

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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THE NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER
Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Roger Babson, eminent economist, reports the "depression has worse itself out." This makes the exhaustion unanimous.

"WHAT CAUSES SHORTCOMINGS IN YOUR AUTO?"—(American Motorist Hotline)—Ofhand, we should say it was the long-gone.

In the San Francisco strike area yesterday, citizens feeling the oafs of their Americanism cracked a few Communist jaws, wrecked a Communist newspaper, and otherwise conducted themselves as a Communist in no danger of getting hurt.

The Progressive candidate for Governor stated at Lacombe, Ore., Monday demanding the redistribution of wealth, of which he says there is plenty, if it was scattered more thoroughly. He does not have any definite plan for the check-up, but maintains that would have to be arranged later.

LOGICAL, PLAUSIBLE CONCLUSION
You probably were raised on milk, and think that you know all about milk, but there are many new names to the milk industry that might puzzle the old timer.

S. Morris, the T-Rock, S-Valley, G-Hill farmer, looked yesterday, and related some barnraising experiences he recently encountered while actually farming. He has entirely recovered from being elated by Wrl St. and Portland politicians last May.

SAVAGE DIAPHRAGM CHARMED.
The next thing that attracted us was the lady piano player. We are not alluding to her personal charms, but to the piano stool on which she sat. This piano stool or bench is apparently made of rubber, which enables the player to accompany her playing with that "rhythmic swaying motion," which is such an attractive and distinctive feature of her playing.

There are three small lakes, Mill, Middle and Green, each connected by a narrow channel, the shores are high and thickly wooded down to the water's edge. The water is clear but the shallow places are thick with weeds—a type of aquatic vegetation that interested a well known botanist many years ago, and probably still does. The weeds annoy the bathing beauties, but not the fishermen, for bass and perch like weeds,—blue gills and sunfish also.

Lauderdale was selected 45 years ago, by a grandfather who wanted peace and quiet, and an uncle who wanted good fishing not too far away from his home in Rockford. Both have since

Editorial Correspondence

LAUDERDALE LAKES, Wisconsin, July 15.—Dillinger and his gang have a hideout here. They don't happen to be occupying it at the present time, but they have guards, watch dogs and a couple of machine guns, at the place.

This startling information was given us by Miss Mary K., a native daughter of Lauderdale, who has lived on and worked her own little farm for over half a century, and knows so much about the flora and fauna of this section of Wisconsin that naturalists, browsing about here, never fail to consult her. She is gray and bent by "rheumatix" now, but in the late nineties could—and did—do her stint in the hayfield with the men. She still milks a couple of cows, and tends a flock of chickens, but what she calls the hard work is done by hired men.

"If you don't believe it," said Mary, noting our quizzical smile, "go up and see for yourself. They won't shoot you. An old man and a boy live on the place, and if the dogs don't scare you off they will."

The locale of the hideout we know well. It is at the far western end of Middle Lake and known as the Sulphur Springs, surrounded by marsh, tules and bog-land, the circuitous channel being so choked with weeds at many places that you can't row a boat but have to stand up, pull out an oar and push it over them.

The springs themselves, are deep and very beautiful—banked with solid weeds down to the bottom, where the sand boils up, like porridge on a hot stove, the prevailing colors being a light sulphur yellow, and a faint rose, with a copper green, and a sapphire blue sometimes mixed in. Many a time we have rowed up there—a favorite Sunday afternoon excursion after the Saturday night dance, to which to invite the "best girl." It was always a surprise after pushing the flat bottomed boat through the weed choked channel, and floating over the crystal clear springs, to find that the boat stayed calmly on the surface of the water, instead of dropping down those precipitous mossy cliffs to the bottom far below!

However we didn't accept Mary's invitation to visit the Springs but instead motored into Elkhorn to consult the Elkhorn police department.

"What about this Dillinger hideout at Sulphur Springs?" we inquired.

"Well—WHAT about it?" came back the "chief."

"Is there such a hideout?"

"That's what they say—and there's one over at Tibbet's too, and a third in the middle of Troy marsh—Dillinger hideouts are thicker round here than flies around a beer barrel."

"All a lot of hokey, eh?"

"That what YOU said" (The "chief" didn't seem to be in very good humor.)

"What do you say?"

"I say nothing."

"OK chief. Just a newspaper man browsing about, thought I might get a story."

The speed cop immediately softened. "Newspaper man eh? Why didn't you say so in the first place. So many wise guys around here since that Twoby clean-up, we got to look out, or we won't do nothing by answer silly questions. What paper you represent?"

"The Mail TRIBUNE." How about it,—is there anything to these Dillinger tales?"

(We accented the Tribune, and let it go at that, knowing full well that the Medford Mail Tribune would mean no more to the chief than the Westfield Corner Bugle, while any Tribune around here is taken for the "greatest newspaper in the world.")

It worked. At least his excellency did not ask further details and proceeded to become almost human.

The Twoby kidnapers were caught by the Elkhorn police when they made a break from their hideout near Lauderdale for Chicago but ran into a telephone pole at Bethel church about two miles from where this is being written.

Since then everyone has been certain the Dillinger gang is also hiding out in this part of Wisconsin, and of course they may be, but the chief doubts it. Al Capone once kept a "summer resort" here, the Twobys were caught here,—the section is so popularly regarded as an underworld hideout that it's the last place in the world any criminal as smart as Dillinger would choose for his rendezvous.

However, reports come in every day that the master criminal is in southern Wisconsin somewhere, and the chief can't ignore them,—for you never can tell—and if a tip should be disregarded and then the old fox should show up,—what a SAP that would make out the Elkhorn police to be!

Yes he had looked up the Sulphur Springs story. There was an old man and a kid in a broken down farm house out there, and they did have dogs and a couple of guns, but that was no crime. Anyone living in the woods can have dogs and guns, and can order off trespassers if they like. "Haven't a thing on 'em" said the chief, "and as long as they mind their own business we will mind ours."

Returning to Lauderdale "Mary K" was informed of the result of the interview.

"Bah!" quoth she, "these country cops are just like all the rest of 'em—skereed to death. But Uncle Sam ain't—he's been told and one of these nights that Sulphur Springs hideout is going to disappear and a lot of bad eggs with it. Just mark what I'm tellin' ye—and if they get Dillinger and one or two of his gals, 'twont surprise me."

If Mary K. is as wise about crooks as she is about birds and flowers a big front page story may break around here.

So back to the fresh (and soft water) lake of boyhood days, finding the little cottage built in 1889 a.d. rather in need of paint and the worse for wear, but still in the ring. The trip from Rockford through Beloit, Allen's Grove and Elkhorn, took 14 hours on horseback in the early '90's, it being the youthful custom to leave at sunrise and arrive about sunset. Now an old car makes the journey in an hour and a half, over cement highways instead of the pinto pony, cantering through the dust. Everything has similarly speeded up. There was only one other cottage on the lake when this one was built, now the shores are dotted with them, many of them quite pretentious for this UN-fashionable resort,—with landscaped lawns, huge boat houses and diving towers.

In the old days it took 15 or 20 minutes to row around to the Mill which was also the general store. Now the mill has gone where the woodbine twined and instead there is a rather second rate tourist hotel, with eon waiters from Chicago, who wear white coats, ornamented with chicken gravy and unblackened shoes badly run down at the heel. This place boasts one of the few rowboats left, this mode of hand propelled water transportation having been practically displaced by outrigger motor boats, some of them 30 feet long, of dark wood highly varnished, which can shoot from here to the Mill in two minutes flat.

There are three small lakes, Mill, Middle and Green, each connected by a narrow channel, the shores are high and thickly wooded down to the water's edge. The water is clear but the shallow places are thick with weeds—a type of aquatic vegetation that interested a well known botanist many years ago, and probably still does. The weeds annoy the bathing beauties, but not the fishermen, for bass and perch like weeds,—blue gills and sunfish also.

Lauderdale was selected 45 years ago, by a grandfather who wanted peace and quiet, and an uncle who wanted good fishing not too far away from his home in Rockford. Both have since

passed to their reward, but for many years they got just what they wanted. Eight miles from a railroad, no phones or electric lights, no daily mail this side of Elkhorn.—Lauderdale was for nearly two decades as cut off from the rest of the world, as the lower reaches of Rogue river.

In the entire Middlewest there was no better fishing. In the early morning or evening, whipping the bull-rushes just across the channel never failed to bring home a good string of black bass—while anchoring the boat in the middle of the lake seldom failed to add a pike or pickerel to the fish crate tied to the pier.

We shall never forget the 21 pound pickerel that Uncle B. caught—everyone around the lake came down to see it, before it was cut into three parts and baked,—for it was far too large for the family cook stove.

Ah "THEM were the days", but the gasoline engine destroyed them. The automobile soon brought in the crowds, and the put-put boats scared those fish to death that were not caught by the casting pros from the Chicago loop.

In the early days even we boys scorned blue gills. One could pull them in from the end of the pier, as fast as one could bait a hook. Perch were slightly more difficult. One found them principally in the gravel shoals, and they were not like sunfish and blue gills, stupid greedy things.

At this time of the year bass and blue gill fishing is about all that remains, and you have to hunt them, they won't hunt you and dash in dark shoals for a hook only partially covered by a nip of raw ham. Early in the season, there is still good bass fishing—both black and small mouth,—but the pike and pickerel have gone.

Old Dave and his spaniel dog have gone too. Old Dave—his last name was Dunham,—was a hermit direct from the auld sod in Igelant, and it was from him this land was bought in 1889. He smoked a clay pipe, drank raw whiskey from a tin pitecher, and propelled his flat bottomed boat by pushing the oars instead of pulling them. He had a reason,—and a good one. He wanted to see where he was going, and what was in front of him, for he was a hunter and a trapper, and the lakes were alive with mink, muskrat and wild ducks in the early days. He seldom went out without a gun, even when the wild life had disappeared,—and therefore to us boys he was always a romantic and adventurous spirit. A crack shot, the sound of his rifle always meant a bag of some kind,—for old Dave was poor and never wasted his ammunition. In his later years he shot woodchucks and crows,—and anyone who can bring down a Wisconsin crow with a rifle, need never take lessons in marksmanship from Buffalo Bill.

Old Dave died as he would have wished, in his bunk with his dog at his feet, and a jug of whiskey by his side. 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.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

What with all the startling effects that dazzle the eyes these days it seems still the rule that the more brains the better the taste, or "the dumber the dame the funnier the make-up." A woman above the top of her nose actually increases in the number of red corpuscles in the blood, as in mild or chronic carbon monoxide poisoning, where the blood count is likely to show more red corpuscles than the healthy person's blood has.

In certain cases of Bright's disease, or arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) in the early stages, the patients look anemic but are not. Morphine, heroin, cocaine addicts often show a pallor yet are not necessarily anemic. The pallor of chronic lead poisoning, without any consistent lowering of blood strength, is familiar to physicians.

It is a wonder I am alive today. When I was a boy I was given up by all the old women. Mrs. Summey said my parents would never raise me, and Salsey Gamp pronounced me a hopeless victim of worms. Ben Told gave the o. o. and decided I was doomed to either away with consumption. I had such a pale sickly cast Sunday mornings. But I had plenty of narrow squeaks, for all of these kind neighbors prescribed their favorite tonics, of course. Luckily, mine were poor parents. As long as I remained alive and kicking they should worry if I lost a little color to the environ-

ment. As a matter of fact I was and am one of the healthiest animals ever produced in nine counties. On the other hand, a victim just dead from acute monoxide poisoning is apt to have a fine pink complexion. Keep this in mind in case father's stocks go down and he carries over-land in the garage.

The red cheeks of the young person in the second stage of pulmonary tuberculosis have been duly celebrated in poetry. They are indicative of slight fever and of the stimulation of the nervous and circulatory systems by the toxin or poison of the tubercle bacillus. Mind, this stimulation or intoxication occurs in the second stage, not in the first or incipient stage of tuberculosis.

Actually the picture of health is rather pale than the vivid scarlet or tangerine it is painted. After a couple of minutes of boxing I get short winded, and my face gets white and I feel faint. —J.W. Answer—Either you are not properly trained or you have some physical impairment which calls for a thorough medical examination.

Great Caesar. Please tell me what if any objections there are to the Caesarian method of delivering babies. The doctor I have chosen (Dr. —) prefers that method. —Mrs. U. B. A. Answer—Well, it is like to become a habit. It is a studied snub to Nature. It means things up. But you have a fine doctor and if he advises that method in your case you should accept his advice. Dear me, what with test tube babies and Caesarian sections I wonder what the world is coming to.

Ping Pong. We are making a ping pong table to play outdoors. What would be the best color to paint it? —J.W. Answer—If you expect to play by artificial light, green is a good color. If you play only by daylight, black is all right. (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.

ground of a quartet of 41 men who have made salary history in their industry.—O. B. Winters, Lee Maxwell, Phil Lennen and Art Kidner. Their yearly incomes, along with about a dozen more, run well into six figures, and all have amassed fortunes.

Expect copy writing has its artillery in brevity. A single line must often tell a story that has several dozen angles. It looks easy—indeed a clinch yet thousands are working at it every day but the percentage who attain higher brackets is small.

I talked in an inventor with the usual miseries today. He said the only railroad stock he had not purchased was that of the Long Island, selling at impetuous saleman a story that "the road didn't go anywhere." He now wishes he had not been so foolish.

Therese Dresser, next to Jean Cobb, is New York's most indelible window shopper. On increasing "raw deals from his country place" he lingers about with the last air of ship officers, most of whom, incidentally, are window shoppers, standing before this window and that and totally unconscious of the gawkers who invariably sit on the sidewalk. Dresser walks like everything he does, with a ponderosity. At times

he seems to be charging an imaginary football line.

I was drawn into a movie the other day by a lobby poster announcing Buster West. Here is a performer who has lifted slap-stick comedy into realm of lazy artistry. His loose, uneven and aery walk across the stage takes on the fascination of a stalking panther. His timing in absurd falls or postures has a gracefulness suggesting a Nijinsky float through the air. West's buffoonery is out of the lowest comedy cliches, but there's a feeling one is watching a master. Chaplin has similar technique. Also Jimmy Savo. West used to be teased around by his father, like still another Buster. Buster Keaton, in standard vaudeville days. All have something—these hardened trouper—that shines through jovial commotions.

Sophie Tucker's meter is long out-moded. Her songs belong to an era entirely gone, her delivery is barbed with vulgarity and Sophie, herself, is no candidate for a beauty prize. Yet so robust are her jags of clangour and so superb her sense of showmanship she never fails to put over her charity and bring down the house. It is not specious press agency she has brought London, Paris and New York to their collective feet cheering. I have beheld the phenomena in all three cities. Amid her rowdy braaviness, something of her kindly generosity and loyalty to friends must go over the footlights. Another successful alarm-bang singer is Blossom Seely.

Blossom Seely's husband and stage partner, Benny Fields, is also a performer whose fervor sparks contagion. He is, so far as careful records determine, the first crooner, waltz-wah in a Chicago saloon back-room when Rudy Vallee was Hubert Whasthis name in whatyoucallit at a Maine crossroads.

Strictly tailored suits for women are creeping into every wardrobe and fashion experts expect the revival to reach a furor by fall. The most accomplished of tailored ladies to my notion are Madge Evans, Katharine Cornell and Julia Hoyt. In her day the show girl Dolores, now reported ill in London, was always smartly turned out in precisely garmented ensembles, never without a lapel rose. Still another perfect model for tailored effects is Billie Model.

I dined at Ben Riley's last night with a learned gentleman with passion for palaver. He plunged with keen analysis into the enormous intricacies of economics, winding up with a plea not to be quoted. His secret is safe. Even though I knew what he was talking about, I'd say nothing. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

WHAT does it all mean? It means just this: Labor wants something which employers have refused to give, so FORCE, in the form of the general strike, has been resorted to to obtain what is wanted.

As always happens, the use of force on one side calls for the use of force on the other.

WHAT will come of it? Well, back in 1914 Germany wanted something which the rest of Europe refused to give, so Germany resorted to force to get what she wanted.

The result was a war that cost millions of lives and billions of money representing the savings of people everywhere, that interrupted and set back the progress of civilization immeasurably, and so disorganized the structure of business as to bring on the greatest depression ever known, with vast increase of poverty and suffering.

That is what force does.

THE use of force here on the Pacific Coast, as represented by the strike on the one side and the necessity on the part of the public to protect itself on the other, will have results exactly similar to those of the world war. The only difference is they will be smaller in size.

Business recovery will be set back, unemployment will be enlarged, ability of industry to provide growing buying power will be crippled and poverty will be increased.

Wars always do that, and strikes are wars.

WE OF the interior are the innocent bystander. We had nothing to do with the quarrel, but will do our part of the suffering for it, losing our markets while it goes on and for some time afterward while our customers recover from their wounds.

But it is always that way, Holland and Switzerland were innocent bystanders when the world war started, but they suffered along with everybody else.

There is no such thing as justice when FORCE enters the picture.

THE world was nearly wrecked the world because it hung on to the point of exhaustion.

Let us hope, at least, that this war of ours here on the Pacific Coast ends quickly, before all the progress we've made in the past year toward more normal and happier standards of living has been destroyed.

That's about all there is to hope for.

SEISMOGRAPH SHOWS VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE

NEW YORK, July 18.—(AP)—An earthquake, described as "very violent," was recorded on the seismograph at Fordham university last night, university officials reported today.

The first shock registered at 8:43 p. m. eastern standard time, with the second at 8:48-26 p. m. The distance was estimated at 2,270 miles southwest of New York.

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CHEAP LUMBER

ALL DIMENSIONS LARGE STOCKS

Big Pines LUMBER CO. PHONE 1

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THE general strike threatened at San Francisco for days materialized on Monday morning, completely paralyzing the metropolitan area with a population of more than a million and a quarter persons.

The wires tell us: "All business and traffic ceased, and the national guard moved swiftly to prevent violence."

NOT swiftly enough, however, for we read in the papers such statements as these: "A mob stormed a grocery store, smashed the doors and stripped the place of \$2000 worth of groceries before police riot squads arrived."

"An egg truck was overturned at San Ramon. Strike pickets cruised in Livermore, issuing warnings to gasoline station operators to close."

"A truck carrying a load of pears was sent hurtling into a canyon at Dublin."

A LITTLE farther on we read: "National guard troops, with tanks, machine guns and one pounders, began to converge rapidly upon the stricken area."

"Regular army troops stood ready for call at the Presidio military headquarters here."

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Big Pines LUMBER CO. PHONE 1



(Continued from Page One)

These are evil days for Republican politicians. There are no government jobs to be had, there are few state jobs anywhere and business not being what it was in the boom days, there are fewer ways in which a politician may be taken care of.

One of these Republican politicians, who would appreciate a berth somewhere, was lunching recently in a crowded restaurant when he was greeted by an old friend who was passing the table. They chatted for a few minutes and then the friend noticed there was another man sitting at the same table with the politician, but who had remained apparently uninterested and hardly seemed aware of the politician's presence.

"Is this man with you?" whispered the friend, as he nodded toward the man seated at the table.

"Is he with me?" exclaimed the politician. "He's paying for my lunch!"

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