

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. What with floods, and a plethora of candidates for governor, the upstate is beset by wind and rain.

J. Wesley Bates, the chinwacker, has reverted to bicycle riding, which is the latest craze to hit the town.

Another fair flower of the flower, and a young weed, have been welded for better or for worse, and a shivaree, when their flendish friends get around to it.

Dewey Hill of Prospect, was down Wed. to see a couple of hairy-chested wrestlers maltreat each other, both ways from mayhem.

It looks like the present form of government would survive the be-devilment of local revolutionists, who with no combination John the Baptist, Henry the VIII, and the leading presidents to keep them hysterical, have started to lose heart and their disgust.

The Dub Watson kid is showing musical signs, and may be sentenced to be a fiddler.

A movement is afoot to raise more hall under a new monicker.

The \$5 auto license made its appearance the past week, and is yellow and black.

Haying is rampant, and as usual the owners are wondering what they will do with it, besides selling it and feeding it to cows.

A subscriber wants to know who are the applicants for the postmaster-ship. Well, it has boiled down to about 400 Jackson county democrats.

There will be a school election tomorrow, and it is hoped that the senior high school big don't disappear in the interest of better schools, and prettier schoolmama's.

The days are longer than some faces.

Rufus Holman, state treasurer, and well known blow to the farmers, blomed to them at Pendleton last week.

Bob Hammond has rid from Old Oregon, where he saw his boy become ordained as a lawyer, barrister, counselor, attorney, and master in chancery. Well, it has boiled down to a handy, when caught in some form of criminal meanness.

The local Brain Trust seems to have had everything else, besides being an unlawful combination of pin-heads.

The Hob Deuel Woodhouse is asking people to buy their next winter's wood now, proving the old adage that an armload of fir, is worth three worn-out hind tires, when the nights are chilly.

See the Dryer Easy Washer, \$124.50. Leonard Elec. Holly Bldg. Real Estate or Insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 606.

Support Supt. Hedrick

CITIZENS of Medford who believe in Superintendent E. H. Hedrick and wish his policies in the administration of our schools maintained, should go to the polls tomorrow and vote for Eugene Thorndike and N. H. Franklin, present members of the school board.

The issue is plain. Although the third candidate, Dr. I. D. Phipps is a former member of the board, and personally a friend of Superintendent Hedrick, he is persuaded to run and is supported by a small group of malcontents under the leadership of A. W. Pipes, who are out to "get" Mr. Hedrick, and his election will not only be regarded as a vote of censure for his present school superintendent, but will inevitably inject dissension and strife in the future administration of our local schools.

THIS would be extremely unfortunate. We have enough dissension and strife, as it is, without extending it to our public schools. Mr. Hedrick is not only a good school superintendent, but he is generally recognized as one of the BEST on the coast. He is, not only highly qualified as an educator, but he is an exceptionally competent executive, and a level-headed business man.

In spite of the devastating depression, the present school board under his direction, has come through the stress and strain with flying colors. The economic and financial storm broke, at the worst possible time for our schools,—just when a heavy financial load had been assumed, in the construction of a new high school, and bringing the entire physical plant of our educational system up to date,—yet efficiency and solvency have been maintained, without impairing the high educational standards, which Superintendent Hedrick had established.

The present critical time, is no time to change horses. It is certainly no time to inject prejudices and partisanship, and fan the flames of local dissension, in our public schools.

YET unless those who believe in our schools, as at present conducted, and believe Superintendent Hedrick and his policies, take an active interest in this election, and go to the polls in force, the enemies of Mr. Hedrick have an excellent chance to win. For the prevailing public psychology,—the lure of the specious call of "turn the rascals out"—is all in their favor.

SO IF you believe in Mr. Hedrick and want his policies of administration upheld at the present time, there is only one thing to do tomorrow—vote for the retention of Messrs. Thorndike and Franklin.

The Mail Tribune had no intention of entering this school board election contest. Having a high regard for the characters and capabilities of all THREE candidates, we could see no particular necessity in doing so, and were quite content to abide by whatever the popular verdict might be.

But when the Hedrick issue was injected,—when Pipes and his followers in their desire to "get" Hedrick picked out one candidate and through misrepresentation, abuse and even appeals to religious prejudice, tried to defeat another, then we felt, support of the Hedrick candidates became a public duty, which we could not shirk.

Vote for Franklin and Thorndike if you want Mr. Hedrick retained and his policies continued.

Communications

IS THE SALOON DEAD? To the Editor: If the Medford Mail Tribune is as sincere as it appears to be in its editorial of June 11 about opposing the repeal of the 18th amendment as strongly as Mrs. Sargent they will take a few definite steps in order to safeguard those ideals and also their hundreds of dry subscribers:

The Tribune will ask the average wet voter why he uses alcohol while he sheds great oaths toward the supposed increases in drinking.

The Tribune will investigate the promises of the wet leaders before congress to increase the use of alcohol for the next four years.

The Tribune will investigate the increase of crime, drinking depression and accident of Canada, Sweden and other countries.

The Tribune will ask the Medford police whether liquor laws are being strictly enforced now, and why or why not (till after July 21).

The Tribune will ask their wet friends how more raw material can be used in the making of booze when prohibition is done away with if there was more drinking under prohibition.

Will the Tribune be satisfied just to call the SALOON by some other name and trade a few of its evils perhaps for a few new ones. It is the writer's opinion that more of the saloons should be sold by attractive people in modern saloons than by the old type. For my term as applied to alcoholic beverages see the writings of Drs. Metchnikoff, Basters, Benedict, Peitzer, also such men as Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Ty Cobb, Knute Rockne and Thomas A. Edison.

Support Mr. Hedrick

All I know is what I read in the papers (Will Rogers) so I see that A. W. Pipes is on the loose again. Hadn't heard anything about him since he ran (or was it ran over) for county judge. Used to hear about that famous Pipe line when he was our mayor for a season. Now armed with the teeth with figures (not facts) for since he tried to explain that Water Pipes Line he has never been able to do a thing with 'em.

His mind him you know) furnished by Leoland Knox, a disgruntled ex-teacher of bookkeeping. Pipes is up and at 'em.

The thought just struck me that perhaps the reason Pipes' figure furnished is an "ex" is because his teaching was like his figures. . . . Pipes' no, indeed, boys and girls. Pipes' but making those figures up as he went along. Used to hear about that famous Pipe line when he was our mayor for a season. Now armed with the teeth with figures (not facts) for since he tried to explain that Water Pipes Line he has never been able to do a thing with 'em.

And speaking of children: After all, that's why we have schools. . . . for children and not for dime-a-dozen politicians. And doesn't it seem reasonable that a board member should be not only a taxpayer but also a parent? For who else is more in tune with the needs of youth? When a parent sits in that proud seat on graduation night and thru happy tear dimmed eyes sees his hopes and dreams receive that diploma with what a satisfaction when he knows that child has had the best that modern education offers. And so many our parent of Medford feel under the guidance of Mr. Hedrick our schools are rated among the first ten in the entire United States. I haven't voted at a school election for seven years, but I'm going out Monday and give Mr. Hedrick a vote of appreciation by casting my vote for Franklin and Thorndike, parents as well as taxpayers.

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.

WHICH CAT IS OUT OF THE BAG? THE 'FRAID CAT.'

There, now that the wisacre neurotics have walked out on us rather than choose which class they would join—the dumb or the dishonest—we shall continue the course for the benefit of your dumb ones who selected to go on with it. We are glad that dumb neurotics are in the majority, for there's always a chance of restoring a dumb one to normalcy, provided he isn't too darn dumb to understand simple truths.

Every beat of the heart, every breath you draw, every wave of your hand or lift of your finger, every swing of your leg, every wink of your eye, mental activity, expenditure of energy. Some fuel must be oxidized, burned, to provide the necessary energy. No matter whether you prefer to call it muscular energy, organic functional, physical vital, nervous or mental. So far as we know, so far as science warrants, one uses as much or more energy digesting a soft-boiled egg or explaining it to the traffic cop as one does in working an intricate mathematical problem or in concocting an intricate plot. Actual tests have proved that the energy the body derives from a single peanut will run the brain for an hour or more at high tension. Prolonger recall that what sleep is for. The energy that is practically negligible. Clearly there is no real basis for the notion that there is such a thing as brain or nerve energy (apart from ordinary physical or muscular energy), nor for the old dodge that "brain strain" or "nerve strain" is due to overstudy, business cares, great responsibility, and all that blunk of quacks and crooks.

It is a well known fact that the hard worker, the individual who plays hard or goes in for athletic activities, requires more sleep than the sedentary individual, the "brain worker". Naturally so, for the inactive individual has less wear and tear to repair. That's what sleep is for. The late Thos. A. Edison, who put in long days at his mental tasks but religiously avoided all forms of exercise or physical activity, required a minimum of sleep, for he had little wear and tear to mend. Babies, though comparatively inactive both physically and mentally, naturally sleep most of the time, for they have a prodigious amount of building to do—rapid growth.

It should be fairly obvious that there is only one kind of energy or formed our duties to the very best of our ability, met every situation as it arose, have preserved harmony and made every effort to give an efficient, economical administration and we believe that we have done so.

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Members of the Board of School District No. 49. Mark B. Jarmin, the fifth member is out of town, therefore unable to sign the above statement.

Return from Portland—J. Verne Shangle, who was called to Portland by the death of his mother, returned Tuesday night with Lew Reynolds, who motored to the northern city with his daughter, Dorothy, Tuesday. Miss Reynolds is remaining in Portland for several days.

THREE IN FAMILY WIN DEGREES! A mother and two children received college degrees together this June at Butler University, Indianapolis. Mrs. Jessie B. Craig (center) and her son, Calvert, were awarded degrees of bachelor of science, while her daughter, Virginia, received a bachelor of arts degree. (Associated Press Photo)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 17—Purely personal piffle: Sherwood Anderson writes the simplest prose and Cabell the most confusing. They have to drag me from fake situations, and if no one is around I finger print clean mirrors. But I like Bryan Owen in the most forceful looking of our envoys.

The most fascinating folk are those a bit mad. A lumber yard crime always suggests murder. The crime that interested me more than any other was the headless Pearl Bryan shooting. Second, the Stanford White shooting. I have a kid cousin who talks exactly like Betty Boop.

Richard Barthelmess has appeared in more wholesome films than any other star. My wife and I were the only audience left at the end of the first act of a premiere five years ago. But it was raining and we had no place to go. No one has a slyer sense of humor than John Ringling.

Russell Wilson was the only person to see me off at the train when I came to New York to live. And now look, he's mayor of Cincinnati. The only magazine I continue to read that irritates me is Time. I think death penalty should be certain for kidnapping. And life term always for blackmailers.

I went out to spend a weekend with Joe McLaughlin in St. Louis and stayed seven weeks. It remains one of my favorite cities. And for a city its size, it's hard to tie Dayton, O. Now add then when I yank a sheet from my typewriter I get "copy!"—a reflex to editorial room days. I like to pronounce collaborator, Poignant and flamingo Jean Dixon puts over a line betwixt among the cold pan comedienne.

I never tire of coffee ice cream at Schrafft's or sour cream with chives at Lindy's. And right this very second I could wolf one of those hamburger steaks with ground marrow at Luchow's. About twice a month I have to go rooting all over the house for a lost sock. Ormery is the ugliest word in the language.

After about two years I have quit calling a Sealhym a Sealhyming. The locale interesting me most is the Arctic Circle. No joy quails that of the writer when what he is writing fairly leaps across paper. I have never lunched at the Algonquin or Sardi's. One of the finest characters I know for years played Nana, the dog owner in Peter Pan. No city is so stimulating as Paris at 10 a. m. I can never think of a name when asked suddenly.

Men who like chikins, corn cob pipes and sausages are worth cultivating. A most prized possession is a haircloth round trunk which my grandparents toled crossing the continent inna covered wagon. For five months I roomed next door to Yvette Gullbrink thinking she was Mme. Schachtel. Jack Benny gives me more chuckles than any other radio gag man. The most terrifying hour of night is 3 a. m. and the world will come to an end around 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Zen you! Irene Bordoni and Irene Franklin put over flip songs better than any contemporaries.

No modern hotel louches the old Waldorf for mellow grandeur and dignified hospitality. I hang around anywhere I see DeWolf Hopper talking just to hear his booming, voice. Epictetus bores me and Emil Coleman is the ablest pianissimo. Visiting the Martin Johnsons one evening the talk kept turning to Beatie and how charming she was. Later someone said Beatie must be home and opened a door. Out walked an orang-outang and made for me. That's one of the reasons I write stuff like this. I still think it a rotten gag.

I read the preface of every book. Also jacket blurbs and footnotes. I often, when talk grows collegiate, speak of dead old days at Barlett's college. It was a commercial school for typewriting and shorthand. Once growing fancy in an essay, I penned: "April yielded to May." And every time the editor who received it writes me he makes some satirical reference. His last was: "Hear anything of amorous old April lately?" I have to put up with that sort of stuff to make a living.

Twenty years ago I decided to become a correspondence course mining engineer and guess where I wanted to go? Give up! You'll be in stitches.—Peru.

Undergoes Operation—Oliver Hilkey of Butte Falls underwent a major operation at the Community hospital Thursday night.

Contributed. Years of experience with the saloon makes the most effective speakers for the dry cause today. This was plainly in evidence with Hall and Summers as they presented "The A-T-T-ermath" last Wednesday evening at the Christian church. The audience was spellbound as a case in point was masterfully presented.

These gentlemen will give a return engagement on Monday evening again at the Christian church when they present "Wet vs. Dry." It is a dialogue play, with a big time boot-logger and a judge taking the parts of the play. Thousands who have seen the presentation have pleaded it for its dramatic appeal, its humorous situations and its logical appeal for a dry state and nation. The press of the nation is loud in its praise.

"The Uncle Tom's Cabin of the liquor traffic"—Chicago Tribune. "It's a thunderbolt joined to a tornado with cyclone accompaniment"—Atlantic City Review. "The greatest discussion of the liquor traffic of modern times."—Toledo Blade.

"It's a scream, double distilled laugh."—Denver Post. "Six thousand heard them in Fresno. Thousands turned away."—Fresno Herald. "If they return, no building in Colorado Springs will hold the audience."—Colorado Springs Gazette. Do not miss this opportunity to hear this John B. Gough and John B. Wolley of today. At the Christian church on Monday evening at 8:00 o'clock.

AT THE CAMP FOR JOBLESS GIRLS



Peeling potatoes is part of the routine at the first camp for unemployed women at Bear Mountain, N. Y. Two New York City girls among the early arrivals are shown on the job, helping to prepare their own meals. (Associated Press Photo)

Drop of Dollar Was Engineered by Officialdom

The Federal Reserve bank would go to the large international exchange bankers like J. P. Morgan. It would drop a hint that the administration would feel much less harshly about Mr. Morgan if he would cooperate to get the British pound up.

If Morgan happened then to be under investigation by the administration, he would want to do it. It would be a simple matter for him to would merely fall to transfer into dollar the international credits which flow through his hands. He would stock up credits against the pound and franc.

The scheme would cost a small piece of change. The bankers would get their back when the federal reserve board subscribes to the international exchange fund. The resumption of world trade would make the experiment eventually profitable for them.

Such a program would naturally be followed by declaration of a free market for gold. If Mr. Roosevelt wanted to prevent the process from leading to speculation he could issue a public warning against it. He may.

This would be one of the smartest stunts in modern diplomacy.

PROHIBITION SPEAKERS HOLD AUDIENCE IN PRESENTATION

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Attention! ANOTHER CARLOAD OF CHRYSLER AND PLYMOUTH CARS JUST ARRIVED

ARMSTRONG MOTORS, Inc. 38 No. Riverside. Chrysler and Plymouth Headquarters for Southern Oregon.

Pyroil Cools! Bearings, speeds revolutions, amazingly increases power and efficiency. Pyroil surfaces will lubricate themselves in the complete absence of oil.

MEDFORD OIL DEPO 207 So. Riverside—Front Sanderson Motor Co. Phone 1283. FRANK HULL