

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday Publications... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75... ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor... R. SUMPTER SMITH, Manager... An Independent Newspaper... Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879... SUBSCRIPTION RATES... MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS... MEMBER OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS... A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending March 31, 1930, was 4,322.

CHARLES LINDBERGH, JR.

USUALLY the first birth in a family is a matter of outstanding importance to only a small group of people—the parents, grandparents, perhaps a few stray cousins, uncles and aunts. The local paper may have a modest notice, birth cards may even be sent out, letters of congratulation received, but Old Man World, he jogs twirling along, completely unaware, that an event of such shattering significance, has even occurred.

This is particularly true in this country, or any other Democracy, where no royal family is recognized, and no salute of a great many guns, heralds the birth of the first boy, to the reigning King and Queen.

But it is very different today, with the birth of the first baby—a golden haired son,—to Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh. Although the young man is blissfully unaware of the fact, he has made June 22, 1930, a very important date in American history.

THERE may be no military salutes, or waving flags, but as far as popular interest is concerned, no Monarchy ever hailed the advent of an heir, in the royal palace, with more enthusiasm and delight, than the people of the United States, hail the birth of Charles A. Lindbergh Junior.

With every newspaper in the land today, he is front page news. All over the civilized world his birth is chronicled. For many weeks his daily progress will be noted, no detail concerning him will be too slight to mention, and from now until Christmas, his pictures will be at a premium, for Sunday features.

For while we worship no Kings, and greatness in the hand of the free is not inherited, we do worship our heroes, and grant to them and their offspring a place in our minds and hearts, which the proudest wearer of the royal ermine might well envy.

WE are in fact a nation of hero worshippers. And ever since that flight to Paris Lindy has, in spite of his efforts to prevent it, been our national hero. Scrape the flying helmet, from any American urethin, and you will find another potential Lindy. Every school boy wants to fly. Every school girl,—well if she doesn't want to fly, she must have a Prince Charming who will. And the grown ups haven't been far behind. They will walk on the face of their dearest neighbor to get a closer view of Lindy, and shatter the laws of the land, to steal a button from his shirt, en route to the laundry.

As has been remarked before, our national habit is to go to extremes. It is both our strength and our weakness. And because it is both, one may well hesitate to envy the young man, whose advent was heralded so enthusiastically yesterday.

THE old law of action and reaction still holds. The truth of that ancient saying "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," still represents an elemental trait of human nature. Thus far, by the most extraordinary demonstration of common sense and good judgment, a national hero has ever shown, Lindy, has escaped the penalty this law usually imposes. But probably no one realizes more clearly than he, that sooner or later the worm of popularity will turn.

WELL our only hope, as far as this young man is concerned, is that the proverbial Lindbergh luck holds. And such luck will mean:

That when the worm turns, aforesaid worm turns gradually, that the Lindbergh balloon, that the American people have insisted upon inflating, never explodes, but deflates so slowly, and finally settles to earth so quietly and naturally, that the end of the ascension is scarcely noticed.

For then, it seems to us, Lindbergh Junior, would have the chance that the son of a lucky father deserves. Not to be known only as the son of America's greatest post-war hero, but to be known as just another American boy, judged not by what his father did, or who his mother was, but fortunate only in an honored name, to have a perfectly free chance to demonstrate, that by character and accomplishment, he was worthy of it.

Those prophets who said the next war would be in the air may have meant the war between Wildcat Duncan and the chain stores.

Scientists declare they have now perfected the perfect poison for every bug. Will they please announce the perfect poison for the lumbag in politics.

Well you can take your choice. The latest vital statistics show that prohibition offers a new way of living or a new way of dying.

The law most hated by young criminals is the one about earning your bread by the sweat of your brow.

They say the Gulf Stream is drawing closer to New York. Maybe it noticed the welcome given the streams from Canada.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

Solution of Saturday's Puzzle. COPE ABE UNODS RUIN PER UNIT EST DISTORT NA PERT TEASE ANT STARES TREE MEAL EARN PAPER RESORT HELD EESAU ARE EAGLE ER RAASTRIDE ER OTIC OAR LOSE SENT PYE LETT. Includes lists of words for across and down.

Personal Health Service By William Brady, M. D.

Signs and symptoms 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 The Mail Tribune.

WHAT LET A WORKING MAN CHOOSE HIS DOCTOR? News item tells how doctors clashed at a legislative hearing on a bill that would permit injured workmen to choose their own doctor.



Under a compensation law there is of course a certain temptation to a small class of low grade men to malingering when the prospect of a compensation is good. Employers or their agents argue that specialists in industrial practice—whatever they may be—can give injured workmen better treatment than ordinary doctors can. Of course employers would never think of ringing in any life the pet medical tyros or giving the plant job to the low bidder who has found it impossible to get along in private practice. Workmen will understand that "Robots will not. An industrial specialist" is any doctor who gets a job as plant physician.

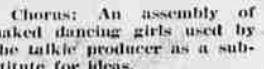
MUTT AND JEFF—Sweepstakes Is All Sweep And No Steak

Cartoon strip featuring characters Mut and Jeff discussing a sweepstakes. Includes dialogue: 'KID, WE ARE NOW THE PROMOTERS OF THE MUTT AND JEFF SWEEPSTAKES. TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.—FIRST PRIZE, ONE MILLION!' and 'MY WORD! WHAT'S SECOND PRIZE?'.

could hardly breathe. I laid him on his stomach, head lowered, and let him have a good cry. Then I let him go to sleep in that position. It surely worked well. In the morning his pillow slip needed changing badly. I believe it saved his life. I have since tried it with our other three children and it is always a great relief. (Mrs. A. L.)

Quill Points

Use words carefully. The only man ever "beside himself" is a yeman or a Shamese twin.



Chorus: An assembly of naked dancing girls used by the talkie producer as a substitute for ideas.

A true hick town is one where the only temptation on Sunday is to turn the dial and get a little jazz.

Modern parents may know less about raising boys, but they have at least learned better than to raise them by the ears.

Americanism: Adults, breaking laws and chasing easy money, telling adolescent boys they must work hard and be good in order to succeed.

When congress isn't in session, the lobby committee can have a good time by joining some sewing circle.

The idea of protecting minorities isn't yet eligible for the Hall of Fame. Candidates for the Hall of Fame must have been dead a full 25 years.

Legal technicalities are puzzling, but as we understand it a liquor container is illegal unless it can walk.



The man who howls most when the restaurant service is imperfect is the one who eats in the kitchen when at home.

Statisticians tell us some one is hurt every 30 seconds in an American home. This should teach us to clear the track between the dining room and the garage.

America preserves fine old traditions. Observe that mail carriers wear the same Confederate uniform made famous by the "foul cavalry."

Whether he's a "poor misguided boy" or a "nasty little crook" depends on whether he steals the other fellow's purse or yours.

Correct this sentence: "The political boss instructs me to turn you loose," said the magistrate, "but I shall give you the limit."

Specialist On Modernizing Kitchens At Big Pines

Earl W. Smith, specialist in "Modernizing Kitchens," will be in Medford all this week at the Big Pines Lumber Co. His services are offered to those desirous of remodeling their homes, and will advise housewives the easy and economical way of kitchen modernization.

The Big Pines has installed a complete kitchen display in their window, using built-in fixtures and the latest color treatment for the home. It is a very interesting display.

Mr. Smith will be glad to offer his services gratis to interested parties. Call at Big Pines office or phone them.

PENNY BOOK KEEPS SCHOOL PRESSES BUSY

OMAHA, Neb.—(AP)—School children of the middle west have swamped the presses with orders for a penny history of the Oregon Trail.

The 10,000 word book was written by J. G. Masters, principal of Omaha Central high school, and is being printed under Masters' supervision by the students in the printing department of another Omaha high school.

Masters contributed the copy, and the high school students are contributing the labor, so that the children may have a book for a penny.

MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL PASSES IN ENGLAND

CHICAGO, June 23—(AP)—The Tribune today, quoting cable dispatches to friends, said Mrs. Colin Campbell, the former Nancy Leiter, died yesterday in Broadstairs, England.

She was the widow of the late Colin Campbell, British army officer, and daughter of Levi Z. Leiter, pioneer Chicago merchant prince.

Mrs. Campbell left her estate near Santa Barbara, Calif., several months ago for England to recover from an illness.

Do You Remember?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune) June 23, 1920. Straw hats conspicuous on home heads, as weather warms up. C. L. Allen & Co., 118 So. Hart, left street, "have discontinued horseshoeing, owing to so much auto blacksmithing."

Chamber of Commerce offers \$10 for "Medford Song."

Republicans of county "organize for national victory in November."

Salem.—Sen. Chamberlain of Oregon ("Our George") to be placed in nomination for president at Democratic convention.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (From files of the Mail Tribune) June 23, 1910. More Medford boosters needed in Portland to solicit funds for Crater Lake road.

Local fight fans book passage for Jeffries-Johnson fight at Bens, Mail Tribune to post blow-by-blow report.

Irrigation assured Grants, Pais district.

Civic battle looms over selection of site for Federal building.

Wild tales circulated that light is destroying Medford district orchards by the wholesale.

Two hundred Spokane business men to visit city and valley.

SUNDOWN STORIES

BEAUTIFUL DUST By Mary Graham Bommer

Sometimes when John and Peggy saw the Little Black Clock on the desk in the back hall of the house, painting to 7 o'clock, they wondered if he really would be able to take them on adventures when evening came, and whether he would be able to turn the time backward or forward.

He was always ready for them, and the magic that he had was wonderful. It could turn the time as they wished.

He had enough magic so they could understand the language of others, besides boys and girls and grown-ups everywhere.

He had turned the time back now to the afternoon as they started out for an adventure.

"How beautifully blue the sky is," John said.

"It's not really blue," the Little Black Clock answered. "But I've seen it lots and lots and lots of times," John persisted.

"That's only your idea," the Little Black Clock told John, and Peggy listened, too, hardly believing what she heard.

"It seems very strange," John said.

"The reason the sky appears blue is because the upper air is free of heavy dust than the air below. The air does not rise so very far—but if there were no air the sky would look very dark all the time except where you saw the moon or the stars or the sun.

"The air," the Little Black Clock continued, "reflects the blue part of the sun's light with the aid of dust catching these blue light waves.

"We really should be very thankful to dust. It's beautiful what dust can do, simply beautiful."

John and Peggy were very much puzzled.

"Please explain, Little Black Clock."

"I will," he said, "before we go any further."

Addict Burns to Death SEATTLE, Wash., June 23—(AP) Trapped in a locked room where he had been placed as a disciplinary measure, Roy Nelson, narcotics patient in the King County hospital, burned to death when his bed caught fire.

By BUD FISHER

Continuation of the cartoon strip 'Mutt and Jeff'. Includes dialogue: 'JEFF, OLD DEAR, THE ONLY RACE IN THIS SWEEPSTAKES WILL BE BETWEEN ME AND THE SHERIFF'S POSSE!' and 'WHERE IS THE RACE GONNA BE HELD? ANSWER ME THAT!'.