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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Drouth conditions in the Middle West, are blamed on the Lord. This indicates the people have started to show a kinder feeling towards Herbert Hoover.

"Lame velvet" is heralded as the leading material for Miller's gown the coming winter. As usual, the buyer, not the weaver, will do the humping.

Oregon political talk is now concerned with the "right wing," and the "left wing," with no mention of the hindleg.

The Board of Control meetings are held in the state house at Salem, and not on the Portland waterfront, as you may have suspected from the remarks of the Governor and State Treasurer when in session.

The Vern Brophy prize dog has recovered from chasing the wrong cat.

NU WOODS. (Letter to Dr.)
Here dr. I will drop you a card to let you now the risen I hant brot your wood I have bin in the horsepittle with my lege ant got so I can walk any yit but dont git thing about it for I will git it for you just as quick as I can walk.

But now! Now the music begins and he is supposed to repeat his private opinion of angels. He opens his mouth and not a sound emerges. (SF Call-Bulletin)—That's just fine!

Otto Klum, football coach from Hawaii, was here yesterday. Mr. Klum formerly taught the young upstarts of this vicinity, how to plunge, punt and protect themselves on the gridiron. He belongs to the old school theory that a halfback too shiftless to get his spelling lessons, was no use, as a halfback. He produced a number of star spellers and halfbacks. He could say the meanest things to a lad, with a perfect dancing record, and no enthusiasm for his arithmetic. When he was coach, the paper did not have to apologize for the score, and alleg, "our boys were defeated, but not disgraced."

Fortune smiled on the owner of a mechanical strudy, known as a "bug" yesterday. He beat a locomotive to the crossing, and the fire engine to the fire, in the same forenoon.

"The knowledge I possess a million dollars does not disturb me. I forget it," announces Henry Ford. But Henry! the fellow who sells the autos you make never forgets the prospective purchaser is no millionaire.

LIFE'S PERILS THWARTED. (Minneapolis Journal)
Undies That "Run"
Only When You Do
For Merita rayon undies are guaranteed run-proof, only—

And how much longer they will last... and how very distressing to have the kind that starts to run in the morning and before night is utterly "ruined."

The action of Jackson and Clatsop counties, in threatening to yank loose from relief rolls, residents who suffer from hallucinations that the American form of government is moth-eaten, and needs to be Russianized, has caused considerable editorial distress upstairs. The favorite argument is that "you can't make a Republican or Democrat out of a Communist by starving him." This is quite true. However, there is just as good an argument to the contrary, which holds that a half-traitor should get his beans where he gets his revolutionary ideas. Their removal from aid lists will make room for worthy poor, who lacking the gall of unworthy poor, have been made to suffer double during the sad depression years.

All Mixed Up

THE Oregonian must be badly worried about something. We can account, in no other way for its EXTRAORDINARY reaction to the fact that this paper a few days ago said some nice things about General Martin, who happens to be the Democratic candidate for governor.

We didn't say MUCH. We merely stated, that the Oregonian's prompt acceptance of the general's classification of state issues, was to be commended, for we believed that on that line, the gubernatorial campaign could "in reasonably good nature and decent feeling" be waged.

THIS extremely mild pronouncement, apparently induced in the usually self-controlled Oregonian, an immediate Berserkerian rage. Lashing out at the Mail Tribune as the first bolter of the Republican ticket, it proceeded to jump high in the air, and land with both feet in the gutter of dirty politics, splashing the general—and itself—with a lot of irrelevant and unsavory demagogic mud.

On what meat, has this our Caesar fed? We didn't say half as many nice things about Congressman Martin, as did the Oregonian itself only a few weeks ago.

In its issue of May 9th for example the Oregonian commended the General's character, and his fitness to be governor of this state as follows:

"General Martin is an honorable, likeable gentleman, possessed of a lot of good hard sense. This newspaper can imagine an outcome of the primaries wherein it, and they, could do worse than SUPPORT General Martin for governor." (The emphasis is ours.)

Three days later the Oregonian again with even more enthusiasm declared editorially, that General Martin:

"...is a man of national distinction. He has served this country in many armed conflicts. He presents his life history and he recites his public record. And it is a life and record beyond all question."

And again on May 5th in answer to a "registered Republican":

"If the Democrats shall nominate General Martin as their candidate for governor, you will be perfectly free to vote for him in the November election in preference to the Republican candidate, without changing your registration."

Then why all this heat and dirt,—when the Mail Tribune as an independent newspaper is only doing what the Oregonian ITSELF declared was a perfectly proper thing to do!

It is all quite mysterious. The General can't have changed in three short months. WHY has the Oregonian?

THE Oregonian has not only executed this complete flip flop on General Martin, it has completely right-about-faced on its announced campaign against the Democratic nominee in as many days.

Less than a week ago the Oregonian clearly stated it would fight the General on his own announced lines—and opined Congressman Martin would regret he had ever drawn those lines. For in the Oregonian's judgment they branded the General as a "pink". The Democratic candidate, it seems, favored going along with President Roosevelt, approved a change in our economic system "in GRADUAL progress," opposed alike Reds, who would overturn the government; and the Republican stand-patters, who would fight every effort to constructively improve it.

That, stated the Oregonian in effect, placed the General in sympathy with the radicals. Neither a Red nor a pure White, but something in between. The challenge was enthusiastically accepted. And on the ground this would be a step backward from the freedom of action which has marked the spirit of this republic the official mouthpiece of the Republican organization, said it would take its stand.

That was all fair enough and quite understandable. The Mail Tribune said so.

But now, fairly quivering with suppressed passion, the Oregonian opposes General Martin, not because he is "pink", not because he is too advanced in his economic views,—not because he is TOO liberal,—but—save the mark—because he isn't liberal ENOUGH!

THAT'S the trouble now. Joe Dunne, it seems, is the real Progressive, and the G. O. P. machine, supporting him, is we take it the only hope for the "forgotten man." General Martin, (and we assume the party of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he represents) are nothing less than reactionaries, stand-patters, friends of the aristocracy and entrenched wealth, so on this line the Oregonian will fight the General, till the cows come home!

WELL, so it goes. We can't be accused of taking partisan politics too seriously. It is largely a lot of unadulterated whangdoodle, and for many years has been.

Nor have we any quarrel with the Oregonian for doing all it can for the regular G. O. P. nominee, Joe Dunne. That was to be expected.

BUT we would like, before the campaign ends to know just WHERE the Oregonian stands regarding the man who happens to be the Democratic nominee.

Is he a good citizen, a fine patriot, in every way highly qualified for the position he seeks?

Or is he a visionary Liberal, with strong leanings toward a radicalism, that if successful would destroy that sacred freedom of action which has always marked this great republic?

Or is he neither of these things, but an ardent ally of entrenched privilege and predatory wealth?

The Oregonian has in a short few months, expressed all three opinions. Is it too much to ask that NOW it state, in which opinion, it really believes!

PORTLAND'S SCHOOLS OPEN SEPTEMBER 10

PORTLAND, Aug. 8.—(AP)—There is just a little more than a month of vacation left for Portland boys and girls. The directors of school district No. 1 last night voted to resume classes on September 10. There will be a two-week vacation for Christmas, and one week for Easter. Two days will be taken off at Thanksgiving, and the students won't have to attend classes on Armistice day or Memorial day.

TRANSIENTS IN CAMPS BARRED FROM VOTING

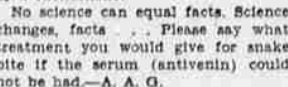
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—Inmates of transient relief camps throughout the country will not be allowed to remain in the camps if they exercise the privilege of voting. This ruling was made in a letter sent by Harry L. Hopkins, federal emergency relief administrator, to all state relief administrators and transient camp directors before he sailed for Europe on a vacation. Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Personal Health Service
By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ALCOHOLIC LOGIC AND SNAKE BITE.

A correspondent writes: I enjoy your column and get benefit from it. Your B.B. is great. I subscribe to the paper solely for your column and (wouldn't you like to know, cold as a leek?) But permit me to say that, like every other human being, you are sometimes wrong. This is true as to alcohol. A doctor friend says "Dr. Brady is right and he is wrong. Alcohol is a stimulant and a depressant according to the quantity." Another doctor says "Alcohol is a specific for the venom of a rattlesnake."



No science can equal facts. Science changes, facts... Please say what treatment you would give for snake bite if the serum (antivenin) could not be had.—A. A. G. The medical opinion of A. A. G. cites me as honest opinion. So is mine. Scientifically alcohol is NOT a stimulant in any quantity, but is depressant to every function of the body from first to last. If certain old timers choose to oppose their own notion about this to the observations made by scientists using methods of precision, that is all right, but we cannot give such notions, beliefs or traditions the same weight we give scientific observations.

Quaint indeed is the physician who has the temerity to say that alcohol is a specific for rattlesnake bite. That antiquated theory has long since been discarded even from the joke books.

Here is the treatment I should want if I were bitten by a rattlesnake. Immediate injection of antivenin into the tissues just above the level of the fang marks. If no antivenin at hand, then immediate cross incisions less than an inch long and about 1/4 inch deep, and immediate suction of this wound, with a cupping glass or with the mouth. Then a circle of cross cuts 1/4 inch long, perhaps a dozen of them, in a circle around the fang marks, and about three inches from the fang marks.

Then continue the suction of these secondary wounds as well as the original wound, for fifteen minutes or more in every hour for ten or fifteen hours.

If possible inject some salt solution into the tissues through these secondary incisions, and endeavor to suck it out through the original wound.

I believe such treatment if applied

immediately will prove successful in most cases. But even if it can be had hours late, the antivenin should be procured and injected in any case.

Tourniquet. No hurry about this. Incision and suction first. THEN put a tourniquet around the limb above the wound, but not too tightly, and release it altogether for a few seconds every five minutes, and disarticulate it in an hour or two if the incision and suction prove successful in preventing swelling and general symptoms.

Do NOT use permanganate, whiskey, gunpowder and alum, chloral, kerosene — these remedies have all been shown to be useless. Permanganate is actually harmful.

Black coffee is a fine stimulant, and so is strong tea.

Between suction keep the limb wrapped in clean cloths kept wet with tepid solution of common salt in pint of boiled water, and keep this dressing warm.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Noisebleed. Is it harmful for a healthy girl to have two or three nosebleeds after the slightest head cold? I seem to have these nosebleeds quite often after a cold.—Q.

Answer—But is a girl healthy who has something the matter with her head every little while? She should invest in a nose and throat examination and perhaps a general health examination by a physician.

Prostatic Resection. Wrote you about the electro-surgical method for prostate. Went to Dr. —, was in hospital nine days, and now I am fine. Dr. — certainly knows his business. I greatly appreciate your kindness to me.—F. A. C.

Answer—The correspondent refers to the recently developed method of trans-urethral removal of the obstructing portion of the prostate. Not all urologists can do this successfully, but some can, and in cases where the method is applicable it is a great boon, for the obstruction is removed without an external wound.

New Concept of Reduction. Do you, or do you not, recommend dinitrophenol for reduction? There is a bottle on at our house over this. H. G. W.

Answer—Only when it is carefully administered by your physician. We now have a new concept which I think is far better. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—No other prominent New Yorker has achieved the complete self-effacement of Al Smith during the past few months. It was as though a great magician waved the wand, and presto! Al was gone. An sudden indeed as turning off a brilliant electric light. He came out of his shell to welcome the new Tammany boss. That was all.

There are many versions. Some say he is merely "licking his sores." Others declare he is writing his memoirs. And still others he has only taken time off from an extremely busy life to do the things he wants to do, mingle with old friends and his grand children.

Whatever the reason, his picture-like presence is missing from familiar haunts. Dinty Moore's, Luchow's, the theatrical first nights and banquet boards. Perhaps the most noticeable enlivenment was from news reels. There was scarcely a week he was not laying a corner stone or welcoming visiting monkeys at the Empire.

Not even Jimmy Walker in his hey-day was so definite a part of the New York panorama as Smith and his brown derby. His voice over the radio, almost as familiar as that of Amos 'n Andy, is rarely heard. And he writes no more for the newspapers and magazines.

Gene Tunney, too, is among the popular celebrities to duck the limelight with increasing persistence. He could be drawn out of his seclusion now and then to a private dinner, tea, occasional first night or baby shower for Dempsey. But of late he has become almost Lindberghian in his diffidence. His cloister is a Connecticut estate where he varies intensive reading with wood chopping.

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, along with Katharine Cornell, form the romantic trio that seems the last firm link with the legitimate theater. The Lunts' recent return from a year's foreign trek and the announcement of a forthcoming appearance of a Noel Coward play did a little to inspire hope of a renascence along the Rialto, about the only latent radiation indeed in the gathering gloom.

Kate Smith is reputed to have sold the proverbial coal million in gilded investments, if any, against the day she retires. Thus, next to Chaplin, perhaps the wealthiest performer of her era. She expects in leisure to travel in foreign lands. The success of this overgrown bumptin upsets usual theories of amusement impresario. She has few qualities of the box office draw, especially the entrancing

something termed "it." Or is her voice of a remarkably appealing timbre. Her major charm is the shrewd and contagious quality of joy she puts into her work, plus a graciousness few performers attain. Unshowy she stops on tours at inconspicuous hotels, demanding only her rooms be flooded with sunshine. She neither smokes nor drinks and her relaxation is movie fan magazines.

New York first say Kate Smith as an awkward brooding anguished toll—for the Howard brothers I believe—in a George White summer show. Her novelty was a round-house size. Yet two years later she established an all-time high for the longest individual run at the Palace, the vaudeville va-halla. And then her sustaining popularity on the air. Some chunk of gall!

The inevitable companion of every prize fighting champion is the smiling young Irishman, Steve Hannagan. He was a pal of Dempsey's in the days of his full glory, then companion and press agent of Gene Tunney shortly before and after his rise to the championship. Now most of the good fellowship gatherings, cocktail parties and such that were given for Max Baer were sponsored by him. He is also likely the most intimate friend of Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, air ace.

The annual journalistic howl, called The Bowl Street Journal, which takes the financial district over the coals for a day, has this lone item under its heading—Foreign Exchange: "Able Glazinsky and Yip Fow Ping traded umbrellas in Wilfred's cafeteria today."

I called on an arty exquisite in his Sutton Place bachelor study recently. In the low lights he was tricked out in a deep purple lounging suit, black kerchief in breast pocket, lavender soft shirt and flowing black bow. This was the billiards. I must have an outfit of that sort. It came today, but I looked like an over-ripe Buster Brown yanked through a wringer. It's no use. I'm just a xax floor sack with cutout armholes bow. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Oregon Weather. Fair tonight and Thursday; warmer extreme east portion tonight; gentle, changeable winds offshore.

Card of Thanks. We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the many friends for the sympathy extended us during our recent bereavement, the illness and death of our mother and grandmother. We desire to specially thank the Relief Corps for their acts of kindness; also for the beautiful floral offerings.—A. B. Parker and Family. Mrs. Eduma Thomas and Family.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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Comment on the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS.

SENATOR McNARY, of Oregon, Republican senate leader, returns from Washington and offers this opinion to an interviewer: "Some of the new deal legislation has come to stay, some will perish, and some will be modified to meet changing conditions."

IF YOU will sit down and try deliberately to make an intelligent prediction as to the future of the NRA, the AAA, the PWA and the rest of the alphabetical experiments, you will find it a little difficult to do a better job than that.

A CHICAGO dispatch tells us: "Market prices of the four basic American agricultural commodities, produced this year under a government sponsored program designed to benefit farmers, averaged today at Chicago 21 per cent higher than a year ago and 83 per cent higher than two years ago."

ENTHUSIASTIC supporters of it will tell us the new deal is responsible for this very considerable improvement.

Active opponents will assert that the new deal had nothing to do with it—that improvement in prices of basic farm products is due principally to the drought, which has affected sharply the relationship between supply and demand.

WHAT will the farmers who have these products to sell tell us? They will probably say, without hesitation, that they don't care WHAT is responsible, but are glad that prices have improved.

WHAT, by the way, are the four basic American agricultural products? They are defined by the agricultural adjustment act, which is called for short the AAA, as wheat, corn, hops and cotton. Other farm products are assumed to be more or less side issues.

OUT here in the field and sheep country, we find it pretty hard to agree that hogs are the only basic livestock, and cotton the only basic textile.

HAVE we turned the corner behind which prosperity has been hiding for the past four years, so that now we can begin to see the alluring lady?

There will be various answers to that question, but here is a statement which everyone should find interesting: "A tabulation of the reports published thus far by 250 concerns having an aggregate net worth of \$9,724,000,000 shows combined net profits, less deficits, of \$276,563,000 for the first half of this year as compared with a profit of \$89,362,000 in the first half of 1933."

That is to say, these concerns earned 5.7 per cent on their net investment this year, as compared with 1.7 per cent last year.

THE REAL proof of the pudding, the proverb tells us, is the eating thereof, and the real proof of returning prosperity is increasing profits.

So we may accept these figures as the best proof yet that prosperity is really coming back.

THERE can be no prosperity for ANYBODY until business generally begins to earn a profit again, for without profits it is impossible to pay good wages, upon which buying power depends.

WHAT is responsible for this increase in profits—the new deal, or something else? If you're wise, you'll answer: "I don't know, and I don't care. I'm going to be thankful for ANYTHING that brings back prosperity."



(Continued from Page One)

Civilian, wife Pat Harrison, the senator from Mississippi, has decided to go to Mexico City during the hot primary contest in Mississippi between Senator Stephens and former Governor Bilbo. He will return in time to vote, but not before.

The radio sharks here seemed to think Mr. Roosevelt was not as jovial in his talk last Sunday night from Glacier park.

Hitler started the diplomatic set here with his renunciation of war, which indicated he was just a big misunderstood man. The diplomats wagged their heads and mumbled: "If we could have believed that he meant what he said."

The new deal economists are sincere in their predictions of much better business for fall. They are sure the stimulation to come from AAA, PWA and housing expenditure assure a much better level.

Much fake war news being circulated in the valley, particularly in the country districts.

Chief of Police Hittson put a ban on the use of the leather or halter type of muzzles for dogs this morning, and issued a decree that all dogs must be muzzled, so that the mouth and teeth are guarded with wire. The halter muzzle allows the dogs to drink and do some biting. The official muzzle prohibits this. A large portion of the dogs of the city have been muzzled with the halter muzzle, which the police claim is an evasion of the city ordinance.

WINDOW GLASS.—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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Flight 'o Time
(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 40 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 8, 1924
(Oregon state republican leaders predict "times are too good for fool notions or LaFolletteism to take root in Oregon, and the demagogues know it.")

Schools at Butte Falls and Willow Springs to open September 1.

Children warned by city police, "not to run and squeal at band concert tonight."

Farmers of the Eden Precinct "hold onto hens for higher egg prices."

Grain threshing in full swing in the Table Rock district.

Oregon growers of prunes sell million pounds to Europe at high prices.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 8, 1914
(It Was Sunday)
Belgian forts at Lelze continue to repel German forces, in their march to France.

Mrs. Oliver Pierce of Galls Creek kills a 150 pound deer.

Barnum and Bailey's circus here August 29.

John Bunney in "Pigs Is Pigs" at the Star; "Kathlyn Cavorts" at the It; and the "Fertils of Pauline" at the Isis.

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