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Mr. Hoover Should Go Fishing!

HUMOR!
A dispatch from San Francisco declares Mr. Herbert Hoover, former President of the United States, has yielded to the importunities of his many friends, and will take the stump, in a country wide tour, to boost the Republican cause, and thus counteract the effect of President Roosevelt's recent journey.
We would like a list of those "friends",—for they are certainly FALSE ones!

THE worst thing Mr. Hoover could do both for himself and the Republican party would be to again match his wits and his vote getting ability, with the present occupant of the White House.
For he is doomed to a terrible beating before he starts. This has nothing to do with what Mr. Hoover is, or what he may say. He may be the "Moses" this country is looking for, he may have the ONE sure-fire solution for the country's perplexing ills. It makes no difference.
It isn't what he IS, but what the rank and file of this country BELIEVE him to be,—that makes such action, from the standpoint of practical politics,—simply suicidal.

IT is strange Mr. Hoover can't see this. It is more strange that his friends and political advisers can't.
For it is really primary stuff as far as political psychology is concerned.
In fact we doubt if in any other field of human activity, except politics, such action would even be CONSIDERED.

TAKE sports, for example, which also depends for its success upon the popular reaction of the rank and file,—the masses,—the people.

Could you find a sports promoter in the country who would today risk a dollar on a return match of Max Schmeling with Joe Louis?
Max wants such a match. He believes in a return contest he would defeat the negro.

Well he may be right. The point is, no one else BELIEVES it. John Q. Citizen wouldn't pay twenty-five CENTS much less twenty-five dollars, to see the German "washout" again massacred by the Brown Bomber.

The only hope for Max is to go out and win his spurs again,—demonstrate to the public by actual PERFORMANCE, he is better than they think he is. Even that would take time and a lot of ballyhoo but it is Max's only chance.

And a similar demonstration is Mr. Hoover's only chance,—although in politics, it is even more difficult to secure one.

FOR what IS the popular reaction to former President Hoover today regardless of what he may do or say, or how a return to private life may have improved him as a public speaker. It is a pretty strong mixture of skepticism, ridicule and resentment. John Q.'s reaction is bound to be something like this, as he listens to our last Republican President:

"Oh yeah? If you know so much about how to cure a depression why didn't you cure the worst one this country ever saw, when you had a chance? If Roosevelt is such a bum, and you know all the answers, WHY is it, that when all the banks were closing and a man couldn't even get script, you done nothing but say prosperity was 'just around the corner', and when F. D. R. got in, he did something and things began to pick up! There is another depression now? Well maybe there is and maybe there ain't. But anyhow, you ain't the white headed boy to solve it!" etc., etc.

Now, as with Max Schmeling, that may be all wrong. Mr. Hoover may be as competent to handle the situation,—either himself, or telling someone else how to do it—as he THINKS he is.

But the fact remains NO ONE BELIEVES IT! And no one is GOING to believe it, until the situation which now exists and has existed ever since the close of the Hoover administration, changes,—not only changes but changes RADICALLY.

IN other words, Mr. Hoover is not only a poor choice to represent the Republican party against President Roosevelt, he is positively the WORST choice that could be made.

In fact he is the one prominent Republican who should be seen in the present campaign but not heard; who should retire from active and controversial politics entirely,—ADVISE on policy, tactics and strategy to his heart's content,—but let other members, particularly the younger members in no way identified with the Hoover administration do the talking,—the campaigning.

AS before stated, it is one of the major mysteries of the present political set up, that apparently none of the powers that be in G.O.P. circles, can SEE this!

The Right "Tack"

AS all newspaper men know—for they are being continually bombarded—the Republican party has a new press agent. His name is Franklyn Waltman, and judging by his performances to date, he is a decided improvement over those who have preceded him.

Theoretically he is supposed to be a check, on, and antidote for—the somewhat notorious but extremely able, Charley Michelson.

But in practice we are glad to see he doesn't waste time shadowing Charley about and trying to answer him, but has taken a new and original tack for himself.

And we are particularly pleased to observe that this "tack" conforms to our favorite political theory that if the G.O.P. insists upon blindly attacking the present administration and the New Deal, and does nothing else,—it is headed for a beating as devastating as the one of 1934.

This isn't Waltman's technique. He doesn't attack Roosevelt where he is strong but where he is weak. Like Congressman Barton, he accepts the desirability of the major Roosevelt aims, but he points out clearly, that in many directions,—in far too many,—they don't work out in practice.

THE latest offering is a case in point. Waltman accepts the objective of the Social Security Act, as desirable for example,—"to provide a greater measure of security for the American wage earners and thereby to enhance the welfare of the nation as a whole." But he DENIES that thus far the measure has thus worked out.

And instead of making that denial an ex-parte statement he supports it by the formal opinion of a non-partisan organization, the American Association for Social Security, headed by

such experts as Abraham Epstein, frequently known as the father of Social Security in this country.
Now that sort of thing will make voters, for the Republican party,—while printing any more Liberty League tirades about the "socialistic nonsense of the Roosevelt administration" most certainly WON'T!

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.

ALCOHOL, THE ALLY OF PNEUMONIA

No sane and sober person will contend that one can think better when drunk.
There is no precise borderline between sobriety and intoxication. Certain rough tests are sometimes arbitrarily employed for police purposes, such as requiring the suspect to walk a chalk-line or to repeat a sentence containing several words that call for good control of speech, or best of all tests so far developed, a measurement of the proportion of alcohol in the blood.
Blood test has been so imperfect that, with special apparatus provided for the purpose, any intelligent person can make the test at any time. But unfortunately for law and order the individual under suspicion may avoid the test by simply refusing to submit to the drawing of a drop of blood—to take a drop of blood against the will of the victim would be an assault.

On the other hand, a person under suspicion or falsely charged with being intoxicated should gladly submit to the blood test, since it will settle the question beyond all doubt if no alcohol is found in the blood. Of course this presupposes the victim of the charge has not taken even the familiar drink or two of anything alcoholic.
It is universally recognized that when a moderate, steady or hard drinker gets pneumonia his or her chance of surviving the illness is poor. Alcohol evidently impairs or destroys whatever natural or acquired immunity—I say immunity—not "resistance"—the individual may have. Alcohol is the ally of pneumonia.

Some interesting experiments on rabbits, as reported by Dr. K. L. Pickrell in Proc. Soc. Exper. Biol. & Med., March, 1938, indicate that alcohol not only weakens the power of the body to fight the invader but paralyzes the sentries or guards at the point of invasion.

This a large group of rabbits were immunized to type I pneumococci. Then these rabbits, together with an equal number of nonimmune rabbits as controls, were injected with type I pneumococcus cultures. . . Half of the rabbits of each series were given enough alcohol to keep them stuporous throughout the duration of the experiment. . . Within five hours positive blood cultures of type I pneumococci were obtained from both intoxicated and nonintoxicated

If one wished to avoid being left floundering in the water of party-goers who descended upon Music Hall for the fete. For at no time was Mr. Disney permitted to mingle freely with his guests. Most of the time he was hemmed against a wall, like a white whale on exhibition for the edification of the mob. And I fancy his paw is still bruised and his larynx still strained from clapping anonymous hands and murmuring over and over, though always politely, "I'm so glad to know you."

From what my friend tells me of the entertainment I think Mr. Van Schinus deserves more than an accolade. All during the party a continuous succession of Disney films was projected upon a screen in an adjacent room. And if one grew weary of sandwiches and cocktails, of which there was an extravagant selection, you could always lose yourself in the enchantment of Mickey Mouse.

And so it is probable that I outsmarted myself by remaining away from Mr. Disney's party. I wouldn't have stood a Chinaman's chance of really talking with him, I know. But at least I could have caught up on some of my Disney movies. And that would have made it unanimous. For I am probably the only man in New York who never saw "Three Little Pigs."

Comment on the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS

MONTANA'S Democratic primary has gone heavily New Deal, and in the light of figures just released from Washington it would have been rather ungrateful to have done otherwise.
In the fiscal year just closed Montana paid out in federal taxes the sum of \$5,974,784 and GOT BACK in federal disbursements the exceedingly comfortable total of \$21,509,045.

THAT is to say, for every dollar of federal taxes paid in during the fiscal year just closed, Montana got back \$3.60. Not a bad bargain!

BUT wait. You ain't heard nothin' yet!
During the fiscal year just closed North Dakota paid in taxes to the federal government \$1,569,801 and got back in federal expenditures the sizeable wad of \$21,643,936.

North Dakota, you see, got back \$13.80 for every federal tax dollar paid in.

SOUTH Dakota didn't do so well. She got back only \$11.91 for every federal tax dollar paid in. Still, a ratio of 12 to one isn't to be sneezed at.

HOW about Oregon?
Well, Oregon is just an old stick-in-the-mud, when judged by Dakota standards. She paid in \$14,765,934 and got back \$16,690,235—only \$1.14 back for every dollar put out.

Washington fared even worse, getting back only \$1.01 for each \$1.00 put into the federal kitty. But Washington, it must be remembered, has something pretty juicy COMING UP in the way of Grand Coulee.

BUT poor old California! Tak! Tak! Tak!
In the fiscal year just closed, California PUT IN \$312,485,079 and got back only \$101,002,398. For every dollar California got from Santa

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WEST-HOLIDAY
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1938

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
All week it was hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. If one had an egg, and one did not care where they were cooked. The highest was 108. People put as much feeling in saying, W-H-E-W! in July, as they did B-R-R-R! last January.

Coras Kidd had his picture taken 26 years ago in the paper Wed. Time has not changed him much, except to whittle down his mustache a lot.

The valley was an full of smoke Fri. as a room with 16 women playing bridge.

Constable Nick Young now has a Hollywood shirt for every day in the week. The way to stop this monkey-busines is to make him do his own washing.

The millhands battled at softball Thurs. eve. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd of people and mosquitoes present.

During the past ten days of hot weather, a number of farmers report they could hear this corn grow, and made almost as much racket as a hired man eating a roasting ear.

Seely Hall's span of kids from Chicago are visiting their Grand-paw, J. Kort Hall.

Sen. Ev. Reames is back from Washington, D. C., and has to go to Wyoming and Arizona to talk over the creation of a couple of national parks, forthwith.

Wrestling will be resumed tomorrow night under the stars. If a villain arouses the customers, he will find it further to the hole in the fence, than the dressing room door at the Armory.

Walt Omscheidt is getting ready to move to Roseburg, where he will live in the hereafter.

The 20-30 club has launched a movement to fingerprint citizens, without putting up a sign: "Fresh Paint. Don't Touch."

John Cochran is back from Oakland, Ore., where he formerly taught the young idea how to sprout, and was feted and feasted.

Bob Strang of Reno is here visiting for two weeks before returning to the sin spot. He is glad he is here, and is glad he is going back.

East Jackson st. has been oiled, and is smooth enough for a couple of auto wrecks, as an approaching car can only be seen for a mile.

John Winterholder fears rain and will re-shingle his house.

The Jackson county democracy is not as intact as it was, due to inability to swallow a couple of their own candidates, though blessed by PDR and soft-soaped by Mr. Farley.

School will open in another month and kids, schoolmams, and Maw's are not counting the days.

S. Morris, the T-Rk Tiller, has produced some fine melons. He was assisted by rain and sun, and the nourishment in the soil.

Hermey Offensbacher of the Applegate Saturdayed in town, and also suppered in the burg.

Len Carpenter writes he is in Europe, and was last heard of in Munich. He may run down into Austria, to hear some fancy fiddling at Salzburg.

Game Warden Too Weary
ELKO, Nev. (UP)—When complaint was made to the county authorities that some hens were being killed contrary to law, Game Warden Olin also complained that he was being over-worked and asked for a deputy, which was granted. His territory covers 17,000 square miles.

Man About Manhattan
By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—Although I admire Walt Disney more than any man in Hollywood I decided not to attend his party at Music Hall the other day. It was quite an affair and I knew beforehand that it probably would be the most important press reception of the year.

But attending parties for Disney nowadays is like going to Gettysburg to hear Roosevelt make a July 4th address. I mean if you are lucky you may glimpse the great man at a distance, but with everybody else having the same idea you'd never get closer than 100 yards.

And that's how the Disney reception turned out. Some 300 writers, celebrities and friends of Mr. W. G. Van Schinus, who was Disney's host, crowded into the luxurious reception rooms above Music Hall, Herbert Bayard Swope was there, J. P. McAvoy, the writer, was there. License Commissioner Moss, the man who killed burlesque on Broadway, was there. One could fill a column with names of the great and the near-great who crowded in to see Disney.

Later, that is to say about 9 p. m. a colleague of mine came bounding into the office with the cry: "Well, I saw Disney. I almost got within 20 feet of him." He then proceeded to narrate an interesting eye-witness account of all that had transpired. Disney himself wore a double-breasted suit with a flower in his lapel, tie, handkerchief, and socks to match. It is his opinion that the creator of Snow White, while definitely friendly, is a little on the retiring side, a little shy, a little confused by the hubbub his presence always seems to create.

He was, naturally, monopolized by the celebrities, who claimed him for their own, so that one had literally to thrust one's presence upon him

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Chevrolet Jingles advertisement featuring a portrait of a man and the text "Dear Boss, you're such a good old scout! I just KNEW eventually you'd find out..."

Rogue River Chevrolet advertisement with text "Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 N. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th"

Advertisement for Johns-Manville Rock Wool Home Insulation, featuring a photo of a house and the text "COOL as a CUCUMBER"

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