

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. 4th St. Phone 14

Subscription Rates: Daily, six months, \$5.00; Daily, one year, \$10.00

Advertising Representative: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot

It begins to look like this section, was about due for a heated period, when the torridity melts the cast-iron buttons of a hired man's overalls.

Nothing is ever done about a heated period. In this respect, it is like a Communist government to overthrow the government. Nobody bothers either, but both go along. In due course of time, "the backbone of the heat wave is broken."

As soon as it becomes a trifle tropical, many, particularly the fair sex, start to dress to keep cool. The men wear white suits starched stiffer than a board.

We rather expected to see the railroad expert in the diner and wondered if he would still be talking, but he didn't appear.

We apologize to the Century of Progress! As the Portland Rose did not leave until 11:15 p. m. daylight saving time we had our first view of the fair at night from the observation tower above the famous sky ride.

Window glass—The mail window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge-Caslet Works.

Editorial Correspondence

THE "PORTLAND ROSE" EN ROUTE CHICAGO TO PORTLAND, July 22.—This is a good train and a great "ad" for Portland. The dining car is air conditioned, fresh roses are kept on the tables throughout the trip.

The lounge observation car is also air-conditioned, though as this is written the thermometer registers 93, which isn't exactly chilly. Outside, however, as we rush thru the seared corn fields of Nebraska, the mercury is said to register 105.

The train is well filled, the Pullman conductor, very attentive and courteous, says there are 65 people in the first-class Pullmans, and about 100 on the rest of the train.

With 65 people in the Pullmans, and the mercury in all but the lounge car registering over 100, the latter is packed to the rails with many standing. There are desks and reading tables to lean against however, and one young boy, in his shirt sleeves, conceives the bright idea of assuming a semi-reclining position on top of the radio.

In spite of the heat outside, the dust and cinders, everyone seems in good spirits, conversation is brisk, two bridge games are started, the bar does a rushing business, and we notice, lemons and white rock are more popular than beer and highballs.

We take a seat next to a bull-necked gentleman, with a mop of closely cropped black hair, a large cigar gripped firmly in one corner of his mouth; small, black shrewd eyes, a seersucker suit, which fails to completely cover an ample protruding tummy.

"Did you know Harriman?" he inquires, and apparently assuming the answer will be in the negative continues without pausing for a reply, "WELL THERE was a railroad man,—yes sir, a RAILROAD man. A little squirt, but what a head,—his body was that of an undernourished boy, little feet and hands, but his head—say, he wore a No. 8 hat, and everything under that hat was BRAINS,—BRAINS,—BRAINS!"

"Sure he started as a two-by-four broker, but he was a railroad man, first, last and all the time, and if he had lived the railroads would never have been run by bankers, as they are today—or were until Roosevelt stepped in,—it couldn't have been done, for E. H. would have set the pace and the other roads would have had to follow or go broke. It was a sad day for the railroad business when E. H. died.

"I came to Chicago from Washington on the B. & O., every Pullman air conditioned, not below 70, nor above 75, all the way. Willard of the B. & O. is like Harriman, knows the game, thinks of giving the public, service FIRST, and of the stock market SECOND, while the other stuffed shirts are moaning and wailing about the public not patronizing them—why SHOULD they when they can get better and cheaper transportation somewhere else?"

"But it's going to be different now. You watch and see. Roosevelt put the kibosh on this banker management of railroads, with his banking and security bills. I have been a Republican all my life. I even voted for Hoover. But I am for Roosevelt now,—that kid is a bear cat. Like Harriman he knows the game. His grandfather was a railroad builder, his uncle Delano was president of the Wabash. He knows how the railroads have been milked dry and all but ruined, by the money changers in Wall Street. He's put a stop to that. Of course Wall Street is sore, they see an end to their graft, but unless the people are sound asleep, they aren't sore, and they will keep F. D. on the job. For he's got their number, and under this new set-up, railroad men will have a chance to run the railroads, not as a money making stock jobbing scheme, but as a business, to provide the people with economical and up-to-date service.

"You just watch and see. You saw the new Burlington stream-lined train at the Fair, well in another year every railroad in the country will have one—did you see what the Milwaukee did the other day in a run from Chicago to Milwaukee—averaged over 95 miles an hour—a regular standard train, too, in the regular service. That's SERVICE!"

"Sure the railroads are waking up, and I expect to see greater development in the railroad business in the next ten years, than in the last 50.

"They say the I. C. C. has been the stone around the neck of the railroads. Just a lot of big business propaganda. The I. C. C. has helped the railroads. The bankers are what have ruined the railroads. Give Roosevelt a free hand and he will return the railroads to railroad men, and the people of this country will have what they should have had 30 years ago, the best railroad service in the world!"

The call for luncheon broke up the monologue as far as we were concerned. The pilgrimage from the lounge car to the diner, was exactly like walking from one section of a cold storage plant to another, through the boiler room. All the sleeping cars were dark and deserted save for the long suffering porters.

We passed out of range, and were lucky enough to find a seat in the "sun room" at the extreme rear.

In our five days at the Century of Progress, we only sensed what it really is, in the last 20 minutes. So we apologize for ending our visit with the elevator trip to the Observation tower, instead of starting—that way, 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.

A PILLOW FOR SCIATICA

The Sciatic nerve is a whole lot of nerve, nearly as thick as your thumb. If you've ever had a lurch of sciatica you know just where the great sciatic nerve is. If you haven't you don't care where it is.

Sciatica is sometimes actual inflammation of the nerve, neuritis. But in most cases this disability is due to some trouble in the sacro-coccygeal or the sacro-lumbar joints. By means of stereoscopic x-ray views of these joints the physician today may find evidence of arthritis which could hardly be detected otherwise.

Of course the skilled physician can determine by ordinary physical examination whether the sacro-lumbar joints are normal, and such a test should be made in every case of sciatica.

One antiquated notion that has done a great deal of harm to victims of sciatica is that this ailment is "rheumatic" in character, and that remedies, diet or treatment that purport to be good for the rheumatism are likely to help sciatica. Sciatica treated merely with "rheumatism" remedies is maltreated. Other contributors considerably to the bad name sciatica has.

In some cases after long experimentation with silly baths, diets and electricity the seat of the trouble is found to be a pelvis of spinal tumor. Of course one who has sciatica or any similar disability should beware of sagging beds. One man who was partially disabled for many months by sciatica, enjoyed himself most of the time "trying" this and that plausible remedy, bath, massage or colored light treatment and kept getting a little no better until he happened to sleep in a strange bed, a good bed, and enjoyed the rest undisturbed. Then he junked the miserable springs and mattress he had been accustomed to, installed new sleeping equipment, and promptly recovered from his sciatica.

If proper springs and mattresses cannot be had, put some boards under the mattress. One who has sciatica, enjoyed himself most of the time "trying" this and that plausible remedy, bath, massage or colored light treatment and kept getting a little no better until he happened to sleep in a strange bed, a good bed, and enjoyed the rest undisturbed. Then he junked the miserable springs and mattress he had been accustomed to, installed new sleeping equipment, and promptly recovered from his sciatica.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 25.—Katharine Cornell has become the last and grandest of the legitimate trouperas. She dared and won where others wavered, wounding a tour of 31 states, largely one night stands, with bigger box-office grosses than any dramatic offering on Broadway.

Miss Cornell, regarded as most glamorous in the stellar array, is about the only one left who loves the companionship of dressing the sleepers jumps, dusty old trousers and rooms and dirty hotels that were once so essentially a part of the theater's routine.

She thrills to stepping from the train in the small city, the lunch wagon interludes after the play, penny-ante games on the Pullman and all the chance compromises of the road. She is the final heartbeat of a once great industry—show business.

Her barnstorming produced the talkies have not taken all the customers in the outland. For, in the worst part of theatrical history, she came back to New York and a deserved rest with a snug fortune. And, what is more, revived a fine tradition.

One sees amazing things in this lunatic metropolis. He was a big, rick-boned Max Baer sort of fellow at the next table in a restaurant, selecting his order. Fingernails of the hands that held the menu were lacquered a flaming red.

Then there was the dandy Bob Brinkhoff whom I saw on the Plaza steps in the natural spotlight of a javelin of noonday sunshine. He was a monotonous of each gray—from suit, hat, spats, shirt and tie to a gray walking stick. In his lapel was notched a bright red rose. Suddenly, as we gawked, he tripped down the steps and into—I'll kiss a pig if it wasn't—a dove gray limousine.

A most striking celebrity resemblance exists between Jules Baehre, the banker, and E. Phillips Oppenheim, the novelist. They are of the same chubby rotundity, walk alike, express the same recessionary note in their carry gold-headed walking sticks and each sports a rimless detached monocle with a port-hole fixation.

The prototype of Oppenheim's head waiter, whose civility with crooks and royalty threads most his yarns, is Theodore Savaris, long of the Ritz, but lately of the Waldorf's staff of matiere d'hotel. They met years ago when Oppenheim was a guest and Theodore a captain in a London hotel.

DeWolf Hopper, in his 70's is still a romantic Romeo. He spends most of his time these days in Chicago and when he has to leave Mrs. Hopper for New York engagements on the radio he spends quite a sum on telephone calls and telegrams. On his most recent engagement he tried to avoid what has become to him a horror, "Casey at the Bat"—but his sponsors wouldn't let him. It made the 3000th time.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

"POOR Dillinger!" a reader of yesterday's big headline was heard to remark. "They never gave him a chance—just shot him down." There was pity, undigested, in his voice, and a touch of resentment as well.

TO BE sure they did. And, in this writer's humble judgment, they did exactly right.

If a ravening wolf ran amuck in your neighborhood, slaying right and left, and you caught that wolf emerging from a door, what would you do? Give him a head start before you started shooting, so that he might have a chance to get away and slay STILL OTHERS?

Of course not. You'd shoot him down, RIGHT THERE, and know you had done a good deed.

Dillinger was a ravening wolf. IF YOU know your Bible, you must be familiar with this passage: "They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword."

Dillinger chose to live by the gun. It is fitting enough that he should perish by the gun.

Sensible people will waste no sympathy on him. He got what was coming to him.

LET'S turn from Dillinger to this dispatch from Salem: "Gasoline consumption in Oregon for the first half of 1934 increased 1,583,890 gallons over the same period last year, bringing an increase in taxes of \$891,244."

"Consumption for June was 1,335,256 gallons greater than in June last year."

INCREASING consumption of gasoline is good news, because it indicates greater confidence and GREATER BUYING POWER on the part of the people of Oregon.

Greater confidence and greater buying power are necessary for the return of prosperity, and figures indicating that BOTH are returning are pleasing.

Return of normal prosperity—for EVERYBODY, not just for the few—is the biggest thing in the world right now.

WHY? Because return of normal prosperity will bring normal thinking again, and we're getting to need normal thinking pretty badly if our future is to be as bright as we want it to be.

There has been too much of the other kind in the past four years.

GETTING back to gasoline, a total of 79,643,521 gallons was consumed in the first six months of this year in Oregon, bringing in \$3,987,176 in taxes.

In June alone, 16,856,713 gallons were used, bringing into the state treasury \$838,336 in taxes.

THE gasoline tax, you know, is a sales tax, paid a little at a time as the product is purchased. The total amounts to a lot in the course of a year, but the individual payment doesn't hurt anybody.

For example, how could approximately four million dollars in taxes have been raised in six months in Oregon as painlessly in any other way as by means of the sales tax?

Leaders



Harry Bridges (top) is the militant chairman of the joint marine strike committee in San Francisco where a general strike tied up the city's industry and Thomas G. Plant (lower) is president of the San Francisco Waterfront Employers' Association. The original dispute was between longshoremen, of which Bridges is one, and Plant's organization. (Associated Press Photos)

Meteorological Report

July 25, 1934. Medford and vicinity: Fair except somewhat cloudy tonight and Thursday. Not much change in temperature.

Oregon: Fair east and generally cloudy west portion tonight and Thursday. Slightly cooler east portion Thursday.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 95; lowest, 61.

Total monthly precipitation, .02 of an inch; deficiency for the month, .32 of an inch. Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 11.92 inches; deficiency for the season, 6.70 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 27 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 80 per cent.

Sunrise tomorrow, 4:58 a. m. Sunset tomorrow, 7:36 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 12th 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 City, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

100th "Model T" For Museum. EL PASO, Texas (UP)—John Hansen of Fabens, owner of the 100th Ford manufactured by the Dearborn motor magnate, recently offered his prized possession to the factory for a museum piece.

Robbed Himself. NEW ORLEANS (UP)—James Populus, negro delivery boy, told police tonight loud sob that he had been held up and robbed. Police looked into the husband of his fat, found a handful of money which he could not account for, and placed him under arrest.

Layoffs Can't Quit. JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. (UP)—A lawyer in Missouri cannot resign from the profession, once he is admitted to the bar. The only way he can relinquish his status is by disbarment proceedings, which most lawyers avoid as much as possible.

Laid Three Eggs in a Day. MARSHFIELD, Mo. (UP)—One of Mrs. Finis Rupe's hens exploded a theory that but one egg a day could be laid, by producing three in one day, fastened together at the ends. They were graduated in size from a small garden pea to a robin's egg.

Quake Cut Off Pool Water. ELKO, Nev. (UP)—The local municipal swimming pool is having its troubles. An earthquake apparently caused the flow from a hot water spring, which fed the pool, to stop. Efforts are being made to tap the spring at a lower level.

Reunited After 60 Years. NEWBURG, Wis. (UP)—Two brothers who parted here in 1874, met at Brantford, Mich., the other day for the first time in 60 years. Peter Igel was 21 when he bid goodbye to brother Math, 12. Their ages now are 81 and 72.

Suicides Rise. LONDON (AP)—Cases of suicide in England and Wales reached the record total of 5,657 in 1932, official government figures show, compared with 5,092 in 1931. Cases of attempted suicide, numbering 3,299, were also a new record.

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 25, 1924. (It was Friday) W. A. Bishop of Jacksonville while watching some men digging in a vacant lot, picks up a gold nugget worth \$14.75.

Fire department kept busy putting out grass fires. Mr. and Mrs. Porter J. Neff return from trip to San Francisco. Opening of old Greenback mine arouses miners.

Cool weather lessens forest fire danger. Situation in this county not serious. Craters club to investigate local water situation.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. July 25, 1914. (It was Saturday) Forest fires are set faster than the wardens can put them out. Hunting spirit is in the air, and the deer season opens in a week.

Drama League organizes for the fall campaign. Great Britain calls upon European powers to avert Serbian war by mediation. Tri-State road conventions open here.

Auto car line will serve people on Pacific highway suburbs. Pop Gates receives another carload of Ford. "The Girl Who Laughed at Fate" at the It; "In a Klondike Grave" at the Isis, and "The False Lips" at the Star.

Communications

What the Grower Gets. To the Editor: Mr. C. A. Barnett has submitted some rather startling figures on costs of pear production and receipts that certainly do not tally with the facts. I do not raise any, Bartlett pears and will therefore confine my remarks to the winter varieties.

His figure of \$1.25 per box delivered at the packing house was undoubtedly correct a few years ago, but forced economies of later years have reduced this cost to 70 cents to \$1.00 per box. But where he makes his greatest error is in reporting the amount received, viz., \$2.50 to \$2.75 per box. Just how he arrived at these figures is hard to determine, but apparently he has taken the New York prices with no deductions for packing, icing, freight, storage and marketing expense.

Prices last year were better than for the year before, and my actual receipts were as follows: D'Anjou.....\$1.077 per box Comice.....\$1.045 per box Bosc.....\$0.257 per box

Perhaps I am a poor manager and should have found a better selling agency, but I believe the prices that I received are not far out of line with those received by other growers.

Manifestly, these pears, nearly half of which were Bosc, were produced at a loss in the best market year that we have had since 1929. This shows the reason why so many growers have gone broke during the last four years, and why very few, if any, have had 40 cents per hour, or any amount whatever per hour, for their own labor, yet those who have been able to do so have drawn from their savings and employed many men and women at a living wage. It is the reason why 90 per cent of them are now operating on borrowed money, hoping to receive at least enough in returns for pears to repay the loans when the fall due.

ALBERT BURCH Medford, Ore., July 24, 1934.

Ye Poet's Corner

Keep Smiling. When trouble comes tramping down the road, No matter how weary you may be; Look him in the face and smile— And watch him scamper up a tree. Trouble is eager to come your way, When you're feeling down and blue; Look him in the face and smile— Then watch him run away from you.

If you're keeping company with old trouble, Let me proclaim right here, Look him in the face and smile— Then watch him quickly disappear. Soon we will learn to understand That trouble does not come to stay, Look him in the face and smile— And be ever grateful all the way. EVA B. ANDERSON.

Old Powder Horn Preserved. AUSTIN, Tex.—A powder horn carried by Peyton Wade Nowlin, who roamed the Kentucky wilderness as a companion of Daniel Boone, has been presented to the state by Nowlin's granddaughter, Mrs. Lena Ledbetter of Austin.

Pen Inventor Dies. NAIROBI (AP)—Claimed as the inventor of the fountain pen, Henry A. Bennett, one of the earliest English settlers in Kenya, has died here.

LOW PRICED LUMBER BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1

He Got His Man



It was Melvin H. Purvis (above) head of the federal bureau of investigation in Chicago, who gave the signal for government agents to surround John Dillinger as he left a neighborhood theater. (Associated Press Photo)

STAYTON BUSINESS AREA HAS BLAZE

STAYTON, Ore., July 25.—An early morning fire threatened a section of the business district here and raged for two hours before it was brought under control this morning.

The blaze was discovered by W. N. Tuel about 2 o'clock and apparently had its origin in the Matthew pool hall in the building by the same name.

The pool hall, Charles Schmitt's barber shop and the Stayton Meat shop were destroyed and considerable damage done to the Getmeister shop. Dr. Beauchamp's office, located on the first floor, and some other offices were damaged.

Alice Lulay received a badly cut leg when he contacted a broken window while engaged in fighting the fire. Loss was estimated at several thousands of dollars, including about \$400 worth of tobaccos and other supplies in the pool hall.

Women in British Offices. LONDON (AP)—For the first time in the history of British government service, women have been appointed as executive officers in the customs. They will be engaged in work connected with import duties at salaries which may eventually rise to \$3,000 or \$4,000 yearly, with bonus.

Legion Aids Texas Centennial. AUSTIN, Tex. (AP)—The Texas department of the American Legion has established an information service in Washington to help promote the Texas centennial in 1938. The legion is sponsoring a state memorial museum as its contribution to the observance. Use Mail Tribune want ads.