

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Daily Except Saturday

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year, \$5.00
Daily, six months, \$3.00

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM N. CARL
Friend Bill:

In last Friday's paper you start looking for an argument, and ask the following questions:

First—Who dominates and controls Rogue river at the present time?
Second—Who should own and control Rogue river?

William, the answer to both these questions is easy, to wit: You and I should worry. I am, however, informed by one of our brightest lawyers, that it is "the sovereign possession of all peoples."

Prof. Reimer states it was created "by a process of erosion, extending over hundreds of years." They both are probably right.

It would be nice if it flowed clean, and it is hoped you will do something about this when you get to Salem, of course, without a deputy sheriff attached to your coat-tails. You must admit, Bill, that the river has done well, considering the chance it had, just starting from a rain drop that fell to earth before the pioneers started across the plains.

You inquire "who should control Rogue river?" The present management seems to be adequate, but they really should prohibit amateur poets from writing poems about it. There is room along its banks for all the power plants, and all the fishermen.

You know, Bill, a 500,000 horse-power dynamo costs more than a 10-man fishing party. It takes 500 skilled mechanics the better part of a year to produce the dynamo. A native of Borneo, wearing nothing but a G-string, in no special rush, can stroll into a bamboo forest, and create a fishpole in 10 minutes.

So there is quite a differential between the dynamo, which contains more wire than your fence, and the other. You know, but won't admit it, Bill, that one healthy corporation on Rogue river is more of a financial asset than a fisherman. You don't like corporations, and think they are "dominating." They also have another bad fault. They are prompt with their pay days and tax remittances.

You are also mad at the "capitalistic form of government." I don't think much of it either. A bunch of Portland politicians and professional friends of the farmers could not make a worse mess of it. Both hypnotize the farmer into cutting his own throat, when a swift kick would be plenty. One side is right now armed with baseball bats, and the other with tear gas bombs, looking for "a peaceful settlement" of industrial problems. Both are better weapons than a pitchfork. A government by capitalists is bad enough, but to be desired in preference to one, in charge of agitators, who can't talk English. The trouble with the capitalistic government is its greed. Let me ask you a question, Bill. How many times have you jilted a chance to be a millionaire?

You also mention your "ideal form of government." What do you think of the last two years of the Coolidge rein, when everybody was busy raking in the money, and counting it, and nothing was allowed to interfere with the spending. If memory serves right, the smart politicians were saving the farmers like you with "the deuterium plan"—whatever that was. I mention this just to show that as long as there are farmers, somebody will think up a way to save them, just before election. There is no ideal form of government, this side of Heaven, unless a plan is worked out whereby everybody can be a Secretary of Something or a Deputy President. All the Democratic Big game are now sunning around the country making speeches, telling how good they are. This is not an "ideal form of government," but it ought to be a pleasant one. If they are paying their own way, it is okay, but if the country is buying the gasoline, and the r. tickets, the oratory is not worth it. You might look into this, when you get sentenced to the legislature.

Well, Bill, I must close. Hope the rain didn't catch you with any hay down, and you had a good time at Pomona. So Long.

P.S. Let's not write any more letters.

Editorial Correspondence

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 5.—On this trip we have asked two questions: "What do you think of Roosevelt?" "How is business?"

With the trip about over—at least its eastern portion,—we could count the out-and-out Roosevelt supporters on the fingers of one hand.

An overwhelming majority of those we have met, don't like Roosevelt, have no use for the N.R.A., P.W.A., A.A.A., etc., etc., and given an opportunity intend to vote the straight Republican ticket.

Nevertheless, we don't conclude from this experience, that if a test vote were held today in the eastern part of the country, President Roosevelt and his policies would be repudiated.

The reason is a large majority of those we have contacted have been Republicans, and belong to that class of conservative business men that naturally opposes change. They are what might be termed "persons," they don't represent the "people."

There is no doubt that popular enthusiasm for Roosevelt and his policies has waned. Such a reaction was inevitable. But our conclusion at the present writing is that the president is still popular with the American rank and file, and if a plebiscite were held today, the verdict would be to retain F. D. R. and give him a free hand to work out his New Deal program, during the next two years.

As to business, we have yet to hear anyone OUTSIDE of Wall Street deny that general business conditions are better. We have inquired of lawyers, doctors, newspaper men, publishers, hotel clerks and managers, insurance agents, garage operators, service station attendants, iron and steel executives, bankers, electric light and power executives, a vice president of a large baking concern, the president of a nationally known bolt and nut factory, and a couple of automobile men.

Every one said business has improved materially over a year ago, and if the improvement continues, they will not complain. On the other hand, there was no real enthusiasm over the situation and there was considerable scepticism expressed regarding the future.

This scepticism is based principally upon the sensational increase in the national debt, the fear that while business has improved, it must improve at a faster rate, if serious monetary inflation is to be prevented.

If called upon to sum up the situation in a few words, we would fall back upon something like this: "General business conditions have materially improved, but business confidence, has only been partially restored."

While in Buffalo we were given a startling example of what this depression has done to some of this country's very rich men. A great many years ago, we visited at the home of a school friend whose father was one of Buffalo's multi-millionaires. Their estate covered five or six acres in the center of the city's residential district and probably represented an investment of half a million dollars. In the rambling stone Tudor house, there were paintings and objects d'art, and tapestries, a music room and gallery which boasted a beautiful pipe organ—a summer house in the woods nearby which might have been mistaken for the Petite Trianon at Versailles—in short every luxury and elegance that money might buy.

While in Buffalo we inquired of our luncheon host what had become of this family. "Jump in the car and I will show you" said he.

We jumped in and were soon at the impressive iron gates,—now slightly rusty and the worse for wear. But what a change within!

Those five acres were covered with houses, crowded close together, and connected by drives, not only surrounding but literally choking, the original residence, in the center, which looked as though it had just passed through the battle of the Marne. It seems an auction had been held in the "manor house" that day, and even the balustrades, and the carved oak panels in the music room had been sold.

The owner of the house is dead,—his grandson is shovelling bolts in a factory owned by an old family friend.

So "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" isn't so far off as an American social and economic symbol after all.

From Cleveland, Ohio to Rockford, Illinois in one yump—the longest of the trip, without mishap or any incident worth recording. As on the outward trip we escaped Chicago, just touching the outskirts as we turned northwest. The day was hot and muggy,—far more comfortable driving at 50 miles an hour than standing still.

Our return to the drought belt confirmed a prediction we made when we left it. The forecasts a month ago, of dire disaster have not been fulfilled. Good rains in our absence have replenished the pastures, in many cases saved the grain, while the corn fields look uniformly fine. We have already interviewed one of the chief rural calamity howlers we met the first part of June. A heavy rain last night, had put him in excellent humor, for he planted a large field of corn and sorghum, only a week or ten days ago.

This acreage originally sown to oats and wheat was drought-killed and the cattle were turned in to clean it up, for a second planting.

Last night's soaking rain—at least an inch must have fallen in 24 hours,—will bring up this new corn in short order, and put the pasturage on easy street for the rest of the summer.

"This rain may pull me out" said he, "but I don't expect to make any money. I don't know a farmer in this part of the state who will. But conditions are so much better than I ever thought they could be a month ago that I can't complain. Prices for farm products must improve a lot, before farming in this part of the world can be anything but a losing proposition. I fail to see what the Roosevelt administration has done for the farmer. A lot of fine promises were made but none have been kept."

(It might be noted that Winnebago county at the last presidential election voted strongly for Hoover, and is normally Republican, about two to one.)

Note in the press dispatches that Secretary Wallace served with a summons while travelling from Washington, threw the papers in the deputy sheriff's face. That incident doesn't augur very well for the successful progress of the administration's farm program. If the secretary's nerves were not on edge, he would hardly have lost his temper in that fashion. And if his farm program were succeeding, his nerves would probably not be on edge.

On the outskirts of Chicago we ran by scores of flashy looking road houses,—fried chicken 50 cents, big glass of cool beer, 5 cents, whiskey and gin ten cents per drink.

As far as we can make out, there is even less effort in Illinois to prevent the return of the old time saloon, than in New York. Here in Rockford, there are numerous bars in operation, the only restriction being one can't stand at the bar and drink. They get around this by having hinged stools in front of the bars, which can be used if one desires. There are also plenty of retail liquor stores, while drug stores, cigar shops and grocery stores deal in wines and beers—and if they want to pay the license they can also sell hard liquors.

At a luncheon club today an old time friend said that for the first time in his life he saw a young woman staggering along one of the residence streets, yesterday, with about seven sheets in the wind. She was alone, reasonably well dressed, and several times narrowly avoided falling down. No one went to

her assistance. Men and women—particularly the latter—scoffed and stared. The narrator regarded the spectacle as very pathetic.

Sacramento River pears,—small ones—are selling in the local market here at two-bits a box. The pears have an unusually brilliant color,—rose red and pale yellow—there being seven or eight in a box. We thought this rather early for Sacramento pears but the clerk said it wasn't. California grapes are also in evidence. The same clerk said the pears were selling better than the grapes, because the former were of good quality, the latter were a trifle green and sour. It's quality that counts.

Incidentally we never witnessed—or listened to—such a noisy Fourth of July, as the one recently passed. It struck the writer as perfectly childish and absurd. We have no objection to attractive fireworks in the evening, but this early morning bombardment lasting throughout the day, strikes us as both dangerous and insane. We were surprised to find so few places in the middlewest, which like Medford, have prohibited the sale of firecrackers, etc., in the city limits. "Bang, bang, bang!" The family nerves were pretty much on edge that night, with the exception of the youngest. We don't deny it—such an attitude toward July 4th is undoubtedly a sign of old age.

On the other hand, how many of the noise makers had the slightest idea of why they were making such an unearthly racket. Not one in a hundred we wager. . . . And as if America were not noisy enough already!

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.

WHAT KIND OF FOOD MAKES FAT?

Even if one should attempt to cut out eating as a business or a social sin or a pastime or a habit and return to eating for the simple pleasure of satisfying the demand of the body for food, it would be difficult to obtain the proper food. All food comes from the land or the sea. If we used the food as it grows, we should suffer few ills or deficiencies of nutrition. But when the manufacture, preparation, refinement and cooking is done, the product is altogether different from the original food, in many instances. It does not entirely appease hunger, for the obvious reason that it lacks elements that the body demands. And so one eats and eats and after a number of years succeeds in getting fat.

Nearly every day some one inquires with anxiety about the habit of eating raw starch, raw potato, raw carrot, other vegetable, cereal or manufactured food product. Far from being harmful, such a craving is rather healthful and should be fully gratified. Eat a handful of raw wheat every day; it's a fine health habit. Or pass up the sticky salads with their nauseous dopes or dressings and take instead a handful of sticks of carrot or wafers of turnip or slices of crisp cabbage. Any of these is good eating raw, and you will find that when you choose such natural foods for a while instead of the highly seasoned salads, your taste for food itself increases. This is much like changing your taste for coffee. Even if you have taken coffee heavily laden with sugar and cream for many years, and believed you actually hated the stuff without cream and sugar, if you will take only the clear black coffee for a week you will learn to like it in that time.

Physiologists present agree that some fat may be formed from protein food, in the ordinary circumstances the fat stored in the body is derived mainly from fats and oils in food and to less extent from the carbohydrates.

Carnivorous animals fatten more readily on fats or oils; herbivorous animals and perhaps man on carbohydrates. In man or other animals on a

mixed diet, although carbohydrate (sugar or starch) is more easily burned to provide energy and warmth for the body, we know that when an excess of food is taken the carbohydrate is largely converted into fat and deposited in the tissues as surplus fat. It is in the cheap, plentiful, delectable and easy to eat carbohydrates that we carry our eating to excess. Just for instance and perhaps to correct some popular misapprehensions, let's compare the proportions of the various food items in some familiar food items:

Table with 4 columns: Food Item, W, P, C, M. Rows include White bread, Whole wheat bread, So-called gluten bread, Raw wheat, Raw potato, Cooked potato, Crackers, Raw carrot, Raw cabbage, F. fat, C. carbohydrate, M. mineral.

Note that potato is not nearly so "fattening" as bread. There is, potato contains only a little more than one-third as much carbohydrate (starch mainly) as does bread and only one-fourth as much as crackers.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Flasher: I will be 53 years old in September and have hot flashes half a dozen times a day and several in the night. . . . Mrs. B. H.

Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on menopause or "change of life." The most effective treatment I know for this harassing complaint is a course of hypodermic injections of the hormone called aminthin, which your physician can give. This has brought grateful relief in a great many cases.

Sarsaparilla: How about taking a weekly dose of sarsaparilla (double extract) for the blood?—A. S. J.

Answer—Sarsaparilla is a flavor some persons like. It will have the same effect if you take it for the bones of the muscles, and so would vanilla or chocolate. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

opened with a flourish and the excellent food is so cheaply served it is packed from the start. When it has run along at capacity for a month or so, a sucker is found to buy. He soon discovers a white elephant. The promoters were selling the food below actual cost as a build-up for the gyp sale.

Personal nomination for the most beautiful coiffure among actresses—that of Edna Best.

Sutton and Beekman Place, those fashionable strips razored out of tough East Side slum, now have a rival in what is known as The Turf Bay section, which is on East 45th street beyond Third Avenue. Katharine Hepburn's residence there added plume to the neighborhood, which consists of many old brick houses with Queen Anne fronts and walled gardens in the rear.

Achmed Abdullah, now that Louis Joseph Vance and Vance Thompson have gone where all good writers go, is the only fictionist in America at present to sport a monocle. Sinclair Lewis affects one only in playful moments, but Abdullah's is worn with consummate dash and aplomb. On the other side, E. Phillips Oppenheim is a militant monocleist, as is Somerset Maugham. O. yes, Whistler wore a monocle.

Katharine Hepburn, incidentally since her, as John Chapman calls it, "ducking" in "The Lake," seems to be conducting herself with admirable self-restraint. In a national magazine she has confessed she was the victim of a too quick promotion. Her exploiters wanted to put her over in a hurry without the proper groundwork. She suffered from such blasting cynicisms as Dorothy Parker's "emoting from A. to B." (eg. Miss Hepburn is an enormously talented and vital young lady. Her following is definite and devoted, and with her sensible outlook is bound to be greatly enlarged.)

Charles Frohman, more than any other theatrical producer, was con-

siderable of the disasters of over-exploitation. When he mined a nugget for the stage, he made information difficult to secure and the plan paid handsomely. His stars never became window-worn.

Bagatelles: Charles Dale of Smith and Dale, born in New York, lives in a mid-town hotel so he can watch traffic from windows. . . . Corey Ford is in Alaska, fishing. . . . Mary Roberts Rinehart has deserted her Wyoming ranch this summer for a North Cape cruise. . . . William MacFarlane, novelist, has deserted New York for his old home in Chicago. . . . Oscar of the Waldorf breakfasts on plain lettuce salad. . . . Mrs. Pat Campbell swooned dead away at her first puff of a cigarette. . . . Matt Bruhl has chartered Roy Howard's yacht.

Broadway's most accomplished heckler staggered into the flea circus after the theater and stood watching the performance with a spray of spit under his arm. And then teetered out, the rascal. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

more leisure, and in every way enjoying life a lot more, and doing less to EARN our enjoyment, than ever before in the past.

But listen: Every civilization that has fallen in the past has begun to fall about the time when everybody has begun to think principally of quitting work and taking life easy.

SO LETS not get the idea that hard, intelligent work is a curse, to be avoided if possible. It ISN'T. Hard, intelligent work, in which one becomes so deeply interested as to hate to see quitting time come around, is one of the greatest of human blessings. Believe it or not.

WE ARE TOLD whether it is true or not, that the depression has wiped out a lot of fortunes and made it necessary for a lot of people to go to work who didn't have to work before.

If that is true, the depression hasn't been wholly bad. A big leisure class—which means a lot of people who can live fat without work—never did any nation any permanent good, and never will.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

NOTE this dispatch from Washington: "Slipping again into the role of 'lone wolf,' Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, Republican, started tonight on a one-man crusade against bureaucracy and monopoly under the new deal."

WELL, the new deal has made one man happy, anyway. Senator Borah would rather be carrying on a one-man crusade against ANYTHING, not much difference what, than to eat when he's hungry, or drink when he's dry.

THAT suggests a question: Do you phase of the new deal, if any, do you like LEAST, and regard as most worthy of criticism? Or are you among those who regard the new deal as a sacred cow, not to be criticized under ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, but only to be praised? There are such, you know.

THIS WRITER, speaking only for himself and not seeking to influence anybody else's opinion, likes least the tendency of the new deal and the new dealers to lead us all to believe that it will never again be necessary to WORK HARD, but that all that will be necessary to fix everything that needs fixing is to pass a law.

IF it were possible, you know, to fix everything that needs fixing by the simple process of passing a law, everybody would be rich and nobody would be poor.

And, before long, we would all get too lazy even to feed ourselves, and so everybody would starve.

THERE'S a lot of talk in the air about working less and having

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 9, 1924. (It was Wednesday.)

A visiting Californian interviewed says: "The Rogue River valley needs a revolution." And is playfully invited to start one by the Craters club.

Mrs. Helen Bullis leaves on a trip to New York and England.

Carl Y. Tengwald and family leave on an auto trip to British Columbia.

Radio is installed at Boy Scout camp at Diamond lake.

Shortage of laborers and carpenters continues, and orchardists worry over harvesting of crop.

Unity is urged among cities of the valley.

Mrs. W. B. Biddle, Crawford Lemmon and Fred Wahl subscribe to fund "to keep a Boy Scout in woods for two weeks."

Bright railroad future for the valley is predicted by a visitor, whose name is kept a secret.

First forest fire of year on Poorman's creek.

A bill for a full month's salary for City Recorder Fose was allowed by the city council last night, though he took a 10 days' trip in June, with the militia to Fort Stevens and this was made the basis by Councilman Porter for a motion to grant a week's vacation on pay to all city employees paid by the month. The proposition was promptly knocked in the head.

Kansas society of valley holds picnic at Lithia park, Ashland.

Bids opened for paving of Pacific highway between Ashland and Phoenix.

Prosecutor Kelly declares "I will fool no more with lazy husbands. They promise to go to work, when in jail, but start loafing immediately they are free. Their wives defend them, and then complain because they spend their money foolishly."

ALBANY, Ore., July 9.—(AP)—Word reached here Sunday of the drowning of Dr. Archie H. Hogatt, about 45, a Salem, Ore., chiropractor, late Saturday in the Willamette river eight miles northwest of Harrisburg, Ore.

Dr. Hogatt drowned in an attempt to aid Jassalin Hockenamith, 16, to reach the shore after she was caught in the strong current. The girl finally reached the bank after being carried nearly half a mile downstream, but Dr. Hogatt was unable to breast the current.

Frank Wykoff, world record sprinter, has resigned as instructor of biology at Moran school, Atascadero, Cal., to join the physical education department at a Carpinteria, Cal., school.



(Continued from Page One)

Butcher) went to him and promised him the time. It was arranged for Borah to speak on a national network on or about October 15.

Plans means nothing to Mr. Roosevelt. His itinerary provided definitely that he would not go ashore in Haiti, but, when he got down there, he decided he wanted to go ashore, and did.

One of the variety brain trusters walked into the treasury the other day and approached the policeman at the door, asking: "Where is the freshman team?" The policeman did not request any further identification, but responded at once: "Room 308." This is where Mr. Morgenthau's new freshman brain trust hangs out.

(Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon)

The Brooklyn Dodgers went through one stretch this season in which they failed to make a single double play on ground balls in 14 games on the road.

The University of Washington had probably its weakest track team in several years this season. The Huskies won only one meet—that against Oregon State.

After 15 years of pitching, Elmer Shea of the Stockton, Cal., State league team this season pitched 31 scoreless innings.

The early Roman emperor, Lucullus is credited with having introduced cherry trees in Italy.

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