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PERDUE BEACH, Cal., Sept. 4.

As far as we are concerned the 1929 national amateur golf tournament is over and a grand and glorious victory has been won. The tournament has been more than realized, and the next time one of those California sport writers pulls out that familiar wheeze about Rin Van Winkle Egan, the grand and the whistled old man from the Home, we will simply fire this 29 record of H. Chandler, and watch them run for the cyclone cellar.

George Von Elm put out in the morning, Rudie Von Elm in the afternoon (2 and 1, and 7 and 6), Chan dancing off the 12th green where the Wilhelm match ended, while the crowd cheered and applauded. And where are the California youngsters, including the much vaunted Bobby McHugh—all in the discard. Medford's pride may win again, but can hardly be expected to win the title—these young chaps are a little too fast. He has done what we wanted him to do, and never really expected he would or could do. Now he need not do another thing as far as we are concerned. We're through! And a perfect job has been done. Three rousing cheers for Medford!

A glorious day today—the first one with sunshine and a clear, windless sky. What a sight that Jones gallery was as we sat on the bank of the 18th tee in front of the lodge, and saw break after break after the tee shots way down on the shore of the bay. Reds, yellows, greens and whites; a perfect kaleidoscope of action and color. Big Peter Hay, the Scotch pro, up in front as grand marshal in his crimson coat. Peter does well, but he can't keep the golfers from running. Finally they form a long line along the sides of the fairway reaching from the green down to a tree more than 200 yards away. The press men goes up after the line forms and the lucky newspaper men file through and kneel down forming the front line. There comes Bobby. He was in brown yesterday. Today it is a light blue. A new role for Bobby, one down and one up. He is a little bit more out from the crowd. He has on a brown sweater and white pants. He looks almost frail beside the stocky and convex champion of the world. But he has a jaunty way with him and his eyes are wide open and very bright. Bobby looks somber—and very, very serious. He addresses the ball—no head-dive about Bobby—there is no head-dive in the mind of many others. If Jones the unbeatable could be beaten—why ANYONE could be beaten.

The gallery honors that from the first had been accorded Bobby were transferred to Don Moen, of Eugene, winner of the western amateur a short time ago. Peter Hay and his crimson coat went over to the Moen-Voight gallery, never was a gallery better paid. Here was super-air-tight golf from the first hole to the last. On the 17th green again was the final scene enacted again from the standpoint of the vanquished; it was a heart breaker.

Moe had been the underdog from the fifth green, and drove from the first two three down. Both were on the green in two—Moe 20 feet from the pin, Voight only eight or ten. No more elaboration is needed to show any golfer the fix Don was in. He had to win the next three holes to stay in, and against an eastern golfer who was shooting par golf. Don had to shoot not for par but for birdies, and that is just what he did. And what's more, he got his birdie, a 20-foot putt, that had to circle about a divot in the green that Voight's chip shot had made. The cheer that went up brought strangers from all over the course to see the final struggle on the next green.

And here's where the heartbreak came in. Moe's tee shot was not only good, it WAS perfect. The drive here has to be high and not only hit on the green but stay there, for a drive shorter than the green catches the sand, and a drive longer drops into the Pacific. Moe's spoon caught the green and rolled to within five feet of the hole. The gallery went wild, including the Hammond family pere of this, who had followed the match from the start.

It did look like a certain birdie, and on this hole a birdie 29 times out of 100 wins. But this 50th time as this super-scrappy Voight succeeded to demonstrate. His shot was not only perfect, it was SUPER perfect. Voight came within a few inches of gaining immortal fame by setting a hole in

The reaction was characteristic of the strange human race. Every one was sorry for Bobby after it was over; somehow the high lights and color of the tournament had disappeared. Too bad, but five minutes before that crowd, with the inevitable spirit of a mob, wanted the unknown kid to win, they wanted the thrill of seeing the champion go down. The author of "Why we behave like human beings" could explain that.

But everyone wanted Goodwin to win his next match. To beat Jones and then go down to some other unknown, did not seem appropriate at all. But on the 17th the last match of the day, down went the kid. We saw the comp do grace on the 17th. It was a heart breaker.

On the 16th Goodwin was two to three to win, and only two to go. He had to win that 17th to have a chance of defeat. He went a beauty in the air, but it caught in the middle of the sand trap just in front of the green. Little's ball was better, but it failed to carry the trap by an inch and fell just under the further rim—a terrible place to be.

Goodwin played a perfect out-scraping the ball up without touching the sand, and it bounced straight for the pin, a certain hit. It looked like a sure win for there was little in the sand, with a ledge of turf banking his ball.

Little, a high school boy from San Francisco, refused to be disturbed, however. He waved back a battery of cameras on the far edge of the green, studied his ball carefully, then made one of the prettiest explosion shots we have ever seen. Out came the ball in a shower of sand, not only did it come out but it went directly for the hole, missing a birdie by inches. So another match was over—another kid—king for four hours—had gone.

With Chan shooting par golf, and five up on Wilhelm, we gave our subject a paying assignment. For five holes we followed Cyril Tooley, playing Fy Coleman, and saw the best golf of the entire tournament. The British champion shooting four straight birdies and a par. It was all over at the 15th green.

The defeat of Jones worked a great change in the atmosphere of the tournament. Every player in a flash became a potential champion not only in his own mind but in the minds of many others. If Jones the unbeatable could be beaten—why ANYONE could be beaten.

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Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Signal 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

STAMINA, VIGOR AND HEALTH.

Queries come frequently like this:

"I've often read that most people do not breathe deeply enough, so I have started to breathe deeply by forced deep breathing. Do you think that I will learn to breathe deeply, naturally, in this way?"

"I've heard that forced deep breathing may lead to tuberculosis. Is this true?"

"I joined myself when breathing deeply and found that I breathe from 18 to 20 times a minute. Is this fast enough? I am 19 years old."

Probably the young man read about "deep breathing" in one of those "health" magazines that glorify exercise as a panacea and provide a market place for all sorts of mail order humbuggery. He has fallen into the trap of "personality," "amazing vitality" and all that sort of humbug.

No one can change his breathing habit by any such silly effort. Breathing is an automatic process and one can no more modify the depth or rate of breathing by "training oneself to breathe deeply" than one could change the color of one's eyes by practicing slow or fast blinking.

There is no foundation for the notion that deep breathing may lead to tuberculosis. The normal rate of breathing for an adult at rest is 16 or 18 breaths a minute. That's fast enough—or slow enough.

I should advise this young man and others who may share his fancies about deep breathing: It will regulate itself in any case. In for such exercise, play, work, as you may need, and leave the breathing to nature.

Perhaps it is due in part to ill advised conscious attention to the breathing that many persons do not breathe naturally, but endeavor to breathe with the chest alone, unconsciously, having gained of from fresh "physical culture" magazines that a large chest expansion is essential for vigor and vitality.

It is notable that physicians examining patients give no consideration at all to chest expansion when investigating the state of the vital organs—except when working for some nose, throat and voice company that cherishes ancient methods. An individual with an exceptionally large chest expansion is as likely to have lung tuberculosis or heart disease as one with a very small expansion.

The normal way to breathe is with the diaphragm mainly. While the diaphragm contracts, the stomach, liver and other abdominal organs are pressed downward and the belly bulges or expands. The skilled anesthetist watches the rhythmic rise and fall of the belly and the movement of the chest to make sure the patient is breathing naturally, under anesthesia. Even in natural sleep, the breathing is in this way.

In other words, Moe had to shoot birdies to win. He did not shoot birdies, two in succession, but he lost.

And let it be added here that if there is a better loser than this Oregon youngster, we have never seen him. His face was simply wreathed with smiles as he shook the hand of his conqueror. The crowd cheered somewhat feebly, for 90 per cent of them wanted the boy from Eugene to win.

Certainly Oregon can well be proud of its two stellar golfers—Egan the superman, Don Moen the boy inspired. Better sportsman, harder scrappier, fiercer golfer, the country has never seen. One of them has been the national champion, and unless we are greatly mistaken, the other is going to be.

Col. Gordon Voorhies and T. Shafter Johnson have appeared and joined the Medford contingent. Quite a party. They find a Scholastic rather a problem. But they will get used to it pretty soon. The other Medfordites intend to enter Hard Cash Pyle's next bunion derby if he gets out of jail long enough to stifle one. R. W. R.

ing is almost wholly diaphragmatic. The diaphragm is a voluntary muscle, to be sure, yet it is under automatic control and had better be left to such control.

In the same mail with the young man's query comes a circular describing a gadget that purports to do a lozy sucker's exercise for him, and the prospect is assured that the purchase of the gadget will give him "sufficient stamina and vitality to ward off disease."

How come? There is absolutely no connection between physical or muscular condition and immunity. It is high time that this kind of fraud were suppressed, if there's enough stamina in dollar worshipping Yankeeism to put a stop to it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Lotions for Hives, Other Itching
Will you be good enough to give the recipe for the lotion you recommended for the relief of itching in hives and other skin rashes—Mrs. D. G.

Answer: It is familiar to physicians as calamine lotion, but the formula I recommend contains also a small proportion of phenol, whose itching is intense. Mix in a pint bottle two ounces of 5 per cent carbolic acid solution (this strength druggists may sell without prescription), two drams of glycerin, one ounce of zinc oxide and one ounce of calamine, and add enough lime water to fill the bottle. Be sure you have all five ingredients. Directions: Calamine Lotion—Shake the bottle. Rub on with fingers as often as desired to relieve itching. The calamine lotion may be made up without the carbolic solution (using more lime water in its place), for use in milder itching or burning.

No Mush for B & M Club.

Please send me the By-Laws of the Bread and Milk Club. I think that you have the right idea and want to try being a faithful member of the One Day a Week Mush Club—Fraternally, G. A. R. M. D.

Answer—Brother, let me give you a quiet tip. We don't call our fodder mush in the B & M Club. Aside from this faux pas you are welcome here; of course you will not forget your position as my guest and attempt to all medical or health advice of your own which may not be in complete accord with the constitution of the club. We have no rigid invitation rule as to apparel—except that male members should wear spats and female members should wear stockings while within the club precincts. On very warm Monday evenings, members may check their spats and putties if they wish. Speaking of mush, boy, have you never experienced the ineffable delight of driving out in the hills about 5 p. m. on an early autumn day just after a shower, stopping at the top of the long hill, watching faithful old Rover drive the cows up from the brook that winds thru the valley, and then standing around sniffing at the fresh milk aroma, and finally receiving into your own hands a dipperful of the warm foaming nectar—then another dipperful—and then and then being dragged out and hoisted into your chariot and driven home in utter contentment?

Scarlet Fever.

(1) Is it dangerous to stay in a house that is just out of quarantine for scarlet fever? (2) Is the greater danger from the house than from the recently recovered patient? (3) Is scarlet fever contagious from scalding?—R. G.

Answer:—(1) No. (2) No. (3) No. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on (a) Home Sanitation, and (b) Contagious Diseases. (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

Quill Points

These miniature automobiles, with their polished bodies and gleaming wheels, are used to parade in parades. He's used to striding.

Simple for today. No more enthusiastic than the interest of a hater-skid girl in a bare-headed widow.

Every year science enables us to get there quicker. Now if it will

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

- New
- Joker
- Part of the body
- Table-land
- He in error
- Shelter
- Allow
- Colorless gaseous compound
- Precept
- Deavour
- Box
- Ventilated
- State positively
- Break suddenly
- Curry
- European dish
- Biblical character
- Cogwheel
- First king of Israel
- Micah
- Expire
- Preposition
- Case
- Godless of discord
- Yeast
- Membranous
- Individual performances
- Son of Isaac
- Sabbath
- Tropical tree
- Barbaric
- Meadow
- Luxury
- Choking needs

DOWN

- Female figure in praying posture
- Nat
- Narrow inlet
- He in error
- Hard-shelled
- Withered
- Purpose
- Female rug
- Head of garden
- Isolation
- Plant of garden
- Canvas pro-peller
- Hand worn about the neck
- Pertaining to the human
- Without weapons
- Small sound
- Small opaque substances
- Months
- Delightful regions
- Head of an abbey
- French sculptor
- Least wax
- Great lake
- Lesser wax
- American author
- Antique
- Cat's call
- Entrances

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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79		80		81		82		83		84	

only provide something to do when we get there.

The report that a drug store was set on fire by a cigarette lighter proves that the world still contains good press agents.

There's still hope for a land that thinks a man ordinary if he hasn't done anything except get rich.

You can say one thing for a sun-bath bathing suit. It isn't content to hang a transparent film over the parts it pretends to cover.

Law isn't sacred unless it fits. Once a man doing 20 m.p.h. was arrested for speeding; now he's arrested for blocking traffic.

Women's frocks will be worn longer this fall. And so—the price of coal being what it is—will dad's pants.

Americanism: Making a big show with your new wealth; vainly longing for such friendships as you had while poor.

The reason the old grouch can't enjoy a movie as the flapper does is because he can't imagine himself reclining in the hero's arms that way.

Reports of the average destroyed by forest fires are astonishing. Who could have believed there was that much timber left?

The ancient expression, "sound and fury," is just highbrow for two modern talkies and critics.

Blended are the poor. Nobody ever has a nervous breakdown as a result of following a plox or pushing a spade.

That learned Judge, Halstead L.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune.)

Sept. 6, 1919.
Washington: Senator Sherman, Republican of Illinois, urges that President Wilson be impeached.

Paris: Premier Clemenceau thanks Herbert Hoover for his food relief work in Poland and Central Europe.

Kansas City: President Wilson declares he will fight as long as he lives for world peace and the League of Nations.

New York celebrates 5th anniversary of the battle of the Marne.

Road from Prospect to Crater Lake graded at cost of \$240,000.

Forest fire season officially declared at an end. Four inches of snow at Crater Lake.

Twenty Years Ago Today (From files of the Mail Tribune.) Sept. 6, 1909.

Talent item: Many week-end visitors registered at the Bell House.

Professor Anton Romanoff, former court violinist to Emperor Josef of Austria, is now giving lessons on the mandolin and guitar. Leave orders at Nash Hotel.

Ashland prepares to hold district fair on October 6th and 8th.

Local report declares John R. Allen's next project will be to build a railroad from Coos Bay, Oregon, to Boise, Idaho.

Charles Palm, A. A. Davis and Dr. C. R. Ray are champion purchasers at Greater Medford club today to raise money for a new city park.

N. Y. Commander Peary denies truth of Dr. Cook's claim of having discovered the North Pole.

Ritter, from Florida, sitting temporarily in New York, says prohibition will win in the end. "Speeches will close when public sentiment forces official action." The question is, WHEN?

Judge Ritter says Florida, seat of bootlegger activities, has a great incinerator into which are dumped case after case of liquor. Bottles break, alcohol spills, "flames shoot 40 feet into the air."

I've got 40,000 bottles of foreign liquor waiting for the incinerator now. It is quite a spectacle." The Judge is a dry.

WILLIAMS CREEKERS PRESENT AT PICNIC

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., Sept. 6.—(Special)—Among those from Williams creek who attended the Jackson county picnic at the Elks picnic grounds Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Lester Spaulin, Mrs. Ira Spaulin, Lee Sorrels, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Laman and son, Orville, Mrs. Badger and Mrs. C. W. Roberts.

666

Is a prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.

Electrotherapy Chiropractic

Dr. H. P. Coleman
9th Successful Year in Medford
Treatments by Appointment
Natural Methods Food Science
Medford Center Bldg. Phone 965

The Rex Cafe

THE PLACE TO EAT
Good Food — Good Service

Pantorium DYE WORKS

Mr. Ervine's plan would interest Christopher Columbus, who was not Nordic, but partly Spanish and partly Jewish.
That learned Judge, Halstead L.

By BUD FISHER



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

One may read that "considerable opposition is centering around Governor Patterson." The governor has kept out of politics. Portland plotting, not devoted himself to being everything but governor, and as far as it is possible to ascertain, has not been ordered by a single bunch of lady politicians. He has been a good governor, and should be impeached.

"Just—Wheelbarrow, empty, from 654 Goss street." (Want of Marysville, Cal. Times). The way to stop this form of comedienne is to stop it at the source.

Some of the liberals and tollers are whacking down the 4th cutting of hay, of which there is the usual deficit.

The Muffled Knuck (Ashland Tidings)

Ashland probably does not need more new homes so badly as the old homes in Ashland need attention.

What does the Eugene Register mean by printing a housewren editorial on the coming of autumn. Instead of a canned editorial on the same topic, per the sacred traditions of Oregon Journalism?

The fall dresses are longer, but most of the homely female knees are still in the open.

Two more shiploads of misanthropes are scheduled to depart for India. The same paper revealed that there is a group of humans in West Virginia, who never saw the American flag, or heard the Lord's prayer.

A Los Angeles bulldog bit his master, when his master kissed him. This is unexpected grumpling on the part of the bulldog.

The \$3200 automobile hit the decrepit \$20 40, owned by a boy whose age fluctuates from 12 to 13 years, according to conditions, and mangled a mangled fender. The boy and his sire agreed to settle for a new 40, and \$50 for mental anguish.

A BREEZY ROMANCE (Eugene Register)

Dear Annie Laurie:
I am a girl of sixteen, brown eyes, brown hair and am rather mischievous. Although I do not brag much about it, everyone tells me I am.

I was going down the road and I met a young man whom I had seen before, and he always spoke. He stopped and was talking and when I came back he came up from his house to the road and talked for one hour, or so.

"In carrying out the luncheon, Mrs. Thompson won the admiration of the club." (La Grande Observer) And I move you, Mrs. President, that Mrs. Thompson be given a vote of thanks, and same be printed in the paper.

It is reported that this department's publication of a poem about teachers, made a teacher mad. We are very sorry, but she was mad before the publication.

The unholy Holy War, is likely to have some competition, if the deer hunting season is delayed until it rains, as proposed to save the forests. Such a move would exercise common sense, and the careful hunters threaten to hire a lawyer, to keep common sense from being exercised, on the grounds it does not need exercise.

Roasting ear juice mixed with Medford water, is a lively potion.

WOMAN SPOONS MONEY SHE NEVER RECEIVED (Olathe Kansas paper). That ought to be easy.

IDAHO FAMILY VISITS FORMER RIVIERA HOME

RIVIERA, Ore., Sept. 6.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hymud of Murphy, Idaho, former Riviera residents, were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Clay Biles Monday.

Miss Allen of Medford was a guest at the Chas. Wahl home the first of the week.

Betha Churnoff, who was visiting at the John Biles home last week, left Sunday for her home at Klamath Falls.

Allice Smith and Doyle Biles were visiting with Mrs. Clay Biles Thursday.