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Editorial Correspondence

BUFFALO, June 29th.—Yes, what a wonderful thing the radio is! Motoring as we are, via one night stands through the east, we, along with thousands of other tourists, listened to President Roosevelt's speech last night — everything was as clear and distinct as if the president were in the room with us, although we happened to be dining with friends in this attractive city. Had we stayed in our hotel rooms we could have listened to the speech just as well. For practically all the large hotels in the east have radios "at no extra cost to the taxpayers." These radios have a short range but they get all the national hook-ups. No nickel in the slot. All one has to do is turn them on.

To us the president's speech was unusually interesting. In the first place we had just visited the White House and walked along that portion which has been closed for cleaning up and repairs. So the president's remarkable illustration of his plan of national political reform and social rehabilitation, was peculiarly effective.

The other interesting angle was provided by the fact we were meeting old friends, we hadn't seen for 15 or 20 years, and they were all—or had been,—staunch Republicans. There was a doctor, an executive in the Niagara Falls electrical company, the vice-president of a biscuit factory, and a man in the wholesale lumber business. Only the doctor was a Roosevelt supporter, the others were stronger than horse radish in their opposition to the New Deal.

Yet all of them admitted—one of them rather reluctantly—that the president's speech was a good one—a masterpiece of clarity and popular appeal. It was so simple, so easy to understand, so cleverly and effectively spiked the guns of his opposition.

President Roosevelt defended his policies without relinquishing his offensive. He made his essential purposes clear, without for a moment being placed in the position of a SPECIAL pleader. He was sure of himself, without for a moment being unassuming. His words rang with sincerity and yet he was never unctious.

As one of the die-hard Republicans explained it: "I don't like the man, don't like his policies, his political theories I regard as fantastic and fundamentally unsound. Yet I admit, that as the set-up now stands, no one can beat him, no one can even effectively oppose him. I can pick his New Deal to pieces in a thousand ways. And yet how can you answer that simple little White House analogy of his. Everyone knows the White House is being repainted and repaired. Everyone knows that to do this is a good thing,—plumbing should be modern and hygienic, offices should be rearranged and brought up to date, the essential simplicity and architectural beauty of the White House isn't changed—more effective and efficient machinery is installed, that's all. Every man—and woman—in the country will understand that, and approve. I even find myself saying 'well that's OK I guess.'"

"Yet I am certain it is dangerous business and all wrong. Roosevelt is like a sprinter who has jumped the gun and gotten a ten yard start. No one can catch him. He's just about six jumps ahead all the time."

Mrs. Die-Hard Republican expressed it another way: "Why shouldn't the country have a house cleaning once in 50 years. Jack would divorce me tomorrow if I didn't clean house every spring. Besides, isn't the president's voice wonderful, and how nicely he picks his words!"

Certainly in that little group President Roosevelt didn't lose any votes, and we will wager this without qualification,—every woman in that room expects to vote for Franklin D. next time—although perhaps few of them would admit it to masterful hubby at the present time.

Motoring here from Loch Haven, we passed through a little stretch of the Pennsylvania oil country, via Bradford. Scattered throughout the countryside were tiny oil wells, some pumps were chugging, in more or less residential front yards. At luncheon, next to us, was a table accommodating four oil men. They were much disturbed by the fact that the people of this country are using too much light oil and not enough heavy,—too much western oil and not enough eastern.

Although among the Buffalo business we have seen, there are few Roosevelt men, everyone admits business conditions here in general are vastly improved.

We gather Buffalo wasn't as hard hit by the depression as most of the large eastern cities. It is rather a conservative community, and didn't boom forward during the Coolidge administration, like Cleveland and Detroit. No banks here failed. Chatted with the president of a nut and bolt concern.

"For the past six months," said he, "we have been in the black, whereas for three years we were in the red. My business is regarded in Wall Street as one of the best industrial barometers. I send my reports every month to certain New York brokers. If things keep on this way, we won't complain. But I don't credit Roosevelt with any part in it. The improvement has been in spite, not because of the New Deal. Look at England and Canada, without any of these new fangled notions, they have gone ahead faster than this country, in the same length of time."

Buffalo confirms our New York impression. Among the so-called Big Business men, Roosevelt supporters are as rare as cheer leaders at a chess tournament. R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 5.—Edwin C. Hill completely upsets a philippic that any newspaperman who hasn't reached an executive job at 50 is destined for the almshouse. Hill, now slightly past 50, is and always has been a reporter, and the half century mark finds him in greatest affluence.

Born in Aurora, Ind., he became a migratory graduate of his kind one of the bright young men on the Sun of Boss Clark. And with Richard Harding Davis the best dressed reporters of the era. He was with Charlie Summerville the first scribe to swing a cane on Park Row.

He came back to the newspaper game a few years ago after a Hollywood flier. The studios were not up his alley and he confessed to Keat Speed he wanted to get back in harness and stay the rest of his days. It was then his sensational rise began, the perfect embodiment of a transition period.

Radio, lectures, books, theatrical engagements and a newspaper column filled his life as never before. His voice became one of the best known over the air and this large

audience has been augmented by signing up as a news-reel announcer. Thus making him, next to Damon Runyon, the most highly paid reporter of the day.

Most wine waiters in the swankier New York restaurants, soaked out in brass chain loops, have been imported from Europe—suave servitors who have the flair of meeting every drinking emergency. They bring a bottle of wine as though it had just been sequestered from Napoleon's private cellar. And they twirl bottles in the silver ice buckets with a devotion that spells technique. The most expert draw higher pay than the head waiter. Few ever take a drink.

Jack Denny is most effortless of dance orchestra leaders. Yet his pianissimo direction brings out the most perfect dance tempo of his guild. The late Art Hickman was another whose restraint created a large dance following. He sat at the drums, never waved the baton but to this day you remember his "Whispering."

Young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt seems that rare specimen, a popular young millionaire. A shy youth, he likes country life and has developed a passion for thoroughbred horses, being youngest owner of a full fledged stable in America. The jockeys like him because he frequently joins their innocent pastimes, such as seven up and tossing cubes, behind the stables. Old track men say he has uncanny instincts for horse flesh. While gossip jugglers have now and then coupled him with Broadway, his interest in the gay life is practically nil. He is an admirer of Rudy Vallee and went to hear him several times in a cabaret. Trade continues to seep into Park

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.

SOFTENING FOOD WITH SODA

A mother asks whether it is harmful to use a small quantity of alkaline (baking soda) in cooking green vegetables for children or adults.



Chemically baking soda or sodium bicarbonate. Most dried fruits or vegetables lose all this vitamin C or power to prevent scurvy, but cabbage and tomatoes hold some of it when dried and stored. And even fresh raw milk that has this vitamin in it (it contains vitamin C) if the cows have fresh green pasturage may be dried to powder and still retain a fair part of its vitamin C content.

Acid foods contain their vitamin C in spite of cooking. But the addition of ascorbic acid or other alkali quickly destroys the ascorbic vitamin in cooking.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Trick Vitamins. Please give your opinion of the application to the skin of an oily preparation that has been radiated and chemically treated so that it is rich in vitamins. This is supposed to banish skin affections. —Alice A. S.

Answer—Even if the vitamin factor can be imparted to the body in that way, it is silly to imagine that such hocus-pocus will "banish" anything. If you have blackheads and pimples (acne) send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for the free monograph on Blackheads and Pimples. If you omit to mention that you have the trouble I cannot send any advice.

When the Old Fossils Die Off. I am with you 100 per cent on the cri business. Have convinced my husband and am trying to help others. But the older folk can't be convinced. They're sold on their notion that it's the rainy weather or insufficient clothing. . . . Nevertheless, by avoiding the sweater, etc., we have escaped all cri for the past year and we owe you our thanks. —Mrs. S. F. L.

Answer—Let the old fossils alone. They'll die off before long and then we'll make the world cri conscious. Skeptics, please give our tract a hearing. Every intelligent individual should know the golden rule of hygiene whether he obeys it or not. Send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for the booklet "Call It Cri." (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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

Peter Arno, man about town, likes to breakfast in quiet Southern tea rooms. . . . Clara Bell Walsh, indefatigable first nighter, never misses a change of bill at the news reel theatres.

Some one at dinner wondered what had happened to the Broadway yapping—eight-seeing buses—in the eclipse. So I went over after dinner. Not so many but still a few with never-say-die-barkers: "Chinatown and the Bowery. Fast car going right out!" Also the gray-haired phillips and patently until time to go. So persistent was the ballyhoo that it almost talked me into going. Indeed I would if Earl Carroll had been in the mood.

Bathing caps from 10c to 50c at Medford Pharmacy.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

ASSOCIATES of Dictator Hitler, of Germany, are suspected of treachery. Merely SUSPECTED, remember—not convicted after a fair trial by a jury of their peers.

So large numbers of them are SHOT DOWN, in one way and another, on one pretext or another. That's the way dictatorships work.

MANY people, in these years of depression and discouragement, have asserted that we of America need a dictator.

We don't. We never shall. Our way, with all its faults, is better by far than the dictatorship way.

NATIONAL planning committee, allied with NRA and headed by Lincoln Plene, big Boston merchant, brings in a report recommending appointment of a presidential commission to draft:

- 1. A future national policy of labor relations. 2. A future national policy to take effect when NRA expires. 3. A future national policy to govern the problems of prices and monopolistic tendencies.

MR. Plene, in presenting the report, says: "In the past 12 months we have developed in NRA beginnings of a new order of business. The danger still exists, however, that this new order will place undue emphasis on governmental and political, instead of business leadership.

"Hence, business leadership is facing a challenge of the most critical nature."

THAT is to say, we are going to have planning of our affairs in the future.

If this planning isn't done by sound business men, who are willing to accept the responsibilities of leadership, it will be done by the politicians. That, probably, is putting it about as plainly and as accurately as it can be put.

A NUDIST wedding takes place at the Chicago world's fair, and the dispatches describing it tell us:

"The bride wore nothing; the bridegroom was nude; the bridesmaids wore only bracelets; the best man was naked; and the preacher had on only a leopard skin."

CRAZY? Not at all—merely unconventional; and nudists LOVE to be un-

conventional. That is why they are nudists. If it were conventional to go naked, people of this sort would WEAR CLOTHES.

CONVENTION, after all, is a strange thing.

In this country, a nudist wedding creates something of a sensation. In the jungles of the Congo or the upper Amazon, a wedding in which the principals wore clothes would create a sensation.

It all depends on what we are used to.

MARIE Dressler, ill of an incurable disease, was told by her physician a while back that if she wanted to prolong her life even a reasonable length of time she must quit working.

She chose to go on working and take the consequences.

SHE became too ill to work, but instead of lying down tamely to die she went on putting up a fight, and as these words are written, which is on Saturday, she seems to have passed, at least for the present, the crisis of her illness.

Marie Dressler is one of the best loved women of the stage, and one reason why she is so loved is her indomitable fighting spirit.

About all the real progress that has ever been made in this world has been made by those who are NOT AFRAID.



(Continued from Page One)

ages if there is going to be a six-year moratorium on any considerable number of them.

It seems to be a case of holding an axe over the heads of mortgage holders. They may be reasonably certain it will never fall, but they will always be afraid it will.

Bernard Baruch's friends vow that Mrs. Roosevelt has sold him completely on the homesteading idea.

Floyd Gibbons' brother is working in the shipping board as assistant publicity man.

Take all current inflation rumors with three grains of salt. There will be nothing in them for at least a year, if then.

Joseph Kennedy, the new chairman of the securities commission, always sends ties to friendly newsmen at Christmas time.

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for debts other than those contracted by myself. MARY I. HELMS, Ashland, Oregon.

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 5, 1924. (It was Saturday.) Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the President, in serious condition from acute septic poisoning due to blister on heel.

Peace is scorned in Democratic nominee deadlock. Al Smith leads in balloting. Southern delegates, grudge and go home without paying New York City hotel bills.

Ed Brown enlarges his present quarters on Main street.

Large crowds attend Fourth of July celebration at Ashland, and hills are full of camping parties.

Grass fire sweeps P. & E. area and menaces east side homes.

Boys shooting on highway narrowly miss tourists from Nova Scotia.

Twenty Years Ago Today July 5, 1914. (It was Sunday.) Medford citizens flock to hills and nearby celebrations, and the city is deserted for two days.

An Ashland baby, speechless for a week, as the result of swallowing a safety pin, is able to speak, after miracle operation at Sacred Heart hospital.

Police called out to capture a prowler in the St. Mary's Academy neighborhood.

Fire in a barn on North Central destroys a fine buggy and harness, and a ton of hay.

Mme. Dreyfuss, the clairvoyant, does a rushing business and announces she will return next month, to read "more palms and peer into the future for all local residents."

FIVE KILLED IN DROP OF PLANE ST. ANGELO, Iowa, July 5.—(AP)—State investigators today sought the cause of an airplane accident which claimed the lives of five Iowans bent on a Fourth of July holiday sight seeing trip. Their bodies were burned beyond recognition when the plane fell before the eyes of two thousand holiday spectators.

Those who died in the plane with Pilot Fred Strymington were Ed Libersky, 36, and Vanev Libersky, 30, both of St. Angelo; Marvin Miller, 20, and Gladys Ucker, 20, both of Grafton, Iowa.

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Now! Prices Reduced ON Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Advertisement for Bayer Aspirin showing product packaging and prices: Tins of 12 Tablets NOW 15c, Bottles of 24 Tablets NOW 25c.

Get Real BAYER Aspirin Now at Lowest Prices in History!

So as to put the safety and quick action of Genuine Bayer Aspirin within the reach of everyone, the price you pay has now been reduced. Reduced so low that nobody need ever again accept some other preparation in place of the real BAYER ASPIRIN that you've asked for.

Remember, too, that doctors advise it, for it DOES NOT HARM THE HEART. And that scientists rate it among the fastest known safe reliefs for pain. (See illustrations below.)

Why Bayer Aspirin Works So Fast. Prep a Bayer Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. By the time it hits the bottom of the glass it is disintegrating.

IN 3 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH A Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work. What Happens in These Glasses Happens in Your Stomach—Genuine Bayer Aspirin Tablets Start "Taking Hold" of Pain a Few Minutes after Taking.

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When you shoot your car over hot concrete at cannon ball speed, you're safer on tires of Triple\* TEMPERED RUBBER. They stay cooler. They resist dangerous destructive heat. Come in and let us tell you about the extra miles and extra safety of U. S. Royals.

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