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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Peary.

Senator Clinton (D., Ind.) has introduced a bill in the senate to punish newspapers "that knowingly publish mis-statements of facts." It has all the earmarks of a gag law.

Stories alleging robins display ferocity when peevish, and attack their own shadows in window panes, and endeavor to peck out the eyes of ladies, while hanging out the Monday wash, should be swallowed with a sack of salt.

The circus has come and gone. It will be a year before another, and three weeks before the C. Wig Ashpole boy, S. quits trying to leap from the back of his pony, in full center, to hang by his toes from the family doorknob.

Revised: Two taxpayers can live as cheap as one public office-holder. (P. S.—They have to.)—(Kansas City Journal)—A great and pertinent truth pops up.

A CIO leader proposes industrialists and labor leaders "get together unselfishly around the conference table." The idea is fine, but it should be understood any delegate caught trying to unscrew the table leg, in lieu of a baseball bat, shall be automatically disqualified as a conferee.

The Italian exultation over the visit to Rome of Adolf Hitler subsided in less than a week. It takes the average Oregonian that long to get over the raptures of accidentally catching a fish.

The first auto wreck of the year has been caused by a bee stinging the driver in the face, while endeavoring to get the bottle out of the buffet in the dashboard.

IT SOUNDS THRILLING (Time Magazine) "Thrifty Joseph Stalin belatedly let another bite chip on the Spanish Loyalists last week in the form of ten splendid Soviet warplanes. Tons of other Soviet war paraphernalia have reached the Leftists in the past month, via France. A mild wherewithal in recently bombed Barcelona, Soviet war birds in mass formation darkened the sky and last week the Leftist cabinet reorganized itself for a last-minute effort to crawl between the jaws of defeat and wrench out the tonsils of victory."

Political opponents of the Governor, in the oncoming primary, have opened fire with the mud guns, and the initial efforts to be vitriolic were pitiful. The chief executive is accused of divers and sundry offenses, ranging from lack of continuous law-abiding to New Deal notions of plotting to put Bonneville power in the hands of the public utilities, who at least would know how to handle it better, when and if, that a bunch of upstate politicians endorsed by the Grange matter and approved by a labor union boss. There will be some tall conning and taller lying in the next week, in a hysterical effort to defeat the state's most outstanding Governor. Nothing is more important than voting Friday, May 21—not even catching a fish, making a hole-in-one, or holding a perfect bridge hand. Unless all eligible to vote do so, the rest of the nation may wake up the next day to read that Oregon has gone crazy and communitate.

"He can take a jack hammer and tell you exactly the formation by the way the bounces and by the flavor of the dust."—(Yreka (Calif.) Journal)—Opus.

Is He Fooling Anyone?

WE are a trifle sick of the theory that all is fair in politics. After all there should be a limit SOMEWHERE. But for some time it has been apparent, that as far as Henry Hess, Governor Martin's primary opponent, is concerned,—there is no limit.

WE wonder! In this day and age, can a campaign, as unprincipled, as the one this La Grande attorney is waging, really make votes,—does it get the man responsible for it anywhere?

He and his supporters undoubtedly think so or they wouldn't do it. But this column has its "douts". Oregon probably has its share of political morons, and grown ups, who when the campaign starts to warm up, are merely children; but the more we see of practical politics in this state, the more we are convinced they represent a decided minority.

NO, the average man in the street isn't as dumb, as some of the slick lads in the lobby of the Imperial hotel, think he is. He may LOOK as though he fell for this hooey and hokum, but the trusting "hookey" who puts his money on "LOOKS", wakes up the morning after election, without his shirt.

At least that is this paper's conviction. And we have observed the workings of practical politics in this commonwealth—well, for quite a spell, neighbor,—quite a spell!

DISREGARDING the plain dirt and mendacious muck, that the Hess faction is passing out regarding the Governor, we have the reliable A.P. reporting that at Albany Tuesday night, Attorney Hess declared that WITHOUT QUESTION if the leader of his own party in this state were re-elected Governor, he (Martin) would sell Bonneville dam to the power utilities,—that an attempt had already been made to sell the dam to Henry Ford for \$5,000,000!

Now the question is, how many votes did that Baron Munchausen crack make for Attorney Hess in Albany? How many will it take away from Governor Martin and give to him, as the tale is circulated, throughout the state!

Here's our guess,—not a vote! Here's another guess: That such obvious falsehoods as this, not only fail to make votes for the man responsible for them, but do make votes for his opponent,—scores of them.

We may be overly optimistic, and place too much faith in the discernment of the rank and file, but we don't think that's the proper diagnosis.

FOR certainly in making statements like these the smart attorney from La Grande, to express it mildly, OVERPLAYS HIS HAND. Anyone old enough, or LITERATE enough, to vote knows that Governor Martin could no more sell Bonneville, to the utilities or Henry Ford, or anyone else, than he could sell the Brooklyn bridge to Mayor La Guardia.

Bonneville is owned by the government, Bonneville IS BEING operated by the government,—if Bonneville is ever sold,—it will have to be SOLD by the government. In the final analysis the Governor of Oregon, or the people of Oregon, have no more to say about what should be done with the government dam at Bonneville, than what should be done with the Washington monument.

Everyone knows that, and no one better than Candidate Hess. Yet he makes that statement apparently in all seriousness to the people of Albany, in elaborating one of his favorite texts, namely:—that if the people of this state, re-elect one of the best Governors this state has ever had, they are going to be "sold down the river" and the light and power plunderbund alone will win out.

HO HUM so it goes!—everything is fair in politics, and one shouldn't take statements made in the heat of the campaign too seriously. Maybe so.

But when it comes to sticking to the truth, and being a person whose word can be trusted, we believe the people of Oregon, in selecting the chief executive of their state, do take the matter seriously,—always have and always will.

And when the votes are counted the night of May 20th, Brother Hess and his self appointed "brain trust" will find that out.

The Strange Case of Germany

WE wish some recognized authority would psychoanalyze Germany. Frankly we can't understand that country, and wonder if anyone ELSE CAN.

Certainly the German people are a great people, and have led the world for generations in efficiency, progressiveness, and culture. In the arts and sciences—particularly the latter—they have been pretty much supreme.

And yet for YEARS,—in fact ever since the start of the world war,—what BUNGLERS they have been, as far as diplomacy,—international politics—is concerned!

What IS the answer? Do the Germans suffer,—and have they always suffered—from a blind spot, as far as getting along with other people, is concerned? Or is it a case of an entire nation suffering from shell shock for 15 or 20 years?

We don't know, and we wonder if anyone outside of a modern, mass-psychology clinic DOES know. To this column it is one of the major mysteries of a mysterious world epoch.

TAKE the growth of this German-American bund business for example,—some authorities claim there are nearly half a million members in the United States. This forming of Nazi camps, waving the swastika flag, goose stepping in a militant and provocative fashion, throughout the beer gardens of the East and Middlewest.

Certainly if the German-Americans of this country, WISHED to alienate American sympathy for their fatherland, revive world unity and prejudice against them which after two decades, had pretty much died down, here was the perfect way to do so. It has even been reported that Herr Hitler himself did what he could to discourage such suicidal nonsense,—and yet this Fritz Kuhn and his followers persist,—and have persisted month after month,—in riding to a certain fall.

NOW congress has passed a resolution to investigate the U. S. Nazis along with other "un-American propaganda activities."

By all means let such an investigation be carried out. But we wish they would call Dr. Freud over from Vienna to conduct it!

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, Calif.

CHRONIC APPENDICITIS, ETC

From time to time some physician calls attention to the uncertainty of the diagnosis of "chronic appendicitis."



Even in cases where an X-ray picture indicates that things are in a bad state in the neighborhood of the appendix the diagnosis must still be tentative and the treatment expectant unless all hands are eager for operation, in which event the operation should be regarded as purely exploratory.

Now it appears that a Canadian physician, having considerable spare time on his hands, decided to make use of it in a way that is popular among specialists in the United States. He prepared and distributed to 167 persons on whom appendectomy had been done by someone else and who were later under his care a questionnaire. In these cases the original operation, removal of the appendix, had been done for what purported to be "chronic appendicitis." None of the 167 victims had experienced any relief from their symptoms after the appendectomy. None of them had ever had acute appendicitis, so far as they knew.

Well, sir, believe it or not, this Canadian doctor persuaded no less than 147 of the 167 to have another operation of the kind he thinks "chronic appendicitis" requires if operation is done at all, namely, complete removal of all so-called congenital bands and membranes from the cecum or ascending colon or hepatic flexure, or any combination of these found present. And again believe it or not he reports in the Canadian Medical Association Journal for January, 1938, that of the 147 patients so operated upon 136 reported complete relief from pain on the right side—92 percent of cures. I still say that anyone who suffers from what some doctor or other has called "chronic appendicitis" and who has not had one or more attacks of acute appendicitis, should

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Grade.

Kindly advise what is the difference between grade A and grade B milk. Until now have given child, aged two years, only evaporated milk, because of eczema, but would like to know which grade of fresh milk to give him now.—(Mrs. H. F.)

Answer—Grade A milk is the only grade fit for feeding children. Grade B is suitable for cooking.

White and Yolk. Once you published an article on the comparative value of the white and yolk of egg. I'd like to get a copy.—(Mrs. W. H.)

Answer—I regret I have no copy available. Most of the nourishment of an egg is in the yolk.

Bronchitis.

Much interested in your article telling of the excellent results New York physicians obtained from X-ray treatment of bronchitis. Could one get such treatment from a local doctor or do only certain specialists give it?—(Mrs. S. D. H.)

Answer—Any physician who practices in the field of radiology (X-ray) can give such treatment. (Copyright, 1938, John P. Dille Co.)

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

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—I was standing in the dining room of a major hotel on the East Side talking with Commander Balla of the coast guard and former Governor Lawrence



Judd of the Navy. It is a pleasant when a slim, dark young man came up and addressed the commander.

"Hello, dad," he said; "we are sitting over there behind that palm. Come on over."

"All right," the commander replied. "Then he said, 'Gentlemen, this is my son. He's sitting with Lieutenant Walsh of the U. S. navy. Maybe you see the stories about Lieutenant Walsh in the papers this afternoon.'"

"I certainly did," I replied. "I wonder if the lieutenant is too tired to talk a little?"

"Not at all," exclaimed Young Balla pleasantly. "Come over and I'll introduce him to you now."

So we picked our way through the crowd until we came to a table behind a big palm tree and presently I was shaking hands with that capable young officer who is just back after ten months in the Antarctic. He has been down in the polar regions, seeing that whaling regulations are observed by the American-Norwegian fishing agencies whose representatives are taking whales in the vicinity of Byrdland.

"How does it feel to be back, lieutenant?" was a natural. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "after ten months aboard ship, what do you think?"

"His feet were planted on a nice hard floor beneath a nice white table and he was permitting the softly languorous spherics of music to gently brush the salt air out of his hair."

"How about those whales?" I inquired.

"They took about 3,000 of them," he replied.

"Any big ones?"

"Well, one of the blue ones hit 96 feet."

"Blue whales? What's that?"

"Oh, there are lots of different species," said the lieutenant. "Blue sperm, fin, killer, humpback—the job was to see that the regulations were enforced. You see, I supposed I acted as a sort of naval game warden. Any humpback, for instance, under 35 feet in length, like your five-inch New York trout, must be turned back."

"We saw a lot of penguins, too. And what strange little fellows they are. When a whale was killed they would hup up on his back and ride. They'd stay right there until the carcass was dragged aboard ship, and then they'd hup up step by step, as the whale came over the side—until they backed themselves into the sea. There were thousands of them for a while, and then one day most of

for nothing, swear off trying to cure EVERYTHING by passing a law, and then would settle down to hard work and spending less than we earn we'd be surprised how soon prosperity would return.

IMAGINE a couple of men running a farm. As long as they work hard and get along together, they can at least make a living. But if they fall out with each other and spend all their time fighting, the farm will run down and the families of both men will GET HUNGRY.

We've seen that happen dozens of times.

THE correspondents tell us that the "major result of Hitler's visit to Rome appears to be a strengthening of friendship by application of grease to possible trouble points in the Rome-Berlin axis."

Maybe so, but to this writer it appears that the main result of the session in Rome is a pretty plain intimation that Mussolini is acting on the fence, prepared to jump down on whichever side finally OFFERS HIM THE MOST.

THIS dispatch comes from Washington: "Growers who this season planted about 80 million acres to wheat may be asked by the agricultural adjustment administration to reduce their operations in 1939 to about 50 million acres—the smallest since the world war."

IT MAY be necessary, of course. There isn't much to be gained by growing more wheat than we can eat and sell—and if we're going to rule our lives by the doctrine of scarcity we'll have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that we can't have as much as we used to have.

But if we reduce our wheat acreage to 50 million acres, it would be just like old Mother Nature to spring a drought on us.

Czestochowa, the Lourdes of Poland, often attracts 60,000 pilgrims at one time to its shrine.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

May 12, 1928 (It was Sunday) Hoover certain of G. O. P. nomination for presidency, observers say.

Oregon Caves to be opened tomorrow for summer season.

T. Slater Johnston returns from trip to Rochester, N. Y.

Twenty motorists get tickets for over parking.

C. Wig Ashpole, urged by Democrats to make race for county commissioner, is not enthusiastic.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 12, 1918 (It was Sunday) Bismarck continues on the western front.

Capt. Richard Hobson, Spanish hero, speaks to large crowd at Page on national prohibition.

Japan ready to check spread of bolshevism in the Orient.

Police start war on cows pastured in vacant lots.

The Roxy Ann company incorporates for the digging of a coal mine and drilling for oil.

Local citizen to bring suit for damages for attempt by dry agents to handcuff him on the Skiatyous.

Insurance Head Dies. PORTLAND, May 12.—(AP)—Jay Lawless, 63, of Palo Alto, Cal., the New York Life Insurance company's coast manager, died here yesterday of a heart attack.



Chevrolet JINGLES

Twenty million spent in one big splurge! To satisfy a nation's "show off" urge. With swastikas plastered all over Rome. Trying to make Herr Hitler, feel at home. Each one knowing the whole thing's just a bluff. While taxpayers watch their leaders strut their stuff. Two pompous big wigs, so drunk with power. They may start a world war at any hour!

Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet

Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 N. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

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Comment on the Day's News By FRANK JENKINS

READING the papers and listening to talk on the streets, one gets the idea that a lot of people know just what's wrong with the country and just what ought to be done.

THIS writer frankly admits he doesn't know just what is wrong and isn't any too sure as to what ought to be done; but has an idea that if we would stop fighting among ourselves, quit expecting something

Insect Pests No matter what kind of insect pest you want to get rid of—ants, roaches, bed bugs or mosquitoes around the house—beas on your cat or dog—lice on plants and poultry—BUHACH will put an end to them money back.

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