

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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It's Up to You, Now!

THE most important part of the N.R.A. drive is now on. The manufacturers and merchants have done their part—or are doing it. They have formulated their codes, and the stores are flying their blue eagles. Wages have been raised. More people have been employed.

Now it is up to the party of the third part, to come forward and do its bit. The party of the third part consists of the consumers—the buying public—the rank and file of the people.

Obviously factories can't hire more men, and produce more goods, if they are forced to pile up their products in storage. Merchants can't keep on buying those goods and employing more salesmen, just to watch the goods accumulate on their shelves.

The final goal of this entire movement is the consumer. Unless the products reach him, the movement stops, the entire N.R.A. structure falls.

Or to express it in another way, unless the increased buying power thus created is IMMEDIATELY employed—generally utilized—this phase of the administration's New Plan, collapses like a house of cards.

SO THE final "push" to put this N.R.A. campaign over, and pull this country out of the worst depression in the world's history, once and for all, is definitely and finally up to the people. The people of the country alone can make this nationwide drive a success—they have their economic fate in their own hands.

This doesn't mean an orgy of spending, of course. Nor does it mean injudicious spending. It doesn't mean that those having a hard time to make both ends meet, should throw discretion to the winds, and spend more than they can afford.

But it DOES mean, putting an end to this buyer's strike. It does mean, that every one, who needs certain things, and HAS THE MONEY WITH WHICH TO PURCHASE THEM, should buy them now. It DOES mean, an absolute end to the practice of putting the family cash into the old sock, waiting supinely for the rainy day, instead of putting that money to work—placing it in circulation.

WE CAN hoop up these N.R.A. codes until the cows come home; we can plaster every store and residence with blue eagles galore; but UNLESS the people themselves, do their part, and support this campaign, with their own resources in a nationwide buying drive, all that has been accomplished to date will be so much wasted energy and effort.

SO THE final phase of the N.R.A. campaign rests, directly under the slogan, "Buy, and Buy NOW!" The structure of the N.R.A. is a triangle formed by the manufacturer, the retailer and the consumer. The manufacturer and retailer have done their part. It is now up to the consumer to do his.

UNLESS he does his part, the entire effort fails—the triangle will never be completed. So Buy Now! Not as a gesture to hoop up business, but as a patriotic duty to put this country back on its feet economically, and save it from disaster.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disseminate diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope enclosed. Letters should be airtight 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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

QUEER EFFECTS OF SHORTAGE IN BLOOD SUGAR.

A man aged 42 years began to have spells of blurred vision or double vision along toward four o'clock every afternoon. Sometimes he seemed quite dazed and behaved oddly. When he had these spells he would do things automatically and afterward have no memory of having done them. Such conduct on the part of a man in almost any field soon puts him on Quaker Street.



In this instance the physician studied the case and decided that the man had hysteria.

Oh, well, we doctors all make mistakes. Sometimes we operate on them. Sometimes we just bury them quietly. The spells of "hysteria" gradually grew worse. On several occasions the man lost consciousness completely for an hour or two.

Then a physician with newfangled ideas took it into his head to give the man a blood sugar test while he was in one of the spells. This showed that the poor fellow's blood sugar was way down to 20 mg., whereas the normal is around 120 mg. (if you don't understand the symbols no matter, you understand the numerals). Doctors call such a low blood sugar level "hypoglycemia," and I'll spell either grave starvation, complete exhaustion from prolonged or unaccommodated muscular work, or just an excessive secretion of insulin in the pancreas. In this case it was simple to rule out starvation and overexertion. So then they operated. Might as well go in and see what you find, as long as the patient is right there in the clinic where you can have a scalpel into him in two jerks of a lamb's tail. Chances are he will be rather pleased at the prospect of having an operation. It will make a great story for him to tell the folks back home. A story he can recite for years, with variations to meet the circumstances.

The exploration of this man's interior corroborated the diagnosis of hypoglycemia or hyperinsulinism. The pancreas was found to be only one-half the size of a normal pancreas (abdominal sweetbread) and it showed evidence of chronic inflammation. No part of the gland was removed, but the capsule was stripped. The patient's blood sugar rose in level the day of the operation and remained slightly below normal thereafter. He was advised to take food regularly

between meals and also in the night, and on that regimen he has had little further trouble and he has kept at his regular work, but he is gaining weight on the extra nutriment he has to consume to keep his blood sugar level from falling low enough to bring on the spells.

There are a great many persons who suffer peculiar spells of weakness, confusion, stupor or restlessness several hours after a meal if they do not happen to partake of some food—fruit juice, milk, candy, any carbohydrate (starch or sugar). They are likely to have similar distress in the few weeks' hours unless they have something handy to take in the night—ideally a little orange. Queer spells—usually a little orange. Queer spells—usually a little orange. Queer spells—usually a little orange.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Rubber Soles.

Have received a great deal of good from reading your columns these many years. My dentist admits you are right about brushing the teeth. One thing you say I would note an exception to. You say crepe or composition rubber soles are as healthful as any others. I have found that if I wear them when it is warm enough to cause feet to perspire much they cause my feet to scald and cracks form between toes. Leather soles will not do this—E. W. M.

Answer—Egg white cooked is always more digestible than egg white raw. (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.

HOUSE OF DAVID DEFEATS ROGUES 5-2 IN TWILIGHT

The barnstorming colored House of David baseball team defeated the Medford Rogues in a seven-inning game at the fairgrounds Monday.

Favors, touted as the "Babe Ruth" of the bewhiskered invaders, was held hitless by McLean and Lake, who assumed the pitching burden for the locals. Swanson and Hoffard of the Rogues hit for the circuit.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Medford: Swanson, 3b, 1 1 10 1 0; Joann, c, 2 0 0 4 1 1; Hoffard, cf, 2 0 0 0 0 0; Hoffard, cf, 2 0 0 0 0 0; Williams, 3b, 3 0 1 2 1 0; Christian, rf, 1 0 0 0 0 0; Smith, lf, 3 0 0 0 0 0; Dunn, 2b, 2 0 0 1 4 1; McLean, p-as, 2 0 0 0 3 0; Loomis, rf, 1 0 0 0 0 0; Lake, p, 2 0 0 1 2 0.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. House of David: Benette, rf, 4 0 1 1 0 0; Oursley, cf, 2 0 1 0 4 0; Hicks, 3b, 3 1 1 2 1 0; Barker, lf, 2 1 1 0 0 0; Favors, 1b, 2 0 0 7 0 1; Thompson, 2b, 3 1 1 0 0 0; Gray, c, 3 1 2 0 0 0; Manager, 3 0 0 1 0 0; Williams, 1b, 0 0 0 0 0 0.

Summary: Winning pitcher, Manager; losing pitcher, Lake. Home runs—Swanson, Hoffard. Two-base hits—Barker. Struck out—By McLean 1; Luke 2; Manager 3. Stolen bases—Joann.

KERRY CCC LOSES CRUCIAL CONTEST

A win and a loss were recorded by Camp Kerry CCC baseball team over the week-end. However, the loss was of consequence while the win was over a team Camp Kerry had defeated twice before. They dropped a heart-breaker to Applegate CCC for the league championship, 8-7, on the Jacksonville diamond Saturday, while Sunday they traveled to Provoit and were a 7-1 winner.

The game with the strong Applegate squad was all that could be desired in a ball game; good pitching, tight fielding, and plenty of long poking. The score was 2-2 at the end of the third, 5-4 at the end of the fifth, but the seventh inning both teams went on a spree and brought the total to 8-7 with Applegate on the long side.

Kerry's pitcher, LaMar, allowed 8 hits, while Applegate's Concanon was nipped for 9. Errors allowed 6 for Applegate and 2 for Kerry, but the former's hits were longer and well bunched.

MRS. PRUITT BOWLS HIGH GAME OF 253

Women's bowling record for this section of the state, and possibly the entire state, was broken Friday night at the local Elks' temple when Mrs. Roy Pruitt defeated her husband in a series of six games, her score in one being 253.

Mrs. Pruitt's score for the six games was 1265 and Mr. Pruitt's 1233.

Goats in the Antelope district roll rocks down hill to break fence and enter alfalfa field.

Frank Amy has returned from a summer spent at Union Creek, and reports that 40 autos en route to Crater Lake passed his camp last Sunday.

Vilas brothers—Ned and George—leave for Mt. Shasta, whose snowy summit they will attempt to ascend.

Jacksonville saks county court to dredge Jackson creek.

Delroy Getchell and party of friends return from an auto trip to Crescent City, Cal.

QUEEN HELEN'S DEFAULT STIRS UP CONTROVERSY

FOREST HILLS, N. Y., Aug. 29.—(UP)—Miss Helen Jacobs, who Saturday successfully defended her national singles tennis title against her townswoman, Mrs. Helen Willis Moody, of Berkeley, Calif., today insisted that she harbored no resentment to ward Mrs. Moody because of her default in their match.

"Mrs. Moody's withdrawal was a matter entirely for her own decision," Miss Jacobs said. "If she felt that her physical condition justified her withdrawal, then we should feel that way too. She alone knew her own condition."

The controversy stirred up by Mrs. Moody's withdrawal was a matter entirely for her own decision, Miss Jacobs said. "If she felt that her physical condition justified her withdrawal, then we should feel that way too. She alone knew her own condition."

BOB O'FARRELL GETS REVENGE ON GIANTS FOR SALE

There must be something in the makeup of a ball player that sets him afire with vengeance, curtains his batting eye with a piercing ultraviolet, when he stalks back into the home grounds of a former employer who once tied the tinsare to him and theoretically stamped him "through."

John J. McGraw had one embarrassing experience of the kind that stands out above all others. Now it's the turn of McGraw's successor at the helm of the Giants, Bill Terry, to see the chickens come home to roost, see their wings like eagles.

With McGraw it was the case of George Washington Harper, now an oil well salesman in Texas, but then a journeyman outfielder, who was sent to the Cardinals in 1928 and bounced right back to hit three home runs in one crucial game at the Polo grounds and knock the Giants out of that pennant fight.

With Terry it's the ancient Bob O'Farrell, also of the Cardinals, who was sent away last fall with a bundle of pitchers in exchange for a young catcher, Gus Mancuso. Yesterday, at the Polo grounds, the old fellow roused himself and hit two home runs, the last one in the ninth inning, touching off a seven-run barrage that snowed the Giants under.

12 to 8, brought their third straight defeat with one tie in the past four games, and completely upset Terry's pitching staff, with a terrific doubleheader looming ahead.

In addition to coming from behind three times, they blasted two of Terry's best pitchers, Bud Parmelee and Hal Schumacher, and wound up thumping Lefty Wilson Clark, who was being held in reserve as a starter in the doubleheader crisis. They left Terry with but one starting pitcher, Carl Hubbell, for today's doubleheader.

VINES SEEDS FIRST FOR TENNIS SINGLES

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—(AP)—Eliavorth Vines, Jr., the national champion, and Jack Crawford of Australia, who defeated him for the Wimbledon title, today were seeded first in the domestic and foreign lists respectively for the national tennis singles championships beginning Saturday at Forest Hills.

There has been bad feeling between the two California Helms ever since both came into national prominence, and Helen the first saw a chance to give the "other Helen" a hollow victory, and did so.

Miss Jacobs, like Mrs. Moody, was somewhat out of condition as was indicated in the fact she took pills and water repeatedly during the match.

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HOW THEY STAND

Table with 2 columns: Location and Score. Washington, W. L. Pct. 81 42 .559; New York, 72 50 .590; Cleveland, 66 62 .516; Philadelphia, 61 62 .495; Detroit, 63 65 .492; Chicago, 59 67 .468; Boston, 58 72 .442; St. Louis, 48 81 .364.

ENGLISH WOMAN SWIMS CHANNEL

DOVER, England, Aug. 29.—(AP)—The English channel was today conquered for the first time this year when Miss Susny Lowry, 22-year-old Manchester, England, girl arrived at South Foreland after swimming from Cape Gris Nez, France, in about 15 1/2 hours.

She landed, still going strong, at 10:15 a. m. (1:15 a. m., PST). She started at 6:36 p. m. Monday, (10:36 a. m., PST).

Three other swimmers, one of them the American, Charles Zimny, a legless aspirant to channel honors, started a race across the channel for the Dover town gold challenge cup.

The others are Mercedes Gieitz, an Englishwoman who first swam the channel in 1927 after eight failures, and E. H. Temme, another Briton, who in 1927 did the distance in 14 hours, 29 minutes.

The Dover cup will be awarded the man or woman who swims from Dover to France in the shortest time this year.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—Very few writers of note live in New York any more. Time was when the most distinguished resided in Greenwich Village or Washington Square.

It was believed a close contact with editors and publishers was necessary. This has proved a fallacy. Top-notch novelists and magazine writers come to town once a year, but usually to catch a steamship for Europe. Often they do not even call at the editorial rooms. Nearly all have their literary agents transact their affairs by mail and telegraph.

Any number, including Hemingway and Louis Brofield, reside in Europe. Scores live on the Pacific coast—more indeed than on the Atlantic. A few live in Boston environs, notably Ben Ames Williams. Harold Bell Wright in Tusson may not come east for three years at a stretch.

Gouverneur Morris sold fiction steadily from Tahiti and there is, of course, Pearl Buck's amazing success from far away China. Vicki Baum did well by herself from Germany for a long time. Editors have scouts who rush to those who can deliver the goods, wherever they are.

Expert chefs rarely smoke because of the fear of dulling their highly sensitized taste. Oscar of the Waldorf was no exception until three years ago—his 64th year—he began smoking a pipe. His interest became so keen his collection of pipes is regarded as the finest in the world.

Incidentally, Lucius Boomer, director of the Waldorf, is next to Dr. John Finley of the Times, the town's most indefatigable walker. It was not unusual for him to walk from the old Waldorf to Mt. Vernon. George M. Cohan is the most tireless stroller of the theater, averaging at least six miles daily.

The most spectacular of the rural spectacles, masquerading as a "country club," has been running full tilt two months near picturesque hills of Mt. Kisco in Westchester. The proprietors are also pilots of Manhattan's most pretentious hideaway. The "speak" was originally a half million dollar manor moved stone by stone from an English Tudor estate. There are terraces, formal gardens, swimming pools, dance floors, four restaurants and a tremendous bar. So enormous is the patronage, especially on Saturday nights, it's necessary to keep eight state troopers on duty until 6 a. m. to control traffic.

In a mid-west hotel where we once lived was a girl of six who could be perfectly described as a brat. Cruelly wicked, she tried to draw kittens and stick pins in her pet dog. Her burst of unaccountable temper were amazing studies in human fury. My wife and I often wondered her finish. Today we learned. She is a nun.

There is something of a grand description in a truckman who called at Leon Gordon's studio for a nude the artist was keeping for a friend. The truckman's receipt read: "Be'd's" smearer of a trail in birthday clothes."

Barbara Hutton's engagement ring from her prince was a smoked pearl and jeweler report a run on smoked pearls for engagement rings. New York!

The most industrious street beggar of the time is One Band Ike. On his back is a bass drum with cymbals which beat and clash due to a wired connection, when he kicks his heels. In one hand he carries a tambourine, in the other a clarinet which gives in the effect of six pigs stuck under a fence. No one can so enliven a city block. He tells me he averages \$4 a day.

Marine artists are seldom expert navigators in sail. Two of the notable exceptions are Rockwell Kent and Stephen Etnier. They manage their boats with the graceful casualness of old salts. On the other hand, only men who have known the sea intimately—Conrad, McPhee, et al.—have ever been successful in turning out fiction tales of the deep. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Flight 'o Mike

(Medford and Jackson County history from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 30 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 29, 1923. (It was Wednesday.) Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Heath leave for Olympia, Wash., to attend a district meeting of the Rotary.

Gov. Pierce visits city on inspection of irrigation district. Survey shows that 7,661 autos and 6,251 people cross the Main street crossing every day. Figures submitted in city's fight for Sixth street crossing.

Slightly cooler weather prevails, and the prediction is for a thunder shower. Congestion in schools worries school board. Farm conditions on mend throughout nation. Citizens file protest with county court on spending \$1000 per month for prohibition enforcement. Citizens informed that "liquor must go."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 29, 1913. (It was Friday.) Fred Hopkins sells his entire crop

Why Is It?

Following an audit which is said to have cost the taxpayers of Jackson county \$2900, the office of county clerk, it is further said, was found to be short 5 cents while the sheriff's account was lacking in the staggering amount of four-bits. And so endeth another chapter in the turbulent affairs of our southern Oregon neighbor.

It has always been a source of wonder and curiosity to us why, when the people of a county have willingly and cheerfully elected a staff of officers to conduct their affairs, so often react against their own judgment to cast suspicion and aspersion upon the employees of their choice. It would seem that too often, merely because they are public servants, employees of the county and state are subjected to criticism to which, more often than not, they are not entitled. Most men are elected to office on their records as honest and conscientious citizens. Ninety-nine out of a hundred carry this principle into their public services yet are continually harassed with accusations of inefficiency and sometimes actual dishonesty. Why is it?—Duffer, (Ore.) Dispatch.

WHILE our contemporaries estimate of discrepancies is not strictly accurate, the query it poses is a pertinent one. Why is it? Why are we so disposed to believe ill of others, particularly when they hold public office—so ready to assume the worst, so reluctant to believe the best?

In short why do we behave like human beings? Well, probably because we are! As to the general distrust of public officials, this as we see it, is a heritage of the past. Government as a whole, particularly local government in the larger cities, has been a record of corruption and graft. There have been vast improvements during the past few decades, but the tradition still lingers.

Government in southern Oregon has been, for nearly a generation, exceptionally clean and honest. As such things go, our local officials have been far above the national average. But the inherited suspicion has remained. And this suspicion has been worked upon by a small group of self-seeking and unscrupulous politicians day in and day out for many years.

This has been done for one purpose alone—to secure political power—and we regret to say the people—at least many of them, have fallen for it. Given this ingrained suspicion, constant agitation stimulating it and the peculiar situation our contemporary refers to, follows as a natural result.

Eliminate the self-seeking politician—the desire of the outs to get in, and their determination to do so by fair means or foul—and there would soon be a return to normalcy, and an attitude toward public officials which would be reasonable and sane.

Such an attitude would assume neither wrong doing nor right doing, but would grant to the individual in public life, the same consideration granted to the individual in private life—a square deal. Such a square deal would involve a refusal to believe wrong until evidence of wrong had been presented—a refusal to believe one side of a case until the other side had been heard.

falls out of three, in the main event of last night's wrestling program here, Parks weighed 180, and McGuire 157. Bulldog Jackson, Klamath Falls, defeated Jack Mitchell, Longview, Wash., in the semi-windup. Derry Detton, Salt Lake City, won the preliminary round from Karl Martin, Austria. They are middleweights.

The Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There seems to be a movement on foot to reduce the egg supply of the nation, by throwing them at the late husband of Almee Semple McPherson, now in regular vaudeville.

Who can remember when all the public officials were direct descendants of Jesse James and people were tired of believing the truth?

Oregon Democrats are reported as seeking a candidate for governor, but as yet have been unable to find an all-around failure that suits them.

The week-end was normal, and nobody ran into anything but debt.

The R. Grover boy is making good headway as a butcher, and will soon be able to weigh his thumb, with the ease and grace of a veteran.

People have started to sneeze, the leaves to fall, the Chinese President to associate with country Leghorn, and the rural turkeys to fatten on grasshoppers in the threshed wheat-fields. These are all unfailing signs of autumn, along with the information that the high school football team will be in worse shape than the farmers.

I am going to wear a white hat, gloves, white satin slippers, silk stockings and a bridal bouquet. Do you think that is all right for a June bride?—(Love Agency Col.)—Better slip on a dress girlie!

The Yakima "revolution" was evidently knocked in the head with a pick handle before it got to the courthouse steps, but is not a very genteel way to quell an uprising. It halted a lot of lying before the liars all looked as tired as if they had been plowing. It also halted the female agitators from telling everything they know, and a whole lot they don't know.

Ford Parks and wife left for their home in Idaho Thursday.—(Paisley Items)—They should curb themselves.

It begins to look like some people are standing behind the governor, who ought to be out in front where he can watch them.

Rattlesnakes are abroad in the hill regions, and are very antagonistic. They all rattle before they strike, a point they have in common with the ed.

Movie magnates desire to know "what is the matter with the movies." Just as a rough guess, it seems to be Wesley Barry, the boy-actor, who is no longer a boy, and having a hard time being an actor.

THE COW Summer is over, the old cow said, And they'll shut me up in the daughter shed. To milk me by lamplight in the cold, But I won't give much for I am old. It's long ago that I came here, Gay and slim as a woodlands deer; And now there are bones where my flesh should be, My backbone sags like an old rooftop And an apple snatched in a moment's frolic. Is just so many days of colle. It's neither a Jersey nor Holstein now, But only a faded sort of cow. My calves are veal, and I had as lief That I could lay me down as beef. Somehow, they always kill my calves; Why not take me when they take my calves? Birch turns yellow and sumac red, I've seen this all before, she said, I'm tired of the field and tired of the shed. There's no more grass, there's no more clover, Summer is over, summer is over. (Hellyer).

Blaze Destroys Big Lumber Plant

SAPRAQUE, Ont., Aug. 29.—(P)—A major fire, the second within a year, caused damage estimated at \$750,000 today as it burned almost to the ground the Medford Lumber company mill, 8,000,000 feet of lumber in the yards, and the home of Postmaster F. J. Riechardt.

PARKS PINS M'GUIRE TWICE IN MAIN EVENT

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 29.—(AP)—Herb Parks of Canada defeated Mickey McGuire of West Salem, two