

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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The Smudge Pot

Vassilios Zagorhoffs was among those injured in the strike battle on the San Francisco docks yesterday. It seems Mr. Zagorhoffs was doing his avowed bit toward the proposed overthrow of the American government, by vociferously charging the police with "un-American tactics" in stopping him from indulging in a riot.

The esteemed Portland Journal has started its annual campaign for the "suppression of needless noises" in the metropolis. If the Journal can't suppress the needless noises, it is at least hoped it can keep them from running for governor.

The members of the fair sex are keeping cool wearing shorts and blouses, or halters. The garb is fashionable and tends towards full display of the dorsal regions and legs.

Oregonians may congratulate themselves upon the excellence of the equable climate with which Nature has endowed this section. Contrasted with the extremes of heat and cold elsewhere, it is truly remarkable. We should appreciate it more.

H. Flewber, the demon baker, Justin (Up-to-School) Smith, and five (5) doctors have all returned from conquering the wilds back of the dude ranch, in a wild manner. The demon baker conquered a young mountain, and a 100-foot waterfall, which defied him.

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THAT? (Press Dispatch).
TOKYO, May 17 (By Mail)—The Japanese, according to a report of the radio committee of Japan's National Research Council, seem to be in possession of a secret which enables wireless stations to transmit the human voice in a way that is entirely incomprehensible to the average listener-in.

A distinguished upstate thinker for southern Oregon farmers sojourned in the valley in mid-week, and allowed everybody to use his thinking, without concentrating especially for agrarians. In the spring, the visitor did some outstanding thinking for the farmers, viz: that the farmers and organized labor vote as one man on the Sales Tax. This wedding of thought resulted in a victory at the polls. Now the farmers think their official thinker should do some fancy thinking, and think up a way to cause organized labor to think the movement of the farmer's crop is important, like their votes were in May. The situation hits the farmer in the pocketbook. This causes the farmer to think for himself, and think that his Professional Thinker, as a thinker, is a fine fried chicken eater.

The old-fashioned blarney, whose return has caused deep alarm in reform circles, never had to remember in which booth a lady patron put the baby to sleep.
Animal husbandmen figure farmers can raise more miles and horses needed for work in the fields cheaper than they can be purchased.

Editorial Correspondence

NIAGARA-BY-THE-LAKE, ONTARIO, Canada, July 2.—The daughters had to see Niagara Falls, of course. And we came over here to visit friends, for the Canadian Falls are far more impressive than the American.

Having seen the Falls many times in the past, the only impression made upon your correspondent, related to the brevity and insignificance of the individual human life.

We first saw those same Falls in 1888,—nearly half a century ago. That mass of water has been falling with a roar and a crash, over that same precipice, day in and day out since then. To the writer that seems like quite a long time. But what is 50 years to Old Man Niagara Falls! Not the wink of a flea's eye lash. Not for hundreds of years but for THOUSANDS, that performance has been going on, without a check; every split second,—over that mass of water goes, and for how many centuries will it continue to do so!

"Men may come and men may go" but Niagara goes on forever. The individual human atom, may or may not consider itself important. But sooner or later, it is forced to the conclusion that in the face of Nature—of natural phenomenon—it is nothing more than a flash of light on a darkened wall, one tiny grain of sand, along the limitless shores of the sea of life!

That isn't a particularly pleasant thought, but it is probably good for the soul!

To jump from ten days in New York city, to one day in Ontario, Canada, provides a striking contrast in manners. As before stated, the average stranger in New York city finds no manners. Not once in a dozen routine contacts is he treated with any friendliness or courtesy.

But let him wander about this section of Canada a few hours—he is treated with courtesy on every hand.

We motored over to the Welland Canal for example, with a young woman for guide, to see the famous "flight locks" which carry the largest ocean steamers up a "flight" of gigantic stairs of masonry, and pour them into Lake Ontario from Lake Erie.

The young woman guide, had been married but two years, and had a baby 8 months old, on her mind. She had often visited the flight locks with her husband, but apparently young love in her case is still blind, for we hadn't travelled five miles before she confessed she had no idea where "we were."

So Ye Editor alighted in front of the next village store and asked the way to the flight locks. It happened to be a fish shop, and the proprietor happened to be selling a fish at the moment to a woman customer.

Naturally we waited for the transaction to end before putting our query, but the proprietor, seeing a stranger enter had another idea.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Blank," said he, turning at once to the newcomer, said, "what may I do for you, Sir?"

We asked the way to the flight locks.

"I will be with you in just a moment—won't you have a seat?"

The fish transaction completed the proprietor, a man about 65, encased from head to foot in a white apron,—ruddy face, a stubby white mustache,—came forward with all the dignity and deference of a Hollywood butler.

"Just a moment Sir—I will call my delivery boy—he will be able to give you the EXACT directions." And going through the screen door, he called, with that rising English inflection: "Oh CE-ell, CE-ell—will you come HEAH a moment!"

Cecil came—a lad about 18 or 19—looked like an American High School boy. "The gentleman wishes to know the way to the flight locks."

Cecil not only gave them but drew a map on a piece of wrapping paper, which proved to be exactly correct.

That was merely one example. They have some idea of manners in Canada!

At the flight locks the officials are very kind and are very proud of this achievement in engineering. Most of them, had a part in the work of construction, and take a real joy in explaining things.

Fortunately a boat came through—a large, very clean British oil tanker—and it was fun looking down at the boat, and then watching it slowly rise in the lock as the water rushed in—up 100 feet in about 15 minutes.

We have an idea ships going through the canal, dress up for the occasion so to speak for there are always spectators during the day time. At any rate this boat was not only spotlessly clean—the brass rails shining, the wood work, white as milk—but the men were spotless also. One officer entirely in white, reclined in a hammock on the after deck, and sipped a tall iced drink. There were other members of the crew about, two playing cards of some sort. It looked very comfortable and CLUBBY.

The only men in the boat at work were the pilot at the wheel and a lad who held a hawser and pulled up the slack from time to time.

All in all it was a good ad for the British merchant marine.

From the flight locks at the Ontario end, one can see the entire canal, as it runs down, some 25 or 30 miles to the shores of Lake Erie. From our conversation with some of the Canadian officials we concluded they were not heart broken over the fact that the U. S. St. Lawrence canal project was defeated in the last session of the congress.

Excellent fruit is grown here along the shores of the lake, but they claim this has been a bad year and the crops will be short. There appeared to be no shortage in the cherry crop. Motoring down toward Buffalo in the evening, cherry sellers were almost as thick as news boys at Times Square, N. Y.

This river used to be one of the greatest areas for rum running in the world. As we motored along the banks, abandoned wharves and docks were pointed out where during prohibition, the rum runners pushed off nominally for some foreign port but actually for the American shore a few miles up or down. According to our informant the repeal of Prohibition has ended this traffic ENTIRELY.

Canadian prices for whiskey and gin are about the same as American prices, but good French wines are much cheaper across the Canadian line, and our friends in Buffalo happen to be partial to FRENCH wines. We put in a good word for California wines—not that we know much about them (or any wines for that matter) but just to boost a bit for the Pacific coast—and then—well, we are convinced that if one of these bottles of imported French wine did happen to contain CALIFORNIA wine,—not one of our Buffalo experts would know the difference!

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.

EATING SHOULD BE A SIMPLE PLEASURE

The artificial restrictions or conventions of civilization, like captivity or domestication of animals, have had a profound effect on eating. Natural hunger no longer controls eating. We eat for other reasons than hunger and for no good reason at all. Social eating is a universal sin. Who dares to decline to eat the food offered by host or hostess? How often do you partake of unwanted food merely as an experiment in taste, type of cooking or surroundings?

Pavlov, famous Russian physiologist, trained white mice to answer the dinner bell. No only did they come to their feed at the call of the bell, but they actually learned to water at the mouth and secrete gastric juice, as might you or I, at the call of the bell, even though no food was in sight or in smell. Not only that, but successive generations of white mice studied by Pavlov and Boldreff learned more quickly to answer the bell—at last report by Boldreff they were anticipating a blessed event and it was hoped (as the papers say) that the next batch of mice would be born with the bell-conditioned reflex, that is, prick up their ears and respond to the dinner gong without any teaching at all. That goes to show what artifice can do to instinct.

Many younger people eat as a pastime. Just as some despondent chess player, trained to "winning the game" at present cocktail hour is the substitute for such gum-chewing or cigarette-smoking among the morose class. But alcohol in any form, highball, cocktail, wine or beer, is delusive for one who desires to get fat, because such beverages fill you up but do not yield the calories. On the other hand, alcoholic beverages are delusive for those too fat, because within limitations alcohol burns more readily than does fat in the body so that every little drink spares that much fat which you might otherwise use up to furnish the energy or heat required in your daily life. Then, too, under the mellowing influence of alcohol intoxication you are likely to consume a greater excess of food than you would in your right mind. Restauranters know how true this is.

The bear and some other animals eat to acquire a good store of fat to live in while hibernating. We can only conjecture whether primitive man had to store fat in his body. If the climate was frigid he did; if it was tropical he didn't; for food is always available where plants grow

and better get of humor, a Mickey Nielan caper. It is a circle of pen dots with this explanation: "A flea nursing its young."
As I recall Nielan and Mitzner dropped in at the Ritz together one long after-midnight. Anyway the talk turned to footpads and Mitzner talked the generalities with the story of a long ago attack that resulted in the twisted jaw he carried to his grave. He had been wassailing at Jack's and was wandering across 23d street when ambushed. "What in the world did he hit you with?" I exclaimed.

"The Metropolitan Life Tower, I think," he replied.

The old beggar "plant" racket was neatly worked on a fastidious strip of Madison avenue this morning. A seedy bum in incredible rags shuffled out a side street to rummage through a refuse can. At the proper moment he fell upon a discarded scrap of meat and wolfed it ravenously with eyes rolling. Of course, the meat had been placed there by a confederate. But the fellow was showered with ruche change and a few small bills. This is a variant of the old planted loaf of bread in the gutter upon which the beggar used to pounce as theatre crowds departed. In mendicant circles, such a beggar is known as a "dummy chucker." And was inspiration for one of Arthur Somers Roche's crack magazine yarns years ago.

Floyd Gibbons, lustiest of the world wanderers, seems to have taken root at last in New York. Not only has his permanent address been the metropolis for six years, but he has maintained the same apartment in a Lexington avenue hotel that entire time. Of course, during the period he has visited Europe, the Orient and every part of the United States but that to him is just commuting.

My wife, throwing open the door to my dugout to show a visitor, explained: "This is the love nest of the old ink amocist." That's the kidding a fellow gets for sticking to his job.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

NEW YORK, July 6.—Thoughts while strolling: Hats are getting bigger than in the Merry Widow days. But there are no Grace La Rues to wear them. Lowest form of curiosity: Waiting to see who is carried out in an ambulance. Vincent Lopez's wet seal look. Nothing suggests an old man like a griffin. One word description of Patsy Kelly—blurry. Seldom see a chauffeur driven car any more. Janet Gaynor and Irene Hayes bear a resemblance. What's become of Fay Marbe? Russell Markert, who is now doing the Roxy things at Music Hall. The only thing Mexican I care about is chili. Don't Harold suggests those drawings he makes. Guy Kibbe is the movie's perfect Babbit. Are there any other female caricaturists save Fay King? Nobody can zoom along the streets like Edwin Balmer. Or look so stary-eyed as Diana Wynyard. They call a new Broadway drink "the walking pass-out."

Johnny Horgan, Cincinnati's hotel Brummel, now running an inn off Times Square, Anita Loos and John Emerson seem to have deserted the town completely. Earl Carroll has never walked past his famous theatre since it went into other hands. Max Steur suggests E. Phillips Oppenheim.

One of my favorite people—Elate Robinson. That song writer's barber shop near 48th street that Irving Berlin visits daily for a hair brush. And where Major Bowes goes for his daily laugh and Ring Lardner picked up jets from the great American comedy. What a howling comedy it has become!

Anna Steese Richardson, who wrote one of the season's successful comedies, was the only woman reporter at the Madison Square Roof garden the summer night Stanford White was plotted. She had gone there for The World to interview Maud Fulton who was making her debut dancing with William Rock. While she sat in the dressing room the shot was fired and, rushing out, she saw enough to write a masterful graphic description of the wild-eyed killer being led away.

Going through my guest book recently I noticed Wilson Mizner had once written: "Small-booked for the 100th time." I never knew exactly the implication until recently. "Small booked" is a police station term for those who sign the blotter for a petty misdemeanor.

Below Mizner's name is a brooder:

Communications

Questions for Perry.
To the Editor:
I notice in Art Perry's wisecracks column in your paper of July 2nd, that he kids Farmer Bill Carl that he promises the people that if they will elect him to the legislature on the independent ticket, he will save Rogue river for the poor man, but did not explain how the rescue would be made.

Now, if Mr. Perry will answer a couple of questions for me first, then I will explain how the rescue will be made for the poor man.

First—Who dominates and controls Rogue river at the present time?

Second—Who should own and control Rogue river?

Now, I realize that I am stepping into deep water when I go to wisecracking with Mr. Perry in politics, as I know that he is a very capable and shrewd politician, but he is steeped in the capitalistic form of government and the idea that the dominating corporations should rule the people. Mr. Perry should let the readers of the Mail Tribune know his ideas in regard to politics and then we could judge for ourselves as individuals if we wanted to vote for the Republican party or not.

My ideal form of government is that any individual or corporation is entitled to a fair degree of profit in their business, and that a farmer, be he small or big, is entitled to a living profit for his produce; but when it comes to a time when a large dominating corporation grabs all the profit, then I think it is high time for the little fellow to step in and grab his share of the profits, so that he will be able to pay his taxes.

FARMER BILL CARL.
From Appleton.

Youth Skeptical of New Deal.
To the Editor:
Allow me to say a few words with reference to the article "New Deal Needs Friends," in the Medford Mail Tribune issue of July 3.

In that article it is mentioned that the New Deal has no appeal to the American youth. This should not be too much of a surprise. It is only natural that their attitude toward the prevailing system is rather skeptical.

Everywhere boys and girls are getting that they take to be an education. They are hoping, slaving, pulling every ounce of effort into some fantastic dream, if it is only to be stenographer in an office or a trained nurse in a hospital. On them there is a vast working, an eagerness and ambition to get more out of life than their parents have got. They know where they are going, but they don't have a fair chance to get there. They have got a play, but the stage is confused. They have to accept the humdrum and are obliged to spend the best time of their lives doing just this or that. The young generation has to join the CCC's, become Christmas card vendors or farm hands. It is then a surprise that the present system, the New Deal, has not been greeted with reverential Oh's and Ah's on the part of the young?

C. VISSERS.
Medford, Ore., July 5, 1934.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Adrienne's July Clearance

Featuring smart apparel for your vacation wardrobe . . .

Sunday Night Knits

Two and three piece suits in white, blue, pink, rust, yellow. Values to \$22.50. Special price

\$16.95

Silk Dresses

A group of print frocks and suits including values to \$25. Also plain color silk dresses.

\$12.95

Summer Coats

Corduroy and mixed materials. Just right for vacation wear.

\$4.95

Dance Dresses

Organdie frocks for summer evenings.

\$7.95

Voile Frocks

Long dresses in pretty colors.

\$2.95

Summer Hats

Special group of hats. Values to \$7.95.

\$1.95

Balance of cart wheel straws, crepes and spring and summer styles.

1/2 price

Adrienne's

CCC Worker Held In Girl's Death

Thomas Frederick Showers, 27 (above), a CCC worker from Syracuse, N. Y., confessed, according to officials, that he assaulted and murdered Cleo Tellstone, 14, near Bloomington, Franklin county, N. Y., District Attorney Harold W. Main said he had a "perfect case" against him. (Associated Press Photo)



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News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)
banking and currency committee, to ask about the appointees.
"Why, he is an incompetent, inefficient nincompoop who knows less about banking than you do," responded Senator McClean.
"Then you will oppose his confirmation?" asked the newsmen.
"Of course not, son," said McClean. "Haven't you been around here long enough to know the senate cannot reject an appointee merely for incompetency?"

Candler field at Atlanta, Ga., one of the country's major airports, was a gully-washed wasteland too rough for cow pasture only a few years ago.

Charter No. 7701. Reserve District No. 12

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

Of Medford, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on June 30, 1934

ASSETS
1. Loans and discounts \$ 498,195.00
2. Overdrafts 898.53
3. United States Government securities 720,050.00
4. Securities guaranteed by United States Government as to interest and/or principal 29,575.00
5. Other bonds, stocks, and securities 404,917.93
6. Banking house, \$73,750.00; Furniture and fixtures, \$11,750.00 85,500.00
7. Real estate owned other than banking house 158,167.04
8. Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank 620,569.64
9. Cash in vault and balances with other banks 4,969.59
10. Outside checks and other cash items 5,000.00
11. Redemption fund with United States Treasurer and due from United States Treasurer 5,000.00
12. Other assets 3,327.70
Total Assets \$2,531,279.43

LIABILITIES
16. Demand deposits, except United States Government deposits, public funds and deposits of other banks \$1,139,990.28
17. Time deposits, except postal savings, public funds and deposits of other banks 689,868.75
18. Public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivisions or municipalities 325,107.59
19. United States Government and postal savings deposits 20,413.41
20. Deposits of other banks, including certified and cashiers' checks outstanding 81,628.45
Total Liabilities \$2,531,279.43

MEMORANDUM: Loans and Investments Pledged To Secure Liabilities
32. United States Government securities 473,700.00
33. Other bonds, stocks, and securities 123,000.00
Total Pledged (excluding rediscounts) 596,700.00
Pledged:
(a) Against circulating notes outstanding 100,000.00
(b) Against United States Government and postal savings deposits 22,000.00
(c) Against public funds of States, counties, school districts, or other subdivisions or municipalities 290,700.00
(d) Against deposits of trust departments 22,000.00
(e) Against other deposits 12,000.00
(f) With State authorities to qualify for the exercise of fiduciary powers 50,000.00
Total Pledged \$ 986,700.00

State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss:
I, Oris Crawford, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
ORIS CRAWFORD, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1934.
ROBERT C. HART, Notary Public.
My commission expires May 25, 1937.
Correct—Attest: B. E. Harder, Jno. R. Tomlin, H. S. Deuel, Directors.

REPORT OF AFFILIATE OF A NATIONAL BANK
Made in Compliance With the Requirements of the Banking Act of 1933.
Report as of June 30th, 1934, of First National Company, Medford, Oregon, which, under the terms of the Banking Act of 1933, is affiliated with The First National Bank of Medford, Oregon, Charter Number 7701, Federal Reserve district number 12.
Function or type of business: Mortgage Loans and Investments.
Manner in which above-named organization is affiliated with national bank, and degree of control: Stockholders identical.
Financial relations with bank:
Amount on deposit in affiliated bank \$144.77.
I, B. E. Harder, President of First National Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.
B. E. HARDER.
ROBERT C. HART, Notary Public.
My commission expires May 25, 1937.

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 6, 1924.
(It was Sunday)
Small hope for recovery of Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the President.

Both major parties promise "relief for the farmers."
Democratic delegates to national convention desert McAdoo, because of Klan and oil connections. Deadlock near end, with Al Smith in lead.

Radio installed at Diamond Lake that can be heard two miles against the wind.
Upper Valley club is awarded first prize in Ashland Fourth of July parade.

Building permits issued for five new homes in Medford.
Orchardists report a shortage of labor, and "may be forced to import help to harvest the crop, unless local residents show more inclination to labor."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 6, 1914.
(It was Monday)
One of the badgers belonging to the fire department gnawed out of its cage Saturday, and was captured this morning on North Oakdale. A coyote that was run down by Ralph Cogwell in an auto on the desert near Agate has been added to the zoological display at the city hall.

Ed G. Brown buys kids of city \$25 worth of ice cream, firecrackers and soda pop on the Fourth.
"A Woman Pooled Him Once" at the Isis; "The Sea Coast of Bohemia" at the Page; "Our Mutual Girl" at the It, and "He Barks, and He Bites" at the Star.

Ashland Chautauquus opens tomorrow.
Tri-County League of Southern Oregon formed with Ben C. Sheldon as president.

INVESTIGATE SUICIDE OF YOUNG LIEUTENANT

TACOMA, Wash., July 6.—(AP)—Investigation into the causes of the suicide of Lieut. John R. Heyburn, 25, Wednesday at the fort may not be completed for a day or two, army authorities said today.

They declined to comment further on the death of the young army officer who shot himself. Heyburn was a West Point graduate. His home for cow pasture only a few years ago.