

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune" Daily Except Saturdays

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

ROBERT W. KOHL, Editor An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES By Mail—In Advance Daily, one year, \$3.00 Daily, six months, \$1.75 Daily, one month, .50

Official paper of the City of Medford, Official paper of Jackson County.

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Advertising Representatives M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

There was eye-gouging, choking, biting, skin-kicking, hair-pulling and ramming the thumb in the ear, just like a wrestling match, but it was a slight dispute between good friends over who didn't pay a dime for the beer.

Wednesday is the fourth of July, and a few people who have not become Socialists, Nazis, Fascists, Bolsheviks, or want to tear up the Constitution, will observe the day.

G. Hunt of the magic lantern show has gone British—in a pair of ice cream pants and a brown coat. The African males are going strong for the dressy explorer type of straw hat.

P. Zimmerman of Yamhill, will run independent for Gov. His ancestors were Huguenots. The Jackson county vote that came over on the Mayflower, and got this far in a ad, will support him if his position is satisfactory on whacking up all the money Sat. night.

The local militarists returned the 1st of the wk. from the seashore, where they drilled in the fundamental talk of war, which dreamers dream will never occur again. If human overness and greed don't get back to normal, there will be another.

Rain early in the week stopped haying, and C. Strang, the pioneer pillist, from playing golf.

Jno. Wilkinson's oldest boy turned the 20th corner in the race for eternity last week, and in another year will be a full-fledged voter.

The 2 Bob Hammonds have been thrown on their own initiatives and have to shift for themselves temporarily. They are doing their own cooking, and eating at eating houses.

Gitzen Shilmota, 9, who went under the scissors and had his tonsils clipped, is his old self again.

Jerry Jerome, the gen. chrm. of the 18-Jubilee had his picture in the Minneapolis papers last Sun, and is now taking in and being taken in by the Chicago world's fair.

A brunette from the south passed through Thurs. and cashed a few checks that were no good. She looked honest, the victims all say.

The air is full of democratic speeches picturing the establishment of Utopia. The speeches sound good, and are full of alluring promises, but fall to settle the longshoremen's strike, which is paralyzing Pacific coast business and is gradually working its way into the pear orchards. The orators all deal with a bright future, but what the people are fretting about is the dark present.

A number of Dads report they have to tie up their offspring of the masculine gender to keep them from hoeing the gardens.

The Galahaviks are now wearing their hair with one (1) braid rambling around the front part of the noggin. They picked this up from a movie actress.

The Boy Division of the Watson family was escorted to the ocean last week by Lee (Dub) Watson, and returned with same, not much rested from the rest.

A series of Epee freight trains went through recently, and many of the old timers recalled their youths when freight trains were a frequent occurrence, and if they hit a \$15 cow, the value of the cow was \$120.

PENDLETON, Ore., June 30.—(AP)—An aerial survey of 700,000 acres of Umatilla county wheat lands will begin Monday following the signing of contracts by county officials and representatives of flying services.

We serve a plate of tasty home-cooked foods at DeVoe's for 25c.

Editorial Correspondence

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 26.—Before leaving Washington, called at the Press club hoping to see Johnny Kelly of the Oregonian but he was out of town. Chatted with a couple of newspapermen from New York, who stated among other things that in Senator McNary and Congressman Martin, Oregon has two of the most influential representatives in Washington. They regard Senator McNary as the best politician in the Republican party—using the term in its better sense. They don't believe he will be the presidential nominee two years hence, but they are sure he will name the nominee. Oregon's senior senator has gone on a stag vacation trip with Senator Conzens of Michigan, but will return to Washington before going back to the coast. Both men spoke most enthusiastically of Congressman Martin, declaring him not only one of the most popular men in the Lower House, but one of the most capable.

Washington newspaper correspondents never give in guff, and a compliment from such a source in such a place is high praise indeed.

Both men asked if there was any chance of General Martin being beaten in his race for the governorship of Oregon. Having been away from the state so long we explained we had only a hazy idea of the political situation at the present writing, but we knew the general's standing in the state is of the highest.

"I can't imagine a state turning down a man like General Martin for any place he might seek," said one of the men. "He is a very rare type, the only successful military man I have ever known, who is also a genuine humanitarian, a skillful administrator, and a champion of the underdog. I was sorry to hear he had decided to leave Washington, but he would make a peach of a governor. One of the best things about him, he has what so few army men have—a sense of humor."

We can imagine no more beautiful country than that through which the road from Washington to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, passes, via Frederick, where Barbara Fritchie stuck her head from a second story window and recited a patriotic poem to Stonewall Jackson. We stopped at Barbara's cottage, a very well kept and attractive place, now a museum, with an entrance fee of 30 cents, where one can see the usual relics, including the venerable lady's four-poster bed, a counterpane she spun and embroidered with her own hands, and some original letters said to be the only examples extant of Barbara's handwriting. The cottage is beside an attractive stone bridge over a creek, and on the other side is a park, a sunken well, seats, benches and a wealth of green grass. Several itinerants, following the ancient profession of Dusty Rhodes, were taking advantage of the shade.

To do justice to the beauty of this country one should really be a poet. It has a peace, a harmony and a perfection, which transcends the powers—at least our powers—of prose.

We can readily understand why General Lee decided to strike the North at this particular point. Lee's troops were close to starvation,—they needed clothes and shoes as well as food,—and here certainly was the promised land of milk and honey if there ever was one.

Such fat, sleeky cows, such fields of red clover and timothy, such fields of waving grain ready for the sickle, such peace, tranquility and abundance! From Frederick to Gettysburg, there isn't the slightest thing to mar the perfect landscape—no rubbish or bill boards, no delapidated barns or farm houses, no bare spots anywhere. It is a rolling mass of green and gold, and thickly wooded hills. And the country must have looked very much the same as Lee marched through it 71 years ago—for the great decisive battle of the Civil War started on the first of July—and here we are the last of June.

The monuments and head stones and metal signs must start in along the Frederick turnpike, at least ten miles south of the little village of Gettysburg. We whizzed by ten or twelve of them, before we realized what they were. Then a fleeting glimpse of the "81st New York regiment" brought us to our senses and we issued orders to stop at the next sign post, without fail. At that the next metal tablet was passed before the car came to a halt, so we crawled back in reverse gear, all eyes strained to be the first to read the inscription.

This is what was read: "This tablet erected by the members of Fire Co. 2B, Fairplay, Pa., to the memory of Rev. Mr. So and So, killed here Sept. 17, 1932, in an auto accident, etc., etc."

That's one way to join the heroes of Gettysburg in immortal fame! Get yourself killed on the battlefield highway.

There are uniformed guides to take you over the battlefield, the trip at 20 miles an hour taking an hour and 45 minutes—which gives one an idea of the extent of this Civil War engagement. They charge \$3, which isn't bad with a party, but might seem somewhat steep if traveling alone.

Speaking of travelling, there are no motor camps in this part of the world,—none worthy the name cast of Chicago. Here we wist is another good chance to make money.

Many farm houses have "room" signs tacked on the front fence, and we noticed a couple of small way-side hotels in northern Maryland with new titles for the unwary: The first was "Chick-Inn". The second "Gobble-Inn".

The great gastronomical delicacy for motorists appears to be "Chicken and Waffles".

Which reminds us that across Delaware and parts of New Jersey, the principal out door industry is marriage. Sign after sign read "Marriage licenses—minister—drive in."

We saw one of the ministers, sitting in the shade of a tree near the gate of his farm home, looking for all the world like a general and mercenary spider, waiting for the unsuspecting fly. It certainly takes a lot of different people to make up the world! R. W. R.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

YOU may have noticed this dispatch from San Francisco: "The Associated Farmers of California and Albert Wogard, local communist official, were agreed today that California has been selected by the communist party as a focal point for a world-wide revolutionary movement aimed to overthrow existing government."

Big words, and lots of them. What they mean is that California has been selected as a likely spot to undertake the overthrow of the American system of doing things and the substitution for it of the Russian system.

An organization of California farmers makes that charge, and the communist leader admits it. That, at least, is what the dispatch says.

Two million homes were built in this country, at a cost of \$3,000 each, it would mean the expenditure

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 DEAD IS OL' DOC BRADY?

"I asked my physician about the medicine alphadinitrophenol," writes H. H. D., a registered nurse, from a town a few miles from Hickville on Hudson. "and he said he didn't approve of it as in his opinion it is poison."



"The physician is correct in calling dinitrophenol poison, but my stars, if we docs were to refrain from using poisons we should be of little use to sick people."

"But after he was reassured there was no reason why I should not try it he gave me a prescription and I was to take it under his care."

That is right, too. Dinitrophenol is a potent medicine and no one should attempt to take it except under the care of his or her physician.

"You can imagine the kidding I am taking when the druggist notified the doctor and me that no such medicine can be procured. They have tried six drug houses. . . . He keeps telling me that you are just a name for a kind of syndicate and that the real Dr. Brady died many years ago. As the doctor is my personal friend I'd like to be able to show him that there is such a medicine in existence. Could you have some of it sent to either the drug store or to me personally. We will gladly pay for it if sent collect."

Dead am I? My how news spreads. Only recently a physician wrote to a bureau in Washington to ask about a book written by the late Dr. William Brady shortly before his death."

Of course I may be all wrong, but I am under the impression that I have been taking dinitrophenol, both the alphadinitrophenol and the sodium salt of dinitrophenol, and I found it worked pretty well on the dog. I tried it out on several of my friends also, before I ever mentioned it in this column.

If this nurse will send me the name and address of her physician I'll see that the doctor receives enough of the alphadinitrophenol or the sodium salt of dinitrophenol to test its efficacy in her case, and I'll credit the cost on the debt I owe to both professions. (Just now we need not stop to explain that nursing is not a profession. We have thrashed that out before.)

It is only fair to mention again that there have been at least two fatalities ascribed to the unauthorized

of SIX BILLION dollars, by private individuals—not the government—which has been doing all the spending lately.

That would give quite a lift to reviving prosperity, wouldn't it? Especially here in the lumber country.

WHAT is necessary to bring about the building of these two million homes; which, according to the statistics, are badly needed?

Here is the answer: Confidence in the future.

People have to be reasonably confident of the future before they will borrow the money with which to build houses. Not only that, but people who have money have to be reasonably confident of the future before they will LEND the money with which to build houses.

Just let this country regain its confidence in the future, and it will go forward at a rate that will astonish the rest of the world.

HERE is something interesting: Last week an amateur aviator flew from Southern Oregon to Oakland, from Oakland to Salinas, from Salinas to Watsonville, from Watsonville to Fresno and from Fresno back to Southern Oregon.

His total expenditure for gasoline for the trip was \$27.50, and his outlay for oil was \$2.50.

TRY making that trip with an automobile for any less in the way of fuel cost—and remember that the time between here and Oakland was three hours, with the remainder of the trip made with corresponding speed.

The airplane is rapidly passing the point where it is a mere plaything of the rich, or a tool for spectacular stunts—just as the automobile passed that point a quarter of a century ago.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 30.—It's difficult to stay in town with everybody off for a week-end. I had planned to clear off my desk, cloaken a few old books and at sundown take my dog and a borrowed English bull named Eddie from a dog shop to the park. But great open spaces won and we bowled off in the car for a green escapade.

Although morning headlines rang of riot and social unrest, we had, in 60 minutes, reached settled security of the countryside, near Paris, Ct. This is the same coun-

try of dinitrophenol by lay persons without medical supervision. I am familiar with the details of these cases, and I do not hesitate to continue taking dinitrophenol myself, nor would I hesitate to give it my patient.

From the booklet "Design for Dwindling," in which I give instructions for reducing, I quote: "The use of this magic medicine for reducing weight is safe only when the treatment is supervised by your physician. In this respect it is comparable with insulin." (That is, insulin as given to increase weight.)

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Hay Fever. Kindly give your advice about the use of calcium lactate for hay fever. (P. B.)

Answer—If you are subject to hay fever, send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on Hay Fever. A week or two before the season begin taking twice a day 10 grains of calcium lactate with a good drink of water, and after two weeks one daily dose for six or eight weeks.

Correction. I take it upon myself to make a correction in your statement that "Fat has greater specific gravity, bulk, displacement than muscle or other tissue." (E. H. C.)

Answer—Thank you. Of course I should have said fat has lower specific gravity, that is, weighs less, than muscle or other tissue.

The Breakers. Two months ago I joined the "Breakers," and now I'm proud to belong to the F. E. O. B. The first three days were the hardest, but after that I realized at last that I was free of the habit. For years I had been a (moustrum) addict, and had suffered with a fissure that simply would not heal. Have passed the booklet on to several friends, and already two have reported success. . . . (H. R.)

Answer—H. R. is telling how she overcame the constipation habit. In the great majority of cases it is merely a bad habit, victims who have the habit send 10 cents (coin) and stamped envelope bearing the correct address, for the booklet "The Constipation Habit." (Copyright 1934, John P. Dille Co.)

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

then the chuckle of a waterfall. I thought of Miss Sackville-West's exquisite poem, "The Land." And wondered if America has entirely lost feeling for the earth. Every farm boy that writes is juggling a scheme to get away from the plow. Almost every girl on the prairie cottage porch is straining her eyes toward Hollywood.

Caught and held fast by the city, I'm glad to feel firmly, rooted to the soil. My happiest days were spent on a farm and in very small towns. To have no country background is one of life's cruel omissions. As great as George M. Cohan is, I've wished he had pitched hay and drunk from a gourd dipper. Dorothy Parker, with an outland viewpoint, would have fewer barbs for stinging cynicism.

In California I was interested in the go-back to ranches among movie folk—Bing Crosby, Francis Lederer, W. R. Sheehan, Gary Cooper and others. Super-sophisticates escaping into mountain greenery. Every millionaire in New York beats back-country when he has amassed his fortune. But is usually too late to catch up with the tranquility so long denied himself. The tickers and telephones still ring in his ears. The eternal sea-saw—city folk going rural and rural folks going city!

The most confirmed metropolitan Jimmy Walker has confessed to intimates he never realized the emptiness of his materialism until he drifted out of the chaos into the bucolic charm of England's Surrey. He once thought the tin-trumpeting of "Sideshow of New York" by a jazz band sweetest of music. But he now appreciates swinging lines of that most ardent Londoner, Robert Herrick, who sang in his similarly enforced exile . . . Of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bows, Of April, May, or June, of July flowers; I sing of Maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes, Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.

OLYMPIA, June 30.—(AP)—The death toll of the explosions which levelled the plant of the Dehn Powder company near here Wednesday was raised to 11 today. William Barto, 45, chemist and plant superintendent, died at St. Peter's hospital here from injuries received in the blasts.

The ten killed by the explosions either met death instantly or died within a few minutes afterwards. Barto was one of the three most seriously injured. The two others still in a serious condition in the hospital, are Glenn Moyer, Lacey, shift superintendent, and Roscoe Deeds, Olympia.

Cause of the explosions continued to remain a mystery today with officials of the company, state and county authorities continuing their investigations.

MYRTLE POINT, Ore., June 30.—(AP)—Edward H. Chaney, Jr., of Portland was killed today in a speeder wreck at his father's logging camp on Baker creek. The wreck was said to have been caused by spreading of the track rails.

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. July 1, 1924 (It Was Tuesday) Democrats in national convention unable to agree upon a candidate and take 24 ballots, with Al Smith and William G. McAdoo as the leading candidates. Oil record of McAdoo hurta. Smith's religion a vital factor, and southern delegates are rolled.

Rocking of the Crater Lake highway is started. Much of the dust will be eliminated. Mercury rises to 104.5, and city sizzles. Epee and the city reach agreement on Sixth street crossing.

Leading citizens have "a good laugh at charges hurled by weekly editor," who accuses them of graft in the water transaction. Merchants of the city decide to close up July 4 and 5, which will give a three day holiday—Friday, Saturday and Sunday. The proposal to close up Thursday and give a four day holiday was rejected. A writer-to-the-editor proposes, "Why not close up a week, and give a week's holiday."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. July 1, 1914 (It Was Wednesday) Medford makes good gains in phone subscribers and postal receipts. Washington statesmen discount Medford Pharmacy.

European fears of "a general war in the fall." Lt. Lassen stages its most violent eruption. Elks will charter a special train to attend the Klamath Falls Fourth of July celebration.

City urged to hold "safe and sane Fourth," but neither parents nor boys rally to the idea. Editorial says: "This valley, one of the largest producers of apples in the world, ships in most of its vinegar from Pittsburg."

WASHINGTON, June 30.—(AP)—The United States protested today against Germany's moratorium on \$1,500,000,000 in obligations held by Americans, blaming the reich's financial plight on Nazi policies. Secretary of State Hull handed the German charge d'affaires a note last night which said: "The German government is no doubt aware that its policies have created opposition in many parts of the world which has expressed itself in various trade conflicts and the probable reduction of Germany's capacity to transfer."

It was the first American move in a diplomatic campaign to modify drastic provisions in the moratorium whereby Germany suspended interest payments on external debts. Bathing caps from 10c to 50c at Medford Pharmacy.

PROTEST GERMAN DEBT MORATORIUM

ROXY THEATRE 20c Anytime Children 10c

Continuous Shows Saturday 1 to 11 p. m. TODAY and MONDAY



John Boles Sings Again Haunting New Melodies and Many Familiar Ones.

BELOVED

with JOHN BOLES GLORIA STUART ALBERT CONTI EDMUND BREESE HOLMES HERBERT

Also — PICTORIAL — GOOFTONE — NEWS

Keep Your Eye on the CRATERIAN!

Big Shows Are Coming:

Mon. July 2—Shirley Temple, "Baby Take a Bow"

Thur. July 5—R. Dix-Irene Dunne, "Stingaree"

Sun. July 8—George Arliss, "House of Rothschild"

— And —

Margaret Sullivan, "Little Man What Now?" Wheeler & Woolsey, "Cockeyed Cavaliers" Gable-Loy-Powell, "Manhattan Melodrama" Mae West's Newest, "It Ain't No Sin" Wallace Berry-J. Cooper, "Treasure Island" . . . and many others!

At the Regular Craterian Admission Prices Mats. 25c Eves. 35c Kiddies 10c

STUDIO THEATRE Adults 20c Kids 10c

TODAY and MONDAY

Continuous Shows Today 1:30 P. M. to 11:00 P. M. A NEW STAR IN THE MOVIE SKY!



YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING

May ROBSON

LEWIS STONE JEAN PARKER WILLIAM BAKEWELL

A drama about one of the strangest, most colorful women in America's history!

ALSO THELMA TODD and PATZY KELLY in "AIR FRIGHT" Pathe News