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Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 19.—It looked for a few minutes last night, as though the Democrats, in spite of everything, would end up in a blaze of glory,—put on one of their super-shows, for which they are so justly famous, and indulge in what most delights the true Democratic heart, a good old rough-and-tumble, bare-knuckle fight.

But it was not to be! What started as the greatest and tamest one-man-show in the history of American party politics, ended as one,—on a note of sordid sadness—at 2 o'clock this morning! From the standpoint of genuine showmanship and true drama, the Democratic convention of 1940, therefore, goes down in history as a dud and a wash-out!

Yes, it was a one-man show by remote control throughout. Not only did that one man determine his own nomination, but the nomination of his running mate, the temporary chairman, the permanent chairman, the platform and everything else, including what the speakers should say and what they should not, as far as the main roles were concerned.

But Democrats are not only natural showmen, they are natural rebels. Many were irked by these steam-roller tactics, which nominated their leader for a third term, and refused to give a respectful hearing to his opponents. As a whole, however, they meekly and uncomplainingly swallowed THAT.

After a troubled night's sleep, and thinking it all over they were not so disposed to swallow Mr. Henry Wallace! So all during the day there were sub-rosa gatherings of malcontents,—very largely grass-root Democrats of the old, declamatory school,—damned if they were going to submit to this latest ukase from the White House.

No Sir! The Democratic party was at least deserving of a DEMOCRAT, not a back-sliding Republican, to complete the party ticket, and they positively refused to submit to it!

But like so many rebels within the Democratic ranks since that party became a One-Man party, they FAILED to RECKON WITH THE POWER and the political skill of their party chief.

For that is what defeated them, not what appeared to do so,—the steam roller as manipulated by Messrs. Barkley, Kelly and Hopkins.

No, just before midnight last night, the administration triumvirate in the convention hall was licked,—licked, massacred and thrown out in the snow! The administration machine had shot its bolt, had been brought to a complete and amazing stop,—it was not certain who would win, but it was certain, AS SUCH THINGS GO, that the unpopular Secretary of Agriculture would NOT.

Then "foxy grandpa"—(we hope that won't be considered disrespectful, for the President IS foxy and he is a grandfather)—started in to work!

And HOW he did it! He could say nothing publicly, at that stage of the game, of course,—it was bad enough to have one vice presidential candidate after another admit over the air, so all the world could hear,—that HE was submitting to presidential dictatorship.

But Mrs. Roosevelt,—the deservedly popular, sincere, completely simple and completely honest, first lady of the land,—COULD,—and at PRECISELY the right psychological moment Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt DID!

Oh, not a word about the vice presidency. Not a suggestion of partisanship,—perish the sordid thought,—all praise for that loyal servant, Jim Farley (who had just been kicked down stairs, by express order of the master of the White House) and a high-minded and disinterested appeal to the people of the United States, regardless of politics, to support their harassed and patriotic President in his hour of need and trial.

Just that and nothing more,—with Senator Barkley, his head bowed reverently as if listening to prayer from on high, and Secretary Robert, in the limelight on the other side,—a soulful expression on his handsome, histrionic features, like the faithful Moslem turning his eyes toward MECCA!

We said there was no showmanship,—no drama. Well there wasn't as far as the long-suffering delegates on the floor were concerned. But there was plenty of both in that tableau on the rostrum,—just before the delegates started to vote.

And did it work? Don't ask silly questions,—it worked precisely as the master mind, at the other end of the long distance wire in the White House, KNEW it would work.

And here is how sweetly it worked.—Before Mrs. Roosevelt appeared, the boing which greeted the mention of Secretary Wallace's name was increasing by the proverbial leaps and bounds. It was largely because of this that states like Ohio, Texas and Massachusetts passed,—spurred for time in a desperate effort to look before they leaped,—to see the handwagon before they had to jump on it.

But how was it AFTERWARD!

There was not a "boo in a ear load" when the Wallace name was mentioned, from the basement bar of the stadium to the roof,—NOT ONE! Either all the boozers left the building, or that picture of a fine, unselfish, devoted first lady of the land, pleading for unity and support with an earnestness and sincerity that could not be feigned,—kept them silent.

We doubt if a more startling and complete psychological flip-flop has ever been witnessed in party politics than what transpired just after the stroke of twelve last night,—and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was solely responsible for it.

(And if she is really as simple and ingenuous as she appears, she never realized it,—for while others may shadow box and fake,—put this down in your note book,—the wife of Franklin Delano Roosevelt DOESN'T!)

Yes, it was an exhibition of consummate political skill,—great political showmanship,—the master mind at work.

And then to make the One-Man performance complete, the ONE Man closed the four-day endurance contest, as only he could do it,—with a fire-side chat to "my FRIENDS," which will go down in history as another of his great POLITICAL masterpieces.

(We would underline the political, because in politics it is not what is TRUE, but what the people can be made to BELIEVE is true that counts.)

And unless we know very little about popular psychology at least 95% of the people who listened to that speech, believed every word of it,—and said as he concluded: "There are the great and stirring words of a very great and self-sacrificing President."

Now we shall not deny the "greatness," for that is, and for many years has been, the present writer's belief. (Nor shall we deny any such question is primarily a matter of opinion and, therefore, subject to debate.)

And, therefore, subject to debate.

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Take the President's rationalization of his own silence these many, many months, for just one example.

That silence, according to his own thesis, had no selfish personal or political aspects,—none whatever. He wished to step out, or intended fully to step out, BUT—

Considerations of public policy and the welfare of his country, made it impossible for him to do so, and further made

it impossible for him to so DECLARE, until the permanent organization of his party convention had been perfected.

Now, we submit that just ISN'T correct! Had the President's intention been to retire, and refuse a third term,—YES. Both from the standpoint of the world situation and his country's part in it, such an announcement would have thrown the fat into the fire with a vengeance,—the President would have virtually abdicated, and set the ship of state adrift on the seas of violence and disorder without a rudder,—and with no one in the pilot house. That no RIGHT-THINKING President could do, under conditions which had come to pass.

But that, as he now admits, was NOT his intention, and since the outbreak of the war, became less and less his intention. He came to feel,—and we DON'T doubt his sincerity in this,—that regardless of his personal desire for a change and a rest it was his patriotic duty not only to stick to his post for the remainder of his term but for four years longer,—that the welfare of his country and the world demanded it.

Those who do doubt the President's sincerity in this fail to appreciate, we believe, that F.D.R. is a ROOSEVELT,—and just what it means to BE,—a Roosevelt.

T. R. was the same. It was often said of him he never really enjoyed a funeral because he couldn't be the corpse. It wasn't so much megalomania or egotism, in the common accepted sense, as a very deep and sincere conviction that no one could do the job as it should be done, but a Roosevelt.

That was the reason T. R. broke with his party and launched a new one,—the Bull Moose. That is also the reason today that F.D.R. breaks with the long-established third term tradition, and starts out on his solo course,—the first President in 150 years TO ASK A CONTINUOUS TENURE of a decade and one-fifth.

Now, it isn't true that he alone can properly do this job,—it is true (at least as we see it) that a man who ISN'T tired out, who ISN'T disposed to megalomania, who ISN'T bound to any traditional policy or party, is better qualified to do it.

But that isn't Franklin Delano Roosevelt's view, and we repeat the President is entirely sincere,—and for that matter, entirely disinterested,—regarding it.

He HONESTLY believes not only that no one else can do the job as he can do it, but that if Mr. Willkie and the Republican party should be chosen for the task, it would be a calamity for the country and the world, and so in the spirit of the most exalted self-sacrifice, he is willing, himself, to essay it.

It is called the Messiah complex,—and every 100% Roosevelt has it.

Who-e-e-w, it's hot,—and— This has developed into a terribly long-winded discourse!

But that was a long-winded session last night and the night before. Didn't get back to the lake front until pretty close to 3 o'clock,—in fact had to ring for the night watchman to get into our room in both instances.

But all in all it was worth it,—an experience we shall not soon forget.

Certain other reactions, pro and con, will have to wait for our next.—R.W.R.

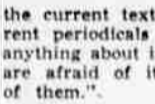
Personal Health Service

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.

WHO'S AFRAID OF LOW BLOOD PRESSURE?

"One reads a good deal about hypertension (high blood pressure)," remarks a medical league who has contributed many good ideas or suggestions to this column. "One should know all about it, but blimy if one can learn anything about low blood pressure. I have searched all the current textbooks and current periodicals and can't find anything about it. I believe you are afraid of it like the rest of them."



Colleague goes on to say that he finds low blood pressure in many patients, and along with it subnormal temperature. He himself, at 62, has excellent health except a couple of teeth that need attention, but his blood pressure is always low and his body temperature is generally a degree or so below the average normal.

Frankly I'm not afraid of it, just a bit shy of it. In the years I have been conducting this column it has been my experience, whenever I have taken a position not in accord with the theories, traditions or principles of the old timers, that they have used every weapon available to them in the attempt to malign and if possible to silence me. I can take it when the question at issue is of importance, such as the injection treatment of hernia, the diathermy extirpation of tonsils or the ambulant treatment of hemorrhoids.

Low blood pressure, after all, is a sign or a secondary effect of one thing and another, not a symptom (a manifestation of which the patient is conscious or aware) nor an ailment which responds to any specific remedy. So why should I, as a teacher of health, sound off on the subject and so perhaps add to the popular introspection or worry about such an unimportant matter?

In this column, notwithstanding requests to the contrary, I have never given any definite information concerning the blood pressure, high or low or even "normal." Nor have I ever wasted good space mentioning degrees of body temperature. I believe these are purely technical data in every instance and the intelligent layman will leave them to the judgment of the physician. This is my advice.

Let the wiseacres who think they know better take it or leave it.

There is one suggestion I have to offer in regard to low blood pressure. I offer it because I am certain it can do no harm in any case. In my opinion the fundamental fault in most cases of this description is malnutrition, particularly habitual shortage of the essential vitamins, B complex and D, and of calcium in the everyday diet. At any rate a great many readers who have followed this suggestion for a few months report uniform improvement. Such nutritional deficiency is common, due to our modern refined diet. Adequate daily intake of Vitamin B complex, vitamin D and calcium restores tone to the heart muscle and the muscle of the arterial wall.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Iodine

Would like to know if taking iodine in summer is harmful and also if sinus trouble affects the throat. (Mrs. H. M.)

Answer—You do not mention how much iodine you take or for what condition. Sinus trouble may account for throat symptoms. Anyone may safely take the Iodine Ration in summer. For instructions for taking the Iodine Ration send a stamped envelope bearing your address.

Alcohol

Friends insist alcohol is a stimulant. I maintain alcoholic liquor is depressant. Please give us the scientific facts. (C. B. K.)

Answer—Alcohol in any form and in any quantity is depressant from first to last. I have no printed matter bearing on the pharmacology of alcohol. But for dipomanics or their friends I have a booklet "Dipomania"—for copy send 10c coin and stamped envelope bearing your address. On request I am glad to send any Doctor of Medicine who provides a stamped envelope bearing his address, an abstract of the essentials of the Lambert treatment—this information is not available for others than Doctors of Medicine.

I have been taking the high potency or massive dose vitamin D treatment all winter and can report I am tremendously benefited. Was practically confined to wheelchair but now get about with little discomfort and am gaining every day. God bless our good Doctor Brady! (W. K.)

Answer—Thank you. Instructions given in monograph "Arthritis" which I am pleased to mail on request if you inclose stamped envelope bearing your address. (Protected by John F. Dills 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.

THE CAPITAL PARADE

By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER

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Washington, July 22.—The President has accepted renomination. He now faces the necessity of attempting simultaneously to carry on a national political campaign, and to manage the affairs of the country in a time likely to be as critical as any in our history. For any man not wholly superhuman, the prospect must be little less than appalling. For the pressure of a campaign is always constant and grinding, while the pressure of business will be vastly increased by the tendency of the campaign to infect with politics every move and every measure.

Men who blindly detest the president, of course, assume that in his vanity and his hunger for power, he hoped from the start to be renominated, and always planned to run again if he could. Men close to him, however, have a different and a much more tenable theory.

The problem of the president's behavior is to reconcile his repeated and seemingly serious assertions that he did not want a third term with the fact that he is now a candidate for a third term. Sensible observers will grant the president's sincere desire not to be a candidate, if only because, as he told Col. Frank Knox, he thinks he cannot stand the strain of another four years in the White House. However great his ambition, no man on earth willingly shoulders such a burden as the president has now shouldered.

The solution of the problem, according to the theory above mentioned, is to be found in the president's only serious miscalculation in the field of foreign affairs. His entire foreign policy, unfortunately, was grounded in this miscalculation. He assumed, with all the apparently reliable evidence on his side, that the Germans could not win a quick and total victory.

He supposed, therefore, that the crisis period of the war would not come until the industrial production of the United States had been organized to give greater aid to the allies, until the United States was at least partly rearmed, and above all until the election was over.

The Battle of France proved the mistake in the president's assumption. Because the United States had not rearmed and was not ready to give more substantial aid to the allies, they seriously upset his foreign policy. They also knocked his domestic political strategy into a cocked hat.

His domestic political strategy had been two-fold. First, he did not wish to commit himself not to run again because, by so doing, he feared that his voice would lose authority in world affairs. Second, he also wished to be able to dictate his party's platform and candidate, to insure that his policy would be continued.

Unfortunately, since he could only attain these objectives by passively allowing his henchmen to go delegate-hunting, his own candidacy soon completely overshadowed the candidacies of lesser men in his party, from a practical standpoint, the other leaders whom the Democrats might have chosen could not attain the stature of "the champ."

Then, at Philadelphia, his mistaken assumption about the course of world events caused a sudden deviation in the course of domestic political events. As his leading rival himself admitted, Wendell Willkie was given the Republican nomination because he had spoken frankly and boldly on the terrible question presented by the Battle of France.

In Willkie, the president found himself confronted with a competitor of a type he had not even dreamed of. The Democrats, fearful of losing their jobs, suddenly set up the cry that if the president did not run after cutting down every other possibility, he would be a traitor to his party. The president was "damned if he did," but worse damned if he didn't, as one man un-friendlily to him gleefully put it. And so the president did.

What the results may be, it is impossible to foretell. There are bad signs to be seen in many places. For one thing, the president's closest counselor is now Harry L. Hopkins, the apostle of compromise and opportunism. For another, the president is obviously tired. Being tired, he tends to succumb to such irritability against his critics and bankers as were plainly visible among the fine and brave things he said in his address of acceptance. And for a third, the convention has begun the campaign on an extremely low political level.

None but fools doubt the patriotism of the president. Certainly a deep sense of responsibility must fill such a man as Franklin Roosevelt, at such a time as this.

Thus the question really is whether he can ignore the easy counselors, conquer his tiredness, and lift the campaign to the level on which it should be waged. Unless the state, and every department experts are completely wrong in their predictions for the next months, the president must do all these inherently difficult things if the country is not to be brought very close to disaster.

If the president sets a high tone for the campaign, his opponent will have to try to reach the same level or accept defeat. Every sensible American, whether most bitterly opposed or most fervently attached to the new deal, must hope that at this time the president will find it in him to set wisely and with courage

AT THE
National Capitol
WITH
John W. Kelly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

Pacific northwest where power is abundant.

In addition to modern shipping facilities, deep water and rail transportation, the "X" company is interested in the Portland because it has a population of approximately 320,000, and this supplies a reservoir of labor. In the TVA country there are no large cities, the towns and villages being small, and labor scarce.

Provided the "X" company locates in the northwest and one or two other companies which are nibbling, congress will be requested for funds for additional generators for Bonneville to expedite completion in the full 10 years.

STUDY is now being made under the direction of the National Defense Advisory Commission of the possibilities of developing the magnesium resources of Oregon and Washington. This is another northwestern resource of which the eastern experts and scientists of the commission were profoundly ignorant until their attention was called to it last week. Magnesium is one of the lighter metals which is in demand for airplanes when the metal is more abundant, but can be extracted from the salt waters of the bays along the coast of Oregon, among other sources.

NEITHER new dealers (the incident nor administration position) are being consulted by Bill Knudsen, Stettinius, Ralph Budd, et al, as they work out plans for the procurement of raw materials, processing, production and transportation. Efforts of insiders to tell the industrial giants what to do have met with a cool reception, polite, but cool. In retaliation, insiders have inspired stories that the commission is falling down on the job.

CONVENTION aftermath: Radio listeners who heard "New York wants Roosevelt," "Illinois wants Roosevelt," and other states, may have supposed the state delegations were making the demands. The calls were made by Jimmy (Golden Boy) Cromwell, husband of the Duke of Chicago, and the superintendent of Chicago schools, who were two of the people... Advertising rates for the Democratic Book of 1940 ask \$8.00 for the back page in color (more than Saturday Evening Post, Woman's Companion and Ladies' Home Journal combined); full page in color \$3.125. Any contractor who wants to aid the cause can buy the inside back cover in color, for \$600.00. Cactus Jack Garner was so mad at the way Mr. Roosevelt was running things that when newsmen visited his office he threw them out when they invited comments... Mayor Kelly's Chicago machine took charge of the Roosevelt demonstration, the delegates, they even swarmed into the press section occupying seats of the sweating reporters, under pretext of being special police.

Elliott Roosevelt, as a member of the Texas delegation, voted for Garner and not his papa... While Georgia delegates were voting for Roosevelt, other Democrats in Georgia were organizing Willkie-McNary clubs. The president made an unsuccessful attempt to purge Senator George of Georgia, and it is still resented.

Forecast

Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Tuesday; rising temperature.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday, rising temperature in the interior, overcast at night on the coast, gentle to moderate northerly wind off coast.

Local Data

Temperature a year ago today: highest 105, lowest 58.

Total monthly precipitation, 14 inches, deficiency for the month, 17 inches.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1939, 22.60 inches, excess for the season 4.48 inches.

Relative humidity at 8 a. m. yesterday 80 percent; 5 a. m. today 83 percent.

Tomorrow: sunrise 4:58 a. m., sunset 7:40 p. m.

Observations Taken at 4:30 a. m. 120 Meridian Time

City	Temp	Wind	Clouds	Moisture
Boise	90	54	00	Clear
Boston	77	64	18	Cloudy
Chicago	95	72	00	P Cloudy
Denver	88	58	00	P Cloudy
Eureka	85	55	00	Cloudy
Harve	85	55	00	Clear
Los Angeles	88	52	00	Clear
Medford	83	57	00	P Cloudy
New York	95	74	00	P Cloudy
Omaha	98	73	00	P Cloudy
Phoenix	111	81	00	P Cloudy
Portland	80	63	00	Clear
Reno	81	49	00	Clear
Roseburg	88	64	00	Clear
Salt Lake	96	68	00	P Cloudy
San Francisco	69	58	00	Cloudy
Seattle	75	58	00	Cloudy
Spokane	83	58	00	P Cloudy
Wash., D. C.	100	74	00	P Cloudy
Wenatchee	82	54	00	P Cloudy

Closing time for Two Late so Classified Ads is 1:30 p. m.

See Mail Tribune want ads.

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 22, 1930.
(It was Tuesday.)
Packers report local help will be employed to handle pear crop, due to begin within next two weeks.

Julius L. Meier, Portland merchant, is a Republican candidate for governor, and announces he will uphold the platform of George W. Joseph, stricken nominee, if named.

Oregon due for another heat wave, weatherman reports.

All fires in national forest under control.

President Hoover declares signing of London naval treaty "gives peace with protection."

Holly theater to open here soon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 22, 1920.
(It was Thursday.)
Fordson tractor demonstration here Friday and Saturday.

Council calls special election in August to provide more water for southwest Medford.

Allied war looms again on Russian Reds, and U. S. may be asked to help Poland.

William K. Vanderbilt, American financier, dies in France.

Sen. Harding officially notified he is G.O.P. presidential candidate. Favors League of Nations, but not as President Wilson plans.

Ye Poets Corner

Them Roosevelts, Jimmie's making pictures, Elliott's on the air. Grandma's giving interviews for people here and there. Sister Anna's working for a daily way out west; Family's doing pretty well, but Mother does the best. Young John peddles merchandise up old New England way; Prosperity has found them all, I guess it's come to stay. Papa fights depressions, fills us all with hope. All the family's cleaning up, now that Mother's selling soap.

I guest one job's enough for me; I hope I do it well; But here's some observations that I'd like a chance to tell. I'd like to get my wife a job, else what are women for? But I hope they're not too busy now to carry on a war. What with fireside chats and lectures, and columns in the press. And with their books and radio they'll get along, I guess. The family budget really ought to show a bit of gain. And if a third term seeks them out, their likely won't complain.

I feel my senses tingle and it makes my old heart throb. To think there might be one of them that cannot find a job. But I really cease to worry when I think how well they've done. How times have changed for all of them since they moved to Washington. November's drawing night again, a change that sometimes brings. And all of them may have to work once more at common things; But Pa won't have to worry, for with vigor and with vim. Ma can keep right on selling soap and take good care of him. Ray W. Lockard.

"One-Horse" Laws. Superior, Wis.—(P)—City authorities, eager to get superior from being called a one-horse town, took steps at once when they discovered that policemen were governed by a manual left over from horse and buggy days. Among instructions to policemen it listed were these: To note all cases of fast (horse) driving, prohibit cruelty to animals, keep horses off of sidewalks, untangle traffic snarls caused by teams and report ailments or defects in stock and harnesses of the police department.

A Good Dead. Zurich.—(P)—Swiss students are playing host to students from Holland and Belgium. More than a hundred men are studying at the University of Zurich. All communications have been cut off and the students are stranded and penniless in Zurich. The Union of Swiss Students has asked the foreign men to be their guests for meals until they hear from home again.