

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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A Great Achievement

In nearly all educational institutions they have what are called compulsory courses. All who wish to get a degree must take them.

In the realm of entertainment in Southern Oregon, the Ashland Shakespearean Festival which starts its fourth season tonight, should be accepted as a compulsory course. Everyone should attend, at least one evening, during the ten day session. For these performances offer an educational and cultural opportunity that should not be missed,—the greatest dramas of all time, presented, as they were written to be presented, in a natural setting, restful and charming, and almost identical with the theatre-setting in Elizabethan times.

THAT no compulsion however is needed, the continued growth of this festival, the increased interest and popular support, not only here in Southern Oregon, but throughout the state, clearly attest.

It is really an extraordinary record,—in three short years, this festival has developed from a purely local experiment, in the dramatic department of the Ashland Normal School, to a permanent INSTITUTION, in this section of the state.

Not only do students of Shakespeare from all over the coast attend, but the performers come from practically all sections of the United States.

THIS is not a "plug" for the box office. It's too late for that,—moreover advance ticket sales indicate no plug is needed.

It is rather, a salute to Professor Bowmer and Dr. Redford of the Ashland Normal who are chiefly responsible for launching this effort, to them and their scores of loyal and devoted helpers who have put over such a successful and worth while achievement.

To them this paper's hearty congratulations!

The Tennessee Results

NO doubt the partisan dopsters will find great comfort in the Tennessee primary results, but we can find nothing of significance except as far as one can judge from this distance,—

The BEST men won.

G. L. Berry has not graced the U. S. Senate very long, but long enough to convince this column, that his retirement to private life will be no loss to the people of his state, or the country at large.

Berry was a kind of political "walking delegate" for organized labor; was—or tried to be—a big-shot promoter on the side, his efforts to capitalize on the T.V.A. to his own financial benefit, being pretty crude if not actually dishonest.

We know nothing about the other defeated aspirant, Governor Browning, but if the campaign he waged was typical of the man, then his retirement can be no great loss. He certainly played the role of a loud-mouthed, table-thumping rabble rouser, who can be comfortably spared.

JOHN D. M. HAMILTON will, no doubt, find another G.O.P. triumph in the Tennessee election, and Charley Michelson will probably point with pride to another 100% Roosevelt triumph. These party professionals are certainly tops when it comes to wishful figuring.

But to the man up a tree, the results only show what practically all the other primaries to date have shown, a tendency on the part of the rank and file to shun the radical and spectacular, and exhibit some discrimination and common sense.

Which incidentally as far as the country as a whole is concerned is a good omen—very good indeed.

He's on the Spot

THE great thing about Charles Augustus Lindbergh, was not his solo flight across the Atlantic, but the way he took the world acclaim. AFTER it.

Lindy demonstrated that his head was set firmly and squarely on his shoulders,—anchored in the solid substance of CHARACTER. Young as he was, it couldn't be turned. Paris, New York, the entire western world did its best to spoil the young man, but they just couldn't DO it.

Now this young Irishman Corrigan is on the spot. Yesterday he was given a "Lindy" welcome when his boat landed in New York and today the ticker tape treatment is being applied, as he rides in triumph up lower Broadway.

Corrigan is older than Lindy was, and instead of being of German descent, is Irish. The real test, of course, will not only be today and tomorrow, as far as he is concerned, but when the tumult and the shouting has died away, and he is just another aviator who once upon a time flew the Atlantic.

We have a hunch Corrigan, however, will also demonstrate he has the real stuff in him. Maybe not. But his reactions to date have been promising, and he has one helpful quality that Lindy lacked,—a sense of humor!

STATE FOREST SERVICE HOPES FOR RADIO NET

SALEM (UP)—A state forest service short wave radio communication system is now a distinct possibility, State Forester J. W. Ferguson believes. Ferguson, who from Salem has directed a state-wide battle on fires through a period when weather conditions were worse than ever before in the 28-year history of the service, recently returned from a conference of foresters and members of the federal communication commission in Washington, D. C. A revision of the commission's regulations concerning applications for equipment will facilitate installation by states of two-way radios with broadcasting equipment of not more than 30 watts, he said. Under the revised regulations, only application for a channel must be

made. With its approval the commission specifies the type of equipment to be used. Previously a complete plan of all equipment had to be submitted and, although several states have applied, no plan has ever received the required approval. The necessity of studying the geographical locations of proposed stations to prevent interference and the reallocation of short wave channels already in use may further delay installation of state forest systems, Ferguson indicated. Improved communication would mean more efficient fire fighting, he said.

Peace College Urged. PASADENA, Cal. (UP)—Warren D. Mullin, labor secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, told local audiences that as the war department is equipped with a war college, the state department should be equipped with a peace college. He declared that \$200,000 would permit the organization of labor into the backbone of the peace movement in the United States.

Experts Marked Down. SAN FRANCISCO (UP)—Lunacy examinations aren't rated as high here as formerly. The city's lunary commission composed of four physicians have had their salaries slashed from \$915 a month to \$300.

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.

ICE IS COLD BUT IS IT PURE?

A reader, noting a reply in this column which implied that ice made in the household refrigerator is as pure as ice made elsewhere, advised me to mix some drinks with both kinds of ice and agree to pay for the drinks if I fail to detect an appreciable difference in favor of the ice made in a factory. Oh, well, if that's the way the test must be made I'd rather leave it as it is.

My drink would be only water anyway, and I hate to think of anyone paying for water.

The reader asks an impertinent rhetorical question. Have you ever taken a bacterial count on ice made in a household refrigerator and compared it with the bacterial count on ice made in a factory?

In reply I blush to say I haven't. But if I were to try it the results might be startling. No, I am content to go along as I go now. The tap water we use in our home is as pure as anyone can desire, for drinking. Frozen in the refrigerator it is still pure. The mixed drink business makes me pretty tired in any circumstance. If a person can't use water or some wholesome food or beverage to test ice with, then I'd rather hear no more about it.

Of course, if water is polluted or impure, ice made from it may be impure. Typhoid bacilli, for example, may survive freezing. But it doesn't matter whether the ice is made by nature out in the lake, by the man in the factory or by your own household refrigerator. If the water is fit to drink the ice made from it is as safe in every way. If the water is of questionable purity it should be boiled to sterilize it before it is frozen.

Water for drinking is better cooled by keeping it in a suitable container in the refrigerator. Any refrigerator which keeps food from spoiling will cool water satisfactorily.

Rosenau (Preventive Medicine and Hygiene, Appleton, 1935) says that natural ice is purer than the water from which it is taken, but he found that manufactured ice may contain more bacteria than the water from which it was made, due to unclean methods.

In a few epidemics of typhoid fever the use of polluted ice, but it is now recognized that ice purifies itself in the process of freezing, and the evidence that ice can actually contain germs capable of causing disease is not convincing. A single glassful of ice water is perfectly healthful to drink when one is thirsty, but larger quantities, especially when one is tired, may not be so good. Pleasantly cooled water is always better than ice cold water or other beverage to relieve thirst and refresh.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Gas and Gallstones I suffer frequently from gas attacks and one doctor said I may have gallstones. . . . Please advise about diet, etc., for such trouble. (Mrs. H. H. A.)

Answer—Send ten cents coin and a three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address, for copy of booklet, "Do You Have Indigestion?" It contains information and advice about gas, acid, heartburn, non-surgical drainage of gall-bladder, peptic ulcer diet, etc. No Joking Please tell me if garlic is good for the nerves and if it purifies the blood. Can it be eaten like onion? If it is not good for the nerves, please tell me what is good for the nerves. I mean what food? (M. T.)

Answer—Garlic has no particular medicinal value. It is as wholesome or healthful as onion. I suppose one may eat it as one would eat onion. Best food I know for the nerves is milk, cheese and other dairy products. Two Hundred I weigh 200 pounds. Have your book on dwindling Should I go on the iodine ration at the same time? I have no pep, feel so tired, would like to sit all the time. (Mrs. J. W.)

Answer—Yes. Perhaps you have a pituitary gland deficiency which is responsible for the overweight and for increased carbohydrate tolerance and for the languor. You should read and heed the chapter in the booklet "How to Reduce on Four Square Meals a Day." If your grocer or market can't supply the bread and cake substitutes suggested, never mind, just follow the suggestions as well as you can.

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—Honey, the old let-down got me. I dunno why it is, but I can't come home from vacations like other people, full of pep and raring to go. I gotta be gloomy. I gotta sit around with my chin in my hand, feeling like the drag end of Friday Sunday and wondering what Blue Monday's gonna be like.

Nobody has a better time than I do, but next day there's a lily in my hand. And that's utasny, if you ask me. Here I am back from as pleasant a stay as I was ever on, in Connecticut it was, and instead of feeling keenly reminiscent and alive, instead of bubbling over with suppressed energy and excitement, I am lost in apathy, kindred to a whipped houn' dog.

The rambler rose may be delightful to Robert Burns, but it is only a blossom to me, and a thorny one at that. This metropolis may be a magic city to others, replete with romance and glamour, but it doesn't thrill me. Not today, doesn't. Tomorrow—that's something else again. But today it's only a big dull town. There's no savor to the ghoulish. All the bluish has gone from the peach.

There's something else, too, that makes me feel pretty bad. I passed a ghost on the street just now, the ghost of the old White Horse Tavern. Coming across 45th street, I just happened to look up and caught sight of a sign. It said, simply: "For Rent." And it came to me with something of a start that here indeed was the scene of many a gay old time. Almost everybody remembers the Tavern in prohibition days. It was picturesque and it was well managed. You had to have credentials to get past the door, the attendants looked like fox hunters in scarlet coats. There was an ancient darkie inside named Chester who barged a little two-by-four piano and sang any song you wanted to hear. They tried him out one night and he sang 187 requests without repeating himself. That's coming through the rye.

Chester was a book darkie. I'm sure he came out of a book. I never saw one like him before, or since. Looking at the place now it makes you feel a little sad. The rains and sheets of the years of repeal have washed away the bright front of the Tavern. Today the windows, little diamond-shaped squares of stained glass, like those in cathedrals, are dirty and dim. Squirrels make their homes in the cracks of the door, and cob-webs are the only lady curtains there. What happened to the Tavern I can only guess. But like so many

other places that thrived during the dry years, it faded with repeal. It is a memory now, a sad ghost drifting through the dry summer days.

I have often thought about Chester and wondered if I would walk into some place some night and see him perched at the little piano, grinning delightedly at his white folks, bargaining those tunes they like to hear.

But I never have. You'd think in all the places you go to (through all the years there must have been 300 of them) you'd run into a fellow like Chester. You couldn't be mistaken. There never was anybody else a little bit like him. But I never have, and I suppose now I never will. Chester was old, and repeal happened a long time ago.

FIVE JEWS KILLED BY LAND MINE EXPLOSION

JERUSALEM, Aug. 5.—(UP)—Five Jewish laborers were killed and eight others were critically injured today when a land mine exploded under a bus carrying them to the Kfarasbi Jewish settlement near Tel-Aviv. The Jewish driver of a government lorry was ambushed and killed late this afternoon on the Haifa-Tel-Aviv highway near Athlit.

Streamlined Potatoes Popular. MERRILL—(UP)—H. L. Martin is sure now that the country has gone streamline conscious. He packed potatoes in an attractive net sack and labeled them "Streamlined Potatoes," conducted a campaign relative to the use of streamlined potatoes in the diet, and his product marketed throughout the season without suffering any of the price fluctuations that befell the spuds that failed of streamlining.

Allen Passes 9th Test. MARTINEZ, Cal.—(UP)—When Orazio Abono finally succeeded in passing his ninth examination for citizenship, he was so elated that he leaped from his chair in the court room and ran and kissed the American flag. The court declared that his persistence in taking nine examinations was enough to entitle him to citizenship, even if he did not get all of the answers correct.

Not Extinct. ROBERT, Australia.—(UP)—The Tasmanian marsupial tiger, a rare animal of the "living fossil" class, and which was believed to have become extinct, has been found again, according to the Hobart animal and bird protection board. A sanctuary will be established for the few animals that have been found in an effort to prevent extinction.

Steam Roller Joy Ride. WILMINGTON, Del.—(UP)—Several small boys fulfilled a lifetime ambition when workers at a housing development left a steam roller with the "steam up." Their ride ended against an embankment at the end of a long field, but when a police radio car arrived at the scene the boys were gone.

Pig Is Steeplechaser. TRYINGHAM, Mass.—(UP)—Ward McCarthy, local farmer, says he has a pig which can clear a four-foot fence with all the alpbim of a veteran steeplechase jumper.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SENATOR Bennett Clark, son of Champ Clark, wins his Democratic senatorial renomination in Missouri by a landslide, getting more than three times as many votes as his three opponents combined.

SENATOR CLARK not only voted against but bitterly fought Roosevelt's scheme to pack the supreme court. He fought other Roosevelt schemes, including the reorganization bill. He was marked for slaughter by the New Dealers until it became apparent that he was going to win decisively in spite of their opposition; whereupon they dropped their fight against him.

SENATOR CLARK'S renomination proves this: A member of congress can oppose Roosevelt in a matter in which he believes himself to be right and Roosevelt to be wrong and can still be renominated and re-elected—for in Missouri the Democratic nomination is practically equivalent to election.

In other words, it ISN'T NECESSARY to be a rubber-stamp in order to remain in congress.

THAT is a tremendously important lesson. If enough congressmen will heed it, there will be less rubber-stamp legislation in the future—which will be good for the country.

IN Kansas, McGill, the New Dealer, wins the Democratic senatorial nomination easily. Kansas Republicans, however, turn down Winrod, the blatherkite, and nominate former Governor Clyde Reed. The last word in Kansas will be said in November.

IN West Virginia, three Roosevelt coast-tailors win their Democratic nominations for congress with little trouble.

In Virginia, where the Democratic nomination is the same as election, two coast-tailors are DEFEATED—again proving that the Roosevelt blessing isn't absolutely necessary in order to remain in congress. (That, of course, is the big issue in all the congressional primaries this year.)

NEXT comes the much-advertised Kentucky primary, on Saturday, in which it will be demonstrated whether Senator "Dear Alben" Barkley, passing out the swag from the federal government's sack, can buy more votes than "Happy" Chandler, who is dishing it out from the state of Kentucky's sack.

From this distance, it looks as if that is about all that will be proved by the Kentucky primary.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.)

been different, if it had not been for an unfortunate little incident. Mayor Jackson is running for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, against State Senator Lansdale G. Sasser, and State Attorney General Herbert R. O'Connor. From the first, everyone had expected Tydings to support Jackson, his old-time crony. Sadly enough, however, Tydings had a brief moment of unutterable happiness, when he expected not to be opposed for the senatorship. And in this moment, he was caught by former Senator Howard Bruce, who had put O'Connor in the race.

Bruce cheerfully told Tydings that his re-election would give pleasure to all right-thinking Marylanders. He said that he would be glad to promise Tydings his own support, if it weren't for one thing—Tydings was expected to side with Jackson in the gubernatorial fight, and, if Tydings sided with Jackson, the friends of O'Connor would have to offer an anti-Tydings senatorial candidate, therefore, why not stay neutral?

Tydings anxiously promised complete neutrality, and subsequently announced his surprising stand. And then, only a few days after Tydings had spoken, Davy Lewis, the self-esteemed coal-miner's son, a darling of the new deal and a dangerous, forthright fighter, came out as a candidate against Tydings. Mayor Jackson was asked whether he would back Tydings or Lewis. His laconic answer was: "I'm neutral, too."

The enterprising Welles made good use of his situation. Of the two other gubernatorial candidates, O'Connor remained an outsider; Sasser was the real threat to Mayor Jackson. By unknown inducements, Welles has persuaded Sasser to promise withdrawal from the race. If Welles' combination does not fall through, Sasser will soon retire. And when the grateful Jackson, already estranged from Tydings, will go down the line for Lewis.

However, the important aspect of this little story is not the local politics involved. Such petty trading could be duplicated in any one of a dozen primaries. The important thing is the lesson the story teaches. In the other purge primaries, White House candidates have been chosen hastily, pushed into the ring without much preparation, and left with no real aids but the president's name and the W.P.A. Nowhere, except in Maryland, has a deputy of the White House personally attempted to line up for the White House favorites. Everywhere, the primaries have been managed by local control and prayer. Thus far, the results have been unhappy. In Maryland, on the other hand, the situation has been handled with unblinking realism. And Millard Tydings is not resting well, these nights.

Nudists Gather. ESTACADA, Ore., Aug. 5.—(AP)—The vanguard of some 200 nature cultists, the American Sun Bathing association, reached Camp Hepler near here yesterday for the west coast conference of the association. The nudist conclave opens Saturday.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 5, 1928. (It was Sunday.) Al Smith is cause of fist fights in Texas. Mid-west farm organizations back Hoover.

Nineteen cars of pears—first of season—shipped east. Still shortage of help. Tourist travel through valley now at height. Public schools to open Monday, September 4.

Greater Medford club decides on lot for proposed clubhouse. Park avenue residents ask that street be paved.

State prohibition chief states he is surprised at lack of moonshine in city during state Legion convention.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 5, 1918. (It was Monday.) The picking of pears was commenced in the Wilcox and Carlton orchards this week, most of the work being done by our patriotic young ladies.—(Table Rock Tables.)

Military experts now predict World war will end before Christmas. Espes agrees to furnish more cars for pear shipments.

Secretary McAdoo urges people to hold their Liberty bonds. Allied forces cross Vesle river, as Germans continue retreat.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS Dresses, Coats, Hats, Blouses Ethelwyn B. Hoffman



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