

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Thursday is the fourth of July, and many will observe the birthday of the nation by patriotically endeavoring to catch a fish.

Juveniles are plentiful with air-guns, shooting birds in the midst of their song, and occasionally mistaking a window pane for a woodpecker.

The I. Coleman boy John, was downtown Friday, all smiles. He does not seem to realize that in 40 years he will be paying the national debt now being piled up.

Spring continues to linger in the lap of summer, just like winter sat on the knee of spring.

Attorney T. Miles almost won an argument on a legal matter, with the Bates boys Tuesday while being shaved.

J. Kort Hall is being assisted in his orchard work and coming to town this summer, by his grandson, who is a Portland kid.

John Griffin, the bear hunter, wanted your correspondent to play a joke on his wife last week, and get us both killed.

Several who have been advocating the tearing up of the constitution, have gone to Portland, to tear down a sawmill fence.

T. Bill Isaacs is splitting the wind in a new car, that is as nifty looking as its driver.

The Dock Green boy set sail upon the sea of matrimony last week, and as yet is un-chivvied.

Jackrabbits and squirrels are pestering the tillers, and the robins are eating up their cherries.

Embassies of the proposed Third Party were here in mid-week, interviewing citizens prone to join anything once.

Hermey Offenbacher of the Apple-gate towed Thurs. instead of Sat. as per long established custom.

Speeding continues on East Main street without inconveniencing the coroner.

The regular Thur. nite band and bow at the Army was conducted without any riots outside the ring among the customers. All matches were as lively as a Republican and Democrats arguing a matter neither understood.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., June 26.—If you ride on the 6th avenue L. from 42nd street to the Yankee stadium, you pass through a narrow, shallow canyon the sides of which are more or less dilapidated tenements. Between five and six p. m. of a warm June afternoon, you will find every window open and framing from one to two or three human faces, and each face is BLACK. Not one white face mile after mile. It is darkest Harlem, and there whether you like it or not, is the rising tide of color.

This particular afternoon, there was perhaps a greater display than usual, for it was the day of the Louis-Carnera fight, a red letter day in the annals of Harlem. The main bout was not scheduled until ten p. m. but the preliminaries were to start at 8:00, and the pilgrimage to the stadium had already started. Not since the days of champion Jack Johnson, had the black sporting world been so on the qui vive—it was more than a sporting event, it was a racial celebration.

After passing through such an African jungle, however, and then arriving at the Stadium to find the advance guard composed of at least 50 per cent colored,—the \$2 bleacher seats opened at five p. m.—the big heavyweight bout, for us at least, took on a rather unpleasant if not actually sinister aspect. We believe our prejudices against color are less extreme than the average, and yet, the idea of seeing a black man pummeled a white one, and like as not wedged in between a couple of dusky bucks throughout the performance, for good measure, became extremely distasteful. Our fastidious friends who regard boxing as inherently brutal and degrading, under any circumstances, will no doubt smile at such scruples,—drawing the color line in a sport that should be abhorrent to all ladies and gentlemen, and the ultimate purpose of which is manslaughter. However, we have never accepted that view of boxing,—to us, when properly conducted, it is an interesting and stimulating spectacle, and in the higher brackets, with much at stake, and before thousands of people, it is a real if a somewhat primitive form of drama.

Nevertheless, we regard this emergence of one Joe Louis as the principal contender for the heavyweight championship of the world as unfortunate—for the sport, and may lead, particularly here in New York, to serious trouble. We don't like to contemplate what might have happened last night in the Yankee stadium, if this grotesque man mountain Carnera, had put over a lucky punch and sent the dusky gladiator from Detroit sprawling for the fatal count of ten. It was no doubt in fear of such an outcome that Mayor LaGuardia had detailed the largest force of policemen ever to attend a sporting event in this country—blue coats mounted and unmounted were all over the place, inside and outside of the arena. In that crowd of 60,000 people the papers this morning estimate there were 15 to 20 thousand colored. Our own idea is the percentage was larger. Their worship of Louis amounts to a frenzy. They came there bringing their best clothes, their best girls, their race pride and their race consciousness,—it was to be a colored Roman holiday. Fortunately they were perfectly safe in their expectations. Had the unexpected happened as was the case in the Baer-Braddock embroglio,—well, the population of Greater Manhattan might have been much less than it is this morning.

Having witnessed the slaughter of Italy's circus freak a year ago at the hands of Play Boy Baer,—Primo hitting the canvas eleven times in as many minutes,—this second exhibition of pugilism's largest human punching bag in captivity, was far from exciting. Primo started with more animation than on the former occasion, coming out of his corner at the beginning of each round rather like a pachyderm that had just learned to walk on its hind legs, and whirling his huge padded paws like a sideshow kangaroo, but any evidence of activity in that portion of his anatomy which rises above his shoulders, was as lacking last night as it was in 1934. When he failed to tumble over the first round, and even maintained his balance for four more, one had the feeling that perhaps the New York sport writers were right—and this was a new Carnera,—but when the sixth round started it was plain, that the difference was not in Primo but in the man he was fighting.

This colored boy, Louis, is no play boy. He is no Max Baer nor is he a second Jack Johnson. The dramatic instinct has been left out of him, entirely. He is simply a fighter, a powerful and a calculating one, whose one idea when he gets into a ring, is to knock over the man opposite him, in the shortest time possible, and with the least possible danger to himself. He is—or appears to be—as cool as an iceberg and as unemotional as a cigar store Indian. No wise cracks for the press row, or flourishes for the gallery. Joe is all business, and that is what he attends to—when it is over he calls it a day, and lets his press agent do the talking for him.

So now he is matched with Max Baer for a bout in the fall, and of course this will be a "natural." Boxing, like all other professional sports, has been commercialized, the promoters being in the business solely for the money they can make out of it. Recent events in New York fistieftick circles, may well have been merely a "build up" for this next performance, which may return prize fighting to the days of million dollar gates again.

The coming event will be a nice study in contrasts, white against black, the play boy against the killer, the show off against the plodder, both boys packing dynamite in either hand, and that deep, elemental thing known as race prejudice, a vital factor in the drama.

Beware of the man who never smiles. Joe Louis never smiles. Max smiles a large share of the time. We have an idea that when they meet, Max will find very little to laugh about. Certainly very little if he loses, and with 15 or 20 thousand black boys between him and the dressing room, little more if he wins.

—R. W. R.

INDUSTRY PLANS COURT FIGHT ON PROCESSING TAX

CHICAGO, June 29.—(AP)—The "Big Four" held to the sidelines tonight as nearly two score smaller packing concerns joined an uprising of textile manufacturers and millers against AAA processing taxes.

\$600,000,000 in processing taxes have been collected to date. At Washington farm administration authorities scoffed at the triple headed attack on the taxes and charged rumors of widespread strikes contemplated against their payment were spread by opponents seeking defeat of AAA amendments.

The big Chicago firms of Armour, Wilson, Cudahy and Swift, which turn in approximately \$1,000,000 a month to the AAA, took no steps toward withholding any sums due.

Some 3600 drinks of grapefruit juice were prepared for Nivensons attending the international convention in San Antonio, Tex.

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 in 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.

NUTRITION OF THE SKIN

In medical literature vitamin G is commonly referred to as antidermatitic, that is, it prevents skin troubles due to faulty nutrition. It has acquired this name mainly because it is essential to prevent pellagra, and in pellagra, the feet literally mean rough skin. The skin assumes the appearance and condition of an old sunburn or chronic "eczema."

But other vitamins, notably C and D, have been employed in the treatment of such common conditions as acne, and often with apparent benefit. One thing dumb or gullible folk should get out of mind at once is the notion that you can rub in or by any means administer vitamins directly through the skin. Yes, yes, I wasn't born yesterday and I've heard about the quaint old custom of anointing the feeble baby with cod liver oil, but I'm telling you—let us not confuse ourselves about this.

Dr. Helen Mackay said (Archives of Diseases of Childhood, 2:65, '34) that the first sign of A-deficiency in children is undue susceptibility to skin infections such as boils, impetigo, pimples, which are slow in healing. Later the skin becomes too dry and gives off a fine scurf. The hair loses its luster.

In the British Medical Journal, 2:113, '34, G. P. Goodwin described the case of a boy 10 years old with A-deficiency. The skin of the legs and feet particularly was dry, and there was a popular eruption mainly over the legs. With six weeks of cod liver oil treatment (internally) this cleared up. A similar skin condition, which proved to be due to vitamin A deficiency, was observed in a number of prisoners in Africa.

The main features Lowenthal noted were dryness, itching, papular eruption, and in some cases inflammation of hair follicles or roots. The eruption resembled ordinary acne but the papules or pimples did not pustulate. By giving the prisoners one ounce of cod liver oil daily Lowenthal succeeded in clearing up the skin condition.

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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

NEW YORK, June 29.—New York, the highly vaunted gayest city, can become all of a sudden most forlorn. I speak in particular of any summer Saturday afternoon around 4 o'clock. Along what is a rather busy street below I see two drooping figures as well as in this particular of any summer Saturday afternoon around 4 o'clock. Along what is a rather busy street below I see two drooping figures as well as in this particular of any summer Saturday afternoon around 4 o'clock.

The loneliest and most deserted I ever felt was after stepping from a dinky train at San Luis Potosi in old Mexico to wander across the sun-blazed square for a refreshing drink. The drowse of the siesta was on the cantina was closed and I got back to the station as the train was rounding a bend. There wasn't a soul anywhere. I knocked on the door of a shuttered house, a door the poisonous green of wall paper. An incredibly old village, came, mumbled and pointed to the sign at the door side. There was smallox inside. No train until midnight. It was my first and, I hope, last, visit to hell.

That quality called eerie—and where is a more desolate word—seems to settle and choke like strychnine about a deserted apartment. There's an inclination to throw open the windows, turn on the radio lights, anything with a current of activity. I have in succession phoned Lee Oswald, Gene Crawley and George Buckley, all lively sharp-shooters of cheerful minutes in moments in the night. But they are away—likely to the beaches, woods or cool verandas. The tremolo of organs suggests gloomy cathedral, sinners in piteous supplication, decay. I even walk out on the Crawford.

Threading a trace of gloom this way violates the columnist's credo: Be merry and bright. But many of the like to wallow in the morasses now and then. The British call it "going wonky." Meredith Nicholson once wrote a marvelous essay on "The Joy of Melancholia." The Gloomy Gnomes of the world get the breaks and back-pats. The Polyanas dredge

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

PLACE, Hart Mountain, Time, 6:00 a. m. This writer, sleeping the sound sleep that comes to those with good consciences, awakened by rudely prodding foot, Mumbles somnolently: "What's up here in the middle of the night? Indians jumped the reservation?"

"Indians, hell!" is the rude answer. "Breakfast's about over, and if you don't roll out of those blankets you'll go hungry."

FIFTEEN minutes later. That rumor about breakfast being all gone was a canard and a base slander on the cooks. True, most of the breakfasters have finished, but humble inquiry at the cook fire brings forth a plate loaded with two large slices of ham, three eggs, three slices of French toast, a heap of fried potatoes, a tin cup of coffee and about a pint of stewed prunes smothered in real cream.

Go hungry? Not when this Lakeview crowd is running the commissary.

BREAKFAST over, starters grind. Engines roar and cars line up for jaunt to the antelope country. Camp located high up on mountain, and antelope prefer lower flats.

Ford two creaks, open somewhat less than a million gates, dodge high centers in desert road and wonder whether antelope will perform for benefit of those who haven't been here before.

You know how it usually is when you've bragged about something and then have to prove it.

EXCITED voice exclaims: "Boy, look at that, will you!" Half a dozen antelope, graceful beyond description, bounding away off to one side. They reach the skyline and race along it, far too curious to pass over and so lose sight of us. A little farther on, another band jumps on the other side. For two hours, antelope in sight nearly all the time.

At this season, when water is plentiful they're widely scattered through the sagebrush. Later in the year, August and early September, they congregate in bands around the dry lake beds. Responsible persons report seeing 2,000 to 3,000 in a band.

What a sight for corn-fed tourists from the Middle West. Some day this antelope refuge will be one of the outstanding tourist attractions of the Pacific coast.

YOU'VE seen the African movies, with the gam' herds and the flat-topped mimosa trees in the background. If you want a thrill, but can't afford to go to Africa, come over here to the Hart Mountain country. Mahogany trees on the skyline simulate the mimosa with startling accuracy, and the bounding antelope in the foreground provide the game herds.

THE cars pause in a flat lake-bed, its floor bright with yellow flowers and lush with grass. In the background the grey desert hills, clothed with sage. The members of the party, chattering hitherto like a convention of magpies, fall silent and gaze instead of talk.

BANG! Bang! This guy Leyva is at it again. He starts a tin can rolling, and keeps it rolling with pistol bullets planted judiciously at its lower edge. He tosses a rock about half the size of a golf ball into the air and shatters it with a bullet, the dust from the shattered rock floating away in a little puff on the still air.

Praised vociferously, he says modestly: "Hell, three years ago I couldn't hit a washtub. It's just a matter of practice." If all these state troopers practise as good purpose as Hugo has, they'd be a bad bunch to monkey with.

BUCK SNYDER, admiring, takes the pistol and busts it can. Not so surprising, for Buck grew up in this country and is a part of it. Dr. Parsons, head of the department of sociology at the University of Oregon, reaches gamely for the pistol, squints along the barrel and pulls the trigger. Wonder of wonders! The can leaps into the air and comes down with a gaping hole in it. You never can tell, out here in the desert.

Ye Poet's Corner

YESTERDAY

So much of grief and pain My heart does recall, So many things of yesterday— To make the teardrops fall.

'Tis here a face, there a voice; Each lingering haunts me still. Their fond caresses, loving words, My longing memory fills.

No glad tomorrow brings them home; At evening their footsteps wait. I linger by the open door, Or hold ajar the gate.

Each passed the portal yesterday. Bidding me fond adieu; One held me close in fond embrace, And told me he loved me true.

I know tomorrow's sun will rise again. I know the dreary day will wane. But they have gone with yesterday, To ne'er return again.

Of 1000 square miles in a mineral belt, Scarcely by the prospector's pan was felt. Where chrome, copper and tellurium and quick Are mingled with platinum and gold In the creek.

With only his horse, his dog and his gun, He lived until his time had come. When he must lie down and take his rest, And be buried in the hills that he loved best.

If the cougar screamed he didn't care, Nor the angry snarl of the grizzly bear. With his rifle in hand on the mountain high, Stood king of them all—'twas Uncle Si.

And those mountain flowers of a dainty hue Were sipped by the bees for their honey dew. And back to the bee tree they would fly, And store up sweets for Uncle Si.

For Uncle Si made a dainty dish. Yet venison, honey and mountain tea Was the favorite meal for Si McKee. He would burn the small brush off every year, So he could keep his timber clear.

And rid the hills of snakes and slugs And pesky flies and timber bugs. On Diamond creek, where the road winds around You may see the tracks of a doe and fond. She may pause at his grave in passing, And wonder what became of Si.

He was the best friend that she had. He protected her fawns just like a dad. If the cougar or lynx would sneak around, At the crack of his rifle they would die on the ground.

Up on his grave you will see a cross, Near by you will see the bones of his horse. His old cabin stands by an apple tree Which blooms each spring for Si McKee.

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
June 30, 1925
(S. B. Was Tuesday)
Santa Barbara, Calif., devastated by earthquake seeks \$23,000,000 loan from banks of land, to rebuild. Property loss is placed at \$25,000,000. Death list is placed at nine persons.

Five forest fires reported in Crater Lake National Park. Movies will be taken of the dedication of Copco Unit No. 2 next Sunday.

Talent district residents hold a barbecue at Hiatt Prairie dam. While there were not prostrations or sun strokes reported, the populace, nevertheless does not need to be told that it has been rather warm for several days—(Central Point Pointers).

Twenty Years Ago Today
June 30, 1915
(It Was Wednesday)
Re-bonding plan is presented for problem of pavement debts.

William Jennings Bryan, the world's foremost exponent of peace, will pass through the city early next Monday, and local democrats hope to induce him to make a speech in the city park.

George Putnam, editor of the Mail Tribune, loses his fishing outfit between Medford and Kelly's Island, and offers \$15 reward for its return.

"Kreutzer Sonata" with Theda Bara and Nance O'Neil at the Page; "The Half Spoken Curse" at the Isis; "Johnny Goes to the Woodshed," and 1400 feet of comedy at the Star.

"On account of the dry weather, the squirrels have started to eat the gardeners."—(Along Rogue River Items).

COAST BUSINESS GAINS CONTINUE

SAN FRANCISCO, June 29.—(AP)—Coast business continues ahead of last year, but the margin narrowed. The Northwest lumber industry was hampered by strikes. Increased activity was shown by oil fields, refineries, power and telephone companies, breweries, airlines and steam shipping, but there was a slackening in freight traffic and retail trade.

World News At a Glance

(By the Associated Press)
WASHINGTON — Administration strength to get test Monday when house acts on utility holding company bill.
DETROIT—Michigan officers question man and three women arrested at Fort Wayne, Ind., in connection with Dickinson slaying.

CHICAGO — Millers, textile and packing concerns seek orders to block payment of \$2,000,000 in processing taxes; several get temporary injunctions.
WASHINGTON — Revised AAA amendments, removing constitutional objections, slated for senate action next week.



Just as they suspected, they found there were four more persons in the audience than dimed in the cash register. This will undoubtedly prove a craft feature in the current auditing feud between McClair and TVA.

The official TVA explanation is that the four free admissions were given to users in return for services rendered, but McClair does not know that yet.

Use Mail Tribune want ads
SURE WAY TO GET BACK PEP SAY MANY THOUSANDS

Stomachic, Laxative, and Tonic Effects Produce Results. Mr. C. E. Jeffrey, traveling salesman, states that he suffered for some time and tried many well-known preparations without satisfactory results.

Quoting from his letter: "The result of this medicine has given me a wonderful I no longer have gassy sour stomach, and whereas I formerly tried a bottle today I may be obtained on a money back guarantee from the Health Store."