

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A sudden ending of the war would 'stun' the world, European statesmen fear. The people are willing to take a chance on such a horror. They want the stunning to be sudden. They want the 'statesmen' to blurt it right out, and not hush-hush the news for nine days, as was the surrender of Italy.

A Nebraska inventor is working on a scheme to drive an auto by water. Ever so often a driver shows up, who should try it on himself.

After what happened to Jim Farley, at the democratic convention, editors and commentators still call him 'Genial Jim', which he isn't. The greatest political strategist ever to occupy human hide, has extended a genial cold shoulder to both Term III, and Term IV.

"After Hitler—What?"—(Hill line Astoria Astorian-Budget)—Don't tell anybody, but it's mostly Russians.

Pictures in the millinery ads indicate fall hats will not look like hats, to the great joy of their fair-sex wearers.

'AS THE WIND LISTETH'

(The Dalles Chronicle)

"This has been one of the nastiest days we ever experienced in The Dalles. The wild and woolly wind from the west swept up the Columbia and fell upon the dusty streets with a whoop and a whirl. The sand and sediment left here by the flood last month, fled before it, lighting out towards Sherman county on the wings of the gale. As for items, had there been any, a reporter couldn't have seen one for sand, unless he actually fell on it."—(50 Yrs. Ago Col.)

B. Mussolini of Italy, in a 'pep' talk calls upon Italians to 'kill' other Italians on the firing line, and adds: "He who does not fight merely upholds the illusion of being alive." The old rascal is always talking about dying, but never does any of it himself. When he declared war on Ethiopia, had impudently shot at Il Duce's airmen dropping bombs on them, Emperor Selassie, announced: "I shall lead my troops into battle, but do not expect to find Senor Mussolini there." It was as neat an insult as ever failed to puncture Benito's egotism.

"President Roosevelt was cool as a cucumber in seersucker trousers, white shirt and black bow tie."—(Detroit Free Press)—What the well dressed cucumber is wearing.

American troops riding tanks pierced German lines in France, exacting high toll from the foe. Experience gained in their high school days riding the running boards of jalopies helped.

One of the Older Girls reports she met a rattlesnake yes, on the trail, and they both rattled.

Today is the birthday of Lee (Dubbi) Watson. For many years business for him has been pressing.

"She is 17 months old, and was thrown from a supposedly gentle saddle horse. Her ankle was broken. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Laurence."—(Press Dispatch)—Hint on the care of infants.

SHOULD GO FAR

"The Senior and Intermediate B. Y. P. U. will gather at the home of Birdie and Leola Howell for a musical treat Friday night, in the form of a recital. Those who have heard her since her return from taking vocal lessons in Hunterville hope that every member of the B. Y. P. U. will be on hand to hear Birdie Howell."—(Exchange)—Should go far!

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

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 25.—No doubt Phil Parrish of the Oregonian is by now en route west on the City of Portland. We had a reservation on the Streamliner, too, but had to cancel it at the eleventh hour because of important business calling us again to Rockford. We shall never forget Phil, either at Mayor Kelly's party, at the Drake or at the convention,—the one mature newspaperman we have ever known who not only has all his hair, but TOO much of it,—so much of it he has trouble at times seeing through it as do certain species of "Sky,"—or is it Scottish terrier? This difficulty was particularly apparent toward the close of the Kelly party and the last hours of the convention as Phil marched solemnly, like Napoleon at Elba, up and down the aisle behind that hirsut curtain!

So many things happened during those last two days we never sent to E.C.F.—it seems rather a pity to waste all that copy, but with conditions what they are in Germany we doubt if there is much public interest now in the Democratic "convocation." At the present pace of this ball-of-dirt news values change completely in a comparatively few hours. However, we are going to postpone our observations on the European situation a day or two,—perhaps what is and what isn't happening over there will be more apparent by that time.

This much is certain: As long as Hitler LIVES, there will be no real peace in Europe. Whether the Nazis fight their own countrymen or the allies,—or what seems even more likely, both, violence will continue in one form or another.

There were several amusing happenings those last two days we have not mentioned.

The chorine and muscle-bound Senator Barkley, for example, who was selected to deliver the nominating speech for F.D.R. (rather a childish bit of party appeasement we thought)—and who quite obviously did not have his heart in the task at all.

We have heard Senator Barkley speak a great many times and he can be quite effective when he is genuinely aroused, but this was extremely labored and routine for him. He stuttered a number of times and at one point the record (if correct) will show he spoke glowingly of the New Deal's "MINIMUM wages and MAXIMUM hours!"

Then there was a certain state chairman who in answer to the roll call gave his ten votes for that great leader, that greatest of all presidents, "THEODORE Roosevelt." He should go down to everlasting fame as a certain football player at California did, who ran in the wrong direction. But as far as we have been able to find out, no one in the press section ever got his name. The Malapropism, however, caused one of the biggest laughs of the session.

Senator Sam Jackson, the permanent chairman did, all in all, a good job, but like Bobby Clark, our favorite comedian, he can't function at his best, apparently, unless he has a cigar in his mouth. (He patted Helen Gahagan affectionately on the back with the hand that held a lighted cigar, much to the anxiety of the Chicago fireman stationed on the platform.) But even HIS Homer nodded when he introduced a young soldier boy to sing our national anthem, as having just been DISHONORABLY discharged. The convention records, if correct, will show that boner too.

As before stated, Vice-President Wallace was a new Wallace when with perfect dramatic timing he stepped before the microphone that Thursday afternoon, as a perfect climax to the constant chorus from the galleries: "We want Wallace!" No corn-belt yokel this time, hesitating for words, but a self-confident, aggressive and forceful "statesman," fluent and convincing.

It is our strong conviction, however, that that speech, good as it was, really cooked the Wallace goose as far as his nomination in that gathering was concerned. For its entire temper was calculated to increase the intensity of the feeling against him by the two forces that were so strong in this convention,—the Hague-Flynn-Kelly boss ring on one hand; the Southern conservatives on the other.

The Vice President, for example, came out unequivocally against the poll tax and in favor of equality for colored labor,—two flaming red flags for the Solid South bull. What he said about those who try to make "money out of public service" must have made Messrs. Hague, Flynn and Kelly SEE that color.

Finally he declared NO ONE in the country opposed President Roosevelt but the Nazis, the Japs, and a few antediluvian U. S. troglodytes.

He got a great bang out of that phrase incidentally and paused for a few moments to chuckle audibly over it,—showing his horse teeth as his long lock of gray hair fell over one eye. Plenty of anti-Roosevelt delegates there who didn't like THAT!

Vice President Wallace rose vastly in stature as a result of his conduct in this convention, both during the session and after, as far as your correspondent is concerned; but not, we are convinced, as far as the southern and boss sections of the Democratic party go. He is off their slate, we predict, forever!

Only a few weeks ago no whisky was obtainable in Illinois,—at least not in the regular retail stores. During the convention, however, in Kelly's Democratic club, and also at Kelly's party to the press at the Drake there was not only unlimited whisky, but it was free,—flowed like water. There was also beer, and hors d'oeuvres of various kinds,—no charge. It was not easy to get into either place, not only badges but credentials were scrutinized,—once in, however, it was a dipsomaniac's dream of paradise!

Who paid for it? Ed Kelly did,—at least he was sole host and functioned as one throughout.

Like Boss Hague, Kelly isn't a drinking man. He has a shock of hair on his head as thick and free from grey as a section of beauty-rest mattress. Ed was once a truck driver, and looks it; but he talks pleasantly, doesn't murder the King's English noticeably, and has considerable native dignity. So why shouldn't he, as Mayor of Chicago and genial host, give the delegates and newspaper men free food and drinks?

He should according to the ancient and honorable Boss tradition,—it is all a part of the game. That has been the Tammany system since the Revolutionary war, and the Tammany procedure since has been followed in practically every large city in this country from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate. So if you believe in Tammany government, you believe in it.

But we don't, and undoubtedly a vast majority of the American people don't, although in cities like Chicago and Boston and Philadelphia and until recent years in San Francisco and New York, they have done nothing about it.

Why haven't they? For two main reasons,—political indifference and because they haven't had, or got out, the votes.

At Kelly's Democratic club one day we sat at a table with a white haired gentleman from Boston. He introduced us to Mayor Tobin of that city, who had a drink of "coke" and chatted pleasantly,—a very charming person is Boston's Mayor. He looks like an alert and enthusiastic college freshman,—in appearance literally an adolescent. But don't worry, Mayor Tobin knows his way around or he wouldn't be Mayor of Boston.

Well, anyway, in a few simple words this amiable grandpappy from East Boston explained the secret of boss rule success in this country and the reason Franklin Delano Roosevelt always gets the big city vote, and as long as he refuses to fight boss government, undoubtedly always will.

It is, in short, that "free whisky" idea,—although these days the boys and girls in the precinct don't get much of that.

But they do get other things,—just as this old codger had a handful of convention tickets, was enjoying the gracious hospitality of Chicago, as he was being patted on the back and flattered by all the "big shots." And next winter he will get free coal, no doubt, and free clam bakes up the Cohasset Beach, and what have

you,—and he will pass the largesse on to his friends and neighbors.

For here was the PRECINCT boss,—the plain folks type,—nice man, too, hard working, temperate, good father and husband (this may or may not be true in this particular case, but it would be typical of the system)—he is the contact man who sees that John Jones or Mike Hogan or Tony Matuchinni gets coal when he is cold, medicine when he is sick, shoes for the baby when baby has none, picnics in the summer and smokers in the winter,—yes, the old Roman idea of circuses and bread.

Per capita it doesn't cost much, but when election day comes around it PAYS much,—it keeps not only that precinct captain on the pay roll, but it keeps the boss in his job and the boss system of government around the neck of the tax payer.

Obviously Ed Kelly didn't pay for this whisky and beer and what have you out of his own pocket, nor for the orchestras or hostesses or the hors d'oeuvres,—the tax payers of Chicago paid for them, and, of course, organized crime, the racketeers, the gamblers, the madams and what have you.

Not a pretty picture, but that is what boss government means, and what pays off,—as far as the Democratic party is concerned,—in practically every big city in the country on election day!

And there in Ed Kelly's Democratic club, directly across the street from the convention hall was a perfect clinical demonstration of it, in full blast every day that the convention was held.

—R.W.R.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although the use of a pen name is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarity and conciseness.

F.D.R.'s Sacrifice

To the editor:

At a recent press conference, President Roosevelt is credited with the statement that he would be willing to "sacrifice" his political ambitions if it would insure the unity of the nation in the coming peace program.—a tacit admission that he does harbor an unwholesome ambition to perpetuate himself in his present job. What else could it be? He is at the top now, has had the job for three consecutive terms and it would be a "sacrifice" for him to give it up now.

Recalls that news article in the contemporary press in the first year of the Roosevelt Dynasty, where an admirer assured the president that he "would go down in history as the best president these United States ever had." The president replied: "I will be the best, or I will be the last." Well, it all sort of adds up—Alfred E. Smith, discussing the so-called Tugwell bill, regulating foods, drugs, etc.,—quotes Tugwell as stating that what he (Tugwell) aims at is not just reform, but a revolution in the whole theory of government. (January 1934, New Outlook.)

You remember Tugwell, the "Guy" who had a fantastic scheme to plant a row of trees 100 miles wide across the "dust bowl" where the Lord decreed that trees should not grow. Yep, right-hand man of the president and king-pin of the New Deal gang of sophists. He became so nauseous to the public that the president sent him down to Porto Rico as governor. Tough on the Porto Ricans—he did not say what he had against them. Anyway, in January, 1942, they begged the president to remove him, as his teachings and doctrines were so un-American and calculated to destroy our free institutions, and just recently they threatened to revolt. Tugwell is still on the job, with the president's blessings, and the luckless Porto Ricans are still fuming and cussing.

At the initial session of the seventy-eighth congress in January, 1943, Speaker Rayburn assured the democratic members that they would be free to vote their conscience on domestic issues. That would be a new experience for many of them. Very good—only there is a suggestion that on other issues they would be told how to vote. How strange that the chosen representatives of a free (?) people have to be assured that they are free to vote their conscience?

Alex H. Smith,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

Italian PW Killed
Disobeying Order

Yuma, Ariz., July 27.—(U.P.)—An Italian prisoner of war participating in a walkout protest against working conditions at a camp near here was killed yesterday by a guard as he attempted to leave a temporary prison stockade, Sheriff T. H. Newman said today.

Newman said the guard had fired a warning shot in the air and then dropped the prisoner.

THE GRANGE

Eagle Point Grange met in regular session July 18 and elected to membership Mr. and Mrs. James Towne. With assistance of the drill team and tableaux third and fourth degrees were conferred on Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Hale, Mrs. Velma Noble, Barbara Jean Olsen, Mrs. Augusta Seefeld and Mrs. Alice Selb.

Visitors welcomed were Watt Beebe from Central Point and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stanley and daughter, Dorothy, of Lake Creek.

Bond sales of \$8,325 were announced by the bond selling committee composed of Mrs. Laura Clark, Mrs. Herty Hickson, Mrs. Nora Matthews, Millie Tingle and Ferrentine Farlow. At the August 1 meeting, refreshments will be served by Anna Brophy, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Holman and daughter, Mary Lemmons.

SECURITY AWARD
PRESENTED COPCO
BY COL. MATHENY

Industrial Protection Officer
of West Coast Congratu-
lates Utility on Record.

A National Security Award was presented yesterday to the California Oregon Power company by the United States Office of Civilian Defense in an informal ceremony in the office of the firm's president, A. S. Cummins. The award, one of six presented to Oregon industrial firms, was presented by Col. Austin C. Matheny, San Francisco, industrial protection officer for the 11 west coast states.

Col. Matheny congratulated the firm and its employees for winning the award and stated that but comparatively a few had been granted in the entire nation, the accomplishments of each firm being rigidly reviewed by various persons and agencies before final selections are made.

The officer stated that employees of the power company should be especially commended, adding "everyone had to work together to make such an outstanding record." He added that protection of the home front was still of vital importance and warned that Americans have a tendency towards over-optimism. "We mustn't step back, but keep slugging until our opponents are completely out," the officer said.

In accepting the award for the firm, Mr. Cummins said "our Copco people on the home front have performed their duties faithfully and this award will serve to spur us on to higher levels of public service." He voiced the highest praise for John Boyle, the firm's vice-president and general manager, who he said "has been more responsible than any one else for this firm's successes in the civilian defense work."

Mr. Boyle was unable to be present, having answered an emergency call at Prospect that morning.

150 In Service
Mr. Cummins also pointed out that 150 employees of the firm are in the armed services and that the civilian defense efforts had been to "back up" those people.

Jack Hayes, Salem, acting director of the Oregon State Defense council, introduced Col. Matheny. Others present and introduced by Frank Hull, Jackson county coordinator of civilian defense, were E. A. Taylor, Salem, chief deputy fire marshal for the state and chairman of the state plant protection committee; Capt. Charles W. Dutreux, the army's protection representative for the northwest;

Larry Schade, city councilman and representing Mayor Clarence Meeker; County Judge J. B. Coleman, A. E. Powell, county commissioner; George Green, editor of the Ashland Tidings and Moore Hamilton, editor of the News. Green and Judge Coleman spoke briefly.

Craterian Star



Now playing at the Craterian is "Two Girls and a Sailor," with June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Van Johnson, Jose Iturbi, Jimmy Durante and Gracie Allen.

the latter saying that no other company has ever done so much for the development of this county as the California-Oregon Power company.

It was explained that the small ceremony, with no employees present, had been decided upon due to war conditions.

The national award received by the firm reads: "The United States Office of Civilian Defense presents the National Security Award to the California Oregon Power company, recognizing the maintenance of a superior standard of protection and security. Effective joint efforts to safeguard production, employees and property have made possible this achievement which stands as a mark of distinction in the nation's war effort."

HOUSEHOLD GADGETS
REPAIR PARTS COMING

Washington, July 27.—(U.P.)—Householders can expect an early increase in the supply of repair and replacement parts for family laundry equipment, sewing machines, and vacuum cleaners, according to the War Production Board. The WPB said the increase would result from a relaxation of limitations on manufacturers' inventories.

Ration Calendar

RED STAMPS
Red stamps A8 through Z8 in ration book No. 4 valid indefinitely (meats and fats). Each stamp worth 10 points. Next 3 stamps valid July 30.

BLUE STAMPS
Blue stamps A8 through Z8 and A5 in ration book 4 valid indefinitely (processed foods). Each stamp worth 10 points. Next 5 stamps valid August 1.

SUGAR
Stamps Nos. 30, 31 and 32 in book No. 4 valid indefinitely for 5 pounds. Stamp No. 40 valid for 5 pounds home canning sugar to February 28, 1945. Apply at local boards on form R-323 for additional home canning sugar, affixing spare stamp No. 37 for each person (20 pounds maximum, a person).

SHOES
Airplane stamps Nos. 1 and 2 in ration book No. 3 valid indefinitely (each good for one pair).

GASOLINE
September 21 — Expiration date of stamps No. 12 in A book (three gallons each), B3, C3, B4, C4, T, R1 and R2 stamps worth 5 gallons each; D, 1½ gallons; E, 1 gallon.

FUEL OIL
September 30 — Expiration date of period 4 and 5 coupons. New period 1 coupons may be used as soon as received.

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 27, 1934

(It was Thursday)

Portland docks deserted as new violence flares in strike.

Italy sends troops to Austria, as Vienna girds for new attack by Nazis.

Pasadena menaced by brush fires.

Partly cloudy. High 95, low 56 degrees.

Cooling breezes and rains bring relief to parched middle west.

Luman Brothers store at Main and Bartlett to open August 11.

Big crew busy on new Ashland railroad underpass construction.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 27, 1914

(It was Sunday)

Eleven fires set by firebug near Roseburg.

Decision of state income tax validity to be made next Tuesday.

Partly cloudy. High 96, low 50 degrees.

Secretary of state sends sharp note to Persia following attack on American woman.

Defense alienists spring surprise by declaring Loeb and Leopold "thrill killers" sane when they kidnapped and murdered millionaire's son.

Craters to investigate local water problem.

Hitler's Escape
Due to Miracle
Claims Goebbels

London, July 27.—(U.P.)—Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels said tonight that if Adolf Hitler's escape from the explosion last week "was no miracle, then there are no miracles."

"I have seen the room in which it was done," he said. "The criminal had smuggled a mine in a document case into the fuhrer's room, having been invited to report at a staff conference."

"The whole room was within the enormous blast zone, and the only point comparatively untouched was that at which the fuhrer stood."

KIDNEYS
MUST REMOVE
EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be overworked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up middle, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels!

so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

...Proudly we hail...

THE COVETED "M" AWARD OF THE
UNITED STATES MARITIME COMMISSION

"For Outstanding Production Achievement"

... reads the official message that conveys the news of the United States Maritime Awards to Wade-Multnomah!

This, the highest honor that has come to our organization since its founding in the farm implement field in 1865, will serve as a constant inspiration to keep our war production up to the highest possible peak until Victory has been won.

In tribute to the skill and industry that the men and women of Wade-Multnomah have put into the Maritime construction programs since 1942, the "M" Pennant, Victory Fleet Flag and Merit Badges for all workers will be awarded.

The Presentation Program will be held at the Multnomah Iron Works plant at 2335 N.W. 30th Avenue, Portland, Saturday, July 29th.

R. M. WADE & CO.

AND MANUFACTURING DIVISION:
MULTNOMAH IRON WORKS
Manufacturers and Distributors of Farm Implements and Equipment Since 1865
PORTLAND, OREGON

