

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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ROBERT W. MOHL, Editor
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Advertisement for the Oregon Hop Growers' Association, featuring a logo and text about the industry.

Advertisement for 'Ye Smudge Pot' by Arthur Perry, featuring an illustration of a woman's face.

An update editor fears "the return of the old-time barbarism." If he doesn't faint at the sight of women with babies in their arms in modern parlors, it will be worth while listening to what he tells them, when they ordered a tub of studs.

The state Granter is looking for a statement to hand off to the plow-hauler, and run for Governor.

Please to heat your greets the weatherman, who never thought he would sink to the depths of a Fletch Fish pun.

The fair owner of a \$200 dog reports the presence of obnoxious flies in her house, and blames the calamity on everything but the \$200 dog.

A gent who could not get work under Hoover yesterday declined work under Roosevelt, because he did not need it under Coolidge.

Another thing that needs re-distribution, as well as the wealth, is the shade, which under the present capitalist system, is always on the other side of the street.

SO SAY WE ALL. (Cleveland Gazette-Times) They urged the adoption of a lot of silly socialistic nonsense, which would indicate that their four years in high school had been worse than wasted. They demanded to know "why high schools and hospitals were closed, while expensive roads were being built." If the Eugene high school graduating exercises were typical of such exercises throughout the state more schools ought to be closed.

Thunder clouds shaped like haystacks adored the heavens and scarce the pear princes.

The potato patch is full of weeds, and the river full of fishermen.

HOW DEMOCRATS ARE MADE. (Cong. Record) A very large number of people will apply for the 105,000 places, probably 10 for every place. The appointments, we all know, will be made under Democratic auspices. Let us concede that. The drive for those appointments will commence in the middle of October, or earlier, and thousands who hope to land a place to be paid \$4 a day for several weeks' work will live with a lively appreciation of favors yet to come from Democratic sources; and it is to be assumed that they will demonstrate to the best of their ability, long prior to November 12, indeed prior to November 6, which is election day, that they are loyal to Democratic candidates for Congress in the respective districts. And in each district there will be from 300 to 800 such persons either hoping to be employed or actually notified of their appointment, all of them thriving with loyalty and zeal for the cause.

The father of John Dillinger (and, who can blame him) with a fatherly love that is worthy of a mother, has been dickered with the law to save his boy's neck from a hangman's noose. The department of justice announces failure of negotiations whereby Bandit No. 1 was to exchange, without fight, in exchange for a "square deal." It seems that at the start of John's crime career, he received 10 years in prison, and his pal but two years. The pal had been paroled several times, and was in process of alleged redemption. The pal was out robbing again, while John languished in a cell, and it embittered him greatly. So he shot and bought his way out of jail. Mr. Dillinger now desires to be coddled. It might be coddling of criminals is one of the things that ails America today.

The local cannon-fodder is off to camp at the seashore, equipped with all the paraphernalia of grim war. They will be cooled by the Pacific breeze and march ashore green pastures in proud array. They will stroll the seashore sands in the moonlight. Such is preparation for war.

GROWERS OF HOPS FIND DEMAND FAR BELOW ESTIMATE

Boo of Last Year Badly Deflated When Beer Consumption Falls Beneath Pre-Repeal Expectations

By Wilfred Brown
United Press Staff Correspondent
WASHINGTON, June 13.—(UP)—The department of commerce has come to the conclusion that the airplane is here to stay, and that it won't be long now until everybody will be buzzing around the sky in flivvers, getting pinched for crossing the milky way while the lights in the big dipper are still yellow.

The department's bureau of aeronautics is preparing for the great day by figuring out ways to make air-planes fool-proof so the streets won't be littered with smashed planes and the remnants of citizens who will have to be collected and buried under tombstones reading "oh, he fell through the air with the greatest ease."

No Flying Rules
We rushed out to learn what the traffic rules will be when all of us are parking single-motored two-seaters in the back yard.

It's wide open, friends. They can't even make you wear a parachute if you don't want to. You can make U-turns, drive on the left hand side of the air-lanes, stop on it until she gets up to 110 miles an hour, pass another plane while going over a cloudy bank, park anywhere, drive with your tail light busted and spit on the traffic cops down on the street.

25 to Be Ordered
The aeronautics bureau figures that with the fool-proof planes, a fellow ought to be able to apply for a license on Monday and be skimming through the clouds on Saturday. Sorry, but it's impossible to tell you exactly what the planes will look like. The bureau has called for bids on 25 of them, and the bids will be opened July 25. We'll get all the dope for you.

They're all going to be roadsters carrying only two passengers but sedans may come along later. They have got to have a minimum landing speed of 35 miles an hour so if you get into trouble while landing in the wife's favorite pond you can jump out with a 50-50 chance that the wife won't turn into widow right there. You'll get from the cost to 25 miles on a gallon of gas. The cost will be about 1,000 bucks f. o. b.

Used for Demonstration
The aeronautics people aren't going to sell their 25 planes. They are just trying to prove that we might as well buy flivver planes as motor boats or automobiles.

In re of traffic rules, it's only fair to say that while the bars are down now, there is trouble ahead. They'll start out by having airport rules for landing and taking off. Then the time will come when a cop will zoom up beside you and say sarcastic like: "where's th efire, Frank Hawk?"

The police station will be located in a bluff and you'll have to take a lot of ash from the desk sergeant.

We know what you're thinking right now, but just remember that a lot of people sneered at Jules Verne, too.

GILL ASPIRES TO BECOME MASTER NATIONAL GRANGE

(Continued from page one)
The Oregon meet from a trip he started early in May. He attended the sessions at Washington, D. C., and then went to the New England states. From there he returned westward and last week was in attendance at the Washington state meeting at Pullman. He is well known west, which would stand him in good stead.

The recent use of his name in connection with independent candidate possibilities at the November election have also been held as an advantage to him in seeking the national position, which carries a fine salary and undoubtedly would be of longer duration than a term as governor. His friends comment they believe the ambitious granger would do well to turn down the gubernatorial post for such a position.

Ground Work Laid.
The national grange convention will be held in Hartford, Conn., next November, and while Gill's reported desire may not be realized this year, it was apparent he was laying the ground work toward that end and did not wish to be handicapped by a steady four-year state job. Gill has already been assured of his re-election to the Oregon leadership, for another two years and would be in a good position to advance his national candidacy.

Another phase of politics being discussed is that concerning the lower house of the legislature. While Gill, in his annual address urged abolition of the house of representatives, it is known that even if this were accomplished it would take some years, so some thought was being given to the house organization for the 1935 legislature.

Grange officials have expressed dissatisfaction in all mentioned candidates for speaker of the house, declaring not one of them has supported grange activities at recent sessions. They refer to such aspirants as Earl Hill of Lane county, George Winslow of Tillamook county, Charles Childs of Linn county, and Lowell Paget of Multnomah county.

It was believed resolutions considered at this convention may touch upon the subject. When asked if the grange members had one in mind for speakership, they declare they have not, but upon further discussion it brought out that Morton of Yamhill county, long active in the state grange, had been importuned to become a candidate. Tompkins was known to be not adverse to the suggestion.

Convicts Want Band.
BOISE, Idaho.—(UP)—Idaho state penitentiary inmates have become musically inclined. They petitioned Gov. C. Ben Ross to establish a band. Instruments would be furnished by the state.

NEW AIR FLIVVERS FOR GOVERNMENT TO BE FOOL PROOF

Aeronautics Bureau Orders 25 'Roadsters' With Landing Speed of 35 Miles—20 to 25 Miles Per Gallon

By Harry Ferguson
United Press Staff Correspondent
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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 13.—I rarely pick up one of those glossy magazines of the leisure classes in club lounge or dental office without seeing a photograph of a somewhat mysterious worldling called Snowy Baker. His association seems only with men of wealth and celebrity.

He may be in polo togs breeching down a Hollywood field, on the beach or hob-steepling at St. Moritz. Always very much the gentleman of leisure and leading the fabulous life of Reilly. Like Lawrence of Arabia, he seems to be everywhere, knows everybody, but has no intimates.

Those I ask who should know of him, praise his gallantry in sports, but no one seems to know his antecedents or the source of his income. He has an interesting face, aquiline nose, piercing eyes and hair en brosse. The sort that makes ladies forget conversation when he comes into a room.

Almost any novelist could fit him in the opening chapter of a novel with a locale on the Riviera, Newport or Ostend. The only person I have seen in real life who surpasses his photographic nonchalance is the urbane Ben Ali Haggin. Til probro learn Baker, like Lexington, Ky., born Haggin, is a product of Platform, Neb., or something.

Don Barclay, eccentric comedian of the old burlesque school with the profile of a toucan and hair part in a lightning streak, has appeared in several movies recently and may at last be finding his niche. He was one of the few comics to excite the interest of Florence Ziegfeld. He was spotted in a Folies and several other nugee canoras, but the inexorable box-office statistics refused to justify the hopes. And Barclay would vanish, bob up again, almost click in a big way and vanish again.

An open fronted museum on Broadway is presenting a modified version of the old wiggle dances of the circus lots to the clarinet tune that suggests the veiled ladies of Turkey. The author of that famous tune, incidentally, which was officially known as "Dance du Vierge," was none other than the present Congressman Sol Bloom, of New York. During the famous performance of "Little Egypt" at the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago it was called colloquially "The Hootchie Kootchie." At the time Bloom wrote it he was a composer and foremost music publisher on Broadway.

James M. Cain, the author, is conducting a one-man campaign to make New York city catch conscious. Every middle-westerner and southerner knows the indescribable gustatory joy of this lowly delicacy. Eating in many parts of the world I have never encountered a dish—not even

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's 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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SO YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO THE SANIT

The finest testimonial I know to the great value of a course at a sanatorium is the feeling which virtually all graduates have for the old school—they look back upon the year or more of their training with pleasure and rather long to return for a visit if not for post-graduate courses. The relatives and friends of patients get some impression of this spirit, but the outside world knows no more about life in a tuberculosis sanatorium than it does about life in a hospital for mental disease. A lot of people still harbor quaint notions of the horrors of the "asylum" or the "mad house."

This loneliness for the pleasant life of the san has something to do with the complaint of a returned patient, I suspect. She describes some of the unreasonable exactions her sister's husband would impose upon her—such as not only keeping her dishes and eating utensils separate, but boiling them all for 20 minutes every time she uses them, and insisting that she must never use a wash-basin or bath-tub that is to be used by other persons. These are all harsh and unjustifiable requirements, even if the patient has active lung tuberculosis well advanced and is presumably giving off the germs of tuberculosis constantly. For a patient with arrested tuberculosis, hence presumably not giving off germs at all, such precautions become sheer cruelty.

But from the context it seems likely that the sister's husband is concerned only about protecting his young children from the risk, and that is a simple excuse for any rules he may find it necessary to lay down in the circumstances. For young children are most susceptible to tuberculosis, and must be kept as much apart from friends or relatives who have it, even quiescent or arrested or nearly so, as is humanly possible.

The patient back from the san says it is this attitude of "olders" that makes the ex-patient often long for the safe shelter of the san, where at least he is not regarded as a menace. See how it is!

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Ben Is About Again. Have been told an X-ray only shows breaks in bones and can not tell if you have ulcers of the stomach. Is that true or are there two kinds of X-rays.—Mrs. B. P.

Answer—Sometimes the doctor can decide whether it is a break in the bone, but it is very hard to stomach without the bother and expense of an X-ray. In any case I advise you to leave all that to him.

It Is Very Bitter. A while ago you suggested some solution to rinse white clothes in to stop a child chewing or sucking them.—Mrs. O. D. S.

Answer—Steep an ounce of quassia chips in a quart of water. Dip the edges of sheets or other clothes in this and let dry. Quassia is a wood, that imparts a very bitter taste to the water. It is an old and effective vermifuge, used as an enema against pin worms.

They worked over the side of the hill, and then turned off the water to investigate.

SUDDENLY Bob Goff's eye fell on the nugget. "Boy!" he shouted. "Here's the daddy of them all!" He picked up this nugget and the eyes of both Bob Goff and his wife were fixed on it. The nugget is of pure, yellow gold, about the size of a big husky man's fist—which is enough to make anybody's eye stick out.

They took it to Grants Pass and weighed it, and it weighed 34 ounces and seven pennyweights. Its value was placed by the bank at \$1015.

REMEMBER, please, that this mine wasn't supposed to amount to much, and was sowed off on a newcomer from the Oklahoma oil fields. Not only has this huge nugget—it is said to be the largest ever found in Oregon—come from it, but last March they picked up another nugget weighing 14 ounces, and have taken out a lot of small ones.

Not so bad, is it? Apparently the gold mining days of Southern Oregon aren't over yet. The gold is still there. All that is necessary is to find it.

BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. True of Jacksonville star route, a 8-pound, 11-ounce son, at the Sacred Heart hospital, June 12. Mother and babe are reported doing well.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hubbard, 1028 Jackson street, Medford, an 8-pound, 5-ounce daughter, at the Sacred Heart hospital, June 12. Mother and daughter doing well.

BOISE, Idaho.—(UP)—Failure of winter frosts to kill millions of "morning cricket" eggs last season, threatens vast crop damage this summer from the pests. Already farms of Utah and Idaho have been swept by the insects when usually they are still unhatched.

Rabbit Had Three Horns. BOONVILLE, Mo.—(UP)—A rabbit with three horns is on display here, killed by Floyd Day of Blackwater. Each horn is several inches long, one in the middle of the animal's head and one on each side of its right ear.

Unusual Egg Laid. MEXICO, Mo.—(UP)—Mrs. John Gola experienced something unusual while gathering eggs at her farm near here. She found a large egg in one nest, with a soft outside shell and a full-sized, hard shell egg inside.

PENDLETON, June 13.—(UP)—Harry Johnson, 77, and Chester Grimmins, 39, were arrested yesterday for the second time in a week on charges of possessing illegal liquor. City and Federal officers made the arrest.

Before ordering duplicate, triplicate or any other sales books, call or write, waiters checks or pads duplicate billing system, ask a local printer for prices. You can buy these at home as low or lower than traveling salesmen, by overhauling the district call sell them for you and help maintain local pay-rolls and local institutions that pay taxes. (Adv.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
HOW many of the readers of this newspaper ever saw a thousand-dollar chunk of virgin gold, just as it came from the side of the hill where the forces of nature left it goodness knows how many centuries ago?

WELL, Bob Burns, who has a mine at Grants has been lugging one around Southern Oregon for the past couple of days, and if you want to see it go hunt him up. The lucky bum will be tickled to death to show it to you, for he's prouder than Punch of it. (Who wouldn't be, for that matter?)

BOB picked up the nugget over on Grove Creek, north of Grants Pass, where his mine is located. The mine, he says, was sold to him a couple of three years ago with the thrifty thought that it was being sowed off on a sucker, and for the first year he owned it he wasn't so darned sure that wasn't just what had happened.

He hails from the oil fields of Oklahoma, and when the drilling game began to go sour there a few years ago he headed west, and as already related he went into the gold mining business.

He took a leave of absence a while back to go over in the Klamath country and handle an oil drill out in the Langell Valley.

MRS. BURNS came with him, and in addition to cooking for the crew she went to work with pick and shovel, pan and rocker. Evidently she's just as good at mining as at cooking—which is saying plenty, as you'll know if you've ever eaten her cooking—for she was acclaimed the champion panner at the Jacksonville jubilee last year.

BUT let's get back to the big nugget. After acquiring the mine, they rigged up a hydraulic outfit, and last week Bob Burns and Bob Goff were working away on the side of the hill with a big stream of water, Goff handling the nozzle and Burns more or less looking on.

"Bob Goff," Burns says, "is the best pipe handler in Oregon. He can pile up more dirt with a stream of water than most people can with a shovel."

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News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)
don't like about college professors is that they think they are the only ones in the world who are honest and intelligent." His colleague replied that when the administration really wanted impartial administrators it went after college professors or army officers.

The conclusion of impartial committee members upon reading the Tugwell speeches was that he does not make a very thrilling speech. Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon

Rabbits Netted \$75,000. SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—(UP)—The winter crop of rabbits netted Ozark hunters and trappers an estimated \$75,000 from more than 1,000,000 of the furry animals. The price averages between six and seven cents an animal.

Coal Miner Quits at 96. NORTON, Va.—(UP)—"Uncle Steve" Mordlin, of Norton, says he is retiring from work, but does not know what he'll do with his leisure time now. Uncle Steve, who is 96, was an active coal miner until a few weeks ago.

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The Rogue Small Animal Hospital

1433 Riverside N., Medford, Ore. Clipping, Stripping, Bathing. Country Boarding Kennels. Jackson County Humane Society. DR. S. E. PHILIPS. Tel. 1516-J-2. Southern Oregon's only modern equipped small animal hospital.

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 13, 1924 (It was Friday) Charles G. (Hell-Maria) Dawes nominated as running mate for President Coolidge.

Class of 1924 at the high school, numbering 74, receives diplomas before large crowd at armory.

Chicago bandits use poison gas to rob a mail train. Oregon primary law "breeds minority rule and causes weakenings to seek office," Yale professor on "visit to state declares."

Cherry picking and thinning is the order of the day in rural areas.

Twenty Years Ago Today June 13, 1914 (It was Saturday) The Hall Taxi company will run excursion to Hybee bridge next Sunday for the benefit of fishermen.

Talent plans "an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration." Fifth eruption of Mt. Lassen is most violent of series and smoke from the peak is sighted in the valley.

Yreka, Cal., caravan inspects the Jackson county roads.

The Rev. H. E. Tucker is named pastor of the Christian church.

SALEM, June 13.—(UP)—Lake county today remitted \$5,000 to the state treasurer as part payment of its second quarter 1934 state taxes.

Advertisement for 'Beautiful Miss America Pickle Dish 10¢', featuring an illustration of a pickle jar.

Advertisement for 'Hotel Figueroa', featuring an illustration of the hotel building and text about its amenities.

Advertisement for 'OREGON MADE SEVERIN and MULTNOMAH BATTERIES', featuring an illustration of a battery.

Advertisement for 'THE BROZTELL', featuring an illustration of a hotel building and text about its amenities.

Advertisement for 'Hotel Broztele', featuring an illustration of a hotel building and text about its amenities.