MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Wendell Willkie, the Republican presidential nominee, has been advised by his running mate, to refrain from wisecracks, and not make too many speeches during the coming campaign. The idea would have been a dandy eight years ago when Mr. Hoover was in full cry, and four years ago when Mr. Landon was bravely trying to orate, but nobody thought of it then. It is still good advice, as far as they are concerned. Inasmuch as Mr. Willkie can both wisecrack and talk, competently and charmingly, he should not be gagged. The faithful of 1932 and 1936 are entitled to listen, since they have one, to a candidate whose vocal efforts will not cause them to try and crawl under the radio.

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DEFIANCE OF YOUTH
(Ad Siskiyou (Calif.) News)

"For 18 months every precaution possible has been taken to keep minors out of —— Tavern. It isn't the fact that their company is not desirable, but it is strictly against the law for anyone under 21 years of age to be in a place where liquor is sold. The LAW IS NOT being broken at —— Tavern for the sake of a few youngsters who wish to put over the fact that they are grown up."

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A French woman married the man who failed in four attempts to murder her. She got her revenge, but has no guarantee he will not fail again.

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An eastern Oregon editor has climbed Mt. Hood 23 times, he reports, and has not been lost once.

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Madame Perkins, secretary of labor, came out yesterday for a third term for herself and the President.

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The Cuban election last Sunday was not as rough as expected, with only 23 wounded. A lively Saturday night on the Pacific Highway would show more sanguinary results.

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"At last the suspense is ended with the announcement Saturday night at the Rhea creek grange dance of the queen for the 1940 Rodeo which is to be August 16, 17, 18."—(Heppner News)—This tapers the universal fretting down to when Herr Hitler will invade England.

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A Northern California exchange reports a woman going down the street with a wad of bills in her stocking. The event attracted wide attention, and speculation. It was not known where she got the money, and how she happened to have her stockings on.

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NOT WORTH IT

"After pointing to a man in Iola with a substantial bank account, William Ackworth, editor of the Iola Register, asserts the man owes that nice bank account to the constant henpecking of his wife. She takes him in their car to work and brings him home again. She will not allow him to go out nights fearing he will squander the family income. He is not allowed by his henpecking wife to spend money on cigarettes. Nor is he allowed to belong to a men's club. He must help her with the housework. In the opinion of Mr. Ackworth more women should emulate that henpecking wife. Were we a man, we'd rather never have a bank account. — (Atchinson (Kan.) Globe.)

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our appreciation to our many friends and neighbors for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.—Mr. W. S. Adkins, father; Mrs. Mary E. Todrick, mother, and family.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, Ill., July 15.—A man from Mars, who had attended the Philadelphia convention and then this one, would no doubt be mystified.

"Why do the same thing over again?" would be his natural inquiry, "I thought these were gatherings of two opposing parties, but they are doing the same things, saying the same things in the same way, therefore I suppose this is going to end up just as the other one did, with the nomination of WILLKIE and McNARY!"

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This would be a natural conclusion, at the close of the preliminary session, for a visitor who had no knowledge of party politics on this eccentric planet.

For, to date, the two jamborees have been as alike as two peas in a pod,—the same large convention halls, the same patriotic decorations, the same loud-speaker attachments, the same galleries, the same radio broadcasting booths (behind glass) the same platform running like a pier out into a sea of up-turned delegates' faces, and practically the same speeches from that platform,—the same sort of prayers,—nothing to distinguish one from the other except the fact that one is marked Republican, the other Democratic,—and the presiding officer of one had a thick head of curly auburn hair, while the spokesman of the other has no hair at all on top of his head and only a slight fringe in the rear just above his collar.

Yes, there is quite a contrast between Jim Farley and John (Dam) Hamilton, the two opposing national chairmen, but we doubt if the visitor from Mars would notice it, in view of the flood of other similarities.

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In other words, at this stage of the game, the two gatherings are as alike as two peas in a pod,—no more, no less,—for upon examining two such peas under a microscope, it would be found they are far from identical.

So examining these two conventions under the microscope one finds that this convention hall has bright red seats which give it rather a festive touch of color; that the speaker's stand, instead of being at one end of the oval, is placed at the center of one side, which brings the speaker closer to the auditors, and eliminates the distant rear (where our girl reporter had to sit in Philadelphia) and there are two large colored portraits in this hall, while there were none in the Quaker City,—a huge one of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt at one end, and not such a huge one of Vice President Garner at the other,—the artist, apparently instructed not to place, in view of the present perilous times, the characteristic smiles on either countenance, has made them look sour, sore and entirely unnatural.

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Much to our surprise, Jim Farley introduced an old acquaintance and several years ago a frequent visitor to the Rogue River valley,—Bob Dunham of Chicago who, it seems, is the local park commissioner. Like everyone else, Bob Dunham didn't look any younger after 10 years, and perhaps due to those Kleig lights he didn't look very well, but he gave the only speech of the preliminary session of which the press gallery approved,—it was brief, to the point and failed to bring in the name of the president of the United States for the inevitable applause! (En passant it might be stated Mr. Dunham is the brother-in-law of Frank Preston, cattle king and reconteur of the Little Applegate, as well as one of the most prominent and solvent of President Roosevelt's Chicago supporters.)

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If the boys in the press gallery had anything to say about it,—which unfortunately they haven't,—President Roosevelt would throw a bomb shell into this auditorium about Wednesday night, with the proclamation that he is not a candidate, will not be one, and if nominated will refuse to accept the nomination.

How they pray for that to happen,—not because they have anything against the present occupant of the White House (with the press as a whole F. D. R. is extremely popular) but because they want a STORY, and if this convention runs true to form, there will be none—Only a washout, an anti-climax and a headache.

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The preliminary speeches today, however, indicated no such outcome,—in fact, quite the contrary. Mayor Kelly, for example,—who looks like a prosperous and muscular contractor, dressed in his Sunday clothes—instead of making what he was supposed to make,—a welcoming speech on behalf of Chicago,—made a "keynote" of his own, and a nominating speech for Franklin Delano,—with great emphasis upon the fact the President has made no effort to secure the nomination, doesn't want it, but should be drafted by the convention and COMPELLED to take it! The band came in, supplemented by the organ, at this point of the speech, and there was some applause, but if the President were listening in we are quite sure its volume would have been disappointing.)

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U. S. Senator Lucas of Illinois, a tall, bronzed, handsome citizen of this great commonwealth came next, and seconded the motion,—he was supposed to speak for Governor Horner of this state who is still a sick man,—but instead, spoke of that great humanitarian and inspired world leader, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

The band didn't come in to help him,—a slip-up by the Farley board of strategy no doubt,—so there was practically no applause at all, so little in fact the newspaper representative in the seat behind observed:

"No doubt it's going to be Roosevelt, but it doesn't look like any stampede for the Great Smoothie Face!"

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The weather still remains as cool as a polar bear's nose which we have a notion pleases Mrs. Jim Farley, for she is wearing a very handsome assortment of silver fox pelts, fore and aft.

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We see no reason to modify the dope of a few days back from the senate press gallery in Washington,—the President will not be a candidate, but when all the opposing candidates have had their brief sun-baths in the convention spotlight, the signal from the chief will be given, and the roll call for a third term for Mr. Roosevelt will then be UNANIMOUS!

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We will say this for Chicago over Philly,—the lake front section never looked cleaner, and no people could be more obliging and courteous,—in the loop and out of it. Moreover, the hospitality appears entirely genuine and spontaneous.

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Incidentally your correspondent has a room on the lake front,—no dirt, no dust, no noise, and to date not a single doorknob has come off!

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The biggest buttons we have seen thus far, boost Senator Tydings of Maryland for President,—they are approximately the size of service plates.

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The Chicago Tribune came in for some dirty cracks by Messrs. Kelly and Lucas,—those who listened to same over the air and couldn't understand what it was all about, will have their doubts removed by reading the reprint of this morning's Tribune welcome to the delegates,—which appears in another column on this page.—R.W.R.

Light Prune Crop.

Portland, July 17.—(AP)—The Willamette valley dried prune production will be one of the lowest on record but "fairly good" prospects exist in eastern Oregon, the agriculture marketing service reported today. Major harvest operations will begin about August 10.

Firemen Save Pair.

Portland, July 17.—(AP)—Firemen rescued Mr. and Mrs. George Miller, 63 and 61 respectively, from a fire yesterday which did $1500 damage to a store building. Fire Investigator W. R. Fairhurst said.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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 numbers 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.

AFTER BREAKFAST BLUES

No, sad to say, it isn't entirely the abominable coffee that makes so many people feel so inept after breakfast when rightly one should have the world by the tail. In most instances it is just ordinary everyday modern subnutrition. Even if the coffee were good (that is, unboiled) the majority of us would still have to—no, not have to, but would still elect to worry along in a state of subnutrition, thanks largely to the way they are hoodwinked by the typical American breakfast, which is so easy to eat, so delectable, so digestible, energizing, fattening, but so deficient in the elements the refined modern dietlacks—minerals and vitamins. Add the usual cupful or two of coffee, with or without cream or milk and sugar, and even an occasional couple of eggs and a few strips of bacon or ham or sausage, and still the breakfast is a humbug meal so far as fortifying or renewing the inner man is concerned.

Compare this conventional breakfast with the breakfast in the Regeneration Regimen or the Corrective Protective Diet which is as follows:

A glass of orange juice—calories, 100; vitamins, A, B, C, G, K; minerals Ca, Phos., iron.

Two eggs—calories, 166; vitamins, A, B, D, G, E; minerals, iron, sulfur, calcium, phosphorus.

Fresh fruit—calories, 80; vitamins, C, B, A; minerals, sodium, potassium, magnesium, copper, magnese, etc.

Glass of milk—calories, 160; vitamins, A, B, G; minerals, calcium, phosphorus.

In the chat we had about Vite for Breakfast here some time ago I suggested what I have found the easiest way for slaves of convention, living customs and circumstance to combat the evil influence of the refined breakfast, namely, by keeping on hand a peck (one-fourth bushel, 15 pounds) of plain wheat and contriving to eat some of it every day. (Monograph "Wheat to Eat" tells how—send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for it.) Or if that is still too complicated a step for such a slave to take, then at least you can surreptitiously purchase a few pounds of wheat germ and eat a few tablespoons of it daily. Half a pound of plain wheat daily, or four or five tablespoons of wheat germ daily, would nearly, if not quite, compensate, in the vitally essential vitamin B-complex, for the main deficiency in the every day diet.

Frankly, I am afraid to print what many readers declare an increased intake of B-complex and D has done for them, because it sounds like arrant quackery, and heaven knows I have kept the eyebrows of the medical profession elevated too much anyway. All I shall say now is that it can do nobody any harm to try supplementing the everyday diet with an optimal ration of vitamin B-complex and vitamin D—the vitamins which nearly everybody lacks.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

To Keep Hair From Turning Gray.

If you have a pamphlet or booklet on keeping the hair from turning grap I should thank you for a copy. I am just 35 and streaks of gray hair are beginning to show.—Mrs. P. M.

Answer—Supplement your diet with a good ration of vitamin B complex daily, and send stamped envelope bearing your address, for Care of the Hair and Instructions for Taking Iodin Ration.

Can They Leave It Alone.

In spite of what you say, any drunkard who can take it can leave it alone if he or she is not a selfish, inconsiderate devil. They do not wish or want to leave it alone.—R. G. C.

Answer—That's the difficulty. If the dipsomaniac wishes or wants to leave it alone, I have a booklet on Dipsomania which may help. For copy send 10c coin and stamped envelope bearing your address. To Doctors of Medicine who provide stamped addressed envelope I am glad to send also an abstract of the essentials of the Lambert treatment for dipsomania.

Call It Cri.

We attribute the extraordinary freedom from cri (you see we call it kree) in our family to two things, first your excellent booklet "Call It Cri" and second, our regular use of plain wheat as you advised.—J. W. A.

Answer—Anyway, my recommendations did no harm. For copy of "Call It Cri," dealing with respiratory infections, bronchitis, sinus trouble, tonsils, adenoids, etc., send 25c coin and stamped envelope bearing your address. For monograph "What to Eat" send stamped addressed envelope.

(Protected by John F. Dille Co.)

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.

Washington, D. C., July 17.—When and if the congress authorizes the president to call out the guard and mobilize the citizen soldiers of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana, guardsmen will have something to worry about—their jobs, if any. Army officers want the mobilization of the guard to cover a period of 18 months—a year and a half—but may compromise on a few months less.

Guard mobilization is to be no two-week affair at Camp Clatsop, but training comparable to that planned for the regular army. Politely, the army officers call it "hardening" the guard, for although trucks move infantry there is still plenty of hoofing for the foot soldiers. It is also proposed by the army officers that the guardsmen be used to break in the draftees, provided congress enacts a law for compulsory military training.

Obtaining a leave of absence from an employer to participate in a guard encampment for a fortnight is one thing, and leaving for a year or more is something else. This is just another of the problems up for discussion in the arguments over the president's proposed mobilization. And there is the problem the married guardsmen must face of how to provide for dependents on the pay of a buck private during the mobilization period.

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SHOULD everything click, the guardsmen of the Pacific northwest, probably 12,500 of them, and living in almost every community will be in the field within six weeks. The army officers hope to have the draftees available October 1 (men between 21 and 31 years), and the guardsmen under canvas a month earlier.

Until the compulsory military training bill becomes law and machinery is set up and quotas assigned, it is impossible to tell how many craftees will be drawn in Oregon. As now proposed, however, every man from 18 to 65 years will be required to register, which takes in almost everyone wearing pants.

Chief of the general staff of the army's new mechanized units, with headquarters at Fort Knox, Ky. (where billions of dollars of gold are buried) is Lieutenant Colonel Serano E. Brett. The colonel is a native of Oregon, born there 48 years ago. He holds the distinguished service cross, was graduated from the war college six years ago and promoted to his present rank two years ago.

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CONSTRUCTION work on $50,000,000 of government and private jobs stopped when the contractors could not obtain sand and gravel. The men dredging the material from the river were satisfied with their wages and hours, but the wage and hour officials decided they were "miners" and could not work more than 42 hours a week.

The workmen went on strike which tied up construction in the national capital. When the public began to roar the wage and hour officials made another decision. Instead of being "miners" the laborers on the dredgers were classified as "sailors" and therefore not subject to maximum hours.

Now the sailors' union insists that the sand and gravel workers join the union. Everyone except the wage-hour division knows that the dredged workers are neither miners nor sailors.

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FRANK C. WALKER, who may be the new chairman of the Democratic national committee to succeed James A. Farley, is a graduate of Gonzaga, at Spokane, same as Bing Crosby. Walker was one of four men who each gave $10,000 to start Farley off in 1932 to make Franklin D. Roosevelt, governor of New York, president of the United States. President Roosevelt has never been able to induce Walker to take a job other than when he was needed for pinch-hitting.

Under pressure from Mr. Roosevelt, Walker became co-ordinator of all new deal agencies for a few months, then resigned to take care of his own very considerable private business.

Originally from Montana, Walker and Senator Burton K. Wheeler do not see eye-to-eye. Frank Walker is the least publicised of Mr. Roosevelt's backdoor advisors. He headed the committee which raised $250,000 to build the Franklin D. Roosevelt library on Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt's estate at Hyde Park. The palace guard has not been jealous of Walker because he wants nothing and avoids the spotlight.

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WASHINGTON Scene—Some of the newspaper gals who have "bylines" in local papers are telling Mrs. Willkie how to conduct herself if she becomes the first lady. The gals have been spoilt by the Lady Eleanor. They don't want another Mrs. Coolidge, Mrs. Hoover or other wife of a president who effaces herself. —E. R. Stettinius, Jr., has taken occasion to rebuke several columnists who asserted that the defense program was getting nowhere because Stettinius, Knudsen, Budd, et al., were not being given authority by Mr. Roosevelt. —Republican senators are so sure that the Willkie-McNary ticket will win that at least three are pulling wires to be selected as McNary's successor as leader of the senate, which is one of the hardest jobs on the hill. (The leader has to listen to all the speeches). —For the same reason, four Republicans are promoting places in Willkie's cabinet.

Welcome to Chicago

(From Chicago Tribune.)

We want to welcome to Chicago all the delegates and alternates to the Democratic national convention. We don't expect to approve what the convention does but we are not going to blame the delegates for that. Why should they be blamed when they haven't anything to say about it?

Chicago is a fine city. It has a lot of fine people in it. Every city has a lot of fine people in it, and we only mention to the delegates that there are a lot of fine people in Chicago because we're afraid that they might not think so after looking at their hosts, the Kelly-Nash-Nudelman machine.

But inasmuch as the delegates are going to see a lot of their hosts during the week, we would like to tip them off that there are certain subjects of conversation that it is diplomatic to avoid when talking to the generalissimos and lieutenants of the Kelly-Nash-Nudelman machine.

For instance, if you happen to be talking to the Hon. James M. Slattery, our United States senator, don't ask if he knows of a safe place where you can stow away your watch and spare cash before you step out for an evening. The Hon. Mr. Slattery will think you are referring to his strong box and the $25,000 worth of Commonwealth Edison stock. He will probably call you a dirty Republican.

If you happen to have your movie camera along, be careful not to point it at a Democratic ward committeeman or police captain. He might break a leg scrambling under the nearest sofa. Ward committeemen and police captains have been allergic to movie cameras since the federal grand jury started holding previews of a film showing visitors to Billy Skidmore's junk yard.

If you meet State Senator Abe Marovitz (Dem.), don't ask him if he has a softball team. Softball teams use ball bats, and every time some one mentions ball bats Senator Marovitz is afraid the public will recall an honest garage owner named Martinus Hvid, who was beaten to death with them. The racket trade association that was pushing Hvid around got its jail bird executive secretary out of a conference in Abe's office.

When you meet Abe's boss, Jake Arvey, don't be too enthusiastic about getting the vote out. Jake's boys and girls in the 24th ward were so enthusiastic about getting the vote out that he's afraid to pick up the telephone for fear he will hear that another of them has been indicted.

Don't ask any one what's become of Lynden Smith, who was so active in the 1936 campaign. No one is quite sure how he died, and your hosts prefer not to discuss him, because just before he died Mr. Smith had been doing a lot of talking about some little black books he had been keeping while he was custodian of the 2 per cent shaken down from state employes and contractors.

When you meet our colored county commissioner, Edward M. Sneed, don't talk about the sacrifices all of us must make for rearmament. Commissioner Sneed will think you're asking for his pistol.

When you meet the Hon. Frank Zintak, superintendent of betterments at the city hall, don't say, "That's a snappy vest you're wearing, Mr. Zintak," or "I see you're not wearing your vest, Mr. Zintak." Mr. Zintak is sensitive about his vests and the pockets in them. The jury that tried him might have been more sensitive if the bailiffs hadn't taken it out to a tavern and anesthetized it.

Don't use anything but whole numbers in conversation with Congressman A. J. Sabath. He's very sensitive about fractions, particularly fractional congressmen.

If you are eating near Secretary Ickes, don't order mushrooms with your steak. Mushrooms are grown in large holes under the ground, and it begins to look as if that's the only use Chicago can find for the subway that Mr. Ickes told us how to build.

Don't ask Mayor Kelly's health commissioner, Dr. Bundesen, anything about milk. He tried to tell a federal grand jury about it but the jurors didn't believe him.

In fact, there are so many things that it's not safe to talk about with a member of the Kelly-Nash-Nudelman machine that the best thing to do is to confine your conversation to Roosevelt and Humanity. If you don't, they will anyway. Just stick to Roosevelt and Humanity.

Succeeds Willkie.

New York, July 17.—(AP)—Justin R. Whiting was elected president and a member of the board of Commonwealth & Southern Corp. at a meeting in Wilmington today, the company announced. He succeeded Wendell L. Willkie, who resigned to pursue his campaign as Republican nominee for the presidency of the United States.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Alsop-Kintner At Chicago

(Continued from Page One.)

the men who should be Hopkins' supports.

They know that Hopkins cannot act decisively and effectively, even supposing he had the political training to do so, as long as the president continues to play "now you see me, now you don't." The president's little game of mystification makes it impossible for Hopkins to offer definite commitments or give definite orders.

THE third-termers, on the other hand, are really enraged. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, such senators as Francis Maloney of Connecticut, and many of the non-political Roosevelt camp-followers now in Chicago are privately confessing despair at the way things are being handled.

A movement was discussed among them to ask Hopkins to pass on the command to a wiser and more practiced man, preferably Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina. And although this group movement came to nothing, the powerful Bronx boss and old Roosevelt friend, Ed Flynn, is known to have telephoned the president in Washington to tell him, in the most forcible terms, that Hopkins was making a botch of the whole business.

Flynn was typical of the mass attackers.

THE falling off of Hopkins is a real lesson in the ups and downs which are humanity's sad fate. When he came to Chicago, he was the man of the hour. He was heralded as the head of a third term strategy board, and he seemed prepared to act a great part.

He arranged one elaborate hideaway at the Blackstone where he established his henchmen, the mysterious new deal undercover man, David K. Niles, who got the $500,000 from John Lewis in 1936, and before that ran a WPA "information" service, in which slightly maimed authors prepared flattering articles on the WPA for free publication in national magazines. In addition to the Blackstone hideaway, he took for himself a hideaway-from-the-hideaway at the Ambassador East, complete with private wires, secret telephone numbers, and all the apparatus of big time political management.

Unluckily the pre-requisites of successful big-time political management are authority and experience. Though well-meaning, Hopkins was lacking in both of these. His troubles began at once, when he discovered that not he but James Farley was the biggest figure in Chicago. He had neglected to get in touch with Farley on arrival. Then he called him and asked him to drop over to one of the hideaways. Finally he went to see Farley. It was a concession, but it was not rewarded.

THE position taken by Farley—his determination to have his name presented to the delegates, his frank dislike of the third term, his open scorn for the somewhat amateurish Hopkins efforts and his intention to retire from the national chairmanship at an early date—was the real source of the sourness which slowly seeped through the convention.

There was nothing to do, except to nominate the president. There was no enthusiasm. And the hundreds of delegates who are friendly to Farley, sympathizing with him, curdled what might have been mere dullness.

HOPKINS' first effort to solve the problem was to get the convention shortened to three days. They thought that if the nomination could be got over promptly, the sourness would disappear. Farley, who had promised the Chicagoans, putting up the money for the convention, that the delegates would be in town for five days, refused to go along on any plan to make the convention shorter. Then various other expedients were proposed, such as omitting balloting, omitting the nominating speech for the president, and so forth, all intended to make the nomination seem to come by acclamation. These, too, came to nothing.

After a day or so, Hopkins and his entourage were ready to read Farley out of the party. A complete change of decoration was needed at the national committee, so they told all and sundry. Meanwhile, however, other third-term leaders were beginning to wonder about Hopkins' own usefulness. The complaints culminated in Ed Flynn's call to the president.

FLYNN'S desire was to bring Farley more into line. It was impossible to persuade the president's one-time chief backer to withhold his name from nomination, or to stay on permanently as national chairman. Some measure of Farley's bitterness toward the administration is to be found in his choice of Senator Carter Glass of Virginia to make his nominating speech.

But at Hyde Park, in his talk with the president, Farley had gone so far as to commit himself to staying on at the national committee for a few weeks after the convention's end to get things straightened out and ready for the campaign. In his annoyance with Hopkins and the others at Chicago, he began to change his mind about his commitment. Flynn and a number of other Democratic leaders of the more practical type put heavy pressure on Farley, and he then agreed to abide by his commitment after all.

This was a pretty unreal triumph. But the mass attackers now hope that before many hours have passed they will induce the president to abandon his little game of "now you see me, now you don't." They hope to induce him, in fact, to tell the convention boldly and freely that he sees a great world crisis in progress, and that if he is given a free hand, is not asked to campaign, and is allowed a truthful platform, he will serve for the duration of the crisis. That might be the miracle to put life in this Chicago gathering.

MOTORISTS ATTENTION
If your motor heats or radiator leaks, see or call
HOOPER'S
RADIATOR SERVICE
33 S. Bartlett Phone 497

Flight O' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 17, 1930
(It was Thursday)

Charges of inefficiency and laxity against state game warden by sportsmen investigated at hearing.

Forest fires in California claim one life.

Mrs. Mabel Mack, home demonstration agent, leaves on annual vacation.

Cover spray for codling moths urged by county agent.

A 500-acre fire in the Debenger Gap area is under control. Cause unknown.

Central Point Grange dinner attracts big crowd.

Ed Lamport opens "special paint sale."

California heat wave kills seven.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 17, 1920
(It was Saturday)

Ashland Chautauqua opens tonight.

Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, visits kin in valley.

Allies deliver an ultimatum to Turkey.

Another American in Russian war zone reported missing.

Roasting ears sell at the public market for 45c per dozen.

Forty mile wind visits valley, and thins out fruit, orchardists report. Wheat continues to drop on Chicago market.

EVEN LITTLE TANKS COST $18,000 EACH SANS ENGINES, GUNS

Washington, July 17.—(U.P.)—Tanks, even the little ones, cost upward of $18,000 each, but the army believes that is a bargain price.

War department officials said today that the approximate price of $18,000 each for the 627 light tanks it agreed to pay the American Car Foundry company, Berwick, Pa., was $1,000 to $2,000 less than it has been paying for these "land destroyers."

Even at that price, such expensive items as motors and guns are not included. It simply is the chassis, armored hull, revolving turrets and traction parts of a metal monster capable when equipped with the proper motors, of churning through rough terrain at 50 miles an hour, impervious to anything but direct hits by artillery and large mines and bombs.

ENGVALD IVERSON NEW MODERATOR

Portland, July 17.—(AP)—Rev. Engvald Iverson of Medford, former Sunday school missions field workers, was elected moderator of the Oregon Presbyterian synod yesterday.

Dr. John W. Beard of Portland, senior Oregon national guard chaplain and Iverson's predecessor, advocated a militant stand by the church against communism and fascism.

Other synod officers included Rev. W. B. Mahon, Independence, state clerk and treasurer; Rev. J. Y. Stewart, Albany, permanent clerk; Rev. George H. Wilbur, Portland, temporary clerk; Rev. H. G. Edgar, Portland, reporting clerk; Glen Whipple, Portland, page.