

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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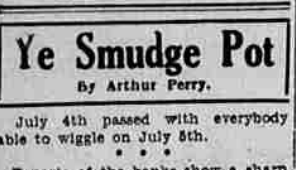
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Official paper of Jackson County.

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
July 4th passed with everybody able to wiggle on July 8th.

Reports of the banks show a sharp decline in the use of backyards as fiduciary depositories.
Leading corners of the big area were negotiated on two wheels, by a young man in a 1934 auto Pri. He had no idea where he was going, or for what.

The I. Coleman girl was downtown Thurs. She is getting to be quite a flirt.
Peoria Bill Gates is buffed from the middle west, where he suffered from the heat. He reports everything dried up, and few citizens running around yelling: "I am a Democrat!"

Reports from Salem say there was a slight argument over who was running the penitentiary, and the warden won out.
All the social aristocrats are wearing their ice cream pants and look real fresh. One of the first steps in the revolution, should be the seizure of all the white briches for a bonfire in the Red Square, now the capitalistic city park.

The medical men who went with H. Flewler, the demon baker, on a safari into the wilds back of the dude ranch, will all be able to sit down by the first of the week. Dock Wilson did a Prince of Wales, but under-terred by the event, is determined to be a better man on a horse than C. Wig Ashpole. Other members of the safari are rested from their rest.

The Older Girls are all busy telling how much fruit they are going to can.
The liquor is on the mkt. and many a man has spent 90 days in jail for making better.

Events in Germany the past week, have removed all the Hitlerism from the Bill Gore corner diplomats. The Hitlerites are viewed as too fat with their justice, and too emphatic with their verdicts.
A Chicago millionaire was in town the first of the week, looking over Rogue river ground, but left when he heard Portland politicians were using the farmers to annoy his ilk. He waved a mean wallet.

Phil Harrison, Fred Heath the Elder, and John Mann, the leading coterie of baseball fans, retain their faith in the local Babe Ruths despite defeat and noise. The Nipponese devotees of the national game are also imitating Gibraltar.
The police are investigating the rumor that a night went by in a rural recreation center, without 14 fights.

Floyd Hart has returned from Wash., D. C. where he communed with big bugs.
S. Morris, the S-Valley, O-Hill, Table Rock farmer has not showed up all week, so most be doing some farming for a change.
Dogs, cats, woodpeckers, and auto ramps are keeping home garden owners on the qui vive.

Threshing machines have started, but there are not as many nice looking motors parked along the fence, as in the middle of the Coolidge reign.
The mid-summer slump has hit. It has been four days since a new gas also sprang into being.

The Texas citrus crop for the 1934-1935 season will be about 12,000 carloads, a new record, a survey indicated.

Editorial Correspondence

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 4.—Motored over here from Buffalo through Erie, Pennsylvania and the Ohio grape country. Throughout this motor trip, the most noticeable feature of the highway traffic, has been the large number of motor driven "gondolas" transporting small shipments of new cars. Four or five cars are piled up, in cradle fashion, while another car draws them along, usually at high speed. Just as we left Buffalo we saw the yards where the cars are unloaded from the boats, hundreds of them, largely Plymouths and Chevs. They were being loaded for motor distribution throughout the east. Not difficult to understand why railroad revenues from auto freight have fallen off.

This being on the eve of the Fourth, the four track highway was pretty well congested, everyone apparently beating it for the country to spend the great national holiday. Because of this and also because our former visit in Cleveland was spent in a noisy downtown hotel, we wrote ahead to a friend to secure accommodations somewhere outside of the Cleveland business district. Before leaving Buffalo we received a wire, stating that accommodations for the family circus had been secured at the Kirtland Country club, about 20 miles east and south of Cleveland. We were assured the place would be comfortable and quiet.

It was comfortable all right,—one might even add luxurious—but who said anything about quiet! The club decided to have a Fourth of July eve dance, which started about ten p. m. and ended up we should say at five o'clock. There was a ten-piece orchestra, and a couple of tireless and muscular men, at the piano and the drum. About two a. m. everyone went swimming in the illuminated swimming pool, which as luck would have it was just outside of the bedroom window,—as the dance was just beneath the bedroom FLOOR! We have listened to coyotes howl at the moon—or whatever it is they howl at—and been informed next morning that there were not coyotes, but only one solitary coyote. We felt somewhat the same next morning, when the waiter at breakfast said the dance was a small one—there being so many rival social events the night before the Fourth—only about 50 people were present. Let us declare here and now that 5000 boiler makers could not have made more noise!

But of course not being in a hotel, where every guest has some personal rights, we had no privilege of protest. We simply had to "take it" and we did. When the dance finally broke up, and we had visions at last of sleep, we gradually became conscious of another noise, which we realized had been going on for a long time. This noise resembled the periodic bawl of a sick cow and the fact finally penetrated our jumbled consciousness, that the continued darkness at five a. m. was due to a thick fog which had descended on nearby Lake Erie. The lake could be seen from the bed room, but it had looked to be at least 15 miles away. Perhaps it had moved nearer in the night. At any rate there it was and there was the fog horn. To make matters worse the fog horn was of the intermittent variety—it would bawl two or three times and then be silent. Just as one decided the cursed thing had decided to call it a day—or a night,—it would start up again. Sleep might have overcome a steady rhythmic bawling,—just as sleep can sometimes overcome a rhythmic snorer—but this intermittent, now you snore and now you don't,—that sort of thing as Mama Macbeth would express it—"murders sleep."

Our sleep was certainly murdered, tortured and thrown out in the frog pond. But the Kirtland Country club was pitiless. Even a cat nap in the early morning was denied. For when the sick cow finally secured the attentions of a veterinary, the crows that inhabit that thickly wooded section of Ohio, started in on a sunrise anvil chorus. They were feeling fine about something—perhaps the Kirtland corn crop promises to be a bumper one. At any rate they all took part, the full chorus sounding rather like a battery of circular saws, attacking a regiment of oak tree knots. As a contretemps a couple of club house cats staged some sort of an argument about 6:45 E. S. T.—whether an anorous duet or just a plain knock-down and drag-out fight we couldn't determine,—in fact the private life of the feline family has always been a closed book to your correspondent. (In our opinion, it is something everyone PRETENDS to understand, but no one—but a CAT—really does!)

The Kirtland Country club was—and is—a very sumptuous place. The main club house it seems, was built by a certain traction company magnate just before the interurban electric line business, collided head on with Henry Ford's Lizzie, and folded up forever. Brother T. M. never occupied the mansion, so a group took it over with an immense scourage and transformed the same into a golf and country club. The golf course is said to be one of the finest in Ohio, there are a large number of tennis courts, a stable of hunters (the members can chase a fox if they so desire) and as before mentioned a very splendid swimming pool. There is also a large locker room, which includes squash courts, bedrooms (for men only) and a well stocked bar. Of course there is a restaurant, the charge for dinners being \$2 per. When we settled up after a couple of days we found that the restaurant has no a carte service. After a drive to a nearby country home, a swim and heavy tea, we returned to our peaceful sylvan retreat with no desire for a four or five course dinner. So two members of the party had graham crackers and milk. Each had a half pint bottle of milk and a hand full of crackers—their combined bill, fellow victims of the depression, was \$4!

So this is our first taste of High Life! Here's hoping it's the last! It comes high all right, but if continued, will quickly force the Ruhl four-ring circus into physical and financial extinction. We shall escape early tomorrow morning, however, and the next time we are looking for peace and quiet on the eve of the Fourth shall appeal to no old friends. We shall wire ahead for rooms in the largest city hotel, on the busiest corner, of the deserted city. R. W. R.

COUNTY WILL GET LIQUOR PROFITS FOR JOB RELIEF

SALEM, July 7.—(P)—Unemployment relief funds to be distributed to the various counties from liquor receipts for the second quarter of the year will total 107,527. It was announced by the state treasurer, Rufus C. Holman, today. With the first quarter relief fund from licenses, the total turned over to date by the liquor commission will be \$151,527. The second quarter payments include receipts of \$34,162 from licenses and \$73,365 from sale of liquor. The state treasurer further reported that the financial condition of the state was shaping out nicely for the year and it was believed Oregon could remain off the warrant basis for the remainder of the year. He reported in the state's general fund July 1 was \$1,301,019. Other counties in various funds totaled \$6,286,432. An additional \$350,000 will be turned over to the treasurer shortly by the corporation commissioner, representing the annual receipts of that department. The general fund was expected to be exhausted about August 15, but it was believed the treasurer could borrow \$500,000 from the World War veterans state aid fund for a period of six weeks, or until October 1 when third quarter revenues will be due. Receipts at that time was estimated to be \$750,000. Third quarter state taxes and \$600,000 second intangibles, excise and personal income taxes.

Wool Mart Uncertain BOSTON, July 7.—(P)—(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—The wool market was unsettled the past week. Besides the continued reluctance of mills to begin in any large way to anticipate their requirements in raw wools, a sharp decline in prices at the London opening added a further degree of uncertainty.

Klamath Fires Out KLAMATH FALLS, July 7.—(P)—Three fires in the Klamath Falls vicinity were completely under control this morning after briefly threatening valuable timber stands late yesterday afternoon.

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, 255 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

STIFF CREAKY JOINTED MAMMAS.

A fan sends a message which all you girls around forty had better hear:



"I'm so delighted with the results of the 'L a a t Brady Symphony' I can't thank you enough. I am just forty and was going stale and becoming a bore to my good husband." (Maybe a some of you good husbands should listen in too.) "I know the reason we lazy ones get results from your Symphony when other exercise fall so sadly. You start us right with the phrase: 'If a little is good more is not always better.' Doing all the exercises only once or twice at first neither frightens us nor makes us sore. "If I do wish you could somehow persuade all listless, lifeless Dumbos to begin your Symphony. After one month of it they would never again be stiff, creaky jointed mammas... (Mrs. M. H. R.)"

Back before the war I composed a set of exercises which I believed of value to most sedentary adults who were inclined to go flabby and stale and described them in my column and also in a pamphlet which was widely distributed, usually without charge. I not only prescribed this medicine but took it myself. Then a shrewd merchant saw a chance to commercialize the idea, and after the war the country was well sold on these exercises under a catchy name and the sponsorship of a gentleman who had long been known as a writer on sports or athletics. How much the gentleman made from the stolen idea we don't care.

No matter who recommends or prescribes the exercise, there is no exercise any one can take that is better to keep one fit than daily walking. Indeed, if a business man or woman can afford to walk from three to six miles daily, say to and from work, he or she needs no other exercise to keep fit. Wage slaves who have to ride to and from work are the ones who must put in at least ten minutes daily at calisthenics of one kind or another in order to retain the appearance of youthfulness and a fair degree of vigor or pep.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THESE headlines greet the eye as these words are written, and by the time they are read even more startling ones may be in order: "National Guard Mobilizing, California Ready to Bring Troops to San Francisco. Bay Region Waterfront Turned Into Battle Ground by Labor Disorders."

MODERN civilization has accomplished a lot, but it has still a long, long way to go before reaching anything approaching perfection.

ANOTHER disturbing thought: How can we hope to prevent wars among nations when we can't prevent wars between individual groups within one nation?

ANOTHER headline: "Five Convicts Escape from Oregon Prison."

Suppose Jordan, whose sentence has just been commuted to life imprisonment, had been among the five? The last time he got out of the penitentiary, he committed a murder within a month. What would he do again?

THERE is this to be said for capital punishment for murderers: It stops them EFFECTIVELY, from committing any more murders.

BUT let us turn away from strikes and jailbreaks and such. These things are depressing in the extreme, and there is so much to depress us in these uncertain days that we need ENCOURAGEMENT from time to time.

Here is a little of it: The office of information of the U. S. department of agriculture tells us: "Farm prices, including benefit payments on the domestically consumed portions of the seven commodities originally defined as basic in the agricultural department act, had an average value in May, 1934, 30 per cent higher than in May, 1933, and 60 per cent higher than in March, 1933."

That is to say, prices of these seven commodities that farmers have to sell have risen about a third faster than prices of commodities farmers buy.

THE farmer represents roughly about a third of the nation's total buying power. So, as his buying power rises, other business may be expected to benefit.

As the farmer gets money to BUY WITH, for example, he will start buying lumber from Oregon. When that happens, the lumber business will get good again.

with proper streamlining a 25-horsepower motor will drive a car at a speed of around 120 miles an hour with mileage of from 40 to 50 miles to the gallon.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 7.—They dragged me, a golf atheist, out to a Great Neck course. Rubie Goldberg and John Golden did. I went to the country to sit on the verandah, gaze pensively out to sea and meditate on the blessed promises. But here I am in borrowed golf togs wandering about like a fellow lost after an airplane crash. Four bytters saw me try to tee off, miss and grab for my falling britches in one stroke. Two, with no more culture than razor backs, laughed out loud and the other two pretended to be hunting for something behind a tree. I suppose no one grunts "oof!" when swinging a club. And can I help it if my pants don't fit? This time I'll hit that ball if I have to do a little plowing under. I not only hit it, but I heaveat the club the makings of a first class well with love and kisses. I believe I tore something loose in that first wild swing.

Snapped like a new pair of suspenders. Maybe 's was a ligament. That would be me. One swing at a golf ball and I'm laid up string-halted for the summer. I have a nice home, good neighbors, a zither and three charge accounts but I leave all to come out here and bust a puckering string.

Little man what now? Just stand like a sap I suppose. This is Gene Buck's Jersey pull-on. You could toss a dog down my neck at 30 paces. That caddy—the cad—motions me to come on. I'll start, cad, when I'm ready. I want to deep breathe awhile. One, two, three—exhale. Ope, two—I knew it! A lung or something has slipped its mooring. Hear that funny whistle when I inhale. Still if worst comes to worst I can go back to the river boat show. Toots McIntyre the Human Calloper!

I'm standing in someone's way. All my life I've been in someone's way. All my life, I have. All-ways in the way-y-y! That ball just missed me. Go ahead beat me with your clubs, tramp me in the sod. Have your fun! Hit him once, one see-gar! Someone waves from the club porch. He wants to play! No, he's motioning me away. What is it? I suppose I'm standing on a patriot's grave or where they've planted sun flowers. Don't look now but there comes a fellow in uniform. I'll act indifferent. This is free country, the hills and dales belong to the people. Thoreau once said...

He wants to know if anything's the matter. In the name of Aunt Clara's waxed doves under glass, here I am 30 miles from home, a nervous wreck, probably bleeding internally and wearing an outfit that would snog a Graf Zeppelin and he asks if anything is the matter? Nothing, sweetheart. I've never felt better. Want to see me do a little muscle flexing? Or maybe you'd like me to do an Interpretive dance out on the green-sward? You know, twitter about on my hip toes, leap for butter cups and silver to the ground like a falling leaf. Don't you just love the big open spaces, mister, with its groves, grassy heaths, hedged roads and solitary glades?

YOU'VE read, of course, of the sensational run of the Burlington's new, light, streamlined train from Denver to Chicago. So here are some figures that may interest you: The run, covering 1017 miles, was made in 13 hours, at an average speed of 78 miles an hour, which is startling enough. But listen to this: The total cost of fuel for the thousand-mile run of this new passenger train was \$14.88. IF YOU want to appreciate the startling nature of that statement, try driving an ordinary passenger automobile from Chicago to Denver, or any other thousand miles in the country, on \$14.88 worth of gasoline. EQUALLY startling progress, however, is probably in store for the automobile, for engineers tell us that

ROXY THEATRE 20c Anytime Children 10c
Continuous Shows Sunday 1:30 to 11 p. m.
TODAY and MONDAY!



A MAN of the present — looking backward

A GIRL of the past — looking forward

A LOVE STORY that spans time to live through eternity.

BERKELEY SQUARE HEATHER ANGEL
LESLIE HOWARD
In the most distinguished performance of his career
ALSO
" Hollywood On Parade "
Gandy House — News

Communications

Dead Indian Soda Springs Camp. To the Editor: For many years the Dead Indian Soda Springs camp grounds have been a favorite camping place for a large number of Jackson County citizens. Here they could enjoy life in the wilds, in back-to-nature style, complying only with a few sane forest service regulations.

On July fourth the usual holiday crowd drove under the "Forest Service Camp" sign and were greeted by a gentleman busily collecting twenty-five cent parking fees from all comers. And this inside the regular forest service camp boundary signs. We were informed the free camp ground has moved—to an out-of-the-way, less desirable place down the creek—and the camp which was set aside for public use has been taken from the public.

The state highway commission is making an effort to acquire tracts in various places for free camp use. The forest service, apparently, is handing over our choice spots to private interests. Quite contrary! and should be brought to the attention of our representatives in Washington.

JOHN H. HECKNER, Brownsboro, Ore.

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 8, 1924 (It Was Tuesday) Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the president passes.

Local irrigation water shortage thought near end.

Police start drive against autoists who park their cars in middle of Main street in the evening. "This is dangerous and looks like the dickens" reports Councilman Keene.

Darwin G. Tyree of Copco is in San Francisco on business.

Frank DeSouza of this city is admitted to practice law in Oregon.

John W. Davis is the Democratic nominee for president on the 103rd ballot. "The spirit of Democracy was never weaker," observes William Jennings Bryan, "but we will go forth to battle rejoicing."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 8, 1914 (It Was Wednesday)

The life of a local resident is threatened by a fair unknown.

The city water supply cleared up somewhat in the last 24 hours, but is still very muddy.

The baby boy of John Wilkinson, has been christened John Edward Wilkinson after his father, grandfather, great grandfather and uncle.

Police Judge Charles B. Gay sentences two drunks without money, to burning grass on vacant lots.

Street Superintendent Owney Paiton is repairing a number of sidewalks before the city is used again.

St. Anne's Altar Society will hold a card party Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. O. A. Dalley. Refreshments. Prizes. Price 25c. The public is cordially invited.

DILLINGER GIRL GETS JAIL CELL

MADISON, Wis., July 7.—(P)—A former night club entertainer, 30-year-old Patricia Cherrington must serve a sentence of two years in Alcatraz, W. Va. federal reformatory, for harboring John Dillinger and his slain lieutenant, Tommy Carroll. She pleaded guilty in U. S. district court yesterday. Mrs. Cherrington was arrested in Chicago three weeks ago.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

STUDIO THEATRE
Adults 20c Anytime Kiddies 10c Anytime

Starts Today for 3 Big Days! Continuous Shows Today 1:45 P. M. to 11:00 P. M. 2 BIG ATTRACTIONS! —NO. 1— WALT DISNEY'S SILLY SYMPHONY in Technicolor Sequel to "The Three Little Pigs" "THE BIG BAD WOLF"



ROBERT MONTGOMERY
MADGE EVANS — TED HEALY
With a Great Cast! In a Great Picture! One of the Year's Best! "FUGITIVE LOVERS"
Also Pete Smith's "Goofy Movies" — Pathe News Reel