

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The President has agreed to a Third Term, if he can get it, which seems doubtful, the way even Democrats are joining the movement to wear him away from the White House.

Len Carpenter of the rawneck set, who has been conspicuous by keeping out of sight of late, went north Wed.

S. Morris, the T.R.K. tiller, was in town so many times last week, it was news when he went home.

J. Wesley Bates, the tonsorialist, is whacking chins again, but doesn't show up until all the bankers have gone to work.

Herr Hitler of Germany advised England Fri. to surrender or the world would be destroyed, but the same kept on rotating.

Woodpeckers have started drilling chipboards for their winter's grub, and are busier than a Chamber of Commerce secretary with a vest-pocket full of fountain pens and lead pencils.

Peoria Bill Gates is a softball addict, and was present at the abdication of the umpires Tues. eve.

The weeds are now so tall in some of the vacant lots, a fire in their midst would bring out the forest service.

Some of the fair sex are rushing the season a bit, and wearing fall coats.

Your corr. mentioned the opening of school in Sept. last week, and made both kids and their Maws mad.

Mike DeVore was down to the meathouse during the week, and by his capers caused his Grandpaw to break his own record for loud whooping.

A copious while it lasted shower fell Fri. pm. causing horticulturists to fear hail.

Fiduciary depositaries report there are more spondulicks on their hands now than ever before. This is a sign people have quit burying their wampum back of the henhouse, and putting it in a fruit jar, and forgetting where they hid the fruit jar.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, Ill., July 13.—So this is another morning after the night before! But what a headache. The "morning after," a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, one had at least a sense of victory after a hard fight. A vicarious sense of vindication and triumph. There was an unpleasant physical reaction, but no unpleasant spiritual ones.

Quite the reverse this cloudy, muggy morning,—a morning that somehow reminds your correspondent of that soiled, sordid and degraded Chicago of forty odd years ago.

In the first place the expected happened, which is never thrilling,—in the Quaker City that hot night the expected DIDN'T.

But it was not what happened, but the way it happened that has the present writer down, deeper than the bottom of Crater Lake.

And we NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE IT! Oh, not the nomination of "Franklin Delano Roosevelt" for a third term,—that, since our visit to Washington had been a foregone conclusion.

But a Democratic convention BOOING A SOLEMN PRO-NOUNCEMENT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, and the grand old man who presented that statement, Senator Carter Glass!!

Yes we never expected to see a thing like THAT. And we hope we never shall see it again!

We don't know how audible those boos were over the air. We do know they were extremely audible in our section of the press gallery, for we had a seat at the extreme right flank of that gallery, and just across the aisle from a loud mouthed and louder dressed female, who at frequent intervals expressed her emotions, favorable and unfavorable, with the assistance of a cow bell.

She was aided and abetted by a gang of muscular males, who may not have been members of Mayor Kelly's bodyguard, but looked it, and were extremely proficient with cowboy yips and yells, in favor of President Roosevelt and a third term. Moreover, they all had no patience with any threat of delay in attaining this devout consummation, and woe betide the individual who attempted it.

So THAT was all they could see in this white-haired, little old man from Virginia, who got up from a sick bed at the age of 82, and with a voice so husky even the magic loud-speaker almost failed to make it audible, presented the name of James Aloysius Farley (and made, in the name of the man who until this convention, had been regarded as the founder and patron saint of the "great Democratic party," an appeal against the third term, and in favor of religious tolerance and freedom!) That man was Thomas Jefferson.

What did this gang care for religious tolerance, the third term tradition, Thomas Jefferson, or any other irrelevant considerations? They had come to that hall for one thing and one thing alone,—namely:—

To secure the nomination of a man named ROOSEVELT and spend the rest of the morning hours in a good, old-fashioned Chicago souse,—so TO HELL with anyone or anything that dared to halt, or even delay the proceedings!—and to hell with Thomas Jefferson, the Bill of Rights, Carter Glass and anything that sawed-off little runt might have on his senile mind!

On with the boos and the cowbells, gals and boys, let's make that little runt screech!

They didn't succeed! Had Hitler himself been there with all his gangsters, that little package of courage and grit and fearlessness would have stood his ground until he had had his say, regardless of what might have been done to prevent it.

Yes, they give Congressional Medals and Victoria Crosses to young men, full of vim and vigor, spurred by the thrill of battle, who fly aloft to take their chances with other young men, equipped about as they are,—and who by the fortunes of war are lucky enough to shoot them down, instead of being SHOT!

But here was an old man, and a little one, far from well, two decades beyond his prime, not facing one foe equipped as he, but facing twenty thousand of them, with every resource of a powerful party and a powerful government behind them,—and there he stood before that microphone to have his say,—and there he had his say,—ALONE.

He will get no medals or citations, but he should get something more important and more immortal, if not in Heaven, in the hearts and minds of his countrymen.

Yes, that's the picture we have of the convention last night that ended with the nomination of Franklin Delano Roosevelt by acclamation for a third term.

And it's far from a pleasant picture. It's one we would like to forget but fear we never shall. And one reason for that fear is that this incident really is typical of the entire convention, even though the cheers for the courageous warrior from Virginia, finally drowned out the cowbells and the boos.

There in the foreground is Franklin Delano Roosevelt,—truly a great President,—but the background of that same picture is supplied by Boss Kelly of Chicago, and his underworld gang, with their boos and their cow bells,—determined by fair means or foul, chiefly the latter, to see that President Roosevelt is in the White House for a third term.

We find ourselves wondering WHY! Just WHY!! Those who find an answer to that, we are quite sure, will also find an answer to this:—Why the Democratic party in the convention, breaking for the first time the unwritten law against the Third Term, should hear that convention boo the principles of Thomas Jefferson and his name!

Yes, it was a depressing and degrading spectacle,—there was something about it almost obscene.

Most of the noise made at that convention was made by people who were merely obeying orders from the most corrupt gang that ever robbed a great American municipality,—the minions of the Kelly-Nash machine,—who not only knew nothing about the principles of Thomas Jefferson, but never had HEARD of the man.

And one of the great statesmen of this country, regardless of party, making what will in all likelihood prove to be the last public speech of his lifetime, in a passionate appeal for his party not to take action that the party was determined to take, was only regarded by them as a half-baked old dotard, who was wasting their time and delaying their opportunity for an all-night souse and gangster good time.

Small wonder that President Roosevelt, a thousand miles away, showed no exuberance at his nomination, but observing, that THAT was THAT, allowed his attendants to escort him to bed. And with that unerring and unflinching political instinct of his he has decided not to visit the convention, as he did the two preceding ones, but to give his acceptance by remote control, and allow Eleanor to have the local limelight and the honors.

Were he to come here tonight, what a tragic anti-climax for his well-wishers and his loyal friends!—R.W.R.

Discard Park Name. Church Governor. Portland, July 20.—(P)—Because state parks in Oregon are named only for donors, a strip of land adjacent to the Klamath Falls-Lakeview highway will not be designated "Lake County World War Veterans Memorial."

Woodburn, July 20.—(P)—The committeemen to govern the Church of God in Oregon were selected Friday at the annual convention here. They include: Ordination—Rev. J. J. Gillespie, Salem; Rev. J. F. Lawson, Salem.

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.

PRACTICE OF PROPYLAXIS My great secret ambition, to engage in private practice as a prophyllactor, that is, to limit my practice to preventive medicine exclusively, having been thwarted by the quaint attitude of the medical profession which does not even now recognize such a practice as a legitimate specialty.



Every year or so some reader writes to thank me for something I said in this column which warned or alarmed him or her, with the result that he or she sought proper medical examination or treatment and caught some serious malady in time. On the other hand, just as often I am penalized for having scared somebody into hurrying to his or her doctor for examination, only to discover that the trouble is not serious after all.

Now people who express appreciation or thanks for instruction or advice I have given through this service sometimes intimate that they wish they might consult me regularly in private. That is flattering, but from what I know of human nature I doubt there are enough people of that mind to support a specialist who might elect to limit his practice to that field.

People in general need a good deal more education before private practice of prophyllaxis or preventive medicine will become feasible. As yet, far too large a portion of the population, even the more intelligent class, prefer to gamble with health, trying this or that remedy or treatment on the suggestion of friend or stranger who "had the same trouble."

A formidable obstacle to the private practice of preventive medicine is the traditional reverence of the medical profession for pathological anatomy, organic disease, the signs of gross structural change produced by disease; and the corresponding contempt for and neglect of pathological physiology, functional disease and the subjective symptoms produced thereby. Necessarily the private prophyllactor would concern himself or herself almost wholly with functional disturbances or irregularities, with symptoms.

How many persons who are now subject to pre-diabetes will discover their condition in time

if they had had their way, the president would have issued a statement as early as possible in the convention proceedings, or better still, would have made a brief radio address to the first meeting of the delegates. He would have ignored his enemies, instead of attacking them as he did in his speech Thursday night. He would have let his record talk for itself, instead of defending it. And he would have said something like this:

"In the memory of living man, our republic has never faced dangers so great to all that we hold dear. Within a few weeks, perhaps, England will go under, and England's navy will fall into enemy hands. While there is still time, we must do all that we can to help our brothers in freedom. Within two months, perhaps, will come a threat to our own hemisphere. When that time comes, we must attempt to make the pro-secting seigns of the Monroe doctrine a thing of dead, not words. Every American, in such times, must give all that is in him to his country."

"I do not want to serve another term in the great office which I now hold. I shall not accept re-nomination except on the clear understanding that my party will support me in all the difficult measures, calling for the utmost self-denial, courage and sacrifice, which we in America must take if we are not to succumb meekly to the dark menace of a world tyranny. But if my party wishes to give me the nomination on that understanding, I shall accept."

To anyone not completely unable to see the forest politics for the trees of special interest and special pressure, the effect such a message would have produced must be immediately clear. The president would have done a great thing in a great way. The delegates would have responded, as decent men and women always will respond to courage and forthrightness.

There was nothing to be feared from courage and forthrightness. The Burton K. Wheelers and Bennetts

of the supreme court bill. It would be far better, they argued, for the president to be boldly frank with the people.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Also - Kintner At Chicago -0- Campaign Start Seen On Low Politics Level

Chicago, July 20.—The proof that something very saddening happened here in Chicago is not to be found in the crows of triumph of the men who hate the President so blindly they would sacrifice anything to his destruction. It is to be found, rather, in the deep distress of many of those who have followed him most devotedly, and still look most expectantly for great things from him.

Precisely what did happen. One of the men of good-will toward Roosevelt summed up simply:

"At the most critical time our country has known since the Civil war, in defiance of an ancient tradition, the President was nominated for a third term by a worse than ordinary, purely political convention, with all that implies in meanness, shuffling and cheap compromise."

"You can argue it was all right to re-nominate him, but it wasn't all right to do it that way." What might have happened? The answer to this second question is to be found in the program which a few of the men of good-will desperately pressed upon the President while the convention was in progress.

SPECIFICALLY, as they discovered what the Hopkins, Kellys et al were up to, the men of good-will urged the president to abandon his pose of aloofness and distance. This pose, they pointed out, could not deceive the simplest voter, yet assured disappearance of the short-sighted "country-captains" which dictated the disastrous strategy of

Champ Clark might have foamed at the mouth at such a message, but they could have obtained only a small protest vote from a convention determined the president was the only man who could win. The anti-third termers might have gained brief courage, but there would have been little strength to the anti-third term movement if Hopkins had had the sense to tell Jim Farley at the start of the convention: "Jim, we know this is hard on you. We know what great service you have done for the party. We want you to get your full vote on the first ballot, as a demonstration of the party's gratitude."

The president would have been re-nominated by a vote almost as great as he got, and in an atmosphere wholly different from the sordid atmosphere that prevailed in Chicago stadium.

Unfortunately, the men of good-will failed in their main effort, although some of the less displeasing events at the convention may be laid at their door as a result, in this desperately critical time, the campaign begins on the low level of undiluted party politics. And that is not a good augury, either for the president's success, or for the welfare of the country.

Section 233 (a) says the commission may reinsure any company authorized to do an insurance business in any state of the United States on account of marine and marine war risks, including protection and indemnity risks, assumed by any such company. This is the section which does the business. It was not in the original draft of the bill and it was advocated by a lawyer representing British companies, who had important connection "on the hill."

To be announced shortly is a statement that the department of agriculture wants 12,000 acres of flax cultivated in the Willamette valley next year. Recently it was estimated that 9,000 acres might be planted, but the announcement will call for 12,000, or twice the present acreage. The farmers will be assured of a specified federal bonus. The Willamette valley is the only section in the United States where the type of flax required in the defense program can be raised.

Another industry employing about 150 men will be launched in Portland within a few weeks. This is a chemical factory specializing in weed-destroying products and which can also manufacture one of the elements used in explosives. Salt, principal base of the product, will be shipped from the Sacramento valley. The blessing of the National Defense Advisory Commission was given the enterprise this week when the head of the company was in the national capital for conference.

WASHINGTON Scene—Paul V. McNutt has a St. Bernard dog which consumes four pounds of liver daily. At Chicago Mrs. McNutt registered at a hotel under an assumed name to avoid newspapers. When reporters heard McNutt ask for the key to his wife's room they thought they had something.—E. R. Stettinius Jr. wanted to be a minister but John Pratt, then head of General Motors, gave him a job which led to his \$100,000 a year position with U. S. Steel. As steelman Stettinius observed one day that \$700,000,000 was being expended in improving the numerous subsidiaries and that the new machinery would release 150,000 men. He wondered, he said, what

WHAT Jefferson meant was this: The time will never come when some ambitious President, unwilling to give up the power conferred upon him, will not be able to find an excuse for breaking the precedent (set by Washington) that no President of the United States should be permitted to serve more than two terms.

TWELVE years after expressing the opinion already quoted, Jefferson made his meaning unmistakable by writing: "Should a President consent to be a candidate for a third election, I trust he would be REJECTED ON THIS DEMONSTRATION OF AMBITIOUS VIEWS."

THESE words were written by Jefferson in 1821. At that time, the deliberations of the convention that adopted the constitution of the United States were still recent. Among these deliberations the MOST SERIOUS concerned the fear that the young republic that had just been launched would drift into ONE-MAN rule, as had happened almost without exception (sooner or later) in the old world.

Jefferson, in 1821, still held this fear, and in his writings was advising his countrymen, as strongly as he knew how, to avoid the danger he feared.

IN 1940, 119 years after Jefferson's expressed hope that any effort to break the third-term precedent would be rejected, it will be argued that a lot of water has gone under the dam since then—which is true.

But it is equally true that the fundamentals of our government (including the third-term tradition) have been GOOD FUNDAMENTALS and that we should think carefully before undermining them.

Mrs. E. N. Noble of Minneapolis, Minn., was named U. S. chochet champion in 1939.

Closing time for Two Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

THE SALE OF SALES Starts TOMORROW Reductions for Every Member of the Family

POISON OAK? Try a bottle of ZEMACOL. You must be satisfied or your money cheerfully returned. Visit a bottle today at WESTERN TRIFT.

AT THE National Capitol WITH John W. Kelly CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

BY a joker slipped into the new war risk act, the Federal Maritime Commission may be reinsuring German, Japanese, Italian, British and all other vessels. The trick in the law is at present known only to a few and these are British, who have already taken advantage of the statute. Of course, it means that the American taxpayer is underwriting the risk even though he doesn't know it.

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would become of them. But his interest in the men did not prevent the machinery being installed.—Congressman Walter M. Pierce was one of the 65 house members who signed a petition urging Mr. Roosevelt to run for a third term.

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 21, 1930 (It was Monday) Mail Tribune directory count shows Medford has a population of 15,168—13,373 within city limits, 1,995 just outside.

Azaza Agha, Turk, who claims to be 156 years old, arrives at New York to get set of false teeth.

Record heat continues in the east.

Darrell Huson returns from vacation trip to Seattle.

Copco workers hold picnic on the banks of Elk creek.

London naval treaty approved by senate.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 21, 1920 (It was Wednesday) Third party seeks release of Eugene Debs, socialist leader, from federal prison.

J. A. Perry returns from Portland, where he underwent treatment for an infected hand, caused by getting cut with a clam shell while at the Coast.

National Guards return from Camp Lewis encampment.

John C. Mann is named new president of the school board.

Irvin S. Cobb, noted humorist, to visit Crater lake in August.

French open tea rooms for tourists in "No Man's Land."

The SALE of SALES Starts MONDAY With Reductions for Every Member of the Family Buster Brown Shoe Store

When Lead... and Legs Ruled the Sin City of the Old West!

- Thrill to a magnetic Marlene you've never seen before... a dancin', singin', fightin' siren of the wildest West!... Thrill to a dynamic Jimmy Stewart... a lanky man-of-the-law, who hid his heart behind a sheriff's badge!... Thrill to the most colorful characters the screen has ever shown!

Marlene Dietrich James Stewart TODAY FOR THREE DAYS DOUBLE BILL DESTINY RIDES AGAIN with Charles Mischa Brian WINNINGER-AUER-DONLEVY Irene HERVEY - Una MERKEL

NO PLACE TO GO with FRED STONE SONNY BUDD DENNIS MORGAN GLORIA DICKSON PLUS... the grand story of a kid of 70... and a man of 71! BUSTER BROWN SHOE STORE "DESTINY" at 2:00-4:50 8:00-10:30