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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 25, 1942
(It was Saturday)

Lodge at Crater Lake to close for balance of 1942 season because of lack of business caused by gasoline rationing.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Ye Smudge Pot column; The deer season opens in the sister state to the south Saturday and several local nimrods plan to relax from the war effort and take a chance on being shot for one.

20 YEARS AGO
July 25, 1932
(It was Monday)

Local civic organizations back efforts to obtain funds appropriated in Federal Reconstruction Finance bill for improvement of Siskiyou section of Pacific highway.

Man arrested here and charged with forgery after giving $890 check for full payment on new automobile.

30 YEARS AGO
July 25, 1922
(It was Tuesday)

Medford Mayor C. E. Gates announces "nothing could induce" him to run for governor of Oregon on an independent ticket.

Medford and Ashland Chambers of Commerce schedule joint forum in Lithia park; persons interested in attending advised to "go to Ashland bathing establishment" in effort to escape the heat before going to the forum.

40 YEARS AGO
July 25, 1912
(It was Thursday)

More than 100 automobiles expected to pass through Medford during next week while en route to Pacific Highway convention in Los Angeles.

Medford delegates A. C. Abrams, H. D. Irwin and George L. Davis leave for state "Bull Moose" convention in Portland.

Two Men Detained in Portland Jewel Theft

Portland — (U.P.) — Two men were held in a Portland jail Friday in connection with the $20,000 burglary of Bernard's Jewelry store here two weeks ago.

Ray Klinger, 44-year-old ex-convict, was charged with burglary and jailed under $10,000 bail and Samuel A. Crist, 24, a bartender, was booked on suspicion of possessing stolen property.

The two arrests came Thursday when Detectives Bill Brian and Michael O'Leary became suspicious of Klinger when they saw slip into a driverless taxi with a suitcase. The five-time loser became "panicky" under their gaze and was stopped for questioning. His bag contained some 400 stolen rings and more than 60 watches taken from the store.

Klinger later implicated Crist who was found in a hotel room wearing one of the stolen watches.

RADIO'S BRENDA DIES

Los Angeles —(U.P.)— Funeral arrangements were being completed Friday for Mrs. Blanche Stewart, 49, Brenda of the radio comedy team of Brenda and Cobina.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 23 —(By Airmail)— Mrs. India Edwards, vice chairman of the Democratic national committee, who visited Medford a few months ago, is a very forceful, forthright woman, and would like to be vice president.

She probably won't be. But she can have the satisfaction of having delivered one of the most effective CAMPAIGN speeches thus far delivered at this convention.

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Because it was announced as an introduction to the eagerly awaited speech by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, it did not receive the attention it deserved, and because it didn't the energetic, dynamic and outspoken Mrs. Edwards became very much irked.

She told the delegates assembled they had been incredibly rude that afternoon to three of the finest women speakers in the party; that she did not intend to be treated similarly, and unless order was restored she would sit down and say nothing. That produced a slight pause in the general and highly audible noise and conversation from the floor but not for long, whereupon Mrs. Edwards, disregarding Chairman Dever, seized his gavel and savagely banged the table again for order, asking if the delegates really WANTED this disorder to mean she SHOULD sit down.

There was no audible answer, but after surveying the inattentive and noisy assemblage coldly, she presumably concluded the demand for her to retire was not overwhelming, and continued her very moving appeal to the women of the country to wake up, support the Democratic party and thereby further the welfare of their country.

Mrs. Edwards, we believe, should not have been so disturbed. For while the eight or ten thousand people then in the convention hall paid little attention to what she said, it is a fairly safe bet some 30 OR 40 MILLION WOMEN listeners in the country, DID.

And that is the important thing at this convention as it was at the Republican—namely, TELEVISION.

In fact, if things go on as at present, TV may do more to eliminate the antiquated and extravagant party conventions and bring in a national primary than any other factor including the efforts of Senator Douglas and Mrs. Edith Braley.

For why spend all these millions and all this energy on such silly hocus pocus when a battery of TV machines and a small group of party notables in a broadcasting booth could accomplish just as much, and leave a far better impression with the American people—which, after all, is the chief purpose of the convention and its ballyhoo, anyway.

• • • • •

If noise and fury is going to determine the winner at the convention then Senator Estes Kefauver is in and nothing can get him out.

He is so far ahead of all the other candidates in advertising—all forms of it—from his circus calliope to his aluminum-tinted dirigible that none of his competitors is in sight.

The climax was reached this afternoon when the gentleman himself appeared in the gallery accompanied by his octogenarian father and his winning smile, to receive the most vociferous and long-winded ovation of the week.

If it was not prearranged then the Senator's sense of timing approaches genius. For it came midway in the afternoon session just when everyone was bored and seriously considering calling it a day—including many of the delegates.

Then there was a sort of a stir in the gallery as there might have been if a dropped cigaret had suddenly burst into flame, eyes all over the floor turned upward, there was scattered applause then a sudden murmur from one end of the hall to the other which soon burst into a deafening roar, the state banners started bobbing—led by California—the band struck up a lively tune and there was the hero of the crime investigation, bowing and waving with that broad, relaxing smile—a VERY unusual smile by the way, an eery combination of Alice's Cheshire cat, the Mona Lisa and a freckle-faced kid's jack-o-lantern.

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Will this demonstration affect the result? All the press gallery inmates were asking the same question.

The consensus appeared to be it won't. This convention like the one preceding doesn't appear to have the ingredients for a stampede to ANYONE. The Democrats are usually more susceptible than the Republicans in this direction, but unless all signs fail, a vast majority of those assembled want to secure the strongest candidate they can get and then go home.

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The undersigned, like Alexander the Great, has decided there are no more worlds to conquer. Coming out of the convention hall this afternoon, a sawed-off lad with a notebook and a pencil, rushed up and breathlessly requested Ye Editor's autograph!

To render the resulting tableaux perfect Elmer Davis hurried by at that precise moment, and no one but the undersigned appeared to recognize him.

How's that for a fleeting moment of fame!

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These two conventions are like twins born 10 days apart. They are not identical twins, but they are so similar, they not only look alike but their behaviour especially their cute little mannerisms is so much the same that twin No. 2 gets all the worst of it.

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Why can't No.2 do and say something original—something different? Well to date that seems to be utterly impossible—No. 2 just follows the same old family line right down to the fights before the credentials committee—and believe it or not in the same state—that great and independent country known as Texas.

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But as stated the twins aren't identical. And as often happens, the first-born is a bit more robust than the one arriving considerably later.

And that explains, with some clarity, we hope, why the Democratic convention is not as exciting as the Republican. This is especially true for those who were in on the accouchment of both.

Twin No. 2, in short, is an old story. The same old thing.

It is a reel that one suddenly discovers he has seen before.

That is why so many of the audience become bored and walk out.

They expected something new.

When they get the same old "song and dance," and put on with rather less punch and gusto—meanwhile the Turkish bath atmosphere is worse rather than better—the performance can't be called a flop exactly, but is, for most of those present, rather a tasteless plate of soup, and a definite disappointment.

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As this is written there seems no doubt of the result—that is another cause for the lack of drama, and zip. At the G.O.P. circus no one knew until the last day how it was coming out.

It is hard to become excited about any scenario when one knows how it ends. And practically everyone, in the press-section at least, now KNOWS the result of this performance or thinks so. It is Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, the only man in the writer's recollection who could have a nomination for the presidency of the United States and actually didn't want it. Not only that but time after time refused it when he could, just by the nod of the head, or wink of the eye, have had it.

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What does that mean, REALLY?

It means, as your correspondent sees it, that Adlai E. Stevenson is a VERY smart man. And a shrewd politician.

For he sees—as so few of his contemporaries seem to—that:

No. 1: The chances of the Democratic party winning in November are slight.

No. 2: Whoever occupies the White House for the next four years, is in for one of the toughest assignments a President of the United States has ever had.

Realizing this, we believe he has been absolutely honest in stating, time after time, that he does not WANT to be the presidential nominee of the Democratic party—or of ANY party.

He wants to stay on the job he has, he wants to have a second term as Governor of Illinois, and perhaps—just perhaps—when another four years have come and gone he might definitely wish to take a try at the White House. But not—pray God—not NOW!

• • • • •

But as the situation now stands—it might, of course, change at any time—the delegates of this convention are going to MAKE him run.

Not because they are so strong for HIM—that welcoming speech he gave was too intelligent to satisfy their strongly partisan demands—but because they have become convinced he is the only candidate with a CHANCE to win.

And that is what they want above everything else, OF COURSE, to continue the national control by their party, which means so much, in a very practical and profitable sense, to most all of them.

• • • • •

There may be a slip between the cup and the lip. So one naturally hesitates to call it a day, pack up one's bag and take the next train for a cooler spot—if any. As has been frequently noted, the Democrats can always be depended upon to put on a good show and there is plenty of time left to do so. There is considerable material for one also. In fact the material is increasing by bounds and leaps at the moment.

• • • • •

But to return to the twin simile. The break within the Democratic party comes from the same fundamental cause as the break in the GOP—the natural conflict in principle between the liberal and conservative wings. It is somewhat more intense in the Democratic party because the conservatives have roots for their convictions—those roots go far back to the Civil War and before—namely states rights. And collaterally, slavery—that has become the civil rights issue, although few Southerners, if any, would admit it. That is the truth nevertheless—the insistence upon white supremacy and the refusal to treat a man whose skin is black the same as a man whose skin is white.

This is no temporary political ideology, it is bred and imbedded in the average Southerner's bones, he is impregnated with that idea with his mother's—or mammy's milk—he nourishes and cherishes it as he grows older with every shot of Bourbon.

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In other words there is that irrepressible conflict within the Democratic party, similar to the irrepressible conflict nearly a century ago between the slave-holding South and the abolitionist North. There is one important difference, however, the Southern Democrats here in Chicago unlike their ancestors don't WANT to secede—don't WANT a civil war. They WANT to stay in the party and fight the common enemy under General Eisenhower. The northern Democrats likewise are looking for SOME WAY out which will prevent a walk-out—a civil war. As a result the probable outcome is some sort of COMPROMISE which will not heal the wounds or clean up the infection, but will provide a sort of armed truce during which a political house divided against itself can not only stand but can fight shoulder to shoulder against the common foe, at least until the votes have been counted and the result known.

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Just as the important business in Washington is not done on the floor of the two houses but in committee, so in these conventions, the place to be is not in the press-section at the pavilion, but at the Conrad Hilton hotel.

For some time this has been known to the newspaper lads, and now the outsiders—the people—are getting wise to it. As a result people without the alleged unprocurable tickets, are to be admitted for free today until some of the thousands of empty seats are occupied. This is the front page notice in the morning papers at least.

If this does not add to the confusion it will greatly surprise your correspondent. Some idea of the hectic situation may be gleaned from the fact Monroe Sweetland, Oregon member of the Democratic national committee has not been able to get more than three hours sleep per night for a week, and your correspondent has been unable to contact him, after innumerable attempts by phone, visit and special messenger, during that time!

• • • • •

Unless all signs fail the Democratic gathering will reach the inevitable stage of COMPLETE confusion either late tonight (Wednesday) or tomorrow morning.—R.W.R.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe

"Oh, I can mind him all right, lady. The question is, will HE mind ME?"

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Bulletin from Chicago:

"President Truman has promised an early decision on his choice for a candidate."

WHEN his decision is made known, I hope the convention replies somewhat in this vein:

"Sir, with all deference to the high office you hold, we would like to remind you that it is OUR job to choose the candidate. Our Founding Fathers feared perpetuation of power in too few hands. We share their fears, and will therefore do what we can in this convention to prevent the holding of too much power in too few hands too long."

AS I SAY, I would like to see that happen, and I think it would be a good thing for our country if it did. But perhaps I'd better make it plain that I don't EXPECT it.

MORE (a few minutes later) from Chicago:

"The conclusion is growing that the Democratic national convention will name Illinois Governor Adlai Stevenson as its presidential nominee. Strongly supporting this belief is a two-hour conference this morning between Stevenson and a Truman emissary—Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman.

"Chapman proposed the meeting as it became CRYSTAL CLEAR that the Democratic party wheelhorses were in the convention driver's seat and were out to name the ticket."

THE IDEA, of course, is to wind the convention up in a love feast, with everybody slapping everybody else on the back and saying: "It was wonderful, wasn't it? We forgot our differences, we all get together on a GRAND candidate and now we're going home just one big happy family."

I wonder.

Senator Kefauver doesn't seem too happy about the impending "draft" of Governor Stevenson. He tells a meeting of his supporters that it is a SYNTHETIC draft. He added: "The people are entitled to know how the candidates stand on such questions as the Taft-Hartley law, farm legislation and civil rights. The convention delegates don't know how Stevenson stands on any of these major issues."

I SUSPECT, Senator, that's WHY Governor Stevenson is being drafted. He has kept mum on all these hot issues. When anybody has asked how he feels about this, that or the other prickly problem, he has shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Oh, I'm not a candidate, so it doesn't matter what I think."

FROM all I can hear, Governor Stevenson is a pretty good man, but I think Senator Kefauver has chosen the right word in describing his impending draft as "synthetic."

It all depends, of course, on who is doing the drafting. If it is agreed and understood that the drafting is being done by the "wheelhorses" of the Democratic party, there isn't much room for argument. But if it is intended to imply that the "draft' of Governor Stevenson comes clear up from the grass-roots, that it is being done, perhaps reluctantly, in response to a clear and unmistakeable call from the rank and file of the people all over and in all walks of life, I'd say the word "synthetic" is accurately applied to it.

Personally, I never heard of Governor Stevenson until a few weeks ago when it began to be apparent that Ike was pretty likely to be the Republican nominee and if so some tall scratching would have to be done to dig up some Democrat who could be made to appear as the spontaneous choice of the people.

IT WAS then, as I recall it, that the build-up for him as the draftee began. At any rate, the dictionary defines "synthetic" as "artificial; NOT genuine." I'd say Mr. Kefauver has defined the Stevenson draft quite accurately.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

HOW STEVENSON RESPONDED

Chicago—There is true long-range significance in the manner of Gov. Adlai Stevenson's first response to the news that the draft-Stevenson movement was sweeping the Democratic convention. First, as to the response itself, the following phenomena may be reported.

Item: When theh Illinois delegation defied Stevenson's request not to vote for him on the early ballots, the Governor was genuinely infuriated. His anger was such that members of his close staff and family actually feared he would bite off his nose to spite his face—or in other words, stultify himself by issuing a Sherman pattern statement.

Item: During the whole of the next day, he continued to discuss the advisability of issuing such a statement, declaring he would not run if nominated. He even raised the subject in a telephone conversation with W. Averell Harriman's manager Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr., who unsurprisingly replied that Stevenson certainly ought to make the statement right away.

Item: Meanwhile, however, with Stevenson's full knowledge, Wilson Wyatt of Kentucky, who may well be chairman of the Stevenson campaign, was putting out feelers to discover whether Averell Harriman and Vice President Alben Barkley would join in nominating the Illinois governor. At the same time, Stevenson was complaining that the movement to draft him had been premature, that there had been no waiting for a deadlock to develop, and that the nomination would now procure him the enmity of the other men who had worked so hard to get it.

• • •

ON THE surface these facts at best seem to be puzzling, and at worst appear to impeach Stevenson of insincerity in his many statements that he did not want the nomination. If closely studied, however, they instead reveal the curious double vision with which Stevenson has looked forward, for many weeks, to the present events here in Chicago.

On the one hand, Stevenson's statements that he did not want the Democratic nomination were perfectly sincere and honest. The motives for his reluctance were mixed. A dark estimate of the probable pattern of the next four years—a difficult personal situation—a strong-rooted loyalty to his own state—an intellectual's inevitable hesitation in the face of too-final commitments — all these influences played upon his mind with varying power at various times. The only significant point, which need not be labored, is that Stevenson was wholly honorable and consistent in saying he did not want the great assignment.

On the other hand, Stevenson possesses a very high order of political astuteness, and because he was astute, he clearly foresaw that the nomination might be thrust upon him, willy-nilly. Hence, while seeking anxiously to escape the splendid predicament, he also planned his course so that the predicament would be as comfortable as possible if it were forced upon him.

The reasons why Stevenson feared he might get the nomination, whether he liked it or not, are plain to be seen on the face of the Democratic party. In brief, he was the only candidate who looked like a winner, because he alone combined all the different requirements of record, of character, of acceptability to the conflicting party factions, and so on.

• • •

HE WOULD have been very foolish, dangerously imprudent, not to face the implications of the above facts. He did face them. Since he truly did not desire the nomination, he could not possibly get it except by a genuine draft. That meant that if nominated, he would receive the nomination without any obligations to any one. He would not be the President's candidate, or the left's candidate, or the right's candidate, or the North's, or the South's. This first desideratum he has certainly achieved.

Where Stevenson went wrong, was in supposing that no genuine draft movement could develop without a prior convention deadlock. Plainly, as proof of his own sincerity, and in order to avoid all appearance of connivance, he had to use all his influence to prevent the Illinois Democrats from participating in a draft-Stevenson movement. This he also achieved, to the extent that Col. Jacob Arvey was ready to join the camp of Vice President Alben W. Barkley until he saw the draft-Stevenson parade forming up without Illinois representation. But the draft movement, by boiling up long prior to the nominating speeches, has almost certainly now prevented the other candidates from having their run and getting their chance, prior to the turn to Stevenson. This is what has troubled Stevenson, caused the talk of a Sherman-pattern statement, led to the Wyatt mission and produced the Stevensonian complaints above noted.

One may say that Stevenson is a bit perfectionist, to be thus displeased by what seems relatively trivial. But if you take a good hard look at all these facts, you must also see that behind Stevenson's sometimes disturbing mask of the tortured intellectual, there is the face of a bold and intelligent political leader, very clear in his own mind about the terms and limits of his nomination.

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On The Side

By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am without thee.
—Thomas Moore.

Note it said Bernard Baruch is a graduate of Public School No. 69, New York City. That numbering system for schools should be abandoned. Every school should have a name. Speaking of Bernard Baruch, who by brilliant speculation acquired $15 million before he was 40, he once said: "The time to buy is when the market is low, everyone is talking pessimistically, and no hope is in sight. Sell when the market has had a long rise and is hesitating with everybody in a frenzy of optimism."

Those Twins

The stargazers maintain that to be certain of an accurate horoscope the exact time of birth must be known. Therefore I offer for the files of any astrologer who may not have the information that the first of Ingrid Bergman's twins was born June 19, 1952, at 6:30 a.m. The second was born at 7 p.m. the same day. I add "the same day" because twins are frequently born several days apart. The first twin born weighed 6 pounds 15 ounces, the second 8 pounds 3 ounces. The birth was a difficult one. Ingrid was in the delivery room 2½ hours.

Asides

It was Billy Sunday who said: "Try praising your wife even if it does frighten her at first." ... Kathleen Winsor's traveling bags and trunks are all of a bright scarlet color. She says this makes them easier to find in a pile of baggage. . . . A book young married couples might find extremely helpful is that by D. R. Patterson, titled "A Thousand Ways to Name a Baby."

Asking

Queries from clients. Q. Jack Benny always says he is 39. A friend of mine says he went to high school with Jack in Waukegan, Ill., over 40 years ago. Is that possible? A. Mr. Benny is 58. Q. As an airline hostess I have my choice as a base of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Kansas City, Mo., Boston, Newark, New York, Detroit or Chicago. In which of these cities would I be likely to meet the most eligible bachelors of Irish birth or descent? A. Take New York City as your base. Try to get on the New York to Boston flight. There are more Irish bachelors in New York and Boston than in any other two cities in the United States. Irishmen are a little difficult to break into matrimonial harness but can be handled by a clever woman of strong character. Also the girl who marries an Irishman must expect to have a family of at least four children. If the bachelor's name is Sweeney she will probably have at least six. The Sweeney's are the world's most prolific papas.

Briefly

One of the most celebrated of modern astrologers stated that sex has a very great influence on the lives of women born in the period of Sept. 24 to Oct. 26 inclusive. . . In the Shaw play "The Millionairess," in which Katharine Hepburn is starring, the alleged superiority of the female sex is greatly emphasized. The heroine of this play completely dominates her husband and when her lover talks out of turn she throws him downstairs.

Editorial Comment

Former Governor Passes

While Ben W. Olcott resided in Portland most of the time following his term of Governor (1919-1923) his previous long residence in Salem served to identify him with this community. Living to the age of 79 as he did most of his contemporaries here had preceded him in death. There still are many here however who remember him as a friendly personality and an honorable public official. Those acquainted with state politics will remember, too, the bitter fight in 1922 when Olcott won the Republican nomination for Governor by a very narrow margin over Charles W. Hall of Coos County. The sharp division engendered in the primary campaign carried over to the fall election and Walter M. Pierce was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket. Olcott attributed his defeat to opposition of the Ku Klux Klan which under Fred Gifford as Cyclops was at the peak of its influence in the state.

Olcott's career was varied, ranging from common labor to banking and holding public office—Secretary of State and Governor. He joined in the Alaska gold rush of the late 90s, then returned to Illinois to engage in banking. Oregon, however, drew him back and most of his adult years were spent in this state.

Olcott was not a strong partisan but he was positive in his own political convictions. His manner was modest and he drew many warm friendships in his journey through life. And he lived to see the Klan, which had fought him, thoroughly discredited in Oregon. — Oregon (Salem) Statesman.

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