

The Evening Herald

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Those Noisy Celebrations

A LOT of the folks who listened to radio broadcasts of the political conventions have been grumbling about the so-called demonstrations, expressing doubt as to their spontaneity and sincerity and the place they should have in gatherings called to transact important public business. Much interest, therefore, will be given to this dispatch from Robert W. Ruhl, the roving editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune, who sat in Chicago and Philadelphia, witnessed the demonstrations first hand, and gives his honest impressions as follows:

CHICAGO—When television is perfected, it's going to put a crimp in such celebrations as were staged for President Roosevelt at the convention.

For those who listened to the racket over the air got one impression. Those who not only heard the noise, but saw who were making it,—and how,—got decidedly another.

We do not wish to suggest the celebration was not loud and long,—exceeding in volume and duration anything put on by the G.O.P. at Philadelphia, by at least 15 minutes.

But we would not only suggest, but DECLARE, that the enthusiasm was confined entirely to the delegates, in striking contrast to the scene at Philadelphia, where the galleries made most of the noise and the delegates very little, and also that the enthusiasm among the delegates was by no means universal, or entirely spontaneous.

In fact, while that unearthly racket was going on and on, and on, there were two rough-and-tumble fist fights between two factions of Texas delegates, not more than 15 feet from where your correspondent sat. And there was nothing half-hearted about them either,—eyes were blackened, noses were flattened and two Texas standards were reduced to scraps of paper and kindling wood. Had Mayor Kelly's valiant blue coats not intervened, the entire celebration might have ended up then and there in a riot.

A television view would have shown that dissension in the Democratic ranks, which we are sure was not suggested over the sound waves.

And Texas was not the only delegation that was divided on this "Third Term" stampede,—Montana also stood on the sidelines and when one of their number started to join the "peepers," he didn't carry a Roosevelt banner, but one for Senator Wheeler. He didn't last long, however,—he lost his banner and most of his shirt.

Nor did the radio listeners have any idea, perhaps, that throughout the hullabaloo Chairman Farley stood on the platform with tears in his eyes, chewing gum sadly as he gazed at the demonstration, refusing, unlike the permanent chairman and speech maker, Senator Barkley, to make the slightest gesture of approval or encouragement. (Barkley, in fact, was not content with making the table-thumping speech that started the riot, but whenever the racket threatened to subside, went to the microphone and yelled "We want Roosevelt!" even though it was then rapidly nearing midnight.)

Also if television had shown the firm and glowing jaw of Senator Tydings as he defended the Maryland standard from rough hands that would have put it in that catarrh of Roosevelt sound, there would have been a different impression.

And there was Senator Clark, too, his face almost as red as Barkley's, fighting against the pro-Roosevelt hordes as he did against the Germans at Chateau Thierry, and winning.

Four other delegations refused to jump in the ring,—Virginia (please page Carter Glass!) Nevada (McCarran perhaps had something to do with that), Louisiana (shades of Huey Long!) and Puerto Rico.

So the "joy unconfined" was not unanimous by any means, although we have an idea that over the air it sounded that way.

But it WAS an enthusiastic demonstration, nevertheless, and while the Tribune this morning tries to make out it was all artificial,—a Kelly machine build-up, through button-holing the state chairman, and sprinkling Kelly's clacques through the audience,—there is no more truth to this than the claim made in Philadelphia that the Willkie enthusiasm was "bought and paid for" and entirely synthetic.

Of the two that Willkie enthusiasm in the Quaker City was far more genuine, and spontaneous,—it also came from the grass roots, instead of from the administration's workers and the candidate's delegates on the floor. But the fact remains the delegates to this convention are far more unanimous and more enthusiastic for Roosevelt than the delegates to the Republican convention ever were for Wendell Willkie.

Willkie won at Philadelphia not because the delegates were for him, but because the people were,—the people in the gallery, and people outside.

There is no similar evidence of a popular demand for Roosevelt at this convention, nor in the city of Chicago,—the enthusiasm proceeds entirely from the delegates themselves.

In fact, throughout that long-winded demonstration last night, we kept our field glasses on the gallery a large share of the time.

Aside from the few members of the Kelly machine, including Chicago policemen, who were doing what they could to keep the ball rolling, the people in the galleries were sober and silent,—interested in the demonstration for a while and then gradually becoming bored by it. In fact, the gallery nearest the press box started to express disapproval of the racket, five or ten minutes before it stopped,—clapping hands slowly in unison as the fans do at a prize fight when the boys in the ring aren't showing the proper stuff.

It would be interesting to know how many people in the country have been fooled by the mumbo-jumbo that has been going on here since Monday,—to our mind the greatest political farce ever sanctioned and manipulated by a President of the United States.

Everything cut and dried, and yet everyone, including the President, pretending it is all free-wheeling and entirely spontaneous!

That many people ARE being fooled, and not all of them nit-wits either, was indicated last night by a certain well-known Illinois newspaper man, sitting next to us, who, when Barkley read that "come on" statement from the White House, observed in all seriousness, that the bomb shell at last had dropped, the President was NOT a candidate!

It took a five-minute argument to convince him the bulletin he then clicked off on his typewriter should NOT be sent. (In the end it wasn't.)

The Man-from-Mars can't understand why it is,—all the preliminary speakers here, (and also at Philadelphia) deplored partisanship at such a critical period of the country's history as this, and then proceeded to deliver the most bitterly and malignant PARTISAN harangues a party convention has ever listened to.

All the virtue and light in one party, all the iniquity and darkness in the other, and no one really believing such twaddle, including the speakers themselves.

Our only explanation was it's a long-established political habit, which it seems impossible to eradicate,—one party being no better than the other in this respect.

Which is one reason we didn't comment on the key note speeches at Philadelphia, and refuse to do so here. Life is too short to waste time and space in taking seriously such routine CLAP-TRAP.—R. W. R.

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 20.—The inside story of this democratic convention is simply told:

Mr. Roosevelt was unable to unify the democratic party behind the third term so he took over its machinery to form what can only be called the Roosevelt third term party.

Hull refused to take the vice presidency. The president refused to take Garner again. FDR found that such a party stranger as Douglas would be too much for the convention to accept. The Garner people did not want their friend Jesse Jones in it. So there was no one left but the agricultural member of the cabinet, Henry Wallace.

Farley, the party man was crowded out by his principles. All his friends, noting the handwriting on the wall, practically stopped work at the convention. No fully adequate replacement for him could be found. So FDR had to make the second best of that, too. He had to rely solely upon his most devoted friends, to whom there is no principle except Roosevelt, and the opportunists among the politicians who were more anxious for national protection and favors than anything else.

The strict democratic party men (not alone the conservatives) sat down.

EXCLUSIVE

In some ways it looks like a new farmer-labor party, a national uprising vaguely suggestive of the labor party's rise in England. It might grow into that, if successful. Certainly, there would be no reason for Mr. Roosevelt to consider any other viewpoint than his own in a third term. He has left no one in his party with whom he would have to compromise, or even consult. He had shed himself of restraints.

The farmer-labor strain does NOT however, run either deep or wholly true in the new regime. Wallace does not bring into the organization any farm influence that Roosevelt did not have before (American farm bureau federation particularly). It does not imply any new farm action. The president may have acquired John Lewis by platform bargaining at this convention, but he already had Lewis' CIO organization with him all along (Murray, Kennedy, Hillman, and the rank and file). What will come out of that in the way of future stronger labor action by the government cannot even be guessed now.

So, in the last analysis, while the Wallace and Lewis viewpoints have been pushed further up front to the chairs vacated by the democratic leaders, they are not bringing him any fresh political strength. There are no more new chairs in the board of management.

Actually Roosevelt has, therefore, come out of the convention with less strength than he had

NEW TYPE

Wallace, a former republican, is highly respected everywhere in politics for his honesty and sincerity, but not for his political judgment or his ability to handle congress (the job Garner did well for Roosevelt). Wallace's experience has been in other lines, and if he becomes president some day, he will be a wholly new type. His selection as the next best one to Hull was apparently predicted on the hope of offsetting the grim political visages of Hague and Kelly and the choice of Farmer Charles McNary by the republicans.

CYNICISM

Newsmen who pass their estimates of public men on to you are apt to become cynical occasionally. They see so much political insincerity they may sometimes see it where it does not exist. But I have never covered a national convention in the past twenty years where they were so unanimous in their cynicism as here.

From a technical standpoint it may be true the Hopkins-Kelly-Byrnes control managed the routine here fairly well for newcomers. They had excellent direction from Washington. They minimized their losses as much as possible by steaming up that sincere majority portion of the convention which worships Roosevelt as a bread and butter god.

But if there was a newsmen here who was NOT dismayed and discouraged by the callous indifference to facts and common fairness, I did not meet him. Reporters generally do not ask that politicians be candid, but false spectacles such as Mr. Roosevelt saying he did not wish to run in such a way that he

SIDE GLANCES



"Quick! Let's put our hat and coat on and pretend we're just leaving!"

when he went in. He has only made his new party exclusive.

would be drafted, was a little too much for most of them to enjoy.

Telling The Editor

ONE LAST THOUGHT

I't woman's privilege to have the last word. Even though she may not be heard. I've asked the question and received the replies. I can't help but wonder if there aren't a few sighs. From some of those people who can't be content. With thinking of pay checks already spent. If perhaps, they don't want some new clothes. Or a bit of powder for some shiny nose. All of those things it takes money to buy. That they can't get at the house of supply.

For being a poet I haven't the flare. And all of this rhyming gets into my hair. So like the Arabs of olden days, I will just quietly slip away. Into the calm and peaceful night, And forget all about the cares of a strike. Just murmuring a hopeful prayer, That you'll keep all your union trouble up there.

DOROTHY PROEBSTEL

Algoma, Ore.

We must conquer to live—the problem for us is nothing else than the further mobilizing of our resources to the last man and the last shilling.—Sir Kingsley Wood, British chancellor of the exchequer.

Stopping Over

A column of chat about Klamath visitors.

By BOB LEONARD

Despite 34 uninterrupted years in the United States, some of the heather and tweed of the Scottish highlands still clings to Judge Arthur D. Hay, circuit court judge of Lake county.

Perhaps it's in his speech, in which a trace of the Scotsman's burr lingers. Or in the ever-present yellow-bitted pipe he grips in his right hand.

But Judge Hay is a westerner, bred if not born. He came to the coast in 1907, the year after his itching feet carried him away from his native Edinburgh and to America's shores.

He was bent on being a cow puncher, but happened to pick the year of the '07 panic and wound up digging post holes on an Oregon range.

Finding there was more to cowpunching than riding a horse, young Hay soon turned to law, which he had studied in Edinburgh. He completed his course at the University of Oregon and came to Klamath Falls in 1912, set up his shingle and then discovered there were 32 lawyers to serve a town of 5000. The Hay panic of '12 was on.

However he managed to get married on what business the other 31 didn't corner and in 1915 moved to Lakeview—then a town of 1800. The situation there was almost as bad—13 attorneys to handle the litigation of 1800 souls.

Cattle suits and criminal cases, heavy in those days, soon built a thriving law practice for young Attorney Hay however, and when logging developed in

TODAY * THE WEAVERS AND ELVING ONLY * "JEPPERS CREEPERS"

TOMORROW CONTINUOUS FROM 1 P. M.

SMILES FUNNIER THAN THEIR LAST HIT!

Brother Rat and a Baby



PETER B. GOOD Directed by RAY (ENIGHT)

A WARNER BROS. First Nat'l Picture

RAINBOW

ENDS TODAY * "The GHOST BREAKERS" BOB HOPE Paulette GODDARD

Annual "Most Attractive" Child Photo Contest Starts

The annual "Most Attractive Child" photographic contest of Kennell Ellis studios will have the co-sponsorship this year of Sears, Roebuck and company, according to announcement of Catherine Gaylord, owner of the studio. There will be 23 prizes to 23 winners, as usual, she said, and this year Sears will offer bigger prizes than ever.

The contest is open to all children between the ages of five months and 10 years, and there is no charge or obligation to buy photographs, Miss Gaylord pointed out. Sitings will be at the studio and an appointment is not necessary, she said.

Classification of contest entrants will be the same as formerly: Babies from five months to 12 months; boys and girls from one to five years, boys and girls from five to 10 years, and twins.

The annual display of contest photographs will be held at Sears store at a date to be announced later.

Lake county, he became an expert on timber contracts. Judge Hay was elected to the bench in 1933 and has served as circuit court judge for Lake county since that time, frequently being called to Klamath county to preside over local litigation.

Judge Hay is an enthusiastic booster of the west and its future. He predicts the current trend in the population swing from east to west will continue and with the development of low cost power, a bright agricultural and industrial future is in store for Oregon and the west.

At birth, a kangaroo's forelegs are the longest.

ENDS TODAY * "THE TEXAS STAGECOACH" and "LAST ALARM" VOX

TOMORROW!

Intriguing Lady

In search of a Thrill!

GIRL in 313

with FLORENCE RICE · TAYLOR · KENT LIONEL ATWILL

STOOGES COMEDY "GOING PLACES" CARTOON - NEWS

FIRST THRILLING CHAPTER!

YOUR FAVORITE CARTOON CHARACTER COMES TO LIFE ON THE SCREEN

"RED RYDER"

DON BARRY and NOAH BEERY

COOL COMFORT VOX DIAL 5414

ENDS TODAY * "The GHOST BREAKERS" BOB HOPE Paulette GODDARD

TODAY ONLY * "HIDDEN GOLD" William Boyd as Hoppy Russell Hayden - Ruth Rogers

TOMORROW!

★ UNTAMED ... THEIR LOVE!

Against the cold white fury of the primitive North Woods, a man and a woman fighting for the only code they know ... the right to love!

RAY MILLAND PATRICIA MORISON AKIM TAMIROFF

in **UNTAMED**

with **WILLIAM FRAWLEY JANE DARWELL J. FARRELL MacDONALD**

In Gorgeous Technicolor!

PELICAN

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TOMORROW!

Greater **THAN "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"**

More Melodic than "Maytime"! Adventure on pirate seas...! Love beneath the Tropic moon...!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents **Jeanette MacDonald Eddy Nelson**

MACDONALD EDDY

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MARY BOLAND · NAT PENDLETON · GEORGE ZUCCO H. B. WARNER · BUSTER KEATON · GRANT MITCHELL

HEAR "LOVER COME BACK" "ONE KISS" "WANTING YOU" AND MANY MORE ROMBERG HITS!

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DIAL 3262 PINE TREE COOL COMFORT