

The Evening Herald

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Boos for Jefferson and Glass

HOW a Southern Oregonian, and a consistent admirer of the New Deal, reacted to the boos and catcalls hurled at Senator Carter Glass when he quoted Thomas Jefferson at the Chicago democratic convention, is told in another dispatch from Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail-Tribune:

Chicago, Ill., July 18 — So this is another morning after the night before!

But what a headache. The "morning after," a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, one had at least a sense of victory after a hard fight. A vicarious sense of vindication and triumph. There was an unpleasant physical reaction, but no unpleasant spiritual ones.

Quite the reverse this cloudy, muggy morning — a morning that somehow reminds your correspondent of that soiled, sordid and degraded Chicago of forty odd years ago.

In the first place the expected happened, which is never thrilling — in the Quaker City that hot night the expected DIDN'T.

But it was not what happened, but the way it happened that has the present writer down, deeper than the bottom of Crater lake.

And we NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE IT! Oh, not the nomination of "Franklin Delano Roosevelt" for a third term — that, since our visit to Washington had been a foregone conclusion.

But a democratic convention BOOING A SOLEMN PRO- NOUNCEMENT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, and the grand old man who presented that statement, Senator Carter Glass!

Yes, we never expected to see a thing like THAT. And we hope we never shall see it again!

We don't know how audible those boos were over the air. We do know they were extremely audible in our section of the press gallery, for we had a seat at the extreme right flank of that gallery, and just across the aisle from a loud mouthed and louder dressed female, who at frequent intervals expressed her emotions, favorable and unfavorable, with the assistance of a cow bell.

She was aided and abetted by a gang of muscular males, who may not have been members of Mayor Kelly's bodyguard, but looked it, and were extremely proficient with cowboy yips and yells, in favor of President Roosevelt and a third term. Moreover, they all had no patience with any threat of delay in attaining this devout consummation, and woe betide the individual who attempted it.

So THAT was all they could see in this white-haired, little old man from Virginia, who got up from a sick bed at the age of 82, and with a voice so husky even the magic loud-speaker almost failed to make it audible, presented the name of James Aloysius Farley (and made, in the name of the man who until this convention, had been regarded as the founder and patron saint of the "great democratic party," an appeal against the third term, and in favor of religious tolerance and freedom! That man was Thomas Jefferson.

What did this gang care for religious tolerance, the third term tradition, Thomas Jefferson, or any other irrelevant considerations? They had come to that hall for one thing and one thing alone — namely:

To secure the nomination of a man named ROOSEVELT and spend the rest of the morning hours in a good, old-fashioned Chicago sou — so TO HELL with anyone or anything that dared to halt, or even delay the proceedings! — and to hell with Thomas Jefferson, the Bill of Rights, Carter Glass and anything that saved-off little runt might have on his senile mind!

On with the boos and the cowbells, gals and boys, let's make that little runt scream!

They didn't succeed! Had Hitler himself been there with all his gangsters, that little package of courage and grit and fearlessness would have stood his ground until he had his say, regardless of what might have been done to prevent it.

Yes, they give Congressional Medals and Victoria Crosses to young men, full of vim and vigor, stirred by the thrill of battle, who fly aloft to take their chances with other young men, equipped about as they are — and who by the fortunes of war are lucky enough to shoot them down, instead of being SHOT!

But here was an old man, and a little one, far from well, two decades beyond his prime, not facing one foe equipped as he, but facing twenty thousand of them, with every resource of a powerful party and a powerful government behind them — and there he stood before that microphone to have his say — and there he had his say — ALONE!

He will get no medals or citations, but he should get something more important and more immortal, if not in Heaven, in the hearts and minds of his countrymen.

Yes, that's the picture we have of the convention last night that ended with the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt by acclamation for a third term.

And it's far from a pleasant picture. It's one we would like to forget but fear we never shall.

And one reason for that fear is that this incident really is typical of the entire convention, even though the cheers for the courageous warrior from Virginia, finally drowned out the cowbells and the boos.

There in the foreground is Franklin Delano Roosevelt — truly a great president — but the background of that same picture is supplied by Boss Kelly of Chicago, and his underworld gang, with their boos and the cow bells — determined by fair means or foul, chiefly the latter, to see that President Roosevelt is in the White House for a third term.

We find ourselves wondering WHY! Just WHY!! Those who find an answer to that, we are quite sure, will also find an answer to this: Why the democratic party in the convention, breaking for the first time the unwritten law against the third term, should hear that convention boo the principles of Thomas Jefferson and his name?

Yes, it was a depressing and degrading spectacle — there was something about it almost obscene.

Most of the noise made at that convention was made by people who were merely obeying orders from the most corrupt gang that ever robbed a great American municipality — the minions of the Kelly-Nash machine — who not only knew nothing about the principles of Thomas Jefferson, but never had HEARD of the man.

And one of the great statesmen of this country, regardless of party, making what will in all likelihood prove to be the last public speech of his lifetime, in a passionate appeal for his party not to take action that the party was determined to take, was only regarded by them as a half-baked old dotard, who was wasting their time and delaying their opportunity for an all-night souze and gangster good time.

Small wonder that President Roosevelt, a thousand miles away, showed no exuberance at his nomination, but observing, that THAT was THAT, allowed his attendants to escort him to bed. And with that unerring and unfailing political instinct of his he has decided not to visit the convention, as he did the two preceding ones, but to give his acceptance by remote control, and allow Eleanor to have the local limelight and the honors.

Were he to come here tonight, what a tragic anti-climax for his well-wishers and his loyal friends! — R.W.R.

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 22 — This coming election is highly in doubt today, it seems to me.

Defeat of the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket was so widely predicted in hoarse stage-whispers by numerous democratic delegates here after the convention that no reporter could have failed to have heard the suggestion.

But these came while the spell of personal disappointment was fresh. They came not only from those few who were dismayed at Mr. Roosevelt's decision to perpetuate his administration in his own person, but from the many—the very great many—who lost their pep for the ticket when the president chose a political stranger to them, Mr. Wallace as his companion.

Delegates from Indiana told me in all seriousness for instance that their state would be lost by 100,000 or more due to the lack of enthusiasm among McNutt's friends for the way he has been treated. A Texas democrat actually insisted a miracle would occur in Texas and a republican would carry the state. There were other such suggestions.

One publicity man attached to a candidate started seeking a job with Willkie before the convention was over.

faith, he must reach below the white collar middle classes. Today I do not believe Willkie is widely known or understood among the voters. They have not yet become acquainted with him. He cannot depend on intelligence to do the job. He cannot reach them with reason alone. He must make an emotional appeal, a wide deep and stirring national crusade to establish himself as an authentic champion of the great majority. He must prove his worth by his campaign.

So I think the election is all up to Willkie, up to his actions and ability. There is nothing Mr. Roosevelt can do for himself, except to patch his fences where he can, and play the emotional appeal of defenses and war as much as he can, permitting his flame throwers to beat the bushes and arouse emotions against "bankers, Wall Streeters" with the well used and formerly effective theme.

Roosevelt has his votes. Willkie must win his. But I have not yet found a republican who doubts Willkie's ability to meet the test.

NOT CONCLUSIVE
 This first evidence is too hot and prejudiced to be considered anything near conclusive. It does clearly suggest that symptoms of another Al Smith campaign have arisen out of this convention. In that campaign, the leaders went through the motions of support for their candidate, but their energy was not equal to their words. They said, "Al is a great man, we are for him" but when the votes were counted, no Smith votes could be found, including theirs.

This country still has the secret Australian ballot system. If those local political leaders who attended this convention feel a surpassing principle is at stake or that a wrong has been done to them or their friends, they can devote most of their campaign energies to saving their local tickets in which their initial personal interest lies anyway. They can cut the national ticket, as cold as Al's was out in a campaign which established the all time low in silent political frigate.

As I say, only the initial suggestions of such a technique were evident here. The campaign will develop how it will work out. No one may know the answer until the votes are counted on election day.

EMOTION IN THE SADDLE
 Certainly no one now expects Mr. Roosevelt to poll more than 75 per cent of the vote he drew in 1936. The most ardent Roosevelt partisan does not expect more as of today.

It is likewise just as clear a fact that the result of the 1936 electoral landslide could have been changed by redistribution of far less than 25 per cent of the popular vote.

But does this mean Willkie is in the bag? Far from it, in my opinion.

Reason is on the side of the republicans this time, but emotions are still with the third term party. There are millions of people today whose emotional self interest has completely sold them on Roosevelt beyond the ability of reason to challenge. He could do anything, and they would still vote for him, because they believe he personally is responsible for their old age security, their farm checks, public work, their union or just simply because they think he is for the poor man, and they are still poor. If Willkie is going to crack this blind

SIDE GLANCES



"Don't worry, Miss Kelch—everybody in Wilsonburg will welcome you home again, same as if you did make good in Hollywood."

Telling The Editor

T. R.'s RANCH

HILDEBRAND, Ore. (To the Editor)—In your daily column you said "When Theodore Roosevelt was ranching in South Dakota."

Now Theodore Roosevelt never did ranch in South Dakota. His ranch was in North Dakota. Right close to "McDora," N. D., in the North Dakota badlands.

I hope you'll go there to see his ranch some day. Then you can drink T. R. coffee, fill your car at a T. R. gas station, sleep in a T. R. hotel and after that you'll always remember that T. R. had his ranch in North Dakota.

But my, oh, my, how you newspaper men do make mistakes. I used to live in North Dakota and just couldn't let you get away with this one. That's as bad as putting Crater lake into California.

Yours truly,
 MRS. H. G. ZABEL.

2200 ADDED TO STATE POPULATION

PORTLAND, July 22 (UP)—Oregon's 1940 population rose to 1,087,717 Saturday with the addition of 2,200 persons to the figure for Crook county. The state total in 1930 was 953,786.

Preliminary figures released earlier this week omitted the 2,200 which gives the county a population of 5,510 — a gain of 65 per cent over 1930 or the second largest increase of any of Oregon's 36 counties.

Prineville, Crook county seat, has 2,092 residents, compared to 1037 10 years ago.

Watch the Classified Page

ENDS "GIRL IN 313" Florence Rice - Kent Taylor
 TODAY * and "Red Ryder"—First Thrilling Chapter

TOMORROW!
 Take the NEW Ozark Trail... to Hilarity!
 The Weavers are back again!

Republic Pictures present
 WEAVER BROS. & ELVIRY
 in "GRAND OLE OPRY"
 with LOIS RANSON John Hartley

2nd HIT!

Inspector HORNLEIGH on HOLIDAY
 with GORDON HARKER * ALISTAIR SIM

COOL COMFORT VOX DIAL 5414

CLOUDBURST AT BEND FEATURES WEEKEND RAIN

PORTLAND, Ore., July 22 (UP)—A 20-minute cloudburst at Bend in central Oregon highlighted a weekend of showers and thunderstorms that lessened forest fire dangers and brought relief from one of the longest droughts on record.

Showers were general Friday and Saturday in central and southern Oregon and in coast regions.

The downfall at Bend Saturday filled the streets to the curb, flooded basements and slowed automobile traffic almost to a standstill.

The brief but potent storm brought rain measured at 1.14 inches and was believed a record. Temperature dropped abruptly from 77 degrees to 52.

The water reached running boards of parked automobiles and stalled others which attempted to move. Fire department and forest service pumps were rushed into service to siphon water from dwellings and business buildings. Merchandise stored in shop basements was damaged.

Several summer-weary residents took the storm lightly and were seen, shoes in hand and pants legs rolled up, wading in the streets.

A fifth of an inch fell in an hour at Tillamook, which had experienced the driest summer in 34 years. Several heavy showers and a thunderstorm were reported at Wheeler on the coast.

Rain fell at Grants Pass for the first time since May 31. Two fires were caused by lightning in the Siskiyou national forest. Precipitation was so heavy for a time that power failed in all of Josephine and parts of Jackson and Douglas counties. Lines were disrupted by lightning strikes and short circuits.

Twenty-six acres of hops fell to the ground on the ranch of Raymond Lathrop of Josephine county, but growers said damage will be slight if wires are lifted promptly.

WOMAN POISONS 7 DOGS; THEY 'ANNOYED' HER

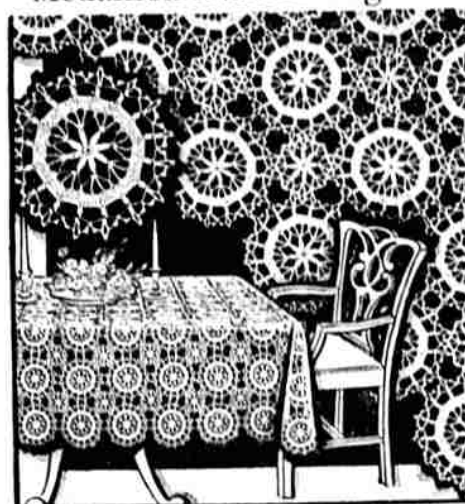
STOCKTON, Calif., July 22 (UP)—District Attorney F. C. Cloudsley Saturday said Mrs. Bertha Ames, 59, confessed she poisoned seven dogs in her neighborhood "because they annoyed me."

Arrest of Mrs. Ames followed a three-day investigation by the San Joaquin county sheriff's office of all drug stores. It was alleged she had purchased strychnine sulphate the same day the dogs died from that poison introduced into meat.

Cloudsley said Mrs. Ames admitted she had purchased the poison but said she had planned to use it to kill rats and exhibited a full bottle.

Further examination revealed she had used part of the poison and replaced it with baking soda, Cloudsley said.

Medallion Attracts Beginners Too



PATTERN 6698

Have beauty in your home at little cost. Crochet these easily memorized medallions and join them into lacy accessories, large or small. Pattern 6698 contains instructions for medallions; illustrations and photographs of materials needed.

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

Nebraska Finds One Out Of Ten Farmers Left State

OMAHA, July 22 (AP)—Nebraska reckoned the toll today of a dry and dusty decade. One in every ten rural residents has been forced to seek a new home.

The state as a whole lost nearly one-twentieth of its population in the last 10 years, but the grim hand of drought laid much heavier on the farms and small towns so closely tied to them. Those rural areas lost a total of 88,954.

In the hardest hit south central part of the state, some counties saw as much as a fifth of their population trickle away as crops failed year after year. Several recorded 15 to 20 per cent losses.

In five years, 11,657 farm units disappeared. Some of the land was blown away but most of the change was regarded by Prof. H. C. Filley, agricultural college economist, as an adjustment to larger farm units.

Small farms from 40 acres up became unprofitable because of drought, he explained, and farms now average from 260 to 500 acres.

Statistically, the state's total population according to preliminary census figures is 1,313,441, as against 1,377,963 in 1930. The number of farms declined to 121,959, compared with 133,616 in 1930, when a slight "back to the farm" trend was noticeable, and 129,738 in 1930.

However, some of the farmers and villagers who left the rural areas, Filley pointed out, stopped on their migratory trek

in the state's larger cities, most of which showed substantial.

CIO MAGAZINE PESSIMISTIC ON EMPLOYMENT

WASHINGTON, July 22 (UP)—The Congress of Industrial Organizations "economic outlook" this week said that an annual expenditure of arms of from \$15,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000 would be necessary to employ all the nation's jobless.

The CIO estimated unemployment at 10,748,000 for the month of May.

"The best rough guess is that during the next 12 months we will reemploy directly about 1,500,000 workers," the "Outlook" said. "It is possible that another million may secure employment in other work as a result of the increase in arms employment... The unfolding of the national defense program emphasizes again the fact that the program as now conceived will not wipe out unemployment."

FUNERALS

ARDEN ELMA TITCOMB

The remains of the late Arden Elma Titcomb, who passed away near Klamath Falls, Ore., on Tuesday, July 16, 1940, was forwarded via Southern Pacific on Saturday evening, July 20, 10:40, to Salt Lake City, Utah, where the final rites will take place. Ward's Klamath Funeral home is in charge of the arrangements.

ENDS "UNTAMED" RAY MILLAND
 TODAY * PATRICIA MORISON

TOMORROW!

YOUNG DR. KILDARE POPS THE QUESTION
 The crisis of his life... to diagnose Love!

Dr. KILDARE'S Strange Case
 M. G. M. PICTURE
 Low with LIONEL BARRYMORE
 * Laraine Day * Shepperd Strudwick

—ADDED—
 STRANGER THAN FICTION
 SWIM SPORT
 STONE AGE COMEDY
 LATEST NEWS

DIAL 4572

DELICAN

ENDS "BROTHER RAT AND TODAY * A BABY

TOMORROW!
 YOUR MONEY or your heart!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
 RAFFLES
 DAVID and OLIVIA NIVEN * de HAVILLAND
 directed by SAM WOOD
 RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS

RAINBOW

Now
 Nightier than "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"
 More Melodic than "MAYTIME"

M. DONALD EDDY
 NEW MOON
 MARY HOLLAND, NAT. PORTER, GEORGE HENRI, N. Y. HARRIS, EDITH HARRIS, GRANT HARRIS

COLOR CARTOON AND LATEST NEWS

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