American cooperation in hemisphere defense.

At present the United States is seeking to woo the South American countries with "loans." The Export-Import bank is busy providing credits to these countries. We are even financing the construction of naval vessels in our own yards for Brazil. This is risky business. If Hitler wins over Great Britain South America will be inevitably drawn into the nazi orbit of trade if not of power. The only way that can be prevented is show and exercise of force. If to uphold the Monroe doctrine that is the program, we might just as well shake the big stick now. Certainly we ought not to be squandering money and providing warships for potential enemies.

The Statesman reiterates that hemisphere defense begins now with Great Britain. Supporting that line is the surest and easiest way of upholding the Monroe doctrine. If that line fails then our next line of defense should be continental, not hemispherical, protecting the Panama canal by invincible defenses in the Canal Zone and on its approaches particularly in the Carribean. On that shorter arc we can protect ourselves forever if we gear ourselves to the task.

Russia and the Straits

Ever since Slav barbarians paddled down the Dneiper to the Black sea, and from there voyaged across to Constantinople and the Golden Horn, the inhabitants of Muscovy have desired the dominion over the Straits of Dardanelles. Like a constantly recurring theme in a long, ancient symphony, the yearning for the Straits and for the city resting upon them has appeared time and again in Russian history.

Peter the Great's fleet was destroyed by the Turks at Azov in 1696, and Catherine the Great failed to claim more than protection of Christians in Constantinople nearly a century later. But in the nineteenth century, and during the early part of this, the Russian dream of control of the Straits came agonizingly close to reality on more than one occasion.

After the battle of Navarino, after the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 Russia claimed fortresses and naval power in the Black sea; and her diplomatic policy during the two decades before the last world war was conditioned in many ways by a desire to perfect these gains by grasping the Sublime Porte from the Turk. Despite the cleverness of Izvolski, and with the help of the stupidity of other Russian diplomats, the goal was never attained during czarist times.

But now, in the time of the soviets, when the czars and their imperialist policy are supposed to be a thing of the dim, unrecallable past, the Russians seem poised, ready to grasp the slim thread of the Dardanelles between their jealous fingers. Stalin, already having ravished Rumania, has presented demands to the Turks; and there is no indication that the latter will be able to deny him, at least for long.

The consequences, if the red flag does fly where the standards of the Greeks and Romans, the green flag of Islam and the banner of a rejuvenated Turkey have flown, will be unbelievably vast. Russia will then command the whole of the Black sea area, including the vital mouth of the Danube river. She will control, of course, the oil fields which she has always held in the Caucausus; perhaps more significant, she will hold the only sea bases from which attack on these fields could be launched. She will hold the key to importation of all commodities into Europe from the east, a fact which is painfully clear to the German government as it stimulates Hungary to action in the same Balkan amphitheatre against Rumania.

Whether all of this is done in the name of the Berlin-Moscow axis, established so affectionately last August, is not clear. Indications are that it is not, decidedly not; and if this is true the train of history, to which Lenin referred, has rounded another curve, and many again will fall off. Among the latter, one trusts, will be the Germans themselves.

"Moulders of Public Opinion"

Let any occupational group come together in convention and you may count upon it that most of the speakers, especially the outsiders, will have numerous complimentary things to say about that occupation and the people engaged in it. Thus when the publishers of Oregon convened recently at Gearhart, they heard themselves described more than once as "moulders of public opinion."

It is flattering to suggest to a man that he exerts an important influence upon that rather indefinite thing that is public opinion. Lest an editor or publisher be too much inclined to accept that flattery at face value, there is a contrary opinion that is often expressed within his hearing, to the effect that the newspapers have lost their influence; and even in the convention there was a potent antidote in one of the technical addresses—one on "readership" which included mention that the percentage of newspaper subscribers perusing the editorial column is not exceptionally high.

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Be that as it may, the publishers were urged by one speaker to employ their opinion-moulding influence in behalf of the justice department's campaign to prevent crime, which is in contrast to its former concentration upon the punishment of criminals. Another speaker bespoke editorial support toward public realization of the problems of timber and soil conservation now becoming acute in the Pacific Northwest; and a third such appeal sought emphasis upon the gravity of the national defense need. It will be seen that though the flattering word was employed, there was behind it no ulterior purpose—thanks, perhaps, to the convention planners' caution in selecting speakers.

* * *

And that brings us around to the point that the 53rd annual convention of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers association was generally described by those present as the biggest, most constructive and most enjoyable of any in recent years. Credit for these superlatives should be shared in some ratio by the association officers and by the co-hosts, the publishers of The Astorian-Budget and of The Seaside Signal.

"Gearhart-by-the-Sea" is the full name of the resort where the convention was held. The Pacific ocean is right there and of course it always comes up to expectations; there is an excellent golf course; Astoria with its many attractions is nearby and Seaside, which has seen many improvements since we last visited it and which appears to have an especially capable press-agent this season, is even nearer by. Get together a group of congenial people in such a spot and there isn't much more that can be asked in the way of enjoyment.

* * *

This word in appreciation of the convention is belated because, as all three of our steady readers must have surmised, attendance there occupied the first three days of a vacation which has just ended. Concerning the remainder of the vacation, the least said the better, except that it was terminated appropriately with a re-reading of the book of Job. Job, you will recall, suffered from boils but there is no record that he ever experienced an acute attack of poison oak. Though he continued steadfastly to praise God for past blessings, Job began to long for the grave. But then he probably didn't live in as stirring a period as this, nor was he provided, through press and radio, with so excellent a grandstand seat from which to witness whatever world drama was then unfolding.

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Speculating upon the feelings of an old-time minstrel whose lyre, perchance, was in hock and who had a sore throat just at the moment of King Richard's return from the Crusades, we feel chagrined at the loss of opportunity to "sing" contemporaneously of the double-miracle which enabled the republican national convention to choose the most capable ticket possible for the coming campaign and of our local gratification that it included our own Senator McNary.

Watching some of the earlier jockeying and mention of a "stop-Willkie" campaign, we were disposed to cogitate lugubriously upon the short-sightedness and sordidness of politics as played, traditionally, to the utmost in these conventions. As it turned out, however, politics and politicians played no extensive part in the convention—and that, of course, is what constitutes the miracle.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Checking up again on postoffices and postmasters, also the locations of postoffices: 7-2-40

* * *

(Concluding from last Saturday:) As mentioned in this column, issue of last Saturday, Postmaster Henry R. Crawford has been on a long search for photographs or other pictures of every persons who has served as postmaster or postmistress of the Salem postoffice.

As a result of his wide search and painstaking labor, his gallery, in his rooms of the new postoffice building contains likenesses of all who have held that position, with the exception of Turner Crump, and Thomas B. Rickey: and Mrs. R. H. Dearborn. It should be easy to supply the last named, for prominent women of Portland are near relatives of Mrs. Dearborn.

* * *

Mr. Crawford has also participated in the search for places where the Salem postoffice was kept, through the years to the time it was first opened as a federal government service, by John B. McClane, he having been commissioned from Washington as postmaster for Salem, Clackamas county, Oregon, the date of the commission November 8, 1849, according to one record, and November 28, 1849, according to another. But by the time the commission reached McClane, the authorities at Washington had discovered that Salem was in Marion county, so the correction was made.

Turner Crump, the second postmaster, his commission dated February 26, 1851, according to both records, was interested in the first store that was opened in what became Salem, in the late winter of 1847, within a short time after being opened up, located in the first building erected for a store in what became Salem; located at the northeast corner of Commercial and Ferry streets—opposite the Marion hotel of the present; diagonally opposite the present plant of The Statesman.

* * *

Burt Brown Barker is a relative of Turner Crump, and has promised Mr. Crawford to get a picture of Salem's second federal postmaster, which he can probably do, if any one can.

This writer is convinced that Turner Crump had already been postmaster for the place that became Salem, when it was called The Institute, for the school that by change of name became Willamette university. The provisional government legislature, at its second 1845 session, established a postoffice department for Oregon, and chose W. G. T'Vault postmaster general. That wasn't much of an office, and not a great deal was done, or capable of being done, without funds or status as a part of the United States government. But something was done, in the interests of a good neighbor policy which was taken as granted in pioneer days. So, this writer is convinced that the mails were handled at the Cox store, as soon as it was opened, and by Turner Crump.

* * *

Such mail service as existed here before that was no doubt handled from and to the Jason Lee mission house—present 960 Broadway, but then long before there were streets or names of streets or numbers on streets.

That (Lee) house, in its palmy days, was everything: headquarters for Protestant Christian civilization on this entire coast; place of refuge in the vast wilderness; point of contact with all that was official or important in government, in hunting and trapping affairs, in the treatment of Indian troubles; finally Marion county court house, territorial and state treasury, etc., etc. John D. Boon, who then owned the house, was Oregon's last territorial treasurer and first state treasurer.

* * *

A biographical sketch of J. J. Murphy was given in this column on Saturday last, taken from a recently published book, "History of the Oregon Bench and Bar."

The fact was given therein that Mr. Murphy had been a member of the Oregon legislature, and sheriff of Marion county. He was a member of the 1864 session of the legislature, meeting in the Holman building, Commercial and Ferry streets, northwest corner. He was sheriff for the 1866-70 term. He was also a government postal inspector, before he became clerk of the supreme court, which place he held for so long.

* * *

Mr. Murphy made a will. If any one is looking for a copy of such a document that is in the briefest possible form, he or she is referred to that one.

It simply gives to his wife and his son, naming them, all the property of whatever kind, real or personal, of which he shall die seized, or possessed. Then it stops. There are points in favor of short wills.

* * *

Another piece of unfinished business: yes, the man who owned a brick building in Salem and was a gambler was Stewart. He was Charles E. Stewart.

How can we be so certain? Well, first, on December 22, 1866, A. A. and M. J. Starkey deeded to Charles E. Stewart 70 and a half feet off of the south side of lot 7 in block 33, Salem, Oregon. Block 33 is the one surrounded by Commercial, Court, Liberty and State streets, and lot 7 is the next one to the corner of Commercial and Court streets, east side. That is where the Stewart block was—and is; afterward and now the Boothby block.

* * *

Then Mrs. George Pearce of Salem, who was Miss Nellie Riely, whose mother was a pioneer boarding house keeper, remembers Mr. Stewart very well. He boarded at the Riely house. Also, Mr. Stewart was a gambler; and he followed that profession afterward in Washington, D. C. Mr. Stewart bought and sold a good many pieces of Marion county property in the 1860s and 1870s, as the deed records show.

The Starkeys were prominent early day Salem property holders. Mr. Starkey had probably died by 1871, for the Salem Directory of that year has her as Mrs. A. A. Starkey, widow, corner Chemeketa and Front. The 1874 Salem directory has her as Mrs. M. J. Starkey, a widow.

Shoulder Arms

"The Cairo Garter Murders"

Chapter 26, Continued

North immediately recognized Dr. and Mrs. Ladd by the port rail quietly drinking tea and admiring the river banks which were beginning to slip by more rapidly. There also was Lolita chatting to a dark, intense young man who had "Welshman" written over him from head to foot.

Moira was nowhere to be seen but Hasid Pasha, wearing a brilliant scarlet fez, was the center of a bevy of young women. M. Philipides devoted himself with great attention to a Frenchman who for all the world resembled a white fox with his palid pointed face, short gray hair and fierce light gray whiskers. The first person to see North was Lolita Ladd who immediately came hurrying over to thrust an arm through his.

"Oh, Captain North, isn't this simply grand? I've been looking forward so much to seeing you again. Almost as much as Dairdre —yes, she's aboard—is to seeing an Englishman she met on the Fort Lucknow. A Major somebody—Callaghan? Kilpatrick? Oh bother, I can't remember."

"Englishman?" North queried.

Lolita snapped her fingers and flashed a wide white smile. "There! I've remembered. The name was Kilgour. I saw him yesterday," she added.

It was hard for Hugh North to maintain a pose of casual interest. "Oh, really?" he said. "At the Restaurant des Pyramides or Shepheard's?"

"Oh no. It was in town early yesterday, Thursday that is. I went in to Cairo to buy supplies for mother. He was riding in a car."

"Which way was he going?"

"Down river," Lolita replied carelessly, "He was with a big-tough-looking man."

"An Egyptian?"

"No. It's funny, but I'd almost swear he was an American. Major Kilgour was a bit high hat, though. He only nodded when I waved. He looked worried."

"Did you notice anything else about Kilgour's companion — or the car he was in?"

She cast him a surprised look. "No. I had only a glimpse. Why the interest?"

"Just idle curiosity. I hardly know your British military friend."

Then you're missing something. Major Kilgour's perfectly grand. Dairdre is simply cra-azy over him! Only you're much nicer ever if she won't admit it."

"What made you think the other man hard-looking?"

"Why, his nose was a little twisted—you know like a football player's and the top of his left ear looked as if it had been hurt."

North took a deep gulp of his highball. So? And it was after this that Stag Melhorne had driven him into the desert.

"Ah, Captain, such a pleasant surprise?" Mrs. Ladd's greeting was graciousness itself. "You have been so charming to my stepdaughter, I can hardly thank you enough," she went on when Lolita was captured by a stalwart young Frenchman and led off to a little dance floor built upon the dahabeah's afterdeck.

A breeze blowing down the Nile riffled the water and blew aside a jet curl arranged low over Mrs. Ladd's foreheard, briefly exposing a small design resembling a five-branched candlestick tattooed just below the apex of her "widow's peak." To his astonishment the effect of the ultramarine lines against the extraordinary white-ness of her skin was pleasing rather than grotesque.

"I see you have noticed?" She smiled, not at all annoyed by his startled expression.

"Yes, and I can't help wondering about it," he confessed.

"It is a relic of a romantic childhood," she explained in her vigorous, deep-pitched voice. "You see, Captain, when I was only four I was stolen by some Kurdish raiders of my father's mission in Syria. The tribesmen took me back to the mountains, and Papa, being only a poor Welsh missionary, couldn't even begin to raise the ransom they asked. The Turks did nothing to rescue me, so the Kurds made a Mohammedan of me—that was when I got this tattooing—and prepared me some day to be sold into a zenana. But fortunately, before that could happen, the war came and a British expedition rescued me. Voila tout."

North looked his interest. "It must be a great help to your husband to have you so familiar with Oriental languages."

"I do what I can," Zara Ladd murmured. "It is not a great deal. You must visit the college next week! Lolita and my friend, Miss McLeod, will be there."

"Miss McLeod?"

"Yes, Moira McLeod. She is an old friend—so amusing."

"Well, Mrs. Ladd, I'll see if I can't manage it," North promised with a smile.

(To Be Continued)

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Radio Programs

KSLM—TUESDAY—1360 Kc.
6:30—Milkman Melodies.
7:30—News.
7:45—Melody Lane.
8:00—Neighbors of Woodcraft.
8:30—News.
8:45—Carters of Elm Street.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Melody Mart.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music.
10:00—News.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Hits of Seasons Past.
10:45—Bachelor's Children.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors.
11:15—Johnny Long Orchestra.
11:45—Melody Lane.
11:45—Walter Knick Orchestra.
12:00—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:50—Kiwanis Club.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Johnson Family.
1:45—Hits and Encores.
2:00—Salem Art Center.
2:15—Vocal Varieties.
2:30—Muse and Music.
2:45—Grandma Travels.
3:00—Maddox Family and Rose.
3:30—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carol Leighton.
4:00—News.
4:15—Musical Memories.
4:30—Let's Dance.
4:45—Conversation Piece.
5:00—Talk: Wythe Williams—News.
5:15—TBA.
5:30—Shatter Parker.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
6:15—Local News.
6:18—Dinner Hour Melody.
6:30—News and Views.
6:45—Composers Series.
7:00—Salon Echoes.
7:15—Elliott Roosevelt.
7:30—Hits of the Day.
7:45—American Family Robinson.
8:00—News.
8:15—Meet the Stars.
8:30—Salem Centennial Singers.
8:45—Twilight Trail.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air.
9:15—Jimmy Joy Orchestra.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
9:45—Gus Arnheim Orchestra.
10:00—TBA.
11:00—News.
11:15—Jimmy Joy Orchestra.
11:45—Rhythm Rascals.
11:45—Midnight Melodies.

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KGW—TUESDAY—620 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Home Folks Frolic.
7:45—Sam Hayes
8:00—Woman in White.
8:30—Stars of Today
9:00—Hotel Taft Orchestra.
9:15—Eleanor Roosevelt.
9:30—By Kathleen Norris.
9:45—Dr. Kate.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
10:30—Valiant Lady.
10:45—Hymns of All Churches.
11:00—Story of Mary Marlin.
11:15—Ma Perkins
11:30—Pepper Young's Family.
11:45—Vic and Sade.
12:00—Portia Blake Faces Life.
12:15—Stella Dallas
12:30—Blue Plate Special.
1:00—Girl Alone.
1:30—Midstream.
1:45—The O'Neills.
2:00—Stars of Tomorrow.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Guiding Light.
3:00—Three Romecs.
3:15—News.
3:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
4:15—Eyes of the World.
4:30—Treasure Chest.
5:00—Cavalcade of America.
5:30—Fibber McGee and Molly.
6:00—Bob Hope.
6:30—Uncle Walter's Doghouse.
7:00—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time.
7:15—Edgewater Beach Orchestra.
7:30—Johnny Presents.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes.
9:00—Hotel Lexington Orchestra.
10:00—News Finales.
10:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
10:30—Jamison Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.

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KEX—TUESDAY—1160 Kc.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:15—Financial Service.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:15—Between the Bookends.
9:30—Home Institute.
9:45—Masters of Melody.
10:00—News.
10:15—It's a Woman's World.
10:30—World's Fair Band.
11:00—Orphans of Divorce.
11:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
11:30—John's Other Wife.
11:45—Just Plain Bill.
12:00—US Department Agriculture.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:00—The Quiet Hour.
1:30—Frank Watanabe and Archie.
2:00—Curbstone Quiz.
2:25—Associated Press News.
3:00—Tropical Moods.
3:15—European News.
4:00—Bud Barton.
4:15—Portland on Review.
4:30—Irene Wicker.
4:45—Malcolm Claire.
5:00—Exposition Band.
5:30—Fun With the Revuers.
6:00—News.
6:30—Easy Aces.
6:45—Mr. Keen, Tracer.
7:00—Information Please.
8:00—News.
8:30—Baseball.
10:15—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
10:45—Hotel Ambassador Orchestra.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Portland Police Reports.
11:18—Paul Carson, Organist.

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KOIN—TUESDAY—940 Kc.
6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—KOIN Klock
7:15—Headliners.
7:30—Bob Garred Reporting.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
8:15—When a Girl Marries.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
8:45—Our Gal Sunday
9:00—The Goldbergs.
9:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.
9:30—Right to Happiness.
9:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Aunt Jenny.
10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
10:45—My Son and I.
11:00—Society Girl.
11:30—Life Begins.
11:45—News.
12:00—Pretty Kitty Kelly.
12:15—Myrt and Marge.
12:30—Hilltop House.
12:45—Stepmother.
1:00—By Kathleen Norris.
1:15—My Children.
1:30—Singin' Sam.
1:45—Scattergood Baines.
2:00—Young Doctor Malone.
2:15—Household Hints.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—Hello Again
3:30—Second Husband.
4:00—Newspaper of the Air.
4:30—Court of Missing Heirs.
4:55—News.
5:00—Larry Kent Orchestra.
5:30—Glen Miller Orchestra.
6:15—Public Affairs.
6:30—News of the War.
6:45—Sports Huddle.
6:55—News.
7:00—Amos N' Andy.
7:15—Lanny Ross.
7:30—Question Bee.
8:00—We the People.
8:30—Professor Quiz.
9:00—News.
9:30—Castilians.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Benny Goodman Orchestra.
10:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
11:00—Henry Busse Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.

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KOAC—TUESDAY—550 Kc.
9:00—Today's Programs.
9:05—The Homemakers' Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:10—Monitor Views the News.
10:20—US Army Program.
11:00—Music of the Masters.
12:00—Farm Hour.
6:00—VFW
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
8:15—Book of the Week.
8:30—Music of Czechoslovakia.
9:00—Oregon on Parade.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, July 1—The designation of Charles McNary for the vice-presidency was just as much a miracle as the choice of Willkie, and just as wise politically. McNary is the Jack Garner of the republican side in congress, just as experienced in the mechanics of legislative politics. He is as level-headed as any man in public life and has long rated a higher position than the senate minority leadership, but as he comes from the politically remote state of Oregon his career has not been encouraged by the impetus which seems to flow, justly or unjustly, behind the public men from the big voting states of the east and lake regions.

More than any other suggested republican vice-presidential candidate, he is qualified by experience as well as intelligence to handle congress for the White House and to handle the presidency should the occasion arise.

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An auto trailer campaign to hit every possible crossroads of the country in person, was the sensational plan and ambition of Wendell Willkie, when he started his closed conferences with his republican associates to map out their schedule of republican action.

It has never been tried before on a national scale. All presidential candidates of late years have glided around the country on special trains, missing the flag stops, speaking in the larger cities. They depend on radio to reach the crossroads.

That method may have reached the people adequately in the past, but in recent years continuous communities have stretched out along the fast new roads particularly in the middle cities of the east and the farm west and east. The industrial cities of the middle west no longer afford a representative rostrum to reach a complete cross section of the people.

The late Huey Long inaugurated this crossroads type of trailer campaign in Louisiana and Arkansas with astounding success some years ago. He reached his hand down into the grass roots of the electorate by meeting his voters at the side of the road, any road, with sound trucks bearing a lively tune. The politicos said it was undignified but apparently the voters did not think so.

Such a campaign on a national scale requires unique physical energy, but the 48-year-old Willkie indicated he could do it when he milled for a week, elbow to elbow, with the teeming delegates at Philadelphia, anxious to talk with anyone, anytime about anything.

No candidate for any nomination ever went at it the hard way he chose at Philadelphia. An Indiana news-man wanted an answer immediately to an inquiry while Willkie was taking a shower. When he sent in word he could not wait, Willkie invited him into the bathroom and the interview was held there. Another newsman from Atlanta who did not know Willkie stopped him on an elevator and asked: "What will you do for Atlanta?" The inquiry caught Willkie on his heels for a moment. His answer was: "Have you had lunch?" They went into a cut-rate drug store, sat on a stool at the counter while the candidate talked for half an hour.

It was all like that and apparently it is going to continue that way.

A crossroads campaign should cost much less. It will save rail and hotel bills which mount into money. Candidates must pay about 80 fares for special trains and take over entire hotels to accommodate large parties. This, however, could not have been a major consideration in Willkie's plan as it is hardly probable he will lack financial support.

The main thing is that the authenticity of radio, as a personality purveyor, has been worn thin in the public mind. A charming lady crooner too often turns out to be corpulent. Television has been perfected (as demonstrated at the convention hall) but the sets have not been sold to a sufficient number of people yet to make this device acceptable as a campaign medium.

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Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

S.M.—It is extremely dry for this early in the season, but do not neglect your roses now or you will not have any autumn bloom. Keep the surface of the rose bed pulverized. Continuous cultivation will do a great deal even without summer irrigation. Keep all seed pods removed and spray once in every 10 days. It is easier to garden with plenty of water but it is not impossible to have a fair garden without some water. We should still have rain, but of course, we have been saying that for a month. You will learn to like our dry summers after you have been here a few seasons. As you say the well driller is coming within a week or so, it would certainly pay to keep your garden in the very best condition possible as you can begin irrigating before long. Keep all the plantain weeds cut down so that they do not reseed themselves. August is considered one of the best times to make a new lawn. However, if you are still of the same opinion that you do not want to remake your lawn, then as soon as you begin to irrigate also begin to take out the weeds and reseed in each space the weed is removed.

D.A.—The last part of July is considered the time to plant pansy seed. Early August is also good. I am visiting a commercial pansy field in the near future and will then try to tell of that growers' instructions.

B.M.—Trim your grape vines back now. Do not trim them back so that the hot sun cooks all the small grapes but tip them back so that they do not sprawl all over everything. You should dust with sulphur dust throughout the summer.

$50 Stolen From Auto, Oil Station

Thef of $50 from the glove compartment of an automobile in the salesroom of the Bonesteele service station, Church and Court street by a burglar who broke a window to gain entrance was reported to police Sunday by Russell Bonesteele, manager.

The money, the day's receipts, was taken from a locked box in the compartment, where it had been put by an attendant at closing time.

It was believed a stronger who was around the station at closing time may have been the thief,

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