

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.
It looks like Oregon candidates for Governor, who promise to end the depression, and give the state a new brand of banks and money, if elected, ought to be able to settle the longshoremen's strike before elected.

This is the season of the year when hardy outdoor ladies in knickers and backless pajamas ally forth to climb and conquer a mountain and return July 8, also conquered.

Justin Smith is in the hills, with X. Flower, the demon baker, and five doctors.

SOUNDS REASONABLE.
(Oregon City Enterprise)
The Pendleton newspaper insists that Mr. Zimmerman is a republican, but Peter publicly states he is a socialist. We prefer to believe him about a matter of this kind, because he should know.

Some of the football men are training like they were going to pack a stein of beer, instead of an inflated pigskin around left end next fall.

Quite a number of free-born Americans plan to sneak out tomorrow and celebrate the Fourth of July in their own way, and uphold the constitution, even if it does make the home-grown Bolsheviks, Nazis, Fascists, and what have you, angry.

The Salem Statesman Sunday published the final 43 verses of a poem continued from the previous day. This is a record, even for this county, where poets are considered brief if their poems are less than their own length.

The heat of the couple of days will come in handy next December, just as the chill then would be appreciated now.

As there was no lightning the forest fire was started by a cigarette, that was hob-nailed shoes, the authorities say.

CRIME SUPPRESSION, POLICE OBJECTIVE—(Hillside KP News)—Many have suspected this for a long time.

HAVOG OF THE SALES TAX.
(Beatrice (Neb.) News)
Every citizen of Nebraska may justly feel proud of his state. Nebraska has no bonded debt; our new capital building is paid for; our splendid highway system is paid for; our state owns gold-edges securities in the sum of many millions of dollars, the interest of which materially helps to pay the cost of our magnificent public school system; our state has another trust fund of two million dollars, the interest on which goes to help relieve the distress of unemployed war veterans; Nebraska has suffered less from the depression than any of the adjoining states.

"We are going to find out who is running this country, once and for all time."—(Statements by representative of "Social Soviet of America")—You can bet you are, though it may take constituted authority longer than necessary to demonstrate.

A number of townspeople have returned from the Mid-West, and report everything has dried up, but Democratic orators.

The Nipponese social whirl did some rotating on the Sabbath, and was marred only by Gita Shimoda, a receiving a passing, for conduct unbecoming a boy in the presence of his merry throng. All the males were dressed up like they were going to the wedding of John Jacob Astor III, or a lodge initiation.

He is the kind of a citizen who was mad at Hoover in 1929, and in 1928 thought Al Smith had horse and a forked tail, and is now willing to take \$200 per month pension from the government, while waiting for distribution of the wealth of the land.

Swim caps at cost at the Medford Pharmacy.

Editorial Correspondence

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 28.—To those of the present writer's generation the Civil War was the Great War,—the perfect war,—for only in the realm of the imagination, do great and perfect wars exist.

Our generation, born nearly two decades after Lee surrendered, was brought up on stories of the Civil War, told us by our grandfathers and great uncles who fought in it. And our grandmothers, too, who stayed at home, knitting socks and bandages, and at certain intervals, waved their lace shawls, to the boys in blue as they marched away.

The Civil War therefore came down to us, as a glorious and romantic adventure,—fought by men, not by machines,—fought for a great principle, and that great principle, the preservation of the Union and the freedom of the slaves—won a clear cut, definite and everlasting victory.

Those grandfathers never told their grandchildren of the horrors of that war,—the suffering, the agony, the disease and death—they only told of the gallant charges, as the flags waved; of this bit of heroism and that; and if they met defeat it was defeat against heavy odds. And then the scouting—no thrills compared with those scouting thrills. For Grand Dad, just a healthy, care-free boy, threw his carbine over his shoulder, jumped on his horse, filled his canteen at the nearest brook, and sallied forth entirely on his own, to see what he could see. And he always came back safely, and he never killed a single man—

for killing was not a nice thing for children's ears to hear. The bullets missed him, and his bullets never hit a mortal spot,—but there was tough fighting all the time, and many hair-breadth escapes. That was the Civil War tradition—in our family at least—and we suspect in many others.

Never did we tire of those Civil War stories, and coming at the most impressive age, they have never been, and never will be, forgotten. As boys we played war—it was always the Civil War—far more exciting than fighting the Indians,—we scouted through the hickory nut grove and down the creek, and many were the boys in gray who bit the dust.

Such an introduction we feel is necessary to explain why the present writer got such a tremendous kick out of this visit to Gettysburg, and a trip over the historic battlefield. It was a combination of youth renewed and childhood dreams come true.

There we stood on Little Round Top, and there we stood on Cupp's Hill, and there we stood on Cemetery Ridge and on Seminary Ridge, and at our feet were the rifle pits—shallow and grass grown now, but THERE they were,—and across the wheat field (yes, they still grow wheat on the field of Gettysburg, as they did 70 years ago—the government owns the land but the farmers use it) came Pickett's famous charge, we could see the flower of the Southern army deploying from the cover of the trees and start up the slope, in parade formation, the boys in blue holding their fire, then crash—the boys in grey mowed down, their ranks broken,—only to reform again and come on!

At our feet was a stone marking the greatest advance of Pickett's men, at our left was General Meade astride his charger, field glasses in his hand, looking far across the fields to the other slope, where among the trees, one could see General Lee, also astride his horse, looking at General Meade. And monuments, and head stones and markers all around,—thicker than pins in a new shirt.

A grand and glorious spectacle—the thrill of a life time,—an impression never to be forgotten. And yet essentially a false impression. Not that any lies were told—the guide undoubtedly had his facts, and modern history impartially records them—but ALL the truth was NOT told. And all the truth never is told, to those who come after a war and particularly to the young.

"We the people," insist upon glorifying war, insist upon looking at only one side of the picture and ignoring the other. The battle of Gettysburg, laid out in this gorgeous country, is one stupendous and sustained gesture of glorification. WHO would preach against such a war,—a war for the right, a war of such valor and grand enterprise—who would question the words of the immortal Lincoln, who penned that sublime poem in prose, just across the square from our hotel, when he said these men had not died in vain.

Yet half of those men DID die in vain from THEIR STANDPOINT, 97% of one Carolina regiment, was wiped out in Pickett's charge,—and the cause for which they died and in which they believed, was overthrown.

But one hears nothing of that. One hears nothing and sheds no tears over the seven sharpshooters of one Virginia brigade, whose bodies were found piled in a narrow stony crevasse, where wounded they had crawled to get away from the withering artillery fire.

One of the heroes of this war, declared that "war is hell" and it's fair to assume he knew what he was talking about. Yet who takes that statement at its face value? No one. Or practically no one. Only those spineless old women, or treacherous communists who parade under the banner of the pacifists. Down with them. If they are not willing to fight for their country, let them leave it.

And we—we who believe not only that war is hell, but that it is a perfectly insane and suicidal folly—return to the hotel from this battlefield, agreeing with them. If there should be another call to arms, as there was in '61—wouldn't we go (if old men were wanted); wouldn't we expect our sons or grandsons to go, and bravely perform their duty, as their forefathers had done!

Of course we would. For every war is a just war, every war is for a principle that is holy and right—and this is true, no matter which side you fight on. No nation,—no part of a nation,—ever fought in an unjust and unworthy cause. General Meade to the north was a hero and a patriot; General Lee to the south, was even a more beloved and a greater one.

So until we regard war differently, particularly until we educate our children differently (for in childhood are our lasting impressions formed) this talk about wars to end wars—of permanent world peace—etc., etc.—is a waste of money, energy and time.

Until we have the courage to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about wars, will we have the wisdom to end them.

our place is just on the edge of town. Gee, I see the Athletics were licked again yesterday. Guess they're all through for this year. And Babe Ruth! Gee it's a long time since he knocked a home run. Guess he's through, too."

There spoke another generation! Perhaps they will grow up to regard the Civil War and all other wars differently, than those who were brought up in the Civil War tradition. And then again,—perhaps NOT! R. W. R.

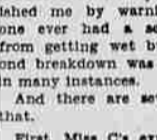
Personal Health Service

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.

ANOTHER CONVERT TESTIFIES.

I am one of those who wholly believe with you that one does not "take cold" from exposure. I never hesitate to sit in a draft and do not worry when I find it necessary to keep on wet shoes. I do not believe I have ever suffered any ill effect from such "exposure." Whenever I have the flu, or should I say "cold," it is invariably after I have come in too close contact with some one else who has it. I have an arrested case of pulmonary tuberculosis. Many years ago when I was "taking the cure" in a sanatorium, I was on moderate exercise, and one day I hurried back from a walk because of a sudden rain. My physician scolded me for warning me that I should not get wet but that the second breakdown was due to hurrying in many instances. (Miss S. B. C.)



And there are several sermons in that. First, Miss C's experience, in view of the fact that she has arrested tuberculosis, ought to impress ordinary folk who have no such handicap or latent disease. If she suffers no ill effect from drafts, wet feet and the like, surely ordinary folk should not worry about such everyday "exposure." Note well, you poor victims of erysipelas, that this lady won her battle with tuberculosis, made a good recovery, in spite of her, as you soft eggs see it, recklessnes about "exposure." In my opinion her "careless, neat" about drafts, wet feet or getting caught in the rain was a contributing factor in her recovery.

Second, Miss C's doctor was evidently a good one, for he cured her, didn't he? Well, what did he think about the "exposure" which many politician health officers so solemnly warn against in comical bulletins about flu grip and "the common cold"? This competent physician assured the patient that no one with tuberculosis suffers a set-back, a relapse, a re-lighting into the disease, from getting wet or any trifling thing like that; but that unwise EXERCISE or EXERTION is likely to do serious harm. Put that in your prayer book and think about it every day, you who battle with tuberculosis. And you callow youths who find the mail-order physical culture bait so alluring and yearn to squander your month's pay on Hardstrang Vigor's "Second Step" to you, you are at least until you can call at the public library and spend an hour or two reading the first chapter in McKenzie's "exercise in Education and Medi-

cal." Unless you're an extraordinarily dull-witted specimen you'll return to the library presently to read on into the second chapter of this great book. And you'll find every word of it profitable, if culture is what you seek.

The second page of the second chapter of McKenzie describes "springs" of the hamstring muscles which runners dread, and rupture of muscle fibres of tendons commonly called "charley horse."

One more lesson in physiology and health might be based on this correspondent's observation that she never hesitates to sit in a draft. That is quite right for persons who take only moderate exercise or none. But athletes or persons who play or work hard, get warmed up, whether sweating or not, must avoid too sudden chilling, lest they suffer lame muscles. In another confab we'll hear what Galen has to say about this. You know Galen, don't you? Well, anyway, you ought to.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Why, Honey? Is orange blossom honey good for neuritis? Has it any effect on diabetes? It is claimed to be about 90 per cent sugar and I am told it will eliminate neuritis and diabetes. —C. B. T. Answer—That is absurd. It has the same effect as would so much molasses or cane sugar. Honey is a wholesome, nutritious food if you like it. But don't let any one tell you it cures anything.

Castor Oil. Can you give me instructions for the castor oil treatment of facial neuralgia?—Mrs. G. P. N. Answer—The neuralgia sufferer takes as much castor oil daily as he can tolerate without excessive catharsis. Perhaps a teaspoonful daily at first, and gradually less, in capsules if preferred. Some sufferers have apparently obtained lasting relief from several months of such treatment.

Wax Ear Plugs. A year ago I saw reference in your column to the use of wax ear plugs to shut out noise at night and to keep water out of the ears when swimming. What kind of wax or where can one get such cones? —L. W. A. Answer—I believe some such cones are obtainable in department, drug and sporting goods stores. A loose packing in the ear canal with lamb's wool or cotton saturated with oil or grease of any kind is useful for the same purposes. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to send letters direct to Dr. Brady 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, July 3.—Riverside Drive became the liveliest summer stretch in town while the fleet was in. Sailors, like so many white topped ocks too, perched on the five length of the stone wall that overlooks the Hudson. Side-walks became a promenade for innocent strollers and nymphs who look back.

While there have been innumerable changes along Riverside the past ten years, it is still "The Drive" with the Hudson sparkling below and the Palisades rising and purpling in sheer beauty. Its landmarks never change—Grant's Tomb, Inspiration Point, and Jacobson's. Its burnt-black roadside photographer.

The old Claremont Inn, refurbished and scaling menu prices downward, now has Roger Wolfe Kahn and his band as a contrast to its usual sombre aloofness. The Drive is used as a metropolitan breathing space far more than Central Park. At night every bench is filled.

Hucksters and penny-wares, once unknown there, are in profusion. But there's ample compensation for growing tawdriness in grandeur of the Rockefeller church and its evening chime of the carillon and a breathless shimmer of the single span Washington Bridge in the moonlight.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

CHARLES F. LETHBRIDGE, famous research scientist, tells the annual convention of Rotary: "The United States was able to build the Panama canal, where France failed, because scientists associated mosquitoes with the disease of malaria."

That is to say, the scientists established mosquito bites as the CAUSE of malaria, and then proceeded to remove the cause.

HERE is a cheering thought: Someday the scientists may be able to discover the cause of poverty, and REMOVE it, just as they removed the cause of malarial fever in the canal zone.

REMOVAL of the cause of malarial fever enabled the United States to build the Panama canal. Removal of the cause of poverty would enable us to build a finer civilization than ever existed before.

THIS dispatch from Aberdeen Washington, catches the eye: "As a result of the longshoremen's strike, which prevents lumber from reaching the markets of the Atlantic seaboard, Southern pine is rapidly replacing fir in the retail yards there, according to Henry N. Anderson, Grays Harbor lumberman who has just returned from Washington, D. C. "Two hundred yards in New York City have switched from fir to Southern pine, and one large outfit in the Northwest which operates its own retail yard has found 65 per cent of the business supplanted by pine from the South."

Perhaps, in time, the scientists may be able to discover the cause of strikes and remove them also from the list of our troubles and handicaps.

BRUCE BARTON, noted advertising man, addressing a conference of students in Newark, New Jersey, says: "Give us annually the cost of only one battleship to invest in advertising and we will keep the horror, the misery and the futility of war constantly before the eyes and consciences of the nations of the world."

IF THAT were done, over a long enough period of time, it might be possible to remove war from among the curses that beset us, and if war were eliminated no one can say how far it would be possible to advance civilization and human betterment in a single century.

THE world, as everyone must know, is in a rather bad way right now. If you are in any way inclined to doubt that statement, you must not be reading the papers as carefully as you should.

Most of the troubles that beset the world in these days trace back DIRECTLY to the World War, which got underway in 1914—just a few weeks less than 20 years ago.

If it hadn't been for the World War, vast numbers of those who are hungry now would be enjoying comfort and plenty.

YET, with this lesson so plainly before their eyes, most of the great nations of Europe and Asia are preparing feverishly for ANOTHER WAR.

Human beings are frightfully shortsighted. Either that or their leadership is scandalously inadequate.

Communications

New Deal Needs Friends. To the Editor: The so-called "New Deal," judging by your communications' column, has some friends in this favored locality. It will need them. There is a lot of hard pulling ahead. These boosters are rarely young. If we are to believe Frank Symonds, the "New Deal" has no appeal to American youth. Perhaps some have seen enthusiasm for it displayed by the young, but the undersigned hasn't. Even the New Dealers are being disillusioned. The honorable secretary of agriculture, one of the leading daddies, sees its collapse if we fail to "raise ourselves religiously"—make ourselves "spiritually worthy of it."

Mr. Wallace, being a very religious man, does not like bribery in any form—much less by government and yet he appeals to the spiritual nature of America to make successful his policy of bribing the farmer to cut down on production—to make bribery work as "an investment of national policy!" A higher religious attitude is necessary, he holds, else the "New Deal" will fail. Not only the "New Deal" but humanity also. If so, we might as well call in the undertaker, since economic systems never have and never will be much influenced by the "better nature of man." It's the other way round. Wallace is standing on his head!

The doctrine of the struggle for existence is definitely out-moded—and he thinks it "should be replaced by the higher law of cooperation." Fine. He imagines this to be a religious problem, which it is not, but an economic one and can be brought about only by acting in accordance with the law of parsimony—not against it. Wallace is a metaphysician and a dualist. He imagines the spiritual and material as separate entities but in reality they are as inseparable as matter and motion. When we deal with the material we get results, good, bad or indifferent, depending upon scientific under-

standing. It's the real Aladdin lamp. Energy spent directly on the emotions gives small returns indeed. It explains the plight of Indiana. Matter is dynamic, the spiritual is static. Eliminate the cross-purposes in economic life and the "better nature of man" soars into the stratosphere. It simply cannot be kept down.

Wallace is paid to make it more possible for the farmer to exchange that portion of what he produces and does not need, for that which he needs but does not produce—a man's size job, to which he had better stick and leave the spiritual mode of matter to the D. D. R. HEONER. Gold Hill, 6-29-34.

The Stamps Aint Wasted To the Editor: We know you ain't here, Mr. Ruhl, but we want your paper to know we read your letters so the stamp ain't wasted. We liked the part where you said, "So we search for Uncle Sam." If you keep on lookin' meby you'll find him and if he and you can do somethin' for the country, if you kin locate him, meby uncle could win a Pulitzer prize in somethin'—perhaps the "best play" (READER)

Nine tourists arrested for speeding on Riverside avenue. Freak lightning starts a forest fire in the Appalachas. The new First Methodist church will be opened to worship with a week of dedicatory services. People's Electric Co. purchase quarters on West Main street.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. July 3, 1914 (It Was Friday) "The Usual Billy Nonsense about a Democratic Administration, and a Hard Times," is the subject of an editorial. The Medford Golf and Country Club will hold a Fourth of July dinner and dance.

Ned and George Villa entertained the younger set at their home last night. Mr. and Mrs. Jap Andrews leave on a trip to Crescent City. A record breaking season is now underway at Crater Lake, with 534 visitors so far this summer. Considerable commotion is caused in Northwest Medford when a horse belonging to Bill Welch falls in a well. It was rescued, none the worse.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

MODERN WOMEN Need Not Suffer mainly pain and delay due to colds, nervous strain, exposure or irregular course. Chi-Choo-Ten Diamond Brand Pills are effective, reliable and give Quick Relief. Available at all druggists for over 45 years. Ask for "THE DIAMOND BRAND"

LOS ANGELES

555 ROOMS BATHS Grill Tavern Coffee Shop

RESTAURANT OASIS Tomorrow Nite

Featuring Al Stewart And His 11 Nite Owls SPRING DANCE FLOOR

Southern Building & Loan Association Financial Statement Semi-Annual as of June 30, 1934

Table with columns for ASSETS and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF JACKSON, ss. We, the undersigned, Fred L. Heath, President and R. P. Pyle, Secretary of the Southern Building & Loan Association, being first duly sworn, on oath, depose and say, each for himself and not the one for the other, that we are respectively the President and Secretary of said Association; that we read the foregoing statement of Assets and Liabilities, and know the contents thereof, and that the foregoing statement of said Association for the period beginning December 31st, 1933 and ending June 30th, 1934, is true and correct.

FOURTH OF JULY DANCE Tomorrow Night DREAMLAND

MUSIC BY MELODY BOYS, Dir. Reg Fifer Southern Oregon's Hottest Dance Band MEN 35c LADIES 10c

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. July 3, 1924 (It Was Thursday) Deadlock in the national democratic convention continues, with no nominee in sight. Klan issue splits party. Every candidate for office in state signs declaration, "stand for strict enforcement of the Prohibition laws."

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