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Ye Smudge Pot

The Army Strathmore ballroom ascended 60,000 feet, rilled and landed in a farmer's field. All gas bags do something to or for a farmer. Take the political gas bags. They ascend to the Grange Hall roof, and land in front on the speaker's table, first imitating Santa Claus, by falling down the chimney.

The estimated Portland Journal is editorially fortified by the soul-searing gall of the Republican party of Oregon, "denouncing Roosevelt policies." The Journal does as the quantity of a committee as low as the sanity of an administration notion. Whereupon, the outraged Journal, metaphorically beats out the brains of Herbert Hoover, with the editorial typewriter, and charges the Republican candidate for governor with a plot to defeat the Democratic candidate for Governor, if he can. It looks like all Democrats would have wings, and all Republicans would have forks and tails, long ere the votes are counted.

A boy was apprehended yesterday riding a wheel in auto traffic, and looking where he was going. The next thing a motorist knows, he will catch a pedestrian walking where a pedestrian is supposed to walk.

In comparing the Mid-West climate disparagingly with the Oregon climate, it should be remembered that the longshoremen's strike caused the drought as much financial loss, as the drought, but with nicer weather, and less expense.

WHY DODGE PARK IS DODGED. (Peninsula (Ore.) Herald)
If you yearn to go out in the country, you may I, as commissioner in charge of the Bureau of Water Works which owns and maintains Dodge Park and annex, invite you out there. Dodge Park is 26 miles east of Portland on good paved roads. We have the stores for cooling, freecooling (BRING AXES) tables, benches, old swimming holes, wading pool, hiking trails, etc.

At a drunken party in Portland, live water was thrown in the faces of guests. Thus repeat liquor scores another victory over prohibition moonshine.

The vice-president of the United States received a short mention in the papers yesterday, hard by a longer item, describing the playfulness of the youngest Roosevelt grandchild.

Industrial peace has come to the state. Shipping will be cleared, along with the throats of all candidates.

Man on yonder bedlet is my young. An autoer and very long of lung. Cat on kitchen floor we call our own. Although its history we know are not alone. Pictures on the wall and gadgets many. If marketed would bring but meager penny. Books in toppling rows belong to us. To loan, to lose, to read and sometimes dust. House in little courtyard is our own. And every hollyhock, and every daisy, Get a home-cooked lunch at De-Voe's, 23c.

Cashing in on Crime

THE crime record in this country is a national disgrace. In murders, hold-ups, swindling and crimes of passion, the United States leads the world. There are many contributing factors to this deplorable condition,—an antiquated system of jurisprudence, which repeatedly resists genuine reform; an alliance between organized crime, on one hand; shyster lawyers, crooked politicians, dishonest judges and corrupt police on the other.

But there is another contributing factor, which renders needed reform so difficult. This is a stubborn and inexcusable insistence on the part of the public, to romanticize—to sentimentalize—what might be termed the SUPER-criminals.

THE late John Dillinger, for example, was a bad egg all around. He was no Robin Hood. He was selfish, cruel, and ruthless. A complete record of his crimes has never been published, but federal officials estimate that he shot down at least a dozen men, in cold blood. His attitude toward women, was the accepted attitude of the underworld—a sex to be exploited and used; discarded when either their attractiveness or usefulness, started to decline.

Federal operatives who know their onions when crime is concerned, classified Dillinger as a "rat". And they shot him down like one, when cornered in a Chicago alley, he tried to pull his gun and fight it out. Yet Public Enemy No. 1 had scarcely been run to earth, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the taxpayers, than a maudlin public sentimentality promptly turned a somersault and tried to make a HERO of him.

Men and women fought in the streets to secure blood stained souvenirs of his last stand. In crowds followed the body to the morgue. His funeral in a little Indiana town, was so elaborate, that his family—so they claim—could not meet the bill. And now,—to MEET that bill,—the Dillinger family, led by the venerable Pop Dillinger,—his grey head held high above his flower-embroidered suspenders,—have gone on the stage, opening before a packed house, in an Indianapolis theatre!

THE crowd, press dispatches declare, filled every seat, there was vigorous applause, when Pop told why he had gone on the stage. And Sis Dillinger and others told what a NICE boy John had been. Loud laughter greeted Dillinger pere's reluctance to state his age, etc., etc.

In short a GRAND time was had by all. And now the Dillinger family are on the road to cash in magnificently, by capitalizing the dramatic death of a son and brother, who stole all told close to a million dollars; had twelve notches on his gun, and—if our information is correct—was as crooked as a dog's hind leg, and as treacherous as a rattlesnake.

What a SICKENING spectacle! And in no country in the world, but in the United States, would such a glorification of crime,—such a sordid exploitation of morbid sentimentality—be tolerated.

UNTIL the people of this country, as a whole GROW UP, face organized crime realistically, for what it is,—NOTHING less than WAR upon an orderly government and against society,—will there be any APPRECIABLE progress in the fight, to make this country morally a better and safer place in which to live.

For when all is said and done the eradication of crime depends finally upon the force of an aroused public opinion. And public opinion CAN'T be very much aroused, in a country where arch-criminals are treated as heroes, and people crowd theatres on hot Sunday afternoons, to pay their respects—and hard earned money—to glorify the memory of Public Enemy No. 11

NEW YORK, July 31.—Hospitals are struggling with the greatest epidemics in their history. Another year such as the past and many private institutions will have to close. Thousands who would normally patronize them under ordinary circumstances cannot afford to now and remain home.

The expensive sanitariums, whose patronage is largely rich, are dying off like flies in the winter time. Much of New York's overcapacity of hospitals is attributed to the vast Medical Center, which opened just as the depression was getting under way.

The medical profession generally is also affected by the continued slump. Several buildings whose offices were tenanted by specialists have undergone wholesale exodus. Specialists have returned to the outmoded system of having offices in their homes.

From the great surgeons whose incomes often totaled \$200,000 a year have had them more than halved. But the greatest dilemma is faced by the young medical graduate whose first step is an internship. There are hundreds for every job. And no jobs.

Dorothy Parker, leaving the enormous Medical Center, which is, by the way, on the outskirts, sometime ago was asked her impression. "It's all right for a visit," she is reputed to have generalized, "but I wouldn't want to live there."

The irrepressible Gene Fowler is on the loose again. He has been in Hollywood long enough to decide on a topic for a book. This time it will be biographical and concern the life of Mack Bennett, once dubbed by Bob Wagner the dean of the Central College. The tome will be entitled "Father Goose" and a special edition for the movie set will be morocco bound, and decorated with gilt edges. Fowler, as he does most of his books, will go into seclusion and turn it out, buff, bang, bing, in ten days.

Most authors who turn out unpredictable books buckity, buckity are

Personal Health Service

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 STOMACH - TO - STOMACH TALK WITH OUR OVERSIZE FRIENDS
Useless to try to explain your enormity, Patty, by observing that your Aunt Henrietta was very stout and so was your Cousin Joe.

It is much the same in respect to exercise. No, no, big boy, you are not disinclined to work or play because you are so stout; you're so stout because you are so lazy. Don't deprecate yourself about that, whatever slowness being normal, more corpulence or excessive bulk is no excuse for leading work, play or daily exercise of some kind, nothing better than a daily walk. As long as there is a doubt about that in your mind, give yourself about the benefit of the doubt by taking from two to six miles of oxygen on the hoof every day, and you'll soon find you are getting out of the vicious circle and not only benefiting from your exercise but enjoying it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Heat Ruins Hair
Girl, 14, wants permanent wave, daddy seems to think I am too young, and he thinks it may be injurious to my hair... D. M.

The Old Superstition
Any truth in statement of Ben Told that one should sleep lying with head to north—A. F. C.
Answer—"There is no reason for such a fancy."

Two Borax for Roaches
In two different houses where we had roaches I used powdered borax mixed with powdered sugar and they disappeared entirely—Mrs. E. J. W.
Answer—"We begin to bring borax may be a good roach exterminator. Visiting an abandoned overexposed Death Valley, I saw not a roach in any of the furnished buildings that stand empty there. Forgot to ask the caretaker whether roaches ever visited him. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)"

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

Comment on the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS.
HAVE you noticed that more people are taking vacations this year—getting away for a week or two and taking a little trip?

That is another way of saying that confidence is returning.
PEOPLE are spending money a little more freely.
A year and a half ago, if you had a dollar in your pocket, you were inclined to hang onto it with a death grip, feeling that it might be the last dollar you'd ever be able to get hold of.

Now, if you're an average person, you have the feeling that if you spend the dollar that is in your pocket you'll probably be able to get another to take its place.
A nodder sign of returning confidence. If people have no confidence in the future, they simply WON'T SPEND MONEY—except to keep from starving or freezing.

TRAVEL, except necessary business trips, is a luxury. In the past few years, people haven't been indulging very freely in luxuries.
You've noticed, probably, that as compared with the big years ahead of 1930 not many cars from distant states have been on the highways. There are not many yet. People are inclined to take little trips, rather than big ones.

But a few cars from distant states are beginning to appear on the roads. A FEW people are beginning to take longer trips.
Another sign, you see, of returning confidence.

AFTER a while, we'll get ALL our confidence back. Then good things go ahead again in the world American way.
Don't let anybody tell you the good days are ALL PAST—that we'll never see times as good again as they used to be.

When we get the bulk of our troubles out of our system and people get back to thinking sanely again, we'll see BETTER times than we ever saw before.
This country hasn't reached its peak.

SPEAKING of the hotel, a salesman whose territory includes the en-

COAST PORTS HUM WITH ACTIVITY ON WORKERS' RETURN

(Continued from page one)
started, opened at 6:30 a. m. a few policemen were stationed around them. The longshoremen said they didn't want the officers around and asked that they be withdrawn. This was done and the workers moved inside.

Observe Hikers
The only difference between pre-strike operation of the hiring halls and today's operation was that a union observer and a federal supervisor had been stationed in each. This will continue until the president's mediation board in San Francisco has finally announced the result of arbitration between employers and workers.

There were 36 vessels ready to be worked in the Portland harbor this morning. About six were expected to sail tonight, as some were virtually loaded and ready to go.

Union Longshoremen Aided Police in dispersing a crowd that gathered at the scene of activity, shouting that the union would impose a fine of \$100 on every registered longshoreman who acted disorderly.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—(AP)—Sailing and with friendly nods to blue coated policemen, thousands of longshoremen and other maritime workers returned to their jobs here and in other Pacific coast ports today.

Intense activity marked the ending of the strike, which began May 9 and cost at least eight lives and some \$200,000,000 to business.
Long before 8 a. m., large gangs of longshoremen began walking to their jobs to pile up cargoes at various piers along San Francisco's five and a half mile waterfront or embankment.

Cops Still on Duty
Many policemen still were on duty in the district, which was marked by bloody clashes during the strike. It, though, these times the approach of strikers and policemen was the signal for a wide melee, gunfire and the bursting of tear gas bombs.

But today all bitter feelings of the past were forgotten. The police, in groups of two and three at the piers, nodded to the workers, who waved their hands as they passed by. Clouds of steam shot from the piers as merchandise was hoisted from the holds of dozens of ships and landed on the docks, where the longshoremen dispatched it through the channels of commerce.

Cars Are Loaded
Scores of box cars, shunted along the waterfront by chugging engines, were backed to the piers to be filled with goods.
Even after the last union member had announced his return to work today pending arbitration of their demands, fighting broke out at Bellingham as 35 non-union longshoremen left a lumber mill where they had finished loading a boat.

The non-union workers were attacked by an equal number of strikers and their sympathizers and several heads were bruised before city and state police and deputy sheriffs moved in and restored order.
Seamen for Peace
Members of the International Seamen's union, including seamen, stewards and cooks, voted 4305 to 809 in a coastwide ballot to submit their differences to arbitration, it was announced last night. The union executive committee instructed them to report for work at 8 a. m. today, the same hour 12,000 longshoremen returned to their jobs.

With the role of the seamen in every waterfront group which had gone out on strike had decided to return to work. The longshoremen announced their decision Sunday night and the masters, mates and pilots and the marine engineers' beneficial association followed suit yesterday.

To Fire Non-Union Men
Employers, have given assurance to arbitration, have given assurance that all non-union men employed after the strike who were not following their trades before the strike would be immediately discharged and that there would be no discrimination against any man because of strike activities or union affiliations.

Longshoremen struck for shorter hours, increased wages and elimination of employer controlled hiring halls. Within a week other maritime workers' groups struck for similar demands.
The hiring hall question kept employers and employees from reaching an arbitration agreement long after each side had expressed belief the other matters could be settled amicably. Employers contended employer-controlled halls led to unjust discriminations, and they demanded control of their own halls. Employees declared union control of the halls would amount to a closed shop.

BIRTHS
Born to Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gorman of Gold Hill, a daughter weighing 7 pounds, at the Purucker Maternity home on July 30.

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 31, 1924
(It Was Thursday)

A "lover of the drama" attends "Ole and the Ghost" at the tent show, and writes to the editor: "I don't want to hear any more about the high cultural development of the Rogue River valley. I saw many lovers of the drama enticed by histrionic tommyrot."

No clues to the burglars who robbed Col. Gordon Vorhies of \$800 worth of jewelry.
A number are indicted into the Kian near Ashland, and the "Ferry Crows" nearly sets a wheat field afire.

City schools will open September 2.
Clarence Darrow, attorney for Loeb and Leopold, rich Chicago slayers, pleads they have an "infantile component" in defense.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 31, 1914
(It Was Friday)
Marital law is declared in Germany, as Russia mobilizes its army for European conflict. J. Pierpont Morgan says, "Humanity is bent on destroying civilization. I hope and pray there will be no war."

Bluejays reported killing Chinese pheasants, and small boys catching fish without licenses.
The Central Point division of the Pacific highway "is a favorite spot for speeders."

Jackson county Democrats "hope to have enough precinct committeemen present at annual meeting to save the honor of our dear party."
Sunshine scarce, rainfall plentiful during month of July.

Eddie Carleton of "Able Rock" returns from a Good Roads convention, "where he had a sensible talk, to the surprise of his neighbors."

SALEM MAN MISSES \$43 AFTER 'HEALER' APPLIES TREATMENT
SALEM, July 31.—(AP)—A woman who said she was an Indian, and professed to be a healer, gained the permission today of R. B. Miller of Salem, to practice her art on him. After placing her hand on his hip, she drove away with two companions in a car.

After the trio had left Miller found he had not a cent in his pocket, but \$43 had flown with the healing party. He reported the incident immediately to the police.

The party, including two women and a man, drove up to Miller on a downtown street, he said, and after engaging him in conversation one of the women claimed to be a healer—by the simple method of laying on hands. He allowed her to do so, and then discovered the loss of his money.

Miller said the three remained in the car during the time they talked with him.

NO MORE BALLOONS! SAYS FARMER WHERE STRATOSPHERERS LIT
HOLDREGE, Neb., July 31.—(AP)—Reuben Johnson, whose corn field was the landing place of the giant stratosphere balloon, doesn't want any more balloons on his farm.
He's emphatic about it.
"No, sir," Johnson declared, "I don't want no more balloons on my farm."

QUALITY CHEAP LUMBER LARGE STOCKS BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1