

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturdays

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ROBERT W. RUBLE, Editor

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A backyard gardener reports he excavated 37 pounds of potatoes from his hill. This is a notable achievement and the spuds put up a harder fight than a 274 pound salmon.

A model for mothers in the Kansas woman who told the judge that she never struck her children except in self-defense—(Springfield, Ill., Union). It can be assumed that the children show their bringing up by not kicking their mother with their hats on.

A compromise is now proposed for the Roosevelt "sock-the-rich" bill. This will probably mean neither rich nor poor will have socks.

SLIGHT DISCREPANCY
(Bromhead, Sask., Times)

The dance at Ed Munday's on Wednesday night last was well attended except by the girls. Unfortunately the gentlemen expected someone else to bring the girls and were surprised to find none there.

A Jacksonville pioneer, 89, towed yesterday. He summoned the plumb-bottom, hand-fed Alaska pioneer, waiting for the government to dig their wells, would make it all right, if the dirt is at down in something black and greasy in their linen golf pants.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion it is about time the upstate untaxed.

Editorial guessing is now devoted chiefly to guessing how long it will be ere the Weyerhaeuser kidnaper, sentenced to 45 years in federal prison, will be paroled. The editors all waited 45 minutes before starting their pungent wondering.

There has been another "quiet but simple" wedding. This is the usual procedure with chances slim that some day there will be a thunderous but brainy wedding.

Owners of new autos still hate to park in the middle of the street while junior runs in the store after a head of lettuce, and is gone long enough for a round trip to the Imperial Valley lettuce fields.

A Denver radio soprano announces 2100 renditions over the ether. This sounds like an inaccurate count, as your cor, has heard her that many times while striving to tune in on a champion ship fight.

The farmers are all getting busy with their No. 2 alfalfa crop.

YE MUFFLED KNOCK
(Lexington Jottings)

Mr. Ward C. Campbell added to the evening's entertainment with a vocal solo, which was highly appreciated. After which all entered into a more pleasant and social time for the remainder of the evening.

The new front of the John Mann store is coming along fine, and when completed will be chic, but plain, dainty but dependable, also cool, spruce and modern. It will not look like a lady in a pair of soldier pants. The display windows will be large enough to permit the women-folks to see how a skirt hangs in front, and, by taking a few steps to the east, note how many buttons are in the back.

JUNI POINT GUY
(Love Agent, Col.)

Dear Dorothy:—My husband and I are constantly arguing about which one of us is the more spoiled. We both pout. My husband pouts more frequently than I do, but he says that I pout longer when I do pout and that he always has to make up. He is terribly jealous and says it is because he loves me so much that he pouts when I am nice to another man, and I pout as an after-effect when we have had a tussle over it. We will be everlastingly grateful to you if you can settle our argument about which one of us is the more spoiled, and tell us how to overcome this pouting habit.

MR. and MRS. NEWLYWED.

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. (UP)—An unpleasant task befell City Judge Ralph Cook when he sentenced Gilbert Upton to the Illinois state prison for violating his parole. During the World war Judge Cook was captain of the 124th Field Artillery, of which Upton was a member.

Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Illinois, June 24.—Well, our pilgrimage to Springfield ended appropriately enough in a cloud burst. It happened a few miles north of Peoria. The clouds were gathering again when we left New Salem and they grew thicker and darker directly in front of us. We envied the cars we met going the other way toward the lighter skies to the south—and going fast—but we didn't envy ourselves a little bit. However, it was one of those things that had to be done, so we plugged on, convinced that our heroism was equal to that of Tennyson's 600—or was it 800!—at any rate we are certain it wasn't Ward McAllister's 400, in that light brigade!

All impressions in human experience depend upon what you expect and what you get. If you expect to get \$100 and only get ten, the net result is disappointment; but if you only expect two-bits but get the same ten, you are delighted. This example may not be the best in the world but we trust it gives the general idea we wish to convey.

As we progressed northward, the skies grew darker and darker, and finally a ridge of ink black clouds, fringed by an eerie sort of dull grey, from which forked lightning flashed at frequent intervals, advanced toward us—and we toward it—steadily. It started to sprinkle gently, then the wind started to blow not so gently. The old Ford had a play in the steering wheel of approximately three feet, and this, plus the wind, made it weave from one side of the road to the other, like the tail of a kite. We thought of stopping at the next farm house but our past farm experience discouraged that, so we stepped on the button and wound up the highway like an intoxicated threshing machine,—hoping and praying for a service station where we could ask for gas, and then at the proper moment follow the crowd toward the nearest cyclone cellar. For we were convinced a tornado was approaching—nothing less. We knew we were in the cyclone belt, and June is the cyclone season, the only crumb of comfort being the frigid atmosphere outside, and the horizontal rather than vertical position of that inky black cloud. Therefore, after a brisk flurry of hail, when the cloudburst finally descended, there was great rejoicing within the confines of that ancient Ford,—we were expecting a tornado and only received a cloudburst!

However, motoring in a cloudburst isn't so hot under the best circumstances. The windshield wiper which had burned out, and burned up, had supposedly been repaired. If so, the repair didn't last long. When Jupiter Pluvius emptied his bucket of water on that section of Illinois, the contraption stopped entirely, and the Ford staggered along like a submarine without a periscope. It kept going, however, in the right direction, maintaining perhaps, an average speed of ten miles an hour. Later, we were thankful the speed had not been more. For had it been, we would have probably ended up in East St. Louis instead of in a little village known as Wyoming. For in that deluge and lack of visibility we had left route 88 for route 88-A—a slight difference to the eye but a tremendous difference to the navigator—all the difference between going due north and going due west. We had escaped a somewhat hazardous aerial flight, but had gone out of our way to the tune of about 20 miles—10 to Wyoming and 10 back again! That accounted for the lateness of our arrival.

We may have visited the Illinois legislature at the wrong time but we certainly left Springfield at the right time. The night before our departure, we noticed they were putting banners across the street before the hotel announcing a De Molay convention. The next morning when we came down for breakfast the lobby was literally jammed with young boys of approximately high school age, milling about with suitcases and medals on their chests, and forming several lines to the desk where they were being assigned rooms. Into this throng a brightly young lady elbowed her way with a scarlet dimie cap on her head, and a tray hung around her neck upon which about half a truck load of chewing gum was displayed. She was advertising the Beechnut brand, and was passing out packages right and left, to the visiting delegates. When we returned from breakfast, the crowd in the lobby had not decreased in the slightest, nor the noise and clatter, and if there were a boy in the crowd not chewing gum, we failed to make a note of it. Perhaps the young lady had visited the state legislature the day before. At any rate, there is no question at all that Illinois is the gum chewing center of the United States. They were a fine looking lot of boys and DeMolay is a splendid organization, BUT—we were certainly departing at the psychological time.

We can recommend the motor trip from Springfield, Illinois, to Rockford, via Peoria and Sterling, to anyone who wishes to see one of the most beautiful portions of the Middle West—of the entire country for that matter. Along the Illinois and Rock rivers the highway runs, through a farming country, we don't believe can be surpassed anywhere for natural beauty, fertility, and a general atmosphere of peace, security and abundance. At the end of that journey, distressing as it was in some particulars, passing farm house after farm house and little village after little village, we couldn't escape the impression,—the conviction in fact,—that this is not only a "great country," but comes as near the Promised Land for the average human being, as anything that has ever been produced on this green earth. The question kept obtruding "how could anyone wish to change it?"—change it FUNDAMENTALLY that is.

The size and metropolitan air of Peoria surprised us, a beautiful city, a busy and impressive factory district—the highway went directly by the Caterpillar Tractor company—and a view of the Illinois river that took our breath away,—such an expanse of water and so majestic,—looked as we always expected the Mississippi to look after studying our school geography, but which was at our first glimpse, and has always been since, such a disappointment.

About a mile beyond the Caterpillar Tractor company, we stopped at a service station corner for gas. The attendant was much excited over the fact that a young chap he knew and who had worked for the Caterpillar company had been arrested and confessed to attacking and murdering a young attractive and highly respected Peoria girl. He added, the police had spirited the culprit away to prevent a lynching,—probably to Springfield. (Springfield would be a good place for such as he!)

The longer we live the more frequently we have to modify our conviction that capital punishment, swift and certain, is morally wrong. We held to that conviction still AS A GENERAL THEORY, but in a case like this—as in the case of the murder of the Lindbergh baby,—extermination is the only answer. The pity is,—it is so seldom is swift and certain.

What has become of that man Hauptmann for example!

—R. W. R.

EAGLE POINT BOY DROWNS, REDDING

Donald Whetstone, aged 20, and a resident of Eagle Point all his life, where he was born in 1915, was drowned near Redding, Cal., where he was spent the past year and a half. The youth was drowned June 9,

and the body was not recovered until the 25th. He leaves his grandfather, Joseph Riley of Eagle Point, and a number of uncles and aunts.

The body will arrive in Medford Friday morning and will be taken to the Anselmo cemetery by the Conger Funeral Parlor, where services will be conducted by Rev. D. E. Millard at 2 p. m. Friday.

"KICKERINICK"
Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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.

INDULGENCE FOR NEUROTICS

Ouch to Mrs. C. H. O.—for this one: My Dear Dr. Brady: Because you regard so-called "neurotics" and "neurotics" (Mrs. C. H. O. capitalizes names) in such contempt, may I assume that Bruno Richard Hauptmann is a your ideal type of human being?



I have just about come to the conclusion that a neurotic lacking the faculty of understanding nervous disorders might prefer to deny their claim to illness than to acknowledge his ignorance on the subject.

One who fails to control his brain or nervous system to rule his physical condition. But please explain, if you can, the difference between a "shell-shocked" soldier who, regardless of good intention and moral and physical bravery, has collapsed under strain, and a woman who has broken under the shock of financial reverse, care of children, sleepless nights and worry? . . .

I do not believe you are half as hard boiled as your "wretched column" would have us think. It is only a fool who never changes his mind. Why not show us the more tolerant and kindly side of your nature for a change?

Yours for an argument, preferably in your column.

(Mrs. C. H. O.—)

I wish I could serve you some such. Ma'am, but I'm afraid Hippocrates wouldn't. Do good if you can, said the Father of Medicine, but do no harm.

All neurotics, neurasthenics or persons who ascribe their ill health to weak nerves or nervous exhaustion belong to either Class A or Class B, I sincerely believe. Class A neurotics really have something the matter with one or another function or organ and err in attributing the trouble to "nerves." Class B neurotics practice nervous imposition on their relatives, friends and the world,—use their "nerves" as an alibi or a means of escape from the responsibilities of life.

To give Class A neurotics any more sympathy than one gives any other invalid would be to encourage them in their error. I feel that they should endeavor rather to make them snip out of it and take proper steps to have their trouble diagnosed and properly treated.

Class B neurotics certainly deserve no sympathy. Their victims, their relatives, families, friends, deserve the sympathy.

The correspondent's allusion to the doctor "lacking the faculty of understanding nervous disorders" is not so naive as it may seem. It implies the doctor is a heartless creature if he refuses to act as accomplice for the patient who wishes to practice nervous imposition. Here it must be repeated that invalids who really have nervous disorders, that is, diseases of the nervous system, are generally not what is commonly called "nervous" at all; they neither demand nor receive more sympathy or patience or attention than any other invalids do.

I estimate that 25 per cent of all neurotics belong in class B, and 75 per cent belong in class A, though I may be wrong about this, for assuredly the class B neurotics whine and complain a great deal more than the others.

This, I feel, is a sufficient indulgence for a health teacher to grant to "nerves."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Boy Wanted.
My husband and I both want our

first child to be a boy. Kindly advise us—Mrs. B. J.

Answer—I advise you to accept whatever is delivered and thank your lucky stars that you've got even a girl. No one knows how to predetermine sex except God, and He wisely keeps the secret.

A Canner Can Can.
I lost only two out of 600 cans of all kinds of vegetables last year. I follow the method given in the recent book of Ball Brothers, Muncie, Ind. Pour boiling water over spinach or kale, let stand five minutes, pack loosely in clean hot jars, add one teaspoonful salt for each quart, fill jar with hot water, half seal, and place in boiler and boil for three hours. Take out, seal at once; be sure to use new rubbers and boil lids—Mrs. L. W.

Beef.
Should one with high blood pressure eat beef?—F. M.

Answer—As a rule, yes. Send ten cents and stamped addressed envelope for booklet "Building Vitality." (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
(It was Saturday)
June 27, 1925

Cooler weather is predicted for Sunday. Yesterday the mercury reached 100.5 degrees, the lowest it has been in a week.

North Oakdale avenue is opened to Jackson street by city council.

Travel to Crater Lake rim starts tomorrow, with the road cleared of snow.

H. Chendler Egan, orchardist, returns from Vancouver, B. C., where he won the northwest golf championship for the fourth time.

A son is born to the wife of Chas. Chaplin, movie comedian.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 27, 1915
(It was Sunday)

Japanese subscribe \$34 to the Fourth of July fund and same is turned over to Mayor Emerick by R. Maru.

Porcupines and deer invade valley orchards, causing damage to trees.

Distinguished Chinese merchants, on tour of America pass through the city and are given a ride over the valley by the Commercial club.

Citizen, opposing establishment of a free auto camp for tourists, in letter to editor, declares: "Charity should begin at home, and I favor the county fixing my front porch and giving the tourists free cigars."

"You don't have to be rich to enjoy rich whiskey!"

TIMES HAVE CHANGED BUT TASTES HAVE NOT

OLD QUAKER

75c PINT
Code No. 1260 (Rev) Code No. 1720 (Bourbon)

\$1.45 QUART
Code No. 1264 (Rev) Code No. 1724 (Bourbon)

OLD QUAKER

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

OLD QUAKER

STRAIGHT WHISKEY

95c FIFTH No. 501B 60c PINT No. 501C

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre



NEW ORK, June 27.—They buried Pat Hartford with the full honors they bestowed upon ex-Shepherds of the Lambs the other day. Several carriages of the theatrical great followed him to his resting place. Pat was not a member of the club. For 40 years he has been in the night elevator man.

Almost everybody in the stage world knew Pat. He saw the rise and fall of the stage through the eyes of a historian and he grieved him. Maurice Barrymore rarely went to the club without dropping by to call out "Hello Pat." Wilton Lackaye tried out his famous stories on him. It is a desolating thought for the Lambs that they shall never see Pat again in this world. A humble worker, a runner of inglorious chores, he was a gentleman of profound learning and many worldlings stumbling tidily into his life after midnight always felt a wee ashamed.

Pat, gnarled with rheumatism, had a shy pathos that sweetened his obscure niche in the world. Sometimes he would murmur sudden wisdoms that would be whispered about the club for days. He remained until the end of his 75 years a gentle spirit; buffetings could not harden.

I was thinking today what hilarious fun it would be to turn W. C. Fields, Phil Baker, Charles Butterworth, Bobby Clark, Joe Cook, Frank Fay and Jack Benny loose in a room and let their comedy run riot. Of course, they might become immediately self-conscious and grim and the affair would be as dull as ditch-water. The only comedian who ever seemed funny to me off the stage is Walter Catlett, and not then until he

had downed about a half dozen. And was feeling grand.

Webster Hall at intervals has an after midnight ball given over largely to the androgynous antics of loose-wristed lads. In half-masque costumes, they skip, hippity hop and prance along the streets to the gamut rhythmously roared, and run the affair of sidewalk jeers with shrugs and head tosses. After the ball, they gather at a Sixth avenue automat where crowds gaze through the windows and boo. The brassery is about the most sickening scene of the modern spectacle.

The girl boot-black is a vocational innovation that New York is assimilating a little sheepishly. The few I have seen are bright college-looking girls and their approach is rather timid. Two at Bryant Park wear berets, jerseys and corduroy skirts. One at Columbus Circle is prematurely gray. She resembled Jeanne Eagles.

Cole Porter, rounding in from a swing around the globe, is expected to become a permanent fixture in the New York scene. For many years he has lived in a chateau in France, crossing to America only to answer theatrical calls for his musical and lyrical royalties. But even a high-priced composer's royalties are almost insufficient for the new living and taxing demands of expatriates. Nearly all save Porter have long since fled. Porter and Jimmy Savo, incidentally, could be twins.

Thingumbobs: Jim Flagg, often offered small fortunes for his famous

I notice dancing has undergone some distinct changes since my brief lay-off from public cafes. The new method is for the man to hold the girl at arms' length with a light hip hold, her arms resting lightly on his shoulders. Thus executing diminutive Charleston steps and rolling eyes in rapturous ecstasy as they inch around the floor. Sometimes to make it even more terrible the girl smokes as she dances.

At the Versailles an O. s. hand-some exquisites with Narcissus-like abstraction was guiding his charming partner about the floor and mirror glancing in a studied pre-occupation. He seemed entirely lost in idyllic reveries. Harry Sivey, watching him awhile, observed: "He's just running through a few love scenes with himself."

(Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

JACKSON HOT SPRINGS OPENS SATURDAY NIGHT

Featuring Music by the "HARMONY HONEYS"

8 CHARMING GIRLS!

Special Dances for July 3 and 4

Admission: Men 40¢, Ladies 10¢

4th July Sale!

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