

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-31-13 North 3rd St. Phone 11. ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor. BRUNET R. GILBERT, Manager.

Subscription Rates: Daily and Sunday—year, \$8.00; Daily and Sunday—six months, \$5.00; Daily and Sunday—three months, \$3.00.

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1917.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

Advertising Representatives: WEST-COAST PUBLISHING CO., INC. Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Portland, N. L. Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

MEMBER OF OREGON NEWS PAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

New Deal chieftains now endeavor to convince the nation, the President did not "seek" the third term nomination, while yanking himself into it by his own bootstraps.

Lord Halifax, foreign minister, yesterday announced Herr Hitler's threat of destruction to Great Britain.

"Great fact will be needed to build up this idea that Mrs. Willkie is a quiet, retiring, home-loving soul without making it sound like a sly comparison."

FAIR ENOUGH! (Pendleton East Oregonian) "The following notice was recently seen posted on a prominent street of Athena."

Portland has launched an auto safety campaign, with the slogan, "No More Alibis." This probably includes the old standby: I was only going 25, and had a drink of beer last Thursday.

Wrestling was resumed at the military base last night, and at times it looked like the descriptions of Democratic convention.

We received the following joke from Europe: "Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman who (22 words censored)."

BEHOLD! THE GLORY! (Whirligig Column) "The only candidate who gave a touch of color and showmanship to the convention was Paul V. McNutt of Indiana, who was going no place despite his lavish and expensive headquarters setting."

Our South Carolina friend, who was strong for Willkie at Philadelphia, was even stronger for President Roosevelt here, and intends to work for him.

There is no point in arguing with him either,—when S. C. knows a thing he KNOWS it.

Under the circumstances, therefore,—such blind Roosevelt devotion,—we were surprised to have him agree with our view of the hokum in that radio acceptance speech of the President's early yesterday morning.

They May Ring Luzern Ph.—It will not be Sunday in the cantons of Luzern and Zug, Switzerland when all the church bells ring.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, Ill., July 20.—The weather man must be a Democrat. As long as the convention was on, he tempered the heat to the woolly Bourbon lamb.

As this is being written it's 94 in the shade, which out in the Rogue River valley would mean approximately 194,—for the humidity here just about doubles the poison.

Yes, he must be a Democrat, for a Republican would have cut off those cool lake breezes and refreshing nights, thereby killing at least a thousand long-suffering followers of Franklin DELANO Roosevelt.

And that mortality crack isn't entirely facetious. As it is we venture to say it will take months for many a good Democrat to recover from the effects of the gathering.

For now that one can get a perspective, it was, we believe, one of the most depressing, dispiriting and all-around DISCOURAGING conventions the Democratic party has ever held.

The agonies it caused varied of course,—but it is our firm conviction that no one was pleased with it, or its results,—and this goes for the President, and all the way on down the line.

Imagine en passant how the plastered ones are feeling this hot, dank and steaming morning!

The two convention pictures that cling with us, in retrospect, are, we believe, typical of the entire proceeding.

FIRST, there is Jim Farley, chewing gum nervously, tears in his eyes gazing at that whooping celebration for President Roosevelt as it went on the chairman's efforts to check it (half-hearted ones) in spite ON AND ON!

Second, there is the venerable but valiant Senator Glass after that speech of his against the third term, eyes closed, lying back in his chair,—his strong but colorless face completely expressionless,—his dignified bride of a few weeks holding one hand, while with the other she tenderly pried a palm leaf fan!

Put those two figures in stone, and they could be filed away in the archives of the Democratic party, as perfect symbols of the Chicago convention of 1940!

We note the odds on Wall Street,—where they are not inclined to be sentimental about such things,—have changed since this convention started from 2 to 1 on Roosevelt, to 10 to 9.

For this convention has brought into sharp relief two things: First, there is a serious split in the ranks of the Democratic party over Roosevelt and the third term.

Second, some of the most sinister and corrupt political forces in the country are behind Roosevelt, working for Roosevelt, and for one reason and one reason alone: If Roosevelt is re-elected they will continue in power, and if he isn't they won't.

And unless the morale of the Democratic party and its leadership radically change from what it is today, we predict those odds will continue to drop from now until election.

Having contributed one smacker to the watch for Jim Farley from his friends in the press section, we went around to his final press conference to see the same Farley.

He isn't an intelligent or thoughtful person. He is, to us at least, almost entirely devoid of color or charm,—but, one does feel he is absolutely genuine, honest, and loyal in the extreme.

We imagine the real story of the break between Farley and Roosevelt would make great copy and throw a revealing sidelight upon their respective and dissimilar characters, but it very likely will never be told.

Not that a specialist could hope to live on the professional income he might earn in that field of practice, under the principles of medical ethics as established in the present era.

There is no point in arguing with him either,—when S. C. knows a thing he KNOWS it.

Under the circumstances, therefore,—such blind Roosevelt devotion,—we were surprised to have him agree with our view of the hokum in that radio acceptance speech of the President's early yesterday morning.

tion to get together, both in his party and outside, perfect strategy and plans, and put up their STRONGEST MAN. Even more important, perhaps, there would have been time to arouse and crystallize PUBLIC OPINION throughout the country against him and the third term.

"Oh, sure, I don't deny that. Neither do I deny that the President is a smoothy when it comes to political tactics and manipulation or if he saw an opportunity to gain an important objective, politically speaking, he wouldn't, if need be, sacrifice his best friend.

"I have no illusions about F.D.R. any more than I had about T.R.; both great men, and essentially right in their aims,—at least as I see them.

"So I am for them. But there is no argument regarding that early morning radio speech, as far as I am concerned. He didn't tell the truth, about why he did thus and so,—but most of the people will believe he did,—and, oh, hell!—bunko, when you come down to brass tacks what's the truth ANYWAY, and what's it got to do with POLITICS—if you can't be a realist and rutilant in this game, you better not go into it,—not as a big shot in the Big League, anyway.

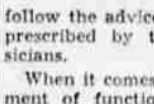
Personal Health Service

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 envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink.

ORGANIC DISEASE IS FUNCTIONAL AT FIRST

Although a minority of individuals afflicted with diabetes, cancer, tuberculosis, peptic ulcer, gallstones, heart disease, Bright's disease or other serious organic disease choose to delude themselves or "try" various nostrums which purport to cure, most such sufferers with fair intelligence or common sense follow the advice and treatment prescribed by their own physicians.



When it comes to the management of functional ailments a great many more sufferers are inclined to gamble with health. If this were not so, I suppose there would be little interest in a column like mine. A handful of letters daily are from people whose health, as far as their letters indicate, is excellent. But 99 out of 100 letters daily are from people who have some complaint, some ailment, perhaps still only functional.

Under present circumstances where else can these people with functional ailments seek advice if not in this shop? Unfortunately, there are still a great many physicians who, instead of taking seriously the timid complaints of these people, are inclined to laugh at them and dismiss them with the assurance that there is nothing the matter and the advice to forget it.

My life for many years has been just one controversy or quarrel after another, with the doctors who purport to represent medical science or the authoritative medical opinion of the day. I have taken some severe punishment, and I have given a few telling blows in return.

The history of these battles, in reference to the chemical obliteration of varicose veins, the ambulant treatment of hernia, the diathermy extirpation of tonsils, the injec-tion treatment of hemorrhoids, the iniquity of the attitude of the organized medical profession toward the patenting of medicines, insulin in particular, is in itself ample recompense, yet I am tired of it all. I am cogitating the question of entering practice in some community as a new kind of specialist, limiting my practice to preventive medicine or prophylaxis exclusively.

Not that a specialist could hope to live on the professional income he might earn in that field of practice, under the principles of medical ethics as established in the present era. But there is a means of showing one's wares from the house tops without actually infringing the letter of the code of ethics, a means which innumerable eminent specialists use every day. That is writing articles for the magazines, delivering addresses before meetings or societies or clubs, and being interviewed, as the boys euphemistically say, by reporters for the newspapers. Such publicity is infinitely more effective than any kind one can buy.

However, before I take the plunge, there is an essential task to be completed, namely, a textbook for medical students on the Practice of Prophylaxis.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Cards Are Not Letters. Some time ago sent you a card about calcium spots below knee. Have not seen answer.—R. S. Zetter. Correspondents this exact address are instructed to inclose stamped or addressed envelope.

THE CAPITAL PARADE AT THE National Capitol WITH John W. Kelly

By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER. Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, July 23.—The convention miasma is fading and the realities of life in this year of very dubious grace are beginning to loom again. One of these is the almost unbearable problem of the English children. Despite the desperate need for refuge of millions of these children, and the willingness—even eagerness—of literally hundreds of thousands of Americans to take the children into their homes, nothing is being done to bridge the gap.

There are not enough vessels of the Queen Mary class to evacuate sufficient numbers of children to prevent discrimination.

There are not British warships available for convoy. For whereas the British had 455 destroyers at the end of the last war, they now have far less than half that number and must use all they have to hold the channel. Thus it is useless to hope that the British government will change its mind, and send children to this country in British bottoms. It would be a tragic mistake if the government did so.

A vast tonnage of American shipping is, of course, available to bring the children to the safe places which await them in the United States. Under an exception of the neutrality act allowed some months ago by congress, the Red Cross is permitted to send ships into marine combat zones for relief purposes, so long as safe contacts are obtained from the German government.

As it happens, the Red Cross proposes to carry on an extensive relief program this winter in the European nations for which Germany is now responsible. The U. S. government is considering contributing part of the American food surplus for this purpose. Many wise heads doubt the advisability of allowing neutral American generosity thus to give indirect aid to Germany against the national interest. But if this aid is to be given, certainly safe contacts for Red Cross child rescue ships should be asked as its price.

A strong movement for this purpose is now afoot. The Red Cross also has its bureaucracy, and it seems to be somewhat unwilling to move. The administration, afflicted with the counsels of opportunists, is not anxious to take a daring part. But the problem is so dramatic, the plea so reasonable that action is at least possible. If the German government is publicly asked to cooperate in seeing Europe starve and bombing the children, or letting the children escape and seeing Europe, it seems inconceivable that even the gangster minds now in power in Germany can hesitate for long.

The scuteneers of the need of the English children can hardly be exaggerated. The children of Spain, except at Guernica, knew no such intensive bombing as the English children will know. Yet in the camps of Spanish child refugees, competent welfare workers found that their horrible experiences had so im-bued the children's minds that they could think, and talk, and picture nothing but the horrors of war. Many of them, it was feared, could never grow up into normal men and women.

Now can one exaggerate the generous eagerness of the American people to meet the need of the English children. Instances can be multiplied indefinitely. Perhaps the most telling is the story of the Italian farm laborer and his wife, with four children of their own and no huge sum to keep them on. Against the advice of their employer and despite the fact their home-land is at war with England, this humble Italian couple insisted on applying to the child refugee committee to be allowed to care for an English child. Under the circumstances it seems doubtful that even such isolationists as Burton K. Wheeler and Bennett Champ Clark will dare to urge that the children be left to face their fate.

Now can one exaggerate the generous eagerness of the American people to meet the need of the English children. Instances can be multiplied indefinitely. Perhaps the most telling is the story of the Italian farm laborer and his wife, with four children of their own and no huge sum to keep them on. Against the advice of their employer and despite the fact their home-land is at war with England, this humble Italian couple insisted on applying to the child refugee committee to be allowed to care for an English child. Under the circumstances it seems doubtful that even such isolationists as Burton K. Wheeler and Bennett Champ Clark will dare to urge that the children be left to face their fate.

Dirty work brewing at crossroads. PACKAGE, opened ceremonially, proves to be pint I won by going out on limb and betting Hance Cleland F.D.R. would take it and like it.

When I bet snakebite cure and win, why does the other guy always have to frame it up to pay his bet in a crowd? Oh, well, life's like that. Besides, the darned stuff won't go bad here.

HART mountain, shimmering desert distances. Dust clouds heralding approach of fellow saps. High air spicy with scent of sage. Splashes of brilliant flowers.

Much slapping of backs. "Well, well, well; back again, huh?" "Yep; couldn't stay away. Haven't missed one yet."

"Hey there, you old horse-thief; how's for a little mud in the eye? Reach under my bed roll. It ought to be there, if some of these big binders haven't found it."

AL Hampson, one of the Pacific coast's biggest lawyers. Bob Cavagner, western head of the Associated Press. Shucks! When they take their hair down they're just like the rest of us dudes.

Henry Thiele, Oregon's best-known cook, white apron, white cap and all, dishing it out. It's good, too. Bill Kit's cowboy cook could not have done any better.

THAT's Hart mountain for you. Big shots, Cowhands. Circuit judges. Birds with cal-loused hands. All mixed to-gether and loving it.

Following McNary's nomination for vice president on the Republican ticket Wallace called him on the telephone, offering his congratulations and, virtually, said he wished he could have the vice presi-dential nomination with Mr. Roose-velt. At that time Wallace had not the ghost of a chance. Later in ad-dressing an important farm group Wallace praised McNary for his work in behalf of agriculture.

For his campaign against McNary Wallace is well financed. He has at his disposal for the farmers \$1,375,000.000. This will be distributed for soil conservation and other purposes. Benefit checks start going out a few weeks before the November election. Millions of them, and these gifts from the federal government cannot fail to bear impressive argument with many receiving them in 1941. Neither Wallace nor McNary will indulge in personalities. They speak the same language, each being a practical farmer.

HEADED home. Passed on way by tall string bean from Lakeview. (If you don't know how lucky you are!)

Catch him on Warnor rim grade. He's fixing puncture. Offer help. Not needed, but tie in anyway. Appropriate ceremonies afterward.

Tall string bean professes knowledge of wonderful deposit of Indian arrowheads. Where? Oh, over beyond that brown patch down there. Comprehensive wave of hand. "Follow me."

Yeah, follow him! You've done it before. But you follow him. No arrowheads. And the kind of road he leads you over couldn't be told in print.

HOME again. Dirty. Tired. Whiskered like a porcu-pine. Probably a few ticks; haven't had time to explore yet. Tensions all relaxed. No further inclination to bite best friend in leg when he asks civil question. Feel human all over and ready to face world again.

That's Hart mountain. That's why hell, high water and new-born babies can't keep the clan away when the date rolls around.

FIRST entry, a week before the date! Not going this year. Hart mountain jaunt lot of hoey anyway. Heat. Dirt. Ticks. Whiskers. Air mattress probably has hole in it, and ground hard.

Talked to lot of other guys and all feel same way. Life real. Life earned. No time for sap hegritis to desert. Bosom swells with virtue following above decision.

SECOND entry: Just jumped by another member of the sap clan. "Going to Hart mountain day after tomorrow?" he wants to know. Answer: "Sure; coming along!"

(Now where the dickens did that decision come from? Had it all fixed nice and sensible. Isn't life a mess?)

Other guy's face lights up. "Be right with you," he chortles. We both prance off, tails in air, to get ready.

Odd how much brighter the sun shines than a few minutes ago. Air kind of tangy, too. Feeling like million all of a sudden.

Queer half-way. IN camp, halfway to the mountain. Fire going. Coffee pot boiling. Potatoes frying. Grease snapping in other pan; about right to sizzle steak. Onions all peeled and smelling to high heaven. World rosy.

Partner in crime produces package. Looks at other partner in crime. Both look at me and smother grins.

Dirty work brewing at crossroads. PACKAGE, opened ceremonially, proves to be pint I won by going out on limb and betting Hance Cleland F.D.R. would take it and like it.

When I bet snakebite cure and win, why does the other guy always have to frame it up to pay his bet in a crowd? Oh, well, life's like that. Besides, the darned stuff won't go bad here.

HART mountain, shimmering desert distances. Dust clouds heralding approach of fellow saps. High air spicy with scent of sage. Splashes of brilliant flowers.

Much slapping of backs. "Well, well, well; back again, huh?" "Yep; couldn't stay away. Haven't missed one yet."

"Hey there, you old horse-thief; how's for a little mud in the eye? Reach under my bed roll. It ought to be there, if some of these big binders haven't found it."

AL Hampson, one of the Pacific coast's biggest lawyers. Bob Cavagner, western head of the Associated Press. Shucks! When they take their hair down they're just like the rest of us dudes.

Henry Thiele, Oregon's best-known cook, white apron, white cap and all, dishing it out. It's good, too. Bill Kit's cowboy cook could not have done any better.

THAT's Hart mountain for you. Big shots, Cowhands. Circuit judges. Birds with cal-loused hands. All mixed to-gether and loving it.

Following McNary's nomination for vice president on the Republican ticket Wallace called him on the telephone, offering his congratulations and, virtually, said he wished he could have the vice presi-dential nomination with Mr. Roose-velt. At that time Wallace had not the ghost of a chance. Later in ad-dressing an important farm group Wallace praised McNary for his work in behalf of agriculture.

For his campaign against McNary Wallace is well financed. He has at his disposal for the farmers \$1,375,000.000. This will be distributed for soil conservation and other purposes. Benefit checks start going out a few weeks before the November election. Millions of them, and these gifts from the federal government cannot fail to bear impressive argument with many receiving them in 1941. Neither Wallace nor McNary will indulge in personalities. They speak the same language, each being a practical farmer.



By Frank Jenkins

(This column today will begin nowhere and get nowhere. It will have no definite purpose. It will be a jumble of rambling thoughts. For it is the personal diary of a yearly journey to Hart mountain to attend the ninth annual gathering of the Order of the Antelope.)

FIRST entry, a week before the date! Not going this year. Hart mountain jaunt lot of hoey anyway. Heat. Dirt. Ticks. Whiskers. Air mattress probably has hole in it, and ground hard.

Talked to lot of other guys and all feel same way. Life real. Life earned. No time for sap hegritis to desert. Bosom swells with virtue following above decision.

SECOND entry: Just jumped by another member of the sap clan. "Going to Hart mountain day after tomorrow?" he wants to know. Answer: "Sure; coming along!"

(Now where the dickens did that decision come from? Had it all fixed nice and sensible. Isn't life a mess?)

Other guy's face lights up. "Be right with you," he chortles. We both prance off, tails in air, to get ready.

Odd how much brighter the sun shines than a few minutes ago. Air kind of tangy, too. Feeling like million all of a sudden.

Queer half-way. IN camp, halfway to the mountain. Fire going. Coffee pot boiling. Potatoes frying. Grease snapping in other pan; about right to sizzle steak. Onions all peeled and smelling to high heaven. World rosy.

Partner in crime produces package. Looks at other partner in crime. Both look at me and smother grins.

Dirty work brewing at crossroads. PACKAGE, opened ceremonially, proves to be pint I won by going out on limb and betting Hance Cleland F.D.R. would take it and like it.

When I bet snakebite cure and win, why does the other guy always have to frame it up to pay his bet in a crowd? Oh, well, life's like that. Besides, the darned stuff won't go bad here.

HART mountain, shimmering desert distances. Dust clouds heralding approach of fellow saps. High air spicy with scent of sage. Splashes of brilliant flowers.

Much slapping of backs. "Well, well, well; back again, huh?" "Yep; couldn't stay away. Haven't missed one yet."

"Hey there, you old horse-thief; how's for a little mud in the eye? Reach under my bed roll. It ought to be there, if some of these big binders haven't found it."

AL Hampson, one of the Pacific coast's biggest lawyers. Bob Cavagner, western head of the Associated Press. Shucks! When they take their hair down they're just like the rest of us dudes.

Henry Thiele, Oregon's best-known cook, white apron, white cap and all, dishing it out. It's good, too. Bill Kit's cowboy cook could not have done any better.

THAT's Hart mountain for you. Big shots, Cowhands. Circuit judges. Birds with cal-loused hands. All mixed to-gether and loving it.

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 23, 1930. (It was Wednesday.) California supreme court to hear new version of Tom Mooney case.

Mercury rises to 100 degrees in Grants Pass today, and 94 degrees here.

Olen Alender returns from trip to Toronto, Can., where he attended the Shrine convention.

Water in Rogue too warm for fishing.

Harvesting of Bartlett crop to start August 10.

Crater lake to have four new fire lookout stations.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 23, 1920. (It was Friday.) Stanley Sherwood and Earl York accept positions as substitute letter carriers at the postoffice.

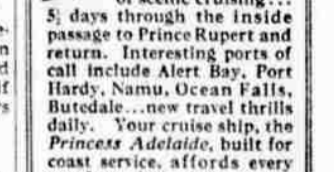
Dr. J. C. Hayes of Portland, after practicing 12 years in Portland, buys bungalow on West Main street.

Babe Ruth hits his 33rd homer of the year.

Poland sends S.O.S. to America as Warsaw nears capture by Bolsheviks.

William J. Bryan is nominee of the Bone-Dry party for president.

Clothing is a for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1.30 p. m.



Cruise the Fjords of British Columbia. 1000 miles of scenic cruising... 5 days through the inside passage to Prince Rupert and return.

A 5 DAY CRUISE... \$47.50 FROM SEATTLE... All details from your Agent, or Canadian Pacific.

SWIM IN DRINKING WATER. Children Adults 20c 20c. OUR SUITS 5c 10c.

ADULT CLASS — Continuing on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 7:00 o'clock.

MERRICK'S. Open 1 p. m. until 9:45 p. m.