

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Parades never start at the appointed hour. However, they always get underway on the designated day, years to the contrary notwithstanding.

These are the days when mining area correspondents pen snappy items, informing the world that "prospecting now lies with bear-hunting, fishing and picnicking among lovers of the great outdoors."

Atty. G. Newbury is flitting about in a new auto, that has more graceful lines and flourishes, than one of his own talks to a jury.

AMERICA SAVED AGAIN. (Cong. Record).
"But let me read you more from Florida's appeal for \$27,000,000 of federal money for a national park in the Everglades."

"OH, OH! In the turtle season and watch these strange and interesting animals come out of the water, dig holes in the beach sands well up from the tides and there lay their eggs; 150 or 200 eggs per turtle, a generous number."

"Instead of these eggs being collected by the tens of thousands to be sold, we will have many thousands of little turtles hatch and die out as the result of protecting them."

"My Lord, is not that a wonderful proposition! We will get a great crop of little turtles."

The state veterinarian opines that "prosperity will return to Oregon farms, by use of horses, instead of tractors." This sounds businesslike, but the transient indigent, who has been doing his traveling on gasoline purloined from the tractor left in the field of nights, won't roll up any mileage by emptying the oil bin.

The esteemed Portland Oregonian darkened approximately 14 inches of white paper yesterday editorially, in behalf of late candidates, whose financial defunctness was made more so by the purchase of "endorsements" from organizations, that have less votes than the "African Diamonds, Ltd." in which your corr. holds five (5) shares, has diamonds. As a main point last Monday, a candidate can best protect himself, by not being a candidate. Just as one Democrat can be a "Democratic faction," one person constitutes an "organization."

Colleagues of both sexes are returning from the camp, wearing whiskered sweaters, still in need of a shave.
An overwhelming plurality of the committees fear that climatic conditions will not be up to snuff, or too early June balminess. This can be corrected by the simple process of ordering the National Guard to dress up in their regulation slickers, and their sea-going equipment, as of the 30th inst. Nature could not be discourteous, and we the army rigs for inclement weather.

TRICKS OF JOURNALISM, ETC. (SF Call-Bulletin)
NEW YORK, May 24—This will be a quick study for the paper, because my editors are quaint fellows who insist on getting out today's newspaper today. My personal theory is that the longer you wait, the surer you are to have a swell headline for page one.

But editors are impetuous and inclined to fire you first and ask you where you were afterward, so I have found that it is just as well to humor them.

Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE C. B. & Q. TO BUFFALO, WYOMING, May 28.—Left the swanky North Coast last night at Billings and we are now sweeping over the plains toward Custer's battlefield. Still very hot. Mercury reached 100 in Montana yesterday, and the landscape looks like August—parched a dry light brown. This train is no Zephyr and isn't air-cooled but ere we travelling in style! A pullman all to ourselves and a nice old porter,—hair as white as his coat—to dance attendance. We will let some statistician figure out how much the Pullman company is losing on this trip. Plenty of room for the impedimenta including the bicycle, and a fully manned dining car, all to ourselves in the rear. In fact with the exception of the day coach ahead largely occupied by Indians, this is a special train. A large delegation of these 100 percent Americans are en route to the Creel agency.

We see by the Billings morning paper—a year's subscription costs you \$8.50—that President Roosevelt has ordered General Johnson to abandon price fixing and fair practice provisions for service trades—that New Jersey pants pressing case apparently being one of the exciting causes. The trades in each community will establish and enforce their own codes. Undoubtedly the entire NRA setup needs revamping. They tried to do too much in a short time, and the Darrow committee committed the same error. But the basic aim of NRA this writer believes to be sound,—namely to have a planned instead of a haphazard and PLANLESS business system in this country.

Considerable conversation on the North Coast Limited failed to reveal any enthusiasm for President Roosevelt, and a great deal of criticism. We have an idea in the de luxe trains, dashing back and forth over the country a similar result would be found. Probably a poll of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce would show the same thing. Among business men in general Roosevelt enthusiasm has disappeared. Yet pin any of these critics down as to what he would do and he doesn't know. At least we could find none offering a better plan or any plan at all. The general plaint is something like this:

"If congress would adjourn and the president kick out his brain trust and just let business run its own affairs, the country would return to peace and prosperity quickly enough."

But would it? That Laissez Faire policy was tried out for at least half a century and where did it get us? Where will it get us the next time?

We can sneer at brains but after all we feel the best brains this country affords are needed. It was brainless drifting, each for himself and the devil take the hindmost that put us on the rocks in 1929. We can squawk all we wish about regimentation, but it seems to us when 100,000,000 people are rushing for a precipice like a band of stampeded sheep, regimentation of some sort is desirable. The theory that the individual has an inalienable right to do as he darn pleases stops—or should stop,—where what he darn pleases interferes with the public good. If that isn't a sound principle of democratic government then what is?

If you intend to motor through this part of the country bring your goggles, duster and canteen. The highways aren't paved, and each car leaves a trail of dust half a mile long. If there is anything wet, or cool, or green within a thousand miles, it can't be seen from the car window at the present moment.

Speaking of dust we wonder how the gold dust twins, Messrs. Thorndike and Reum fared last Saturday? Did they take the lawyer or did the lawyer take them? Please wire,—NOT call,—PREPAID! R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

SAN DIEGO, May 31—I wondered, musing into this thoroughly sun-kissed Eden, dreaming so beautifully through long golden days, if it appreciated the exploitation in Max Miller's "I Cover the Water Front," locale of his yarns. In Paris there would be a Place Max Miller, San Diego has little metropolitan garnish.

Rather a look of fierce residential respectability softened by the most even climate in America. One is engulfed immediately in a freely imparted sense of soothing quiet. It is a lowered reality of mid-Victorian dreams to which I hope Pate billetes me, comes time to cover my typewriter. At least a few months each year.

Every street is awash with sunlight and every lawn a blaze of flowers. Humanity is not scurrying like frightened ants. People have an honest languor that comes only with content. When there is work to do, they do it without fuss. Each day has individual tranquility, spiritual stimulation. The high state of civic consciousness is expressed in the beauty of its parks, pin-neat highways and audaciously glimpsed vistas greeting every turn. In the noonday shimmer it seems a great opaque bubble that might burst with the evening clang of church bells.

San Diego is not its economic best with the fleet away. But it is too highly geared to suffer collapse at this evacuation. It is merely not as lively, especially at night, as when sailors are ashore. We passed the flying field from which Lindy took off for his immortal flight. The wide dome of clear azure is always dotted with planes, the air filled with the engines' far away shuck-shuck.

Press time prevented calling on a friend of mine and my father's, O. Fred Henking, who always renews my faith in the miracles. As a gar-mouthed boy I recall the town gathering to see him off for what was then a trip few had taken—to California. He waved wanly from a piloted chair on the back platform as the local "painted" bus, No. one expected to see him again. But in middle '70's he's in such perfect health that, like

Sir Oliver Lodge, he dances in the evening with grand-children.

Agua Caliente, in old Mexico, is now directed by Joe Schenck, ex-husband of Norma Talmadge. A fishy cut-deal surrounded by a fierce black acowl of bald and barbaric hells. We lunched in the light-drenched patio of the gambling casino where a Mexican sent a sort of Sophie Tucker version of Gus Edwards' Armita, arriving on a donkey, fandangooed to castanets and music of a string orchestra. The casino is busiest week ends when the movie crowds fly over the border to make merry. Plenty of the gougey well-barbered New York gamblers about, along with tourists one sees at Belmont, Havre de Grace or wherever horses run. The inevitable gleensers among waiters, picking up crumbs.

Scotch inhibitions stiffen at any sort of gambling. But when in Rome—Any way I toyed with a \$10 stack at the small stake table for pikers, watching it fritter away and feeling the customary dudge. Chasing false rainbows is not my metier. For a day or so afterward I am seized by a penurious pout. Ten dollars would buy a couple of dandy shirt-gray shirts. I like to acquire shirts instead of losing them.

Old Tia Juana has shaved its prices and, due likely to the yolkness, is getting the big play. Its open-front saloons, cheap gambling holes and honky-tonks are going great guns. Vice has the old Barbary Coast open-handedness. One steps to the bar for a fiery vino and a sinuous senorita is tugging at an elbow sleeve with suggestions for caper. Back of the main street are crib-like hovels. Leprous spots on the tierras templadas. The ladies of Tia Juana are neither young in years nor wickedness. They are the same wild creatures who trail the bandit armies, hardbitten frowzies with morals of the minx.

We intended to bivouac at beautiful Coronado Beach for the night and be lulled to slumber by the surf's gentle pounding. But the moonlight was superb for motoring and a tosa of the coin sent us on. Until one has seen culms of bougainvilles spangling the green wimpled valleys in a sheen of moonbeams one has missed Nature's most exquisite stagecraft. So until 3 a. m., with space as a living presence, I built my fanciful hacienda, half hidden in myriads of nodding purple flowers. Doting upon a future dotage, as it were. So tranquil indeed that once or twice I almost forgave the son of a mulleteer, who gyped me out of my ten bucks across the gambling tables. Almost, but not quite. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

A woodcock, banded at Parrish, Ala., in December, 1932, was captured near Sydney, Nova Scotia, in October, 1933.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THO BLESSED.

No irreverence intended. This is about having a baby. Somehow I get the impression that the first concern of the newly married couple nowadays is to have no babies "for a while." They have a his-futurist notion that they ought to have money laid by, enough to employ fancy specialists and everything, before they consent to be blessed. They think they must have a lot of nifty furniture and snooty clothes and I don't know what all before they start to raise a family. They argue that they must get the piano, radio, auto or shanty at least partly paid for. Their attitude toward life is selfish and cold. There's little romance in it. But of course my view is distorted. I hear from only the wrong 'uns about this. The great majority of young married people turn to a doctor for instruction and advice when they have reason to think the it'll stranger is on the way. Frial health, lack of sufficient strength, advanced age are some of the excuses offered by newly married women who seek advice or information concerning prevention of conception. Has such a woman a moral right to marry? If she believes her health is too poor, or her strength inadequate for childbirth, or that she is too old to stand the risk, she should not be allowed to marry on even terms with real women. Her marriage, if it is sanctioned by the law, should be a contract of lower order. Legal companionship or whatever may be the purpose of such a union. At any rate, such women should not be granted the status of mater-familias. They should not be permitted to use the title of Mistress. Madame would suit her. I should think.

Women who marry late should not take the fishwife suggestion too seriously. Since discussing this question here I have had many letters from women who married at forty or later, and the trend of all is that they're glad. For example, "I was married late in life and had turned 43 when my baby was born. She is 6 years old now and a prettier child no one could wish. I worked hard throughout my waiting period right up to about three hours before she was born. Went to hospital, had anesthetic, no trouble at all, either in childbirth or afterward. I believe my hard work kept me physically fit and that made childbirth easier." There is much in what this correspondent says about the value of hard work or play or daily exercise for the expectant mother. It does make childbirth easier.

Women who assume the frail or weak role, listen to this:
Keep Your Hair On
I am still a youth in years, yet already my hair is beginning to fall out. I don't relish the idea of being bald at 30. (M. R. A.)

Ans.—Nor will you relish it at 40 or 50, son. But we can't have everything. You must choose either wisdom or nice hair. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for the monograph on "Care of the Hair and Treatment of Dandruff."

Cold Sore, Herpes, Fever Blister
What is the difference . . . ? Are they caused by stomach disorder, constipation, indigestion or catching cold? (E. L.)

Ans.—Different names for the same thing. No one knows the cause. Avoid stress, apply flexible colloidion at the first sign of outbreak, or after the blisters or sores have developed keep gently sopping on camphor, spirits of camphor preferably, or camphor ice. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Editorial Comment

What a Commercial Chamber Did. There is a new accord in Jackson County. It has done much to bring forgetfulness of the turmoil and trouble of the recent past. It is example of what can be done by a chamber of commerce that looks beyond city limits, and plans and battles alike for city and county.

A little over a year ago the Medford Chamber of Commerce was reorganized. Upon reorganization, the chamber immediately set out on an agricultural program. The agricultural feature had a strong appeal in the rural districts. The membership presently had an increase of 400 per cent.

As a result of 12 months' effort, continued demands from the county districts to the board of directors of the Medford Chamber of Commerce made it imperative that the organization should expand and become county-wide. This was done, and there came into being the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce.

While the tangible results benefited all types of business and individuals, the intangible results did likewise, and furthermore cemented the friendships of the various communities and various classes of businessmen.

A remote-control radio station was installed in the Chamber of Commerce office, from broadcasting station KMED. Each day from 12:10 to 12:15 the manager of the Chamber of Commerce gives a broadcast, heard in the homes of the farmers throughout the county and in the homes of the city dwellers. These daily programs are in a co-operative and helpful spirit. Back of it all is the idea that in unity there is strength. Each program emphasizes the fact that Jackson County can obtain those things it should have and desires only by having its citizens united in purpose.

Another fact that entered into the program was the organization of a group of singers, known as the Medford Gleemen. During the year they visited the various granges and gave a concert of an hour and a half. These get-togethers of the grangers and the businessmen did untold good and broke down all barriers of suspicion and prejudice.

Although it is generally conceded by members of the Chamber of Commerce that the past fiscal year was a successful one from a business standpoint, it is believed that the intangible results accomplished have provided a solid foundation upon which the county can build in the future.

The example set out there in the golden hills and rich valleys of good old Jackson County is well worth emulation by every chamber of commerce.—Oregon Journal (Portland.)

Communications

For a Jubilant Jubilee
To the Editor:
I have read with considerable interest your various correspondents' suggestions and seen thru magnifying spectacles and pictorial imagery, for stunts, etc., for the Jubilee.

We have driven a car with trailer across the United States and part of Canada twice—saw a lot on these trips and learned lots more. That's stuff for another story however.

When we were in Boston we found a large factory where they were making flexible cobblesstones. We were quite impressed with their general usefulness and ordered several cases which were shipped to us by boat via Panama canal to Portland.

A few days ago I received a letter from Billy Walker telling about Medford's Diamond Jubilee celebration and inviting us to "put on a load and come down." We did just that.

Now these flexible cobblesstones are held together with sulphide cellulose concrete which makes it possible—and practical—to roll the cemented cobblesstones into easily transported rolls and lay them out in the same manner as you would sod lawns or carpet on a floor. Barring accidents the rocks can be rolled up several times—moved—and relaid easily and quickly wherever wanted.

A friend suggested that we use some of these flexible cobblesstone mats to lay a pavement on which to roll those big wheeled Paul Bunyan carts with the big trees and that Idaho spud on the way to Jubilee headquarters.

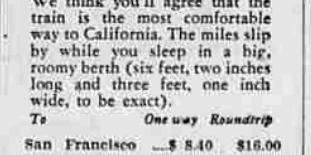
We also brought down a flock of wild black cranes to lift the telephone, power, etc., wires high enough to let the enormous vehicles come under.

Web Hungerford suggested that we let him bring in a bunch of trained pack rats from his mine near Jacksonville and a few of those hard pulling steelheads from Rogue river. He says these would be more practical and easier obtained power than a team of "pink elephants" to pull those logs, etc., in to Jubilee headquarters. You'll have to take his word for that.

As for me, however, I am a practical sort of a guy that more or less likes to deliver the goods so will say that if any of your readers think there are no flexible cobblesstones or black cranes—they are respectively invited to call Bill Gates who has those two big stores on Sixth street—general Dobbys out on Oakdale avenue—that fellow Monroe who sacks sugar and jerks sodas over East Main street, and those steer slicing Luman boys of the Star market or Alexander who has a corner on health foods on West Main. We are going to install a couple panels of these flexible rocks in the concession show at the Natatorium.

Now I've got to hustle and paint the rest of this town red so all the S. P. trains and buses will be sure to stop and unload a lot of visitors. Yours for sincere service and a jubilant Jubilee. E. LEE MAXON.

Jay Hornbeck, University of Washington quarterback, plays table tennis to keep in condition for football. He was good enough to last a couple of rounds in the state table tennis tournament.



Ride to CALIFORNIA while you sleep!

We think you'll agree that the train is the most comfortable way to California. The miles slip by while you sleep in a big, roomy berth (six feet, two inches long and three feet, one inch wide, to be exact).

San Francisco — \$ 8.40 \$16.00
Los Angeles — 16.13 28.70
To One-way Roundtrip

Southern Pacific

J. C. CAHILL, Agent
Telephone 34

TIRED OUT!



AND THEN HE SMOKED A CAMEL

WHEN YOU FEEL your energy sagging, light a Camel. Camels help to relieve tiredness and irritability. You can smoke Camels steadily. Their costlier tobaccos never interfere with healthy nerves.

Get a LIFT with a Camel!

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Years Ago.)
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
May 31, 1924
(It Was Saturday)

Nathan Leopold, Jr. and Richard Loeb, confess they kidnaped and killed Robert Frank, 14 year old boy "for a thrill." Both youths are college boys, and sons of rich families.

Testimony in the Ruch paving injunction suit is started.
Mrs. Gall-Curci, hear for concert, falls in love with valley, and takes a walk alone at five in the morning.

County court refuses to hear pleas of transient autolista begging for gasoline money.
The weather continues "unseasonably hot." Entire coast "similes." Annex to Medford Hotel is opened.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 31, 1914
(It Was Sunday)
Smoke and steam pour from Mt. Lassen, for the first time since California was settled.

Thunder shower visits valley.
Tourists charged from \$2.50 to \$5 on toll road over Siskiyou, and county court to act.
Young lady, 16, who ran away with a carnival company, and was paroled, runs away again.

The latest Mail Tribune correspondent writes the "Told in Tolo" news.
Medford defeats Grants Pass 8 to 2. Walt Antle "was a bear at bat, and a phantom in the field."

BETHLEHEM, Conn.—(UP)—The Rev. Edward R. White, pastor of the Federated church, was leading his congregation in singing an old familiar hymn when a cat light started on the church steps. The singing turned to uncontrollable laughter as the sexton hurried from the church and chased the felines away.

CHOOSE THE TIRE CHAMPIONS BUY Firestone

Tires have been on the winning cars in the gruelling Indianapolis 500-Mile Race
FOR 15 CONSECUTIVE YEARS
EVERY winner in the 500-Mile Indianapolis Race — the most gruelling tire test in the world — drove to victory on Firestone High Speed Tires.

Race drivers know that heat generated by friction inside the cotton cords is the greatest enemy of tire life. These men will not risk their lives on any but Firestone Tires, because they know the high stretch cords in every Firestone Tire are protected by the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping.

Gum-Dipping soaks the high stretch cords in liquid rubber and saturates and coats the millions of fibers inside the cords, counteracting destructive friction and heat. It provides greater adhesion between the piles of the tire, and between the Gum-Dipped cord body and the tread.

Firestone chemists and engineers kept pace with new car developments by building stronger, safer tires to meet the exacting demands. Drive in today and equip your car with new Firestone High Speed Tires for 1934, with deeper, thicker, flatter, and wider non-skid tread, more and tougher rubber, more traction, giving you more than 50% longer non-skid mileage.

Remember, in Firestone High Speed Tires there is Greater Strength — Greater Safety — and Greater Blowout Protection than in any tire made.

THE ADHESION TEST
Note how the rubber in a Firestone Tire clings to the high stretch Gum-Dipped cords. This is a sure sign of adhesion and the Firestone patented process of Gum-Dipping.

Note how the rubber in an ordinary tire pulls away from the cords that have not been soaked and insulated with rubber. This causes friction and heat within the cords, resulting in separation.

THE NEW Firestone AIR BALLOON FOR 1934

The new Firestone Air Balloon for 1934 embodies all the improvements in the new Firestone High Speed Tire. The lower air pressure provides maximum traction and riding comfort. Gum-Dipping safety-locks the cords, providing 30 to 40% greater deflection and blowout protection.
Get 1935 low-swing style by equipping your car today with these new tires and wheels in colors to match your car.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone every Monday Night over N.B.C.—B.E.A. Network
See these new Firestone High Speed Tires made at the Firestone Factory and Exhibition Building at "A Century of Progress," Chicago
Firestone Service Stores, Inc.
Ninth and Riverside — Phone 520



Congressmen spent days trying to promote a free ride for themselves to the fleet maneuvers. The navy insisted there was no room for them and declined to provide any.

Usually the navy is eager to give anything to a congressman. Apparently the sailors think they do not need to be nice to congress as long as they have a champion in the White House.

Warrent Call
Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of School District No. 6 warrants No. 407 to 709 Inc. Interest to cease May 29, 1934. Warrants payable at the First National Bank, Medford, Oregon.
GUY TEX, Clerk.
School Dist. No. 6.

Real Estate Next

Stocks, bonds, commodities and industry have enjoyed substantial recovery. Real estate will be next. Safeguard your future by buying your home under present low prices.

Charles A. Wing
Agency, Inc.
109 E. Main St. Phone 728