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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
Two Democrats, unable to swallow the third term notion, in whole or part, are described by the President as amiable men "whose minds run more to dollars than humanity."

News pictures show Wendell Willkie, GOP, presidential nominee, climbing a Colorado fence, and getting all the way over. This proves he is a green hand as a politician.

A SQUARE HIT NAIL (Marked Tree (Ark. News))
"Attorney General Jack Holt has ruled that there is no legal requirement that a school director be able to read and write. We cling to the opinion, however, that it would be a decided advantage."

Juveniles and fashionable youths who have been running around without their shirts, are now as brown as nuts.

The Pacific Highway, it is claimed, will never be a military road as long as the diabolical crooked Sexton Mt. unit exists. It, however, should be maintained for its defensive value.

One school of thought holds if there is only one in this nation of 130 to 140 million souls, qualified to be President, it is time to give the country back to the Indians. Another school holds the Indians have suffered enough.

BACK-FIRING SCOOP (Iowa City Times)
"We were the first in the state to announce, on the 11th instant, the news of the destruction in Des Moines, by fire, of the mammoth paint establishment of Jenkins & Bros. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."

The United States refuses to recognize Russia's stand involving three Baltic republics. It is not expected this diplomatic fooling around near the Arctic Circle will reduce the number of jobless at home much before next spring.

Wild oats are showing up in residential areas. It's always the bad boy down the street who sowed them.

The first steer of the hunting season has looked too much like a deer, in the subdued light of the forest.

German Estimate Millions Homeless
Paris (Via Berlin), July 19.—(Delayed)—The German relief organization N.S.V. (National Sozialistische Volkswohlfahrt) estimated today there are 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 homeless war refugees in France.

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, July 22.—To the Pullman company for reservations through Canada. Glad to get out of this hell-hole, but the prospect of a trip to Medford via the cornbelt and the Sacramento valley, not inviting. Have to have a birth certificate to get out.—of Canada that is.

NOT difficult, for ye editor was born within 80 miles of this dump, but it IS difficult to realize how many decades have whizzed by since then!

Pardon somewhat uncomplimentary terms concerning the second largest city in the United States,—but this continued heat and humidity have us down,—way down. No place short of the Promised Land would be endurable in such an atmosphere, and the sooner we get out of it the better. Think of the poor people,—and we MEAN poor,—living in those dirty tenements just across from the Democratic convention hall today,—when it's completely stifling here on the free, airy and open lake front!

That last night of the convention all ages were draped over the fire escapes and listening to the reports of the convention broadcasted from the loud speaker truck near the main entrance. Certainly no better evidence could be desired that there ARE thousands of people in this country who are ill fed, ill housed and ill clothed. (The latter item of no particular importance, however, and not so regarded by the victims,—the fewer the clothes the better on the fire escape that final evening!)

It pays to advertise. We swallowed a small one in the morning "Trib," extolling the attractions of the "greatest show on earth," Ringling's and Barnum and Bailey's, directly on the lake front, with Gargantua, the giant gorilla, as a major star, and everything, including the big tent, "AIR-CONDITIONED."

It was that AIR-CONDITIONED and Gargantua that got us, for we were genuinely curious about the latter and felt we could endure the usual circus hocus poems with the former coming to our assistance.

Well, we won't deny they had air conditioning engines pumping whatever it IS they pump through canvas pipes, through the top of the "big top." Nor can we deny they had a dark navy blue canvas under the main canvas to further reduce the sun's glaring heat. But if anything could have been stuffer and hotter than that tent during the 3-ring performance, we suggest old Beelzebub himself get an option on it.

As such things go we don't doubt this was "the greatest show on earth," but we couldn't stick it for more than an hour. To console the Ringling Bros.—if they need consoling,—we might add we saw no one else in the mob who couldn't,—we filed out in solitary grandeur, and the editorial tongue hanging out about a foot!

But we did see Gargantua and fed peanuts to about 75 elephants,—also to one fluffy-nosed giraffe. Gargantua, by the way, gets all the best of it,—he is REALLY air-conditioned, lives in what closely resembles a gigantic glass and steel ice box, at a temperature that is pegged around 75 day and night. No one can get at him, and he can get at no one,—which is fortunate,—for here is a blitzkrieg in human form if ever there was one. Garga has five guards and a police dog to keep tab on him. They don't even dare feed him in the open cage, but lure him into a small compartment in one end of the truck, then close the door behind him, and let him feed HIMSELF,—with all the freedom of a bank bandit who has locked himself in his own burglar-proof vault!

Gargantua weighs over 500 pounds and according to one of his keepers is all muscle and cussedness. Because of the thick glass and steel bars it wasn't easy to get a clear view of the brute in the afternoon, though at frequent intervals they turned on the flood lights within the ice box. At night, they claim, the view is much more satisfactory.

However, we saw enough to be grateful for the steel bars and the heavy glass encased in lead frames,—for a more terrifying and forbidding looking object than Gargantua could scarcely be imagined. He doesn't resemble any apes or gorillas we have ever seen—he looks far less like a man than MOST apes, and far less like an ape than SOME men. In fact, he doesn't look like anything animal, vegetable or human,—he looks like something put together in Hollywood, to out-Dracula Dracula,—and if called upon Gargantua could certainly do it.

The keeper had a pleasing suggestion, which is no doubt one of his conversational cliches,—why not recruit an army of apes, put Gargantua at the head, and sic them on Mussolini. We were surprised he didn't say "Hitler" until we noticed the suggestion of a Hamburg accent!

It seems Gargantua's favorite table delicacy is ox liver,—a whole one,—which he chews up, and then delicately spits out the pulp. This is his only meat,—the rest of his menu consists of various vegetables and fruits. When he gets irritated and feels in need of an outlet, he likes to take a small auto tire casing, hanging in the ice box, and tear it into little bits,—as Mr. Homo Sapiens might tear up a letter he didn't want!

"Garga" was very mild when we saw him, however,—he looked ferocious enough and often showed his teeth (wish we had as good a set!) but spent most of his time wiping up his cage floor with a wet rag, and then squeezing it out, and doing the job all over again. He walks on all fours,—on the knuckles of his tremendous hands,—and never (this is the keeper's story) gets on his hind feet except when he gets mad, and wants to smash things up. Fortunately there is nothing outside of the rag and auto tire he can smash.

While we were there he started once slowly to unlimber as if to stand up, whereupon the keeper took a handful of his Gargantua booklets (which he sells for 15 cents apiece) and banged them against the glass making a terrific SLAP. Gargantua showed no interest in this proceeding, but soon resumed his semi-recumbent position, apparently partially as a result of it.

The clowns were numerous, but very disappointing. In the gay nineties and afterward the clowns had a major share in the going-on, but today apparently they do little more than put themselves into strange costumes, with fantastic false faces, and walk or run around the tent once or twice. We don't know what the idea is but think it a very poor one.

In the old days the clowns were real artists, many of their sketches being something to recall with amusement and pleasure long afterward. These clowns,—at least up to the time we walked out,—were as complete a washout as the anti-Roosevelt nominating speeches at the Democratic circus just a few hours back!

Well, we think the Messrs. Ringling, Barnum & Bailey, and others deceased were wise in putting on their show after the convention, rather than before,—wise at least from a Democratic standpoint. To have had to sit through that Democratic circus after having seen a good one, would have been just one hot-dog TOO MUCH!—R.W.R.

HUNTINGTON NEW HEAD OF ORDER OF ANTELOPE
Bend, July 24.—(P)—C. A. "Shy" Huntington of Eugene, former University of Oregon football coach, was elected president of the Order of Antelope

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.

THE D and CA TREATMENT OF ARTHRITIS

For many years readers have been reporting in letters to this column their satisfaction from taking various forms of calcium for "rheumatism."



Fundamentally I'm skeptical of the remedial value of most medicines if not a therapeutic nihilist. So I have generally credited these beneficial results to Old Doctor Coincidence.

Since the recently introduced high potency vitamin D treatment of chronic arthritis has come into wide use, with most encouraging results in many obstinate cases, I have been constrained to abate my incredulity a jot and a couple of titles. Not that the high potency or massive dose vitamin D treatment is a sure cure or even a panacea, but in a fair proportion of cases of advanced chronic arthritis which fails to respond to other remedies or therapeutic measures a daily dose of from 200,000 to 400,000 U. S. P. XI units of vitamin D (4 to 8 teaspoonfuls of D in oil, or 4 to 8 capsules daily) for several months, appears to bring about gratifying improvement, in some instances restoring the patient from a crippled or helpless state to his or her normal occupation. (Details of the treatment are given in monograph on "Arthritis," available on request if you inclose stamped envelope bearing your address.)

The physiological action or function of calcium (lime) in the body is somewhat complicated for the comprehension of the layman, but briefly it is essential for ossification of bone, for regulation or nerve-muscular irritability or excitement, for efficient contraction of the muscle of heart and artery wall, for normal clotting of blood, and to maintain normal permeability of capillary endothelium or to diminish excessive permeability of the capillary endothelium.

Best food sources of calcium for anybody are milk, cheese (every kind), egg yolk, green vegetables, raw cabbage, carrots, turnips, dried peas, beans, nuts, peanuts, cauliflower, string beans, oysters, watercress, dandelion greens, radishes, celery, onions, orange and orange juice, plain wheat, oatmeal or rolled oats, rhubarb, lemon or lemon juice asparagus, lettuce, parsnips. Any one with arthritis or, if you prefer, "chronic rheumatism" should dismiss from his mind any delusions or fancies he may have about "acid" in any such food and include these calcium-rich foods in his daily diet as a simple matter of good nutrition and good health.

The daily requirement of the body is estimated at about ten grains of elementary calcium for the adult, at least 15 or 18 grains for the child. Only one-fourth of the calcium present in food is or can be absorbed or utilized—the other three-fourths of it is excreted in the feces. Remember that vitamin D is necessary for absorption and utilization of calcium. Acidity in the small intestine also favors better absorption and utilization of calcium.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Hay Fever.
Deeply grateful for your advice on hay fever. Have been following the instructions in monograph on "Allergy" and the relief has been remarkable. I'll never gain without soluble KCl during hay fever time. Is it all right to dissolve the tablets in orange juice instead of water? I'm such a baby about taking medicine. —Mrs. W. R.

Answer—Yes. On request of readers who inclose stamped addressed envelope I am glad to mail monographs on "Hay Fever" and "Relief for Allergy."
Characteristic Deduction.
You have recommended quinine so highly as a home remedy, we would like to hear your views on the statement in the clipping enclosed. (S. T. Answer.)

The clipping is a news picture of two gentlemen who had to hold their heads cheek to cheek while one of them pretends to read his paper, for the photographer's benefit. The gentlemen purport to be "Doctors." They cite statistics that only a small portion of the deaf are born deaf and they deduce that quinine must be accountable for deafness at birth—because so many deaf mutes have at some time in life taken quinine. The "Doctors" make this characteristic deduction are not doctors of medicine, however. That's all one needs to know. (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.

THE CAPITAL PARADE

By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER
Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.
Washington, July 24.—The issue has ceased, somehow, to seem very fundamental. Yet it is an interesting, if slightly nostalgic footnote to the history of these whirling times, that the new dealers regard what happened in Chicago as the natural end-product of the process begun in the famous 1933 purge.

The president distressed the party hacks who chiefly composed the delegations at the convention by facing Henry A. Wallace as second man on the ticket. It was loudly charged, both by anti-Wallace delegates and anti-new deal observers, that the president's motive was to "new deal" the Democratic party. The new dealers, speaking for the president, cheerfully answer guilty to this charge. New dealing the democracy was precisely what they hoped for from the purge, and now they are in the comfortable frame of mind of a man who feels he lost the first battle but won the war.

Purely domestic American historic processes are likely to be aborted at any moment, these days, by the brutal impact of events abroad. Nevertheless, it is difficult to doubt that for what it is worth the new dealers' view is correct.

The 1938 purge was represented at the time, as a purely frivolous grab for power. This was a half truth. Behind the purge was an elaborate political theory, best set down in Professor Harold Laski's "The American Presidency," a book which may be described as Laski's brilliantly assembled recollections of talks with the president, Thomas G. Coover, Benjamin N. Cohen, Justice Hugo L. Black and others. This theory is basic in the new deal. Briefly, the theory is that the American government, with its careful division of powers, was planned as a "negative" government. It is not called upon, by the social, economic and political pressures of the times, to assume the role of "positive" government. Yet "positive" action is constantly being frustrated by the

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins.
AT Hart Mountain, in Lake county, there is a great antelope reserve—some 270,000 acres of it. Over in the corner of Nevada, roughly 100 miles away, there is another antelope reserve—the Sheldon. Over in Harney county, a great bird sanctuary is being restored and built up.

These large-scale wild life protection projects retain or PUT BACK land and other physical property in the hands of the federal government and REMOVE them from local taxation. That raises a question of considerable economic importance: Are they good OR BAD for the communities in or near which they are located?

DR. HIBBARD of Burns, an intelligent, thoughtful and TOLERANT citizen, long interested in wild life, a former member of the Oregon game commission, said to this writer the other day: "The Malheur bird sanctuary, which has already absorbed one of our great ranches and is absorbing another, is putting back into our country MANY dollars for each dollar of local taxation it is depriving us of."

So far, he explained, the dollars that have been put back are CAPITAL dollars—that is, money expended for the building and development of physical plant. Later on, the income dollars will begin to roll in. The income dollars will be largely the money spent by tourists, hunters, etc.

ALREADY, with the aid of the CCC, a highway to make these projects available to the general public has been begun. It will cross the immense Hart Mountain reserve and pass the Malheur bird sanctuary. When completed, it will be a by-pass from the highway and railroad routes such as the Old Oregon Trail and the Union Pacific to the highway and rail routes that parallel the coast and the Sierra and Cascade mountain ranges.

Even now, plans are hazily in the making to stop bus and rail travelers at say Ontario and take them across this great country of the open spaces to say Klamath Falls or Medford, giving them a day or so in the fascinating REAL west. Provision for this shuttle trip would be made in round trip tickets by bus or rail.

These plans are nebulous in the extreme as yet, but they show what men whose business is vacation travel think of the possibilities (from the tourist standpoint) of this vast south-eastern Oregon country whose wide deserts grip with the thrilling fingers of romance the hearts of nearly all who see them.

PLEASE do not feel that this writer is beating the drum for these new ideas that if realized are bound to change so greatly the economic face of this area.

Every acre removed from the open range is an acre TAKEN AWAY from the livestock industry. Every mouthful of grass consumed by an antelope or a mule deer is a mouthful taken away from cattle, sheep and horses. There is NO SURPLUS of grass.

This writer isn't here taking sides because he doesn't know now whether these new ideas

that are taking root and the still hazy development plans that are beginning to take nebulous shape around them will be ultimately good or bad for this country. This effort is merely that of a reporter who is trying to inform rather than LEAD.

COMING events cast their shadows before them, and already these new possibilities are casting a shadow—not very plain as yet, but clearly perceptible. You can see it in the stakes and the preliminary construction on the road across Hart Mountain. You sense it in this talk of shuttle service for tourists.

We'd better be doing some thinking about it, so that we may be able to deal with it intelligently when it comes face to face with us.

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

power he will discuss himself during the one of several speeches he plans, but Willkie's own views will be awaited with interest. Democrats, such as Walter M. Pierce of Oregon, are preparing to attack Willkie on his testimony in the hearings on the holding company bill.

The new deal camp all is not serene. There is a rumor that Charley Michelson, pastmaster of "smear," is to be eased out as chief propagandist for the national committee and replaced by a super-new deal columnist not noted for his accuracy. New Dealers, as distinguished from Democrats, are in complete control and believe they can run the campaign successfully without the aid of men who have devoted a lifetime to Jeffersonian democracy. The new dealers are depending heavily on the political machines and local bosses, such as Kelly's machine in Chicago; Hague's in New Jersey; Flynn's in New York; Guffey's in Pennsylvania. They are after the states with the largest number of electoral votes.

Mr. Roosevelt is confident he has the labor vote and colored vote. He looks to Henry A. Wallace, secretary of agriculture, to bring the farm vote into camp.

THERE is in existence and may be produced during the campaign, a letter written by President Roosevelt in which he expresses a low opinion of Secretary Wallace, and a high opinion of Harold Ickes, his secretary of the interior. The letter developed from correspondence dealing with the attempt of Ickes to take the forest service away from Wallace. In this surprising communication in which the president belittled a member of his official family whom he last week directed to be nominated as his running mate, the president expressed himself with remarkable frankness.

One of the outstanding pioneers in conservation, a Republican who supported Mr. Roosevelt for president, wrote to Mr. Roosevelt urging that the forest service be not transferred. The letter from the president is the result. Whether the Roosevelt letter will be published is debatable as the recipient is an admirer of Wallace and differs from the president in appraisal of the executive ability of the secretary of agriculture.

WASHINGTON Scene—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will enter the movies. She is to speak the prologue in an anti-Nazi film which her son Jimmie is soon to produce. The first lady was screened in New York.—There are new dealers who assert that Mr. Roosevelt would have refused to accept the nomination for a third term had the convention rejected the dictation of his running mate.—During the period of the Democratic convention, Senator Holman, Oregon, went to TVA and familiarized himself with that gigantic project.—Conference was held in Senator McNary's office yesterday by

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 24, 1930.
(Medford Thursday.)
Medford banks, with deposits of \$5,403,386, rank sixth in state.

Firebug starts operations in Douglas county forests.

Hot weather slows up tourist travel.

Population of nation placed at 122,957,000.

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