

The Evening Herald

HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers
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 Published every afternoon except Sunday by The Herald Publishing Company at Esplanade and Pine Streets, Klamath Falls, Oregon.
 Entered as second class matter at the postoffice of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906 under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

Member of The Associated Press
 Represented Nationally by
 West-Holliday Co., Inc.
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Indifferent Chicago

(Editor's Note: Again this column is turned over to Robert W. Ruhl, the roving publisher of The Medford Mail-Tribune, who is now at the democratic national convention in Chicago. The following dispatch was prepared for Mr. Ruhl's paper, and is reprinted here because of its interesting slants on the big national event at Chicago from the typewriter of a Southern Oregonian.)

CHICAGO—The taxi man was right. The Chicago Stadium is three or four miles out on the West Side, in one of the least attractive portions of the Windy City, and when Chicago tries to be unattractive Chicago certainly succeeds! There will be no walking home in the wee small hours from this gathering place, as there was in dear old Philadelphia. (And no girl reporter, worse luck!) For a man with a dollar in his pocket and without a sawed-off shot gun, taking that hike after midnight, would be like a baby rabbit, taking a walk at a rattlesnake rodeo!

Not nearly as much excitement evident in Chicago now as was true when the American Legion convention was held here last September, no street decorations to speak of, meagre ones on the hotels and downtown buildings, we should say Chicago most decidedly is taking the affair in her stride. This indifference extends to the press, for where Philadelphia gave gold-plated "keys to the city," club good-cards, free transportation and what have you, Chicago's only token of hospitality, to date, is a card to the railroad press lounge! In fact unless another miracle occurs such as brought Philadelphia out of the doldrums, F. D. R.'s refusal to run, for example, and MEANING IT, this promises to be one of the most complete washouts from a news standpoint, in recent political history.

And we don't believe the delegates are going to like Chicago much better than if their greeting this morning by the World's Greatest newspaper, is a fair sample of what is to be offered. McCutcheon (who is the world's greatest cartoonist) has a three column spread on Page One entitled "Chicago welcomes the Democratic cohorts and wishes them the best of weather!" Too bad we can't send a mat for reproduction, one of McCutcheon's cartoons being seen, not described, but the following may give a faint idea.

There is a circus parade of Democrats being welcomed by Chicago's reception committee, extending the right hand of fellowship under a triumphal arch, the parade being headed by drum majorettes from Atlantic City, Miami Beach, Reno and Coney Island followed by the "Oomph band" the Big Boom drum, two little and very bare donkeys entitled the "Farley and Wheeler boomlets" and then a resplendent throne atop a caterpillar tank with 3-inch guns protruding and a diamond crown on top, entitled "Throne for King Franklin the First," the parade ending with a motley crew of New Deal office holders, WPA workers bearing aloft a banner reading "Hail to our meal ticket!"

At the end of the parade are two observations from a couple of sad faced delegates one reading "Gosh I'm afraid its clouding up," the other, "I hope we don't have one of them awful electric storms."

Then in the opposite corner there is an excellent likeness of Wendell Willkie in the shape of a stormcloud coming hell-bent over the far horizon!

No, we don't believe the visiting delegates are going to like Chicago, as far as the Tribune with its million-plus circulation represents it. Like all of McCutcheon's work, there is both humor and punch, in this effort, a big laugh, but one with a sting in it, and unless the temper of the party has changed materially the past few months there are no laughs allowed, as far as the chief is concerned, unless the stingers have been removed.

However the cool clear and sparkling weather continues, making the white suits of the Texas delegation look a bit out of place, but a God-send to those who know what July weather in the loop district usually is.

Speaking of Texas, there is an oil man here from that state who is boosting for Willkie as the nominee of the Democrats, and causing quite a bit of speculation and resentment. His friends claim he is entirely sincere, would like to see both parties unite behind the Republican candidate, but the general belief is he has been subsidized by some wealthy Willkie backers in Texas, and is acting as a G.O.P. stooge. Whichever is correct, he is responsible for the posting of a wall poster in the Palmer House lobby captioned "Nominate Willkie Democrats, political strength in national unity—Suite 1229-W." Willkie Mahoney has his "suite" not far away, and there is reason to believe, one group or the other will move, before the convention closes.

As at Philly the professional workers for world peace are conspicuous, with their pamphlets, buttons and propaganda, and we have heard, some financial support from the Yorktown Bund!—R. W. R.

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 17—This outing of the democratic party could hardly have been less casual if the democratic leadership (outside the White House reform entourage) had decided to take a silent walk on Mr. Roosevelt.

A typical convention event was the boom for Mr. Bascom Timmons as vice presidential candidate. Timmons is a Washington correspondent, a good friend of Vice President Garner and his proxy in the national committee. Newsmen sitting around the convention aisles, praying for excitement, decided, probably because Timmons is the only interesting character on the scene outside of National Chairman Farley, to start a vice presidential boom for him. It was a matter of retribution. Practically everyone else was running, so why not Timmons. A band and a parade were organized and Mr. Timmons was true to the occasion. He announced in a premature acceptance speech he would receive no contributions over \$5,000,000, while anyone was looking.

Now Mr. Timmons is only a convention bystander, a man who has merely met the wash of the waves as they come, but the mere existence of this wave should inform you this is the most unusual of conventions.

NO ROCK, BUT—

No one likes to throw rocks at a parade, especially a national parade such as this meeting should represent, but it is clear from the activities of all the leaders that something is wrong here somewhere. It seems almost as if the schooled democratic politicians who know how to run conventions, had decided that inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt manifests a preference for his politically untutored commerce secretary and friend, Harry Hopkins, to run this hotel picnic for him, they would just let Hopkins go at it unhampered to see how bad a job he could do of it. Not a single official statement was issued by anyone of authority the first few days of the convention. The only press conferences were those of Mr. Farley and these have been pathetically reported. (The prize of the Farley conference remarks was one that he "often wondered" who is running this convention.)

Brains of the White House publicity staff, Mr. Charles Michaelson, have been most active in ushering debutantes about. If there were not so many grave events going on in the world, it would make a much more pleasant story to report.

INNER EVENTS

You will catch the point from the following collection of inner events:

Ex-Secretary of War Harry Woodring has the widest democratic smile of the outing. He says he has been receiving 800 letters a day favoring non-involvement in Europe and has had to open two extra offices in his Kansas home town to take care of the mail since his mysterious retirement from the Roosevelt cabinet. . . .

Leon Henderson, the reform economist of SEC and the national defense commission, tried to smoke out Mr. Roosevelt after the last meeting of the NDC in the president's office. None too subtly, he suggested he was a member of the Marching and Chowder club which was going to have its quadrennial camp meeting in Chicago shortly. His fellow members would be asking questions, Henderson told the president, and he would like to have the answer.

"Leon," responded FDR, "have you ever been fishing?" "Yes," said Henderson with a knowing smile, "I was fishing yesterday and I did not catch any more than I did today." . . .

The senate influence, which was practically extinct at Philadelphia, is in command of the platform. About twelve senators are running the show of collecting party principles. . . .

The official inside story being circulated among the delegates is that Mr. Roosevelt informed one of his officials last week he would keep his elbows out of the vice presidential situation. Hull had declined. Douglas might be stopped by the convention. Wheeler could be drafted despite denials to the contrary. Douglas and Louis Johnson, assistant war secretary, would be acceptable, he said specifically. . . .

There was never such an absence of worrying and thinking at a national political conclave. Mr. Roosevelt's promise to do all of both for the collected leaders, has relieved this gathering of practically any burdensome responsibilities. . . .

A caustic commentator (republican no doubt) at the Farley press conference growled aloud the suggestion that something should be done to make the convention look less like a meeting

SIDE GLANCES



"How about calling in your junior G-men pals to help me locate a diamond cuff link?"

Telling The Editor

Letters to the editor should be written legibly and on one side of the paper. If typed, double space between lines. Letters should be confined to 500 words, and must be signed by the writer.

Critical Time
 KLAMATH FALLS, Ore. (To the Editor)—What is this loud yell from every side about unpreparedness? Is our country going "soft" or hysterical? Are we giving Mr. Hitler the tip to come over and take us quickly, because now, we will be an easy prey? In six months or two years we promise him, we will be "prepared."

One writer says, (perhaps sarcastically) that "evidently we haven't had much of a national defense until now, in spite of more than seven billions spent on it in the last seven years,—but now we are about to have one that is gold plated, or will it be solid gold?" Now are we to infer that there were no men of probity and grit, and brains who knew how to apply that money so that our country would have security in any emergency?

Let us have faith. If we suspect that we do not have men of loyalty safe-guarding our country, there is the ballot. How about the candidates for the election of this year? Is there any chance of judging as to their loyalty and ability? Perhaps one could confer with the men of the Loyal Legion. We read that some of the European countries were betrayed into the hands of their enemies. Let us beware! The talk of a third term for the president would ordinarily indicate the confidence of the people,—or is much of that the result of foreign hidden propaganda for their own ends, as some of their own writers claim.

The Trojan horsemen are indisputably among us. Too many have been let out on bail after trial. What is one or two thousand dollars to them if they can secretly pursue their nefarious work. It is not our plan to be ruthless, and our mistaken tolerance is the cause of our country being in such peril today from these forerunners of dictatorship. Our safety would be greatly insured if congress would revise some of our too easy laws, to deal out the swift punishment for treason that they would meet with in their own country.

It seems to me that this is a

THEY FLOAT THROUGH THE AIR

TACOMA, July 17 (AP)—Office employees at the Wheeler-Osgood door manufacturing plant here wondered—until yesterday—why Papa and Mama Quail spent nearly a week gathering long grass and depositing it at the foot of a maple tree.

Today their brood of 13 "took off," either voluntarily or otherwise, from the family home several feet up in the tree, and the pad of grass, about a yard square and several inches thick, served as a "life net" for the chicks.

There were no casualties and soon the happy family trotted away into the tall grass.

Explorers brave know no fear; But they all miss Wieland's Beer!

TODAY!

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE
 ROGER PRYOR
 Companion Thrill Hit!

SKI PATROL
 LULI DESTI • PHILIP DORN

VOX
 2201 • DIAL 5414

PINE TREE
 NOW
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD GHOUL?

Deanna DURBIN
FIRST LOVE
 Helen PARRISH • Robert STACK
 Eugene PALLETTE • Lewis HOWARD
 June STORREY • Laetitia JOY

PAULETTE HOPE GODDARD
"The GHOST BREAKERS"
 PAUL LUKAS

critical time,—a time for every one to use his brains,—to do some investigating and solid, sane thinking. Not to follow the noise and the crowd because that is easier. We like our ease, but the time when life was handed out on a silver platter is over, and whether we like it or not, if our country survives, we must put into use the same sturdy, stern principles that motivated the early pioneers who through self-sacrifice and all kind of hardships gave us the finest constitution on earth. Are we worthy descendants of those people? Have we "what it takes" to meet ruthless dictators, and bravely hold our own? Or are we "just too soft," as some of the Trojans have sized us up.

Let us brace up. "Quit ye like men."

"Trust God,—and keep your powder dry."

LOU TIPTON.

HOME
 KLAMATH FALLS, Ore. (To the Editor)—The breaking up of the home-ties of one of Jehovah's Witnesses because of police interference and newspaper publicity, which made the man blow up and desert his wife, who was willing to "count all as dross, for Christ's sake," with results—a broken home, inspired this writer to express the heartfelt sentiments that still enrich the lives of some of us old-fashioned pioneers.

The word Home, that was once thought to be almost sacred, has, for many people, lost the beauty of its old-fashioned significance and today—as divorce records will show—home is only a place to eat, sleep and drop into when there's no place else to go.

It takes two to make or to break a home. They can make it a symbol of Heaven or a hell on earth.

When a man provides for a home and a woman takes pride in caring for it, they can—if they are real soul-mates—make it into a sort of elysium. It may be a palace, or only a hut, but—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

If it IS IN TRUTH a happy home, it is a safe refuge from an unfriendly world, a haven of peace where discord and heartache are unknown, and there is no other place on earth to be compared with it to those who understand the beauty of the old-fashioned words—"Home Sweet Home."

It's a place where one doesn't have to hang the horseshoe over the door for love guards the portals.

A real home is something more than a mere shelter, for every part of it breathes of a sanctity such as is never found in a temporary lodging place. Home is a magnetic retreat that draws a weary man's steps unerringly to its portals, where he may drop his business cares like a mantle and enter into the peaceful elysium that belongs to him and his mate and where no outside influence may mar the beauty of its rest.

This writer, though alone, cherishes the memory of an ideal home, where a courteous gentleman of the old school and his gracious lady, stood shoulder-to-shoulder all down the changing years, loving each other in the good old-fashioned way—giving the best that was in them to each other and finding everything they needed to make life complete in each other's presence. Their life was a beautiful inspiration and their last spoken word to this writer was a benediction.

Having lulled into slumber the memory of that loved spot, your editorial, Mr. Jenkins, written in the Old South where gardens are like old sweet songs, or

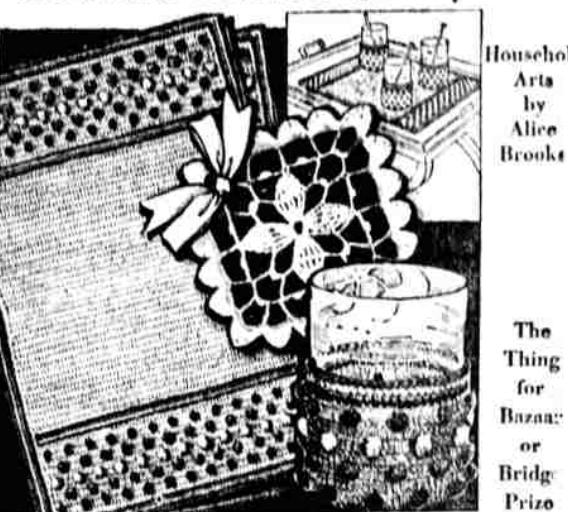
Ends Today * "We Are Not Alone" Paul Muni

TOMORROW
Deanna's in Love!

Deanna DURBIN
FIRST LOVE
 Helen PARRISH • Robert STACK
 Eugene PALLETTE • Lewis HOWARD
 June STORREY • Laetitia JOY

NEWS AND NOVELTY
RAINBOW

Crocheted Novelties Quickly Made



HOUSEHOLD ARTS, INC.
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It's summertime and that means informal entertaining. Crochet these easy accessories and if you've plenty of them, make these as bazaar donations. Pattern 6680 contains instructions for making accessories; illustrations and photograph of them; illustration of stitches; materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts department, Klamath Falls, Ore. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS and PATTERN NUMBER.

dreams that never come true, touched a minor chord on the aeolian harp of my soul and awoke a melody that had long been silent. I walked with you—in spirit—all through that lovely, fragrant garden and in spirit I followed the southern gentleman you mentioned upstairs, for I could fancy his old private sanctum too.

For several days your sweet editorial rocked my soul with unutterable longing and filled me with a keen desire to relive once more those happy care-free days of the yesterdays of my life, but alas! it is too late now, for the old folks are gone and one cannot retake steps already trod.

Having once known the sacredness of, and never ceasing to regret the vanished endearments of a real home, this writer, who is old-fashioned and proud of it, cannot comprehend how anyone who has a home, can so easily demolish their only private sanctum and stand outside alone—to face a frowning world.

LALECE WYNNE.

FUNERAL

HANS STELZENMUELLER
 The funeral service for the late Hans Stelzenmuller, who passed away in this city on Monday, July 15, 1940, will take place from the chapel of Ward's Klamath Funeral home, 923 High street, on Wednesday, July 17, 1940, at 3 p. m. The Rev. Eugene V. Haynes of the Community Congregational church will officiate. Friends are respectfully invited to attend the service. There will be a private commitment service with interment in the Linkville cemetery on Thursday, July 18, 1940, at 10:30 a. m.

RENO LICENSE

RENO, Nev., July 17 (UP)—Marriage licenses issued here included: Francis O. Duncan, 21 and Geraldine A. Hill, 18, both of Klamath Falls, Ore.

PILOTS NEEDED

LONDON, July 17 (AP)—An authoritative London source indicated today that an unlimited number of trained United States pilots would be welcomed for war service by the royal air force but said no official move had been made to get volunteers.

A New York congressman finally found himself gagged. He points out, however, that it took a hold-up man to do it.

ENDS TODAY * "I WAS AN ADVENTRESS" ZORINA Richard Greene

TOMORROW!
The Season's Thriller Program!

A REIGN OF HORROR!
 ...a man-made monster on the loose!!!

BORIS KARLOFF
BELA LUGOSI
Black Friday
 with **STANLEY RIDGES**

2ND
THRILL-CHILL
SPINE-TINGLER
MASTERPIECE

'The HOUSE of the SEVEN GABLES'
Nathaniel Hawthorne's Greatest Drama ... Now a Towering Screen Triumph
 George Sanders • Margaret Lindsay • Vincent Price
 Nan Grey • Dick Foran

DELICAN

Convict Admits Confession Hoax

STOCKTON, Calif., July 17 (UP)—Ernest Striplin, 29-year-old convict who confessed to the double slaying of Nathan Chin-cholo, 20, Stockton, and Dorothy Woofert, 19, Tracy, because he said he would "rather die in the gas chamber than remain in prison," today was returned to Folsom prison after he admitted his confession was a hoax.

District Attorney F. C. Cloudsley said the confession "collapsed completely" during continued questioning of Striplin since last Friday when Folsom Warden Clyde Plummer announced the convict's statement to a meeting of the state prison board.

Two Fresno negroes, Henry Jones and Dewey Clark, are under indictment for the "lover lane" slaying of the boy and girl. The case against them will be continued, Cloudsley said.

CRUSHED

ST. HELENS, July 17 (AP)—John Dallas, 29, was crushed to death Monday under a tractor. It overturned on a sloping field. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dallas of Pendleton, survive.

GOLDEN BITE

BOSTON, July 17 (AP)—"Laddie," wolf-collie pet of Alby Hodgdon, is a dog with a golden bite. "Laddie" has a gold tooth.

Public discussion of questions relating to this country's policies and attitudes does not properly come within the province of foreign government officials in the United States.—Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

You can develop tanks and machines in the spirit that pervades Europe at present, but never art, and especially music.—Herman Adler, Czechoslovak conductor.