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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

SMUDGE

The next political ceremony will be the formal notification of the New Deal and republican candidates for president and vice-president, they have been nominated. If one and all don't know by now they have been nominated, they should.

The roasting ear season opens inauspiciously, with the ration point value of butter used extensively in greasing them, increased from 12 to 16 points per pound. Like pancakes, the public will have to eat them dry.

Military observers of Washington, D. C., view reports of internal combustion in Germany with suspicion and are trying to figure out the confusion. There is no order in the disorder and none of it makes sense. The public is also befuddled. Every time Stockholm reports a Prussian war lord has bit the dust of "Der Fatherland" London announces the robot bombs are falling faster than ever in South England.

23—SKIDOO!

(Baudette (Minn.) Region)

There is a lot of talk about the antics of the younger generation but if you are old enough you will remember that when Grandpa was young he used to come home from a trip to the city with "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid" printed on his hatband.

The Japanese government has changed kimonos in the middle of the stream.

The charge of Gov. Dewey the administration is run by "tired old men" made the Roosevelt leaders "tired" as the oratorical bellowing at the Chicago meeting attests. Just how tattered out they are does not matter at all. The leading commentators of the land note a more significant fact. The bosses—Kelly, Hague and Flynn are not "tired".

The plan for a world monetary fund has been agreed upon by 44 nations and the next step is the establishment of bank headquarters. All signs now indicate the janitor's work will not be done by the Japanese experts with a mop.

INSULT FOR INSULT

(Dahlonega (Ga.) Nugget)

"Occasionally some one will subscribe for the Nugget, and in three or four weeks write us that they never received but one, and some will say they have received none at all, and if we are not going to send it to send their money back. We all make mistakes and they should let us know when they miss the first copy, and not wait 3 or 4 weeks and then write us an insulting letter like we were trying to beat them out of their money. I don't know but what they are getting their paper all the time and trying to beat us."

A. Hitler, der Ratzfuehrer, is now in hiding in the Rhineland and is the case of one of the wicked fleeing when every man pursueth. He is recovering from the effects of a bomb explosion that took off his pants without taking one of his legs along, as bombs are apt to do. It is not often bombs indulge in practical jokes.

"Pendleton ladies have organized a bicycle club and are going to wear bloniers."—(50 Yrs. Ago Col. the Dallas Chronicle.)—Thrill of the 1890s.

Andrew Jackson Simpson, 76, the Griffin Creek prospector, announces he is now on the trail of the "Lost Cabin" mine and will leave the hole in the ground upon which he has been digging for 14 years to its fate. The "Lost Cabin" mine is lost in the general direction of the rising sun.

Mail Tribune West Ad.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 24.—(Special.)—With Porter J. Neff now in Minneapolis it is safe to announce that it is obvious the Democratic convention ended as it started, a one-man convention with the one "indispensable man" Franklin Delano Roosevelt, back of everything within the convention hall and outside it.

Wallace was beaten because his "commander-in-chief" after endorsing him, a few days later endorsed his bitter rival, Senator Truman. Had that second endorsement never been made—the first endorsement never modified—Wallace, not Truman, would today be the team mate of the president as every truly liberal Democrat at the convention hoped he would be.—R.W.R.

Chicago, July 21.—WHAT a show! We said the old donkey would snort and kick over the bean bucket before the curtain came down, and that is just what he did yesterday.

Things happened so fast and there was so much excitement your correspondent spent the entire day at the stadium not even going out for lunch, subsisting until midnight on potato-chips, peanuts, cheese and beer down in the r.r. round-house in the basement. (The S. P. is not a contributor or we would hesitate about accepting such free hospitality, on the ground Jim Ormandy one of these days would accuse us of biting the hand that had fed us!)

Yes, so much doing, we hardly know where to begin, and time is limited for the speeches for Vice President are due to start in half an hour.

Well, might as well preface our remarks by announcing Madam Perkins has been sitting at our right throughout this convention.—Madam P. and "FRIENDS".

The friends have included Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Miss Ely, Mrs. Perkins daughter, Henry Wallace's sister (whose married name we do not know) but who we will never forget for she wears spectacles with the regular ear-bows and also a black ribbon descending therefrom to a pin on her blouse in case (we presume) the specs should fall off! New to us and not unlike the cornbelt custom of wearing suspenders AND also a BELT.

Well anyway we have been close enough to "Mudum" Perkins to shake hands without rising from our seat, if we were so disposed, which we haven't been as yet. She is not in the press box, but in the seats on the platform next to it, and reactions of herself and friends, have been from the first, what a circus barker might term a great added attraction.

And let it be stated here and now, that if Henry Wallace is defeated for the vice presidency,—and at this writing it looks as though he might be,—we intend to vacate that seat pronto,—for the deluge from all those feminine eyes will be something terrible. There have been tears welling up in them ever since the Wallace contest began, and when the party bosses adjourned the gathering last night, just when the victory march for Henry was imminent,—the scene was heart-rending.

Not tears of sorrow, however. TEARS OF ANGER! "NO, NO,—NO," they shrieked when the motion to adjourn was sounded and as the crowd started to file out they still waved their arms and protested "NO!"—most of the people in that section joining with them.

But it was no use, the "resident-managers" of this convention, Messrs. Hague, Kelly and Hannegan in a "smoke filled room" had decided otherwise. (Resident-managers is preferred to bosses for the real boss of this shindig is still Franklin Delano Roosevelt, although to date he does not seem inclined to exercise that authority as far as Henry Wallace is concerned.)

If the powers-that-be, here in Chicago, had not been against Wallace that adjournment would never have occurred,—the session would have continued in spite of the late hour and it would have been Roosevelt and Wallace for the 4th term this morning.

The bosses have a price before they will give the green light to Henry, and we have a strong suspicion that during the night just passed, perhaps sometime from midnight to 5 a.m. this morning that price was NOT paid. Henry Wallace isn't that kind.

At least after adjournment that was the grapevine dope at the Democratic Club bar across the street. The "Purity Leaguers" headed by "Holy Henry" had not listened to reason, thumbs were therefore down and unless the President himself gave his 1940 term mate a helping hand, after a complimentary vote for the C.I.O. favorite, the boys would jump on the bandwagon for Boss Pendergast's prize pupil from "St. Lou-e-e, Missouri-e."

There is no doubt in our mind that not only President Roosevelt and his friends but the rank and file of the Democratic party prefer Wallace. Senator Truman, on the other hand they regard not only as a secret enemy of the New Deal, but too good a Republican to act as team mate for the Great F.D.R. In fact as the situation now stands there is a striking resemblance between Truman here and Willkie in Philadelphia four years ago, as far as party regulars are concerned.—Truman is a good citizen but he is in the wrong party,—well that's what the Old Guard said about Wendell.

On the other hand of course this sudden adjournment, contrary to the wishes of the Roosevelt inner circle, against the sentiments of the gallery, and a vast majority of the delegates assembled is most significant.

There is, unquestionably an organized effort to beat Wallace, to give him a complimentary vote for the sake of appearances and then throw him overboard and put in a level-headed business man like Truman.

Before this adjournment it looked as though nothing could beat Wallace and this was especially true after his nominating speech for Roosevelt, which was however even more a nominating speech for himself.

It was a changed Wallace who made that speech,—a very different person from the Wallace who was almost kicked out of the stadium four years ago. No diffidence this time, no searching for words, no indecisiveness, no vague moralizing,—here was another "Happy Warrior"—self confident, aggressive, almost dashing,—facing both his unfriendly delegates and the bosses and firing straight from the shoulder, as to what had to be done and what could not be done, if the Democrats are to win in November. No doubt whatever of this brethren,—

THAT Henry Wallace who spoke to the convention Thursday afternoon unquestionably WAS the candidate (as the President stated in the much publicized letter) Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had been a delegate WOULD HAVE VOTED FOR!

Finally there is another similarity to that Willkie convention in Philadelphia of four years ago,—namely the gallery. They claimed that Philadelphia gallery was bought and paid for by Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan Company, corner of Broad and Wall.

Now they claim this gallery has been bought and paid for by Sidney Hillman of C.I.O.

Mebbe so. We don't know. But we DO know this,—the gallery in Philadelphia kept yelling "We want Willkie" and cheered every reference to him throughout the proceedings, a factor that in our judgment had considerable to do with Willkie's final triumph.

And we also know this: the gallery here in Chicago acts precisely the same way, as far as Wallace is concerned,—they have interest and enthusiasm for no one else,—the mere mention of his name and away they go with many of the delegates joining in. But there goes the national anthem.—R.W.R.

Danger Time in the Woods!

Those who enjoy William Cox's tall tales of the tall timber, with legendary Paul Bunyon and the Blue Ox, will recall the splinter cat, (Felynx arbordiffusus) a "frightfully destructive animal" which smashes through great trees leaving them broken and shattered as though struck by lightning or snapped off by the wind. Of all the beasts conjured up by Cox's fertile imagination—the "whirling whimpus", "hodag" and "wapaloogie"—the splinter cat caused

the greatest devastation in the forests in the days of Paul Bunyon.

FIRE is today's "splinter cat" ravaging the Oregon forests during the summer season each year, when temperatures are high and humidity low. It behooves every good Oregonian to enlist in the crusade to curb its depredations.

"Keep Oregon Green" has become, and must continue to be, a religion with Oregon citizens who depend so greatly upon the forests for their livelihood and welfare. In wartime the need of keeping the forests green quite naturally assumes added importance. Lumber is critical war material number one, used in the making of everything from ammunition cases to speedy mosquito bombers and PT boats.

TO meet the urgent needs of war the lumber industry right here in this area has grown from 150 to 200 per cent, and become more than ever the source of southern Oregon payrolls, sending more and more dollars surging through the arteries of trade. Along with this greatly increased production is the inevitable increase in slash left in the forests—food for the eager appetite of the fire "splinter cat."

A DESTRUCTIVE fire at this time would seriously hamper one of our great industries; become a crushing blow to the war effort. It would lay waste southern Oregon's great scenic resources; destroy wildlife and ravage the all-important water-shed sources of municipal and irrigation water and hydro-electric power.

It would do more than that. It would divert manpower from the task of producing vital war materials to the non-productive job of fire fighting. The experienced fire-fighting staffs of the national and state forest services here have been depleted by calls to military duties. The responsibility, to a great extent, lies now in the hands of young inexperienced boys below the draft age. The situation clearly calls for greater precautions than ever before!

AN analysis of the boundaries of closures recently announced in the Rogue River national forest shows that restricted areas have been greatly reduced. This comes in the form of a "bonus" to those who use and enjoy the forests for recreation. It is possible because of their fine record in the past. It indicates the faith that forest service officials hold in the continued cooperation of the public in keeping the forests green.

THE energetic work of the "Keep Oregon Green" committee here in Jackson county, the valuable assistance of youthful Green Guards, and the efficiency of federal and state forest service personnel here, have really kept southern Oregon green during the past few years. There must be no resting on past laurels, no slackening of vigilance. This is the favorite season of the fire "splinter cat". Don't let it imperil the war effort, our forests and our livelihood!—H.G.

Don't Delay Postwar Plans

Babson Optimistic on Business and Politics

Babson Park, Mass., July 21.—(Special Correspondence)—In most of its phases, American business has expanded and profited during the war. Many plants have been greatly enlarged while much corporate debt has been eliminated. Labor has profited from increased wages. This in turn has helped retail merchants. Most individuals also will come through the war in fair financial shape.

In the immediate postwar era, business has even greater possibilities. There should be a tremendous demand for goods and services heretofore unavailable. With individuals holding the largest amount of savings in the history of the country, there should be plenty of customers. However, business must produce the goods and create employment opportunities. This can be done but necessitates planning now with the hearty co-operation of employers, labor leaders and government.

Many uncertainties must be overcome. Manufacturers must decide what new products they must make to take the place of their present war output. Most of them should arrange for the sale or junking of obsolete equipment and the purchase of new machinery. They should get rid of surplus inventories no longer needed. They should now study markets for their new products and figure costs and prices. If different types of workers are to be employed, classes for their instruction should now be planned. Tentative production schedules should now be whipped into shape.

Many uncertainties affecting all businesses await government action. Such action will include the laying of definite plans for re-conversion, post-war taxation and whether or not controls will continue in effect after the war on materials, prices and labor. Furthermore, only the government can act on the disposal of government-owned plants and surplus government stocks of goods and commodities. The Baruch-Hancock report emphasizes the necessity for early government action on all postwar plans. Wise employers, however, will not wait for the government to act.

Political Outlook Has Bullish Tinge. The ramifications of current business problems and those of the immediate postwar period are so many I cannot emphasize too strongly the need for efficient research and planning departments. Managements should give attention first, to broad plans, and secondly, to the details of their companies' activities following the end of the war. From the standpoint of business, the political situation is now more hopeful than it has been for years. The Dewey-Brieker ticket is a definite "go ahead" signal—win or lose. If we have sound government

German Prisoners March Through Streets of Moscow



Cheering Russians mass on both sides of this Moscow street to watch 57,000 German prisoners, taken in recent Soviet offensive, march through city on way to prison camps. Photo radioed from Moscow.

policies and a greater degree of co-operation between government and business and more co-operation between management and labor, we should have some good postwar years. Short-sighted businessmen and merchants will continue to fail—as they always have failed—regardless of periods of prosperity and periods of depression. Real workers—whether in the executive, white collar or union groups—will be able to take care of themselves.



Olive Barber's

Observations

At twenty and engaged to marry a lad not much older than herself, Marian had to go to a tuberculosis sanitarium. It was eight years before she was pronounced cured and could return home.

Two years proved to be all the waiting the young man to whom she was engaged could take. He married another girl, a healthy girl. Marian didn't blame him but for a while after that she didn't care whether she got well or not.

Just when the older man, a neighbor whom she'd looked on almost as a father, first started coming to see her, she scarcely remembers. It was somewhere during the period after Jack had stopped coming and she wasn't noticing much then.

But the older man kept coming; her youth and frailty and most of all the way she'd been deserted, did things to his heart. Maybe he was one of those men who are more touched by weakness and helplessness in a woman than they are with strength and independence.

In time the girl grew to look forward to his visits. Some one really cared whether she lived or died! Some one was sure she would live! More than the care she received at the sanitarium, this knowledge hastened her along the road to recovery; may even have pushed back death which, after Jack's abandonment, had pressed very near.

For six years the man made his regular visits. Then she was pronounced cured and sent home. Still frail and lost in a world from which she had been so long removed, the girl was at a loss as to how she would make a living. Of course you've guessed by now that the man asked her to marry him and that she did. It is my opinion that if she hadn't she wouldn't have survived.

Her husband has cared for her, been both husband and father to her. She's constantly urged not to work too hard and everything which can be done to make life easy and pleasant for her he does. There must be no children, he says, because of her frailty. Some might add there shouldn't be any because at an age when children cost the most, he would be too old to support them. But I honestly believe neither the girl nor the man ever thinks of this.

Rest, good food and most of all his never failing love have given curves to the girl's body, put roses in her cheeks and you can see how he marvels that this young and laughing girl really belongs to him. Those who do not know the circumstances marvel too, at the May-December mating. Yet I think he has earned the happiness which is now his. If some marriages are made in heaven, surely this is one of them.

Grants Pass Pilot Drops Note to Kin. Grants Pass, July 24.—"Hi, folks! I'll call you from Medford!" was the message dropped to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. St. John.

BEAR'S VICTIM. Catherine Seales, young New Jersey girl, whose right arm was bitten off by polar bear in New York's Central Park Zoo during nocturnal visit to animal's cage.

BARCLAY DEAD. New York, July 24.—(UPI)—Lt. Cmdr. McClelland Barclay, 50, famous illustrator and artist, who has been missing in the Pacific since last July, now is officially considered dead, the navy today informed his brother, Robert Hamilton Barclay, chief electrical engineer for the J. G. White Engineering corporation.

Closing time for Classified ads 9 a. m. — Too late to classify, 12-30 p. m.



BEAR'S VICTIM. Catherine Seales, young New Jersey girl, whose right arm was bitten off by polar bear in New York's Central Park Zoo during nocturnal visit to animal's cage.

of St. John's resort on the South Pacific highway from the Heli-diver plane that swooped low over the Grants Pass area Friday afternoon. At the controls of the plane was their son, Lt. Ray R. St. John, Marine pilot.

Lt. St. John had telephoned from El Toro Marine base at Santa Ana, Calif., that he was coming over, so they were watching for the message he dropped in a little water-proofed bag. Lt. St. John left his plane at Medford airport and joined his family until Monday.

RAY ACCOUNTING SUIT TESTIMONY CONTINUES. Hearing of testimony in the suit of Charles Ray and others against Frank H. Ray and others, for appointment of a receiver and accounting, continues today in circuit court before Judge H. K. Hanna. Most of last week was consumed with presentation of the plaintiff's case. The hearing was originally set for last Monday and Tuesday.

DOUGLAS COUNTY TOWNS MENACED BY FOREST FIRES SET BY INCENDIARIES. France blamed for deadlock on war reparations.

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