

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Hoseburg joins the list of American communities that from time to time, have occasion to point with pride, and mention with Chamber of Commerce gusto, a sudden spurt of justice in their courts. A transient, 25, (forgotten Man to some), robbed a Douglas county bank of \$1800, and in slightly less than five hours was caught, convicted and conveyed to the Big House at Salem.

Hen French of the E. P. area towned yesterday. He was on the business end of a nickel cigar, and thinking freely without the aid and consent of a Portland politician in love with the farmer's vote.

The latest NRA regulation prohibits a tobacco dealer from giving more than one packet of matches with a purchase. This is quite an improvement over the I-match offering prevalent when economy was raging fiercest, but in the long run is not apt to produce prosperity any faster than wholesale pig-sticking.

YOU GET WHAT YOU MARRY. (Chico Cal.) Enterprise)
Dear Miss Christie:
Since I was a girl I have worked hard, saved my money and invested it. Four months ago I married a man a few years younger than I and we began to keep house in my home. I thought I had a husband who would at least be kind and considerate, though I knew he was lazy. Now here is my story.

A New Jersey girl danced 18 hours, and "felt no ill-effects save a slight dizziness when forced to halt." This might also have been the trouble when she started.

THE NEAT COVERBACK. (Letter to Time)
Imagine then my delight the other evening in the following incident in a tavern. A fellow, homeward bound apparently, with a copy of Time under his arm, stopped at the bar. As he sat there quietly, drinking his cocktail, a flighty, fluttery flouzy, who had been making a nuisance of herself, sidled up to him, bent on striking up an acquaintance.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., June 20.—The longer one stays here the more incredible it seems. There is nothing real about it, nothing HUMAN. We can't get over the idea that these amazing canyons of brick and stone, their sides towering literally ABOVE THE CLOUDS (as this is a rainy, blustery day) were not built for people to work or live in, but for show—like a gigantic world's fair. We keep visualizing them at some future date,—as completely deserted, gaping monuments of the great money age,—and men and women and children living as they were designed to live, somewhere out in the country, amid trees and flowers, working not in masses but in scattered groups, comfortable and sufficient unto themselves. That is what this age of rapid transportation should do, if it develops logically. But perhaps in this mad modern world nothing develops logically.

New York is certainly impressive—even appalling—but it is not appealing. Oscar Wilde's definition of a cynic perfectly describes it—it "knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." Everything and everyone has its price,—if you have the money you can get anything you may desire,—but no spiritual blessing goes with the purchase. In short, New York has no manners, and no real feeling. It is not only hard-boiled but case hardened. To a visitor therefore, in spite of its teeming millions it is the loneliest place in the world. The individual simply doesn't count. To those who wish to get lost, to get away from the personal touch, to be absolutely alone and to be perfectly independent, Greater Manhattan is made to order.

On the other hand with this perfect independence, if one has money, any indulgence one may wish can be gratified. You can buy the best in music, in art, in the theatre, raiment and fine feathers, food, drink, or what have you. You can have society,—society of any kind,—if you can PAY for it. This was not true in the good old days of the "400." But there is a "400" no more. No social bars now that will not melt before the acetylene torch of CASH.

Our first ride on a big steamer was from New York to Boston on the Fall River line. That was about 46 years ago and we can still recall the glamour and the thrill. There was much gilt and plush, a full orchestra, negro waiters in the big dining saloon, and cute little staterooms.

The Fall River steamers are still running and we journeyed to Boston on one of them the other night. They are even bigger and better than they were in the late 80's, but no longer impressive, after one has seen the modern ocean liners, with their many dining rooms, elevators, swimming tanks, dress shops, ball rooms, etc., etc. They have jazz orchestras, radio entertainments, dance floors, bars, and plenty of dancing partners if you feel so inclined. But to one who has been on a modern ocean liner, the Fall River steamers today, don't register much higher than glorified ferry boats.

Small wonder however, they are popular. For they leave New York early so you can have a beautiful water tour of Manhattan Island, and glide under the vast new bridges across the East River. In fact it is a seeing New York trip par excellence. With daylight saving, darkness does not fall until the boat is off the Connecticut shore. The trip is as smooth and quiet as a ferry passage from New York to Jersey City, the staterooms are large and roomy, and the beds extremely comfortable. With the stateroom window open one can drift off to sleep, when one is tired of looking across the moon-lit waters of the sound, and watching the twinkling lights of Long Island shore, glide by. The cost of the boat trip is less than half that on the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and one wonders why anyone ever takes the train.

We quickly answered that inquiry however. For after a few hours in Boston, certain things made it necessary to get back to New York that same night. So we left Boston on the Merchants' Limited at 5 p. m., and reached New York five minutes before ten. In spite of only parlor cars and an extra fare, the train was well filled. Time is money in this part of the world.

Conductors on these eastern roads look as prosperous as stock brokers—and probably are. The conductor on this train, was short, plump, with a white closely-cropped mustache, a heavy gold watch chain, and rimless eye glasses. He spoke with a broad "A" and was extremely polite without suggesting anything approaching servility. He had found the cap of a fountain pen somewhere, and the way he asked each passenger if by any chance they had dropped such an article, could have served as a model for any standard book of etiquette. He was followed by the Pullman conductor, like the president of U. S. steel, by his first assistant secretary. They toured the train twice, and as you filed out, the conductor was there to bid you good-night.

Something must be amiss with the Postal Telegraph company in these parts. At every important station a breezy representative of the Western Union, dashes through, offering to receive messages of any sort to any part of the world. He makes change as fast as an Automat cashier. But never a sign of the rival company. How come!

For concentrated rudeness, in the opinion of the present writer, New York leads the world. Taxi drivers, street car conductors, subway ticket choppers, theatre ticket sellers, hotel clerks, clerks in stores,—doctors—yes, we have sampled doctors,—we don't care what type you may pick out,—there isn't a smile, a kindly look, the evidence of slightest personal interest,—in a carload. They simply don't give a damn, and if you live here long enough, you won't.

New York eventually DOES THINGS to you. We have seen that among some of our friends of 30 years ago. Some of them have been successful, some haven't. But all of them have changed essentially,—we mean in the matter of temperament and character. They have radically changed and not for the better. They are New Yorkers, too. You can spot them a mile. Not only the way they dress—they are the best dressed males in the world,—but the way they act and react,—in short, their manners.

One would probably be needlessly melodramatic—and probably inaccurate, to say they have no souls. But that is as near as we can come to describing them. They don't SEEM to have any. No doubt there is what passes for one somewhere inside. But the gradual accretion of 30 years in New York has given them an integument, so metallic and thick, that one needs a steam drill to pierce it.

New York is a material Heaven to visit, if you have the cash—and its delights continue only as long as the cash holds out—but to live in,—without the slightest hesitation we mark it down as HADES!

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.

FROM ECZEMA TO ASTHMA IS SIXTEEN YEARS

When a very young child, writes Mrs. E. S. P., I had severe eruptions of eczema which by the time I was 10 years old had completely disappeared. Now that I am a common history, the eczema which is so troublesome in infancy and early childhood spontaneously disappears by the age of ten or twelve years—a coincidence which has made more than one doctor or nostrum famous. But, alas! not long after the eczema has gone the patient begins to suffer from a new trouble. Mrs. E. S. P. continues her narrative: From that time on I've had the full variety of hay fever every year without exception. I can't recall whether this began before the eczema had disappeared. I was brought up in Maine, where the hay fever eruptions each year, the only exception being when I could remain at the seaside. Seven years ago I lived in Pittsburgh for a year, with no change in the hay fever. Then moved to Utica in the fall and had a bad attack lasting a month. The following winter I began taking calcium lactate as suggested by good old Dr. Brady and have resumed taking it at intervals ever since. I haven't had a touch of hay fever since, not even on my vacations in Maine. Always previously a part of my vacations was devoted to being miserable with the sniffles. This may be just your friend, John J. Coincidence, but I would sooner credit the calcium lactate.

The instructions for taking the calcium lactate for hay fever or for asthma are given in a monograph which will be sent to any reader who asks for it and thoughtfully incloses a stamped envelope bearing his correct address. When the infantile eczema disappears about the age of 10 years that very fact is ground for suspecting food allergy as the cause. And among the food substances which have proved (by skin tests) responsible are egg white, chicken, cereal, fish, even milk. About half of the children whose eczema or other manifestation of food allergy or peculiar sensitivity disappears at the age of 10 years presently develop a new form of allergy or sensitization to air-borne substances—dust, dander, feathers, pollen, etc., and suffer the characteristic reactions to such substances, that is, hay fever or asthma.

At present the most dependable remedy for relief of the acute attack, whether it be hay fever, asthma, eczema, hives, angioneurotic edema, is epinephrin, or as it is more commonly known, adrenalin. In every case the problem is to learn precisely which substance or substances precipitates the attack, and this can be done only by the routine skin tests with purified extracts of the various foods, animal emanations, pollens, etc. When the specific exciting substance has been determined in this way it may be possible to exclude the substance from the patient's environment, or if that is not feasible then to remove the patient from contact with the substance. I have mentioned here before and it is worthy of mention again, the case of the physician's child where they learned eventually that it wasn't grandma's cat at all, but silk that caused the asthma. By excluding silk from the child's environment they were able to prevent most of the trouble.

Then there's the case of the benedict who's spurious "hay fever" proved due to the orris root he inhaled when he kissed his bride. And eke the poor girl who paid for her chocolate craving with an attack of migraine.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. It is the Cri the O! Doc Yelled. And now I would like to know what cause frequent head colds and the cure—Marie. Answer—Not 18 cents' worth, tho? Well, if you would, just sit down and write O! Doc Brady another billet doux and this time inclose 10 cents in coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for the booklet "Call it Cri" and the monograph on "Call it Cri" if you still have money left, treat yourself to a halver oil cocktail or some capsules while you wait. One of the First Fifty Thousand.

Surprising to me that no doctor before you has recommended ephedrine for hay fever. Thanks to your advice I have obtained wonderful relief from this medicine. J. W. Answer—It would be even more astonishing to me. At that I dare say not more than 50,000 doctors recommended or used it before I thought of it. In fact, you might say that of nearly everything good I recommend here, I spend an hour or two every day learning what good doctors are doing, and passing along to the laity such suggestions as seem likely to be of use. The hay fever monograph is available to any reader who asks for it and incloses a stamped envelope bearing his address.

Hurry Up Stuff. Since away back before de wa' whenever anybody in our house needed some hurry up stuff we have found O! Doc Brady's Brain Gems the right medicine. Mrs. C. H. A. Answer—Seven ingredients, ladies, count 'em. One, egg white beaten, pinch of salt, butter size of walnut melted, one cupful each of sweet milk, wheat flour, wheat bran, teaspoonful baking powder. Bake in gem tins. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 22.—Thoughts while strolling: A lady's hair could not be that color. Bud Kendall's shirt, dark tie, and tie, are the same material. And Joseph P. Day is seldom without a carnation. They say Mrs. Pat Campbell, King Edward's idol, meeting Lon don's "m" in a waltz, Chapin, and seeing his mimicry, asked to kiss him.

One word description of Eddie Peacock—country pakelsh. Messmore, Kendall jugs a mean beer. Danzig got a name: Puppypville. All S. S. Van Dine's books are a six-letter-word murder case. Most of us hanker for school when too late. Marion Davies and Dorothy Mackaill, close friends, look alike.

Indigestion jitter: Sumner Blossom's usual lunch is a slab of apple pie covered with melted cheese. You'd think Dickens had just been discovered. Fred Stone in one of Amos Carter's six gallon hats. Just what did they ever do to gold hoarders? Julia Anderson's flutney up-take laugh would answer that.

George Armsby always looks as though he had just received the works in a barber chair. Dale Carnegie and Pierre Cartier have identical profiles. Time for a Society for Improvement of the Rich. A string book-title: "To the Vanquished" And a salute to most of us these days.

One of my favorite people—Oliver Herford. Dawn Powell is from out Ohio way. Never see those young Rolles in horn-rimmed glasses any more. Lucius Beebe suggests hat, gloves and stick. And Mrs. Bryan Foy a 22-year-old Pannine Brice. If the Fairbanks-Pickford muss flares on Page One again, I'll scream.

Morton Downey is America's champ badge collector. In almost every pocket, he has one or more—symbols of benefits and gifts of lodges. His collection totals several hundred gathered either and you. As a shaver, his burning ambition was to be a policeman and sport a badge. As a tenor singer, he never lost the longing.

Hamish McLaurin, the writer, whose hobby is magis, has been knocking about India for several months hoping to see the famous rope trick. But like everybody finds only people who know someone who knows someone who saw it. The rope trick is legend and nothing more. McLaurin also finds most Indians, confound the vast, over-touted, American illustrations—such as Thurston and Cardini—have them lashed to the mast. Indians often surpass in feats of muscular control, swallowing and regurgitating and the like. But these are not illusions. The charm of their work is performing equivalents at close range, thus perfecting the art of mis-direction.

I saw the immaculate Cardini, with alk hat and livery cape, go through his routine wearing gloves for perhaps the 20th time a recent evening. His performance is a glossy study in superb finish. Every gesture a poem and triumph of fancy expression. There are no efforts at humor in a Cardini performance. He takes his prestidigitations seriously. And I have never seen him when he did not bring down the house. Yet I always have prickly qualms he is going to kill himself inhaling the smoke of the hundreds of lighted cigarettes he yanks from the air.

Elsie Janis has reopened her beautiful estate near Tarrytown, bought with the profits of her most famous play, "The Vanderbilt Cup." Since directing a successful revue on Broadway last season, she has been devoting her time to writing fiction. In mature years she prefers this mode of expression.

Another stage deserter is the lively Eddie Dowling. But instead of literature, he has turned to politics. And Broadway rumors insist that he is not kidding; that he is seriously

considering possibility of a U. S. senate seat. Dowling's real name is Groucher and his grandfather founded the girls' college bearing that name. He is happily married to Ray Dooley, the original baby-voiced talker of infantile roles in the Follies. She was one of the few comics who could make Ziegfeld's grim expression break into a smile.

I received a manicure today in one of those silvered and mirrored boutiques by a striking Julia Hoyt looking brunette with a feather of snow white, like a cockatoo, in her hair. As she polished I spun a fanciful web—perhaps an impoverished princess in exile. At length I commented on the white streak and my admiration therefor. "You can get it done for \$2," she said. How consistently life cracks up the illusions. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS

A DISPATCH from Ottawa, in Canada, says: "Gasoline pepped up with alcohol from Canadian wheat has been tested in the national research laboratories and found more powerful than plain gasoline."

Not at all. It has long been known that a mixture of gasoline and alcohol makes a powerful and effective motor fuel. The trouble is that it COSTS MORE than plain gasoline. What is needed is a fuel that costs less.

DO YOU remember that only a few years ago we were all scared to death that the supply of gasoline was going to be exhausted RIGHT AWAY?

Well, it hasn't been exhausted, and there are no signs that it will be. Petroleum, as a matter of fact, is so plentiful that at the present moment we don't know what to do with it all, and are trying by means of laws and codes and other devices to restrict its production. Exhaustion of the supply of gasoline was merely another foolish fear.

A FEW generations ago, the world was frightened out of its wits by a man who proclaimed that population would increase faster than the capacity of the soil to produce food, and so everybody would starve to death.

Now, in the case of food as in the case of gasoline, the problem is to find a market for the so-called OVER-PRODUCTION of food.

HERE is the moral: Most of these terrible predictions, such as exhaustion of the supply of gasoline and increase of population faster than increase of the food supply, have failed to materialize.

The world has been getting steadily better, instead of worse, through all the centuries of the past, and it will undoubtedly continue to do so for a long time in the future.

JOSEPH FENTON, of Talent, aged 72, takes as his sixth wife the same woman whom he married more than 50 years ago as his first, but later divorced. Then he delivers himself of this bit of philosophy: "Wives are like horses. The more you trade, the worse they get. So I'm starting all over again."

AND it took him 72 years to find that out!

ANOTHER bit of news from The Dalles: "A cigarette flipped from a passing automobile started a fire that destroyed 40 acres of wheat belonging to John Ryan, on the Dalles-California highway."

Not a long item, but a mighty good one to remember about this time of the year. A lot of damage can be caused in the dry season by the little spark in the end of an unconsidered cigarette butt.

AND now this one from New York: "A mechanical man to be exhibited at the world's fair this year talks, moves his head, smiles, shows his teeth, raises his eyebrows, rolls his eye and chuckles."

But he can't think.

IT TOOK a corps of sculptors and electrical engineers nearly three

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 23, 1924 (It was Sunday) The Singler Brothers—Rudy, Richard, and Raymond—star in track meet of National Guard encampment.

The third annual Copco picnic is held. Al Smith leads fight that keeps William McAdoo, from Democratic nomination for president. "No greater service was ever performed for the nation or the Democratic party," declares Hearst. The convention is "just a wild clamor." An unknown Oregonian and delegate, attracts attention by shouting, "I'm a wild Democrat."

Aviator Maughan arrives at Salt Lake City, in his race with the sun across the continent. Portland banker visits southern Oregon, and reports, "Klamath and Medford are rolling in prosperity."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. June 22, 1914 (It was Sunday) The P. & E. runs an excursion to Butte Falls, and a number of hikers hiked to Table Rock. Grass fire on West Main calls out the fire department, and a "horde" of small boys impede the fire ladders.

Police prohibit looting on the Nash corner. "Women do not care to move through a mass of tobacco chewing and ogling males," says Sergeant Pat Mego. Copco starts a campaign for use of electric fans in the hot season.

Good progress is made on Pacific highway over Siskiyou. Notice of Final Account In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County. In the Matter of the Estate of LOUIS A. SALADE, SR., also known as LOUIS A. SALADE, and L. A. SALADE, Deceased.

The undersigned, Executrix of the Estate of Louis A. Salade, Sr., also known as Louis A. Salade, and L. A. Salade, deceased, has filed her Final Account on the administration of said estate with the County Clerk of Jackson County, Oregon, and the above named Court has fixed 10:00 o'clock A. M. July 23, 1934, at the Courthouse, Medford, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections thereto, and allowing and settling the same.

BLANCHE T. SALADE, Executrix.

Notice to Creditors In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County. In the Matter of the Estate of W. H. Fisher, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and has qualified as the Executrix of the estate of the above named decedent, W. H. FISHER; all persons having any claim against the said decedent or his estate are hereby notified and directed to present same, duly verified as by law provided, to the undersigned Executrix at the office of F. J. Newman, Attorney for said estate, Palm Building, Medford, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, and all persons owing said estate may make payment at said office.

Dated and first published this 22nd day of June, 1934. CLARA T. FISHER, Executrix of the Estate of W. H. Fisher, Deceased.

Hotel Figueroa
Figueroa St. at 10th, Los Angeles, Calif. One of Los Angeles' newest Hotels. 400 Outside Rooms of Comfort. Downtown. Garage in Connection. Rates from \$1.50 per day without bath \$2.00 per day with bath \$3.00 per day, twin beds and bath A. B. SMITH, Lessee.

Ye Poet's Corner
BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN OREGON
To the Tourist: When on vacation you embark, Southern Oregon is one great park Of mountains, valleys, lakes and scenes. Of sparkling falls, of creeks and streams. There's many a sheltered, shady nook Along some stream or gurgling brook Where you can camp and pitch your tent. Live next to Nature and be content. A thousand marvels will delight The eye with joy from morn till night. This higher, bracing altitude Will keep you in a cheerful mood. All your doubts will disappear In this glorious atmosphere. Our mountains with flowers and forest clad, Our fertile valleys make the heart feel glad. We hope you'll decide to stay In this land of promise—don't delay. Such charming scenes you look upon Are only found in Southern Oregon. D. T. Gerdes. (Pythian Home, Vancouver, Wash. Former resident of Medford.)

Communications
To Keep the Record Straight
To the Editor: To be able to read a long editorial concerning my own alma mater and our great rival, Princeton, in today's Tribune was a pleasure. However, being a close follower of the track world and a former competitor in the I. C. A. A. A., it hurt to find an error made in relation to that great miler, Bill Bontion. Having raced against him twice in cross-country and twice at two miles in variety dual meets and being '33 shof myself, it would be impossible for him to be in the class of 1935. As is mentioned in your paper today, Bill was captain of his team this year and has now graduated from Princeton, '34. Incidentally, he won the four races I mentioned and is certainly a born runner. I know it makes little difference that this mistake should appear but a track fan finds errors quickly, even a tenth of a second in regard to a certain time. Respectfully yours, HOWARD L. HILL, Yale '33, Sheffield, Medford, Ore., June 20, 1934. P. S.: The three-year rule is in effect at Yale and Princeton.

News Behind The News
(Continued from Page One)
You cannot floor a congressman, or fool him—for more than a year. No effort is being made to hold the cabinet officers here during the absence of the president on his vacation cruise. Mr. Roper is going to Alaska, Mr. Morgenthau to Montana and others are making plans. The new republican chairman, Henry Fletcher, has been doing a little job of making friends with the senate Republicans who were dismayed at his election. He has held several private dinner parties, at which everything was peaceful although not exactly happy. Mr. Morgenthau successfully put down the inner agitation against him in the senate, and none of the threatened steps against him were taken. The silver bill helped to soothe many senatorial tempers. The world has been getting steadily better, instead of worse, through all the centuries of the past, and it will undoubtedly continue to do so for a long time in the future.

— DINE AND DANCE —
SATURDAY NIGHT
Featuring Al Stewart and His 11 Nite Owls
Yum! Yum! Another Big Southern Fried Chicken Dinner
"Eat with your fingers"
DANCE— On the Marvelous New SPRING DANCE FLOOR
RESTAURANT OASIS
11 Miles No. Medford on Crater Lake Highway
Cover Charge: Men 40c — All Ladies 10c

DANCE
SHERWOOD BURR'S FAMOUS CARIOCO BAND
ASHLAND, OREGON
TWIN PLUNGE RESORT
75c COUPLE
Saturday, June 23

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