

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Not Even Good Politics

POLITICS not only makes strange bed fellows, but strange logic.

Had "Dear Alben" been defeated in Kentucky, it would have been a sensational, colossal, crushing defeat for President Roosevelt, from which neither he nor his party would ever have recovered.

But with "Dear Alben" winning under wraps, we learn from the Republican press, that it isn't, in any sense an outstanding Roosevelt victory.

My not any other result from the start, was unthinkable. For Alben is not only "the Democratic boss in the senate," but he had the "W.P.A. and all the vast system of federal patronage behind him."

Thus the Kentucky victory as a part of the general primary picture, shows the Roosevelt "hold on the Democratic party is definitely not being extended"; where there "is any change it is weakening!"

HO HUM, so it goes!

On one side of the political fence everything is sweetness and light; on the other side everything is darkness and degradation. One side wins and it's an epoch-making triumph; the other side wins and it's just another dull, routine happenstance, —signifying nothing!

Small wonder people are getting more and more disgusted with partisan politics and politicians, and newspapers that play their time honored and discredited game.

WE don't mean a defeat for President Roosevelt in Kentucky nor deny that as a sporting proposition, "Dear Alben" was the favorite.

But it is also true that before the votes were counted the result was genuinely in doubt. "Happy" Chandler forces were sufficiently confident to back up the prevailing odds with cash; and Senator Barkley's friends both in Kentucky and Washington were worried sick.

Under such circumstances why can't the Republican press, however partisan, however disgruntled at the outcome, at least be good sports and good losers, about it.

THIS was the ONE state primary in which the President took an active part, burned his bridges behind him, and staked everything, politically speaking, on the result. He won, —and won decisively.

Why not give the devil his due? Why not be fair enough and logical enough and generous enough to admit, that the result was a clear cut victory for President Roosevelt and his New Deal,—and let it go at that!

There were other primary results in which the President did suffer reverses,—why not concentrate upon them, instead of attempting to make the outcome in Kentucky appear to be something it so clearly isn't!

In the humble opinion of this column, all sentiment aside a certain amount of magnanimity and generosity in this enlightened age, is as PROFITABLE in politics, as in business, or any other human relationships.

Again the Best Man Wins

THE real significance of the Kentucky primary, as we see it, rests in the fact that, the best man won.

Senator Barkley is no world beater. But he is honest, earnest, entirely sincere in his devotion to the principles of the New Deal, and holds a position of genuine influence in the Senate.

The President hit the nail on the head, when he said it would take many years for Governor Chandler, however capable, to reach the position of prestige and influence, that "Dear-Alben" now occupies in the upper house.

MORE than that. From all we can learn, "Happy" Chandler is a pretty mediocre type of professional politician, whose record has been none too savory. He has a pleasing personality and the gift of gab, but according to our information precious little else.

Of course it is easy to say "Dear Alben" bought the election with WPA money, just as in the case of his defeat, it would have been easy to say, "Happy" Chandler bought it. (As a matter of fact, both candidates had ample public funds at their disposal, some commentators maintaining, the Governor's war chest, when it came to buying votes outright, was the larger, and his methods far more unscrupulous.)

However that may be, the fact remains the best man won, and taking that outcome with other primary results, and we feel there is something encouraging to date in the political outlook. It indicates at least the people as a whole are disposed to disregard the partisan patter on both sides, discount the "talky talk," and mark their ballots for the candidates best qualified to give them good government.

AT least that was ALSO the result in Missouri. Senator Bennett Clark like "Dear Alben" isn't likely to set the world on fire, but he is also a competent and trustworthy public servant, with a good record of accomplishment and independence in the upper house.

Unlike "Alben" he has been far from a "yes man", opposing the President on many of his pet measures, including the Supreme Court and reorganization bill, and for some time has been "persona non grata" at the White House.

Yet the Democrats of Missouri, went down the line for "Champ Clark's boy" even more enthusiastically than they did for Brother Barkley, and while President Roosevelt might have driven some support from him, had he taken a personal part in the Missouri primary as he did in Kentucky, it is doubtful if even HE could have changed the result.

ALL of which is cheering and reassuring. In fact the hope of this country,—the hope of democracy in fact,—rests on the DETERMINATION of the people as a whole to disregard the bally-hoo of personal and partisan politics, and when they get in the privacy of the election booths,—voting for those candidates regardless of party, propaganda or anything else, which in their judgment are best qualified by character and experience for the positions which they seek!

Let them once acquire THAT habit, and we need no longer worry about the ultimate, long-run, result.

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, 268 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BRONCHIAL TROUBLE

Chronic bronchitis, the familiar winter cough of the aged, follows repeated attacks of acute bronchitis or develops gradually in persons who are subject to heart disease, kidney disease or chronic lung trouble. In any case when acute bronchitis keeps a patient ill more than two weeks, it is well to have a careful examination made to see what the first diagnosis has missed. The ancients, from Hippocrates to Dr. Osler, believed that the regularly recurring winter cough of chronic bronchitis was due to the cold and changeable weather. Plenty of doctors today harbor quaint ideas about it. But we can't accept a theory as sound just because it is old. The medical profession ought to be first to acknowledge this. It seems more sensible to believe that one subject to chronic bronchial trouble — bronchitis, bronchiectasis (dilation or ballooning of bronchial tubes), bronchial asthma or emphysema (ballooning of the air-cells of the lungs from loss of elasticity or resiliency)—is worse during the season of artificial heating because the indoor atmosphere is so excessively dried out and (b) the patient gets so little sunshine vitamin D all winter. Anyway this concept has some logic in it, whereas the concept of the old times had none at all that could satisfy a rational mind. Well knowing that most physicians or health authorities still share the view of Hippocrates and Osler, I give you my earnest conviction that dampness, wet feet, sudden change of weather, drafts and cold neither cause acute respiratory diseases nor predispose to chronic respiratory diseases. Dusts produced by nature and by numerous industries are a factor of acute respiratory diseases, through the minute wounds of the mucous membrane lining the breathing passage, which are portals of entry for bacteria, and of chronic respiratory diseases, through constant irritation. If the individual is constantly exposed to the inhalation of dust. The respiratory disease caused by coal-dust, stone dust and iron dust in various occupations is well known. Textile dusts are less injurious, but often cause asthma, as do the dust

of feathers, fur, hair or dander in persons who happen to be hypersensitive. Pollen dust, of course, causes hay fever as well as asthma. Air-conditioning greatly improves the air in respect to the dust hazard within buildings, but no mask or other device to protect against dust or pollen out of doors is practical or comfortable for regular use. Perhaps the best protection against the dust one inhales day by day is the normal secretion of mucous by the lining of the breathing passages. This mucous not only guards against germs invading the mucous membrane, but also entangles grains of dust or pollen and eventually extrudes them from the body, either by way of the alimentary tract or by direct discharge from the nose. This is the reason why I advise against the use of sprays or douches or irrigations of the nasal passages as a means of preventing respiratory infection. I believe the normal mucous secretion is far more efficient than any such "internal bath" for prophylaxis.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Sauer Kraut Argument about the food quality of sauer kraut.—(L. E.) Answer—Let the other fellow argue while you eat the kraut. It is wholesome and healthful, less nourishing than cauliflower, more nourishing than celery, contains insignificant amounts of vitamins A, B and C compared to fresh raw cabbage, provides desirable lactic acid and lactic bacilli for the maintenance of healthy acidity in the colon, is an excellent source of food calcium, element in which the average dietary is poor. Keep Your Shirt Off Wondering how you feel about this fad of working in the sun, stripped to the waist, and mothers putting practically nothing on babies exposed to the sun? Is it healthier to be burned and mahogany?—H. V. W. Answer—I feel happy about the fad. It is bound to build vite. Yes, tanning is healthful for everybody—of course, without overexposing the skin at first and getting painful burns. It is my conviction that the less clothing any one wears at any time, consistent with comfort for the better for health. (Copyright, 1938, John F. Dille Co.) Ed Note. Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 268 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—I hope Jed Harris doesn't weaken on his decision not to send any second companies of "Our Town" on the road. That would not be fair and proper. Because "Our Town" isn't like any play you ever saw. You would take "Strange Interlude" or "Idiot's Delight," or even "Reunion in Vienna," three top-flight plays, and build a dozen companies, each as good as the original. "Our Town" Not and make it add up the way it does now. I don't know why this is so. But it is so. It just wouldn't be the same play unless you had the same cast that is in there now, that has been in there since the opening night performance over a month ago. And says he isn't even thinking of second companies. Not now, at least. When "Our Town" goes on the road he wants the country to see the same play that New York has been looking at all these weeks and months.

And in making this decision he is kidding good to a wad of money. It would be a simple task to whip three companies together simultaneously, send one south, one through the central states, and one to the coast. The bookings are his. There is an endless chain of theaters in every state asking for it. He could make a quick turnover, cover the road, and dissolve his companies. But you wouldn't really be seeing "Our Town." Not really. Not unless Frank Craven was there to shuffle out, with a wad of gum in the side of his jaw, to tell you what it was all about. Not unless Jay Fessett was there to play Dr. Gibbs, and Martha Scott was the little bride. You wouldn't really be having "Our Town" unless Frank Craven's boy, John, was there to play the part of George, or Philip Coolidge the chor-master, or Tom How the editor, or those names. And when you see the play, if those names aren't in the cast, you ought to write Jed Harris a letter. You ought to write him at his office in the Empire Theatre building, on Broadway, New York. And give him thunder. Because that's what he ought to get if he doesn't hold this company intact and send it out on the road, so that when your town sees "Our Town" you'll see the best there is.

I won't tell you what "Our Town" is about, because it is too heart-breakingly honest, too beautifully simple, too awfully close to something inside of you to try to justify it in cold type. But I will tell you this: I envy Thornton Wilder for having written it. If I were a playwright and could be the author of any play

in New York this year I would unhesitatingly choose "Our Town." I think I would be prouder of it than any "best-seller" ever written, and I can honestly say that I can not think of any complaint higher than to have someone point you out and say, "There goes the man who wrote 'Our Town.'" I love the theater and I have a good time in it all winter. But when summer comes I stay away, because summer to my way of thinking is no time for drama. But last night I went back to the Morocco, in 45th street, for another look. It was like slipping your hands into a cooling lotion and burying your face in new leather.

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DERBY, Aug. 8.—(Sp1)—Val Smith was a visitor at the Merl Haynes home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson Miller and family, Mr. and Mrs. Nick Myers and Leonard Haynes went berry picking Tuesday. There are wild dewberries there yet.

Mrs. Walter Radcliffe was a caller in Derby Thursday.

Jimmie Akers was in Medford transacting business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Allen were in Medford Monday.

Mrs. Nick Myers was visiting Mrs. F. D. Hill Monday.

Mrs. P. D. Hill called on Mrs. Merl Haynes Tuesday.

Seven firefighters from Derby have returned from Oregon. Carl, Nick Myers has some badly burned and blistered feet.

Mrs. Simons and grandson, Laurence Phelps, spent the week-end in Medford.

Mrs. Al Robison drove into Medford Saturday to meet Mr. Robison, who has been installing a telephone line on Greenings mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Burg were in Medford transacting business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Merl Haynes and family were shopping in Medford Thursday.

Leonard and Winifred Haynes were in Medford Friday of last week taking their music lessons.

Mrs. Cora T. Quetin and son Stanley of Medford, were visiting friends in Derby Sunday.

The county road through Derby is receiving some badly needed repairs. Mrs. Al Robison and her mother, Mrs. Wm. Simonds, were pleasant callers at the Merl Haynes home Friday.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A RED-HEADED young Irishman, who flew the Atlantic in an ancient crate that by all the rules shouldn't have been able to get from the ground, takes New York by storm, getting more ticker tape thrown down on him from the high buildings than even Lindbergh got.

The big city went more or less nutty over him. So fierce was the crowding to get a close look that in a jam outside his hotel a ligament was torn in his chest and he had to be treated by a doctor.

AMELIA EARHART tried to fly around the world, but didn't make it. Within a few days from the time she disappeared, people were grousing bitterly over the cost of searching for her.

Amelia Earhart failed. Corrigan SUCCEEDED.

So far as the applause of the crowd is concerned, it makes a vast amount of difference in this world whether you succeed or fail.

CONSIDER this: The holder of a lucky ticket on the derby is a great guy—for a few days, at least. The papers, the newscasts, the radio beat the drum for him until a new wonder comes along, making him think he's a plump horse on parade.

But who ever heard of the boob who bought a ticket and didn't win?

WHAT will all this adulation bring to Douglas Corrigan?

Well, that's up to him. If he's a nit-wit, it will bring him a few weeks of tinsel glory and some easy money while the notoriety lasts. If he really has something on the ball, it will set his feet on a ladder that leads very, very high up—a ladder he'd probably never have got within shooting distance of but for his weird stunt.

Before his flight, Lindbergh was just another crazy kid. Now he's a world figure.

BUT don't forget this: Lindbergh is a world figure NOT because he was lucky enough to keep his engine turning over until he got over the Atlantic but because he had something on the ball.

If he'd been just another shallow sap, he'd have been forgotten long ago.

THIS Corrigan kid is an engaging cuss. He has a good grin. He didn't lose his head when New York went oo-oo-oo over him, and so far he hasn't taken any of the mere notoriety money. This writer, for one, hopes he has what it takes.

Communications

Wants Better Salmon Protection To the Editor: Will you please publish the following open letter to the Oregon state fish and game commission.

"God pity the sorrows—of a poor old hook-bill salmon." That is what I found on a Western Union telegraph blank that I picked up in a place of business the other day. I am enclosing the said telegraph blank for your inspection. That piece of yellow paper, and what I have heard since for the real sporting class of people that believe in good sports and fair play, put me to thinking.

All our game is well protected by law except our salmon. But the salmon—ah, there's the rub. The poor salmon has a losing battle from the time he leaves tide water, until he turns up his finny toes after spawning at the head of our spawning streams. He not only has to battle rapids, fish ladders and other natural obstructions, but he has to fight fish-nets, gaff-hooks, snag-hooks, rocks, clubs, shovels and gunfire.

I have seen salmon pulled from the river with a snag-line and her eggs ripped from her belly and the fish hurled back into the river. Yea gods what a slaughter. I have heard that one snagger has taken as many as 9 salmon in one day and bootlegged them to consumers.

The state police are supposed to look out for our salmon—so I am told. I don't know. But it is hard to get the state police off the highway, and so hard to get the salmon onto the highway. What we need is some officers stationed at the river all the time during the fishing season, and to close the fishing for salmon after August 15. After August 15 the salmon are no good—except to fulfill their mission by spawning.

This letter is not my idea alone, but the voice of many honest-minded, red-blooded sportsmen. I am but the cat's paw helping to pull the hot chestnuts out of the roasting furnace—for we are all pretty hot over the way the salmon are NOT getting a break.

Think it over gentlemen, and let us hear from you on the subject. ARCHIE PARKER, Central Point, Aug. 8.

To the Editor: About July 20, 1938, the income tax bureau of the U. S. national treasury completed its survey of the income tax returns for the year 1936, which states that in 1935 there were 41 persons whose annual incomes were a million or more dollars each, and by 1936 the number of persons drawing such incomes had increased to 61.

In 1935 there was one personal income of more than four million dollars a year; by 1936 the number had increased to four with incomes in excess of four million dollars.

In 1935 there were two personal incomes of between two million and

three million dollars and by 1936 the number of persons drawing such incomes had increased to 14. All of which means that these three millions were taken from the purchasing power of the workers; the vast majority and handed to a speck minority already over supplied with wealth.

These hard, rocky facts ought to make some impression in a time when we witness widespread distress: 12 million workers out of jobs and 23 million persons living on relief.

Yet I saw nothing in your paper, nor in any other daily I have read, concerning the report of the income tax bureau; which also states that 86 million dollars was the total net income of 61 persons that had more than one million dollars a year each.

It seems that such facts should be worth some press comment at least. Why the silence or the secrecy?

Your editorial of Sunday, Aug. 7, last: "Let There Be Light" and its introductory line "Lord what fools these mortals be," has prompted me to write this, notwithstanding it probably will do no good other than to help fill your waste basket.

But let me remind you that you are playing a part in a great national tragedy. (Name on File.) Medford, Aug. 7.

Ed Note: The facts divulged above and similar facts regarding income tax have been published frequently in this and other papers. There is no conspiracy of silence concerning them. Such incomes pay from 78 to 75 per cent to the government.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.)

he was a new dealer of the strictest sect, while Johnston and Brown were a pair of Lord Macaulays.

Cotton Ed is an impressive spectacle, on the stump or in the senate. He is a stocky, strangely loose-jointed man, with an immense head and great, hanging jaws. When he becomes agitated, as he always does when discussing southern womanhood, cotton prices, or his own services to the country, his head and his arms wave together in a sort of clumsy rhythm. His oratory is in the best southern colonel tradition, grandiloquent to the point of bombast. And his voice, while husky, could make itself heard through a tornado.

His political principles are simple in the extreme. He is for southern womanhood and treaty-cent cotton and against the anti-lynching bill. On this last topic, his remarks are so highly colored that the other southern senators always do their best to keep him from taking part in the annual filibuster against the measure. The trouble is that Cotton Ed doesn't restrict himself to a careful discussion of states' rights; he comes right out and defends lynching as a splendid institution of the glorious southland.

His senatorial activities are chiefly limited to presiding over the agriculture committee, which is one of the strangest of all the subordinate bodies of the senate. In this work, Cotton Ed has been much advised by Robert Harris, a minor cotton broker. Another of Cotton Ed's advisers used to be the poly-poly lobbyist and Washington representative of the Rev. Father Coughlin. What with one thing and another, Cotton Ed greatly enjoys a senator's life, and he would be sad indeed if the South Carolina voters saw fit to separate him from his advisers, his committee and his senate seat.

Cotton Ed is a clergyman's son. He was born in Lynchburg, S. C., received a good education, and soon distinguished himself as a political corner. By 1896, he was in the state legislature. Then he became a leader in the politics of cotton, and that sent him to the senate in 1908. There he has been ever since. Cotton Ed is to all and sundry. Today he is the senior Democrat in the senate, and the only one who has never voted for a tariff in any shape or form.

They had left Le Bourget at 1:50 a. m. PST. The flier and his wife passed through the customs immediately after landing and then proceeded to Reading where the colonel's airplane was built.