

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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1938

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. The Democratic nominee for the U.S. senate has started promising to upstate voters the moon, tailored to suit the individual taste and delivered either full, new, first quarter or last quarter, as each constituent wills, irrespective of what phase the moon feels it should exhibit.

A salary slashing bill is apt to confront the next legislature. With the deadly accuracy legislatures are prone to practise, the measure is apt to wind up as a salary raising measure.

THE WISECRACKERS

(Eugene News) "Well, here I am at the Home-makers' camp—here because I had so much to do I couldn't come."

I understand some of our men call it with what they fondly hope to be humor, the home-wrecker's camp, put on by the home devastation agent. They'd be "devastated" as rightly, if they could see the equally devastating young thing now our agent." (Olive Barber's writings.)

The Elks' tom cat returned Tuesday scratched up worse than if he had been picking wild blackberries on an armored suit.

F. Lay of the Applegate came to seven yesterday to deny the gossip he had been caught on his farm.

"Too many geese that were supposed to lay golden eggs turned out to be geese that laid goose eggs." (Arkansas Gazette)—You said something!

Both Russia and Japan claim victory in the "hand-to-hand" fighting at Changkufeng Hill. A knob of earth in Siberia. The contradictions indicate the combatants pull the trigger, and then race to the telegraph office.

Con DeVore, the butcher, and E. Ulrich, the Prospect stockman, met and mingled Tuesday. They talked, indulged in spirited banter, and agreed there was nothing to do with their hay but feed it to steers.

The youngest son of the President, when home from his honeymoon, will go to work as a counter-jumper in a Boston department store. Press dispatches state the amount of the salary has not been decided upon.

"An attaché of the store ventured an 81-cent hot date." It is ventured the attaché is a mean old republican! It is further ventured son John will make a noise like a sky-rocket. He will saunter down to the basement dispan section some morning, and find himself upstairs with two glass-topped desks, and so efficient he won't have to stay behind either.

Len Carpenter, one of the ranch-est of the ranch set, is still gadding in Europe, and is headed for Athens, Greece, a postcard from Ythepiazmeas says. The place sounds like something that was after his peers.

The latest style hot dog is equipped with a zipper, which enables any enter to skin the product, with one fell swoop. How long the society items will note the picnic party came home without eating, because the zipper wouldn't work and the bread was not sliced.

News from Denmark states the 3 & 10c store helress has been officially separated from Count Haugwitz-Reventlow, and approximately \$5,000,000.

"The galley of type for this column accidentally was left standing in the sun for several hours, and it melted. All that is available is the head of the column and the signature, remaining over from last week, so that is all we can use. In the meantime, we hope for cooler weather." (Lathrop (Mo.) Excelsior)—The heat cooked an Alibi.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

A Rebuke for "Yes" Men

THE defeat of Senator Pope in Idaho will be proclaimed as a slap in the face for President Roosevelt. Well perhaps it is. There is no doubt that the issue in that state was clearly drawn between Pope and Clark, the former boasting of his fealty to the President, the latter frankly admitting he would be no "yes" man if he were sent to Washington.

On the other hand, we note the Townsend plan leader in that state, claims the defeat of Pope was due to his apathy toward the \$200 a month boys, and that the victory of Brother Townsend's candidate D. Worth Clark, was a triumph for the old age pensioners.

Who is right? If the Townsdenites had endorsed Senator Pope instead of Clark would the former have been beaten? Did the people of Idaho vote AGAINST F.D.R. or vote FOR \$200 a month when they went to the polls, and gave their congressional Representative the Democratic nomination?

Only those who can answer these two questions, can know the real inner significance, of yesterday's results in our neighboring commonwealth.

BUT that is no reason why those who oppose Roosevelt and the New Deal should not chalk up the result as a great reverse for the present administration and clear indication that the President's popularity is on the wane. Nor is it any reason why the Townsend clubs should not stage their "jubilee picnic" on the banks of the Snake river.

It is not what is literally true,—for the truth can seldom be determined,—it is what one can't prove to be UNTRUE that really counts, where political claims and post-mortems are concerned.

Yes, Truth Is, —

ON the last day of July in Berkeley, California an elderly woman told her three daughters, kneeling by the bed beside her that she had bequeathed her eyes to two blind men, that they might see. Suddenly she murmured "I see Heaven,—how beautiful it is" and with a sigh she sank back on the bed and died.

The dead woman's eyes were removed, and the clear, unimpaired corneas were transferred by skillful eye surgeons to eyes of an old man and a younger one, who had not been able to see for several years. According to reports both operations were successful,—the blind are now able to see.

Put in a dash of romance and what a plot for a movie scenario,—only of course all the wise boys would condemn it as hopelessly untrue to life and inexcusably sentimentalized!

Dear Alben Won't Do

NOW because Senator Barkley's 70,000 majority over "Happy" Chandler has exceeded that of his most optimistic supporters, they are touting "Dear Alben," as a dark horse to succeed President Roosevelt.

What fools these politicians be! "Dear Alben" doesn't come within four or five feet of being of presidential stature; moreover, he comes from a state that hasn't produced a President for the last 100 years, and barring a miracle won't for the next one hundred.

Finally the Senator from Kentucky, is extremely slow witted, and plodding,—a good man to carry out orders, but a poor man to think them up or deliver them.

What the political situation will be two years hence, rests in the laps of the gods, but this much is certain,—

The party that tries to win with a mediocre, pedestrian candidate is going to find, that when it comes to what the American people expect in a chief executive, the requirements have gone up astonishingly since that bleak day in March, 1933!

For the immediate future, and we hope for long thereafter no "second raters" need apply.

How News Does Travel

DID you ever notice how a good joke spreads and repeats itself in the news?

A classic example was that ancient wheeze which went somewhat as follows: "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" "That wasn't no lady, that was my wife!"

Now we note by the always trustworthy A.P., that an unidentified man slugged Miss Audrey Schnell, 25, of 729 East Burnside street, Portland, yesterday and was heard to remark, as he peered at the young lady who fell at his feet: "Sorry, I thought you was my wife!"

That this promises to replace the former classic, as a gem of domesticated humor, is indicated by the fact that this is the third time in less than three weeks, that the same incident has been reported in the day's news,—the whimsy having travelled from Coney Island to the mouth of the Columbia river!

The Wrong Brother

TOO bad it couldn't have been Charles, instead of Robert Taft, who won the Republican primary in Ohio. They come from the same family of course,—both sons of our former President, William Howard,—but Charles has always been a prime favorite with this column and Robert, for some reason, hasn't.

Charles, we have an idea, could beat Senator Bulkeley,—or come darned close to it,—whereas we fear Robert won't get very far beyond first base. Moreover Charles is one of the most intelligent and progressive Young Republicans in the land; whereas his older brother has always been disappointingly conventional and stiff.

At that if Robert should win in November, he will, coming from Ohio, be a serious contender for the Republican nomination two years hence.

If Charles could only be put in his shoes however, he would be the best bet as a winning leader of the Republican party in 1940, that we could mention,—at this day and date.

Faces Extortion Charge. A deputy United States marshal to PORTLAND, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Is—face charges in connection with a case of G. Ankels, Portland lawyer, alleged extortion plot against Thomas was taken to Spokane yesterday by Love, Idaho rancher.

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.

COAGULATION OR CLOTTING OF BLOOD

The blood of a normal individual begins to clot or coagulate in from five to ten minutes after bleeding. In certain disease conditions the blood is slow in clotting, for example jaundice; this makes operations more hazardous, although the modern physician has in his armamentarium remedies to promote faster clotting of blood in such circumstances. One such remedy is sunshine vitamin D. Another is calcium administered medically and a high calcium diet. Still another is transfusion of a small amount of blood from a healthy donor.

In any case where the clotting time is slow, it is good practice to take, say, a Calceifer after each meal, three times a day, for several weeks prior to an operation. Calceifers are as pleasant to eat as after-dinner mints; each wafer contains 2 grains of calcium phosphate, 6 grains of calcium gluconate and 750 units of sunshine vitamin D.

Hemophilia is an inherited anomaly transmitted by females who themselves show no sign of the condition to males who suffer the effects of the deficiency. The inherent deficiency is lack of an element or factor in the blood which is essential for clotting, precisely what element is not known. A male who is a "bleeder" (hemophilic) does not transmit the active bleeder state to his sons or daughters, but his daughters may carry the defect in latent form and some of the male children born to them are likely to be "bleeders."

In hemophilia, serious or fatal hemorrhages occur after trifling injuries, or spontaneous bleeding may occur from the skin, mucous membrane, viscera or muscles. Hemorrhagic swellings occur from bleeding into the tissues, especially about the joints.

Not all "bleeders" have the hereditary deficiency; about half of them are of accidental or casual type, and do not carry any transmissible defect. Injections of sea water have stopped uncontrollable bleeding in a number of cases of true hemophilia.

Of course transmission of small amounts of normal blood is the best emergency remedy for uncontrollable bleeding in such a case. To stop such bleeding from a

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.—Jacob Heifetz speaking: "This stuff about the cloistered artist secure in his ivory tower is all bunk. To be a success nowadays an artist has to have the nerve of a bullfighter, the digestion of a peasant, the disposition of a nightclub hostess, and the stolidism of a Buddhist monk!"

Well, Heifetz ought to know. He was in St. Petersburg performing for the Czar when the revolution broke out. He reached Ireland just in time to bump into the Sinn Fein uprising. When the Japanese earthquake of 1932 made thousands homeless he was here, and in Tientsin he was compelled to make his way to the concert hall through roads barricaded with barbed wire. In Bombay he gave a recital the day after Gandhi was jailed, and it was not safe for a white man to walk the streets. And recently he completed his 1,350,000 miles of air travel as a touring concert artist.

Jascho, you're a sucker if you don't get one of the big cigarette companies to sign you up, testifying that tobacco alone keeps you from becoming a nervous wreck.

Odd doings in the news these days. Major Bowes loses a finger. A rabbi is arrested by police who mistakenly believe he is peddling ice cream without license. The Major was on his yacht when the accident occurred, and they hurried to shore. But by time they hurried there an ambulance was backed up to the dock, waiting. How did it get there? By marine telephone service. The Major's yacht is equipped to talk, via telephone, anywhere in the world. And when his thumb was cut off they lifted the receiver and telephoned a hospital.

As for the rabbi! Every day he goes to a little ice cream factory in the Bronx. He buys ice cream and gives it away to the children in his district. But recently police have been on the lookout for peddlers operating without licenses. And they pounced on the good rabbi with an armload of frozen refreshments.

A few minutes later he telephoned the assistant district attorney and explained what had happened. "But they can't put you in jail for that," exclaimed the attorney. "Oh, can't they?" cried the rabbi. "I'm talking from jail!"

An Alabama editor bows us out and very properly, too: "I've just finished reading proof on your article describing a party game in which the actors portrayed the parts of famous lovers. Two of our three children are olive skinned and dark haired and have dark brown eyes, despite the fact that both my husband and I are fair skinned, light haired and blue eyed.—(Mrs. H. E.)

Answer — I did not intend to say that. What I do say is that stories telling of the birth of a negro child to white or apparently white parents are myths; that if one parent has a fraction of negro blood or any mongrel features or a trace of color in skin, the children will NOT be darker than the darker parent. That is, no more negro in appearance. (Copyright, 1938, John F. Dille Co.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

JOHNNY MILLER, of the Red Bluff News, has been reading the inside pages of his paper (or somebody else's paper) and is all filled with inside details of the recent visit of the king and queen of England to France.

It appears from J. G.'s research that the king and queen, in addition to their 50 trunks, took along \$7,500,000 worth of jewels from the Tower of London, and two Scotland Yard men went along to guard them.

The jewels evidently caused a lot of grief, for they had to be locked up every night in a safe at the British embassy in Paris.

THIS writer, whose only jewelry worth mentioning is an old nickel-case watch that has been grinding out more or less accurate time for the past 10 years, would certainly hate to be loaded down with seven and a half million dollars worth of jewels that had to be locked up in somebody's safe every night.

That looks like a first-class liability. A fellow would wonder if the safe was as good as it ought to be.

THE celebration in Paris, Johnny discovered, cost a million dollars, and at the end of it King George wrote out his personal check for \$2760 for the poor of Paris. Wouldn't it have been better if they had called off the celebration and given the poor the million it cost?

AS a special mark of distinction they put the king to sleep in the bed used by Napoleon, and gave the queen the one used by Marie Antoinette.

Something to talk about, all right, after they got back home, but here's betwixt they'd have been more comfortable on an American mattress and springs.

WHEN kings visit presidents, the etiquette is something to worry about. Precedence is a word they set a lot of store by on such occasions, and it means who does what first. The king of England and the president of France settled it amiably by doing the same things at exactly the same time.

Smart guys, those fellows. When hot ones are baited up to them, they know what to do. They ought to come over to America and run for office.

THESE kings and queens are hot stuff, to be sure, but one wonders if sometimes they don't get just a little tired of being dummies to show off fancy clothes. A little of it would be fun, but a lifetime of it would be frightfully boreome.

WHEAT LOAN PROGRAM WIDENED TO INCLUDE LOWER GRAIN GRADES

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10.—(AP)—The commodity credit corporation announced today that the government loan program on wheat will be liberalized to make lower grades of the grain eligible for loans.

Previously wheat grading below No. 3 was ineligible for loans. Spring wheat of No. 3 grade was eligible only when stored in commercial warehouses or elevators.

Loans now will be made on No. 4 grain providing it has all the quality of No. 3 except as to weight. The loan rate on No. 4 winter wheat will be 8 cents a bushel less than the previously announced rates on No. 3 of the same class. The rate on No. 4 spring wheat will be 10 cents a bushel less than established rates on No. 1 wheat of the same class.

For example, No. 4 wheat would be eligible for a loan rate of 64 cents a bushel at Kansas City. The No. 2 loan rate there is 72 cents a bushel. The rate on No. 4 northern spring wheat is 71 cents a bushel at Minneapolis. The No. 1 northern spring rate there is 81 cents.

The rate on wheat stored on farms would be the freight charges and 4 cents handling charges less than the rates at the terminal markets serving the area in which the farm wheat is stored. The rate on No. 3 spring wheat stored on the farm will be five cents less than the rate on No. 1 spring wheat stored at the same point.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.)

The governor is running as a new dealer, and his first gesture was to get a good grasp on the president's coat-tails. "I'm for the new deal and I'm for Roosevelt," he bellowed, and the farmers and mill-workers gave him a cheer. He had more to say about his own virtues, but it roused very little excitement.

Personalities were what the crowd wanted, and pretty soon the governor obliged, with a bitter attack on old Cotton Ed Smith. By this time, Cotton Ed had arrived. He didn't hide up on a bale of cotton, the way he used to, but everyone turned to see him. While the governor called him "traitor to his party" and "the man with a moustache like Kaiser Bill," and "the man who said a worker in our great state could get along on 50 cents a day," everyone watched Cotton Ed fidget. Whenever he looked especially annoyed, the farmers nudged one another and grinned.

The governor had thirty minutes. Then it was Cotton Ed's turn. The older statesman didn't stop to mention the issues at all, launching out straightway into a hair-raising description of "these two things who are running against me, and who are an insult to the people of this fair state."

While Cotton Ed was doing his enemies to a turn, the crowd laughed. But Gaffney was a tough town for the elder statesman, being industrial and therefore pretty angry over his stand against the wage-hour bill. Before long they began heckling him. That made him madder still. He wagged his finger in the crowd's face, roaring that "Some of you haven't got the sense to know who your friends are." He had to cut short his usual remarks about white supremacy, southern womanhood, and the price of cotton. The time was getting short, so he ended:

"God made me a man before South Carolina made me a senator thirty years ago, and, as God is my judge, I'll ride no man's coat-tail."

A little girl carried a bunch of flowers up to him. He was preparing to go through the children-greeting routine when a heckler yelled, "Do they come from Wall street?"

"I tell you," yelled Cotton Ed, sharply, "I'll place these flowers on the political graves of Johnston and Brown."

That left Brown, a bold, dignified, conservative looking fellow who is also running as a new dealer. He too, seized the president's coat-tail, promising to "bring home the bacon that South Carolina is entitled to." And that ended the show, just what statesmanship gained by it, one could not say. Just what effect it had on the outcome, one could not tell. But at least the politicians gave the people their money's worth, which is more than can be said of them during most of the rest of the year.

WOULD BALK VOTE ON PINBALL BAN

SALEM, Aug. 10.—(AP)—J. A. Moore, Marion county taxpayer, filed suit in circuit court yesterday against Earl Snell, secretary of state, to keep referenda of two pin-ball and slot machine measures off the November general election ballot.

Moore's complaint questioned validity of the Representative Martin pin-ball act and the Senator Carney slot machine bill, chapters 492 and 212 respectively. Oregon laws 1937. The attack was on the grounds of irregularity of procedure in the 1937 house of representatives.

The complaint asserted "allure of the house to remove the Martin act from the table after Governor Charles H. Martin vetoed its emergency clause left it an unadopted measure. It alleged also that house amendments to the Carney bill were not devoted contrary to a committee ruling, and that it should have gone back to the senate for repackage."

NEW RESIDENCE RISING IN GOLD HILL REGION

GOLD HILL, Aug. 10.—(Sp)—The fine five-room house and double garage being built for Everett Burros, on acreage recently purchased from Jesse Fish, is well under way. A S. Hilton of Riverside, is in charge of the carpenter work.

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 10, 1928 (It was Monday) Herbert Hoover starts work on speech of acceptance. Local Democrats annoyed by Literary Digest straw vote showing Texas and Virginia will go Republican in November. "Preposterous" declares Frank Wortman of Phoenix.

Vandals for third time in fortnight, removes mouthpiece of city drinking fountain at Main and Central. Walter Leverette resigns as head of the realty board. Melon crop as good as usual in the Eden valley district.

Sams valley starts work on county fair exhibit. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 10, 1918 (It was Saturday) Allies to continue offensives on Western front until Germany yields. General March announces to nation, "Peace not yet in sight" experts declare. Relatives of soldiers in France, received from three to six letters this week, as delayed mail arrives.

Bolshevik rule ended at Moscow, and Lenin and Trotsky flee. U-boats sink three vessels off eastern coast of America. Federal hunters to wage war on coyotes.

SODIUM PLANT ASSURED FOR BONNEVILLE REGION

PORTLAND, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Construction of a sodium chloride plant at Cascade Locks, to cost approximately \$1,250,000, was assured yesterday, J. D. Ross, Bonneville dam power administrator, told Mayor G. E. Manchester of Cascade Locks. The Chapman Chemical company of Bound Brook, N. J., has indicated it will contract between 2500 and 5000 kilowatts of power. Ross said:

"I do not wish to divulge any private communications of this company." Ross told Manchester, "but I understand they will be ready to contract in October."

EAGLE POINT GRANGE WILL PRESENT PLAY

EAGLE POINT, Aug. 10.—(Sp)—A two-act play, "The Red Lamp," will be given Friday at 8 p. m. in the new Grange hall as part of an entertainment program planned for the benefit of the hall building fund. In addition to the highly entertaining play there will be vocal and instrumental numbers and several selections by the orchestra.

All Grangers and the public are cordially invited. A nominal admission charge will be made. Found in Hospital TILLAMOOK, Aug. 10.—(AP)—Missing since Saturday, Mrs. Everett Cutler, of Portland, was found in a hospital today. She had no recollection of how she came here.

Chevrolet JINGLES

Cheer up, my poor hay-fever friends. You'll be o.k. when the summer ends! Soon you'll forget your sniffles and sneezes. As soon as we get our cool fall breezes. So in the meantime, here's a good tip...

Buy a Chevrolet and take a long trip. He yourself to a lake or ocean side... With OUR car you can't help enjoying the ride! Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet

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

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