

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Dr. Townsend, the pension plan chieftain, publicly favors Rufus Holman, lifelong Republican, and recent convert to his cause, over the Democratic primary nominee, The Klamath county aspirant cannot be both a New Dealer and Townsendite, at one and the same time.

An English auto racer, on a stretch of Utah salt flats, traveled a mile in five seconds. Experts hold this record is not apt to be broken, except on a newly paved residential street, by a 16-year-old girl, dispatched by her frenzied Maw, after a head of lettuce for the bridge party salad.

"WELCOME SALVATION ARMY COOKING STUDENTS"—(Hildine Del Norte Triplicate)—It seems cruel and unusual, and different from the organization's doughnut making efforts in the late great war.

YOU MEAN PICK-HANDLE (Chilquino Review) "Saturday night the dancing crowd will gather at the Spanish Castle for four hours of dancet—awing, stomping and old time stuff—take your pick."

There are 800 candidates in the California primary election today. In the advertising candidate ascribed to themselves an overload of virtue, and the keener eared Native Sons, were able to hear above the closing oratorical tumult, the dulcet flapping of angel wings.

Footprints of prosperity are showing up. One of these are venerable autos, with horns worth more than the auto.

Sign reported sighted on a ranch near Willows, Calif., by the Woodland (Calif.) Democrat, which reads: "Don't shoot until it moves. It might be a WPA worker."

Fetch Fish, of Phoenix, the boom-day tenor, rejoiced last week. A barber, while the clippers until your corr, had less hair on his head than Mr. Fish has in his mustache.

The Craters are tied with G. Pass for the second half baseball championship, by virtue of a win Sunday, over Crescent City. A couple of times, the fans talked to the umpire like they talk about the New Deal, when not angling for PWA cash.

War clouds menace Europe, with Germany and England vocally aggressive. The sentiment seems to be America should not talk itself into the proposed conflict, and then fight its way out, even if nobody makes any money.

"THE WORM TURNS" "This tale, brief is that of a young clerk, sober, industrious, un-fallingly thoughtful, solicitous always for the comfort and happiness of his 22-year-old bride. He was punctual, even-tempered, took most of her household chores on himself, and won his mother-in-law, but estranged his wife. The girl turned to a man years older than herself—one with a "line" who read poetry aloud, but was thoughtful enough to break up her home, and in no respect appears to have been a bargain. But he had the power to dominate her, which her man, for all his decency, seems never to have had. So the perfect husband waited on a corner and shot the fellow to death."—(Det.)

Ed Easton, T.R.K. parast, and his judicial appearing dog from Scotland, attended the fruit hearing Monday. His Honor was every place. It was the first time his master has publicly flexed his larynx, since the state fork, meet 3 years ago.

Juveniles are getting haircuts, and putting on their shirts, for the opening of school a week hence. Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Little Man, - What Now!

THE incredible state of affairs in the world today is graphically illustrated by this patent fact.— The fate of the world at the present moment rests upon the caprice of one man. That one man is an ex paper-hanger and confirmed neurotic, one Adolph Hitler.

IS THIS annual mobilization merely a smoke screen, behind which Germany expects to strike southeast and crush Czechoslovakia? Or is it the regular test of the German army and nothing more, which Hitler will use for any diplomatic advantage he can gain, but which he has no intention of utilizing, to get the jump on his enemies and start another European war?

BUT why caprice? WONT' Germany's dictator make the decision, after considering all the facts, as any other absolute ruler would do? Not if our information is correct. Herr Hitler doesn't reason, he feels; he doesn't issue orders in the accepted sense of the term, he goes into communion with himself and comes forth with a vision.

IT WAS the same with the occupation of the Rhineland, also with the march into Vienna. The general staff of the army, vigorously opposed the first coup, and was so certain it would meet with armed resistance that orders were issued to retreat when the first volley was fired. But Hitler knew better,—or thought he did. And he was right. There was no armed resistance and there was no war. Germany got what it was after.

WHAT the world would give for the CORRECT answer to that question. But there is no answer. Probably the ex-Austrian corporal himself hasn't one yet but is waiting for his inner self to speak,—waiting for the psychic urge to become well defined and clear.

Who Is Loony Now? WE SOMETIMES wonder if anyone KNOWS anything. There are so many different views, so many conflicting opinions, so many so-called authorities on everything, and so few that agree.

IN OTHER words we have not been suffering from hardening of the capitalistic arteries at all but merely from growing pains. What has been called a depression has been only the inevitable change from an adolescent to a mature civilization.

SO WHAT do we need most? NOT more motor cars, frigidaires, radio sets, or what have you. Not more mechanical production to give jobs to idle men. Not at all. All we need is a different point of view. The great boom is over. The industrial age has passed—the cultural age is about to dawn.

OF course that is all very cheering, and we hope it is true. But how can anyone KNOW? If Mr. Hilton is right then every economist and statesman in this country and abroad is wrong. And if the economists and statesmen are right, then Mr. Hilton is just another cock-eyed crank, who will eventually be cutting out paper dolls in some padded cell.

Instead of clarifying the situation an article like this merely confuses it,—increases the fears of the average laymen, that when one comes down to brass tacks, no one on this crazy planet, at the present writing, KNOWS anything.

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.

NEED A GENTLEMAN BE A MARTYR? "Please allow me to thank you, writes a southern reader, for the article you published about July 1, 1938, on prostatic obstruction." (Probably one on "Prevention of Prostatic Inflammation" released July 8, 1938, from which I quote briefly.)

The introduction of electro-surgery in this field has met with the same blind intolerance as did diathermy extirpation of tonsils and ambulant (injection) treatment of hernia. But in spite of the hypothetical objections raised by old time surgeons, the modern method has established itself on a firm footing. No old man today need become a nuisance to himself and to others by reason of this wretched bladder trouble. Here is relief for him, gentle, safe, efficient, practically painless, and without the necessity of prolonged confinement in a pitifully helpless state.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Hair Dye I am 36 years old and my hair is turning gray. I have fine almost black hair which is thick and healthy, but it is beginning to show gray strands. Does permanent waving and other treatment hasten graying? Can you suggest anything to darken my hair or prevent it from turning gray? (Miss C. W.)

Answer—Many readers have assured me that their hair has stopped turning gray, some even declare the natural color has been restored, after they have begun taking an iodine ration. One factor in the vitamin B complex is identified only as the anti-gray hair factor. It can do no harm, is rather likely to benefit, and to take a daily ration of vitamin B complex to supplement your diet. Enclose three cent stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on Care of the Hair and Control of Dandruff. Naturally dark hair may be dyed with this mixture:

Precipitated sulfur 1 dram Sugar of lead (lead acetate) 1 dram Glycerin 1 dram Bay rum 1 ounce Rose water, enough to fill a half-pint bottle.

Shake well and apply to hair, not the scalp, sparingly, every week. I have never known of lead poisoning from the use of hair dye containing lead. Dandruff and Falling Hair Please print recipes for dandruff and premature falling of the hair. (R. W. W.)

Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monographs on Care of Hair and Control of Dandruff. 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 FICKER NEW ORLEANS—Roark Bradford lives in a picturesque but hard to find studio-apartment in the heart of the Old French Quarter. The telephone directory lists his address as 719 Toulouse street, but there is no house at this number.

There is only a narrow gate, blocking a dim, retreating passageway. This gate is always locked, but there is a bell and if you ring it a Negro girl from the sugarcane country will thrust her head out of a window far back in the passageway and inquire who is there. And if you tell her you have an appointment with Roark Bradford she will push another button, opening the gate and admitting you to the passageway.

You must not be surprised at anything in New Orleans, of course, but you can not help an exclamation of surprise when you come to the end of this passageway. It opens on a courtyard, or patio, where banana trees are growing and arboreal are blossoming, and there is a fountain, and the courtyard is littered with boxing gloves, a bow and arrow, a rocking horse, a couple of cap pistols, and similar baggage necessary to the happiness of a six-year-old growing boy.

This boy is Roark's young son and—We think he's a pretty smart kid," Bradford grins, padding out into the court, wearing careless slacks, a white shirt open at the throat, smoking a cigarette. "So this is Roark Bradford, (west Texasian) come to New Orleans, ex-newspaper reporter, author of "Old Man Adam and His Children," which Mary Connelly made into "Green Pastures." This is Roark Bradford, author of "The Three-Headed Angel"—a cotton planter, a recognized authority on negro dialects.

"Come on in the house—it's too damned hot out here," Roark says, leading the way into cool, dim rooms which are a confusion of cushioned chairs, books and phonograph records. It is a perfect setting for Bradford, who is stocky and thick-shouldered, deep-voiced and slightly bald, "I dunno whether I like New Orleans or not," he says. "I'm not going to like it all right. I'm not going to like it."

FISHERMEN SUFFER FROM SARDINE RUN LISBON (AP)—Sardines packed like sardines along the coast of Portugal have caused a fishing crisis. So many of the little fish are being caught that prices have tumbled to the point where it doesn't pay some fishermen to fish. Worse than that, trawlers at Fig. ueira da Foz report it was necessary to drop anchor after thick schools of sardines clogged the propeller and interfered with navigation.

ZOO SOLVES PROBLEM OF KEEPING OWL FED EVANSVILLE, Ind. (AP)—Employees at the Mesker zoo had a tough time getting enough food for the monkey-eating owl until someone had a bright idea. They put the owl in the elk barn which was overrun with mice and rats. The owl quickly became fat and sassy and the rodents became scarce.

Wife's Prerogative Upheld SACRAMENTO, Cal. (UP)—Acting Police Judge Silas Orr has held as legal the time honored custom of a wife withdrawing money from her husband's trousers. He acquitted Mrs. Edith Swain declaring that under California law the marriage contract entitles the wife to half the money he has.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SINCE the primary election in Idaho a couple of weeks ago, there has been a lot of talk about political morality—some of it coming from high places and getting 'big headlines. After listening to all this talk, this writer is moved to ask a question: "What is political morality, anyway?"

THIS seems to be the only satisfactory answer: Political morality is like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—thrillingly beautiful to contemplate, but NEVER ACTUALLY FOUND in its pure state.

THE trouble with political morality is that it is always getting mixed up with whether or not our standards are being met. Take the case of Senator Pope as an example. If the wicked Republicans who are alleged to have invaded the Democratic primary over in Idaho had voted FOR SENATOR POPE, it would have been an outstandingly moral deed from the New Deal standpoint, and they would have been warmly praised by the great leader.

But apparently they voted for Pope's opponent—and so it happened that political morality got another sickening kick in the face. DOWN in Georgia, the New Deal is engaged rather noisily in purging Senator George, who has voted against some of the things the New Deal wants—such as destruction of the independence of the supreme court.

If you are perfectly sure that you are Snow White and that your opponents are Wicked Queens, you OUGHT to purge them. It really becomes a matter of principle to do so. And the New Deal is perfectly sure that it is Snow White.

BUT a principle is a PRINCIPLE. And Senator Bennett Clark, of Missouri, has stuck knives between the ribs of more things the New Deal wants than Senator George of Georgia ever thought of doing. As a matter of principle (political morality, if you choose to put it that way) Senator Clark certainly OUGHT to have been purged also.

WHY wasn't he? Well, the great moralists of the New Deal looked the Missouri situation over and sized it up something like this: "This fellow Clark is a snake in the grass, and by rights he ought to be purged, and PURGED PLENTY. But the dickens of it is that he's stronger than horse radish with the voters of Missouri, and if we start out to purge him we'll get the licking of our lives. We CAN'T AFFORD that kind of a licking, because our story is that the voters are ALWAYS WITH US and that only economic royalists oppose us."

So they pulled in their horns and kept still about Clark. That is to say, they sacrificed political morality on the altar of political expediency.

THAT'S the trouble with this political morality the headlines have been thundering about for a week. It gets it in the neck so often when political expediency comes along.

This writer knows he ought to be all steamed up about political morality, but just can't seem to get that way.

SCHOOL BOOKS MADE POPULAR WITH SLANG MILWAUKEE, Wis. (AP)—Milwaukee high school seniors are principle buyers of their new civic books because they use slang. Students now can read chapters on municipal governments better corrupted by "political bosses" and how public employees are forced to "kick in" with "racketeers" in the "political machines."

Now An Old Story MANTOWOC, Wis. (AP)—Capt. Louis Hanson, retired cavalry skipper, estimates he has crossed Lake Michigan 21,000 times. He began sailing with his father in 1886, at the age of 18, and took his first command on the first Lake Michigan ferry, the Ann Arbor No. 1, in 1903-4.

Triple Wheat Yield YADKINVILLE, N. C. (AP)—Five years ago Hernon Matthews' land would produce barely five bushels of wheat an acre. He terraced his land, limed it and planted legumes and this year he harvested an average of 19.5 bushels an acre.

Aged Gander Frisky ASHEVILLE, N. C. (AP)—J. E. Chesborough has a gander on his farm that is 40 years old, is still as frisky as a kitten and picks frequent fights with the chickens and other geese. The venerable gander's sire lived to be 50 years old, Chesborough says, and his mother lived to be 42 or 43.

Shark Liver Delicacy SAN RAFAEL, Cal. (UP)—Shark fishing has become a new industry of the Marin county coast. Shark liver sells for 10 cents a pound, and is declared to rival fillet of sole for delicacy. Several firms are now engaged in the new line of fishing.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

friend, Senator Jimmy Byrnes, had been sold down the river to Cotton Ed. And the people were beginning to believe Cotton Ed's loud protestations that he was an "80 per cent New Dealer."

Then the president arrived in the Charlotte state, fresh from mopping up Barnesville, Georgia, with his dear old friend Walter George. He did not come out openly against Cotton Ed. But at the urging of Governor Johnston, he remarked cuttingly that he didn't believe "any family or any man in this state can live on 50 cents a day." Cotton Ed, who had hitherto ignored this form of attack, was so upset that he could not trust himself even to speak to his advisers for half an hour thereafter.

Fortunately for Cotton Ed, his horridly honest men on the congressional record to learn precisely what he had said in the wage-hours debate. They found the following—"In other words, if South Carolina living conditions are so kindly that it takes only 50 cents a day, for illustration, to enable one to live comfortably and reasonably, and in the New England states it takes \$1.50 a day to buy the necessary coal and have windows in the houses so constructed the people will not suffer, then the wage in South Carolina shall be raised to \$1.50."

Now, as it happens, your correspondents were in the senate chamber when Cotton Ed uttered those immortal, if somewhat rambling words. The senator's grammar was individualistic, but there was no doubt that it was an outrage to force South Carolina employers to pay an un-American New England wage.

But that did not trouble Cotton Ed or his henchmen. They announced loudly that what Cotton Ed had meant was simply that the "wage in South Carolina shall be raised to \$1.50." They pictured him as a noble champion of higher pay for the working people. They denounced his enemies, for traducing him to the president, for maintaining the gross leader whose program had been 30 per cent supported by Cotton Ed. And the word is that the voters have believed them.

Perhaps Cotton Ed will be beaten. Perhaps there will be a run-off in which case the president is likely to go into South Carolina and speak his mind in more positive fashion. But Cotton Ed is still an odds-on bet to win. Under the circumstances, one wonders just how much meaning was attached to the voting in the purge primaries.

SHOEBOX IN GUTTER IGNORED; HAD \$900 MUNICE, Ind. (AP)—Arthur Shuttleworth, general contractor, noticed a shoe box lying in the gutter but did not get it second thought as he stood watching traffic go by. A stranger drove up, saw the box, picked it up and exclaimed, "Boy, I'm sure glad to get this sack; I've been searching for it the last half hour."

The man opened the box and pulled out more than \$900 in currency. TABLE COMES TO LIFE; LEGS SPROUT LIFE; PAHOKEE, Fla. (AP)—J. R. Miller doesn't know whether to use a piece of furniture he has in his living room as a table or as an ornamental shrub. Miller looked at the table two days after he had purchased it at Ocala and discovered legs sprouting from the legs. The sprouts, some two inches long, have pushed their way through the varnish.

Police Beat Downs CHICAGO (AP)—Driver, a six-year-old, 500-pound polar bear at Lincoln Park zoo was drowned in his own pool because he swallowed a rubber ball someone threw to him. The ball lodged in the bear's stomach and caused convulsions which sent Silver dancing against the bars of his enclosure. He stunned himself, fell into the pool and drowned.

Squirrel Seizes Birdhouse SABBATUS, Me. (UP)—Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Holden were disappointed when for the first time in years martins didn't take up residence in the house provided for them. But the mystery was solved when they saw a squirrel mother carrying her offspring, one by one, from the birdhouse.

Crickets Devour Rattles CARSON CITY, Nev. (UP)—According to Morley Murphy, Elko county rancher, the crickets which are eating up entire crops are conferring at least one blessing on the country as they pass along. He saw them eat at least three rattlesnakes which happened to be in their path.

Phones on Highways BERLIN (UP)—Motorists traveling on any German main highways can now be reached by telephone. Stations situated at regular intervals along the roads receive calls and pass them up and down the line.

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 30, 1928 (It was Thursday) Col. Lindbergh on way south lands at local airport for gasoline. Upstate Democrats start campaign with attack on Republican tariff laws. Boy Scout jamboree to start tonight. Hint new railroad will be built in valley and extend to the coast. Barbershops to be closed Labor Day.

R. E. McEhose and family return from vacation at Lake O' Woods. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 30, 1918 (It was Friday) Raids in southern states results in arrest of 200 moonshiners. Oak Grove school to open next week. Travel to Crater Lake increases the past week. Bert Orr of the naval reserve home on a furlough. Mercury goes to 99 degrees, and hurts Rogue river fishing.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Palmer return from a trip to Bandon Beach, where Mr. Palmer killed a deer. BEATTL INDIAN IS KILLED IN CRASH KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 30.—(AP)—Anderson Faithful, Beatty Indian, was killed in a three-way auto smash-up on the Lakeview highway six miles east of here shortly before midnight last night. Lester Jefferson Tecumseh, driver of the car in which Faithful was a passenger, was seriously injured.

According to State Police Officer E. G. Bloom, the accident occurred when Tecumseh's machine sidwiped the rear of a car driven by D. J. Cook of Sprague River. The Cook car was plunged into a ditch, while Tecumseh's vehicle swung against an oncoming car driven by Mrs. Minerva Brown of Beatty and turned over in the ditch on the other side of the highway. Faithful was thrown out and died almost immediately.

CHROMITE DEPOSITS MAY BE DEVELOPED PORTLAND, Aug. 30.—(AP)—Long untouched chromite deposits may be unlocked by cheap Bonneville power and be the means of attracting electrical-metallurgical and ferro-alloy industries to Oregon, the state department of geology and mineral industries speculated in a bulletin yesterday.

Josephine, Curry, Jackson Coos, Baker and Grant counties contain known chromite deposits, some of them worked during the World War. The report said the United States imported 40 per cent of all the chromite mined in the world and has mined little itself since the war.

Brandy Really Aged CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex. (AP)—A pint size flask of Napoleon brandy, dated 1802, was taken from a cask on the roof of an old building being torn down here. It was concealed in a crevice near a hole on the roof that apparently had been a lookout. Historians say the building was once Gen. Zachary Taylor's army.

Chevrolet JINGLES They say, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." I don't believe that's true—you can't make that stick. For any time I try to sell you a Chevrolet And you keep putting me off day to day, I never get sick at heart—just sorry for you. To think you can't decide the right thing to do. But keep on comparing—I've the patience of Job. I'll be here to sell you when you finish your probe! Chevy M. Hurd Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 N. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 11th

LOWE BROTHERS' PAINT AT BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1. 6TH AND FIR