MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 28-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 14

ROBERT W. HUME, Editor

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year $5.00
Daily, six months 2.75
Daily, one month ..... .50
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, one year $6.00
Daily, six months 3.25
Daily, one month ..... .60
All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford.
Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also to the local news published herein.
All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There is a wave of Drunken Drivers catapulting up and down the highways strewing Death and Disaster. These social idiots suffer from the quaint delusion that prohibition repeal grants them a license to run hog-wild in an auto, with scant regard for the rights or safety of others. The Monday papers are sprinkled with items devoted to auto accidents, and the Saturday nights are becoming hideous with the groans of victims, and the crash of fast moving vehicles. Everybody has pledged themselves that the old-fashioned saloon shall not return to the corner. Something should be done about the undertaker and the doctor rushing out Saturday night to corners that failed to straighten out sufficiently for alcoholic autoists. The old-fashioned corner saloon, that the hand of every man is turned against, in its roughest day and night seldom showed a casualty list that could compare to the average corner accident. The Drunken Driver is a major nuisance, now unwittingly engaged in a campaign to insure the return of prohibition, such as it was, the first time the voters get a chance. For his own good, and the good of all who use the highways, he should be placed where there are no week-end dances, and the warden is meaner than a district attorney.

• • •

Thomas Farlow of Lake Creek towned Monday. Mr. Farlow crawled out from under the Depression, and other ills besetting the agriculturists, long enough to buy a lawyer his lunch.

• • •

Uncle, 89, called this morning and was "eternally danged," and "more than put-out," because he could not recall the first name of a man he had not seen since the St. Louis fair.

• • •

The nut crop of the valley (it's not the one you are thinking of) will soon be ready to harvest.

• • •

A number of the Older Girls have resorted to mountain-climbing as a means of regaining the school girl hip. They will start in on the Alice Hanley knoll and then work easterly to Mt. Pitt. There is nothing more jolly than a hefty lady battling up the side of a lofty eminence. The mountain now displaces the horse as a way to make fat vanish. The horse was unsatisfactory. He was hard to climb on, and difficult to catch. (A husband told us he did not blame the horse being hard to catch, but requested that his name be not used.)

• • •

The public likes the ruthless manner in which the NRA, sat down upon the patriotic beanery proprietors, who raised the pay of the cooks and waiters, and then started charging the cooks and waiters for their meals. The Blue Eagle caught them at their cheerful chiseling.

• • •

There is apt to be a special session of the legislature, to consider relief matters. There ought to be some legislation enacted to provide relief from any more legislation by the legislature. There may be some tinkering with the tax legislation. This will probably bring forth a measure exempting all who have not paid their taxes from paying them.

• • •

A Utah brat, denied the use of the family auto, beat his father and mother so severely they are both in the hospital. The trial of the youth will not be held until both parents have recovered sufficiently to tell the judge: "He was always a good boy."

• • •

FAITH—1933 MODEL
(Oregonian)

It is asserted that in this particular eastern Oregon area, the public faith in the immediate effectiveness of the new deal is so great that the unemployed have stopped most of their preparations for the winter. The weeds go unmolested in the "sustenance gardens" and the vegetables go uncanned. The unemployed are all quite convinced that they will be back on jobs by the time the snow flies. So why bother with vegetables? Why gather the fruit that is falling ot the ground, and why mend the old clothes?

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

It Can't Be Done!

EVERYONE knows whiskey and gasoline don't mix. Yet the attempt to do so, throughout the country, goes tragically on. The time has come,—in fact it has long since arrived—to call a halt.

There are drastic laws against driving while intoxicated. These laws must be rigidly and impartially enforced. With the repeal of prohibition, only a question of months, even heavier penalties are advisable, and an even more determined drive against the drunken driver, must be undertaken.

Behind such a drive there should be a united and militant public opinion. There can be no compromise on such a question, the results are too tragic, the situation too deadly serious.

Those who can't themselves discern such an obvious truth, must be taught by hard and bitter experience. Toward this end all right thinking people should unite—for with the repeal of prohibition it will be a matter of self preservation, a civic and patriotic duty which no self respecting citizen can shirk.

• • • • •

ONE attitude toward drinking must be eliminated. This is a product of an age that has passed, namely that "getting drunk," if not praiseworthy is rather "smart"—particularly among the young. The advent of the machine age definitely ended all that. Such an assumption never had any sound basis. But to perpetuate it in this day and age, is simply criminal.

The automobile is here to stay. It is neither a luxury, nor a convenience. It is a necessity, in our day-to-day life. But putting whiskey into the gas tank along with gasoline, turns the automobile into a dangerous weapon,—dangerous not only to the man at the wheel, and those in the car, but to all who come within striking distance,—in short to the public, at large.

The New Deal as far as hard liquor is concerned, MUST therefore mean an era of greater temperance. It MUST mean the absolute divorce of liquor and gasoline. It must mean that the individual who can't handle his drinks, can't handle his car—or any OTHER car. It must mean an end to the smart Alec conception of "hitting 'er up," as far as motor travel is concerned. It must mean, by common consent, that the individual who persists in trying to mix whiskey and gasoline has no place in modern society, his only place is behind the bars.

• • • • •

STRINGENT laws can do much toward this end. But laws can't do everything. Laws are only as effective as public opinion behind them.

With the repeal of prohibition, there must be a public opinion aroused against not the proper use; but the ABUSE of alcohol, which will make drunken driving not only a crime, but socially a disgrace.

Such a public opinion will be absolutely demanded, to make the New World safe for those who live in it.

The County Audit

THE result of the audit of the county books was about as predicted in this column many months ago.

Minor discrepancies were revealed of course, but by and large they were only such as one would expect, in the administration of any business, conducted by human beings who are neither infallible, nor above making mistakes. There was no justification WHATEVER for the noise and fury about corruption and crookedness, which was bandied about, so long a time before the audit was ordered, and which was the main cause for having it done, at that particular time.

• • • • •

PUBLIC audits are nothing new. They have been conducted from time to time in city and county affairs, but because the auditors have been local there have been charges of "whitewash" and insinuations that the accountants responsible have been members of some mythical gang.

The present audit was made by an outside accountant, which eliminates any such suspicions, however unwarranted, and we believe this policy is wise and should be continued in the future.

• • • • •

MEANWHILE although there was nothing startling in the audit,—little in fact of any genuine news interest—we feel that the more the people of the county study the audit and understand the recommendations made, the better for all concerned.

Some of our bookkeeping methods, we understand, are out of date, and certain phases of department accounting, discourage rather than encourage, personal responsibility, and the easy gathering of accurate information, by the proper investigatory bodies.

The Mail Tribune questioned the wisdom of ordering the audit, under existing financial conditions. But the AUDIT was ordered.

No wthat it has been completed, let's get as a community, all the good we can out of it.

The first step in this direction is to give the people all the saliant details concerning it, and as quickly as possible, changing clerical methods to conform with the obviously sound recommendations made therein.

OREGON RECEIVES FLAG FROM CHIEF OF OLD IRONSIDES

SALEM, Aug. 22.—(AP)—Commander Louis J. Gulliver of the frigate Constitution presented the state flag of Oregon, previously presented the ship by the Society of Daughters of 1812, to the state here Monday. C. M. Thomas, public utilities commissioner, represented Governor Julius L. Meier in accepting the flag for Oregon.

Fifty persons, representing patriotic societies and branches of the military department were present at the presentation in the executive offices. Mrs. George Root, president of the Society of Daughters of 1812, had charge of the ceremony. She requested the flag be displayed in the senate chamber and remain in the state capital.

Commander Gulliver, in presenting the flag, declared the emblem of the state had been on display in the captain's cabin on Old Ironsides for three weeks and it was only because the flag was too large for the ship that it was not retained by the Constitution. He declared that in the visit of the ship in Oregon waters more than 300,000 people had visited the ship, or about one-third of the state's population.

GRAF TO VISIT FAIR ON FINAL TRIP WEST

FRIEDRICHSHAFEN, Aug. 22.—(UP)—The Graf Zeppelin will visit the United States in November, it was announced here last night.

The final trip this season over the south Atlantic to South America will start October 28. After regular calls at Pernambuco, Brazil, and Buenos Aires, Argentina the Graf Zeppelin will proceed to the United States, stopping at Miami, Fla.

If a landing there proved impractical, the dirigible is to continue direct to Akron, Ohio, to refuel, flying thence to Chicago, circling over the century of progress fair and returning to Akron.

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, 265 El Camino, Beverley Hills, Cal.

PASS THE BREAD AND EXPUNGE THE POTATOES

A correspondent who signs his letter "Tin Doctor" gives me a proper dressing down and bids me stop him if he is wrong. Come, come, if I undertake to stop everybody who is wrong I'm afraid I'd never find any time for my bowling. No, if you insist on being wrong it is your affair. All I can do is to carry on my fight for the right and bide my time till you grow up and learn something.

There is a strangely familiar sound about the old hokum bunkem this "Tin Doctor" friend attempts to palm off on me:

"We pamper our digestive tract with soft, palatable, partially pre-digested foods, which brings on atrophy of certain glands of internal secretion. . . ."

I wish the gentleman would not hang his hat on his nose when he gives a lecture. . . .

". . . This results in change in composition of secretions of these glands. For instance the saliva no longer holds its calcium in suspension. . . ."

This is news indeed. Heretofore we have assumed the saliva is the secretion of parotid, submaxillary and sublingual glands (three pairs of glands), but according to this unique conception of "Tin Doctor" the saliva is produced by a gland or glands of internal secretion.

". . . and consequently some calcium is deposited on the non-self-cleaning surfaces of the teeth. . . ."

When my dentor was cleaning my teeth recently he pointed out the predilection of the outer surfaces of the upper molars for the calcareous deposit which I called tartar but he called something else, something harder to scale from the teeth than ordinary tartar. At that point the saliva from the parotid gland (the gland that swells in mumps) is ejected from the duct into mouth cavity.

But what of it? Everybody is more or less subject to the formation of such deposits on the teeth, no matter whether he brushes his teeth religiously or never, and everybody must go to the dentist at intervals if he wishes to keep his teeth clean and free from such deposit.

"Tin Doctor" winds up with this diatribe:

"If you came to my office for treatment of any character with accumulations of potatoes, bread, meat and other accretions between and around the necks of your teeth, like many others who have read your articles about the care of the teeth, I am afraid . . . ."

No fear, my dear dentor. Fortunately I don't care for potatoes unless they're quite crisply fried, and mighty few cooks know how to fry 'em the way I want 'em. Besides, a dentor who regards the saliva as an "internal secretion" might regard my perfectly innocent wisdom tooth as a cervical rib and attempt to remove it.

Haven't you confused your nicknames, too, Dentor? The term "tin doctor" signifies a nurse who gets a job working for the local school board or some industrial or commercial firm, then proceeds to double as doctor for any of the peasants who will stand for that kind of near-medical service. In short, the nurse quacks it for $30 a week, and so saves her philanthropic employers the cost of a physician's services in many a case where such services are really required.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A Bit of Hooey About Fingernails.

Digest of an article which stated that absence of "moons" on the nails indicates that the person is subject to a certain disease. Is there any truth in this?—Mrs. H. F.

Answer—Perhaps the moons disappear in some cases of favus or ringworm of the nails. It has no general significance.

Tin Doctor Wisdom.

The nurse who has charge of the first aid room in the plant where I am employed told me that I can put on weight by eating until I am full and then eating that much more yet . . .—D. R. C.

Answer—Sounds simple, and probably she is. Send in some more of the tin doctor's bedtime stories.

What Price Eyes.

What do you suggest for one who suffers from eyestrain? When I read or do other close work . . . Should I buy some glasses advertised in magazines, or do you think I ought to have my eyes tested by an optician? —Miss J. M. B.

Answer—Eyes are delicate organs and precious and intimately related with the nervous system. Give them the benefit of the best medical attention. Have them examined by an oculist (eye physician) and wear only the glasses he prescribes.

(Copyright, 1932, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Mrs. Harvey Neighbor of Lincoln Before Coming To Oregon in Early Day

(By Eva Nealon Hamilton.)

Abraham Lincoln was quite the same as any other person on the street to Mrs. Auletta Merriman Harvey, beloved southern Oregon pioneer, when she left Springfield, Ill., to cross the plains 81 years ago. But today, whenever the conversation can be edged around that way, the little silver-haired woman never misses a chance to say, "I used to live across the street from Lincoln."

And so she did, she told the story again last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. M. Wilson, when coaxed into a review of a four-year-old girl's impressions of a journey from Illinois to Oregon behind a team of oxen, with Indians in the bushes and rivers at the flood.

And it was in relation to the latter that Mrs. Harvey, who recently celebrated her 85th birthday, volunteered this bit of information, "You can't get an ox to put his head under water."

Contradicting all the stories and pictures of the famous crossings of the Platt river, which doused the heads of oxen well under the waves, Mrs. Harvey made her declaration "It just can't be done. I saw too many of them going across, I haven't forgotten. They never got their heads wet."

"But they did stampede when they smelled Indians." That old story Mrs. Harvey verified, and with a very interesting tale. She was standing alone in the Merriman wagon, one in which the wide circle of 50 included in the emigrant train of '52, when suddenly oxen and horses smelled Indians, and the sampede was on. There wasn't time for anyone to remove the little girl from the wagon, so around the circle she went as thundering hoofs carried her through the stages of the stampede. And when it was all over she was still standing in her father's wagon.

There were just three white men in the Rogue River valley when the Merrimans, Constants and Leevers arrived to settle near Central Point, Mrs. Harvey recalled. The three were mining near Jacksonville. During the strenuous wagon trip, Mrs. Merriman and baby son died, leaving Thomas Merriman alone with his four-year-old daughter. Mother and baby were buried on the plains.

There were many Indians, and the little girl, Auletta, soon took them to be her playmates. She learned to speak their language, and hasn't forgotten how. When she meets a redman in Klamath Falls or at Crater Lake today she calls to them in the old "jargon," and it still brings an answer. And still a little shiver to the spine, Mrs. Harvey admitted, with her jolly laugh, which 85 birthdays haven't dulled. For she really was and is afraid of Indians. She remembers too well the tragedies leading up to the Indian war, during which her family fled to Douglas county to live in a fort during the years of '55 and '56.

After coming to southern Oregon, Mrs. Harvey's father married again, one of the pioneer Riddle family. When the Indian war broke out his wife's little sister, Clara, had died. An Indian boy who had been living with the Merrimans, became terribly alarmed and insisted that the little girl be buried immediately. Queried, he revealed the first news of the war to the Merrimans, announcing that "Indians on warpath. Kill all whites. Bury her soon."

Before the family got out of the Rogue River valley the tragedies had begun. The Harris home, not far from the Merriman's, was fired upon by the Indians. Mr. Harris was killed and the little Harris boy, who figures in most reports of the Indian war, had disappeared, never to return. Mrs. Harvey didn't know the boy. But she remembers well the horrible stories which spread through the early settlement.

Since those very early days, Mrs. Harvey has lived in various parts of the Rogue River valley. When she was 19 she was married at the Merriman ranch to J. E. Buzan. Two daughters were born to the union, Mrs. Nate Otterbein of Klamath Falls and Mrs. E. M. Wilson of Medford. She was later married to J. E. Harvey, and two sons were born, John Harvey of Santa Ana, Cal., and William Harrison Harvey, deceased.

At her recent birthday party in Ashland, where Mrs. Harvey has lived for 23 years, five generations of her family were represented, she recalled with pride during her visit last week at the Wilson home here.

Her grandchildren are: Birdie McDonald, Georgia Sloan, Louis P. Hoagland, Grace Hijack, Fern Smith, Maude Goeller, Lloyd G. Rippey, Clara Jewel, Milburn Harvey, Albert Harvey, Harold Harvey, Leda Parker and Opal Wright. The great-grandchildren: Joan Willits, Jack Beaver, Henry Goeller, Geanne Goeller, Nanette Goeller, Adra Goeller, Ann Harvey, Milburn Harvey, John Albert Harvey, Eleanor Jane Rippey, Junior Sloan, Marjorie Lou Hoagland, Donald Smith, and the great-great-grandchild, Sharon Lee Willits.

Mrs. Harvey, who lives near the Twin Plunges in Ashland, does her own housework and enjoys her independence. She wears glasses only for reading and enjoys good health, except for a defect in hearing, which she blames on an auto accident of a year ago.

SALEM, Aug. 22.—(AP)—Bail of $250 was raised here for Joe John Hing, Portland Chinese, who has been held here on a charge of larceny by bailee. R. W. Gill and Joe Levy signed undertaking for bail.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—The most striking figure among artists continues to be the black and white master, Charles Dana Gibson. Wherever he appears in public heads turn, even among those who are unconscious of his identity. I am told he is even better known in London.

Over there people follow in the manner of the small boy trailing a champion. Of enormous but well proportioned bulk, he has a patrician profile and heavy brow magnificent with the majesty of Michaelangelo. His walk is a stride without self-consciousness of celebrity.

His wife is one of the famous Langhorne beauties of Virginia, and as he is seldom seen without her, her matured stateliness adds panache to the mass attraction. Few successful artists have displayed such keen interest in the embryo artist struggling up. He has been a father confessor.

Like E. Barry Wall, Gibson clings to the extravagantly wide wing collar. While he contributes a pen sketch now and then to "Life," which he owns, he has little enthusiasm for the Gibson girl and tip-toeing Mr. Pipp, which made him famous. His metier is now a broader palette with oils.

Phychology: In the swankiest jewelry establishment in town an article is never called cheap. It is low priced.

Theatrical press agents have thinned to a handful. Most of the energetic guild have turned to other callings until there is a revival of the theater. And such a revival grows increasingly debatable. In the days when Joe Drum, Leon Friedman, Wells Hawks, Nellie Revell and Walter Kingsley headlighted the scene, there were more than 100 p a.'s drawing salaries from $75 to $400 a week.

The most accomplished in the art of extravagant three sheeting—certainly the most highly paid—was the late and nervously energetic Harry Reichenbach. His income at one time was in excess of $2000 a week. He was the instigator of "plants" which often flowered on page one and caused city editors to wring their hands.

The most hilarious left-over in the theatrical field is the effervescing Dick Maney, a jovial and derbied wight with a black cigar, and much barrack-room ribaldry. He was dramatized as the boisterous ballyhooer in "20th Century," a dramatization transferred to the film version. The latest yarn concerns his casual dropping in at a cafe on the lower East Side. As a gesture of pleasantry he gave three cheers for Hitler. It was the wrong spot for such exuberance and he found himself buried in chairs dishes and sundry nick-nacks. Lifting his head from the debris he chirped: "Custer in the Ghetto!"

It was Maney, on guard at the suite of one of his theatrical stars, who received four newspapermen for an interview. Picking up the phone, he relayed to his principal: "Three reporters and a gentleman from the Boston Transcript."

I dropped in at one of the last of the decaying brick homes on Park avenue yesterday to see a writer of books, who has just taken it over. The hall was large and echoey. From his study we went into a small flagged court. Wind rustled ivy on the brick wall and a canary indulged vague chirping as we approached. A rheumatic old fellow in blue shirt with hat abaft was cutting spikes of weeds here and there with a hand scythe. No telephone in the house and the old-fashioned lid-up and drippy ice chest on the back porch. I had a feeling, a very comfortable feeling, this was what Park Avenue and most of New York were like before grandeur went to their heads.

The venerable Robert Bridges, 75-year-old editor of Scribner's, is one of the most ardent film fans in town. Almost every night he may be seen puttering in and out of a movie, Taj Mahals, beard, tailcoat, silver headed cane and all. He is said to be especially interested in dashing crook films.

I was telling Paul Whiteman today of my desire for new book-cases in modern decor could I afford them. "Why not," inquired Howard Acton across the room, "take it out of your next year's yearnings!"

(Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

FATHER OF TWINS, 80, STILL HEARTY AT 109

DAVIS, Okla.—(AP)—J. J. Allen, for whom the claim is made that he is 109 years old, is an unusual "oldest inhabitant" in more ways than one.

At a birthday party for him recently, friends and relatives recalled that he married his second wife when he was 80 and became the proud father of twins.

Allen milks cows and helps with chores around the farm. His eyesight remains good and he has never worn glasses.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH ARE PRETZEL EXPERTS

HARRISBURG, Pa. — (UP) — The pretzel makers in Pennsylvania last year produced $3,722,800 worth of pretzels, according to compilations of the department of revenue.

Most of the production was found in eastern counties, where plants first were established decades ago by early German settlers.

NUDIST CAMP IS REVELATION FOR VISITING SCRIBE

Former Dairy Scene of Diversions for Devotees of Undress — Crawling On Floor Straightens Spines

Ed Note: H. Allen Smith, United Press staff correspondent, today gives some details of his adventures at the nudist camp at Highland, N. Y., where he is a visitor.

By H. Allen Smith.
United Press Staff Correspondent.

HIGHLAND, N. Y., Aug. 22.—(UP)—Amateur theatricals, horseshoe pitching, swinging in hammocks and crawling on the floor for the purpose of straightening the spine—all done strictly in complete undress—are among the diversions at the big nudist camp outside Highland.

The camp was once a dairy and poultry farm. There are about eight or ten buildings scattered over the hillside, overlooking the lake. The main barn bears a crudely painted sign, "Theater Guild." Here on Saturday nights the nudists stage their little naked dramas, usually written by someone in the camp.

Last Saturday's production was called "suppressed desire."

Audience Sits in Straw.

The nude actors are on a platform on one side of the barn and the naked audience sits in the hay on the other.

What used to be the pigeon roost is now the kindergarten for half a dozen children. The duck house has been converted into a dormitory in which both men and women sleep on cots, placed in two long rows. The basement of the duckhouse is called the incubator room and still has its incubators, though not functioning.

C. A. Timmer, a six-foot Swede in overalls, owns the farm. He is affectionately known to the nudists as "Timmy." He has not yet been talked into disrobing and goes about placidly with hammer and saw, repairing what needs to be repaired.

Talkative Flock.

While "Timmy" doesn't go in for much talking, the nudists themselves will satisfy any conversational desires the visitor may have. One young man approached this correspondent, identified himself as a Cornell medical student, and said:

"Have you heard about our hemoglobin experiments? We are making these experiments and they are very interesting. We examine the hemoglobin of a person upon his arrival in camp. Then, after two weeks in the sun, we examine it again. This phase of sun-effect has never been explored before."

The nudists, men and women alike, love to tell you about their first experience in stripping. All of the stories are alike.

Thought She Would Faint.

A young woman who used to be book buyer in a New York department store, said that when she took her clothes off for the first time in front of a crowd, she thought she would faint.

"But it just wasn't anything at all, really," she explained "It just seemed perfectly natural. It felt just as natural then as you and I feel, standing here right now without clothes on."

Some of the men are avid pitchers of the horseshoe. It may be said that a ringer is a ringer, clothes or no clothes. The horseshoe courts are back of the dining hall and one may watch the game while one consumes one's vegetables and prunes.

A Miss Peters, who speaks with a German accent, is in charge of the orthopedic exercises, which occur each morning in the "rubbing down room." Five or six men and women, all nude, get down on their hands and knees after putting on gloves and drawing half socks over their knees. Then they begin crawling, in the manner of the caterpillar. This presents a very grotesque appearance, with Miss Peters going from one to another, straightening spines and one thing and another.

Scribe Remains Upright.

A special performance of the orthopedic exercises was staged for this correspondent's benefit. Miss Peters tried to talk the visiting reporter into trying a few creeps and crawls. This invitation, however, was turned down on the grounds that the writer's spine felt and acter perfectly normal in an upright posture.

One young man, an ardent nudist, has constructed two catamarans for rowing about the lake, holding that the catamaran shows off the human figure to greater advantage than a mere rowboat. This correspondent can testify, after seeing various nudists at work on the catamarans, that the young man's vision was authentic.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 696.

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
August 22, 1923.
(It was Wednesday.)

Plane carries mail across the continent in 28 hours.

Law a mockery and deputy sheriff a bootlegger, declares Douglas county grand jury, after investigating Reedsport.

Speed and water violations crowd justice court.

Kiwanis club is formed with 62 members. Bill Warner was elected president.

Exhibit arranged for this county at the state fair.

Rising taxes in Oregon condemned by Grange meeting.

Six hundred four cars of pears shipped so far this season.

Barnum & Bailey and Ringling's circus here Saturday.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 23, 1913.
(It was Saturday.)

"Bull" Young, prize fighter, killed in bout at Los Angeles with Jess Willard.

Espee will run no more special trains to Colestin on Sunday.

Henry C. Mackey is spending a vacation in Klamath county.

Fred Strang is spending a few weeks at Newport, vacationing.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mann have returned from a two weeks' outing at Pelican bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Newbury have returned from a trip to Crater Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barneburg have returned from the Cove ranch near Ashland.

Slater Johnston and S. Greenough of Billings, Mont., have returned from a trip to Crater Lake.

Two thousand two hundred twenty-seven watermelons sold at Public Market before 10 o'clock in the morning.

LONG-BURIED FROGS MADE LIVELY BY SUN

MARSHFIELD, Ore., Aug. 22.—(UP) Burrowing frogs which made their homes ten feet underground were found today in the cranberry bogs owned by H. H. Dufort, Bandon farmer.

While digging in his marshlands, Dufort penetrated two limestone shale strata. Under the second he found 200 dormant yellow frogs. After a few moments in the sunlight they hopped away.

CENTURY PLANT DUE TO SHOW BLOSSOMS

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—(AP)—Just as the fans are losing patience, the century plant in the Bronx botanical gardens is getting ready to oblige. Hundreds and hundreds of people stood around Sunday as they have for the past three Sundays—waiting for a blossom that did not unfold.

The buds are swelling, however, and attendants expect the fans to get their thrill any day now.

Dance Band Plays For Radio Tonight

The Leo Davis ten-piece dance band will play a feature program over the local KMED station this evening at 6:30 o'clock. This band of negro showmen and musicians comes to the local station quite highly recommended for their radio showmanship, having been featured over the NBC middlewestern chains from Denver, Colorado.

Songs, novelty numbers and late modern dance melodies will comprise the thirty-minute radio program tonight.

HAIR AND SCALP

For Beautiful Hair, a Clean Scalp, and freedom from Dandruff, use the THREE BASIC PRODUCTS BY

LUCKY TIGER

UNTIDY and embarrassing dandruff is quickly eliminated by **Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic**—one application stops that miserable itching.

If you have dry hair and scalp or unruly hair which is hard to manage, **Lucky Tiger Hair Dressing** makes it soft, lustrous and easy to dress in any style. Not sticky or greasy.

For an invigorating Shampoo which immediately cleanses hair and scalp, use **Lucky Tiger Magic Shampoo.** It brings out the natural luster and sheen, removes dandruff, and keeps the hair soft and silky.

The 3 Basic Lucky Tiger Products offer the utmost in hair health, comfort and beauty. At your druggist or barber.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

GRAIN SACKS

6c and 8c each

See our sacks before you buy—

FEED GRINDING and MIXING

We will do you a good job of grinding and mix your feeds at reasonable rates. Let us figure with you.

F. E. SAMSON CO.

Phone 833. 229 N. Riverside