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### Overdoing It

There can always be too much of a good thing. To date the U. S. delegation at London, has done well enough, but to term its efforts "the work of master diplomats" as a Democratic contemporary does, is spreading it on too thick.

We quote: "President Roosevelt has sprung another sensation. For the first time in recent history, an American delegation, abroad, has out-generated and out-manuevered the foreign opposition. It marks the 'new deal' in international diplomacy."

It marks nothing of the sort. Man for man the U. S. delegation at the London conference, is undoubtedly inferior, in experience, skill and astuteness, to the foreign delegations; and to date most of the members of the American delegation have been milling around, with no very clear idea of what it is all about.

It is not what the U. S. delegation has done, but what it has REFUSED to do, that entitles it to commendation. It has refused to play the traditional role of American Santa Claus; it has refused to be hoodwinked or bluffed, either by threats or flattery. It has stood its ground in good American fashion, and thus far allowed Nature to take its course.

THE real reason the American delegation has been so successful to date—or rather has been guilty of no blunders—is that by the nature of things this country holds the trump cards in the game of international poker, and knows it. America has held a similar position before, but if the delegates knew it, they never acted that way.

The truth is, the United States can afford to go it alone, on the march to economic recovery, better than any other nation in the world. It is also true, that Europe can NOT recover, without American cooperation and aid.

As a result the obvious American strategy is to stand pat, and let the other side do the leading. This is being done—and ALL that is being done.

THIS country may not win—for Roosevelt wants foreign cooperation and good will. But it can not LOSE, because if Europe refuses to cooperate, Uncle Sam can paddle his own canoe; if it agrees to do so, Uncle Sam can to a large extent dictate the terms.

We repeat, the only outstanding American achievement at the London conference to date is a clear appreciation, from President Roosevelt down, of the fact that this country holds the trump cards and intends to play them.

### Secret Diplomacy Necessary

THE real actors in this present drama are not at London at all. The conference is merely the show window, the real business is being transacted in private offices elsewhere. President Roosevelt, on a certain battlement returning to Washington, is really doing all that is being done, as far as the United States is concerned; England is doing its real job at 10 Downing street; France at the Quai d'Orsay.

The reason the conference promises to adjourn without any REAL accomplishments, is that whether we like or don't like secret diplomacy, international agreements are arrived at in that way—and only in that way. Open covenants openly arrived at are nice to talk about, but the fact is they don't work out in practice.

Had these secret conferences been held BEFORE the London conference was called, the conference would have accomplished something definite and lasting not by original and constructive action, but merely by confirming what had previously been done.

Falling in this, the real accomplishments must be left to subsequent secret conferences, probably held between the time the conference is adjourned and is called together again.

### Primo the Big Prime

PRIMO Carnera, the new heavyweight champion, is a circus freak—a throwback from the dinosaur and hairy mammoth. His proper place is not in the squared ring, but the side show.

With prize fighting no longer a sport however, but a highly commercialized business, propriety will have nothing to do with it. A smart manager, after three years intensive instruction, pounded the intricacies of delivering an upper cut, into this human mastodon's head and as a result, in the ring he will stay, while the smart manager cleans up kings ransom.

From the standpoint of good sport, Carnera should only be matched with other freaks—side-show giants of one kind and another (or perhaps a pugilistically inclined rhinoceros)—synthetic pugilists in his own class. For an even match is the essence of sportsmanship. But he won't be. The profits are too obvious in the other direction.

So the sporting world can expect to have Carnera with them for a long time, unless he should escape the watchful eye of his manager, indulge his appetite for a side of beef and dago red, and fall a victim of acute indigestion.

THE monetary possibilities in fact are limitless. The search will not be for a "white hope" but for another "Little David." Even before biblical days that battle between David and Goliath appealed to the human imagination. Well here will be that prehistoric contest brought up to date.

Every opponent will be another David—until he yields to the well known dictum, that the best little man is no match for a good big one. And unless Primo's undeveloped cerebrum fails to retain that lesson ament the uppercut, he will continue to be a good big one.

WHAT a lark his press agent will have! The size of his custom built shoe, his dozen eggs for breakfast, his bucket of dago red,—a mere chaser to an elephant. Shades of P. T. Barnum—as far as the cash is concerned, Primo can kiss good-bye to Madison Square, hire a second hand Chautauqua tent, and pack them in thicker than Mussolini and at a dollar per.

Oh it's a great world, mates. Primo's foxy manager even more than the "Big Cheese" himself, can be thankful "one is born every minute." True Primo may kill a David or two,—as he killed Ernie Schaaf—but that will be just too bad,—for the Lil' David. The side show will go on—as long as there's money in it!

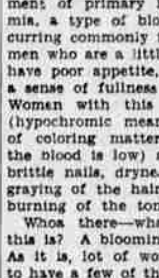
### Personal Health Service

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 submitted to the instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

#### STILL MORE IRON FOR STILL (IN ONE SENSE) WEAKER WOMEN

Our talk extolling the virtue of "Plain Old Fashioned Iron for Pale Weak Women," given here recently, elicited a spirited reaction, through not what we anticipated. In the talk we gave the consensus of modern medical opinion and experience on the superiority of old fashioned inorganic iron over the hafalutin and high priced organic iron compounds. We included a simple recipe which has proved efficacious in the treatment of primary hypochromic anemia, a type of blood deficiency occurring commonly in pale, weak women who are a little short of breath, have poor appetite, and complain of a sense of fullness in the abdomen. Women with this form of anemia (hypochromic means the proportion of coloring matter, hemoglobin, in the blood is low) are likely to have brittle nails, dryness, and premature graying of the hair, and soreness or burning of the tongue.



Whoa there—what do you think this is? A blooming circus? As it is, lot of women who happen to have a few of the symptoms mentioned, will probably try the medicine anyhow. Well, even if they have anemia it will do them no harm. The medicine suggested is a solution of one ounce of iron and ammonium citrate in four ounces of water. A teaspoonful after food three times a day for two or three months. This iron solution is neutral or slightly alkaline and hence cannot injure the teeth. (Any iron may stain the teeth, but the stain is washed off.) Any iron tends to blacken the defects.

Women with hypochromic anemia gain steadily on this medicine for several weeks, and then, in some instances, there is no further improvement. In such cases the cue is to add a dash of copper to the iron medicine—dissolve one grain of copper sulphate in the four-ounce iron solution. Continue taking the same dose as before.

The Pocket Emergency Kit will furnish one grain of copper sulphate. Remember: A one-grain tablet of copper sulphate (blue vitriol), given dissolved in a tablespoonful of water, is an instantaneous emetic for child or adult in any emergency. So you haven't any pocket emergency outfit, eh? Well, even if you do all your touring by bus, train, boat, motor-cycle, bike or a-foot, you should always have your pocket emergency outfit with you. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
 Toxemia  
 A doctor claims most diseases are due to toxemia of the blood. (G. H. C.)  
 Answer—A quack, you mean. An educated physician would no more speak of "toxemia of the blood" than he would of "pneumonia of the lungs." Toxemia means toxin (not ordinary poison) in the blood. For instance in diphtheria the patient suffers from diphtheria toxin in the blood. The quack line about "eliminating toxins" is just bait to catch wisecracking customers.

A Business Hint  
 I read in the Twentieth Century Business Encyclopedia that spirit of hartsorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. (Mrs. P. A. E.)  
 Ans.—In return I beg to suggest that if you ever find business getting away from you a sprinkle of iodized salt on its tail will bring it back again.

Up From Slavery  
 My heartfelt thanks for your booklet on "The Constipation Habit." It is certainly a blessing to be able to eat anything and not worry about bowel action. I had little trouble until five days—thanks to eating considerable banana. But bananas at 9 cents a pound are pretty expensive for a man on an income of \$40 a month. However, I am happy to report that the constipation habit has gone. (R. I.)  
 Ans.—Any victim of the constipation habit who has the will, say the enlightenment can be freed from slavery. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for No. 25, Little Lessons in the Ways of Health, "The Constipation Habit." (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

### ALFALFA WEEVIL QUARANTINE LINE IS MOVED NORTH

GRANTS PASS, July 1.—(Spl.)—Quarantine line for alfalfa weevil infestations, maintained during recent months at the south end of the Rock Point bridge near Gold Hill in Jackson county has been moved to the Josephine county line at the Savage Rapids dam Thursday afternoon by Charles A. Cole, chief of the division of agriculture, who was assisted by C. J. Jester, local plant inspector.

Removal of the line was made necessary by the movement of the weevil infestations closer to Josephine county. Mr. Cole said, the pest having been found in the Evans valley on the west side of the older quarantine line. The sign marking the quarantine line prohibits movements of hay in the direction of Grants Pass from Jackson county and areas beyond.

In the upper Applegate river valley, Cole said, no spread of the alfalfa weevil has been noted, and the valley between Provoit and the Applegate postoffice in Jackson county is still considered weevil free, as is all of the lower Applegate region.

Cole has been in southern Oregon for several days checking up on fruit and getting ready for the shipping season during which the division of agriculture, who has the state department of agriculture, who was assisted by C. J. Jester, local plant inspector.

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While he said the weevil probably could not be stopped entirely, Cole declared in eastern Oregon the efforts of his division has prevented any visible increase during the past 10 years in infested areas, and the rapid spread of infestation has been stopped in all areas including the local area in Jackson county.

Communications  
 For Sales Tax  
 To the Editor: Enjoyed your editorial in last night's paper. If some of those folks who are opposing the trial of the sales tax would suggest something feasible, it would seem more consistent. RALPH BILLINGS, Medford, July 1.

Editorial is Appreciated  
 To the Editor: The editorial which appeared in your edition of the 26th instant, praising the accomplishments of that department, has been read with increasing interest. The textile industry appreciated and we hope that our efforts henceforth will lead to further com-

### NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 1.—No nearby escape from New York offers the cheery simplicity of that Westchester valley. Sleepy Hollow, so immortalized by



Washington Irving. Despite proximity to fashionable Tarrytown and the landscaped arcadia of the Rockefeller estate it's still a glow with the long ago.

There is languor in the air. At every turn in the road one expects to give way to an ancient stage coach. Or hear the zing of the village amibity. I left my companions at the entrance of the Sleepy Hollow Club and set off afoot with a stout stick.

No complement for walking a dusty lane equals the blackthorn. It's a cane that becomes a personal friend, some how down a hill or across a slope I picked up black bull dog, a female of doubtful ancestry, an accomplished walker who ran ahead, barked and then came quietly to heel.

Some horseback riders, flushed with gallop, cantered by and called "Hello Mary!" familiarly to the dog. She wheeled to follow, then as suddenly jogged on with me. I was immeasurably flattered, scratched her behind an ear and we were off again. Every community has its Everybody's Dog.

Mary, I imagine, is Sleepy Hollow's. She faintly savored of the stables. Once she chivied up a squirrel in a cluster of maples and the hillside rang with her bark as the squirrel danced imperiously out on a branch—safe! But Mary was not confused by bewildering frustrations that slow up mankind. She hurried on, wagging. She knows there are other squirrels.

Picking a fence at one meadow was a lackluster worker with a grizzle of beard and Lincolnian gravity. He, too, recognized Mary. "You know this dog?" I inquired. "She belongs over there to the riding academy," he said. And scanned clouds weather-wise for rain.

Valleys always tingle sentiment. I was reared in the Ohio valley surrounded by native and West Virginia hills. The prophets came from the mountains and dreamers from the dales. Trudging along I was brought up short by the jingle of a bicycle bell. Through popular-silver foliage a girl flew along the cinder path. A maid with perplexed set face of one expecting a spill. Mary cocked her ears toward the road. I hoped she would not desert and she didn't.

On one sweep of greenward was a birch, a century old perhaps, and I stretched on my back to relax. Mary a few feet away turned gingerly in that staccato circle peculiar to dogs making bed in high grass. Thoughts slumber to simplicity under the open sky. For no reason I recalled grand-ma's ditty-box where she kept the mottled goosebone with which she unfailingly foretold seasons.

Meaningless remembrances flitted corridors of memory. The ice pier back of the Riverview Hotel off which we dived a la naturel. Boone, the hypnotist, and his Prince Albert and high hat of gold brocade. Miss Eliza Sanna and her Peabody rocking on her Court street porch. Basil Duke, the traveling man from Cincinnati. Captain Rafe Hamilton and the ferry Champion. Alumn Rock where Pedro Joe gathered pennyroyal. Noah's Ark, the quaintly named charabanc from Bladen. The young doctor nick-named Penny-Winkle Pog Eye. And very suddenly the world trembled away. I awoke with start. There was a swishing noise. Vaguely I thought of the headless horseman in the legend of Sleepy Hollow. Mary was licking my face impatient to be off.

We skirted the woods instead of plunging into them again. Going through the same woods the same day is like seeing a play twice the same night. A scouring chill had crept into the upland air. At one cross path Mary stopped, looked at me with solemn eyes, and trotted off at right angles. Once or twice she looked back but succumbed to some stronger appeal. I like to think it was hunger for her evening meal. I'll be days forgetting Mary.

In the opal-grey dusk to the dinner on a club veranda, listening shily to the tilting of light plattitudes of a world removed from Sleepy Hollow's tempo, someone mentioned my drowsiness. "Don't bother the Park avenue naturalist," said my wife with faint mockery. "He feels woodsey!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

has been going 100 per cent. They are afraid of inflation and the processing taxes. They are running night and day to get in all the production they can before the government increases further the price of raw materials. Also before the government can put on the tax.

This excess production is being stored. It may create a surplus production problem if it goes much further.

The selling and also is not keeping up with production generally. Retail sales increases have been shown recently in automobiles, cigarettes and refrigerators. That is about all.

However, nearly every major industry has been increasing employment. Only the chemicals showed a decrease during the last six weeks.

These figures make it as plain as the nose on any manufacturer's face that he must cooperate with the industrial control movement to boost and spread wages. It is a matter of self-preservation and not a patriotic appeal. It is a selfish business necessity and not theoretical altruism.

At the rate production is running we will soon have our heels over our head again, unless they cooperate. They will.

### 300,000 OREGON MOTORISTS YET TO RENEW CARDS

Three hundred thousand Oregon motorists must obtain renewal drivers' licenses before September 1, the first day on which the law requires ever motor vehicle operator to have a new-type permit, according to Hal E. Hoos, secretary of state.

This great number, approximately three-quarters of the drivers in the state, may occasion a rush for permits such as swamped examination stations during the last few days preceding June 9, when the motor vehicle laws raised the cost of permits from 50 cents to \$1. "In the short time from May 1, up to and including June 8, 76,384 persons were examined," Mr. Hoos declared. "The magnitude of this task may be seen by a comparison with the 22-month period between July 1, 1931, and May 1, 1933, when only 21,816 drivers were examined. On June 8, this year, 6500 persons were given examinations, with applicants in some localities being taken care of until midnight. Such a congested condition will recur in the weeks just preceding September 1, the secretary of state pointed out, "unless drivers arrange immediately for renewals."

Authority has been given by the legislature to waive examination of renewal applicants, except for those 70 years of age and older, or when, because of obvious physical impairments or a questionable driving record there is reason to believe that an applicant may not be qualified to operate a car in a safe manner. Holders of new-type drivers' licenses and renewals issued since July 1, 1931, need not renew their permits until June 30, 1935, regardless of the expiration date they bear.

In order to obtain a renewal permit, Mr. Hoos warned, it will not be sufficient merely to mail a dollar. The applicant must obtain the regulation application form either by mail from the secretary of state's office in Salem, or from state police, county sheriff, or examiners. This must be filled out and signed before a notary public or one of the official examiners, all of whom have notaries' commissions, or other persons qualified to administer oaths. State examiners will affix the notary seal free of charge.

An examiner may be located by referring to the printed schedules which may be secured from the secretary of state's office, state police or sheriffs.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 695.

Skeleton Solves Six-Year Mystery  
 LAKEVIEW, Ore., July 1.—(UP)—Mysterious disappearance of George Bernard six years ago was believed explained today with the finding of his skeleton a short distance from the main road, in the Warm Springs section on Hart mountain. Settlers believe he was caught in a severe snowstorm.

### Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY  
 July 2, 1923  
 (It was Sunday)  
 Sandvut fire threatens mill district of city and menaces a number of homes. It was fanned by a high wind. Firemen and volunteer workers prevented the spread of the flames.

Mayor C. E. (Pop) Gates declines invitation to deliver Fourth of July talk at Waldport.

Valley sportsmen "demand that something be done to improve the fishing in Rogue river."

Monster rattlesnake killed in the Wimer district.

Traffic department starts campaign against autoists who have not yet bought their 1923 licenses, due last January.

One thousand, nine hundred and twenty people partook of city's hospitality at auto camp during June.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 July 2, 1913  
 (It was Wednesday)  
 Sams Valley horse thieves rounded up.

City ordinance proposed to stop cows from running at large in city limits.

Medford mothers all excited over "better babies" contest on July 4 City making ready for big celebration Great interest in Bud Anderson-Leach Cross fight at Los Angeles.

Vaudeville show at the Page this week.

Drive is opened for a Y. M. C. A. here.

Prices of cleaning and pressing will be advanced from the basic rate of 75c to a basic rate of \$1.00 on Wednesday, July 5th. These prices will be in effect in all Medford Plants and Press Shops, all of which are Members of the Medford Cleaners Association.

Room with Bath one Person \$2.00  
 Room with Bath two Persons \$2.50 UP

THESE ARE THE new LOW rates AT THE

### IMPERIAL HOTEL

Broadway & Stark  
 PORTLAND, ORE.  
 The HOUSE of PERSONAL SERVICE

### Monday Specials!

Bottle Caps, gross ..... 16c

Stainless Steel Paring Knives, composition steel handles ..... 15c

### New Cold Pack Canners

New Ketch-Orens for Fishing, better than trout orens ..... 45c

### Hubbard Bros., Inc.

Cor. Main & Riverside

In PORTLAND OREGON  
 SINGLE WITH BATH \$2.00 AND UP  
 DOUBLE WITH BATH \$3.50 AND UP  
 BEST IN THE WEST  
 Portland's newest and finest hotels. Located in the hub of the shopping and recreational district... are the unquestioned choice of experienced travelers. Concerts twice daily on \$25,000 organ. Conveniently located just across the street.  
 HARRY C. HEATHMAN—Manager  
 THE NEW HEATHMAN HOTEL  
 15 BROADWAY & STARK  
 HEATHMAN HOTELS

### Caruso's Widow Will Wed Again

PARIS, July 1.—(UP)—The wedding of Mrs. Dorothy Benjamin Caruso, widow of the world-famous tenor, to Charles Adam Holder, an American formerly in the diplomatic service, will take place at noon next Wednesday in Paris. It was announced today.

Dance at Kincaid's hall, Eagle Point. Baseball club.