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Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Ill., Aug. 28.—A perfectly inexcusable error on the part of some editorial writer on the Portland Oregonian has resulted in a barrage of protests from ex-Rockfordites, living on the Pacific coast, which have been forwarded to the present writer, causing him even more embarrassment than amusement.

Shortly after our arrival here we made a trip to our old camping ground 55 miles away at a lake in Wisconsin, and were shocked by the changes in the past 30 years, which have transformed a quiet sylvan, far-from-the-maddening-crowd retreat, into a cheap, noisy sort of mid-west Coney Island.

We mentioned the rows of Mammy shacks, hot dog stands, and a quaint little English inn changed into an Al Capone night club. The description was perfectly correct, as applying to that lake, but for some inexplicable reason the Oregonian scribe applied the item to Rockford and naturally the outburst from former Forest City boys and girls followed.

We have written the Oregonian, pointing out the error, and asking for a correction, which we trust will reach the eyes of the "protestants" but having been in the newspaper business some 29 years, we realize the harm that has been done can not be entirely undone. It was just "one of those things," that sometimes happen in newspaper offices, adequate punishment for which is not suffered in this world, but some good people believe, will be suffered in another.

The incident certainly shows the publicity dynamite that lies even in an obscure item, in a small city newspaper, when it touches LOCAL PRIDE. Throwing "asparaguss" on the old home town, hits all home towners where they live, and they reach for pen and paper, as promptly as startled gunmen reach for their automatics. No sooner will the Rockford barrage die down, than the members of the Lake Improvement club will unlimber their Coronas and get after the horse thief and journalistic blackguard, that traduced the fair name of their up-to-date and undefiled summer resort. Thank Heaven Al Capone is in duress vile, or he would order out his sawed-off shotgun squad. But fortunately before the Improvement club can function, the present writer, unless present plans go haywire, will be safely out of range. But regardless of that—the verdict STANDS!

Several tillers of the soil around here, are mad about the price of hay, and have written back to Iowa, to get information on how to go out and shoot a truck driver in the leg, and raise the price of farm produce.

The Eugene News, editorially, wants to know, what has become of Wesley Barry, and other child prodigies of the films, "who in days gone by proceeded to panic the audiences and the producers." We hasten to inform the benighted and esteemed Eugene News, that Wesley Barry, is perpetrating what are called "comedies, and they are a surer cause of seasickness than the Pacific ocean.

A FAMILIAR YELP (Albany Democrat-Herald)
 This editorial asserts that we are a liar, unfair and unprincipled and incapable of gathering facts and interpreting them in the famous state educational merger controversy.

He saved the coat of a new auto, and the 1932-33 license, to expend it for physician's fees, hospital bills, and a permanent limp.

The lull in the Lytton was enjoyed by all.

The highway is cluttered up with female hitch-hikers, more insistent on being run over by passing automobiles, than the males. They range in age, from 16 to 80 years. They have no idea where they are going, and what is more—give a whoop! What the country needs is a stay-at-home campaign.

The Roger Bluejays, the Sarah Sparrows, the Lucille Larks, and the Elmer Crows visited the Henry Woodpecker home yesterday. Henry and boys have just about completed the gathering of their winter supply of nuts, and their popularity is undimmed and increasing.

The Glensmen chirped right merrily on the eldise steps. Under the able arm-swinging of Jim Stevens they all got through together. A tenor was caught singing through his nose with all his might.

A Maw apprehended her offspring stealing a peach Thurs, and like Jackson county, he was shaken to his very foundation.

The Jack, co. Democracy met this week, and voted to fight Republicans, for the next 63 days, instead of each other. A number from Ashland were present, and kept talking about the new postoffice, and it was hard for them to get their mind on the county ticket.

Be correctly coseted by ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN's Sixth & Holly street.

Incidentally the Oregonian editorial tried to find an amusing inconsistency in the fact that the writer deplored the evidences of a too modern civilization in Rockford as a result of its rapid growth; and at the same time welcomed similar rapid growth on the Pacific coast which would boom Medford real estate values, and make the center of this country's population around Boise, Idaho, instead of somewhere in Indiana.

The point we think was a feeble one, even had the description applied to Rockford which it did not, but with the description applying to a Wisconsin lake—and the article referred to that lake only—THERE WAS NO POINT AT ALL.

For while we welcome growth in our cities, we don't welcome growth and the encroachments of a crass and noisy civilization along our favorite fishing streams.

We can certainly make our favorite editorial writer on the Oregonian—Ben Lampman—understand this, and if occasion demands, join in our defense.

If Ben should return to Gold Hill, and his himself to some quiet mountain stream, where he smoked his pipe, fried his bacon, and yanked the festive trout from the water in his youthful days, and be forced to wind his way through Mammy shacks, hot dog stands, dashboard radios and jazz orchestras, he would, we feel sure, not take kindly to the transformation, nor write the nearest Chamber of Commerce, congratulating them upon such striking evidences of growth and progress.

The Prospect Improvement club might be pleased, but he wouldn't be.

The time may come when the lonely fisherman, and the undisturbed nimrod may disappear from our untailored wilderness, here in southern Oregon, as the "barefoot boy with his can of worms" has from this lake in Wisconsin. But when that time COMES we feel sure there are boys in Jackson county now, who returning there, will feel much as did the present writer, when after 30 years he returned to the little lake in the woods down by Uncle Dan's mill. And if he happens to be writing for a newspaper, he will probably express himself much as we did, and no doubt suffer, from the outraged Hundingers incorporated and the Boosters Limited, a similar fate!

Germany unexpectedly demands the right to build up a great army, "for protection" of course, and France is greatly agitated. French statesmanship surely could not expect the Germans to endure forever, helplessness and humiliation. The French did not do so after 1870 and Sedan.

It is important for you to know that good digestion and swift evolution are important to evolution, which is another word for progress.

Dr. C. M. Yonge tells the British Association for the Advancement of Science about it.

Low form of animal life and human life have little hope of mental improvement, because getting their food and digesting it takes nearly all their time. The higher races of car-bearers their food has been quickly nivorous men have rule the world, procured and digested, leaving leisure for thinking and planning.

That interests vegetarians especially. The time and energy they waste, extracting nourishment from vegetables, robs them of mental opportunity.

millions of years changing rock into This is how it works. Nature spends soil. Earth worms chew the soil and make it fertile. Grass grows slowly. The cow eats the grass and spends two to four years producing a beef steak.

Man eats the beef steak and digests all in an hour and has 23 hours of the day for "higher evolution"

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 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.

BUNION IS IN THE FOOT, NOT ON IT.
 Bunion is an internal derangement or deformity of the foot and is as irremovable as is congenital dislocation of the hip. It is futile to apply a remedy to the bunion and hope it will bring about a cure.



The deformity consists in a deviation of the great toe outward toward the other toes, and this unnatural position intine produces partial dislocation at the metatarsal-phalangeal joint, with thickening or enlargement of the head of the metatarsal bone and chronic inflammation of the bursa pad over the joint. In some cases this bursa becomes infected and suppurates.

Footwear that crowds the forefoot and forces the great toe out of its natural straight position causes bunion. The special faults to be avoided are pointed soles, short shoes, and shoes narrower across the ball of the foot than the barefoot is when bearing the weight of the body. An attraction formerly taught but now regarded as ridiculous, that is, toeing out, probably contributed toward the development of bunion. Anyhow it is always best to toe in, if anything, at least to avoid toeing out in any circumstance. Toeing out favors not only bunion but pronation of the feet and falling of the arch. The soreness or pain of bunion may be relieved by painting the swelling with tincture of iodine, but this should not be repeated in less than a week or more. When there is a lighting up of the inflammation apply large compresses or thick folds of gauze (cheesecloth) and keep these compresses moistened constantly with witch hazel, alcohol or cologne water, all night.

Nothing but a radical operation will cure bunion. Usually the bursa is removed and a portion of the enlarged head of the metatarsal bone is

Some of Sapho's most beautiful lines tell of the evening hour that brings back the sheep and the goats, brings back the child to its mother.

Another pleasant hour is the beginning of September, that brings back the Blue Point and the Cape Cod and all the other oysters, including the giants harvested near Baltimore. William H. Raye, who finds out about oysters for the General Foods Corporation, supplies information that makes the humble oyster seem more important than the dinosaur.

The oyster crop of twenty million bushels is worth eighteen million dollars, employing many thousands of mobile, corn, wheat and oil, in that men. The oyster is unlike the automobile. The oyster has never been an oyster over-production.

Modern quick-freezing methods make fresh oysters available all year round, and their food value is very great.

California has oysters the size of your thumb nail. France and England eat oysters that taste of copper, excellent when you are used to them. They say the first man that swallowed an oyster was brave. The man who does not eat them now is foolish.

Sad to announce that baby yak, born during the eclipse and named "Eclipse" by its keepers, is dead. It lived only one night. The keepers say it was feeble at birth. They do not think the name or the eclipse had anything to do with its shortness of life.

J. B. S. Haldane, able British scientist, says the perfect man can never exist. There must be different kinds of men, each "the best" in his own way.

An oyster could not have imagined a caveman, a caveman could not have imagined the pilot of an airplane. Mr. Haldane, with all his intelligence, could not imagine the perfect man, who would be balanced man.

That perfect man, possessing in one brain all the knowledge available on earth, would an absolute sense of justice, may some day exist.

According to scientists, his head will be nearly a perfect sphere, very little of the circumference wasted on eyes, ears, nose, swallowing apparatus—the part we call "a face."

"It hath not yet been shown what we shall be," predictions are futile. The perfect man would probably seem to us dull. The nearly perfect man, you meet him occasionally, is dull enough.

Time, with its daylight and darkness, can be used in many ways. At Whitefield, New Hampshire, thieves robbed hotel guests when the sun was hidden, everybody watching the eclipse.

At the same time, Captain Stevens, for the National Geographical society, was watching, in the sun's corona, an outburst of flame, 664,000 miles in height, about equal to the diameter of the sun.

In that burst of flame, our earth would seem like a tennis ball, and

erlin. Recently I cured axillary bromidrosis (armpits) with borax. I had tried creol and lysol without effect. The trouble must be due to some germ which is immune to creol but succumbs to borax. (S. O. E. M. D.)
 Answer—Thank you, doctor. Perhaps our readers will try glycerin or borax or both and report their experiences. If not satisfactory, some other remedies we suggest in a mono-

graph on sweating may help. Glad to mail a copy to any reader who asks for it (no clipping) and incloses 3 cent stamped envelope bearing his address.
 Acid Fumes.
 I work in a dental laboratory. We use quite a bit of nitric acid to boil crowns in, and the fumes blow in our faces. What harm would such fumes do? (V. S.)

Answer—Inflammation of nose and throat, laryngitis, in some cases ulceration of the mucous membrane of the breathing passage is caused by the frequent inhalation of such acid fumes. Suitable exhaust ventilating equipment should be provided to carry off the fumes and protect the worker.
 (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

LABOR DAY

This Store Will Be Open All Day Monday, Sept. 5

Get your Labor Day Meats and Groceries fresh Monday. The Home Grocery is also open Sundays. Try our telephone service if you can't come in.

Oysters—Clams—whole or minced—Shrimp—Salmon—Crab—Lobster—Mackerel—Anchovies in tin or glass—Anchovie Paste—Tuna Fish—Sardines—Kipper Snacks.

We sell all these so cheap that we can't afford to pay for advertising the price!

Cove Oysters Fox-In Brand Per Can **10c**

The Home Grocery
 "Serves You Right" Phone 743

STAR MARKET
 314 E. Main We Deliver Phone 273

Keep your children Healthy and Smiling. Order your groceries and meats from our dependable market.

SPECIALS

FRESH BREAD
 Made in Medford 1-lb. loaf **5c**

Fresh Fig Bars per lb. 10c
 Choice Beef Steak lb. 15c
 Fresh Side Pork lb. 12c
 Home Rendered Lard 3 lbs. 25c
 Fresh Ground Hamburger 2 lbs. 19c

Veal Shoulder Roast per lb. 10c
 R. I. RED Hens and Fryers, lb. **20c**
 Beef Liver lb. 5c
 Beef Short Ribs lb. 7c
 Beef Pot Roast lb. 9c

Have You Ever Eaten Orangace?

It was Snider's special this week and it's being repeated by popular demand Saturday and next week.

A cooling sherbet with an icy tang of the sweetened juices of luscious fruits. Blended with frozen bits of candied orange stick. It has a soft crunch and a delicious flavor!

Snider Dairy & Produce Co.
 N. Bartlett Mrs. M. M. Snider Owner and Manager Phone 203

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 When Darkness Lasts Forever, Digestion and Genius, Oysters Return, Poor Little Yak. It Died.

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 Light was gradually shut off from the earth, darkness, over a narrow belt of land, lasted a minute and a half, everybody was impressed.

Some day our sun will die, and darkness will come over the earth to last, forever, or until the earth breaks up, to be reassembled elsewhere billions of years later.

And nobody takes that seriously. We have little imagination, only today, tomorrow and yesterday interest us.

No more eclipse here, until November, when a dark donkey will shut out a shining elephant or vice versa.

In Europe there is a sudden eclipse of hope for peaceful agreement about armaments, and such things.