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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO
July 13, 1942
(It was Monday)

The Jackson county scrap rubber drive yields 698,071 pounds, exceeding the most optimistic estimates by nearly 100 tons.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot Column: What does it profit a speed-idiot patriot to have an auto horn that plays the "Star Spangled Banner," red V's on the windshield and doors for Victory, and flags fluttering from the radiator, if every time he turns a corner he rips off four-bits worth of rubber.

20 YEARS AGO
July 13, 1932
(It was Wednesday)

Jackson County Chamber of Commerce seeks $6,500,000 in federal funds to aid in the completion of the railroad from the Rogue valley to Crescent City and to extend it east to Klamath Falls.

The chief engineer of the Public Utilities commission arrives in Medford to begin an investiation to determine if California Oregon Power company is operating on a fair rate basis.

30 YEARS AGO
July 13, 1922
(It was Thursday)

County clerk refuses to accept petitions nominating D. M. Lowe as a recall candidate against Sheriff C. E. Terrill; they're not petitions, he says, they're only recommendations.

Medford Minister T. L. Theumler declares that Satan is responsible for the spiritualistic doctrine that the dead contact the living.

40 YEARS AGO
July 13, 1912
(It was Saturday)

Medford and Pendleton gain nationwide attention for the publicity stunts of their citizens who attended the Elks convention in Portland.

The Equitable Underwriters of Portland declare Jacksonville has the state's best water system, except for Portland's.

Seven-Foot Robot Due To Visit Mayor Flynn

A seven-foot tin can robot who walks, talks and whistles at pretty girls will be in Medford Tuesday to visit with Mayor Diamond L. Flynn.

The half-ton electrically controlled robot will invite Mayor Flynn to attend the opening of American Can company's new fibre milk container plant in Portland August 17. This plant will be the first complete paper milk container manufacturing unit in the Northwest.

While here Canco Charlie is expected to greet many local citizens and point out the importance of Jackson county's milk production.

The fruit can-shaped robot walks, rolls his eyes and turns his head as he talks. He is one of the nation's best-traveled mechanical men, having made public appearances across the country.

The beaver yields a peculiar substance called castoreum, an oily, heavily scented substance formerly used in medicine.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 12—(Special Wire)—This is another morning after the night before and while they are cleaning out the deserted stockyard convention hall, the odor lingers on.

There is the usual attempt to convince the visitors that what they smell is not really an odor, but a harmony-tuned sweetness-and-light perfume—but they fool no one who was there.

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Nor did that sporting gesture of Senator Taft, asking that the nomination of General Eisenhower be made unanimous fool anyone.

There were not only scattered "no's" to the motion, but the real sentiment of the delegates was registered long before the Senator came in—and the good ship "Robert Alphonso Taft" went down, but with its flag flying and with the captain and a majority of the crew, going down with it.

All doubt of this fact was removed this morning by the official organ of the Taft section of the GOP, the Chicago Tribune. We quote:

"Eisenhower is Truman's candidate. He is Tom Dewey's candidate—the most unpopular figure in the party today.

"He is Wall Street's candidate.

"He is Europe's candidate."

If this is loyal support of the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket how would one define hostility and bitter opposition?

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No there is no point in kidding ourselves, or trying to kid the people.

This convention was a dog-fight and to a finish. The Taft dog never gave up, "the Old Guard dies but it never surrenders."

And why should it?

For it was in reality a fight for its existence, a fight for its control of the grand old party, and without that control the Old Guard won't long exist.

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There will no doubt be a semblance of life for a while. There may even be protestations of "all-for-one-and-one-for-all." But this stockyard convention, as predicted when it started, was to mark the slaughter of one side or the other, and that is what has happened.

Genuine tears will be shed by some over this tragic end, and not tears of joy like General Eisenhower's, when notified of his nomination. But in the judgment of the undersigned not only is the Republican party, not only this country, but the civilized world, fortunate that this fight-to-the-death came out just as it did.—R. W. R.

Chicago, July 10th—As the convention has become hotter, the atmosphere outside has become cooler—thank the Lord. (Or the weather-man if you prefer.) Inside, of course, the air-conditioner has helped, in spite of the emotional heat.

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Just returned from the Palmer House a block away where we file our wires, when in town, and was greeted by a band in the lobby playing one of our old-time favorites "Working on The Railroad." We haven't had much sleep for two nights, but that is one compensation the "grey-beards" enjoy, they don't need so much. In fact "Foxy Grandpaw" was so inspired by the tune that he asked the well-nourished older gal at the GOP information desk, for the next dance. She wasn't in a dancing mood, however. She has claimed all along to be neutral as far as the nomination is concerned, but we were not surprised to find out she is for Taft. All Republicans who ADVERTISE their neutrality around here seem to be for Taft.

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However, "the band played on!"

And executing our famous soft-shoe routine we discovered the band represented Oregon for on their bizarre caps and uniforms, was emblazoned "Oregon is for Ike." The Oregon delegation is staying at the Palmer House, which hotel is tops at this convention—and this was a nice gesture, even though it was a bit early in the morning after the night before, for blaring band music, below one's bedroom window!

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As those who have seen the convention over TV realize, Oregon has been quite prominently in the limelight. During the polling of the New York delegation in the Georgia contest last night for example, Governor McKay's dark glasses and Senator Morse's dark EYEBROWS were much in evidence. Both being enthusiastic Ike supporters, they are having a fine time. So is Bill McAllister, though we have been able to talk with Bill, only over the phone.

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As we just wired, it is hard to see how General Eisenhower can lose now, although Robert Alphonso refuses to concede it. If he does not win on the first ballot which he still claims, we wonder what his alibi will be. It is hard to see what it CAN be, but Robert Alphonso isn't dumb, so it may be good. It is difficult to picture him, however, as persisting in pugilistic routine and claiming he "wuz robbed."

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We referred above to the Palmer House as hotel "tops" in this convention. This is especially true after one has spent any time at the Conrad Hilton (largest hotel in the country) which is Taft's headquarters; or the Blackstone next door, which is Eisenhower's. One has to stand in line for half an hour—more or less—to get an elevator. If one tackles the stairs, the going isn't much better. There are star chamber meetings here, there and everywhere, ditto walky-talkies with swinging antennae, camera bulbs flashing all over the place, TV's glittering through doors ajar high school bands playing and pep-squads yelling, and at least a million kinds of badges on parade—even a few for General MacArthur and fewer for the completely "forgotten man" Stassen. If you wish anything to eat or drink—again you must stand in line—which the undersigned refuses under any circumstances these days to do.

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All around these two hotels, moreover, night and day the crowds are milling. Over their roofs is the before mentioned "Ike" blimp, like an overinflated great fish, hanging in the sky; and that grinning rubifoam dental display of "Battling Bob," in technicolor. An "Ike" helicopter rattles around the hotel chimney-tops, and scores of sound-trucks of all shapes and sizes often bumper-to-bumper as they drill around and around—some delivering stump speeches via screechy records, others producing college marching songs ("Anchors Aweigh" being a prime favorite); and also Ike's love song dedicated to "Mamie."

One sound truck featured a song written in honor of Senator Taft which under present circumstances bore the somewhat ironical title "Go-Go GOP."

As this is written that appears to be what "Mr. Republican" is going to do!

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One sawed-off freckle faced moppet, who perhaps is the grade school wit in District 49, carried a home-made banner which read:

"Let's go daft with Taft!"

Nothing succeeds like success, nothing fails like failure.

However, while we can't conjure up much sympathy for any presidential candidate who would kiss Joe McCarthy on both cheeks for the sake of a few votes, we never have enjoyed kicking ANY man when he is DOWN. And while "Robert" still stubbornly refuses to admit he is "OUT," he is, at this writing, surely down—far, FAR down!

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Does all this side-show ballyhoo pay out?

We can't believe it. And yet there are at least a hundred of the smartest public-relations men in the land assembled here, who must think it does. At least they are behind it all, and their clients are financing it. Yet the only important thing here is the convention and how the members vote. The delegates can scarcely be influenced by what they can't see.

But perhaps that strange imponderable public sentiment has an influence in a struggle of this sort which the average person doesn't appreciate because it CAN'T be seen or touched. We said "PERHAPS." We have a strong suspicion, however, it is all BASICALLY a racket—and a very profitable one.

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We have had no use for the Chicago Tribune and Colonel McCormick for many years. But we never believed it could fall as low as it has fallen in this convention period. No wonder it supports Joe McCarthy and puts his nicely re-touched photo at the top of its political page—its methods of journalism are exactly the political methods of the Wisconsin goon, misrepresentation, smearing, distortion, journalistic abortion—cheating, falsehood—this "greatest newspaper in the world" gets away with murder day after day, and as far as one can observe in a brief visit, a majority of the people here in Illinois not only swallow it, but LIKE it!

We wish the NEA at its next meeting would tackle this mystery and try to explain it! WE can't!—R. W. R.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe

"You're not confusin' the batters with that bubble gum trick as much as you're confusin' ME!"

Matter of Fact

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

THE SPAVINED PROFESSIONALS

Chicago—After this Republican rally, no one can ever again repeat the dreary old chestnut that "you can't beat the old pros in politics." The plain truth is that in tactics, strategy and judgment of the national mood, the approved professional politicians of the Republican party have shown themselves to be little better than a bunch of stumblebums.

In the first place, consider Sen. Taft's enviable situation in the aftermath of his 1950 triumph in the Ohio Senate race. THEN he was "Mr. Republican" for almost everybody. Great numbers of Republican moderates, both organization people and rank-and-filers, were then willing to give Taft the benefit of every doubt. The same held true for the vast majority of the normally Republican press, for almost all the party's financial contributors, and for virtually every one else likely to have any say about the Republican nomination.

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FAR FROM seeking to retain this all-but-unanimous support, Taft took his 1950 Senatorial victory in the same way he took the Republican Congressional sweep in 1946. He forgot about his relatively progressive domestic program. He intensified his isolationism, if anything. And above all he clasped to his bosom Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy and all that mouth-frothing right wing of the Republican party that makes a hero of McCarthy.

Thus Taft alienated all moderate Republicans. Thus he provided, by his own act, the real motive power for the Eisenhower movement.

Then consider Act II. The Eisenhower movement had started, but was bumping along in low gear. The Taft forces were richly financed and enormously highly organized. They had counted on the Southern delegations, as being theirs almost by hereditary right. Then a great popular surge for Gen. Eisenhower appeared in Texas. Eisenhower Republicans carried the precinct, county and state conventions. The attention of the nation began to be focussed on the drama. Taft managers Brazilla Carroll Reece and David Sinton Ingalls went to the Republican State Convention at Mineral Wells, Texas, to take personal command in this crisis.

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THE PROBLEM was not, fundamentally, very hard to solve. There could have been at least the pretense of a judicial process. There could have been attempts to present evidence, however faked, to sustain the Taft side of the argument. With at least an appearance of justice, 13 or 14 or 15 Texas delegates could have been thrown to the Eisenhower rooters, with the statement that these few were properly elected, while the rest belonged to Taft despite the "Democratic infiltraters."

If this simple tactic had been adopted by Messrs. Reece and Ingalls, the Texas steal issue would have died a'borning. The reporters who were at Mineral Wells, including one of these correspondents, could not then have proved the steal without a legal brief. Instead, the naked, total steamroller steal was decided upon by Ingalls and Reece. And so the Texas steal became a national issue of overriding import.

Finally, consider ACT III. The first response of the Taft leaders to the Texas clamor was not to concede, or conciliate, or compromise. The first response was to display before the country a rigged national committee, a rigged convention speakers' list, and a rigged credentials committee. Public opinion was to be defied, and the steamroller was to steam ahead regardless.

AGAIN, THE professionals had forgotten that public opinion can take the steam out of almost any steamroller, at least in this country. In addition they committed the cardinal, almost incredible error of grossly overestimating their own strength on the convention floor, which Sen. Taft's lieutenants also notoriously committed in 1940 and 1948. Again, they might well have saved themselves at the last moment by sacrificing their Southern delegations. But instead the Taft people ran head-on, from sheer arrogant over-confidence, into the disastrous tests on the so-called Langlie rule and the Gebrgia delegation.

If this is professionalism, any sensible man wanting sound political guidance will hire an amateur. But the truth is, because you have grown old in politics, you do not necessarily grow expert, and the real Republicans nowadays are men like Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York, whom the Taft people so loudly scorn.

• • •

TO THIS must be added one more word. Sen. Taft, beyond doubt, has been the victim of his friends and backers. For this he deserves sympathy. Furthermore, when these friends and backers of Taft's at last saw the danger confronting them, they actually advocated all-out rigging of this conveniton. More phony contests were to be put up, in Washington state and Maryland for example. More phony delegates were to be seated.

Popular opinion was to be absolutely, totally and finally defied, suppressed and overcome. Sen. Taft rejected that advice, even in the heat and bitterness of his own disappointment. And for this act, proving his true Americanism, he deserves gratitude as well as sympathy.

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Bright Red Color Attracts Attention

Denver — (U.P.) — Denver police said Saturday they had an easy time finding two-year-old Bryan Dale, who had wandered from home.

Just before strolling out of the house Friday, little Bryan smeared himself from head to toe with his mother's red fingernail polish.

He was found two hours later when his bright red complexion attracted attention.

SECONDS NOMINATION — Robert Elliott, Medford, above, made one of four seconding speeches Thursday night at the Republican national convention in Chicago for Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower as the party's candidate for president. Elliott is chairman of the Oregon GOP central committee.

In the Day's News

To everyone who had followed understandingly the preliminary sparring it appeared certain that the high dramatic hour of the Republican national convention of 1952 would come when the decisions of the organization-ruled credentials committee reached the convention floor on appeal.

What happened last night (th' is written on Thursday) fully justified that judgment. The roll call by states that reversed the committee's decision on Georgia was high, tense, emotion-packed drama.

It was more than that. It was history-making in the raw.

HERE is what happened:

The old leadership of the Republican party came to the end of its string and new leadership took over. The turning point, it seemed to me, came along toward the end of the impassioned oration made by Senator Dirksen of Illinois in behalf of the Taft delegates from Georgia.

He turned to Governor Dewey of New York, who is supporting Eisenhower, and said to him what amounted to this: "We followed you to defeat. We followed you loyally TWICE to defeat. We think we're entitled to demand now that YOU FOLLOW US TO DEFEAT."

THOSE WEREN'T his words, but that is what a majority of the delegates on the floor took his words to mean. It infuriated them. They were in no mood to follow ANYBODY to defeat. They want to follow somebody to victory and the reconstruction of America is a new and better pattern.

At that moment the lines hardened. From there on, logical argument had no weight. Men set their jaws and voted grimly according to what they conceived to be the bare and naked issues of this historic convention.

The issue that stood out bare and naked was this: The old leadership of the Republican party has outlived its day. It's high time for NEW leadership.

The final tally of the vote by states on the Georgia contest told the story. When it was completed, the new leadership was in control. Whether it can remain in control and can nominate General Eisenhower as its candidate remains to be seen. It is an ancient and hallowed shibboleth of the politicians that anything can happen at a convention. But I think no one doubts this morning that General Eisenhower is the probable nominee of this convention.

WHAT WE SAW Wednesday night was the birth of a new Republican party. It was born in turmoil and tense emotion. Men were keyed high and tight. There were fist fights on the floor.

But that is the way great new political movements are born. That is the way the Republican party itself was born back in the grim days of 1860. There were fist fights then—plenty of them. And many bloody noses.

It is in moments of high and tense emotion that men rise to their idealistic best.

WHAT HAPPENED was rugged. At times, it was brutal. But battle is brutal. What we were seeing Wednesday night was the end of the old bull that has ruled the herd. In his day, he ruled it wisely and well, protecting it against the circling wolves.

But the old bull can't live forever. In time, a young bull arises and challenges his leadership. What follows is no tea party. It is battle to the finish, with no holds barred.

What we saw in Chicago that night was the end of the old bull's reign. The grim, determined overthrow of the credentials committee decision on Georgia left no doubt of that.

I don't doubt that in the new leadership of the Republican party that showed its power last night there are men who are looking for personal advancement. But in the main this thing that came into being on the floor of the convention hall in Chicago in the late hours of Wednesday night isn't just a political campaign to get into power and divide the offices. It is more in the nature of a MOVEMENT. In its essence, it is another search for the Holy Grail. It is another Third Crusade.

I know that sounds idealistic. But the Declaration of Independence was idealism of the highest order. So was the constitution of the United States. So, for that matter, was the young Republican party back in 1860 when it nominated Abraham Lincoln, one of the great idealists of all time. It wasn't just POWER those Republican delegates were looking for then. In their minds was the ideal of an UNSEVERED Union and the end of human slavery in America.

YOU WILL gather from all this, I suppose, that I too am a starry-eyed dreamer. Well, to an extent, that is true. You have to DREAM before you can DO.

Anyway, millions of Americans look upon this struggle to nominate General Eisenhower as a sacred cause rather than as a campaign to get your man into office. That is why it has shown such strength at Chicago.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initial for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

Vandalism

To the Editor: Kenneth Denman recently wrote a letter to your newspaper relative to picnickers and other users of the out of doors desecrating the areas they apparently enjoy, by leaving refuse, broken glass and other trash around.

To this I want to say "amen," and to add that downright vandalism is practiced by many of them, and that it is these people who ultimately make it necessary for landowners to close their lands to all of the public, the deserving and the undeserving alike.

I have experienced two cases at point within the past few days.

Young members of the family and their friends built a diving raft on Rogue River at the ranch at Table Rock. Someone, for pure meanness, tore the raft loose, pushed it the length of the backwater which was the swimming hole, and out into the current.

During the past two weeks, the lock on the boat which I had made, and had tied in the same backwater, and on family property, was broken and the boat either stolen or turned loose in the river. At the same spot a picnic table was broken to pieces and destroyed. Pure vandalism, and all done on private property and with full knowledge of who the owners were.

My family has enjoyed a picnic and camping spot on Fourbit Creek, at the foot of Mt. Pitt, for a dozen years. The children idolize the place, and have helped to keep it clean and in its native beauty. They have fed the trout in the pool at the camp summer after summer.

Last week end we visited the spot and discovered that someone else had used it. They had left broken beer bottles all over the place; empty beer cans cluttered the bottom of the trout pool; paper plates, cups, junk and nauseating rubbish was scattered all over the camp. It made me sick, and, to say the least, angry.

These people must have an odd makeup who will destroy the places they seem to enjoy. Or, perhaps they are the type who have their homes looking the same way.

At any rate, they are the ones who bring about closure of picnic spots to those of us who love the beauty of the out of doors, and they also bring about an understanding of what the southerners used to call "white trash."

Moore Hamilton
43 Rose Ave.,
Medford, Ore.

On The Side

By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

A claim is now advanced that the first theater devoted exclusively to the showing of films was established by James W. Bostock on Butler Street in Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1898. If this is true, both the editor of that supposedly authoritative work, titled, "Famous First Facts," and myself are stuck for the stogies. "Famous First Facts" claims the nickelodeon established in Pittsburgh in 1905 by John P. Harris was the first movie theater. I claim it was the Electric Theater in Los Angeles, established in 1902 by T. L. Tally.

Forgotten Man

Are you a camera fan? Ever hear of Nicephore Niepce? If not, ask the man where you buy your photographic supplies about him. If he doesn't know all about Nicephore Niepce, including how to pronounce his name, he should be ashamed of himself. Monsieur Niepce was the originator of photography. He took the first photograph ever made. That was in 1826.

Cigars

Are handmade cigars better than those made by machine? Ask an expert what he thinks. A highly efficient cigar maker can roll around 350 cigars a day. One machine can turn out 4,000 or more cigars in the same time. Oscar Hammerstein, generally known as a theatrical man and opera impresario, was a leading inventor of cigar machinery. However, he always rolled the cigars he smoked himself. Imagine being able to roll your own cigars. I think I'll take some cigar-rolling lessons.

Greatest

Why do sportscribes keep saying Tod Sloan was the greatest American jockey ever to ride in England? Sloan just wasn't in the same class as Danny Maher. It could be Maher was the greatest American jockey of all time. He rode three Epsom Derby winners. Fred Fox, himself a great rider, once said: "Danny Maher was as near perfection, I think, as is humanly possible. He had the gift of beautiful hands, a good seat, could adopt his style to any type of horse, had vigor when it was needed, yet the patience of Job, perfect judgment of pace, and perhaps the greatest essential of the lot, a very cool and level head."

Asking

Queries from clients. Q. Am I right in saying that John "Mugsy" McGraw was once sold to the Brooklyn Dodgers but refused to report? A. Quite right, sir. McGraw was one of the Baltimore players sold to Brooklyn when the National League was cut from twelve clubs to eight. McGraw refused to report. It wasn't a question of money. I regret to state that Mr. McGraw gave as his reason: "I just don't like Brooklyn."

Love, Etc.

A young matron of Brooklyn comes through with a statement that gives the claim that "nobody loves a fat man" a terrific setback. She says her husband, a bass viol player, weighs 250 pounds, and adds: "As a lover he is wonderful. I am crazy about him. As a husband there is room for improvement but I am taking care of that."

Get It Right

Note Gus Dorais of Notre Dame referred to as "the father of the forward pass." The first forward pass thrown in football was tossed by Moore of Wesleyan University to Van Tassel of the same team in a game against Yale in 1906. Dorais didn't start throwing forward passes until seven years later.

Portlanders See Nomination on TV

Portland —(U.P.)— Some 1500 to 2000 Portlanders in three television audiences here gave scattered cheers and sharp applause Friday when Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower won the Republican presidential nomination on the first ballot.

It was the first Portland audience to witness television on a national scale. The people gathered at the Auditorium, a downtown parking lot and the Armory to watch the convention.

One of the loudest cheers came when Gov. Douglas McKay announced that Oregon's 18 votes were for Ike.

Many offices closed down and some store clerks took a luncheless lunch hour to watch the telecast.

A total of 199 television sets carried the convention in the three locations.

President Truman Signs Departmental Funds Bill

Washington — (U.P.) — President Truman late Thursday signed $1,015,911,710 appropriations bill to run the State, Justice and Commerce Departments during fiscal 1953.

The amount was 18 per cent less than the President had requested. The total cut was $217,701,424.

"O.K. O.K. Stop showing off how much Jorgensen's Homogenized Multi-Vitamin, Multi-Mineral Milk you drink!"