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Did Bill White Choose Landon?

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE of Emporia, Kansas, suggests Mayor La Guardia of New York be the Republican candidate for President in 1940.

To which the Oregonian, stepping on its new verbal super-charger, deposes in its most sprightly fashion: Phooey! for Mr. White's 1936 selection. Phooey! for his selection for 1940.

Well confession is good for the soul, as well as for the Comic Muses observing the strange antics going on below, so we heartily commend the Oregonian for its frankness regarding the Republican campaign of 1936 and its candidate.

AND if Mr. White DID choose Governor Landon as the G.O.P. standard-bearer and DID tell the Oregonian,—or any one else,—that "Ally" was the one man best qualified to knock F.D.R. for a loop and a goal; then the official spokesman for that party in Oregon is entirely justified, in giving Bill's second choice the well known razzberry, and telling the distinguished Emporia editor to jump in the lake, and keep still.

BUT, unless the present writer is greatly mistaken, Mr. White did neither of these things. Like the Oregonian the Emporia Gazette supported the Republican party and its candidate, and did the best it could for both during the campaign.

BILL WHITE was devoted to Governor Landon, he had known him since he was a boy. He respected him, he had a deep fatherly affection for him. Moreover the entire Landon family had been staunch supporters of the Emporia editor, in every political reform he had advocated, in Kansas, for many years, and with one of them a presidential candidate of his own party, he could do no less than aid and support him, in every way.

BUT if Al Landon was ever Mr. White's personal choice for president: if he ever thought him the "white haired boy" that could defeat Roosevelt, and successfully lead this country to higher and better things, he certainly never intimated as much at the Cleveland convention.

No, quite the reverse! It was John D. M. Hamilton, and the burrah boys from Topeka, who strutted their stuff for their favorite son, at the Republican convention. Bill White when engaged in writing the platform, sat somewhat wearily on the side lines, and rather like a Gettysburg veteran watching some school children play soldier, observed their vociferous charges and counter-marches, with smiling compassion.

No doubt to this day, John D. M. believes he put Landon over, but for him and his high powered salesmanship, it would never have been done. But like many other go-getters, "intoxicated by the exuberance of their own verbosity"—John was mistaken.

GOVERNOR LANDON was nominated, not because of the Kansas delegation's aggressiveness and enthusiasm, but simply because no better and stronger candidate could be found. Outside of Kansas no one wanted Landon. But they decided to take him not because he was so good, but no one was better. In fact from Hoover through Vandenberg to Knox, all of them, at the time of the convention looked worse.

So from the start it was Landon. No Bill White was needed to put him over. No Bill White—or combination of them—could have stopped him. He was a "natural" not due to his own eminence but the flatness of the surrounding country. No presidential candidate in recent history in fact has ever been more clearly the deliberate choice of the delegates assembled, than was the case of Governor Landon a year ago in Cleveland.

IT is easy to see the mistake made now. But it is as foolish as it is unfair to blame Bill White for it. He had no more to do with it than Jim Farley—not as much perhaps, for Jim's unfortunate phrase about the "typical prairie state" was quite a factor in it. (The delegates believed they had to have a liberal from the corn belt to win,—it is plain now if they had chosen a militant conservative, and not attempted to straddle the fence, they would have done better—they couldn't have done worse.)

Therefore and to-wit: The Oregonian, in condemning Mr. White's second choice, because of his first, is guilty of what our lawyer friends might term an error in fact and a non sequitur.

Bill White didn't choose Governor Landon,—as a friend, a fellow Kansan, and a loyal Republican, he merely accepted him.

And we can think of nothing more effective in clinching that point than the fact that he now chooses Mayor La Guardia of New York,—who will be about as acceptable to the true Landon supporter, as two barrels of buckshot to a rabbit!

SALSM, July 21.—(3)—Russell had sunk twice in the Willamette river, Haged, rescued Wilfred Mann, a first aid car squad administered oxygen treatments.

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, 285 El Camino, Beverly, Calif.

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE (name your color) EYES? It used to perplex me to hear people say a person had blue, gray, brown or black eyes, before I learned that all eyes are brown. I am not color blind. I know now that when you look into certain eyes you lose consciousness for a moment and before you come to you may lose almost anything—people call them blue eyes. I know, too, that when you look into other eyes you begin multi-pleting 21 meals a week by 62 meals a day etc.—these are what the venereal disease bureau calls brown eyes. And so it goes: with a little observation and application one can learn in time to recognize three or four different "colors" of eyes, although actually all eyes are brown unless they are colorless—albino.

Take my eyes, for example. I have brown eyes, like everybody else whose eyes are any color at all. But I go all to pieces when I am required to state under oath what color my eyes are. It was even worse when I had to testify about the color of my hair, but that isn't of much moment now. Just to show how little alleged eye color means, I have described my eyes from year to year as brown, blue, gray, black, green, hazel—and I believe I might get by if I called them red, orange, yellow, indigo or violet. You pay your license fee and takes your choice.

The so-called "color" of eyes depends upon the amount and distribution of the brown pigment in the iris. I say brown pigment because it is invariably and essentially brown and no other shade or color. If there happens to be but little pigment, the iris appears blue like a clear, deep lake. If there is more pigment it looks gray, if still more it looks brown, like a river at flood. If the iris is heavily pigmented the eyes are "black," actually dark brown.

In various shades of so-called "blue" eyes the pigment in the iris is confined to the deep or rear surface, and light is reflected from the pigment cells through the translucent covering of the cornea and sclerotic coverings of eyeball. In "gray" or "hazel" or "brown" eyes the pigment is more thickly distributed through the front of the iris.

The iris is the colored ring surrounding the black central dot or disk called the pupil of the eye. The leather-tanned, saddle-bowed and with a prairie squint, has a sense of humor as dry as the native alkali, and his stories always convulsed Irvin Cobb and Paul Whiteman on their visits to Houston. A college man and a sharp trader, he professed to be unable to read or write and talked in the idiom of the ranch house. But when necessary he could discuss any topic intelligently.

A group of the Palace Sunday night vaudeville fans added into the backwaters of one of those boring teas the other afternoon and to stifle the ennui began to formulate the ideal two-a-day program out of the halved past. Finished, it ran something like this: Opening March, "Caesar's Triumphal." Overture: Victor Herbert's "Al Fresco." Act 1: Long Tack Sam and company, Chinese acrobats. Act 2: Bert Fitzgibbon, the original daffodil. Act 3: Harry Fox and Yancy Ford. Act 4: Herb Williams, "Bark, bark, bark!" Act 5: Pat Rooney and Marion Bent. Act 6: Melville and Higgins. Rube comedy duo. Act 7: Sarah Padden in "The Clod." Act 8: George Writing and Sadie Burt. Act 9: James Barton. And for the closing, The Zonelli Indian club swingers. Yet in skimming over the lineup we have left out many favorites. For instance: Sam Chip and Mary Marable, Nat Wills, the tramp comedian, Julius Tanner, the chatterbox monologist, Sophie Tucker, Mabel Hite, Collins and Hart, comedy acrobats, Eddie Leonard, the minstrel, Blossom Seeley and Benny Field, and Oh yes, almost forgot, Marshall P. Wilder and Marshall Montgomery.

Many interior decorators took in depression black by decorating bars. In the new order of decor every bar must be distinctive to attract trade. El Morocco hit a high note with its zebra striped divans and the Stork Club with its pink and black tones. The artist who has decorated most of the fancy bars is Vernon MacFarlane. A survey shows that lighting effects which have been most flattering to women have resulted in the greatest success. Bars used to strive for appeal solely to masculinity—but things change. Mercy Sakes Alive, how they change!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Silver and Smoking. Years ago you told of painting the throat with a silver solution as an aid in breaking the smoking habit. (J. L.) Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for instructions for breaking the tobacco habit. Daily use of a very weak silver nitrate solution helps in some cases. Why be a slazy in the first place? Please give your advice about drinking water in very hot weather—whether ice water or warmer water is better, how much one may drink when very thirsty, whether it is wise to drink near mealtime, and whether other beverages are better than water. (W. F.)

Water cool enough to be agreeable is best, and that is generally around 50 degrees or a little less. Drink as much as you want when you are thirsty. Water is generally better than any other beverage to relieve thirst. If you are sweating much, it is advisable to take a good pinch of salt with every drink of water—you will find this more refreshing than water alone. Ask Father, He Knows.

My father claims soda pop is harmful. I claim it isn't. Please tell me which is right. (R. P.) Answer—In my judgment, fresh fruit juice beverages, sweetened as you like, are more healthful than carbonated drinks. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK, July 21.—More and more establishments in New York seeking adventures in serenity elsewhere. Greenwich Village, once a haven for the scribblers, has few illustrious left on its roster. Gramercy Park, another rendezvous, is almost desolate of literati.

All sorts of writing colonies are burgeoning along the Connecticut countryside, where so many are finding residential escape from the extraordinarily burdensome state income tax laws of New York. Recently Frederic P. Van de Water, long city-bound, burst from his cocoon.

He, like Faith Baldwin and hundreds of others, went back to the land, bought an old Colonial house to refurbish, and thrilled to fixing it up. He happened to like a strip of land near Brattleboro, Vermont, and in taking it over struck "pay dirt" with the first swing of the pick.

That is, he found material for a magazine piece on the feud between Rudyard Kipling and his brother-in-law that made a big first payment on the house. And then sat down and wrote an excellent book on his experience in finding a home in the country.

Newspapermen who journey to Washington, as well as those stationed there, have a genuine affection for Vice-President John Garner. He is a rare combination of garrulity and tact. He will talk on any subject at length, but after the reporters find that on important questions he has told them nothing like a good story, even a ribald one, and has plenty on tap himself of the sort that crackle with the drawing wit of the Texas pampas.

Will Rogers, who should know, used to say that one of the keenest wits in America was Bassett Blakely of Houston, a rancher. Blakely, witty.

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in a Barroom possible (and profitable) and probably draw down another volley from the W. C. T. U. or face expensive alternations. The latter would mean switching to the frivolous "light bodied" stuff that goes with horns d'oeuvre and olives on toothpicks, instead of the kind that floated a thousand ships.

Flight 'o Time Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 21, 1927. (It was Tuesday.) Mr. and Mrs. Allison Moulton return from a camping trip on the Willamette river.

Rattlesnakes plentiful in the rural districts. Tourist travel in city and to Crater Lake shows steady increase. Traffic officers start campaign against speeding on Crater Lake highway.

Marines in Nicaragua report more fighting expected with bandits. Mid-west farmers continue drive for farm aid bill before congress.

German reichstag adopts peace resolution. John Perl arrested for having noseless nose on lawn. He declares he will go to jail before he will pay a fine.

Mutiny in Russian army on Gallian front reported. A heavy pall of smoke hangs over the valley due to numerous forest fires. Blazes in the Prospect district brought under control.

Copco power lines across Siskiyou are crippled by unknown vandals. Road to Crater Lake is now free of snow.

CRUISE to the land of contrasts For a thrilling sea vacation sail to Australia and New Zealand...where winter is summer...where strange animals and primitive bushmen make their last stand near door to great modern cities.

HONOLULU, AUCLAND SYDNEY, MELBOURNE and SUVA in the FIJI ISLANDS You'll enjoy every moment aboard the newly refitted "Aragari", or go on the "Niagara"—both ships are built for cruising tropical waters.

Ask YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT for details, and information about all-inclusive tours—or at our local offices...W. H. DEACON, Gen'l Agent Pass' Dept., 626 S. W. Broadway (American Bank Bldg.) BR. 0637, Portland.

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"TO SAY THAT WE are glad we changed to Chrysler would be putting it mildly! The Chrysler Royal is the finest automobile I ever owned or drove!" "In the Rocky Mountain region—where grades are long, with innumerable switchbacks—the Gold Seal engine gives us 18 miles per gallon. Under more favorable conditions, I have obtained as high as 24 miles per gallon. I never have to add oil between changes."

"Our big, roomy Royal takes curves as if they were straight-aways... glides along without sound or effort... gives a grand feeling of stability and safety. For economy of operation, roadability and comfort, it is simply unsurpassed!" "SMARTEST LOOKING... EASIEST TO DRIVE!" "I LIKE OUR Chrysler Royal for its smart distinction in appearance and its remarkable qualities of riding comfort and easy handling. It is the most effortless car to drive I have ever seen... so quick and responsive... so easy to steer... so easy to park... so easy to stop."

MISS MARY ALICE FORBES, Larchmont, N. Y. NEW CHRYSLERS AND PLYMOUTH ON DISPLAY AT LANGE MOTOR CAR CO. 38 NORTH RIVERSIDE PHONE 18

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

This is the season of the wheat blight when the song of the wheat blight is heard in the rural areas, the east-rising east of the same stanzas. All good siliers know how to lessen its torridity, and fry slower, by the use of a sheepskin, hairy side up.

The state police report traffic conditions are improving. There are a number of autoists who don't let their hind wheels know what their front wheels are doing.

The metropolis has barred lady wheelers. As yet no move has been launched to launch a sympathy strike for the working girls.

The trans-Polar flight of the Soviet fliers, is hailed as "bringing Russia nearer." This don't make sense to those who hold vehemently Russia is much too near already.

The deer season opens September 30, after which editors will write glowing descriptions about the spread of the horns, instead of juiciness of the hams.

The expense incurred by the naval search for Amelia Earhart continues to stir long absent notions of thrift in congressmen. All of a sudden spending has become abundant to a group who have sanctified the spending of billions, in ways that were gay and semi-idiotic. The stand lacks sincerity, and smacks of the publicity they accuse the air heroine of seeking. Next the august body will be denouncing the phonograph, because of their own talking.

J. Frank Wortman, the Phoenix pharmacist, called yesterday in his overalls. A year ago he was ablaze for Roosevelt and the New Deal, but now he burns only for William Jennings Bryan.

NOT MUCH THE MATTER. (Woodland (Calif.) Democrat) "To many a busy soul this eternal chatter of the radio is crucifixion. It diverts those who are trying to read. It makes the neighbors jumpy who are trying to rest. It breaks into sleep. It wakes the baby. It destroys peace in many a neighbor's household. It is a curse and an abomination in the sight of the Lord."

Disgrace with the Portland Chamber of Commerce was expressed yesterday on the street corner by a statesman, it being alleged the institution was striving to deprive the speaker of electricity from Bonneville dam. It's about 350 miles by blind, hazy, and kind-hearted motorist's gasoline to the object of this wrath. It's something of a job for an abused citizen to what up his hater, so it will carry that far.

"The lull between baying is on and every farmer is scrambling to get his share of the water, or more than his share." (Dixie (Ore.) Jottings)—The mean afterthought.

The outdoor addict, who journeyed to the hills garbed only in a bathing-suit has returned, as brown as a nut.

LOW OPINION (1896 VINTAGE) "But this candidate, who you will notice learned his trade of sophistry in this hall, stuffs his hand into his breast pocket and proclaims himself the man of virtue whom the gods love for these opinions he holds. Gentlemen, I was elected to this congress. I had high ideas of statesmanship and duty to my country, for I had read of a certain Randolph, a Calhoun, a Clay and a Webster. But my resignation has been given in. I have also read of Ananias and Judas Iscariot. As I look about me, Mr. Speaker, upon yourself and this house full of living and palmed consciences and fraudulent designs on the congressional record, I am filled with indignation that I go before I myself get into the green-goods way. When I am far away I shall think of you, and the more I think of you, the better I shall like Jesse James." (Cong. Record.)