

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

This is Friday the 13th, and it is hoped it will do a better job of improving things, or making them worse than the same ominous date last April.

The call for brains in settling the Pacific Coast strike, meeting with no response, it might not now be a bad idea to compromise, and call for common sense.

The youngest Bob Hammond boy is going to Chicago and the World's Fair. The young man is not afflicted with political views, so may be able to see something out of the Mississippi that is neither Democratic nor Republican.

S. Morris, the G-Hill, T-Rock, S-Valley farmer, is threatening his wheat; also his boy.

The general public does not seem to think that the nudist marriage last week was very cute, and say so. This indicates they regard the shivaree as bad enough with everybody properly dressed, or nearly so.

This year Congressmen yearning for re-election will not have to kiss their constituents' babies. They can promise the voter to have the government fix the henhouse roof.

The state game commission has finally managed to squeeze in an official fight edgewise. It was over an inconsequential matter that the governor and state treasurer overlooked, but had they noted it in time, would have been much madder about.

COMBINATION SHEIK-GALOOT. (Agony Col.) Miss Gray: Your statement in a recent issue, that "all women are deceitful, but excusable," is a base slander.

An Arkansas lady-Dillinger, who slew two men, as casually as if they had been her husbands, bit the dust Wednesday, after escaping from her prison cell, and announcing, "I will never be taken alive."

The nearest rival is the ant, which through the ages, since Solomon told the sluggard to go to it, has been quoted as the intellectual leader among insects.

While sipping the beer, a rural group entered, two middle-aged men and their wives—they occupied one of the booths—a couple of girls also entered and standing at the bar sipped their beer—nothing to distinguish them from the girls who were taking ice cream sodas at the corner drug store.

The judge shook hands with both bartenders as we started to leave, and being his guest and not wishing to appear offish, we did the same thing. We thought this ceremony rather unusual until, as we walked down the steps, the judge reminded us that he is running for re-election in the fall.

Acts As Student's "Eyes" TIPPIN, O.—(UP)—To act as "eyes" for his blind brother, Raymond Nixon is in Cincinnati serving as his reader during examinations at the University of Cincinnati.

Largest Italian Family in U. S. CHELSEA, Mass.—(JP) The Peluso family of this city will appear at the Italian village at the world's fair in Chicago as being the largest, healthiest and most attractive Italian family in the country.

George Burns and Grace Allen.

Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Ill., July 10.—What a difference just a few weeks make! On our former visit, drought was the sole subject of conversation. Now everyone is talking about the cloudburst up near Peatonica yesterday and the heavy thunder storm last night.

So you can't tell a darn thing about the weather, and to bet on it in this part of the world is worse than betting on the ponies. But this complete reversal of the situation in about a month does sustain a prediction made in this column, namely that when the crops hereabouts were harvested, the prophets of disaster wouldn't have a leg to stand on.

Four weeks ago, all the farmers around here were ruined, the cattle were starving, a minor catastrophe was certain and a major one probable. A local newspaper in fact printed a long and authoritative article to the effect that the Middlewest was due to become another Great American desert.

How perfectly absurd such talk appears today! Yet at the time there was no outcry against it. We all have such short memories. And we all so like to follow the crowd. Probably all that separated the major prophets from the rest of the population, was an ability to keep their heads on their shoulders and their feet on the ground.

We motored up to Freeport via the Peatonica river and Rock City. Farmers were busy clearing out choked culverts and drains, so the miniature lakes in their fields could gradually disappear. Cows and sheep in the fields looked water soaked and bedraggled, only the geese and ducks were having a good time.

Just as no one knows much about the weather, no one knows much about the farm problem. There is a great deal of conversation about both, but when all is said and done, it appears to the present writer very little is accomplished.

We called on the local county agent today—an agreeable, intelligent and (apparently) hard working young man. We fired the question at him point blank—why AREN'T the farmers in this section of the country, where the soil is so fertile, the markets so near, and the climate generally so salubrious, making money? If a farm can't pay here, WHERE can it pay?

"Of course," said he, "I can tell you one of the reasons why the farmers aren't making money, and in spite of these fine rains probably won't make money this year. They have to pay out more money than they can take in. But I don't know all the reasons, and neither do I know what changes have to be made so they CAN make money."

This is a general farming country around here,—corn, some wheat and barley, some dairying, a fair pig and poultry production—not predominantly any ONE thing. This is a city of 80,000—many mouths to feed—the nearby country is dotted with towns, and only 82 miles away—less than the distance to Roseburg—is the LARGEST GRAIN AND FOODSTUFF MARKET IN THE WORLD! It is hard to understand why a farm here that produces good crops can't be made to pay.

Of course 15 years ago the farmers here were very prosperous. Perhaps they will be again. But we have about decided no one knows just how that condition can be brought about. It's like waiting for rain during a drought—when all is said and done—what we call Nature,—natural causes—have the final say in the matter.

In Freeport Judge B— invited us into a saloon to have a drink—he said he wanted to show a westerner how Illinois is handling the liquor problem. Purely in the interest of research we accepted.

There was the usual bar and a couple of bartenders,—also as usual—with white aprons, hair combed back slick, and hospitable manners.

We ordered draught beer—the same being promptly provided in large glass mugs, the bartender scraping off the suds in orthodox fashion with an "ivory ruler."

Our bartender's name was Joe. He said Freeport was dead as William McKinley, but his own business wasn't so rotten. He had been a bartender before Prohibition, and hoped to earn an honest living as a bartender after it.

"Any difference in the saloon business now and before the war?" we inquired.

"Not much" was the answer. "We have no screens or swinging doors in front,—no back rooms, no 'annex'—everything is open—people can look in any time if they want to, but why in H— should they. Nothing to see. We try to run a clean, decent place. If anyone gets too much we just quit selling 'em before they get boisterous—and if that doesn't work out they go out on their ear. We pay a license and close down early. Freeport needs that license money—they haven't enough cash in the treasury to pay for street lights on Main street. We sell more beer during the day and more liquor at night. This is a German town. Few people get drunk, looks to me like the plan is going to work out fine for us all."

While sipping the beer, a rural group entered, two middle-aged men and their wives—they occupied one of the booths—a couple of girls also entered and standing at the bar sipped their beer—nothing to distinguish them from the girls who were taking ice cream sodas at the corner drug store. They left before we did—they were faster drinkers, and probably had more work to do than the judge and the visiting newspaper man.

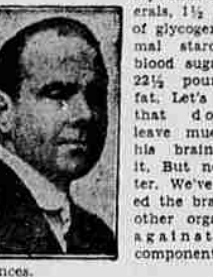
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Personal Health Service

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.

THE FAT IN THE HEALTHY BODY. A healthy man weighing 150 pounds consists of 90 pounds of water, 27 pounds of muscle and blood, corpuscles and other tissue elements, 9 pounds of minerals, 1 1/2 pounds of glycogen (animal starch) or blood sugar, and 22 1/2 pounds of fat. Let's see—that doesn't leave much for his brain, does it. But no matter. We've divided the brain and other organs up against these component substances.



There is proportionately more fat in the body of a woman. Or at least there was in the nice comfortable old-fashioned kind. Some of them today have little or no more softness than a New England hired man.

The fat in the healthy body is distributed in a kind of insulating blanket, called the panniculus, of adipose tissue under the skin. This serves to keep the body warm, as fat is a non-conductor or slow conductor of heat. It also serves to give a soft smooth rounded outline to the body, especially at points where angles or knobs would project if the fat pad did not cover them.

Besides the panniculus, a considerable amount of fat is stored in the abdomen, both in the omentum or apron that hangs in front of the viscera and in the supporting membranes of the stomach and intestines. Then it is used as padding to support various organs, notably the kidneys. Lighter masses or leaves of fat are distributed between the muscles, over the cheek bone and chin, over the hollows of the temple bones, in the breasts and back of the eyeballs.

With emaciation from any cause, loss of the body fat, these places all appear hollow or sunken and abdominal organs are likely to go on the loose. Furrows or wrinkles appear in the skin.

You young people who are not over ten per cent too heavy for your height and age, think of these sad results of getting thin without just cause for dieting. And these are only the outward visible signs of what happens inside. Unwise reduction to conform with a freak standard set

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 13.—Thoughts while strolling: No one had the bouancy walk of the late Hal Skelly Margaret Sullivan could poe for the colture ads. The blarney of Fifth avenue bus conductors. Those 4 bicycles with flying fur tails. Ray Long and Ernest Truex look alike. Ed Frayne, grand old Roman of sports. One word description of Clark Gable's trerrie.

What wide eyes Jimmy Savo has. China Wright not only likes her cigars black but long and strong. Don't ever remember seeing Jim Barton off the stage. Central Park looks the shabbiest I ever saw. The candy striped awnings on Billy Seeman's pool-house.

If you remember Reisenweber's, you'll remember that fellow—John Steinberg. First to put up a silk entrance rope. What became of Oscar Shaw? Those shady hotels faintly flagrant of opium. Burton Rascoe writes of literature as though he might have a long white beard. But looks almost collegiate.

Always too much kidding about prunes. They're a swell dish. The dish to a kid is parsnips. The Joe Penner vogue goes as quickly as it came. A big store opens on the Empire's ground floor—hooray Wall Street seems just sitting around waiting for grass to grow in the street.

One of my favorite people—Erskine Gwynne. The eternally hopeful small bit actors in front of the Somerset, next door to the old Palace. Jed Harris didn't seem to make that great come-back. Fading bankrupt bond house sign. "Safety Guaranteed." Sir Galahad was probably the first ass.

True tale of horror: A lone dweller in a remote Long Island reach received a phone call from a lady she had not seen in 15 years, saying she was ill and would like to come out for the week end. She was invited, grew worse after arriving and next morning was violently insane. The gentleman, her only relative, who brought her, was phoned at his office. He had that morning been killed in a fall down subway steps. The visitor died in raving delirium that afternoon.

Harlan Dixon, the dancer, a the theater's most insatiable book worm. At his home near Croton, he has a library of more than 6000 volumes, including many valuable first editions. An abstruse, especially devoted to philocheerical treatises. Wherever he goes there is a book under his arm and at lunch at the Lambs he sits alone at a far-away table, munching—or is triturating?—and turning the pages.

George Burns and Grace Allen.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THIS dispatch comes from Berlin: "Propaganda Minister Goebbels lashed out tonight against the 'campaign of lies' which he declared was published abroad by the foreign press in reporting the 'purging' of the Nazi uprising of June 30."

WELL, what can he expect? His censors won't let good reporters get the REAL news, so they have to take what they can get. That's what ALWAYS happens when good reporters are not permitted to print the real news.

IN THIS country we still have freedom of the press—although there are persons, some of them in high authority, who would like to take it away—while in Europe they have not. That, believe it or not, is one of the reasons why this is a better country to live in than Europe.

PROPAGANDA MINISTER GOEBBELS speaks of the "purging" of the Nazi uprising. What he means is the shooting down, without trial, of those SUSPECTED of plotting against the Nazi in power.

That, thank heaven, is another institution we don't have in this country. GERMANY, under the nazis, has been taking one backward step after another. Russia has just taken a forward step.

The secret police, we read, can no longer act as JUDGES. That is to say, they can hereafter arrest, but can't CONVICT.

It's a bad state of affairs when the policeman who arrests you can also HANG you, if he chooses.

AN OHIO mother refuses to permit an operation that might prolong the lives of her two sons, but at the same time would alter their sex, causing them, we read, to develop female characteristics.

Reversing their sex, the doctors are said to have told her, is the only way to halt the strange malady—seemingly some form of paralysis—that affects them.

SHE may be right. Which would you choose, for example—to go on living, regarded as everybody as a freak, or to DIE NOW?

THIS mother—Mrs. Alice Dietrich, of St. Clairsville, Ohio—says: "I appreciate the help of the medical profession regarding my boys, but I will let God handle the matter."

ONE is reminded of the story of the man who diverted a stream, reclaimed a patch of desert, and made it blossom like the rose. The minister came out to see him, and after admiring his lovely home which stood where before had been only sagebrush and jackrabbits, said: "What an amazing job you and the Lord have done with this bit of desert."

"Yes," the home owner replied, "but you ought to have seen it when the Lord had it alone."

SACRILEGIOUS? Not at all—merely a rather clever statement of the plain truth that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

If you lie under a tree, waiting for the fruit to drop into your mouth, you'll starve.

PENNSYLVANIA TOWN BESET BY LOCUSTS

AVALON, Pa. (UP)—The local 17-year locusts are clinging to shrubs and vines, and developing appetites which residents fear will mean the end of their gardens and shrubs.

The people of Avalon lack little stock in the assertion of scientists that the Avalon locust is merely a Bolshevick grasshopper. They can remember a devouring horde which descended on the town in 1917, and in 1900, and the oldest residents claim there was an invasion in 1883.

Just why this vicinity should suffer from the rest of the countryside seems immune, no one seems to know, but the insects have climbed from their underground "cellophane wrappings" and are hanging in clusters on all nearby vegetation.

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—The new McLaughlin memorial bridge across the Clackamas river between Oregon City and Portland today was recognized as the finest of its class built in the United States during 1933.

The award was made by the American Institute of Steel Construction for bridges costing \$250,000 and less. Beauty and originality was the basis of judging.

The Clackamas bridge was designed by C. B. McCullough, state bridge engineer.

Although 230 miles from the nearest seaport, Winston-Salem, N. C., is classified as a port of entry by the federal government because of its international trade in tobacco.

KING SOLOMONS MINES FOUND BY SCIENTISTS

PHILADELPHIA (UP)—Copper mines worked by King Solomon's slaves have been unearthed in the region between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea by an expedition of American scientists, according to a report submitted to the American School of Oriental Research at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ruins of furnaces and buildings, heaps of slag and open veins of copper mark the site of the ancient mine.

The period was fixed by Professor Nelson Glueck, of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, who heads the expedition, through fragments of pottery excavated in the ruins.

All kinds of legal blanks for sale for rent, no hunting, no trespassing and other cards for sale at Commercial Printing Dept. of Mail Tribune.

YOUTH WHISTLES ON WALK TO GAS ROOM EXECUTION

(Continued from page one)

July 13.—(P)—George J. Shaughnessy, 19-year-old Albany, N. Y., youth, with a warning that his death should be a lesson to other youths, was executed at 4:50 a. m. today in the lethal gas chamber of the state prison.

Shaughnessy, convicted of the killing a year ago of Lon Blankenship in a holdup, met death calmly. He was brought into the gas chamber at 4:50 a. m., walked without aid to the death chair, where he was strapped sitting down, and waited without a show of emotion for the fatal fumes, which poured into his nostrils at 4:56 a. m. Three minutes later he was pronounced dead as his body convulsed.

Shortly before he entered the death chamber, he turned to several newspapermen and said: "Sometimes I think God picked me out to make this mistake so other kids could profit by my sacrifices. If they don't heed my warning they will be in here just like I am now."

OSHING, N. Y., July 13.—(P)—Silver-haired Frank Canora's lonely wait in Sing-Sing prison's death house is ended. He went to his death in the electric chair last night, paying for the torch slaying of his wife.

For a year Canora had waited, friendless, in the death house. No one ever came to see him except the prison chaplain.

"Nobody cares for Frank Canora," he said just before he went to the execution chamber. "I am alone. I am desolate."

Canora was convicted June 29, 1933, in Rockland county, largely as a result of a confession he signed shortly after his arrest. In the statement he admitted luring his estranged wife, Lena, from her home in Ledon, N. J., stabbing her to death at Spook Rock near Spring Valley, N. Y., and then pouring gasoline and kerosene on her body and striking a match to it.

SAN QUENTIN, Calif., July 13.—(AP)—Two convicted slavers plunged to their deaths simultaneously on the gallows here today.

After sleeping well and eating hearty breakfasts, Jose Arragon and Walker Rippey mounted the scaffold and the trap was sprung at 10:30 a. m. Rippey, a negro, was pronounced dead 11 minutes later, and Arragon in 12 minutes.

Both men embraced religion before their deaths. Arragon killed his wife and a man at Los Angeles, claiming his home had been violated, and Rippey was the third of three negroes to be hanged for slaying a service station operator at Victorville during a robbery.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 13, 1924. (It was Sunday.) Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the University of New York, and leading critic of the Volstead Act, spends a few hours in the city en route to Crater Lake.

Methodists of city dedicate their \$100,000 church, and \$25,000 is pledged. Joseph O. Cave, a city policeman, and Miss Mary Aldrege of Myrtle Creek are wed.

An old man is arrested and charged as a dog poisoner. World fliers arrive in Paris and are greeted by thousands of Frenchmen. Forest fires rage in Siskiyou county.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 13, 1914. (It was Monday.) Fruit picking to start in two weeks, with a large crop of Bartlett's. Crater Lake season at its height. The Hall stage is loaded every trip.

Joe Knowles, the "Nature Man," arrives at Grants Pass. He will plunge into the Siskiyou wearing nothing but a breech-clout, and intends to remain 30 days. Evans creek farmers report deer are eating their crops.

Rustic arch to mark entrance to Crater Lake park.

TWIN BOYS ARRIVE FOR BING CROSBYS

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., July 13.—(AP)—Bing Crosby and his wife, the former Dixie Lee, screen actress, today became the parents of twin boys.

While Bing, crooner, actor and a pretty fair amateur golfer, was passing out the cigars, he was told that he and his wife had established some sort of "record" for screen couples. No other couple in the movies has twins.

The babies were placed in an incubator at Cedars of Lebanon hospital immediately after their birth and were not weighed. The attending physician, Dr. Joseph Harris, explained this was merely a precautionary measure and that the twins, Mrs. Crosby and even Bing himself were "doing splendidly."

The Crosbys have another child, a 13-month-old boy, so Bing is looking forward to future foursomes on the golf links.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

SWIM IN A SMART NEW B. V. D. SUIT... Two piece Sandpiper Style One piece Sea Nymph Style One piece Penguin Style Combinations and plain colors: White, red, blue, henna, black. "As advertised in Vogue."

Adrienne's

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You Will Gain a new confidence in purchasing quality meats at these LOW PRICES

- BOILING MEAT Lb 5c POT ROAST Lb 10c HAMBURGER Lb 10c SHORTENING . . 4 Lbs 35c BACON SQUARES . . Lb 14c

We have a complete line of the finest Lunch Meats for your picnic or outing