

MEDFORD MAIL, TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The deer hunting season is now underway in California.

Public indignation over the reported violation of the corrupt practice act, wherein it is alleged, state departmental employees have been ordered to pledge up donations from their pay for the Democratic state campaign.

"Orville Preferkorn of Summerville shot her yesterday and rid the hills of northeast Union county of the most pertinacious and contemptuous varmint that ever outgassed a sheep dog."

The chairman of the highway commission of a sister state, reports "the building of wide highways fails to decrease the accident toll."

IT'S HIGH TIME (Del Norte (Calif., Triplicate) "Six years ago we firmly believed that Judge Tryon would, with his family, establish his home here...")

The Prospect ball team bit the dust Sunday. They were without the services of E. Ulrich, their official umpire.

Counting of the votes and wounded in the Kentucky primary election was completed late yesterday.

A Portlander was extricated from the jaws of a folding bed by the police. Here is a household peril supposed to have gone the way of the horse and buggy.

Los Angeles unions affiliated with the CIO are in revolt against the rule of Harry Bridges of Australia, a labor czar whose activities have cost the Pacific coast plenty.

DAUNTLESS VIKING SPIRIT "I never asked for help. I depended on myself. I lost all my cash and stocks 1932. I raised three pigs, chickens, planted corn and potatoes, etc."

Bare Copy Owned GENEVA, Ind. (UP)—A copy of the "Hester County Gazette, Kingston, N. Y., which describes the funeral of George Washington, is owned by Orton Wheeler of Geneva. The issue was dated Jan. 4, 1800.

An Excellent Start

CHARLES Sprague made a good start in his gubernatorial race when he emphasized Oregon's problems are economic rather than political. That is exactly the case. Democrat, Republican; New Deal, Old Deal; Supreme Court, Reorganization; the Wage and Hour Bill and what have you!—they have exactly nothing to do with the situation in Oregon,—nothing at all.

The great need in Oregon is a return to prosperity, the utilization of our natural resources, the extension and development of our markets, and—

This can be done if we stop fighting among ourselves and get together,—labor and capital, Republican and Democrat, old and young, rich and poor, with one objective in view, the revival of business, and full steam ahead for the betterment of Oregon and everyone in it.

A PARTISAN of no faction or clique, committed to no ism or cult, but pledged to a square deal for all. Mr. Sprague is admirably fitted to lead such a common sense, non-partisan and sorely needed movement in this state.

As he well says: "The best form of social security that can be imagined, is a good job at good wages."

The big problem, of course, is HOW to get the jobs. Well, if the people of Oregon will forget personal and PARTISAN politics for a while and concentrate upon the development of their own state, in a constructive, harmonious, common-sense fashion, such jobs will be forthcoming, and our long neglected state slogan, "She flies with her own wings," will have some real meaning for a change.

So good work, Charles! Keep it up! You're on the right track, don't let the "old guard" politicians switch you off, and all should be well with you and your cause, this coming November!

No Exceptions

THE Treasury Department of the United States is preparing a measure to outlaw tax exempt securities and compel federal and state employees to pay taxes on their incomes like other poor mortals.

Both things should be done,—the pity is they were not done many years ago.

With the finances of the country in the critical shape they are today—no securities and no individuals should be exempt from bearing a fair share of the overhead.

All individuals who have surplus money to invest should pay a certain fixed percentage of that money toward the support of their government. And all individuals who enjoy an income of a certain amount, should pay an income tax whether they work for an individual, a company, a state, or the government of the United States.

There is nothing logical nor just in the idea that persons fortunate enough to be on the public payroll should be exempt from taxation or that hundreds of million dollars worth of wealth should be exempt.

As far as the finances of the country are concerned, the nation is at war, and should be placed on a war basis.

At such a time there should be no exemptions whatever, as far as taxation is concerned—everyone with an income, or an income-paying security, large or small, should pay his or her share to support the government, and see it safely through, one of the most serious economic crises in its history.

Et Tu Rufus?

WE ARE sincerely sorry for Rufus Holman. There isn't a more conscientious and self-righteous public official in the state, than our honorable State Treasurer. And he knows something about business and finance and taxation, too.

Yet he felt compelled the other day to come out and endorse the Townsend Plan. We know it must have been a bitter pill. But no doubt Rufus decided that if he didn't take this action he would be beaten by Willis Mahoney, his rival for the U. S. Senate, who has. And being human Rufus doesn't want to be beaten, if he can help it.

Oh Hum—thus practical politics doth make hypocrites of us all (or almost ALL!)

A Joke's A Joke, but---

WE WISH this lad Corrigan would drop that gag of his about the hop for Ireland being an "honest mistake."

There may be some reason concerning the rulings of the federal aviation bureau, why this pretense should have been started in the first place, but in this column's opinion the joke has been carried far enough.

After all there is a limit to what the public should be called upon to accept.

Everyone knows no one could fly East over the Atlantic for an entire day and believe that he was flying over land in the direction of the Pacific Coast.

Whether the real cause has to do with the Department of Commerce rulings, or merely the incalculable Irish temperament, our tip to "Wrong Way" Corrigan is to call it a day as far as this particular whimsy is concerned, and forget 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.

SIX QUARTS OF BLOOD.

Approximately one-eleventh of the weight of a healthy body is blood. The quantity of blood in the body of a healthy adult as determined by measurement and by estimates is from 10 to 12 pints.

Drinking water and other fluids, even in large amounts, dilutes the blood very little. The water is quickly passed thru the kidneys and some of it is temporarily stored in the tissues of the body.

If large amounts of fluid are lost from the body by sweating, whether the sweating is induced by some form of bath or by hot weather or by exercise, the blood volume is preserved by taking fluid back into the blood from the tissue spaces.

A solution of approximately two teaspoons of common table salt, sodium chloride, in a quart of pure water is of nearly the same saline strength as the blood. This is properly called physiologic salt solution.

Men working in extreme heat and sweating freely are likely to suffer cramps if they drink as much water as they crave for relief of thirst. The water fails to fresh them, too.

My wife's older brother was a "bleeder." So far as we know he was the only one in the family so affected. How can we tell whether she has any such taint or will pass it on to her children?—G. T.

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.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE fish editor of The Dallas Chronicle has been wandering around in the placatorial back alleys, and emerges with a grist of advice for the meat fisherman.

All of these fish, he says, abound in the Columbia and the Deschutes. (Down here in Southern Oregon, of course, we think we know what to do with these varieties, but politeness restrains us from going into details.)

STILL, it's interesting to learn what The Dallas fish editor found out on his slumming tour, and we might as well start with catfish.

Catfish, he warns, must be skinned, which is a messy job, and besides they have a disturbing habit of flopping around in the frying pan.

AS for carp, the inquiring reporter concedes frankly and openly that they're good only for manure, and says people up in that country put them around the roots of trees.

But here's a tip on grayling. We'll tell it in his own words: "At least one local fisherman declares that people who discard grayling are passing up a fine dish. He first boils the fish until the flesh may be stripped easily from the bony structure.

Maybe it works the same way with the grayling.

LET'S close this dissertation on a philosophical note. Fish like these are easy to get, and anybody who wants 'em can have 'em. But the fighting rainbow takes WORK and skill, and it's the rainbow that everybody wants.

CAPE TOWN (UP)—South Africans are drinking more, smoking more, reading more and becoming more musical. The facts are revealed from trade statistics.

MEMPHIS (UP)—Cotton men who formed a national council to get the industry out of the red, develop new uses and expand the domestic and world markets, have outlined five objectives:

Find proper and greater markets for cotton. Maintain research activities for new uses. Obtain favorable legislation.

At an organization meeting in June, which was attended by several hundred farmers and traders from seven southern states, Oscar Johnston, Mississippi delta planter, was elected president of the National Cotton Council.

Johnston said the council would perform that function. The organization, he said, will have national headquarters in Washington, state organizations in cotton producing sections, country sub-divisions and community groups.

When we do this we will have the voice that we need so badly not only in legislation but in other affairs. The voice of cotton has been as soft as its lint and as low as its price. We must speak through a megaphone if we are to be heard."

Johnston is former head of the cotton division of the agricultural adjustment administration. He said lack of foreign markets was the most serious problem facing cotton farmers and added that the

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.)

This phenomenon, which has enraged the White House advisers in charge of the purge. For the last six years, so far as federal pay and patronage were concerned, Jimmy Byrnes has been the only senator from South Carolina. He is quoted here as saying quite frankly, "I'd be a fool to help elect someone I'd have to go shares with."

Just to make things worse, the state political machine is split wide open between Johnston and Brown. Johnston, originally the favored White House candidate, has the support of the state employees. But early in his administration he had such a row with State Highway Commissioner Ben Sawyer that he called out the national guard. Sawyer's highway department controls anywhere up to 40,000 votes, and Sawyer would rather cut off his right hand than help Johnston. He has already told employees of the White House that he's for them against Cotton Ed, but for anyone in God's creation against Olin Johnston. His present candidate is Brown.

Thus the White House's best chance is for a run-off primary, with Brown as Cotton Ed's opponent. Then some such political fixer as the assistant to the attorney general, astute, genial Joe Keenan, can come down here, tag Jimmy Byrnes into line, concentrate all available strength behind Brown, and perhaps make the purge stick. If Johnston should run second, Sawyer will be an obstacle. But it may be that such inducements as the White House can offer, plus the argument that at least he will get Johnston out of the state, will persuade the embattled highway commissioner to forget his feud.

Meanwhile, old Cotton Ed is making the best of his opportunities. Circus politics are his forte, and circus politics go down well here. It may be that Cotton Ed could pull himself out, even without organization backing.

At the 1936 convention in Philadelphia, he walked out when a Negro preacher offered an opening prayer. He is now using this incident to raise the white supremacy issue. He is strong on southern womanhood, higher cotton prices, and the evils of the C. I. O., which goes down well with the farmers. And he never fails to tell his hearers that the president cherishes a well-concealed affection for him. If the voters wanted a sea-lion playing the "Star Spangled Banner" on the clarinet, Cotton Ed would probably do his best to satisfy them.

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COTTON COUNCIL LAUNCHES WORK TO BOOST SALES

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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 9, 1928 (It was Sunday) State convention of Artisans opens here.

William Hickman, kidnap-slayer of Los Angeles girl sentenced to hang October 19. Charles E. Hughes will campaign for Herbert Hoover for president.

Work starts on roads to Diamond Lake, and Lake O' the Woods. Report of hold-up of Southern Pacific train in California is false.

Leviston, Idaho, terrorized when circus elephants escape. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 9, 1918 (It was Friday) Allied arms continue victorious advance on the Western Front.

Central Point Sunday school to hold all day meet at Table Rock next Sunday. Billy-goat to be disposed of at the Page theater tomorrow, for the benefit of the Red Cross at ten cents per chance.

Henry Ford to quit making autos to help America win the war. Editorial warns people "to beware of propaganda." Crop forecast for state show reduced yields.

CRICKETS THUMB RIDE ON HARVEST MACHINE

IONE, Ore., Aug. 9.—(UP)—Wild Palmateer, rancher near here, is greatly bothered by Mormon crickets which have infested the west this summer. Palmateer claims the huge and audacious insects stand on the heads of ripened wheat and thumb ride on his combine!

Rattlers Die in War Games. SALINAS, Cal.—(UP)—"Casualties" during war games recently executed on the Ogling military reservation west of here are believed to have set an all time high. Three thousand troops participated in the maneuvers and at the close more than 500 rattlesnakes were counted on the field of battle. The highest number of rattlers killed in one day was 17.

Opposum Bluffs Dog SOUTH PASADENA, Cal.—(UP)—Police had to be called here to help a dog. An opossum had occupied the dog's kennel and refused to get out. The dog also refused to take any hand in the affair. Once the police had removed the opossum, the dog resumed its home life without even manifesting a desire to give chase.

Smitty Quits at 90 MONTGOMERY, Mich.—(UP)—George Willey closed his blacksmith shop on his 90th birthday—and retired from the business he conducted in this community for 54 consecutive years. In all, Willey has been a blacksmith for 61 years, during which time he shod several early Kentucky Derby winners.

Moist in the Motor ALTON BAY, N. H.—(UP)—Dr. Harold E. Copeland asked his wife to listen into a persistent rumbling in his car. A syringe drove out a moth.

Chevrolet JINGLES

The sun never sets on a Chevrolet sale... Daily a new car hits the happy trail! Some new family points with pardonable pride—And invites their friends to take a perfect ride. Now they're set for years of motoring pleasure, Know they have a car they'll always treasure. Naturally they appreciate its economical slant. For they can't wear out its sturdy power plant!

Chevy M Hurd Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 N. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—I missed Les Farrington when he was in New York. And that's too bad, because Les doesn't get to New York very often. Why he doesn't I can't say, because he has a whole airline play around with, and when a man with an entire fleet of ships at his disposal can't get from St. Paul to New York more than once a year, that's something I am unable to figure out.

Men working in extreme heat and sweating freely are likely to suffer cramps if they drink as much water as they crave for relief of thirst. The water fails to fresh them, too. But if they make it a rule to take some salt with each drink of cold water, the water not only refreshes but they are much less liable to

beautiful. She has raven hair and very dark eyes. She used to manage a hospital at Canby, North Dakota. Her home town is Edmore, N. D. She is single.

(Miss Jones take a letter to Mr. Leslie B. Farrington, Municipal Airport, St. Paul, Minnesota. Dear Les—When are you coming back to New York? Please call me the moment you check into your hotel. Sick or well, I will be Johnny-on-the-spot. There are some important matters I would like to talk over with you, and besides I think we ought to kick around some and see some of the town, if the traffic will bear it!)

Cough Catches Up WABASH, Ind.—(UP)—Mrs. Ward Beauchamp will be happy indeed when her grandchildren grow up. Mrs. Beauchamp has had the whooping cough three times recently. On each occasion she contracted the illness from one of her grandchildren.

U n i e s s, of course, he happens to dislike New York. And if that's true you can't hate him for that. You can't get mad at a guy for not liking a town. Not really, not the way you can hate a fellow for wearing a hat you don't like. Because towns are important only when you get tied up with them through people. Hats are another matter.

It must have been six months ago that I wrote Les a letter and asked him to notify me the next time he got to town. I thought maybe we could have some corned beef and cabbage together, maybe, or spend a pleasant afternoon talking. And he said he would. He wrote right back and said, "I'll call you the moment I check into my hotel."

But that moment wasn't a very happy one for me. That was the day I was laid by the heels by Old Man Bronchitis, and by the time I was back on the high road, he was back out there in St. Paul.

I'm certainly sorry I didn't get to see this tall (six-foot-five or is it six?) friendly fellow who's general traffic manager for Northwest Airlines. Traffic is his business. It's his baby, and I think you are going to be interested in a bit of philosophical reasoning he has put into his job. Farrington ought really to be an advertising man. For he reasons this way: "What is pleasing to the eye is pleasing to all of you."

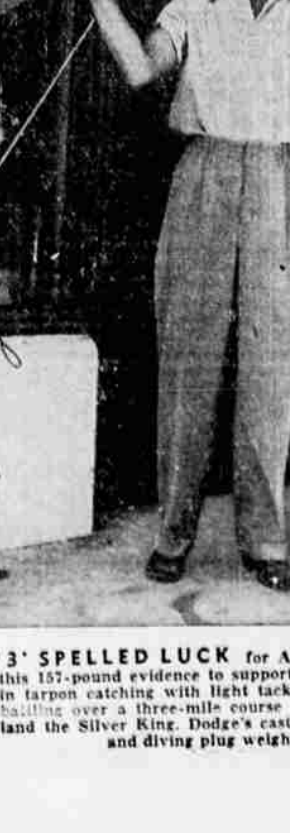
Old Tree Petted

HEALINGSBURG, Cal.—(UP)—John A. Flock says he has two things of which he is proud. One is an English chestnut tree 81 years old, with a 10-foot trunk, which is still bearing cherries, and the other is a ranch which has been in the family, also for 81 years and which has never been mortgaged.

Weddings Piped Down SAULT STE. MARIE, Ont.—(UP)—Weddings are very quiet affairs here these days. Newlyweds have been warned that if they insist on looting horns to announce their weddings they will start their honeymoon in jail.

3' SPILLED LUCK

for Angler James Dodge who offers this 157-pound evidence to support his claim of a world's record in tarpon catching with light tackle. It took Dodge three hours to haul over a three-mile course off West Palm Beach, Fla., to land the Silver King. Dodge's casting rod, reel, nine-thread line and diving plug weighed only 20 ounces.



OLD CATTLE BRANDS WILL BE RECORDED AS TEXAS PROJECT

HOUSTON, Tex.—(UP)—Authentic and useful remnants of the old west will be preserved in a WPA project authorized by Harris county. Funds have been earmarked to sponsor transcribing of old cattle records. Photostatic copies, made 10 years ago, were found to be fading. Original records were illegible a decade ago, but photostatic processes brought out the characters of the records.

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DEPENDABLE BUILDING ADVICE at BIG PINES LUMBER COMPANY Phone 1 6th and Fir