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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
An Espee freight blocked the Main Street crossing yesterday, but caused no inconvenience to auto traffic, as it could not get by an auto bus, using the middle of the street, in lieu of a depot, and unloading ahead.

A federal commission has been appointed to study ways and means to control radical agitators. The commission is allotted a year for intensive thinking on all fronts, just to find out, if they can, that nothing controls a radical agitator like a combination of steel and stone, commonly designated as a penitentiary.

One girl in every 4000 in the United States, or 15,000 in all, is physically perfect, says a sculptor. And all the others insist on wearing one-piece bathing suits.—(Rockeater Democrat and Chronicle)—How like the ladies!

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., celebrated his 85th birthday Sunday, by writing a poem, and making public his rules for long living. They are five in number, and no mention is made of the most important one of all: Keep breathing.

Nothing sets off a 1934 auto paint job like an elbow peeping out of a five-year-old coat on the driver's side.

"Man with Fox" wants hauling.—(Wanted)—Whistle out your own.

The Prospect hill team, piloted by Dewey Hill, the competent hired man, and bum left baseman, defeated the Legion Juniors Sunday, and will now tackle the Old Soldiers Home at Roseburg. The years have started to home-stead in Mr. Hill's knees, and he is not as nimble as formerly. He still is defiant of Tr. Time.

Operators of beer emporiums have been warned to keep juveniles away from their beer kegs. They promptly appealed to the police for assistance. As yet, nobody has thought to speak to the parents of the juveniles.

A relative of Pop Cates from Indiana is here visiting him, and shows no ill effects of drouth, Dillinger, or Democratic cabinet members making speeches in his state. He is very much impressed with this neck of the woods. He was inveigled into coming out here by one of Pop's booster talks.

Chester Woodpecker has started drilling a new cupboard for next winter, in a new oak. "I tell my boys," said Mr. Woodpecker, "not to be like the bluejays, and take the wheat out of the mouths of Alice Hanson's chickens next winter when they need food."

Steps have been taken for a "reform of Oregon court procedure." The layman has acquired the notion some place, that the trouble rests entirely with some of the procedures—not the procedure.

WHY YOUNG DEMOCRATS FAINT (SF Call-Bulletin)
The politicians, the professors, the fallures, the cranks, the visionary theorists, the impractical experimentalists are all ready to tell the able and experienced business men of the country how to run their individual businesses and the business of the nation.

The social whirl has been livened up recently by a couple of informal, full-flask affairs.

Cosmeticians have invented blue and green colored rouges, as beauty aids. They will not detract from the beauty, if she looked all right in the first place.

An eminent fiddle, who resigned from the Bill Gore Cornet economic conference to dream another Yukon in the hills during the pleasant weather, has returned. He was unable to stand the loneliness of the wilderness, and no chance to cuss the government.

Editorial Correspondence

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—First honors today go to the weather. This is the first beautiful day we have seen since leaving Medford the latter part of June. There have been a few rainy days, a great many hot sweltering days, but not until today has the atmosphere been clear, bright, cool, and invigorating. In the weather reports there have been plenty of fair and warmer predictions which were realized, but through the weeks spent in the East, not a clear day—there was always a thick, oppressive haze, which obscured the sun, but increased the humidity and the heat. The East was like a close room, without a breath of fresh air stirring. But early this morning Chicago opened the windows and the doors, the haze was swept away, revealing a gorgeous, clear, dark blue sky, while the sapphire waters of Lake Michigan danced in the bright sunlight. It was a perfect day to see the fair, and now with the day over, one is not surprised to learn that all Saturday attendance records for this year were broken.

The Denver nephew was up betimes, with two guide books under his arm, one dealing with the Hall of Science, the other with the Electrical Building. As one day had been spent, in self education along these lines, the young man was persuaded much against his will, to investigate some of the lighter phases of this Century of Progress exposition. So we boarded a bus for the Enchanted Island and the Midway.

Here was a sort of glorified street carnival, with the usual side shows, merry-go-rounds, shoot-the-chutes, and sundry contraptions to extract from the pockets of the proletariat, their hard earned dimes and nickels. The raucous barkers were busy with their free shows before the main tent, and meeting as far as we could see with indifferent success.

The nephew found little that he felt justified unpinning that chamois money bag, fastened to his undershirt. He had been to street carnivals in Denver.

But a dark eyed beauty laylaid Auntie, with an offer of a moving picture of the young man for only 15 cents, and three minutes time—by pressing a little card frame in her hand, she showed a sample—a little girl would smile, roll her eyes, grimace and frown—it amused Auntie very much.

After examining the apparatus which turned out a moving picture in three minutes—very similar to the contraption which turned out the press passes—the young man decided the invention was worth investigating, and justified a 15 cent investment.

So he entered the brilliantly lighted booth, refused an invitation by another dark eyed beauty to take off his Panama hat, and soon emerged with beads of perspiration on his nose, and his spectacles so clouded he had to take them off, and apply his man's sized handkerchief.

Solemnly consulting his wrist watch, attached by a large silver link bracelet, he found that the three minutes had already been consumed, and the operation was not yet over. When a bored young lady, with Mary Pickford curls, and finger nails of an ox-blood tint, finally pulled the finished product from a brass tube, the same wrist watch showed 14 minutes had elapsed. (There were no such discrepancies, and unredeemed promises in the Hall of Science!)

However the picture was amusing, and he took pleasure in operating it. He diagnosed it as a composite exposure—nothing unusual or mysterious—the pressure on the carboid frame, manipulated a transparent film covering which showed the subject smiling, and slightly cock-eyed, one moment, solemn and exceedingly thoughtful the next. He believed his grandmother in Boston would like to see it, and after her inspection, he would mail it to the family at home. Probably the baby in the family would be puzzled by it.

A few monkeys and a baby tiger in front of Frank Buck's "Bring 'em back alive" concession were enough to satisfy nephew's curiosity about the marvels of Borneo fauna "ON THE INSIDE"; as were the samples of pygmies exhibited by a particularly vociferous barker, in a pith helmet and a very dirty Palm Beach suit. "Why pay money to see a little more of the SAME THING!" Besides he had been to circuses and sideshows and would go again, but there was only one Century of Progress exposition and only one Hall of Science!

The spiral tower which allowed children to coast down on their seats protected by pieces of dirty burlap,—round and round—till they shot up gently into a padded ring at the bottom—failed to intrigue the young man from Colorado; while the crazy whirligig which made little girls scream,—and girls NOT so little—hang on to their delighted and chivalrous escorts, left him cold. Besides he had been a trifle car sick on the Rock Island flier, and didn't care to take any chances.

A boat tour down Lost River, viewing the wonders of prehistoric times with the nodding heat of a giant dinosaur, functioning in the place of the usual "come on" barker, however gave him pause.

He had read about dinosaurs, and giant sloths, and the Neanderthal Man, and if this didn't take too long, perhaps, he would chance it. So with spectacles wiped clean, the soiled Panama far back on his head, and the two guide books firmly clasped under one arm, he took his seat in the bow of the somewhat dilapidated scow, and the expedition pushed off.

It was dark within, the shallow stream wound hither and yon, the sides of the flat bottomed boat scraping on the stage scenery, as the bored youth in the pith helmet, shoved it along, reciting something in a monotone which no one could hear. The chief reason for this was the noise within—the antediluvian reptiles and the prehistoric men, were all squealing and jabbering at a great rate. Bloody mouths full of teeth were opening and shutting, the sabre tooth tiger was lunging and growling, the hairy mammoth was swaying and grunting. It was a sort of combination of the Eden Musee, the chamber of horrors, and the inside of a concrete mixer which hadn't been oiled for three or four weeks. Sudden changes from abysmal darkness to brilliant electric light, accentuated the horrors of course.

The boat soon returned to daylight and again under the nose of the nodding dinosaur. The young man entirely composed stepped out briskly before the boat had completely stopped. As he walked away he remarked to uncle, that uncle had no doubt observed, that the circus attendant in a sitting posture, pulling a rope which manipulated the bloody jaws of the giant Brontosaurus, was PLAINLY VISIBLE; that a large patch of whiskers on the Cro-Magnon man, was missing; and it seemed to him, that the management should have patched the papiermache rocks, so that a wheezy old phonograph reproducing certain sounds of the prehistoric jungle could not be so plainly seen!

We lunched in the Black Forest, while ice skating went on below the porch of the Inn veranda—a muscular young Nordic in white tights, swaying about most gracefully to the strains of the Blue Danube, and as a final jumping skates and all over a row of white-washed baskets. There was a huge drop of a portion of Bavarian Alps, directly across from where we sat, and all the roofs on the square were painted white to represent snow, while the eaves were fringed with icicles,—which the young man decided—no doubt correctly,—were glass. The food was expensive and not very good. On our next day at the fair we shall vote for a basket lunch, but the motion no doubt will be lost.

What should the program be for the afternoon? To ask our honored guest seemed to be, what President Wilson once termed a matter of supererogation. However the inquiry was made.

"If you don't mind," was the answer, "I would like to spend the time in the Hall of Science, there are several things I have not seen. You can leave me there and then we can meet later, at some chosen place,—I will not leave the building, I will be quite safe—there was a strike in the television depart-

ment yesterday, but I think it will be operating today. Do you mind?"

We did not mind, but later, we wished we had. 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 return is made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address, Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE DRUNKS THAT GO FREE

Young man driving a car with four passengers attempted a quick swerve from the path of another car at a corner and wrecked upon a lamppost. Some of his passengers were seriously injured. Just who was at fault is uncertain, but anyway the young man was arrested for drunken driving, and held in jail on some charge or other. Some of his friends brought strong influence to bear, but the judge was firm and the young man served his time in jail. He and his friends indignantly declare he had had "only one or two" drinks at the party they had attended. The familiar alibi, if I were a judge one drink would be ample to sustain the charge.

It seems to me that any person who deliberately takes a drink and then attempts to drive an automobile deserves censure or punishment for recklessly endangering the life and limb of the other driver or the pedestrian who happens to cross his path.

Now this is an assertion of scientific fact and not a mere opinion of a prejudiced crank. By actual measurements it has been ascertained that a person who has had one or two little drinks is from one-fifth to two-fifths of a second slower in reacting to a signal. If such a person sees another driver bearing down on him or a pedestrian crossing in front of him or a child darting out from the curb, he takes precisely one-fifth to two-fifths of a second longer to decide what he is going to do about it, and meantime the accident has happened.

Owing to the large number of drinkers in the population and their traditional attitude in respect to scientific teachings concerning the effects of alcohol, the law is very lenient for drunken drivers and indeed the great majority of them get away with maiming or murder.

The drunken drivers that escape accidents because the other driver or the pedestrian happens to be sober and alert, are the most prejudiced of all, for they assume that because they habitually drink and then drive without accident, all this stuff about alcohol retarding the reaction time is a lot of hooey. Such persons on a jury are sure to sympathize with the driver who exercised his liberty even at the price of maiming or killing someone.

REGENERATION. I wonder if you realize what an extraordinary effect most people can get by following your "Corrective Protective Regimen" for a few weeks? If you ever have any doubts about it, please call on the family. No less than four of us are living testimonials.—W. R.

Answer—I should like to have a brief protocol of all four histories. I am aware of what the regeneration regimen will do for the mature adult who has gone stale, but the difficulty is to persuade the poor slob to follow the regimen. Mat of these tired business men or women will take their lodin, roll their somersaults or absorb a little oxygen on the hoof, but they will not readjust their dietary habits. Any reader may have a copy of the booklet "The Regeneration Regimen," which gives complete instructions, on request, including 10 cents in coin and a stamped addressed envelope.

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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 11.—Baseball fans have, with a twinge, been watching the deglamouring of their greatest idol, Babe Ruth, this season. All experts of the game practically agree the mighty slugger is about through. Some indeed have begged him in print to step out.

They do not want him to wait for the inevitable hoots, but make his bow while the crowd still roars. Even now the apparatus that greets him as he steps to the plate is mostly sentimentality. But there is a doggedness about Babe in the corona of eclipse.

Evidently he wants to go out with the flags flying, bands playing. He is a sturdy old war horse and anything may happen but the breaks are against him. While he has no great fortune, he is comfortably fixed. His name has value in many commercial enterprises.

I am told he is beginning to feel the first faint tingle of frost. More and more he seeks the seclusion of his family away from the diamond. He shrinks from visiting those places in public where he was once the cynosure of all eyes. His broad smile has become a grim smirk.

Few stepped out of the limelight with more punctilio than Geraldine Farrar, the singer. When she felt she had given her public her best, she vanished from the headlines almost overnight. Her P-O-office value was, and is, potential. Only a few intimates see her and when she dines in public it is at some obscure restaurant. No one has ever taken her place with American girlhood.

I once saw an idol straighten up in a topple and hold his pedestal—at least for the evening. He was a slipping movie star who came on late at a benefit. The crowd was tired, restless, disrespectful and tossed him a juicy raspberry. He flinched as though lashed with a whip, stepped to the stage edge with arms extended and in a quavering voice pleaded: "You convince me I'm washed up. But let me hang out here long enough to dry." And he finished to a tumult.

Speaking in hoots, here's one just arrived splitting the plate from Denver: "You certainly use big words to say nothing."

The most accomplished duelist with hecklers from the stage was Julius Tannen in his chatter-box monologue.

YANCOUVER HARRACKS, Wash., July 11.—(Sp.)—Decked out in approved doughboy uniform, from the familiar garrison shoes and spiral putties to overseas caps, six youths from Jackson county are among those attending the ninth annual Citizens' Military Training camp now in progress here.

They are H. W. Klingler, Phoenix;

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

Did you happen to notice this exceedingly political dispatch from Sacramento: "Governor Frank Merriam's troop call was the subject of wide discussion among state officials today. Opinion seemed equally divided on the question: 'Will it hurt or help Merriam in his campaign for governor?'"

It is significant of a lot of things that all of us that nobody seems to have stopped to ask: "Is it the thing he OUGHT to have done?"

HERE are two more political dispatches, one from Chicago, the other from Washington: "The Chicago dispatch reads: 'Republican leaders headed by Henry P. Fletcher, new national chairman, opened a three-day 'pep meeting' here today to drum up congressional votes in the Middle West.'"

The Washington dispatch reads: "Chairman Farley, of the Democratic national committee, completed plans today for a five weeks speaking tour of the west to advance the cause of party members in the forthcoming congressional elections."

THERE'S a lot of talk about the New Deal, and whether it is popular or not, and at least one national straw vote is trying to find an answer to that question. The REAL answer will be given this fall, when members of congress are elected. If the Democrats are uniformly successful in these elections, the New Deal will be regarded as a success. But if they lose heavily to the Republicans, the New Deal will be looked upon as a failure, and the politicians will begin to look around for something else.

A DISPATCH from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, relates that officers yesterday engaged in a gun fight with machine gunners in a fast car after the officers discovered a bullet-scattered sedan in the ditch.

Witnesses reported that occupants of the ditched car pulled a body from it and drove away in another car, outdistancing the pursuing police cars. They insisted that one of the men strongly resembled John Dillinger.

DO you suppose a crime of violence could be committed in these days without somebody strongly insisting that "Dillinger had a hand in it?"

AND here's a dispatch from London: "Millions of bushels of wheat, an authoritative source disclosed today, are being imported into Vladivostok because of large increases in Russian military power in Russian Siberia, due to tension between Japan and Russia."

SOLDIERS have to be fed, and wheat is one of the foods they must have. Which means that if the war that is being so much talked of in Europe comes it will do away quickly enough with the accumulated surplus of wheat throughout the world and create a market for vast quantities of new wheat.

If that happens, the smart thing for us to do is to sit tight, sell the fighters all the wheat and other foods and war supplies they can PAY FOR, and stay strictly out of it ourselves.

We've had about all the experience getting into somebody else's war we want.

R. J. and W. T. Parick, Phoenix; C. E. Overmyer, Medford; D. J. Richey, Phoenix; and E. P. Scherrer, Phoenix. Overmyer, R. J. Parick, Klingler and Richey are rookies or basic students, while W. T. Parick and Scherrer are red or second year men. Four weeks of outdoor life and instruction in military and citizenship subjects, with sports and recreation on the side, have been prescribed for them by Brigadier-General James K. Parsons, commander.

APPLEGATE CCC BOYS VIEW LAKE

CAMP APPLGATE, CCC, July 11. (Sp.)—Twenty-two members of the Applegate CCC camp made a recreational trip to Crater Lake Saturday.

They were to be discharged this week and took their final opportunity to visit the great southern Oregon resort.

Henry Petri, camp educational advisor, accompanied the group. Crater Lake booklets were distributed by the Park Service. Many of the men visited Wizard Island in the lake.

A dinner and farewell party was given the men Monday night. Captain Robert E. Denamore, camp commander, and Henry Petri, educational advisor, spoke. Music and stunts featured the program, with the following included among those taking part: Lloyd Bryant, Lester Clark, Wayne Carpenter, Ray Johnson, William Coffin, James Mills and George Jones.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Meteorological Report

July 11, 1934.
Forecasts.
Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Thursday. Not much change in temperature.
Oregon: Fair tonight and Thursday, but becoming overcast on coast; warmer east portion.

Local Data.
Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 96; lowest, 55.

Total monthly precipitation, .02 inch.
Deficiency for the month .18 inch.
Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 11.02 inches.

Deficiency for the season 6.65 inches.
Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 21 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 70 per cent.

Tomorrow: Sunrise 4:46 a. m. Sunset, 7:47 p. m.
Observations Taken at 5 a. m., 120 Meridian Time.

Table with columns: CITY, Precipitation, High Temp, Low Temp, Wind Dir, Wind Spd, Weather. Rows include Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Eureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roseburg, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

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 11, 1924.
Associated Oil company will elect a modern service station on Haymarket Square.

Speeders on Crater Lake highway fined by Justice Taylor. Tourists complain of "grave injustice to the hospitality of the valley."

Ed Janney and Raymond Fish urge "public cooperation" in the tennis meet.

Emigrant Creek irrigation dam is started.

Final drive for tourists' hotel at Ashland started.

Can of gasoline on store destroys Rogue River home.

The Rev. Leonard Brown occupies pulpit of Phoenix church Sunday.

Four thousand nine hundred forty-one autos and 14,911 visitors at Crater Lake to date.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 11, 1914.
(It was Saturday.)
Estimated 100 Medford families are now camped in the hills.

Bill Coleman is under the doctor's care as the result of a fall on the pavement Thursday, with such force as to injure the right ear-drum. He is alighted upon his head, and has suffered intense headaches since.

Mr. and Mrs. James Bates leave on an auto trip to Central Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bardwell and Mr. and Mrs. Wheldon Biddle return from an auto trip to Portland.

Hoke cannery to start full operations August 1.

Justice people decided to end all wrangling. The attorney-general issued a ruling a few days ago that hereafter all litigation involving agencies of the United States government would be handled by the department of justice.

In view of that, Mr. Ickes is "letting" the justice department handle the oil cases.

A young legal star called on an official of the justice department a few days ago looking for a job, and was asked what his political affiliation was.

"I haven't any," replied the young lawyer.

"Well," asked the official, "what is your father?"

"A Republican."

"Oh, my, that's terrible. And whom did you vote for in the last election?"

"Norman Thomas."

The official threw up his hands in horror. "Young man," he laughed, "we may have been socialists a year ago, but we're not any more."

Many a true word is spoken in jest (Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon)

HOUSE SHORTAGE IN SILVER CAMPS

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev.—(UP)—Steady improvement in Nevada's silver camps has resulted in a housing shortage.

The shortage has become so acute that prospects are favorable for an extensive building development. Travelers, especially salesmen, report they have to "double up" when stopping over at the camps.

From Tonopah, Manhattan, Round Mountain and Silver Peak come reports of a shortage of houses. Here and in Carson City, the state's capital, there is also a shortage.

The silver camps are enjoying a steady boom. In the past when one camp was flourishing it was customary to borrow houses from neighboring camps and move them.

GHOULS ROB GRAVES WEALTHY MEXICANS

LA BARCA, Jalisco, Mex.—(UP)—Ghouls have opened more than 40 tombs, containing the bodies of wealthy persons, near here recently. In some instances the bodies have been removed, authorities reported.

Jose Barocio, cemetery caretaker, was unable to explain to police how the vandals obtained entrance. He said the cemetery gates are locked every night.

Many of the caskets have been chopped open.

Police believe the robbers extract teeth containing gold from the dead.



A "Personality Portrait" of Patricia Walker, Crescent City, Cal.

In the years to come—photographs of your children will be among your most priceless possessions. Attractive mid-summer values may be obtained during July and August, in limited numbers, for children.

J. Verne Shangle PHOTOGRAPHER
Phone 1308