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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The Japanese still boast they have no profane words in their language. Due to what is happening to their air, sea, and land forces in the Pacific, they sure could use some now.

• • •

Word from Chicago reveals the republican platform makers the republican platform makers, "in a smoke-filled room wrestled with their problems." In some New Deal circles, anything that happens is all right, as long as it's not "in a smoke-filled room." It reeks with villainy. A cloud of cigar and cigarettes, and accompanying butts in a room should not fret a political clique, who in their 1940 perpretation of a Third Term nominee, resorted to the medicine show trick of planting the Chicago superintendent of sewers in the basement with a loud speaker, to ride herd on the delegates.

• • •

AH! NATURE FAKING!
(Coos Bay Times)

"I challenge Mr. Miller's statement. It is absurd. Mr. Miller or any other hunter could roam the back woods of Curry county a lifetime and would not sight as many bears as Mr. Miller states can be glimpsed in a single day." —(From a Letter.)

• • •

Mr. Willkie, the late white-haired boy on the burning deck of republicanism, objects to the foreign policy plank of the platform. There is not much that can be done about this. His notions on phrases and what they mean are apt to meet the fate he personally met in the Wisconsin primary. Up to 1939 Mr. Willkie was a democrat. In no time after he saw the light the lightning hit him.

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Summer has come. As usual the shade is on the wrong side of the street, and unevenly distributed.

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A Wyoming senator and Fourth Term idolator got his name in the papers by criticising GOP oratory. In case of hard luck at the polls personally, this assures him of a better job at better pay by appointment.

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"She is now at the ranch, and has left off her canvassing until fall."—(Dog Creek Jottings.) —Some more of everybody's business.

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PROBLEM SOLVED
(Bend Bulletin)

"Then, somewhere, we happened on purshia and still later we learned of the connection that the original Pursh had with the west and this gave us a (shall we say) proper name but still we needed a word that would be understood as applying to the plant and would not be a woman's undergarment. Then we hit on 'chamise' and there you are."

• • •

Lt. Gen. Carl Wilhelm von Schlieben, Nazi commander at Cherbourg, surrendered to the American forces, while his troops fought on. He was in high dudgeon, and did considerable flouncing around, and frowning at his captors, to no avail. However, he remained typically bullheaded, one of the main traits of his ilk. He refused to order his troops to surrender. They too would enjoy the beans and comforts of an Allied prison camp.

• • •

J. Tannehill Walker advises he is "almost five," instead of four years old, as chronicled herein. His brother Bob is rapidly unseating him as the juvenile he-beauty of Siskiyou Heights. The latter is still a "pin-up boy."

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"PLAN TO KILL SOME OF NATIONAL PARK ELK BEFORE ICKES." —(Hdline' Denver Post.)—No use getting that rough.

Closing time for Classified ads 9 a. m. — Too Late to Classify, 12:30 p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago Convention Hall, June 28.—Latest dope from the horse's mouth, alias Niel Allen of Grants Pass, who broke the news to the world last night that "Warren will not run and Bricker will,—it will be Dewey and Bricker," and Allen and the Oregon delegation will be responsible for both. However don't let Thorndike or members of the False Friends club try to collect from undersigned if it's Dewey and Griswold, or Dewey and Bill Gates.

The only sure thing is it is going to be Dewey and somebody. If somebody or anybody can survive this heat: WHE-E-E-W!!—R.W.R.

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Chicago, June 26.—Did you ever have a photo flash bulb go off in your face when not expecting it?

If so, you realize it is something of a shock.

That happened to your representative a few hours ago which comes close to all that kept him from falling asleep at the opening of the Republican convention at the west side stadium today.

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For the opening was, as anticipated, terribly cut and dried. There wasn't a new note in the entire performance including the late start.

The time was set for 10:15 a.m. but Chairman Spangler of Iowa, looking very much like a red-faced auctioneer selling off a load of corn-fed hogs,—didn't bring down his freshly-varnished gavel, until over an hour later.

Then there was the prayer by the Rev. John Holland of the Little Brown church "OF THE AIR", Station WLS, Chicago, and of course the address of welcome by Dwight H. Green, the governor of the state.

It was during the latter we came near dropping off for Bye-Bye, for the Governor was apparently under the delusion he had been selected to make the key-note speech and he hit every political cliche key-note that his corps of bright newspaper men could conjure up from 100% Americanism through anti-bureaucracy, to overwhelming GOP victory in November,-and never WELCOMED the assembled multitude AT ALL!

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But just as the well-polished editorial head was bobbing,—bingo!—there was a sudden pop, a burst of blinding light, and the entire place seemed to go up in smoke as it were.

When we started to come to out of the incondescent daze a squeaky feminine voice at our elbow timidly inquired "would you give us your name and state please, sir?" extending a soiled pad and a pencil, up to the press box railing, from the convention floor below.

"What is this, a gag?" we managed to inquire, "or do they allow street photo hawkers in political conventions these days?"

There was a moment of silence, then, "horrors!" came from the same feminine source, "you're only a NEWSPAPER MAN!"

The view of our badge, "Press", on the editorial coat-lapel gave us away, and a gal photographer from the Chicago Times (photo tabloid) beat it in confusion, no doubt getting a nice panning from her boss, when she had to admit she wasted a negative on some old boy in the press gallery, when she thought she was snapping a political celebrity. (Incidentally there should be a law against snapping visiting firemen here in Chicago without warning, inside the convention hall or anywhere else,—we haven't got rid of dancing spots before our eyes and a general feeling of shell-shock yet!)

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Sorry, however, the little gal made such a fast getaway. For we would have liked to have talked with her and perhaps kidded her a bit. She didn't look to be over 16, and was obviously new at the news photo game. We would have enjoyed learning what sort of a convention celebrity she THOUGHT she was snapping.

Or would we? It just occurred to us that General Coxey is attending this convention, he is the Civil War veteran who led the army of "bums" to Washington, D. C., back in the NOT-so-gay nineties,—he being around 95 years of age at the present writing!

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However, that would be quite an honor,—get on the front page of the Chicago Times as "General Coxey, caught by our photographer while writing his story of the convention!" (Perhaps Frank Hull would put sich in his new C. of C. booklet.)

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Speaking of the Chicago Times and Frank Hull, we have had a talk with Herb Graffis, columnist of that local paper who a few weeks ago panned Elmer Kyle of Central Point for an ad Kyle ran in the M-T (Graffis made it the Medford TIMES) to the effect that Kyle's restaurant being "off limits" no longer caters to "military personnel", etc., etc., etc.

Graffis became fairly apoplectic with patriotic rage at this insult to two Chicago soldiers "sweltering and getting shot in the South Pacific," Pvts. Wm. C. Boland and S/Sgt. Raymond J. Halagera who sent him a copy of the ad, and of course an insult to all the rest of our service men.

• • • • •

Graffis proved to be a good scout as newspaper columnists usually are (Ah there, Arthur) and admitted he had not had a very clear picture of the situation, and did no doubt lay it on pretty thick.

We explained Mr. Kyle did not exclude the service men, but the service men,—or rather the Camp White command—excluded Mr. Kyle, put the place "out of bounds" and it was only in an effort to save himself from bankruptcy that Kyle advertised for civilian patronage to the exclusion of the military,—for the former were ALL he was allowed!

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Well, anyway, if a correction is desired Graffis will gladly make one and regrets that he wrote anything that did an injustice to Elmer Kyle or any other good citizen in Southern Oregon.

Incidentally he said it was hard for him in the first place to believe any Pacific coast community could be anything but hospitable and friendly to the boys fighting in this war, for his own experience out there had demonstrated a warmth and cordiality to visitors, that was almost EMBARRASSING!

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So it was all patched up, and "Herb" even offered "to show us the town" and give us a shot of "Hamlin's Wizard Oil" to show there was no hard feeling.

But we declined with thanks, only asking him to give Medford 20,000, instead of as he did, 12,000 population, and the great U. S. center for PEARS, not, as he stated APPLES.

If Herb writes a good follow-up, he might get a box of pears from the C. of C. next Christmas,—who knows?—stranger things have happened.

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But to return to the convention for a moment.

The opening was dull and depressing, without a new or a fresh note in it. And we can see now why the Chicago hotels,—this one at least,—demanded payment in advance.

For as a matter of fact, as far as real excitement and interest go, one might as well pack up and leave now.

Yes with the opening prayer and Governor Green's "welcome", all the keynoting has been done,—we can't imagine any possible campaign issue that these two worthy gentlemen did not mention, —so until the nominations are made, it will just be the old, old routine and a lot of needless repetition.

Moreover as before stated not since the nomination of the late Wm. Howard Taft,—nearly 40 years ago,—has there been less doubt about the result than is true this year.

Of course one can never absolutely tell,—the unexpected may happen and some contest may develop. But none can be seen from this point in the program. It is Dewey as certain as the sunrise tomorrow.

So if one had not paid his hotel bill five days in advance, one might—particularly if he had important business elsewhere,—pack up and hie himself to some cooler spot on this mundane sphereoid and cover this three-ring circus by long-distance, and remote,—VERY remote-control!

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Those who are surprised,—or perhaps shocked,—by the inclusion of the opening prayer with the welcoming speech, as covering burning partisan issues of this presidential year, have never attended a national party convention. Prayers, benedictions and such always take on such a topical and political hue as to become almost indistinguishable from a good fervent appeal to support the party in November, with the aid of the Almighty, and snow under the opposition.

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Mrs. Jim Farley is at the convention, a large fine-looking woman with a strong face and becoming clothes. She somewhat naively remarks that she is still a Democrat in good standing but if—we said IF,—President Roosevelt runs AGAIN she will vote for and work for his opponent, to be named at this convention.

• • • • •

The best part of the day here is in the early morning before the humidity rolls in.

We arose around six this morning and after a hasty dish of tea took a walk over to the lake front and back, not even a milk wagon being up and about at that hour. Returning, Mrs. Gerlinger, state national committeewoman kindly invited us to attend an "Oregon" breakfast in the "ARCTIC" room of this hotel.

All the delegates were there, of course, with their alternates,—usually wives or daughters,—and a very nice looking group of substantial citizens they were and all in fine health and thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Ralph Cake, national committeeman was there, as was Wayne Morse, candidate for Senator and—we fervently hope,—the next junior Senator from Oregon, and Niel Allen of Grants Pass,—state chairman,—Phil Metchan of Portland, Pat Gallagher, Ralph Watson of the Journal, (We missed G. Roberts, our local unsuccessful candidate who would have been both an oratorical and sartorial addition to the assembled company had he been there!)

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There was some slip-up in the invitation list. Directly after breakfasting on our favorite dish of eggs and bacon (most of the delegation took to cakes and corn syrup) we ran into both Senator Guy Cordon and Congressman Harris Ellsworth,—also Mrs. Ellsworth. Believe it or not they knew nothing about any Oregon breakfast and had eaten their respective breakfasts unattended, and ALONE!

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Senator Cordon, by the way, motored out from Washington and came near being picked up by a cyclone in West Virginia, and deposited somewhere in Lake Michigan. It would have saved him some time, for the debris along the path of the storm held him up several hours, but he might not have arrived in quite as good condition.—R.W.R.

140 Dead, 1000 Injured in Pennsylvania Tornado

(Acme Telephoto)

Shattered homes line main road of Dravosburg, Pa., in wake of tornado that cut path of death and destruction throughout western Pennsylvania and West Virginia. More than 140 persons were killed, 1000 others injured by the disastrous storm.

GOULD'S MOTHER RECEICES MEDAL IN HIS ABSENCE

At a ceremony at the Portland Air Base last Sunday, Mrs. A. Hedlund of Oregon City received the Air Medal for her son, Lt. Alvin A. Gould of Medford who is now a prisoner of war of the Germans after the B-17 Flying Fortress of which he was bombardier was shot down over Germany last Jan. 11.

The medal was presented to Mrs. Hedlund by Col. C. E. Edwinson, commanding officer of the base, and following the ceremony the Officer of the Day escorted Mrs. Hedlund and the guests on a tour of the base.

Attending the presentation, with Mrs. Hedlund, were Mrs. Eric Hedlund of Oregon City, Bill Gould of Klamath Falls, Mrs. R. W. Childreth and daughter, Shirley Ann of Gladstone, and Jack Matlack, former Medford resident and a friend of the interned flyer, who is now connected with a Portland theatre chain.

Lt. Gould is a graduate of Medford high school and was attending the University of Oregon when he enlisted in the air corps in January of 1941.

Sonora's sidewalks are said to be the only marble ones in the world.

(Acme) Telephoto)

B-29 LEADER — Brig. Gen. Kenneth D. Wolfe of Riverside, Calif., who heads new 20th Bomber Command, which raided Japan.

ADOPTS AIR PLAN

St. Louis—(U.P.)—A $5,000,000 expansion plan to meet the post-war needs of St. Louis was adopted by the air port commission of St. Louis. An alternative plan for the construction of a landing strip of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial at the foot of the river was also introduced at the meeting.

LONGEST LETTERS

Boston — (U.P.) — William McKinnon, Dorchester postal clerk, lays claim to writing the longest letters in the United States. To friends in the service, War Veteran McKinnon often addresses letters 50 feet long, but his proudest boast is a 100-footer to a former buddy now in Italy.

NETS THIEF $1500

Cincinnati, Ohio — (U.P.) — All burglars may or may not look under kitchen tables for their loot; but one who broke into the apartment of Mrs. Lillian O'Hara did. He found $1500 which Mrs. O'Hara had drawn from the bank and "hidden" in a little green box — under a kitchen table.

SET SAFETY RECORD

Frederick, Okla.— (U.P.) —One squadron of the Frederick, Okla., army air field training force has amassed 12,567 hours in the air without an accident, setting a safety record for the command, Lt. Richard F. Thomas of the training department has announced.

KEY YOUTH CAUGHT

St. Louis—(U.P.)—Police found the key to the whole thing when they stopped 17-year-old Donald E. Mann and found 17 different keys, five of which were skeleton. After questioning, Mann confessed he had robbed 15 St. Louis homes.

Vitamin B1 production this year will be about five times greater than in 1941, the department of agriculture estimates.

ROBERT SCHENCK NEW ASSISTANT U. S. BANK CHIEF

According to George T. Frey, manager of the Medford branch of the United States National bank, a new addition to the personnel is announced as effective July 1 when Robert A. Schenck becomes assistant manager, replacing Dwight L. Houghton, who has resigned to accept other

Robert A. Schenck

employment. Schenck comes to the Medford branch from the Portland head office of the bank, where he has held an important position in the credit department.

He has had fifteen years of banking experience, ten of which were with the Bank of Manhattan company of New York city, where he served in many departments, principally with their branch banks, leaving there in March, 1941, when he moved to the Pacific northwest and joined the ranks of the United States National bank. He has been an active member, since 1939, of the American Institute of Banking and while living in Portland held membership in the Chamber of Commerce.

Houghton's new employment is with the Bear Creek Orchards, where he will be assistant manager of the mail order department, of which N. B. Bender is manager. According to David Holmes, one of the firm's owners, the increase in business of the mailorder department made necessary the addition of a new staff member. Mr. Houghton's last day with the bank is Saturday of this week. The Houghton family came here from Portland about nine years ago.

Receives Award — Cpl. Donald M. Ivie, of 253rd Infantry Regiment, 63rd Division, Camp Van Dorn, Miss., has been awarded the Expert Infantryman Badge. To earn this acknowledgment Cpl. Ivie had to be an expert in all phases of infantry life. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Ivie of 619 W. 2nd St. His wife, Thelma, is making her duration home in Grants Pass at Rt. 3, box 352.

'KIP' GUARDS CASH

Lynn, Mass.—(U.P.)—A seeing-eye dog and his blind master are now operating a thriving new lunch counter business named "Kip's Lunch." He serves the food while his dog watches the cash register.

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 28, 1934
(It was Thursday)

Men and boys needed to work in CCC camps.

Boy Scouts' camp at Lake o' Woods to open July 8.

Austria is shaken by widespread bombings.

Longshore strikers give first signs of accepting peace plan to end coast turmoil.

Fair and slightly warmer. High 74, low 52 degrees.

Death near for Marie Dressler, famed and beloved screen star.

Woodsmen sign for work with the CCC.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 28 1924
(It was Saturday)

All roads to Crater Lake park now open and in good condition.

Boy Scouts to camp at Diamond Lake this year.

Fear violence in fight over Klan issue at Democratic meet, and spectators are barred. Issue is hopelessly deadlocked.

Fair and warm. High 89, low 44 degrees.

Business area of Rainier, Ore., swept by fire.

Peoria, Ill., is hit by tornado. Property loss high.

Craterian theater to open September 1.

BIRTHS

FRANZ—To Mr. and Mrs. W. R., Rt. 2, box 172, June 27, 1944, a girl, six pounds, at the Osteopathic Clinic.

Yanks Aid French in Clearing Montebourg

(Acme Radio-Telephoto)

American soldiers and French civilians work side by side clearing debris from streets of Montebourg caused by terrific Allied bombardment that blasted Germans out of city. Signal Corps radio-telephoto from London.

(Acme) Telephoto)

FIRST PHOTO OF SUPER-FORT BASE—Crew members of one of the B-29 "Super-Fortresses" which bombed Japan are shown at base somewhere in India as they walk out to their plane before taking off on mission. This picture, first depicting preparations for the historic raid, was made by Frank Cancellare, NEA-Acme photographer, for War Picture Pool

LOW WEEKLY RATES AT CRATER HOTEL
Across From Craterian Theatre — Phone 4174
SINGLE..... $4.50 to $6.
DOUBLE..... $7.50 to $12
New Simmons Inner Spring Mattresses — Free Showers. Clean Rooms!

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