

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. The opposition of Henry Ford to the NRA is just another case of trying to beat the government to the crossing, and not quite making it.

There is considerable editorial whoop-la about the independent voter. The independent voter is generally so independent, he won't go to the polls and vote.

C. Strang, the pioneer pillist is getting ready to celebrate 50 years in his drugstore next March. He has never been able to stop calling Central avenue, "C street."

Schoolhouses got busy yesterday, and many were occupied for the first time since a martyr spoke in favor of abolition of the school system.

It is now possible to go to a magic lantern performance and to be entertained. When the Depression was darkest, and the patrons were in dire need of rib-tickling, the presentations were gloomy.

Off on the Wrong Foot

PUBLIC Works Administrator Ickes issues a statement scolding states and cities for tardiness in submitting projects. Governor Meier answers by wiring President Roosevelt to speed up public works construction in Oregon, or it will be too late to do any good this winter.

The governor has the best of the argument. To date Oregon has not received a dime from the public works fund, other than the regularly allocated highway money.

The state reconstruction advisory board presented a comprehensive plan for public works several weeks ago, in which was included Medford's sewage disposal project.

The latter has been returned for further data, including various and sundry legal pronouncements, which will take time to prepare.

Unless the government moves faster in this than it does in most of its activities, the preliminaries will not be completed before Christmas.

GOVERNMENT leaders are continually stressing the fact that an emergency exists—its entire New Deal program is based upon that fact.

An EMERGENCY DOES exist. But the first requirement in dealing with an emergency is quick action—speed.

If Oregon's experience is a fair example, Secretary Ickes, in chiding the states and cities for tardiness is passing the buck; and placing the onus on other shoulders which he should himself assume.

If he would spend more time in cutting out needless red tape, and speeding up his entire relief program to meet the emergency that exists; and less time in lecturing the people outside, and assuming that they are potential grafters; the condition he complains of would be quickly remedied, and people in dire need of help would have some chance of getting it.

Why Not a Lottery?

THE people of Oregon, through their legislature recently legalized betting at horse and dog races, and according to all accounts the idea has gone over big.

The night events are crowded, and it takes a bum's rush to get to the betting booths. As usual the insiders alone make any money, the dear people fork up the cash, no doubt get a thrill, but in the end must admit they have been suckers.

If we are to have legalized gambling—and we HAVE it—why not go the whole hog, and make it a medium of relieving the depression instead of accentuating it.

In other words why not have a state lottery, as a contributor to the Oregonian suggests, give the suckers a break on one hand; and devote the profits to PUBLIC RELIEF on the other.

ONLY a few would win the prizes, but only a few pick the winners at the race track, and they are usually on the inside. You can't beat the racing game. And only one person in about a million can beat the lottery game.

But if state wide gambling is to be sanctioned, then why not get some good out of it, not for the few but for the state at large?

As between horse and dog race betting, and a properly organized and conducted state lottery, we would vastly prefer the latter, not only on moral grounds, but on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Stop the Slaughter

WE are giving editorial space to Governor Meier's proclamation announcing "Automobile-Accident-Prevention-Week," as a fitting reminder to the people of this community at the present time:

To the People of Oregon: During the year of 1932, two hundred and twenty-eight of Oregon's citizens were killed as a direct result of automobile accidents. More than forty-three hundred of our citizens were injured, more than half of whom will never fully recover, but will go through life suffering physical handicaps.

If a plague or pestilence were making the same inroad on our animal or vegetable life that automobile accidents are making on our human life and happiness, a unanimous cry would go up, and all would cooperate to stop such loss.

It is conservatively estimated that ninety percent of all automobile accidents are the direct result of carelessness of either drivers or pedestrians. In addition to the tremendous toll of human life and happiness, the annual cost in dollars to the citizens of Oregon is greater than the entire cost of our state government.

The month of September will be observed throughout the nation as Automobile Accident Prevention month. I earnestly urge each citizen, the press, and all churches, civic, patriotic, fraternal and industrial organizations of the commonwealth to put forth their united efforts toward the elimination of the loss and suffering which follow in the wake of preventable automobile accidents, by careful driving and walking and by giving full cooperation to all traffic officers whose whole aim is to make our streets and highways safe for us and our loved ones.

JULIUS L. MEIER, Governor.

LIVESTOCK MEN WANT MEET DELAYED

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 5.—(AP)—A request that a hearing on the proposed agreement of the American Institute of Meat Packers, scheduled to open Friday at Washington, D. C., be postponed for at least 10 days, so that livestock men of the Pacific northwest may have time to present their views, was wired by Governor Julius L. Meier today to Secretary of Agriculture Wallace.

Communications

A Sufferer Is Grateful. To the Editor: I am a strong believer in the old saying "Scatter a few flowers while you live for those who deserve them." So that's what I want to do. I was hurt in May and have been in the Sacred Heart hospital until three weeks ago and I want to say a few words in praise of the treatment I received while there.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal aches and pains are not to be taken as a diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope. 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, 265 El Camino, Berkeley Hills, Cal.

WATCH OUT FOR ADHESIONS

Adhesions, mucous colitis, nervous exhaustion. Three of the things I frankly admit I know nothing about. So there is no point in writing to me about your a. m. c. or n. s. unless you simply must get off some a. r. c. a. m. When it comes to arthroscoping, believe me, I can give and take. Anything but re-approach. Please do not take a re-approachful attitude when you write me about your a. m. c. or n. s. For all my hard-boiled manners—well, please don't re-approach me. Scold me or abuse me, or call me names—go as far as you like.

I never did take much stock in adhesions. It is too late now to begin to take adhesions seriously. But I noticed a gentleman passing my playground just now, a gentleman probably 58 years old, but he could easily pass for 75. A crabid old chap, too. I remember my first encounter with him. Had a lot of heavy books temporarily occupying the sidewalk—books being moved into my playroom. The gent with the adhesions happened along. He might have stepped off the walk and around the obstruction without any trouble. But instead he complained of the injustice of such usurpation of his rights and demanded to know how long we meant to keep the walk obstructed, and when we informed him that it would not be for more than a year or two, he moved on with a sense of duty done and a wish that there were an ill-natured police officer handy.

The old chap has something the matter with his shoulder. I hope it isn't bursitis, indeed I do. But from the way he carries it I'd take a 3 to 1 bet that it is subacromial (sub-deltoid) bursitis. With adhesions, in fact I have little doubt but what the actual inflammation or infection of the little bursa pad has long since cleared up or healed spontaneously, and all that ails the gentleman now is adhesions.

There is only one thing to do about it now. Have to anesthetize him and then manipulate that shoulder in every direction a normal shoulder joint should move, breaking or tearing apart the adhesions. It would be pretty sore when he came to. But with the aid of heat, or better, of course, diathermy, we could keep him tolerably comfortable till the reaction from the heroic treatment subsided, and thereafter by firmly but gently moving the shoulder for him, and later seeing that he moved it in

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Not many American writers today are writing more realistically than Christopher Morley. If he writes of a woodland thing there is the crackle of twigs and the sither of moths and the licker of their young. His whimsical prose is the delight of nursery series as well as grown-ups.

Morley does not run with the literary pack. He comes to the offices of the Saturday Review of Literature daily, which he helps edit, and is a commuter to a nearby suburbia at sundown. No one sees him after night-fall. His most constant companions are his wife, four children and pipe.

He is a graduate of Haverford college in Pennsylvania, of which his father was president, and was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. No other person has discovered so many unusual lunching places off beaten byways. But when the path becomes worn he finds another. He founded the Three Hour for Lunch club.

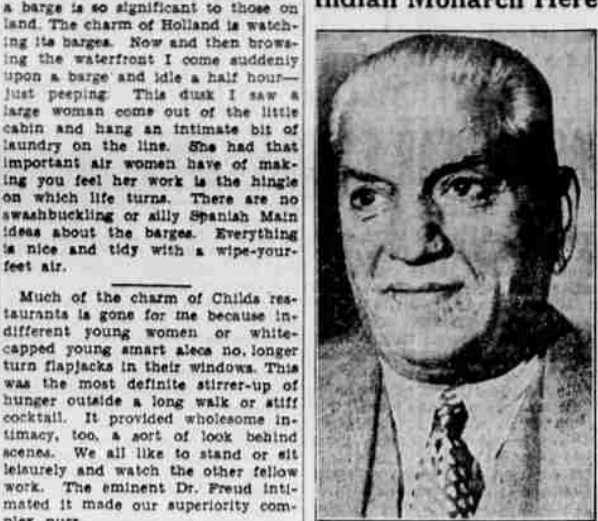
His sly experiment in re-discovering Hoboken and launching melodrama with hissing villains and virtuous triumphant in 1928 nearly wrecked the Herald. In his middle 40's he has written more than 30 books, turned out newspaper columns in New York and Philadelphia and given literature much form and color.

People who live on slither side of the gulf and acquire reputations for coldness and rigidity always interest me. Eugene O'Neill is the most pronounced of the isolationists. Not once has he been trucked to the mob. Those who know him well say he is far from being a snob, among the few he likes he is warm and pliable. He simply has no interest in meaningless back-pats.

salesmanship—radios in extremis, radios suddenly pawned and radios up to the minute. Sidewalks are overflowing, as all the business centers outside. On Cortland street are the pert shops in a dangle of bright lights and a hundred and one radios bleating full blast.

I wonder why it is that any show

Indian Monarch Here



His highness, the Maharaja Gaekwar Sir Sayaji Rao III of Baroda, India, considered the fourth wealthiest man in the world, has come to the United States to attend the world parliament of religion in Chicago. He rules more than 2,000,000 people in India. (Associated Press Photo)

There is, for example, a gentleman high up in the Chatham who has a back view of me, pajama clad, at my typewriter. He doesn't know I know that often when friends call in the late afternoon and conversation dips, he points me out. Now when I catch a flash of peering faces I try to be amusing. For instance, just now, as they gathered, I grabbed my throat and choked myself until my tongue hung out. Then I began yanking my hair and felting to scream for help. As a finale, I unlabeled a sock from the carpet to me and dropped over the desk—out! It is doing much to enhance my reputation as a loon.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The administration's employment offensive hurried forward today with the public works board agreeing to make quick allotments for projects under a plan whereby the money would be withdrawn unless final contracts are executed within thirty days.

State and municipal projects will get the benefits under the resolution to make tentative allotments on only a simple showing of the facts, thus skirting around red tape that makes for delay.

The war department set out to spend over \$11,000,000 on river and harbor work on the Mississippi between the mouth of the Illinois and Minneapolis.

Secretary Ickes after meeting with the special board for public works, said that with nearly half of the \$3,300,000,000 public works fund allotted he was dissatisfied with the speed at which non-federal bodies were presenting their projects.

He was not satisfied, either, at the manner in which these groups have been bringing forward the essential information concerning projects.

Under the resolution a tentative allotment would be made to a state or municipal public works project upon only a surface showing that it was socially desirable, feasible from an engineering point of view and that it could be financed.

Within thirty days after this tentative allotment, however, it would be cancelled unless the financial and engineering features of the projects had been worked out and a final contract satisfactory to the administration had been executed.

"This action of the public works administration," Ickes said, "putst

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 September 6, 1923. (It was Wednesday.)

The Espee puts on an extra day ticket agent at the depot to accommodate the increased business.

Faith healing revivals held in Ashland, and attract large crowds.

Gagnon sawmill and electric line to Jacksonville is out of commission due to a sub-station fire.

"Mounting Taxes" subject of address at the Nat. by O. H. Johnson of Minnesota, who is traveling around the country by auto.

Rogue river too muddy for fly fishing, and sportmen again aroused.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Newbury return from spending the Labor day holiday at their Applegate ranch.

Dance pavilion at fairgrounds to be opened with speeches by C. M. Thomas, H. L. Walther, Attorney Frank P. Farrell and others.

A gentle rain fell over the city and valley this morning, which will be of benefit to the farmers and the fair speedway.

Fire engine is equipped with a new siren of "outlandish noise-making power."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 6, 1913. (It was Saturday.)

Success attends the Good Roads bond rallies throughout the county.

Eleven cars of Boeser shipped east to date.

City schools to open Monday.

Uncle Tom's Cabin broke into the Good Roads rally at Central Point Saturday evening, the residents evidently caring more to see Little Eva go to heaven than hear the benefits of good highways.

George and Ned Vilas return from a trip to Mt. Shasta, which they ascended to a distance of 16,000 feet.

School fairs at Rogue River and Phoenix are huge success.

"Battled But Not Beaten," a Kalem feature, at the Isis; "The Wrong Road" at the Star; and "The Terror of Grizzly Gulch Loses His Heart" at the Ugo.

Ruth Luy Dance Studio, Registration day Thursday, Sept. 7. Tel 1545-J-3.

A few REAL BARGAINS in PIANOS at present low prices which can not be guaranteed after September first.

BALDWIN PIANO SHOPPE 26 So. Grape. Lilla M. Purucker.

It distinctly up to the states or municipalities who have desirable public works projects presented, to get busy."

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY OSCAR S. NISSEN, P.T. Physical Treatments, Swedish Massage Corrective Exercises Hours 2-5 p. m. Free Consultation 528 E. Main, Medford

Coming! The Mail Tribune's Annual BARGAIN DAYS. WATCH FOR DATES AND COMPLETE DETAILS. Advertisement featuring a family reading a newspaper.