

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS. MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PUBLISHERS. MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF BUSINESS MEN.

Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. The 18-K Jubilee deficit is due entirely to nobody being bright enough to suggest a committee on Pioneer Beer Gardens.

From all that can be read in the upstate press, the Portland police force is just as feeble in a crisis as the Portland ball team, in the fifth inning. The metropolitan cops can't see any better, press dispatches indicate, than some people could hear at a courthouse hearing.

All the leading citizens have recovered from bouncing around in a saddle on the hurricane deck of the noble horse. The last to mount a charger was Pop Gates, the 4d Sgt. He cavorted down the Main Stem (Shivare Alley) at the head of the last parade. The jolly townsman left the impression he could fall off more gracefully than the Prince of Wales, but didn't.

HO HUM ITEM. (Cont. From American people are indifferent. Becoming bolder and more brazen, the gangsters, the hoodlums, the crooks, the racketeers, the white slavers, the spawn of the gutter, and the brothels, are throwing the dirty rag of defiance into the faces of the American people.

Prohibition is just around the corner, and more so than Prosperity ever dared to be. Even now citizens are running around with their votes cocked, anxious to make it necessary to motor to a northern California burg every Sunday for the week's supply of hooch.

The Bill Health spent a few hours downtown yesterday, and became sodden with ice-cream cones. A farmer was kicked by a horse yesterday. This is more old-fashioned than the sprained wrist from cranking a vehicle or being gored by a bull (political or Hereford).

Editorial Correspondence

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 9.—They are even complaining of draught here. Too bad they couldn't travel about 1000 miles west, and be grateful for their blessings. It hasn't rained here since May 28th—only about ten days ago. In Wyoming they hadn't had a real rain since New Year's day.

After travelling across the country, northern Indiana and Ohio look like the Promised land. Such fields of red clover; alfalfa, thick and dark green; rich pastures full of fat stock. There are vineyards, too, leafing out in grand style. And to make the picture complete, the skies are overcast today and rain is predicted. This portion of the country is fortunate indeed.

The big news of the day is President Roosevelt's new interpretation of the New Deal. Coming directly after the G. O. P. pronouncement from Chicago it is generally taken as an answer to the Republican challenge—although it was undoubtedly written several days before the meeting in Chicago.

While probably not so intended it unquestionably is an answer to the somewhat lame effort of the G. O. P. national committee. Where the latter was general and non-specific, the former is definite and explicit: calling for security of the home, security of livelihood and security of social insurance.

As usual the president is several jumps ahead of his opposition. Where one citizen will object to such a program, ten will favor it. Being specific, Roosevelt places the Republican party at once on the defensive. Their bid for liberal support, becomes a punctured balloon. The G. O. P. in spite of William Allen White, must be merely an opposition and ultra conservative party during the fall campaigns. In one brief but epoch making announcement President Roosevelt has spiked their guns.

Home ownership, unemployment insurance, and old age pensions are the Roosevelt promises to the American people. What liberties, asked the president, are curtailed by such a program? Well the liberty of free and open competition, non-interference or control by the government, a return to the old capitalist and individualist dogma of each for himself "and the devil take the hindmost."

That is the only issue upon which the Republicans can take a stand, and on that issue the stand will be taken.

And such opposition is perfectly legitimate. With every citizen insured against unemployment, with his material security in old age guaranteed, one of the greatest incentives to individual endeavor will be removed. How many men have worked day and night, developed every resource, strained every nerve, to create sufficient savings, to make idleness or incapacity to work, in later years, NOT an individual and family tragedy.

With that danger removed, how many individuals will let down early in life, cease to worry and strain, and say to themselves, "well, no matter what happens, if I can't get a job I will get government insurance, when I am too old to work, I can live on a government pension."

That is the other side of the New Deal picture—and it is an unavoidable side. There will be plenty of people who will oppose such a program who will say that it only creates an indolent, dependent class, and eliminates the ambition and robust determination, of the rank and file, which has made this country great.

Thus the New Deal will inevitably be opposed by those who still believe in the Old Deal—by those who believe that a major operation is not needed but all Uncle Sam requires to return to his old time vigor, is to be left alone, allowed a rest cure, and pick up things where he left them a decade ago.

Those who believed Roosevelt only adopted the New Deal from the standpoint of political expediency, something to act as a rallying point for votes, and that with the natural return of better times, he would drop the radical program like a hot cake, must admit that they were mistaken.

In this pronouncement, Roosevelt not only retains the New Deal, but elaborates it, and takes a definite and epoch making turn to the left. No doubt remains as to just where he stands. The die is cast. That old wheeze we are on our way but don't know where we are going, no longer stands. The president shows clearly where he wants this country to go. And as a sporting proposition we should say it's about a ten to one shot, that the American people as a whole, will follow him.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 12.—Manhattan is losing its sharp consciousness of celebrity. Even the autograph dwindles. No particular reason. Just one of those things. Rudy Vallee is no longer followed. Neither is Mary Pickford. Lionel Barrymore recently walked Broadway with only a few head-turms.

Jeritza and Lily Pons shop on the avenue without a swirl of gawkers. The persistent crowd that awaited the arrival of the 30th Century movie stars turns to something else. Mayor La Guardia goes to the opera or play with no buzz-fuzz. And they actually ignored Lupe Velez at a recent first night.

Only two celebrities remain with distinct power to start the pack in full cry again. These are Lindbergh and Garbo who have whetted curiosity to the drooping point by constant refusal to be seen. New York loves to be snubbed. Some think national idleness is abating and lessens the celebrity furor.

Others say it is no longer possible to pick up small change selling autographs. The exchange on West 45th street has closed and there is no market whatever. Jimmy Walker's signature that once brought \$2 is now procurable for a dime. Babe Ruth's brings only a nickel.

Some Silverman's son, Sid, is the most self-effacing figure in the Broadway world. Since his famous dad's passing he has, with Abel Green and Jack Pulaski, capably piloted Variety, dividing time between New York and Hollywood. He is the husband of the attractive Marie Saxon, former dancer, and when not at his office is home. To him, Broadway is a new center, not a playground.

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.

A SURGEON APPRAISES AMBULANT METHOD.



The other day I referred to the check-up of 406 cases in which a physician-surgeon who teaches in a university clinic found recurrence in less than 4 percent of the cases where he had given the ambulant treatment for hernia. A week after I had received this report I heard from a distinguished surgeon and teacher of surgery in one of the finest medical schools. This surgeon has been observing the ambulant treatment for several years. He adopted the method in his own practice and used it with satisfaction in suitable cases. I quoted briefly from his present year's report.

"I feel that the method is applicable in selected cases, namely, those with a narrow mouthed sac. In an occasional case the results are brilliant in that the sac is apparently sealed off with only two or three injections. As a result of my observation of injected cases and surgically operated cases, I am perfectly sure that if one of my family or I had a hernia, I would have it operated upon rather than injected, so that I cannot conscientiously advise the injection treatment on the basis of my experience. Neither operation nor injection can possibly fix hernia in people whose hernia regions are poorly designed, so that recurrence will take place in a relatively high percentage of cases when these regions are subjected to strains that are too heavy for them."

Perhaps the pendulum will eventually come to rest not far from the position this surgeon (I'll gladly give any physician-surgeon his name but not a layman) has reached. While I am somewhat disappointed in this final conclusion from a colleague whose judgment commands my respect, still I am gratified to know that he recognizes that the injection method is the method of choice in certain cases of hernia. My surgical mentor refers to another pet method of mine:

Mayors, he adjusts family differences and intercedes for those who fall afoul of the law. Robinson is a typical derby-wearing type with a derby cooked on one side and clothes that would shame a zebra. But his cockiness is in good fun. He is a very humble citizen whose tap dancing, although past 50, brings him \$1,100 a week. He has played more benefits than Eddie Cantor. And with less bal-lyhoos.

The bicycle revival continues its fast pace. Central Park has a steady stream of peddlers as have the highways further out. The girls wear sleeveless jerseys, shorts that merely cover their hips and breeches with a slight tinge of tassel, gloves matching the tassel. Many are the richly upholstered maids we used to see in stumpy roadsters and Paquin sport togs hitting it up for Long Island space. And in their new biking role appear to be having even more fun.

The only other customer in a 46th street barber shop today was getting the works—a \$2 mud massage and violet ray spray. A manicurist was glossing his nails while the shine boy's flannel was hitting up a flour-baking sack-ack-ack-ack. I peeped into his bathtub going out. It bore the name of a merchant at Amarillo. Tex. Twenty years ago it might have worn a Galipolia, O. label. Country boys, coming to town, always bust loose first in the barber-shop. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Smart florists report a perk, presaging at least a mental upswing. The well dressed man is dropping in for a morning lappel flower again, a gesture that almost vanished when the brokers went broke. This morning I saw Frank Crowningshield adorned with a blue corn flower; Owen Davis, Jr., a white carnation; and Aubrey Eadi, a red rosebud. Also, fewer men are hatless along streets this summer.

And up in the jungles of Harlem the dusky dudes, who featured purple and yellow ground length overcoats, are now going in for sideburns clear down to here. Giving many of the high yellow a Spanish grandee effect. Duke Ellington was first to sport them. And Cab Calloway gave them extra panache.

The most attractively decorated home in Harlem is that of the singer Ethel Waters, who rode to fame on a waverling blue note, along 7th avenue. She turned a high-priced interior decorator loose carte blanche. The first floor is quite appropriately, a study in brown from heavy chocolate to light sepia relieved only by a general carpeting of honey shade. She has, next to Bill Robinson, become wealthiest of the colored performers, her fortune topping that of Florence Mills, which was slightly over \$100,000 at its peak. O. yes, one of the Black Belt's newest night spots is called the Ubangi Club, where African bush tombs beat a barbaric boero until dawn.

Harlem's richest and, by long odds, the most celebrated citizen, Bill Robinson, has been by popular vote elected "Mayor of Harlem." Like all locality Montanans of southern Oregon will hold their annual picnic in Lithia Park at Ashland next Sunday, accord.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

IN THIS column recently, you read of a lump of raw, virgin gold, picked up in the hills of Southern Oregon, weighing 34 ounces and seven pennyweights, and worth \$1015.

HERE is a confession: This writer, gazing upon that lump of raw, virgin gold, felt a stirring of the pulses, a quickening of the bloodstream, an itching of the fingers—a desire, that is, to head out into the hills and hunt on his own account for raw, virgin gold.

IT WASN'T the amount of money represented by the value of that lump of gold. This writer is a newspaper publisher; he has been such since the beginning of his business life, and knows nothing else. As a newspaper publisher, he has been able to make a living, such as it is.

As a prospector he would be a cold and dismal failure—knows that fully, and has no delusions on the subject. SO IT WASN'T the desire for sudden riches that caused that stirring of the pulses, that quickening of the bloodstream.

It was the sight of that lump of raw gold that did it. There is something elemental about a chunk of virgin gold; some strange, romantic thrill that quickens the imagination. Deny it all you will. It is there.

NATE OTTERBEIN, who has lived a naturally long and full life and has seen much, agrees with this writer that this is so. Nate was in Seattle at the time of the great Klondike rush, and saw many of the miners, the lucky ones, come out of Alaska, loaded down with sudden wealth. These men, he says, spent their money feverishly, with little apparent attempt to get the worth of it as it was spent.

Their chief purpose, Nate says, appeared to be to get rid of their money, to throw it away in riotous living, to unburden themselves of it, so that they might get back into the hills and the gulches of the Klondike and take up again the search for the raw, virgin gold.

Not all of them, of course, but a sufficient number of them to be impressive. THIS writer was not alone in the viewing of that lump of gold that Bob Burns picked up in Southern Oregon the other day.

John K. James is president and A. Bots secretary. All Montanans are invited to attend the picnic and bring their own lunch. Coffee will be furnished by the club. A program will be enjoyed and the day's festivities are scheduled to start about 11 o'clock in the morning.

Meteorological Report

June 12, 1934. Forecasts: Medford and vicinity: Fair but with occasional cloudiness tonight and Wednesday. Cooler Wednesday. Oregon: Fair tonight and Wednesday with occasional cloudiness and scattered afternoon thundershowers in mountains. Cooler in interior. Local Data:

Temperature a year ago today: Highest 84; lowest 56. Total monthly precipitation 0.39 in. Excess for the month .06 inches. Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 16.56 inches. Deficiency for the season, 6.52 inches. Relative humidity at 5 p. m., yesterday 36%; 5 a. m. today 85%. Tomorrow: Sunrise 4:35 a. m., sunset 7:47 p. m. Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 120 Meridian Time.

Table with columns: CITY, High Temp, Low Temp, Precipitation, Wind, Weather. Rows include Boston, Cheyenne, Chicago, Eureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roseburg, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

Bicycle Stolen.—A report that a bicycle belonging to Bob Littrell, 703 Sherman, was stolen last night, was filed at the city police station this morning. It showed that the bicycle is a Zenith make, equipped with balloon tires.

66 Miles On 1 Gallon? Scientific Laboratory, 6-61, Wheaton, Ill., report an amazing new vapor automatic gas saver. 500% profits. Fits all autos. Anyone can attach. One sent free to introduce quick. Send address and car name today.

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 June 12, 1924. (It was Thursday) Republican national convention nominates Coolidge for president on the first ballot.

Auto races to be held at the fairgrounds next week. Pussfoot Johnson, famous dry leader, visits Ashland, and describes "the rout of alcohol." Foots creek resident charged with attacking his cousin with a crowbar.

Mrs. Rose Schiefflin of this city, Democratic national committee woman resigns from post. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY June 12, 1914. (It was Friday) Three city cows die after eating sprayed prunings.

County authorities chase down country rumor, "the courthouse ring has stole the road fund." Prosecutions threatened. The "Sleepy Seventh" leaves for Fort Stevens for a ten day encampment, "with the first full attendance of the year."

Merchants of Ashland have reached an agreement whereby their stores will be closed at 9:00 o'clock on Saturday evening in order to shorten the working hours of their employes. Mass meeting of Siskiyou Heights residents called to protest against raise in water rates.

Silver NEW YORK, June 12.—(P)—Bar silver quiet, unchanged at 45. BUY NOW Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

53 CROP LOANS GAIN APPROVAL. To date 53 applications for loans have been approved by the Production Credit Corporation for the Medford district, according to Secretary Luther J. Deuel. The average amount, Secretary Deuel states, "is well over the \$1000 mark."

Kellogg's GREAT SUMMER SALE. EVERY day Kellogg's Corn Flakes are the big value in cereals. Now specially featured for a limited time only. The most popular ready-to-eat cereal in the world. SEASON'S BIGGEST VALUE



Ours is a Frigidaire '34'

Instantly—at a finger-touch—the ice trays slide from the freezer of the Frigidaire '34. And that's only one of the splendid features of this fine, Super Series Frigidaire. It has everything—automatic reset defrosting; a cold storage compartment for frozen foods; the new Frigidaire Servashelf—even an interior electric light.

You will find the Frigidaire '34 makes more ice—120 big, husky ice cubes at one freezing in the model illustrated. It has Lifespan Porcelain inside and out... double Hydrator Capacity... a Sliding Utility Basket for eggs and small articles... extra space for tall bottles. And it uses surprisingly little current.

But you really should see the Frigidaire '34. Drop in at one of the show rooms listed below and learn how easy it is to own the finest Frigidaire ever built—it is the only refrigerator that is a product of General Motors.

Leonard Electric. Morris R. Leonard. Holly Theatre Building. Phone 427.