

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Messrs. Hague, Kelly, and Flynn, big-town bosses, who blossomed and quelled the aboriginal wildness of untamed and untutored democrats at the Chicago convention, deserve something more than the personal knowledge of a neat, workmanlike, and masterly job well done. Either one, as secretary of labor, instead of Madame Perkins, would take no lip from John L. Lewis, who wouldn't be so bad himself, at the same post.

Monday, was the first anniversary of the draining of the sawdust from Mussolini, the sawdust Caesar of Italy. The fact this windy, loathsome murderer and egotist, though silent and secluded, is still alive, is a monument to the tender heartedness of the United Nations.

Members of the fair sex, these torrid days, are garnering tan on torso and pan, and fighting freckles and fat.

NO DOGS BARKED! (Pendleton East Oregonian)

"Col. J. B. Eddy's alleged picture is printed in a St. Louis paper, but it doesn't look like him very much. If it did he would be a man for women to look upon with trembling and children to run away from in terror. But they don't."—(30 Yr. Ago Col.)

The dandelions, after a prosperous season dodging lawnmowers and extractors, have started to wither. They have demonstrated their ability to grow any place, but on a bald head.

A Kansas boy of three years drives a tractor on his father's farm, and allegedly does a good job. Millions are unconvinced the "manpower shortage" is that bad.

No mention has been made this month to date, of pet poisoners and P. Laval, the French traitor. A new style villain, however, is showing up. He steals shotgun shells hoarded all year to shoot a duck in November.

HARMONY FOR YOU! (Astoria Astorian-Budget)

"But among merchants affected and voting, 18 of them accepted the hours of 9:30 to 6 daily, 11 proposed that hours continue as present and unchanged, and 11 others suggested everything from staying open all night when the moon is full, to closing whenever it hailed stones as large as but no larger than a fresh pea."

The Premier of Great Britain on a visit to the Normandy front, informed the troops Germany is weakening, internal strife rages, and the war might "come to an end earlier than we have a right to say." Why all the coyness, about saying when the war will end? It will be no news to the Huns. The logic resembles Herr Hitler's, who maintains the Germans have "no right to quit fighting," though licked. It would be no atrocity, if the war did end, "earlier than we have a right to say."

The Fourth Term candidate promises the presidential campaign will not be conducted "in the usual political sense." This does not make sense, political or otherwise. The mean republicans are apt to chase him into a defense plant, with no way to escape, except by making a stump speech. There is some talk of establishing campaign headquarters in this county. Passing out New Deal literature will be known as K. P. duty, to keep everything on a war basis. The county central committee will meet every afternoon to peel potatoes on the sidewalk.

Due to the war and gasoline restrictions, backyard vacations are popular. For old times sake many are loading up the family car, just as if they were going away back in the fall timber and pick huckleberries and fish.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 23.—Sorry we can't report on the "Mudum" Perkins denouement.

The gals were all on hand when the Truman avalanche started, but the excitement was so intense, and such confusion reigned that when your correspondent returned to his seat, to get his breath and rearrange his toupe, the ladybirds had flown,—every chair was vacant.

And they never came back.

We would guess, however, there were no tears or lamentations, for when they returned after tea, around five o'clock and Mrs. B.—Henry Wallace's sister,—passed around a box of cakes and cookies in our portion of the press section, a note of humility and sadness had replaced the former note of excitement and exaltation. We attributed this to plain physical fatigue at the time, but looking back feel reasonably sure the report it was all "fixed" for Truman when Kelly gives the word,—had reached them as it had the "active press," and they, unlike your special operator at least, believed it. They were closer to the powers that knew the inside dope, and therefore had more reason to.

We have to admit we didn't.

And all but one of the newspaper representatives in our group didn't, and that one, from West Virginia, wouldn't bet even a dollar on it.

He was quite a character incidentally. Never wrote a line as far as we were able to determine and devoted himself conscientiously to a flask containing a mixture of iced rye and "coke"—yet aside from talking almost continuously about early American political history from the days of Randolph of Virginia down,—or up,—never showed the slightest alcoholic results, whereas his neighbors who also indulged at times on his urgent invitation, got a 20-mule-team kick.

A great tank that W. V. hombre.

Those last few minutes of the convention, however, we shall never forget.

It is true that from the very outset, the grapevine in the press section was to the effect that it was all "fixed,"—the Kelly-Flynn-Hague crowd would give the Salvation Army division with Henry Wallace beating the drum a nice complimentary play, but it was in the bag for Truman and when the psychological time came, the Tammany band-wagon would start.

Some of the reporters played that angle from the first. But more of them didn't. We should say nearly 90% of the press, including our old friend, "Doodle" Page of the Philadelphia Bulletin (who had a line direct to the Democratic feed-box) didn't believe the bosses had the votes needed, and wouldn't dare order them out, against the overwhelming popular sentiment for Wallace, if they really did have them. It would, they thought, be too raw.

There was no doubt the bosses WANTED to beat Wallace and were working day and night to do it. But there was a widespread feeling they just couldn't cut it,—or wouldn't,—couldn't overcome the tremendous tide of Wallace popular feeling, not only in the galleries, but on the convention floor.

PRECISELY what happened your correspondent still doesn't know,—and has, to date, not been able to find out.

We ran into Jim Farley Saturday noon, as he was leaving the Stevens Hotel for New York. He doesn't know us from a jack-rabbit, but he extended his hand and beamed a warm and cheery "goodbye,"—never saw him look happier or more fit.

"Well Jim, what did you think of it?" we queried.

"Didn't like anything about it," was his jaunty reply, "but I am for the ticket," and surrounded by family and friends he proceeded to the taxi.

We have a pious idea Jim is one of the few who knows what REALLY happened, but doubt if he ever tells the press,—for publication at least.

One of the most mysterious features was the sudden transformation in the gallery,—vociferously for Wallace Thursday night and all day Friday until around 6 p. m., and then suddenly for no apparent reason it all stopped,—completely stopped and Truman was put over with scarcely one feeble note of protest.

How come? What happened? Did Kelly give his signal? NOT Kelly! Some other boss perhaps, but not the Chicago one, for Truman was put over when the Chicago "big shot" was across the street in his saloon getting set for the grand march, and fixing up the final details with the rebels from down state. Kelly jumped on the band-wagon LATER, all out of breath, and took one drum major's place, but Senator Truman defeated Henry Wallace by those "baker's dozen" votes, WITHOUT ILLINOIS AND WITHOUT ITS BOSS. That is the historical fact. Was that merely clever stage management to take off the boss control onus? Perhaps. But, until the evidence is produced, we doubt it.

Another thing.

One of the highlights of this convention was the gallery effort to howl down "Boss" Kelly when he made his nomination speech for Senator Lucas,—another poor log cabin boy,—and the gallery came within a gnat's eyebrow of doing it.

For at least five minutes the man who bought and paid for this convention and who rules the second largest city in the land with a "steel hand in a velvet glove," who is the greatest single power in the Democratic party in the Middle West,—could not get a word in edgewise over the boos and hoots and catcalls of the CIO boys up there in "nigger heaven," who demanded Wallace and wouldn't listen to anything but Wallace for two days straight.

We have an idea it was one of the greatest, if not THE greatest crisis in Edward Kelly's long and tumultuous public career. For had he been booted down and forced to quit his loss of face here in Chicago would have been tremendous,—with his important henchmen perhaps disastrous.

But Ed Kelly,—like another Ed Kelly we fondly recall!—was not of the RETIRING type. Outwardly urbane, quietly restrained, the Boss of Chicago would never have climbed to his present political eminence were there any lack of animal courage or combative stamina. Kelly stood his ground and then looking up at the galleries, defiantly he declared in solemn measured tones, each word with a punch of strong feeling and determination behind it:

"I ask for respect and consideration, not only as a member of the Illinois delegation and as its chairman, but as the Mayor of this city!"

AT ONCE, the hullabaloo in the gallery started to quiet down, and then stopped.

We believe we are correct in maintaining that it never returned to its former intensity and spirit of rowdy belligerence again. It did not quiet the Wallace chant entirely, but never again was there quite the same bounce and fervor, while at the close, the gallery might as well have been cleared as far as any part in the proceedings pro or con were concerned,—yet apparently the same crowd was up there. All very mysterious.

Did Hillman call off his CIO boys and girls after the Kelly speech, being aware the game was up? Or was it just one of those spontaneous "coincidental" things?

The inside dope may be spilled eventually, but we have an idea it won't be until after the close of the present campaign.

But what a dramatic tableau!

There was the bitter bit,—and in the same place! Boss Kelly who four years ago gave the order to his drunk and disorderly cohorts to boo down that fine old gentleman and scholar, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, here was booed down himself.

We regret that impartial history will have to record, however, the second effort was no more successful than the first.

Unlike Dewey in the same spot, Senator Truman was neither cool nor collected. We edged our way to the main platform,—the only place in the auditorium where a press badge had not been an entrance ticket,—and almost fell over ex-Secretary of the Navy Daniels and his dashing blonde wife to get there,—they kept to their reclining chair seats throughout.

mility" and a "continuance of his senate efforts" with obvious relief when he finally was cut off.

The happiest man in that platform group was the chairman of the Democratic National committee, Mr. Hannegan, and he had reason to be. Not only was Truman his personal choice and a fellow townsman,—not only did he work for him and against Wallace throughout the convention, but had Truman NOT been the winner, Brother Hannegan would today be out of a job as far as the Democratic party is concerned,—AWAY out! As it is he keeps his job for another year at least.

Sorry we couldn't leave with P. J. for the coast, but certain matters of a personal and business nature require our return to Rockford for a few days. Here is hoping the Weather Man continues to keep the heat turned off.

Speaking of heat, turned on or off, it is claimed in certain quarters here that genial Tom Gerry, the assistant superintendent of sewers who kept yelling "We want Roosevelt!" from the GOP convention mike four years ago, did his Boy Scout deed during the BOP convention THIS year, by turning on the Stadium steam-heat!

This may be apocryphal, but we doubt if the Republicans would have been MUCH more uncomfortable had he done so.

—R.W.R.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, July 26.—These reports out of Sweden and Switzerland on the German revolution are always open to suspicions of exaggeration.

The Germans long have had their rumor agents well planted. True also Hitler may well have decided to make a virtue out of the purge. Dictators have done that before. But you need go no further than the Russian front to know the end is nigh. His military situation has become indefensible in any substantial or durable manner. The end should be a matter of a few weeks or at the most months.

PERHAPS the best indication of the actual condition is a letter the Russians captured from the pocket of the Nazi tank general, Hoffmeister. It sounded like what a German tank general might well say and is considered authentic. Hoffmeister related how he had been called all the way back to Berlin from the fighting front last May to hear a speech by der fuhrer to assembled eastern generals.

Hitler talked along in an easy way, saying he and national socialism had been in desperate conditions before, that he had always surmounted these trying times, and he suggested with polite but unmistakable innuendo that they read the history of national socialism. The younger generals showed some enthusiasm for this line of talk, but the older generals asked where they would get the soldiers, planes and tanks. Hoffmeister complained of contrary orders later received, first to withdraw, then to hold, and of the lack of reinforcements which finally caused his tank group to be annihilated.

These same older generals are the ones who led the revolt. Since the middle of June the Russian advance has been little more than a march. Put no trust in the planted Swiss reports that none of the revolutionary or dissenting generals were on that eastern front.

BY far the greatest sentiment against Hitler has been evident on that line since Stalingrad. At no point yet have they been able to defend a line, although one was promised (a stout one, the Germans said) running from Riga to Odessa. Odessa has long since gone and Riga is outflanked, and probably surrounded. The Nazis just do not have the men and materials for a real fighting effort and the generals know it best.

What we must look for next is a pause in the Russian marching to bring up communication lines. That they have gone as far and as fast as they have without stopping for this necessity is truly remarkable. But the pause is apt to be covered by a switch in Russia in emphasis to the Lwow area. (The Nazis probably have removed most of their 300,000 men reported trapped in the Baltic states by this time.)

IN Normandy the same weakness is evident. The slow fighting there lately has merely represented our upbuilding of strength for the push ahead.

Only in Italy can they hope to hold out for long. There, they are retiring upon a mountainous short line (Gothic) upon which they once had 20,000 Italian laborers at work preparing positions, and in all, spent at least six months building positions which could be defended by a weak force. The Po river line behind that one is indefensible considering the size of their force.

Thus it is the young German officers who are as much responsible for the continuation of this war as is Hitler. They are the ones who answer a question which has long been in my mind as to how in the world he could possibly maintain himself in the face of his situation. But they cannot long continue fanatically oblivious to the decisions in which so many of their wiser elders lost their lives.

Santa Barbara celebrates its "Old Spanish Days" fiesta for three days during the August full moon.

Fuson's Mother Laid To Rest In Ashland Service

Ashland, July 26.—Funeral services were held here yesterday for Mrs. Mary E. Wood, 89, a resident of Ashland for the past 51 years, who passed away at her home Saturday.

Widow of Dr. J. L. Wood who came to Ashland over half a century ago, she was a devout member of the Methodist church.

The deceased was born on a farm near Dowlstown-DeCalb, Tenn., April 20, 1855.

Survivors include a son, Thomas J. Fuson of Medford, and three daughters, Mrs. Jessie Lee Stratton of Long Beach, Cal.; Mrs. Bessie May Welch of Exeter, Cal., and Mrs. Maude Reed of Santa Monica, Cal.

Governor Of Baja Jails His Critics

Tijuana, Baja Calif., Mex., July 26.—(U.P.)—Three newspaper editors were in federal prison today charged with disturbing the peace by printing articles attacking the governor of the northern territory of Baja California.

Andres E. Aleman, federal district attorney and former Tijuana mayor, issued the warrants for the arrest of Manuel Acosta Meza, editor of El Imparcial; Guillermo Medina Amor, editor of El Condor, and Rodolfo Calderon, editor of Cine Al Dia.

OPA RECORDS BURN

Reno, Nev., July 26.—(U.P.)—War price and ration records for all of Reno were badly damaged and in some few instances destroyed, when fire raged for a time early today in the Johnson Chevrolet building in downtown Reno.

SCREAMING JAPS FAIL TO FRIGHTEN TINIAN MARINES

Americans Mow Nip Attackers Down When Desperate Counter-Attacks Tried

By Richard W. Johnston

United Press War Correspondent

Aboard Expeditionary Flagship, Tinian, July 25.—(U.P.)—(Via Navy Radio)—United States Marines swept onto Ushi point air-drome and scaled and captured the strategic heights commanding it today after a night of fighting in which several hundred Japanese were killed in desperate, futile counterattacks.

The alert marines mowed down the enemy at the beach-head perimeter, unperturbed by the Japs' wild yells and screams and the flash of their Samurai swords.

Five Tanks Lost

Japanese armament for the assault consisted largely of machine guns and rifles. They also put into action five tanks, which promptly were blown into oblivion by our bazookas.

The night attacks came at an unprecedentedly early hour and apparently reflected the sharpened Japanese desire for a celestial reunion at the Yasakuni shrine—a desire which usually is not manifested until the closing days of a campaign.

Observers attributed the Japanese desire for immediate immolation to the fact that they had been virtually isolated from the remainder of the garrison in southern Tinian, and had developed a war neurosis induced by more than six weeks of artillery, naval and aerial bombardment.

Dawn Death Date

The Japanese attacks came from both right and left flanks of the beachhead and tanks moved down from the airport area. The Nips struck shortly before dawn—their favorite hour for dying for their emperor.

Our losses were remarkably light. A brief mid-morning mortar barrage from shifting hidden mountain positions proved ineffective.

Marines of the Second and Fourth divisions who had only a fortnight's rest after the costly conquest of Saipan and whose ranks were full of replacements, moved rapidly throughout the day. They showed no evidence

of lowered combat efficiency. Their progress was reflected by official use of the historic marine catch-phrase:

Situation In Hand

"The situation is well in hand."

One force drove across the gently-rising ground and fought its way through barracks, houses and hangars of Ushi airport, which lies on the northwest coastal tip of this island.

Other marines pushed southward down the craggy, coral-headed western coastal strip and then wheeled inland to flank and scale the gray and white cliffs which jut up from green fields and woods like a weather-worn fort.

From the bridge of this flagship I could see marine tanks and guns blazing their way up the steep southwest approaches to the 500-foot-high plateau.

Infantrymen already had clawed their way up the sheer slopes to out Japs from the bare, rocky point which had been the enemy's point of watching the battle and fall of Saipan.

Expansion of the beachhead toward the alldrome and the northern cliffs did not mean that the battle was more than well begun, however. Beyond the heights taken today lies Mount Lasso, which is the island's highest point. Beyond Lasso is Tinian town and the rugged cliffs and plateaus of the southern sector of the island.

Relic Harvest

The marines, not cured of souvenir hunting by the wealth of mementoes obtained at Saipan, reaped a new harvest of swords and Rising Sun battle flags.

The Americans quickly organized to resume the offensive this morning after turning back the Japanese. Behind a curtain of white phosphorus and anti-personnel shells from the fleet and Saipan-based shore artillery they smashed forward in two directions.

Like Saipan, Tinian is a big island. Although the terrain is less rugged it still represents a lot of land to overrun. Farther south, the cliffs and hills are full of enemy holdouts and digging out Japanese from caves has proved a slow, painful and inevitably costly business.

South End Isolated

Japanese concentrated on the southern end of the island have been cut off from the northern defenders by our constant spot bombing and bombardment of strategic rail and highway junctions. It is likely, however, that they will greet our forces with final desperate charge.

The glassy calm seas today permitted transfer of the majority of needed supplies shoreward.

The marines now have everything necessary to finish the

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

July 26, 1924

(It was Thursday)

Austria drives out Nazi rebels. Italian soldiers move to border as hint to Hitler, they will not tolerate interference in Austria by Germany.

Deaths from heat in Mid-West now total 1212, with cooler weather in some areas.

Circuit judges of state to get no pay for three months due to treasury deficits.

Start improvement of Agate-Butte Creek unit of Crater Lake highway.

Partly cloudy and cooler. High 90, low 54 degrees.

Tomato diseases cut prospects of large crop in valley.

Dog poisoner busy in Jacksonville area.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 26, 1904

(It was Saturday)

Defense started in Loeb-Leopold insanity hearing at Chicago.

President Coolidge rebukes those who oppose National Defense Day September 12.

Forest fire near Butte Falls brought under control.

Cloudy. High 102, low 52 degrees.

Drouth boosts price of vegetables in Portland.

Grants Pass seeks 1925 convention of state editors.

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes at double your money back.

When excess stomach acid causes indigestion, acid reflux, gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors advise the fastest-acting medicine known for irritable relief—medicines like those in Bell's Gas Tablets. No laxative. Still and brings comfort in a 5 minute relief.

Nervous, Restless

On "CERTAIN DAYS" of the Month?

If functional periodic disturbances make you feel nervous, tired, restless, "dragged out"—at such times—try (a) Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It helps nature! Pinkham's Compound is also a grand stomachic tonic. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

ATTENTION HOUSEWIVES

FACTS

Concerning Your Milk Supply

Medford City Ordinance requires that all herds producing milk must be free from Tuberculosis and Bangs Disease.

All herds producing milk for the City of Medford are either under Federal or State supervision for control of Tuberculosis and Bangs Disease. Only milk from herds free from these two diseases is sold in the city.

Jackson County is a Federally Accredited Area for Tuberculosis which means that there is less than 1% infection of the cattle in the county.

If you are taking milk from a Licensed Dairy you may be sure that

- All Cows Are Free from Tuberculosis and Bangs Disease
- All Employees Have Passed a Satisfactory Health Test
- The Milk Is Clean, Safe and Nutritious

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LOST RIVER DAIRY
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