

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturday. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. R. St. Phone 15

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, six months, \$3.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00; By Carrier, in Advance: Daily, six months, \$3.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00.

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS.

WESH-HOLIDAY. Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Kansas, Vancouver, B. C.

Member Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association. 1938

Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

A Washington state congressman full of campaigning zeal for the New Deal, attributed the large sum of federal money showered on his constituency "to the friendliness of the congressional delegation to the Administration."

The Gold Coast railroad from Port Orford to Leand has been officially cooked. The ICC cancelled its permit for construction.

Douglas Corrigan, who flew to Ireland "by mistake," has so far rejected all opportunities to cash in on his thrilling feat.

"Kansas farmers are never satisfied. A few years ago they were falling all over themselves to acquire tractors and now they are heard complaining that the tractors do not have colts."

The politicians are becoming homespun. One of the earth, earthy, A Texan rose to the gubernatorial nomination via a hill-billy band.

The "Nometis Pygmaeus" is invading upstate points. Outside of scientific circles, the insect is known as the "stink bug."

The PWA has turned a request for funds for construction of the \$2,075,000 Willamette Flood Control and Navigation project.

An Important Convention

THE announcement that Major General Oscar Westover will attend the Northwest Aviation Planning Council in Medford, September 16 and 17, throws the national spotlight upon this important aviation meeting.

His presence and ACTIVE PARTICIPATION in the Council's sessions here will lend a vast amount of prestige to the gathering; the very fact that the ranking officer of the air service, with manifold duties and many calls upon his time, will cross the continent to take part in the Northwest Aviation Planning Council is evidence of the important place this organization holds in western aviation affairs.

RESERVATIONS are already being received from other men distinguished in the field of aviation in this country and Canada. Among those who have indicated their intention of coming to Medford is Joe Crosson, famed "mercy flier" of Alaska.

Army and Navy officers, government officials, air line executives, private fliers, fixed base operators and representatives of northwestern and Canadian municipalities will be here, according to word already received.

Members of the Northwest Aviation Planning Council and the local committee have good reason to feel elated over this early manifestation of interest.

Medford, with the good fortune to play host to this important group, will have an excellent opportunity to extend her best brand of hospitality and show off, with pardonable pride, her fine municipal airport.

IT DOES not take a military expert to recognize Medford's highly strategic place on the air map of the nation. This city likewise enjoys an enviable place in the commercial and civilian aviation picture of the west coast.

Aviation is taking its place in the sun with intrepid trail blazers-like Lindbergh, Post and Hughes charting the skyways which giant commercial planes soon will follow on routine schedule.

Howard Hughes' flashing sweep around the globe is a significant herald of a not distant day when the entire world will be linked with highways of the sky; commuting time will be reduced to hours!

It is a sober reflection that this progress will bring with it the end of America's fortunate isolation; the Atlantic and Pacific will cease to be the barriers against possible intrusion. Air defense MUST keep pace with the breath-taking progress of aviation!

AND SO, with the Northwest Aviation Planning Council taking an active part in this fast advancing movement, Medford is indeed fortunate in her selection as the convention city this fall.

Those who are a FORCE in aviation will have the opportunity of SEEING MEDFORD'S AIRPORT; the cause of this city in her effort for greater recognition will unquestionably be furthered.

It is our hope that the committee's optimistic predictions of a highly successful session will be fulfilled. Every indication points that way. The program has been well planned; a generous measure of entertainment has not been overlooked and Medford people, alive to their responsibilities and opportunities, will extend their warmest hospitality.

And the next time that the Northwest Aviation Planning Council selects Medford as a convention city, this city's superb air base MAY be ready for their inspection!

-H. G.

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.

BE A PLAYER IN THE GAME OF LIFE. No matter how hysterical you become or how loudly you scream or how hard you root for the one side or the other you will never become a hero sitting in the grandstand or standing on the sidelines.

For details of construction of green and the game itself consult "The Modern Technique of Bowling" by H. P. Webber and Dr. J. W. Fisher. London, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., '35, \$2.31.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Mineral Oil. Please tell us how much truth there is in this statement. I have been using mayonnaise made with mineral oil as non-fattening.

Leukoplakia. For two years or more I have had white patches in my mouth. My doctor has said the only cause he knows is smoking but I have never smoked.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

humbly hang our head and take the bread? Because we are the spineless creature that we are—have not the brains nor the spiritual determination to stand together and fight for our God-given right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness under the constitution of the United States of America.

ARCHIE PARKER, Central Point, Ore. July 25, 1938.

Unfortunate, Unavoidable. In your issue of June 27 you take the position that the circus workers would have acted in line with "enlightened self-interest" had they accepted a 25 per cent wage cut and thereby kept the show running.

According to a close reader of "Labor," the paper of the rail union, the circus was not losing money. It was not making enough. A 25 per cent cut in wages would do the trick.

This is unfortunate indeed, but so long as capital is privately owned, it is unavoidable. Making a long-range view: to agree to a wage cut would produce a trend in the wrong direction.

Labor productivity, thanks to improvement in the technique of production, is increasing—and by leaps. But not so, the standard of living.

Labor unions work in the direction of improved standards; accordingly they should everywhere be encouraged. It does not follow as you say, "if private business fails" (it is rapidly becoming non-existent) "organized labor fails."

This is the solution of the circus problem. The government should function in this direction—see to it that circus capital is not destroyed.

Gold Hill, July 22. R. HEGNER.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

Members and partners of the New York stock exchange jumped on the bandwagon on June 20 and added their concentrated buying power to fan the bullish spark.

But, after that, the foreign trading followed no logical pattern. Sometimes the foreign traders have bought sometimes they have sold, and there is nothing to indicate a flight of capital to this country.

Members and partners of the New York stock exchange jumped on the bandwagon on June 20 and added their concentrated buying power to fan the bullish spark.

"We're still positive that there has been no manipulation," a high official said, "and we know that the market has so far been able to absorb heavy selling. But we really know nothing of the reasons and can predict nothing."

Of all the fiscal and economic agencies of the government, the SEC is by far the most cautious in discussing the market. While few of his economist colleagues go quite so far as Henderson, his comments are a milder echo of his stalwart optimism.

The new forecasts are pretty funny, considering that, without exception, the best economic minds

Women, too, will welcome this ideal aid to personal daintiness. Chrome-Plated HEAD, Plaskon Case, including new Precision Motor.

Wing's Cloverhill Golden Guernsey Dairy. Phone 823-R-4

the government were predicting only two months ago, that during the summer and fall the country must face an unparalleled and cruel liquidation. But all that is past.

At the federal reserve board and elsewhere, the economists take a special pleasure in the change in attitude toward spending among their conservative brethren.

At the federal reserve board and elsewhere, the economists take a special pleasure in the change in attitude toward spending among their conservative brethren.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

WHEN Herbert Hoover was working his way through Stanford University, he and another youth started a lecture bureau. They did pretty well at the beginning, netting some \$200 on their first two affairs.

FOR some reason Paderewski didn't click on that particular occasion, and the total take for the concert was only \$480; which left the two young promoters facing a major economic crisis.

They tied themselves to the hotel where the great pianist and his manager were staying and went into a heavy conference with the manager, their purpose being to induce him to accept \$630 in cash, and their note for the remaining \$120.

HE couldn't see eye to eye with them in this matter, and the discussion became so warm as to attract the attention of Paderewski himself, who was in the adjoining room.

When he learned that the total was \$480 and some odd cents, he smiled and told them: "Well, that will be the amount of our fee for this concert."

THE Polish pianist who came to the rescue of the American boy who was working his way through college became president of Poland. The American boy who was rescued from what to him, was a major financial disaster, became president of the United States.

It's a thrilling old world, after all, isn't it?

PADEREWSKI, a great musician. An inspired orator and a fine patriot, put his whole personal fortune into the rehabilitation of Poland.

Were the Poles grateful to him for what he did? No; they first humbled him, then EXILED him. He is now living in Switzerland, and his total possessions are a little Swiss cottage and an almond grove in California. Republics, you know, are ungrateful.

ONLY ONE HOUR 3 P. M. TO 4 P. M. GOOD WEDNESDAY ONLY—JULY 27

\$15 HAMILTON De Luxe Electric SHAVER (Only Fifty to Be Sold at This One-hour Sale)

ON SALE ONLY \$2.99

By arrangement with the manufacturer of this \$15.00 nationally advertised dry shaver we are positively limited to 50 only. GET YOURS IMMEDIATELY!

HEATH'S DRUG STORE. 29 North Central

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County history from 100 files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. July 26, 1928. (It was Thursday) Herbert Hoover, GOP, presidential nominee to flout in Rogue river next Monday.

A score of forest fires are set in Crater Lake national forest near the Buzzard mine, and the situation is serious.

Medford is cool with 103 degrees, compared to other cities of the northwest, with the mercury hitting as high as 114 degrees.

Miss Belle McNeil of Marshalltown, Iowa, is visiting Mrs. F. E. Bigelow.

Gold Hill postoffice fire is cracked. Final plans completed for American Legion state convention here.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. June 26, 1918. (It was Friday) Motorists warned by police not to leave keys in their cars at night, and lesson car stealing.

Petrograd, capital of Russia, facing starvation. Germans yielding slowly along the Marne, as Allies co-ordinate gains.

"The Marked Deuce" at the Riato: "Death Before Dishonor" at the Page. Leo Williams, local boy in France, sends a French poppy, in a letter from overseas.

Visiting on Wings. OAKLAND, Cal.—(UP)—Ed Lewis, 69, Honolulu business man, recently made one of the quickest trips between the islands and the mainland.

Gawking High in West. SELBY, Cal.—(UP)—The painting by a steepjack of the 600-foot smokestack of the American Smelting and Refining company, said to be the tallest smokestack in the world, has revealed an astonishing amount of unemployment here.

Life begins at forty—so the wise ones say. To remind you what a mess you've made of it day by day.

But if YOU are only forty, you still have time, To quit that fussing 'round and start on a new line! Take a tip from the farmer, HE diversifies his crop... Get a NEW IDEA—start climbing! There's room at the TOP!

There's another good way in which to follow his lead—He buys a CHEVROLET when he wants safety, power and speed! Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet. Main and Riverside. Service Dept.—32 No. Riverside. Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—With no intentions of alighting the fair cuties now displaying their charms on Broadway I must come out with the flat statement that two little Mexican girls have more explosive "zig" than any show-girls in New York.

They are Joyita and Maravilla, and you may have seen them if you are partial to Mexican movies. For that is where they began their careers before Benito Coudas, wielding more of that accustomed legend, rounded them up in Mexico City and carried them off to his Greenwich Village rendezvous.

Permit me then to be your go-between, since they speak no English and your correspondent knows easily a dozen words in Spanish. Spoken, to be sure, with some trace of a southern accent, but Spanish nevertheless, and there we go.

The Senoritas Joyita and Maravilla are sisters. They look about 18 but I suspect they are nudging 20. Maravilla is slightly taller, which brings her about five-feet-two. She has a countenance that is highlighted by a pair of the most amazing dimples you ever saw. Joyita is perhaps a year younger, barely reaches five feet in height, and has an engaging regularity that shimmers through her personality like moonlight in wine.

I should like at this point to give an adequate description of their eyes, but being no poet, I can only say that they are not just show-girl eyes. It is true they use mascara, and it is equally true that they use all the tricks of theatrical make-up designed to make little girls what they aren't.

But there is a difference, Si, Senor, there is a vast difference, but you will have to see for yourself to understand what I mean.

Apparently they have a thousand costumes, for I never have seen them wear the same dressa twice. But usually they are adorned with large Mexican sombreros, and they come walking out singing joyously and lustily, songs of the Mexican rancheros.

If you are a pretty girl and are visiting El Chico, be not surprised at anything which may happen to your escort. For they take great delight in testing their sister femmes by stowing attention on attendant swains. It makes for good fun, and that after all is what you go to night-clubs for.

(They fellows, Pass! In New York, during off hours, they live on Riverside Drive. In Mexico their address is No. 55 Compeche. And if that isn't a friendly bit of information I don't know what is.)

And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll be putting on my hat and getting down to 80 Grove street. I gotta hear some more about those Mexican rancheros.

PRESIDENT GOES FOR SMALL FISH

ABOARD THE U. S. S. HOUSTON. EN ROUTE TO COCOS ISLE, July 26. (By radio to the United Press.)—President Roosevelt was able to pick and choose among the fish he whipped the Pacific ocean waters off Albatross Island, largest of the Galapagos group.

The Houston scarcely had anchored off the island for an overnight stay when the president put out in a small boat to survey the island shores and to fish.

Communications

Townsend a Moses

To the editor: In your issue of July 22 of the Mail Tribune you have an editorial asking for a Moses to lead us out of this wilderness of "relief" etc., etc. Let's take in the whole depression, recession, etc., while we are at it.

We think of Moses (now that his efforts are a way in the past) as the greatest leader and law maker that the world has ever known. He was one of a people in bondage, terribly persecuted and needing a leader; he found the remedy and saved his people.

Have you ever stopped to think who and what Moses was before he performed his great act?

At 40 years of age he was a fugitive from justice, fleeing into a foreign country; a couple of girls that he got stuck on and for the next 40 years he herded sheep for their daddy. A very humble position indeed, but an honorable one and strictly honest.

Do you think that when he came forth with his message that he was immediately popular or quickly able to put his proposition over; and even when he "crossed the Red sea" it was physically impossible for him to lead over more than a handful in the time he had and over the country he crossed.

I want to tell you that we have such a "Moses" as you speak of and he tells us how to accomplish the "relief" you mention and already has a wonderful organization with millions of followers to put his plan over. I speak of none other than the well known Dr. Francis E. Townsend, all his life only a very humble country family physician.

There is no reason why you should not be thoroughly familiar with his whole set-up as there is plenty of literature on his plan and plenty of activity in his organization to make his efforts very interesting to follow.

I know his plan is not very popular with a large class of people who are in the habit of clanking his following as a bunch of down and out old fossils just waiting around for their \$200 per month.

In answer to that let me tell you what I saw at the recent national Townsend convention: six thousand registered voting delegates from every state in the union, using the Roslyn hotel of Los Angeles as their official headquarters and filling every room at \$4 per day, and most of those staying there being wealthy business men whose appearance in the lobby was a credit to that five million dollar hoarding.

In the process of formation whereby the Republican party and the Townsend plan will become one as far as the 1940 political campaign is concerned, and the development of that proposition should be intensely interesting.

There is a lot more I could say but this article would become so long that you would not print it. So thank you for this much. GEO. IVerson July 25, 1938

Mr. Parker Made Happy. To the Editor: Congratulations—And when an EDITOR hits the bullseye right smack dab in the center it makes me more happy to slap him on the back with a word of good cheer, than it does to kick him in the shins when he misses the entire target.

When you wrote the editorial of Friday, "WHAT'S THE IDEA?" you not only hit the bulls-eye, but you (as I see it) blew a hole in the works that people ought to be able to see thru. Of course Harry Hopkins knows why 3 million people are going to vote the way the new deal wants them to, Harry Hopkins is but the cat's paw to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire. It is the higher-up that is looking for the votes—not this fall—but in 1940.

People, as humans, are not much different from other animals. Did you ever see a ragged half starved news-boy with a half starved dog trotting at his heels? Well I have—I have seen that ragged chap stop, sit down on the curb and take a little snack of something to eat out of his pocket. But it was the poor hungry dog that got the first bite of that food. It wasn't much but what the kid got he shared with his dog—his pal. Do you think you could take that dog away from that kid? If you think so, just try it some time.

Harry Hopkins knows the game—the old army game. He knows that as long as he keeps throwing crusts of bread and a few bones to us half starved creatures we will dog his foot-steps and jump at the snap of his fingers.

You had the new deal moaning over the ill housed, ill clad and ill fed people of the U. S. A. But believe you me (and I know they are not doing a thing for the ill housed, clothed and fed but to keep them that way. It is the only way to keep the people under submission. A person has to have a \$200 a month income to get any H. O. L. C. help. In other words the \$200 man is the one that is ill housed, ill clad and ill fed. But what about the rest of us poor devils that have an income far below the \$200 level. Well, we are the under-dogs at the bottom of the pack of tearing, slashing, snarling, fighting pile of humanity. In other words—we are in the dog-house waiting for that crust of bread and a meatless bone. They tell us that "a loaf of bread is better than no bread at all. So we just tag along and wait for that hunk of punk to be tossed at our feet. We grow a bit—but we know better than to bite the hand that throws the bread. Why do we