

EDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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It's a Great Country!

IT MIGHT be called a clinic in citizenship. And it is running full blast in Jackson county now.

THEY are called C. C. C. camps, and they are scattered throughout the untamed wilderness of this section of the state.

In each camp they have approximately 200 men and boys, of different ages and types, some of them from this county, but most of them from the East, Middle West and South.

An interesting story could be written on what they are doing, but we are more interested, at the moment, in what is being done to THEM.

WHEN one gets the entire picture it is really a most impressive spectacle. These men and boys, have all been taken from families which through no fault of their own, have suffered severely from the depression.

They work eight hours a day, although in some cases, a large proportion of the eight hours is taken up in transportation to and from their jobs.

THEY are given plain but excellent food. Statistics show that all the C. C. C. boys have gained in weight and improved in health.

THIS is a great achievement in itself,—for the cornerstone of good citizenship is good health,—a sound body, and the absence of physical maladjustments which so quickly result in mental maladjustments.

EVEN more important perhaps is the vocational feature of the training. These "soldiers of conservation and reconstruction," are continually being taught how to do things and how to do them WELL.

CONTRARY to popular report there is no army discipline. No military training whatever. The boys are free to leave if they want to leave, but none have wanted to, in Southern Oregon.

WHAT a wonderful thing this is! These men and boys,—casualties of the worst depression in world history,—are put to work in the great outdoors, doing things that are useful to the districts in which they are placed, but even more useful to themselves.

Under firm but kindly discipline and intelligent direction, they are restored to health and strength, instructed in the basic principles of sanitation and hygiene, given practical manual training,—and instead of having to pay to go to such an outdoor school, they are paid FOR it.

Uncle Sam not only provides them with clothes, shelter and good wholesome food, he pays each "soldier" a dollar a day,—\$25 a month being sent to his family or dependents, the remaining \$5 being for incidentals.

THIS is a wonderful time in which to live—a new world is being constructed right around us. We can think of no more enlightening experience as to what that New World PROMISES to be, than to take a trip to some of these C. C. C. camps in Southern Oregon.

IT IS a clinic in citizenship. Thousands of men, young and old, who but for the government, under which they live, might have become pathetic derelicts or worse, are being made into upstanding, truthful, self-reliant and self-respecting American citizens.

IT IS a great country, brethren—the UNITED STATES.

Why do all the papers just mention cost of production? Why can't he be entitled to some kind of a profit?

The canneries that are buying these pears from the grower have already sold them at a figure making them a profit.

The packer that may handle these pears is being protected for a profit. The shipper selling the packed article is going to protect himself for a profit.

The pre-cooling and storage plant, the railroads will make a profit. What are the answers—"Why?"

Ed. Note—Getting cost of production is better than getting less than that, which we understand the original canneries proposed. Getting a profit is even better, and we heartily agree with our correspondent that the pear growers SHOULD get that, and are as much entitled to it as the canneries, shippers and railroads.

Members of the University of Washington anatomy class were drafted to help preserve the skeleton of Tusko, elephant whose hide and bones weigh nearly three tons.

Why Only Cost of Production? To the Editor: My wife has been asking me "Why so many times lately that I am appealing to you for the answers."

Why is the man growing Bartlett pears only entitled to the cost of production?

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to be used as diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed.

THE DEVIL HIS DUE. A while ago this column had a recipe for anemia—one ounce of iron and ammonium citrate dissolved in four ounces of water.

Many others look at the article on anemia as a cue to tell me the history of their sick lives and to ask whether in my opinion they should try this new cure.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. They Deserve Long Sentences. You have no former admitted that I, or one who believes more steadfastly in your professional integrity, I have one big criticism—your sentences are too long and too mixed in structure.

Bad Example. Last term we used your daily articles for collateral reading in our English department, but we fear you are injecting too much slang and questionable humor.

Sulphur for Hair. Having learned from experience that sulphur and lard will make a dog's hair grow in a short time, I have been using this on my own hair, and I believe my hair is getting thicker.

Ed. Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M.D., 203 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

and brilliant headlines are more important. When I came to the Park Row scene the best reporting was being done on an afternoon sheet.

During those days Heywood Brown was turning out baseball stories that were epics. Most people think of Brown as an ex-dramatic critic and present day columnist.

So uncanny is his sudden presence whenever a wealthy celebrity arrives that Louie's Palmbanks once exclaimed: "He must come out of the woodwork."

He gives false impression of funniness, where as he is in truth a fellow of very sturdy sense. A frequent thrower of celebrity parties, he is always involved in an affection of pugacity.

Because he is always flying from himself into a pose, people like him much or dislike him thoroughly. It may be added he doesn't care a hoot for personal reactions.

To intimidate Hunt is "Spike" and Lewis "Red." They are tall, rangy back-country types who might have been yanked from the north end of a southbound plow.

A dour NIAGARA mustached Tory of the club windows was visited by a group of reporters running down hall for his scapegrace nephew.

Members of the University of Washington anatomy class were drafted to help preserve the skeleton of Tusko, elephant whose hide and bones weigh nearly three tons.

Phone 342 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service. Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 598.

I frequently wonder if readers appreciate excellent reporting of daily news. I have come to believe crisp

Utterly consumed by the task, he grew thin, pale and I often thought hungry. Then he vanished, as city neighbors so often do. No one heard of his book. He was the greatest devotion to letters I've ever known.

Around this time the cartoonist, Clare Briggs, was building his famous home, "Blue Anchor," on a hillside, at New Rochelle. I remember visiting it with Bob Ripley, then a little known sport page artist.

From the Iron Mountain Weekly: "We have just seen a picture of O. O. McIntyre, whom we adore, in a Chicago paper, and our worship is waning."

And there lies love! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Editorial Comment

Placing the Blame. In passing sentence on the Medford gangsters who posed as reformers, Judge Skipworth of this district placed the blame for the whole mess squarely on the shoulders of the Medford Daily News.

It is especially true in a small community where there are two daily papers and scarcely room for one, as was the case in Medford. If one of them happens to be edited by a tinhorn, a parasite or a spleen dominated vicar of hallucinations, or has no conscience, there is soon a newspaper

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES

Table with columns: County Funds, General County Fund, Road Districts, School Districts, etc. Total County: \$277,843.38

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

Table with columns: Receipts, Disbursements, Balance. Total All Funds: \$402,431.83

Legal Department

Table with columns: Collected, Turned over to Treas., etc. Total: \$3,647.68

RECAPITULATION OF BALANCE

Table with columns: First National Bank, Warrants, etc. Total: \$2,002.21

TOTAL AMOUNT OF TAXES COLLECTED DURING 6 MONTHS

Table with columns: 1932 Taxes, 1933 Taxes, etc. Total: \$321,618.97

State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss:

I, G. R. Carter, County Clerk of the County of Jackson in and for Jackson County, Oregon, do hereby certify that the foregoing statements of the condition of Jackson County, Oregon, for the six months period ending June 30, 1933, are as shown by the records and files of my office.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the County Clerk this 15th day of Aug. 1933.

(SEAL) G. R. CARTER, County Clerk for Jackson County, Oregon.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The 12-year-old girl evangelist who 10 years ago mildly stirred the spiritual needs of this community, has returned to the pulpit.

The esteemed Oregonian came out editorially Monday, to declare "now is a time to spend—not save."

School opens next month. So the dire and doleful news is flaunted in the headlines, "the schools will have to close, unless the teachers' pay is cut."

Paris has announced the feminine fashions for Fall. It has been definitely decided that the waistline will be at the waist, during the autumn and early winter.

Sunday, in the Reese creek district, your corv. saw an infuriated farmer chasing a bull, and vice versa.

It won't be long now, until it is definitely known who is warden at the state prison.

Yesterday was so hot that vitamins were baked before they could bake the babies.

NOT A BIT

Without lights, without heat, with barely enough food to sustain life this child of America worked undaunted in her music.

Colonel Shreve, in charge of the 40-hour week orators, has already worked 49 hours straightening out those who have contributed their vocal chords to Prosperity.

One of the best pool players miseducated late Sunday, and hit a phone pole with his trusty Ford.

The H. Flewler bakery is rapidly assuming proportions, and will soon be ready to live and breathe as a community asset.

Shorter hours will mean that we shall have the selfish labor hog to contend with, no doubt. By labor hog I mean the man that works double shift or more, thus depriving one or two men that need work.

Communications

The Labor Hog. Shorter hours will mean that we shall have the selfish labor hog to contend with, no doubt.

Why Only Cost of Production? To the Editor: My wife has been asking me "Why so many times lately that I am appealing to you for the answers."

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