

The Evening Herald

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SIDE GLANCES



"Junior asked me to buy a new comb and brush today—has he mentioned anything to you about girls?"

One-Man Convention

(Editor's Note: This is another dispatch from Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune, written from the Chicago democratic convention. This article was written on Tuesday, but it calls the turn on major events that subsequently occurred at the convention.)

CHICAGO—"One-Eyed" Connolly must be slipping. He and his navy-blue beret crashed the gate at the convention last night, after a great deal of maneuvering. Why anyone should try to crash the gate at THIS convention passes all understanding. It's different with the press that is paid to attend, and those who have tickets and feel an obligation to use them. But no such obligation rested on the heavy shoulders of "One-Eyed,"—he could have stayed in the bar and had a good time, instead of going to all that work and trouble to hear Speaker Bankhead deliver his keynote, in the most devout Alabama camp-meeting style. Perhaps "One-Eyed" thought it was going to be TALLAHASSEE!

Moreover, while the crowd was better than in the afternoon, there were scores of vacant seats, and the ushers were not at all averse to seeing them occupied. In fact an official ushask has gone out, instructing those who have tickets but don't intend to use them, to deliver same to the Democratic headquarters on the 4th floor of the Stevens hotel, so the auditorium can be filled at any and all times.

For this lack of interest, of course, President Roosevelt can be blamed. We sympathized with the President for not showing his hand several months ago when to do so would have weakened his position with his party, and the world, but there is no such excuse today. If ever a convention was killed by its nominee, that is true about this one, and we fear it's never going to be revived now, no matter what is done.

From the news standpoint there is only one redeeming feature,—nothing like it has happened before, and very likely will never happen again.

The nearest approach to it goes back to another Roosevelt, the late T. R., when in this same city he chose to jump on the Bull Moose band wagon. That, too, was a one-man convention, nothing being said and nothing being done without Teddy's first okaying it.

But Teddy was here in Chicago, and that fact alone gave life and color to the proceedings.

These goings-on, however, are by remote control. There was plenty of hocus pocus and show window camouflage at Philadelphia, when the real work was being done in various and sundry hotel conference rooms,—but this confab, to date, is ALL hocus-pocus and show-window. There is nothing but make-believe and mumbo-jumbo out at the convention hall.

The band blares, the organ peals, there are a few cheers and some scattering applause, but it fools no one. Everyone knows,—or thinks he knows which amounts to the same thing,—that it's all cut and dried, that at the proper psychological moment the signal will be given and F.D.R. will be the nominee again. They also know he will choose his running mate and write the platform.

If Roosevelt were here, and might at some propitious moment appear, there would be a different feeling, but he isn't here and no one expects him.

All he has here are three or four Charley McCarthys being manipulated from Washington on various levers, wires and strings,—Ickes, Hopkins, Farley, Barkley, et al,—the whole performance as lacking in spark and life and vitality as a punch and Judy show.

So on this, the second day, it's even more a "wash-out" than on Day No. 1,—scalpers' tickets to the Big Show have declined from ten dollars per to a dime!

The usual reception to the press was held last night, the only unusual feature being that the bartenders also got plastered, and the donkey frozen in the cake of ice melted down to a sacred cow. Oh, yes, the turkey that looked so inviting proved to be only papier mache, which isn't particularly adapted to one-handed carving! (Lest friends, relatives and subscribers become alarmed, let the undersigned hasten to add this is entirely hearsay,—ye editor did not go.)

Here is a striking and perhaps a significant feature:—no one as yet has instructed the band to play "Happy Days Are Here Again," which at the two former Democratic jamborees was the theme song. Perhaps it will be brought out toward the close of the show, in a final effort to revive the spirit of things, but we doubt it.

For nothing could be more apparent than, as far as the visiting delegates are concerned, happy days ARE NOT here.

MESSAGE TO GARCIA

BALTIMORE, (AP)—Judge J. Abner Saylor knows his herbs. Joseph Garcia, a Puerto Rican, contended that police seized herbs which he had used to soak his feet.

This was the judge's "message" to Garcia: "They're marihuana; three

TODAY!
 A Columbia Picture
Chick Barnett
 "The Road to Reno"
 with TRIS MURPHY
2ND HIT
"THE LAST ALARM"
VOX

PINE TREE
 NOW
WHOS AFRAID OF THE BIG, BAD GHOUL?
 BOB HOPE PAULETTE GODDARD
"The GHOST BREAKERS"
 PAUL LUKAS

MAJESTIC
 NAUGHTY MARIETTA
 with MAYTIME
M. DONALD EDDY
NEW MOON
 COMING SUNDAY
PINE TREE

TOMORROW
THEY'RE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
 Well-bent for hillbilly hill... ority, trackin' the trail of city folk who threaten the Golden Rule of the Ozarks.
WEAVER BROTHERS and ELVIR
JEEPERS CREEPERS
 ROY ROGERS MARIS WRIXON
RAINBOW

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 19—The history of this democratic convention may be written with inner incidental incidents.

Creation of the vacuum necessary to bring on the draft at times threatened heavier casualties than you may have heard. It developed into an official whirlwind which became a problem of management, not because of its scope, but because so many vacuum welders were competing to lead it.

The Hopkins-Kelly arrangers, for instance had well planned their noise arrangements. There was to be a respectable, short demonstration when Senator Barkley first mentioned Mr. Roosevelt's name that fateful night the wind rose, on order. The big blow was to be reserved for later, after Barkley had read the president's inspiring message.

With all the politics knowing the bandwagon was coming, it was obviously a tactical error to expect them all to wait until Mayor Kelly could lead. A couple of the Massachusetts boys, who were restlessly out on the sinking limb of support for Jim Farley, naturally decided this was the time to get off—and first. They waited panting for the Barkley mention of FDR's name, and were first in line for the premature parade by three delegate lengths.

Mr. Barkley's best work with his sledgehammer gavel could not save the energies of the delegates for the later demonstration until these had been wasted for 20 minutes.

SAVING THE LINEN

Some of the highest official laundry in the party, starched and otherwise, was nearly wasted through the convention hall roof on one occasion by the vacuum exuberance of an official welder, Senator Claude Pepper of Florida.

Mr. Pepper, who had been crowded off the platform composition committee to make room for such unexpected and infrequent new deal guests as Senator Wheeler and the isolationists, decided at the height of the demonstration that the time had come for him to make it a tornado. He was to get recognition of the chairman and move to suspend the rules so Mr. Roosevelt could be acclaimed the nominee unanimously.

Unfortunately, Senator Worth Clark of Idaho, heard of the Pepper plan. Clark had a nominating speech for Wheeler in his system and was otherwise opposed to the idea. Finding that a motion to adjourn would take precedence over Pepper's motion, he told the senator flatly he would make such a motion if Pepper moved. "If you try anything like that the country

will hear about it," was substantially what he said. Clark thereafter followed Pepper around the hall like J. Edgar Hoover follows the communists. Everytime Pepper made a dash for the platform or got near a microphone where he might get the attention of the convention, Clark figuratively interposed: "Not tonight."

The linen was saved.

ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN



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ATLAS FAILS

But the best trick of all, used to preserve as much of an outer appearance of unanimity as possible, was the one some of the Oklahoma delegates worked on one of their leaders. During the Roosevelt parade he stood there holding the Oklahoma standard out of it, like Atlas holding the world, only tighter. He was surprised to see none of the Roosevelt members of his delegation trying to take the standard from him, but not half as surprised as a moment later, when he saw these same delegates out in the thick of the parade carrying an Oklahoma standard just like his. They must have dug up a spare on the sly.

Atlas dropped the world and sat down.

The Massachusetts boys may have jumped the gun on Mayor Kelly, but his gun was louder when he finally got it started. The screaming voice over the radio, "so and so wants Roosevelt" came from the Illinois microphone. The official screamer mentioned "Illinois" and Mayor Hague's similarly mechanically regulated state of "New Jersey" most frequently. Before the evening was over he had covered nearly everyone as wanting Roosevelt, except the most important one. He neglected to mention Roosevelt also apparently wanted Roosevelt.

A Wheeler leader was heard to growl that if the Illinois and New Jersey delegations had anything like that the country

delegate drop," but this was pique. Fully three-fourths of the convention was properly in the designated groove.

VERY DRAFTY

The Chicago papers reported Kelly brought for noisemaking "some of John Tuohy's boys from the 27th ward," which I judge is just about what you would surmise. Plainclothes ushers handled the Roosevelt banners, but when some interloping Wheelerte tried to lope out on the floor with some youngsters carrying a flock of inappropriate "Wheeler-for-President" placards on high sticks, Mr. Kelly's orderly police rounded up and kept most of them off, to save their lives, no doubt. It was nearly all like this here most of the way—good humored but not necessarily friendly, and very, very drafty.

DOUGLAS VOTING

A complete summary of Supreme Court Justice Douglas's democratic voting record, which clarifies the limited assertion in this column some days ago that he had not voted in New Haven in 1938, is now available as result of investigating made by the local paper there.

Douglas did not vote in 1938 but was on the democratic registered list of that year. In 1937 he was not on the list and did not vote. From 1936 back to 1932 he was listed and voted each year except 1935.

Weed

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Dolan of San Francisco have spent a week in Weed visiting friends and relatives. Mrs. Dolan (Louise Zanolli) has many friends in Weed, having graduated from the Weed grammar and high

schools where she was quite popular.

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Ross Scott took Margaret and Mildred Scott, Bob Neimeyer, Norman and Judy Welch of Sacramento to view Crater Lake, Oregon.

Mrs. Margaret Costen Angers was a Weed visitor last week.

The E. G. Adams family motored to Etna.

Ida Sloan and John Kegg from Copco spent several days last week in Weed visiting relatives.

The Sam Doss family was called to Stockton because of the death of Mrs. Doss's brother.

Grace Lighthill left Weed last Tuesday for Bishop, Cal., where she will meet her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Reinmuth. They will proceed together for Des Moines for an extended trip.

Joe Napier, Clarence Arneson and Elwood Smith were fishing in Butte creek last week on Monday.

Shirley Smith has returned to Alturas after spending the holidays here with the R. E. Smith family.

Mrs. Nicholas Burkig had her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Nel Hanson of Sterling City visiting with her Sunday of last week. Arthur and Nancy Burkig returned with their aunt to Sterling for a month's vacation.

Mary Clery, nurse at Mary's, Help hospital, San Francisco, has returned to her work after spending a few days with Francis Ann Strother.

Helen Goeman of Tracy is spending part of her summer vacation with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Strother, at the Shasta Inn.

Nothing new! Same Good Brew! It's the Weed Flavor!

LAST DAY * "HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES" * LAST DAY
 and "BLACK FRIDAY" DAY

Sears-Pelican Theatre
POPEYE CLUB
 SATURDAY MORNING
 10 O'CLOCK
 Doors Open 9:30 A. M.
 ON THE SCREEN
GUNS ABLAZE
 ...out where blazing guns are the only law!
William BOYD
HIDDEN GOLD
 AND
 CARTOON—"IT MUST BE LOVE"
 POPEYE CARTOON—"THINGS TO DO"
 ALSO - "TERRY AND THE PIRATES"
ON THE STAGE
"QUIZ CONTEST"
 PRIZES! PRIZES! PRIZES!
 FREE PASSES!
 FUN! LAUGHTER! FOR ALL

TOMORROW (SATURDAY)
It's Hoppy -
WILLIAM BOYD
in HIDDEN GOLD
 with RUSSELL HAYDEN RUTH ROGERS
...STREAKING INTO GREATER DANGER ...AND GREATEST ACTION!
CARTOON - SPORT - NOVELTY
GOING PLACES AND LATEST NEWS
PELICAN