

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

During the fall that has settled over the national custom of irate kids shooting their Dads, the son of Senator Hefflin of Alabama, will get drunk again.

The outstanding booster of those parts, is the one who came all the way from New Jersey to get a drink of water.

READ LISTERINE ADS (Eugene Register)
Dear Annie Laurie:

I went riding one night last week with a boy whom I like very much. He kissed me several times and said he liked me lots and lots.

I have seen him nearly every day at the store where he works, but he hardly notices me. What shall I do? I love him so much!

LONESOME BILL

Football is crowding out the interest in harness racing, and the Portland ball team.

Many of the sun-tan frocks are appealing, and so are the wearers thereof.

A number of the valley intellectuals think the Williams cut-off is a barber shop.

Mr. Charles Hall of Coos county has decided to make the near-supreme sacrifice and run for governor. He is the first of the horde who will seek the same office.

There seems to be no reason for Mr. Hall running, except that he has nothing else much to do between now and next spring. He is the eminent man who splits the Republican party of Oregon up the back, when it had its hind legs tangled up in a Klan nightgown.

In those crazed days, Mr. Hall visited this fair city and went to dinner with the Klu Kluxes. His intention to run, will probably insure the mayor of Portland to run for the U. S. Senate. The metropolitan burgomaster is also willing to make a sacrifice.

Apples are being crushed into vinegar, which later will be shipped from Pittsburg to satisfy the local vinegar demand. If the apple cider is frozen, all the alcohol will go to the center and can be thrown away or used in the mince pie. It is volatile as the woman said of the Copco efficiency expert. The flow of apple cider hereabouts, to date, is 24 second feet more than Rogue river. Some apple butter may be salvaged.

After all the clinics and lectures on vitamins, a kid was caught on Jackson street last week eating a piece of bread and butter after school.

It has been mentioned several times herein, that the fall dresses are long enough to cover up the ghastly female knee. This is not the 19 of it. The fashionable fall sweaters cover up the wishbone.

The careful hunter who killed a deer because he did not know the deer season had been closed, is due to show up late today, in custody.

FANCY WHITES
La Harpe has been a busy Town bear of late. The Chateaux and Garveys sale on—and a coming down in full force—and a snake by life Rain—all at one time created a sensation—and set for dental cream to show polish it onto be stockings but they didn't wear on any more.

Mr. Garveys sale amounted to four hundred dollars a Saturday—see it pays to advertise here—we don't know which—Boath I guess—they sure will be missed.

Laura Penland was over in this ward a Tuesday early. Our Neighbor next door Gets up at four—And lights his best cigar—Then the truck comes a long—They are going from home—And to sleep we are no more—We got up to see—What the day it will be—and find—It is just what it was before.

A party was moving away the little girl said I wonder if any one takes the Register so we could borrow it for I want one now. They are going from home—and the real—Max Barker com a long delivering Milk a Tuesday—he said he was late he had to go down in the pasture after his Poney.

(La Harpe Items in Iola, Kan. Register.)

Portland—Bids received for construction of two large army type hangars and administration building on Swan Island airport.

A GREAT INJUSTICE TO DR. WILLING

Dr. Willing's wonderful playing, which carried him into the final round, in which he was defeated, not so much by poor playing or being outplayed, but by a hostile gallery, which failed to show the courtesies which are due contestants in a golf competition, gave Portland world-wide publicity.

The eighth hole of his final match with Harrison R. ("Jimmy") Johnston was the turning point. The gallery had been hostile to that point but when Doc missed an explosion shot in a trap there, it openly cheered, enough to ruin the morale of even the most stout-hearted player.

From then on Willing was playing uphill, fighting the biggest battle of his entire golf life. The memory of that eighth hole never left him. It is ridiculous to believe that he could so easily cast aside such a demonstration and go on about his methodical play.

Even if this were true, it is something the friends of Dr. Willing should never have claimed, for it is one of the first rules of good sportsmanship to take even an unjust defeat with a smile.

But it isn't true, and does a great injustice to Harrison Johnston, one of the finest golfers and truest sportsmen ever to win the national title. Unless we are much mistaken, Dr. Willing would be the first to repudiate such a statement, and the last to countenance any suggestion that the smiling, hard-fighting lad from St. Paul owes his victory solely to the unsportsmanlike tactics of the gallery.

The action of the gallery at the eighth hole WAS inexcusable—in fact disgraceful—but the best evidence that it was not the cause of Dr. Willing's defeat is the fact that he played 10 more holes in that round and ended the first 38, one up upon his opponent. But for the miraculous recovery Johnston made, from the ocean on the final hole, Willing would have been two up.

The championship was won—and lost—on the afternoon round, and during that time, thanks to the inevitable reaction, the gallery not only played fair, but during the final stages, seemed to sense the shame of that morning demonstration and appeared determined to make amends, by cheering the Portland player heartily whenever opportunity offered.

No, it wasn't the gallery that defeated Willing. It was the par golf played by his opponent on that second 18. From the 19th hole on Johnston eluded off pars and birdies with machine-like regularity, while Willing simply couldn't get going, and was in trouble a large share of the time.

In fact, to claim that the gallery defeated Willing that afternoon is not only contrary to the fact, but is a great injustice to the Portland player as well as to his opponent. For the plain truth is Dr. Willing is not the sort of "tender-foot" golfer who wilts before a hostile or unsympathetic gallery. He is a super-scrapper. The harder the going, the harder he fights. Had he needed a friendly gallery to play his best game, he would never have beaten either Cyril Tolley or Chandler Egan. For in neither of these matches—in fact at no time during the tournament (until as before stated that disgraceful eighth hole started a tidal wave of sympathy for him) was he popular with the crowd. This is not to say there was any actual hostility. But the plain fact is that Dr. Willing is not now and never has been a popular golfer. This is not his fault, but his misfortune. He is the careful, methodical, always formidable type, utterly without that color and dash, that subtle dramatic appeal, which the public demands in its popular heroes.

AND this is where the irony of this situation comes into sharp relief. For this Pebble Beach demonstration was the very thing that, from the standpoint of popularity, Dr. Willing needed. It supplied that appeal which he never could have supplied himself.

He had been unjustly treated. Everyone realized it. He made no complaint, he kept on playing his game, and as a result not only did he get the gallery support he deserved on that second round, but during the presentation ceremonies following he shared honors equally with Johnston and Bobby Jones. When in his short speech he showed no rancor, and smilingly congratulated his opponent, the crowd went wild. As he started back to Portland, through San Francisco and Eureka, his return became a real triumphal journey.

If Portland had only left it at that, and controlled its zeal to honor its favorite son! But now all the benefits derived will, we fear, be lost. For this sort of whining alibi is simply one of those things that, in the world of amateur sport, is not done. The sporting editors won't suffer, but Dr. Willing will. For in spite of all that can be said, the impression is bound to gain ground that this view represents Dr. Willing's view, and was inspired by him,—undoubtedly the very reverse of the truth.

Too bad! Too bad! Not important in the world of affairs perhaps, but important in the world of sport. And important for Oregon. For Dr. Willing is a great golfer,—one of the country's best,—and a player in whom the people of the state can well take pride.

He has shown he can take good care of his enemies, but the Portland sport writers have shown that what he most needs is to be saved from his friends.

Personal Health Service
By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.

Special letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not in 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, in care of this newspaper.

ALL MEAT AND NO VEGETABLES MAKE AN ADEQUATE DIET

Viktor Stepanoff, who defied the Arctic, and his companion explorer Anderson, have recently completed a year of life in the United States on an exclusive meat diet, under observation of competent nutritionists.

My brother had an inside gutting out. The doctor charged him \$500 and tells him "now you just want to take care of yourself," but nary a word of advice or instruction as to what that actually means.

Rupture
Please advise me what rupture in a newborn infant is caused from—Young Mother.

Answer—Rupture, otherwise known as hernia and breech, is in the majority of cases a congenital defect of development, that is, a weak place in the abdominal wall at the time of birth, though this weak place may not give or bulge until long afterward, sometimes many years after birth.

SUNDOWN STORIES
By Mary Graham Bonner.
Turning the Clock.

The little black clock, with its white face and dull black hands, had stood on top of the desk in the back hall for many years, and for many years it had not run.

"Hello, hello," came a whisper from the little black clock. John went and stood before it.

"Did you speak, by any chance?" he asked.

"Certainly did. I've been waiting for ages and ages for you to notice me at bedtime. Do you want to come with me? You may mind if you like. But, mind no one else may have my secret."

"You have a secret?" John asked. "Then that's what makes you look so nice—why we all like you."

John went and quietly woke Peggy. The rest of the family was downstairs.

Years and years ago I finished my step-telling the ordinary time, the little black clock explained.

"All right," the Indians it shall be, then."

Tomorrow—The Indian Teepee"

Brisbane's Today
(Continued from Page One)

MAIL TRIBUNE
DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Irish, musical instrument
2. 1000 yards
3. 1000 yards
4. 1000 yards
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Crossword puzzle grid with clues and solutions. Clues include: 1. Irish, musical instrument; 2. 1000 yards; 3. 1000 yards; 4. 1000 yards; 5. 1000 yards; 6. 1000 yards; 7. 1000 yards; 8. 1000 yards; 9. 1000 yards; 10. 1000 yards; 11. 1000 yards; 12. 1000 yards; 13. 1000 yards; 14. 1000 yards; 15. 1000 yards; 16. 1000 yards; 17. 1000 yards; 18. 1000 yards; 19. 1000 yards; 20. 1000 yards; 21. 1000 yards; 22. 1000 yards; 23. 1000 yards; 24. 1000 yards; 25. 1000 yards; 26. 1000 yards; 27. 1000 yards; 28. 1000 yards; 29. 1000 yards; 30. 1000 yards; 31. 1000 yards; 32. 1000 yards; 33. 1000 yards; 34. 1000 yards; 35. 1000 yards; 36. 1000 yards; 37. 1000 yards; 38. 1000 yards; 39. 1000 yards; 40. 1000 yards; 41. 1000 yards; 42. 1000 yards; 43. 1000 yards; 44. 1000 yards; 45. 1000 yards; 46. 1000 yards; 47. 1000 yards; 48. 1000 yards; 49. 1000 yards; 50. 1000 yards; 51. 1000 yards; 52. 1000 yards; 53. 1000 yards; 54. 1000 yards; 55. 1000 yards; 56. 1000 yards; 57. 1000 yards; 58. 1000 yards; 59. 1000 yards; 60. 1000 yards; 61. 1000 yards; 62. 1000 yards; 63. 1000 yards; 64. 1000 yards; 65. 1000 yards; 66. 1000 yards; 67. 1000 yards; 68. 1000 yards; 69. 1000 yards; 70. 1000 yards; 71. 1000 yards; 72. 1000 yards; 73. 1000 yards; 74. 1000 yards; 75. 1000 yards; 76. 1000 yards; 77. 1000 yards; 78. 1000 yards; 79. 1000 yards; 80. 1000 yards; 81. 1000 yards; 82. 1000 yards; 83. 1000 yards; 84. 1000 yards; 85. 1000 yards; 86. 1000 yards; 87. 1000 yards; 88. 1000 yards; 89. 1000 yards; 90. 1000 yards; 91. 1000 yards; 92. 1000 yards; 93. 1000 yards; 94. 1000 yards; 95. 1000 yards; 96. 1000 yards; 97. 1000 yards; 98. 1000 yards; 99. 1000 yards; 100. 1000 yards.

White Woman Kidnaped by Natives of New Zealand at Age of Six, Is Restored to Kin After 30 Years

AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Kidnaped by the Maoris in childhood and eventually married to a native chief, a white woman has been restored to her relatives after nearly 30 years.

When a child of 6, Caroline Perrett went to tend the cows on her parents' farm at Taranaki, in the north island of New Zealand. She disappeared and was carried off by Maoris in revenge for the disturbance of their burial ground to make way for a railway. From then until recently no trace of her was found.

A niece of the missing woman saw a European woman with the Maoris at Taneonui. She was struck by the extraordinary family likeness, and questioned the woman, who said she had been with the Maoris all her life. She could not remember how she came to be with them.

The niece asked the woman to show her neck as she knew that when a child the aunt had fallen across a hot grate, which left a scar. The woman bore this mark.

She remembered the Maoris taking her in an open canoe to the gum fields near Whangarei. She had married a Maori chief and had two children. The chief died recently.

The only alternative is government management, and the government agrees that it is not honest or capable enough for that. However, everything remains in the country, and the people can always use their judgment, if they happen to have any.

Russia's effort to plant communism in China is no more of a failure than a northern effort to plant communism, or even powerful labor unionism, in the south.

The south thinks it wants more northern capital, more factories, more employment, and objects to anything that would discourage northern capital.

A truck load of all-ace communists, driving to a meeting of protest in Gastonia, N. C. were stopped by armed men in automobiles and ordered to turn back to the city.

They obeyed, the automobiles and armed men following them. The truck ran into an automobile unintentionally. The collision annoyed the law and order men, and a volley was fired into the truck.

Twenty men and women on it scattered in all directions, leaving one of their number dead on the road.

The dead one was Mrs. Ella May Wiggins, mother of four young children.

Portland—Extensive improvements completed at plant of Continental Dairing company.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
September 16, 1919.

William Vawter gives concert at Presbyterian church.
San Antonio—Hundreds die in tropical hurricane.

Salem—1007 autos bought in Oregon since September 1.

Grants Pass and Glendale citizens give President Wilson a citizenship in appreciation of your efforts for benefit of mankind.

Twenty Years Ago Today
(From files of the Mail Tribune.)
September 16, 1909.

Jackson county bankers hold banquet at Nash Grill. E. V. Carter of Ashland, chief talker.

Fish monopoly in Rogue may be at end with sale of Hume estate interests.

Mayor Canon and City Attorney Neff ask Judge Hanna to speed decision in Hanley water suit. Court says R will be October 1st, or later.

H. C. Kentner residence gutted by flames.

North Dakota people hold picnic at Jacksonville.

Editorial: Com. Peary continues to use hammer with which he nailed flag to North Pole.

You may say that a mother of four children should not go riding with a truckload of communists. She might say that she should have been warned that her life was in danger.

The incident has created "a painful impression." But the fact is that North Carolina will not tolerate communism, or any thing that North Carolina calls communism.

MOTHER MRS. MAUD, MOLDER CALIFORNIA SOCIAL LIFE, PASSES

The recent death in San Francisco of Mrs. Clara Hastings Darling, recognized as a molder of social destinies when California was young, is of interest in that Mrs. Darling is the mother of Mrs. Charles E. Maud who, with Mr. Maud, has had a fishing lodge along the Rogue river for several years and is well known here. Mr. Maud is a great fisherman and sportsman.

Mrs. Darling was the last of the great leaders in the old tradition, said to be a woman of brilliance and wide culture. She was born in Massachusetts, Iowa, and came to California as a child. Her father was an attorney well known throughout California. Serranus Clinton Hastings. He founded and endowed the Hastings College of Law.

Mrs. Darling spent most of her life in California and ruled its society by her wit and charm. She descended from Alfred the Great, and perhaps because of that she was a frequent visitor in Europe. Mrs. Maud had one other daughter, Mrs. Joaquin de Perera of Biarritz, France.

KGO TO BROADCAST HELEN NORRIS PLAY

"The Family Boss," a Helen Norris radio drama, which was produced over KMED, the Mail Tribune station, on the Copco hour last Tuesday night, with a local cast, will be heard over KGO Wednesday evening, September 18, from 9 to 10 o'clock, according to a report received here.

Wilda Wilson, director of KGO players, for whom the play was especially written, will be heard in the role of "Nan," the servant and "boss of the family."

MEXICO CITY—(AP) Families too poor to bury their dead leave the corpses on the curbing of a narrow street off one of the city's main arteries. A health department wagon then conveys the caskets to the general paupers' grave in Dolores cemetery.

Portland—Extensive improvements completed at plant of Continental Dairing company.

MUTT AND JEFF—Meet the Prince of Whalers

JEFF, TODAY WE'RE GOING OUT AND GET A NEWS REEL OF A WHALE!

WON'T A SARDINE DO JUST AS WELL?

GET BUSY, KID. I'LL TURN THE CRANK WHILE YOU HARPOON HIM!

MUTT, THAT WHALE AIN'T NO GOOD. HE'S SPRUNG A LEAK!

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE, THROW THAT HARPOON!

YOU WORM! WHY DIDN'T YOU THROW THAT HARPOON WHEN I TOLD YOU?

WHY SHOULD I MAKE HIM ANY Madder THAN HE WAS?

By BUD FISHER



Portland—Bids received for construction of two large army type hangars and administration building on Swan Island airport.