

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 13

Subscription Rates: Daily, one year, \$5.00; Daily, six months, \$3.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS: Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches received by it or otherwise credited to this paper

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS: Advertiser Representatives M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY

MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY

Ye Smudge Pot: The Grange proposal for the establishment of a state bank is a dandy

A couple of U of O. students, home for the summer, were caught holding hands in the twilight, in the city park

The Baer-Carnera heavyweight championship fight was a financial success. People paid close to \$500,000 to see it

Messrs. Hitler of Germany and Mussolini of Italy, "hold the key to war in Europe"

WHY LITTLE GIRLS GIGGLE: LOBT—\$10 bill at carnival grounds. Reported found by little girl who, if honest, will return to Sentinel office for reward

A number of measures regulating auto freight trucks and auto stages are contemplated for presentation at the next session of the legislature

Tennis, which causes its devotees to sweat like a hay-hand is again the order of the day. The tennis racket is mightier than the pitchfork

Press agents for the hen, commonly known as roosters, have started crowing in the residential areas

There isn't much practical advice to be given the hopeful young graduate this season, except to marry the first girl he finds who has a steady job

The Democratic party of Jackson county assembled last week and adopted resolutions endorsing and approving themselves, without mentioning the surplus of postmasters and shortage of postoffices

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, June 15.—A colossal robot, with a good stabilizer but run-down clockwork, against a gladiator with a quick, shrewd mind, and a punch in either hand,—that was the story of the Baer-Carnera fight in Long Island City last night

As luck would have it we secured a ringside seat. For the first time in many years, a big fight was a sellout, and the speculators made a killing

As becomes a sport fan from the wide open spaces we were in our seat ahead of time. The sunset was still glowing in the western horizon, and a wispy disk of a new moon hung in space

As usual no one paid any particular attention to the preliminaries. They were all heavyweights,—stable mates of the two principals,—and they put on pretty lively bouts although there was only one knockout

When ten o'clock was reached the pugilistic celebrities started to crawl thru the ropes, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney together, shaking hands, posing for the camera boys, laughing

And then the big fight began. A robot,—that seemed to us the perfect word for this circus freak from sunny Italy. The Great Stone face came to life,—walking, moving, pushing, going through all the motions of a living human being

As this is written there is still some doubt as to whether Carnera did or did not ask the referee to stop the fight. That is the sport writers are in doubt. This particular correspondent isn't

The fight was unusually interesting for two reasons, with a mammoth like Carnera still on his feet and paving forward, there was always a chance he would really hit his slender opponent

No one could be more alive, physically, mentally and emotionally than this combination Satyr and Play Boy, Max Baer, no one could be more thoroughly DEAD than Da Primo; Baer was not still a moment, not the same for two seconds at a time

And Da Primo was never anything but a circus freak and so remains—he shouldn't be in a ring with boxing gloves, but on the platform with the bearded lady on one side and the snake charmer on the other

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

THE WISE ACRES AND THEIR FUNNY DIETARY NOTIONS For heaven's sake, mother, forget that meat and potato combination. This is 1934, not the stone age

It is well known that an adult lying abed requires from 1,500 to 1,800 calories a day to prevent actual loss of weight, strength and vitality

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Shoe Repair My husband, a very thin man, does shoe repairing. When he does grinding he breathes considerable dust

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

publicized of all band leaders, although he is rather handsome in a dark Spanish caballero way. Scarcely anyone recognizes him on the street

For many seasons Larry Anhalt has been cradling drama during the summer months in a Connecticut townlet. He introduced Katharine Hepburn to stock when she was quite unknown

Bagatelles: Henry Hull swears he will never wear another dress suit on the stage. Mabelle Corley Gilman, who beat vainly at the Parisian social gates for many years, is now hide-bone in London's Mayfair

Word drifts back to literary centers that Raoul Whitfield is on the last pages of his novel written on a New Mexico ranch. Whitfield, once of the Hollywood studios, married the former Emily Vanderbilt, who sundered all the social lemon-meringue for an adobe house in a remotey forlorn and desolate whither of the desert

Personal nomination for the screen actor making greatest strides in his profession the past year—Bing Crosby

Among summer joys is the close hair cut. Especially for that back of the head, like running the hand over a plush chair in the parlor car

Some California democrats here are moaning that the socialist, Upton Sinclair, may win the democratic gubernatorial nomination out there

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS SPEAKING at the opening session of the 61st convention of the Oregon State Grange in Roseburg on Tuesday, State Master Ray W. Gill made two statements that, coming from the state head of the country's leading farm organization, are interesting

COMMENTING on the agricultural adjustment act and the national recovery act, he said: "While crop restrictions must be used, the farmers of America cannot be forced to submit to regimentation of their crops. The problem must be approached from a different angle"

THIS writer, who disagrees with Mr. Gill frequently, agrees with him absolutely on that point. "All the talk one hears these days is of restricting the output, working less, booting the price. In this humble individual's opinion, prosperity NEVER WAS created in that way, and NEVER WILL BE"

YOU can't get away from this fundamental fact: The more we produce, the more we have. The less we produce, the less we have

THE thing that is out of joint is distribution. If we could only learn how to distribute equally what we produce, so that each of us could exchange what he produces for what the other fellow produces at a fair and equal rate of exchange, the bogey of over-production that now frightens us so greatly would disappear

As a regulator of production, especially farm production, old Mother Nature has been a rather outstanding success. Everytime she has turned her hand to the job, during the several thousand years of which we have a historical record, she has got away with it

MAN, on the other hand, has been a rather outstanding fizzle at regulating his own production and so boosting his own prices. In recent years, the British tried it in the case of rubber, with disastrous results, and Brazil tried it in the case of coffee, with equally disastrous results

THE special grain review of the bureau of agriculture economics of the department of agriculture, dated June 1, has this to say: "Prolonged dry weather throughout most of the important wheat producing countries of the Northern Hemisphere has brought irreparable and widespread damage to small grains and suggests the shortest wheat crop in recent years"

It rather looks as if Mother Nature might be taking a hand again at her old job of reducing over-production

Flight 'o Time

Philosophy of a New Deal. To the Editor: I am addressing an open letter to you under the title of "Pioneering in the Philosophy of a New Deal"

One of the main tasks before our western civilization is to rationalize the solution of many an enigma in their relation to the affairs of daily life. Broadly speaking, the Jubilee and Pageant in Medford celebrating the state of Oregon's 75th year of statehood was something tangible, upon which to base the thought "Pioneering in the Philosophy of a New Deal"

THE germ of the idea lies dormant in the peculiar culture of thought forms of the present day. Long ago the western philosophy hid the light of its truths behind a bushel of speculative thought that dealt only with corporal forms

Those who look upon this task as one of building a new base, upon which the pillars of this new philosophy will rest and provide and sustain a periphery more universal in perspective, to buttress in its decadence a philosophy of an era that has passed

This can be done. There is no real reason to oppose the proposal to start this movement here in Medford and fulfill the prophecy made long ago that this nation, under God, shall experience a new spiritual birth and dedication that government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth

Exceptional weather has been the feature so far at the encampment, but no one knows how long it will last. Clatsop is noted for its sudden changes in weather conditions

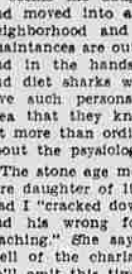
New sentences and phrases used frequently by members of the company: "Eugene, you hag"—"Harry Du Doss. That's the last straw, I'll tender my resignation"—"Ed Robbins, 'Wanne make somethin' out of it?"—"Jerry Beahrs and Ralph Cowtell. 'I'm tired, let's rest."—"Bob Murphy, Joe Rawhauser, Gene Coats. 'Go down to the mess hall and get a yard of skirmlish line."—All corporals

Flash! One of the biggest athletic events of the company was staged tonight between "Grandpa" Boyd, the pride of the first squad, and "Tarzan" Goodthw, frey he-man of brown and muscle, who decided to tangle for the imaginary championship of the first platoon. After many moments of grunts, groans and other undeterminable noises, "Grandpa" Boyd finally emerged from a tangled heap and was proudly dragged off, the winner

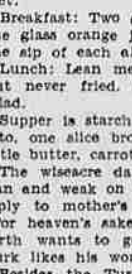
WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works



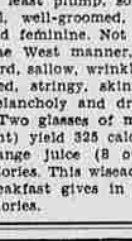
Dr. William Brady



Young daughter



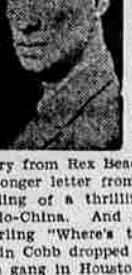
Ed Note



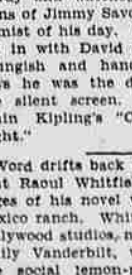
Bagatelles



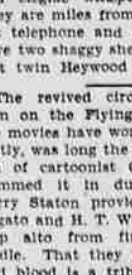
Word drifts



Personal nomination



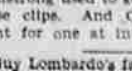
Among summer joys



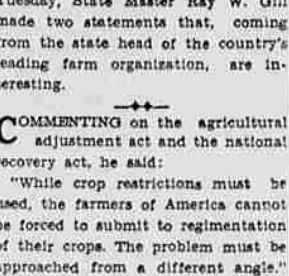
Some California democrats



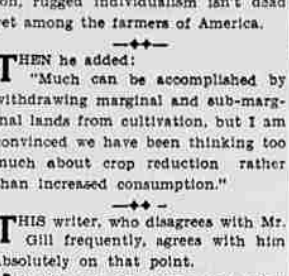
It rather looks



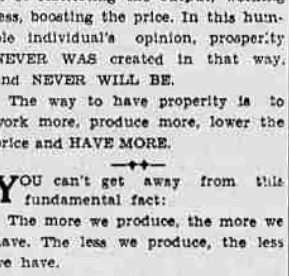
Guay Lombardo's face



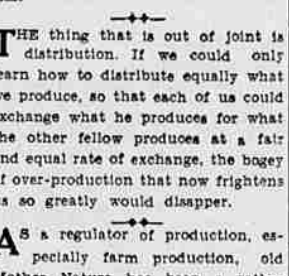
Harold Lloyd



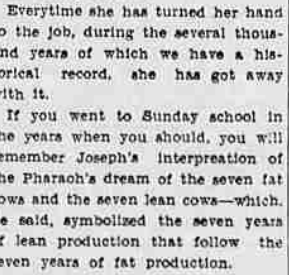
Local fishermen



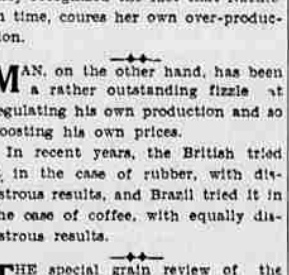
Local fishermen



Local fishermen



Local fishermen



Local fishermen



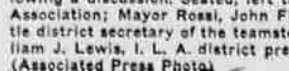
Local fishermen



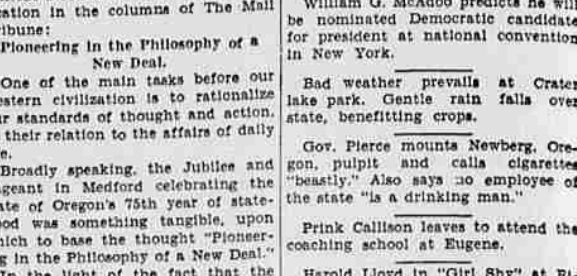
Local fishermen



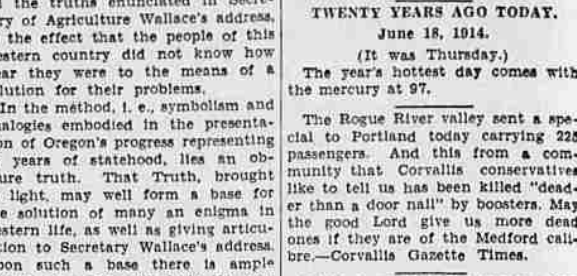
Local fishermen



Local fishermen



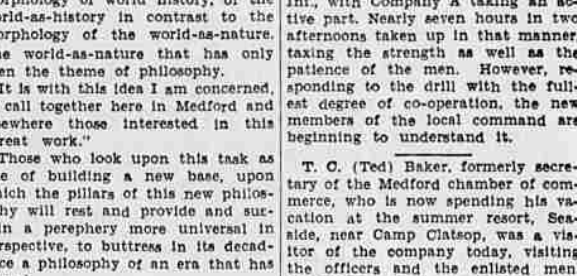
Local fishermen



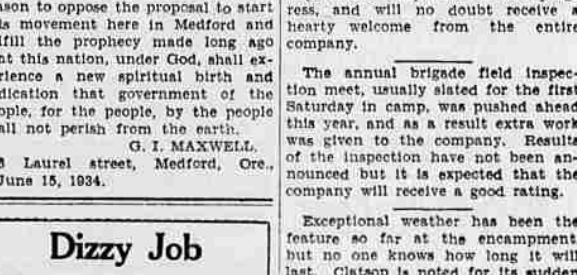
Local fishermen



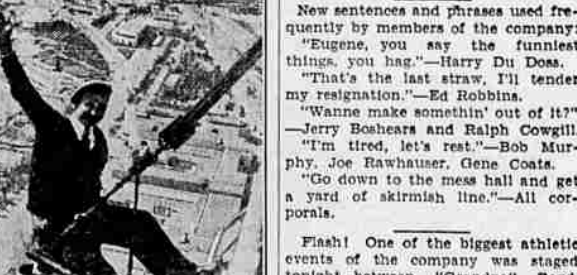
Local fishermen



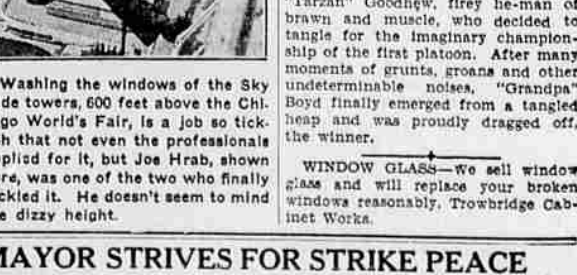
Local fishermen



Local fishermen



Local fishermen



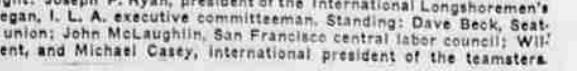
Local fishermen



Local fishermen



Local fishermen



Local fishermen

SAN FRANCISCO MAYOR STRIVES FOR STRIKE PEACE



After conferring with officials of unions in San Francisco, Mayor Angelo Rossi believed prospects were bright for an early return to work of striking longshoremen in Pacific coast ports