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 1932

Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry

It begins to look as if the poor, already beset by many woes, will have their burdens increased almost beyond endurance until the campaign ends, by the felonious blithering of the professional defenders of the poor, who hope to capitalize the distress, for their own political and financial gain.

The heat is now sharing the widespread opprobrium formerly aimed only at the President.

If you thought there was a superfluity of candidates for sheriff, you should count up the Democrats who fear they will be forced to make a sacrifice, and be postmaster.

Norman Bluejay watched a cat too long, and relatives have found all but three of his main feathers.

Be sure to travel July 4th, in a manner that will keep the cheerful undertaker cheerful.

Charles Chaplin, the film comedian has announced a cure for the world depression. Mr. Chaplin, as an economist, is no better than those hibernating at the Bill Gore Loan-to-accept, that he pitches a custard pie with more accuracy.

WHY TIMES STAY TOUGH
 (Herald Staffman)
 We know of two families in this town. One consists of a husband and wife and numerous children. Last winter this family was one of the Lord's poor and got aid from charity organizations, boasting now of how they were taken care of. The able-bodied husband will not work this summer—thinks the wages offered at fruit picking too low and beneath his dignity to accept. The family expects to rely on community charity next winter.

The remote prospect of war between Germany, France, Russia, need not unduly alarm, for at this writing they don't seem to know definitely just what they want to do about it, if anything. The probably figure they better have another war, before they are disarmed by the Disarmament Conference. In such an eventuality, Russia would furnish the motive, Germany the brains, and France—La Belle France—the gold. Any munitions, etc. etc. etc. furnished by America, no doubt will be COD. FOD. PRONTO!

Floyd Cook, a prominent Republican rascal of the metropolis, has come and gone, and did not seem conscious of his rascality. He talked with a number of local Democratic Messiahs, saints, and martyrs, and one or two of the valley Israelites in his own party.

Several around here have come out for the remodeling of America into another Russia, but have declined invitations to go to Russia, or a tropical point en route.

MULES AND MATRONS
 (Chester, Pa., Localizer)
 We will open the lid at 10:30 and show you 30 mules that will sure tempt you, if you have any work congestion starting you in the face. Some of the best big young work mules that ever crossed the Alleghenies. Once in a while you find a mule like some women, with rather a picky disposition, but if you find their weakness and play up to it you soon find them kind and docile and ready to put their head on your shoulder and follow you. That's what they call a one-man mule. There are still some one-man women but very rare.

The Sunday evening air was ripped asunder, by a young man from the Applegate, who wielded a ukelele.

Jim Dinkens of Beagle towed and traded Monday. Mr. Dinkens being weary in the knees, set down on his own heels, without any visible means of support. Such suppleness is never found save among cowboys and long-legged mountaineers. While thus squatted James drew a rough map of eastern Oregon, on the sidewalk with a red-headed match, and pointed out the lat. and long. of a water-hole 67 miles from Lakeview.

The liquidation of Henry Rainwater is halted, while he is recovering from the effects of being a temporary martyr.

Klamath Falls—Dunn & Baker, this city, received contract for improving Main street.

The Car License Problem

IN THIS auto licens matter two things must be done. The financial obligations of the state highway commission **MUST BE MET.** Car owners who must have their cars to harvest their crops, and can't meet the full license payment at this time **MUST BE GIVEN RELIEF.**

While these two items are more or less conflicting, the suggestion made in this paper yesterday by Frank Jenkins, that part payments be allowed at this time, at a slightly increased rate, to absorb the added expense of deferred collection, appears to us a good one.

SUCH a plan would make it possible for a vast majority of the "business car" owners to retain the use of their cars. The added expense to the state would be met by the increased rate. And the necessity of a general moratorium, which would be taken advantage of by many able to buy their licenses at this time, and thus jeopardize the state highways financial program, **WOULD BE REMOVED.**

We trust Governor Meier will adopt some constructive compromise of this sort, calculated to secure the maximum benefits, at the minimum sacrifice.

If matters are merely allowed to drift along there is real danger that neither the financial credit of the highway commission will be maintained nor the orderly harvesting of the fall crops, be made possible.

Running True to Form

THE Democratic convention is running true to form. It's going to be a real "hoss race" all down the line. As predicted in this column last week, the radical wets are not going to have a much easier time, in this convention, than they had in the G. O. P. gathering 10 days ago.

The battle is scheduled for tonight, and it promises to be a **REAL** battle. It will be a fight essentially between Big City Democrats on one side; the southern and rural Democrats on the other. The result may well determine the party nomination. For this wet-dry issue continues to be dynamite.

AS previously stated Democrats are very temperamental. If the radical wets should win this battle for repeal, the scattered Roosevelt forces might well be so united, and resentful, that nothing could prevent the victory of their standard bearer.

Conversely a defeat for the radical wets, might so unite the Roosevelt opposition, that his nomination would be impossible.

THIS reasoning would not apply to a Republican convention. The republicans like to lock arms and parade. The victory of one faction invariably increases its numbers.

The Democrats don't like to lock arms and parade, they like to swing arms and fight. The victory of one faction invariably leads to the depletion of its rank by some sincere and systematic head-cracking.

So if you want to listen in on a good show better tune in on the Chicago broadcast tonight. We guarantee it will be more exciting than that Sharkey-Schmeling mazaruka a week ago.

Rogers and Dawes!

THE suggestion in this column Sunday that the Democrats nominate Will Rogers, has met with a surprisingly hearty response. A group of local business men headed by Jno. W. Johnson yesterday sent a wire to the Oregon delegation, strongly urging such action, and pledging strong support to such a ticket, from members of both parties in Southern Oregon.

Last night this action put Medford on the radio map, when the news was broadcast by the Richfield Reporter. Both the Associated and United Press wires handled the Rogers story, and put a Medford date line in practically every daily paper in the country, last night and this morning.

Yesterday and today, by phone and personal visits, scores of men and women have approved of the Mail Tribune's suggestion, and have declared if the democratic convention would carry it out, party lines in this neck of the woods would be entirely forgotten.

AND they would be. No doubt of that. Will would not only be supported with a smile but WITH a will. He would represent the very sort of change people want: the very clearing of the stogy and depressing, political and economic atmosphere, that the people long for.

One of the Rogers supporters went a step further, and suggested that if the Democratic convention refuses to follow the Medford plan (which appears likely), a third party be formed headed by Will Rogers and General Dawes—or Dawes and Rogers—he didn't care which.

Not a bad idea. England was saved by a coalition government of the two major parties. Why not save the United States in the same way?

Dawes, a good Republican, Rogers a good Democrat. One could do the swearing, the other the wisecracking.

But even more important, **BOTH** could give the country what it needs,—freedom from political hokey and antiquated red tape, a new deal and a clean one, based upon horse sense, realism and enthusiasm, instead of make-believe, hopeless obscurantism, and reaction.

Three cheers for Dawes and Rogers—Hip! Hip!—HURRAH!

Today's Guest Editorial

The Mail Tribune, thanks to the courtesy of the American Legion, is printing a series of guest editorials written on important questions of the day by prominent citizens in various walks of life. The Mail Tribune offers these editorials as an interesting feature but does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed.

Number 8
 By
KENNETH C. HOGATE
 Vice-President and General Manager,
 Wall Street Journal

Love of country and love of home are the simple elements toward which the mind of man instinctively turns in periods of perplexity.

In "high flying" times other matters assume an importance out of proportion to their essential value. In such times honest men concentrate upon the making of money honorably to such an extent that the virtues of kindness, self-sacrifice and charity—upon which all civilization is unconsciously based—are subordinated and neglected.

Love of country implicitly implies love of others. It implies self-sacrifice and devotion to a common and a national ideal. Such devotion has ever been the fundamental for complete and satisfactory living. In periods of economic stress the

great American majority turns for strength to the majestic Faith of its Fathers. It gains, from a new reflection that the things that are eternally true, a freshened faith and an increased courage. But there are minorities which, from selfish or mistaken motives, seize upon periods of distress with programs tending to destroy those virtues which have stood the test of time.

That we are in a period of un satisfactory business conditions today does not at all invalidate the finest instincts in human nature. As a nation we cannot forsake those things which have made us strong and great. Indeed, many of our troubles today arise from the temporary departure of all of us from these basic milestones of life. To say, as noisy minorities do, that we should abandon the homely virtues learned around the family hearthstone is simply to assert that the ethics of the world have been wrong from the beginning and that other and less unselfish motives must be substituted as the mainsprings for human action.

Fundamentally sound instincts are born in every child. In the normal home they are fostered and developed. Educational systems stimulate and refine them, giving to the individual the ability to understand and to interpret his relationship to his family, his country, and to others about him.

The Citizens' Military Training Camps and the Reserve Officers' Training Corps give expression in orderly fashion, to the application of these principles among young men in groups. Unconsciously they further impress upon the youthful mind an organized conception of the individual's duties to his country and to his family, while at the same time extending a comradeship of enduring value. To charge that these agencies are militaristic is to repudiate our ancestry and our national history.

The necessity for governmental economy is as great today as it has ever been during our national life. A few steps have been taken toward securing the consent of government. That others will have to be adopted is being increasingly realized. The difficulty in effecting a reduction in governmental expenditures is that practically all of these expenditures benefit some portion of the population. We would be less than human if we did not favor economies, in general, and at the other fellow's expense, while at the same time insisting that we maintain the present standard of living for our individual benefit. We can easily convince ourselves that such monies are being wisely expended. Undoubtedly it is upon this rock that efforts thus far to effect substantial savings have foundered.

Now there is a proposal to effect savings at the expense of our agencies of national defense and national education. People generally are not immediately affected by the impairment of strength of a peace time garrison; nor are many citizens hurt in the pocketbook by the abolition of the R. O. T. C. or of a Citizens' Military Training Camp. There is danger that one of the few economies which should be made will be unwittingly accepted.

The simple truth is that, for reasons of national defense and for the safeguarding of the primary American concept of love of country, these two governmental activities should, by every citizen, be placed above and apart from any economy program that he believes the government should undertake. It is patriotic to renounce an expenditure of tax money from which personal benefit is being received. But the upbuilding of the forces of national defense and of the agencies inspiring the highest type of citizenship deserves unqualified support under every circumstance.

Tomorrow: Wm. John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

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gussed it. Woodrow Wilson's daughter, Mrs. McAdoo.

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Through one room packed, through another room packed, into a third, not packed, through a door beside which Mrs. Smith, wife of the former governor, is sitting with Mrs. Mooney. Beyond the door sits Governor Smith, at a desk, his faithful cigar not far away.

He is out for HIMSELF, as he has said, not for anybody else. He does

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There are many waiting in many rooms on the Blackstone's seventh floor, where Commissioner Curry, head of Tammany Hall, has his headquarters. The ordinary people sit in two outside rooms. The **EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE**, in a big inside room.

Mr. McCooley of Brooklyn is there. Don't say "I do not know him," even if you live in Seattle, for that argues that YOU are unknown. He is talking to Judge Daniel F. Cohalan, who can talk Gaelic, and also common sense.

There is Judge O'vany, once Tammany's head, and there are many others, including the "promising young ones" encouraged by Tammany, as a good horseman encourages young colts.

The young and promising include Mr. Curry's son, who says: "Father would like to see you before you go."

Mr. Curry, whom Tammany obeys, as his legions obeyed Lucullus, is in another room, the inside of all.

In peace and comfort, all alone, he is eating his breakfast. You need not ask about his health. His breakfast includes a large sirloin steak, fried potatoes, hot biscuit, coffee, and only fragments remain.

Mr. Curry calls, and Mrs. Curry comes from an adjoining room, to see that he is not letting himself be bothered too much. Happy the man, great or small, that possesses a devoted, intelligent wife, to make him live wisely. The thing cannot be done, otherwise.

Mr. Curry gives information and asks questions, for instance: "What would Mr. Hearst think of So and So?" The information, unfortunately, is for private consumption, not for broadcasting.

Mr. Aylesworth, head of National Broadcasting Company, telephones: "Can you give us a few minutes this evening to broadcast a resume of the general situation?"

The resume would sound like this: "Dear Unseen Audience. I do not know anything about the general situation, nor does anyone else."

Everything is uncertainty and many complications are involved, for instance, to put it bluntly, as politicians do: "What would Governor Roosevelt do about Judge Seabury's charges against Mayor Walker, if Mr. Curry, whose fondness for Mayor Walker is like that of a father, should turn his delegates against Governor Roosevelt?"

Those that know Governor Roosevelt believe that no action by the convention would influence his judgment in a matter affecting a man's career. But politicians, skeptical, quote the story of the two gentlemen, one afraid of a barking dog, "Don't you know?" asked one "that a barking dog never bites?" The other replied: "Yes, I know it, and you know it, but does the dog know it?" You have heard that story, but not in connection with a presidential nomination.

For fight, let us wander to "candidates' row" in the Congress hotel. Ripley would hardly dare print it, but the candidates are all strung out on one floor, like department stores in State street. And explain this, if you can without a Chicago psychological chart, the room is on floor B. You are told that it is the eleventh floor. The elevator puts you out and its the second floor. Yes the eleventh floor is the second floor in that hotel. That makes the small town man on the third floor live in room twelve hundred and nine, something to write home.

In a long alley, walls covered with placards, are the headquarters of many that sit and wait, knowing the uncertainties of the lightning's stroke. You see Senator Reed's headquarters, many waiting for that hard fighter who has served his state and the nation so well. He is in a conference of delegates.

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