

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The current and confounded heat is now being blamed for considerable mental giddiness, that was spawned last February when crazy with the frost.

An experienced newspaper man is one who can keep a lead pencil a week—(Florida—Leland-Zinton)—if he steals one every day in the week. He is a journalist.

The Prospect ball team was defeated Sunday, 27-0. This is the worst debacle of the season, due to Catcher Dewey Hill, the heroic hill-billy not feeling well, and there being unable to play three places at once. He looked blanché.

"SIMPLE JUSTICE." (Del Norte Triplicate)

As a matter of fact the theft of these gambling devices seems to be a favorite pastime in various parts of Del Norte county. Parties who pack away the slot machines declare they are no more committing a crime than are the newsmen of the devices which operate outside the pale of the law.

The Humdingers, Inc. are still enthused and enraptured over the mercury soaring to 104.7 degrees in Portland last Saturday, causing the metropolitan population to sweat. They feel the territory has not been given sufficient publicity, and favor immortalizing the satisfying meanness of the weather man, inderbilly. Many are willing to bare their bosoms to a tattoo artist, and permit him to drill upon their wishbones a thermometer, shaped like a rose, with the numerals 104.7 embossed in the center. The zealous further object to press dispatches describing northern Oregon as "a take over," and southern Oregon as a "frying pan."

The moon staged an eclipse last night. It was well-timed and went off without a hitch, as if in the hands of a hard-working committee.

There is some editorial discussion in the state press about the wild raspberry. In many sections it's not the raspberry, that's wild.

The head of the Mormon church declares: "There is nothing that will bring back prosperity but work, and the quicker we find it out the better." He talks like a politician who is not going to run for anything next year.

A Nevada resident, delinquent with his taxes, claims in court he "forgot them for five years," and seeks "an estoppel in foreclosure." The state will attempt to show that he never overlooked any pay-days or forgot the date for making installment payments on the auto.

WANTS OF MAN
"Man wants but little here below."
Somebody said, but golly!
That estimate of man's desires
Is just the sheerest folly.
Man wants whatever things he sees
And hears, smells, tastes and touches.

And fumes and frets if anything
Escapes his eager clutches.
From infancy till death steps in
To fit him out with pinions.
He's reaching out for everything
From bubbles to dominions.
He wants the moon and twinkling stars.

The plaudits of the masses,
The gem-encrusted crowns of kings
The pick of living bases.
There isn't anything on earth
From distaffs to weasels.
Man doesn't want unless, perchance,
He'll do without the measles.
And so to estimate man's wants
One needs no moderation.
It's accurate and briefer, too,
To say he wants creation.

(Exchange).

KLAMATH PRINCIPAL GIVEN FEDERAL POST

KLAMATH FALLS, July 15.—(AP)—Paul T. Jackson, principal of Klamath Union high school, has been offered a post as Oregon state director of the national youth help movement recently inaugurated by President Roosevelt. It was learned here today.

Journalist, in a long distance telephone call from Washington, asked the school board for a leave of absence.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

SEATTLE, Washington, July 12.—Arrived here at last, nearly two days behind schedule, and with plans of attending the state editorial meeting at Hood River knocked higher than the top of Mt. Rainier which—marvel of marvels—we can see from the hotel room. This is the second time in about 30 years we have seen sunshine and a cloudless sky in Seattle. Everyone says it's hot. But it seems comfortably warm, and delightful after the hot house Middlewest.

We wonder if the Yellowstone Comet which ran five minutes behind the North Coast Limited ever reached Livingston, Montana. The last time we heard of it, the train was five or six miles back of us, the other side of a bridge which had washed out. Behind it was another washout. That bridge by the way went out a few minutes after our train crossed it. When the Comet came rumbling along, the engine's headlight picked out the raging creek and the yawning cavity where the bridge used to be, just in time.

So we owe something to Lady Luck, for if that bridge had decided to depart a few minutes earlier it would have been just too bad. And if the engineer of our train had not been an old hand and an experienced one it might have been just too bad later on. For instead of going forward and taking a chance, he pulled up at the first station the other side of the bridge, and suggested to the station agent that the track ahead be inspected. This was done in a raging torrent, about one o'clock in the morning. Two minor washouts of the right of way were found. It took ten hours to put that stretch of track in proper shape, and the train finally crawled over at a snail's pace. That engineer should get a medal and a raise in pay but probably won't.

The world is full of nice people and so much more friendliness than is ever expressed. On any transcontinental train trip acquaintances are made, transient friendships formed, some are lasting, more end as soon as the trip ends. But when something unusual happens like this washout,—or a snow slide (or something)—and the train is side tracked for a day, how homo sapiens does mingle, how the customary reserves and silly inhibitions, break down. It only demonstrates how flimsy the barriers to better understanding are.

There were three young girls on this train, on the last leg of a trip around the circle, financed by the S. P. we believe, through a voting contest and a chamber of commerce hook-up. One of the girls was from Eugene, Oregon, another from Pittsburg, California, the third from Salinas, California. They had never taken such a trip before—one of them never had been outside of the county where she lived,—and how they did enjoy it. They had been to Agua Caliente, New Orleans, by boat to New York, then to Washington, D. C., Chicago, St. Paul, and after a day at Seattle and two at Portland they were to depart for their various homes and—worse luck,—start to work again.

Yes they were working girls—had to work,—make their own way in life. We were much interested in them, their comments on their experiences, the places they had seen, the people they had met. Each one kept a diary—that is part of the contract—and they will be expected to make a report to certain service clubs when they get home.

What impressed us most was the uniform good sense, sane, sensible outlook of these mere youngsters, who had been gadding about the country for three weeks. Just kids,—lip-sticked, permanent waved, and all that—but wholesome, competent, each one with a level head on her shoulders, and beneath all their kidding and patter, with a serious purpose in life. As they parked just across the aisle for three days, we became pretty well acquainted and somehow they gave us a new slant on the younger generation and a stronger faith than ever in the stability, and essential—what is the term?—RIGHTNESS—of this country. They appeared a pretty good cross section of the American average. It's a good average.

Our arrival was marked by the fleet coming in—a part of it. From our hotel window high on a hill, we saw a battleship steam slowly in and come to anchor. A few minutes later a large, graceful cruiser followed and took its station nearby. An hour or two later when we again looked out over the harbor, there were ten warships at anchor, all battle cruisers but the first one. Twenty-five or thirty million dollars invested there. In another two weeks the entire fleet will be here and great will be the rejoicing and jollification in Seattle. For "Fleet week" not only means a round of gay festivities, but it means several hundred thousand dollars in the pockets of Seattle merchants. Say what you like about world peace or politics,—to the average American there is no substitute for cash money tinkling in the till, as the overture to prosperity's return.

The National Association of Insurance commissioners is holding a convention here. One learns the insurance business is good, and the delegates and their wives and children, all decked out in summer duds, and plastered with purple badges, eating, dancing, and doing the movies, indicates it. A couple of Seattle acquaintances echo the refrain we have heard all across the country from coast to coast and back again—"Yes business is better—much better—if the administration will only quit fooling and fussing and let things alone—everything will be just dandy, etc., etc." This is certainly what American BUSINESS is saying and thinking—we offer it to Jim Farley for what it's worth. R. W. R.



(Continued from Page One)

congressman at Washington. One of the congressmen who this received a blank piece of paper investigated and found out what happened.

Ordinarily, when the defendants are permitted to judge their own cases, you may expect a quick acquittal. But the congressmen who are investigating themselves to find out whether they have been unduly influenced by the power lobby or the president's lobby, are so excited over this issue that they are unsheathing knives against each other and eying each other's backs.

Intuitions and counter-intuitions have sprung up behind the investigations to an unprecedented extent.

For instance, some new deal congressmen in the house are cutting ground underneath the house investigators. They do not trust that inquiry entirely. Secretly they are digging up dirt against their colleagues and furnishing it to the senatorial investigators instead of to their own investigators. One congressman who is doing that asserts he has evidence indicating that some of his colleagues are on the payroll of utilities companies as at-

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, 253 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

PUZZLES IN THE MAIL BAG

The prize puzzle in today's mailbag is thrust upon me by a man in Colorado. He writes three pages. Ordinarily I send a letter to the sender through the mail, but in this case I have snatched it from my hand by the automatic check-off before I can run my fingers through it.



A high calcium diet is valuable in cases where there is considerable damage being done by the lead. The purpose of the diet being to favor deposit of lead in the bones, where it is important in the treatment of chronic lead poisoning.

Physicians say my husband has hypoglycemia and that it is a serious condition. The only way to get even a few hours relief is by frequent eating of sweets. (Mrs. R. W.)

Answer—Ephedrine, pituitrin and vitamin B are helpful.

The Odor of Anger
I have a keen sense of smell. I have often noticed the peculiar body odor of a person following anger, which is altogether different from the ordinary body odor. (Mrs. L. H.)

Answer—I believe you are right. Perhaps other readers can offer their impressions about the odor of anger, the odor of love, etc.

Which Vitamin?
Can you tell me which vitamin is particularly beneficial for a person who is hypersensitive to foreign proteins? (Mrs. W. M.)

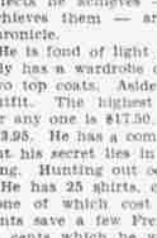
Answer—I don't know, unless it may be vitamin B. I believe a kind of "balanced diet" is necessary as well as a balanced intake of other food. Send ten cents coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for copy of booklet, "Building Vitality," which gives information about vitamins.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 253 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 16.—George W. Tryon is a man whose advertising man known in his field and along Broadway as a Brummel.



For 30 years his name is a synonym for sartorial effects. He has 25 shirts, collars attached, none of which cost more than 50 cents save a few French percale for 65 cents which he wears with high Piccadilly collar stocks and bat wing. He never pays more than 10 cents for socks and wears rayon union suits at \$5. All purchases are made at miscellaneous shops, no two at the same place.

Bob Brinkerhoff at the pipe-sellers' January 1: "This pipe is burned out already." "Yes, but you have scraped all the cake out of the bowl. No wonder." On July 1, same place. "No wonder, you ought to scrape out the cake and keep it clean." Tab-leau!

Gelett Burgess has one of his revolutionary articles in a recent issue of Technology Review. It's upon "Efficiency in Pleasure" and defines what he calls "careless and dullness in art." I predict a career for his newest word, "Dullness" as applied to literature. Especially literature of the fancy waistcoat verbiage, the spring bottomed phrases all bejeweled with metaphors and bossed with brass adjectives. Such as "Pamphle Hurst" or "Ahmed Abdullah turn out in more fanciful moments."

Manhattan interlude: It was near Grand Square. A little girl of 4 and her nurse were almost run over by a truck, charging full bell. In her truck the child dropped her doll and that ten-ton camion's wheels crushed it as flat as a ginger bread man. It was the little girl's heart-broken sob that touched the bystanders. It was the indescribable look on the face of a fat man, without a collar, who looked at her and at her doll and gabbled his eyes with a dirty rag of a handkerchief.

Someone sends me what Jesse Lynch Williams said in an obituary blurb for the late Harvey O'Higgins: "He had a keen eye in the world." And underneath it the sender scribbled: "Carve not that upon my grave-stone, O simple flatterer!"

The only American newspaper man

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SIR HUBERT SAMUEL, liberal opposition leader in the British house of commons, makes a speech in which he delivers this warning to Italy:

"If the primitive troops of Ethiopia are mown down by Italian machine guns, there will be a spontaneous outburst of indignation and resentment among the British people."

To this the directing intelligence back of Italy's apparent determination to go to war with Ethiopia would probably reply, if it chose to speak with entire frankness: "Perhaps, but what harm would that do to Italy?"

It's all right to deliver warnings in all respects about the indignation and resentment of the British people, but the thing that would STOP ITALY is a terse official warning worded something like this: "If Italy goes to war with Ethiopia, the British fleet will blockade Italy."

Big talk sounds fine, but it takes ACTION to stop wars. The experience of generations confirms that fact.

It could be added, with equal truth, that if OUR COUNTRY said to Italy: "If you go to war with Ethiopia we will go to war with Ethiopia," there would be no Italian-Ethiopian war.

But, so far, at least, we've had the good sense to mind our own business and do no big talking. Let's hope we keep on that way.

A jury at Tacoma, after deliberating for six hours, finds Maryvict Waley guilty of participating in the kidnaping of little George Weyerhaeuser.

This writer, speaking as one individual, would like to shake the members of that jury by the hand. Margaret Waley's defense was based wholly upon appeal to sentiment, and it's high time for the public generally to take the position that major crimes, such as kidnapings, are not sentimental affairs.

HERE'S an interesting dispatch from New York: "Norman Thomas, national leader of the Socialist party, will lead a sound-truck caravan through Louisiana in October in a campaign against what he calls 'the demography of Huey Long's share-the-wealth program.'"

The tour has been formally approved by the national executive committee of the Socialist party.

TIME was when Socialists were regarded as wild-eyed radicals to be opposed by every straight-thinking person of conservative leanings. Now the political world has traveled so far that the Socialist party has become a conservative influence opposing the radicalism of new demagogues of the Huey Long type.

HERE is a question you may ask yourself: "Just WHAT will be regarded as radicalism two or three generations hence?"

A final closing thought: When Norman Thomas and his sound-truck caravan get down into Louisiana, they can put their fingers on the absurdity of Huey's "share-the-wealth" program with this statement: "You can't share what isn't produced."

That's getting the issue down about as close to the gram roots as it can be got.

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CCC WELFARE OFFICERS ATTEND CONFERENCE AT VANCOUVER ARMY POST

Captain William C. Ryan, welfare officer of the Medford CCC district, left Monday for Vancouver Barracks, Wash., where he is attending a two-day conference of educational advisers from the 70 established companies in Oregon and Washington.

Educational advisers from all Medford district camps were among those going to Vancouver for the conference. Captain Ryan was to speak on "The Relationship of the Welfare Office to Education." Donald Mace, educational adviser at Wimer, was to speak on "Publicity for CCC Activities," and Victor Sparks, adviser at South Park, was to speak on "Activities Within the Camp as Related to the Educational Program."

Dr. D. E. Wiedman, Medford district educational coordinator, was called away on an eastern trip and was unable to attend the conference, where he was slated to preside Wednesday.

The conference is a tri-district affair, with advisers and officers from the Medford, Vancouver Barracks and Fort Lewis districts attending.

Included among the speakers are Dr. G. W. Peavy, president of Oregon State College; Dean J. R. Jewell, of the University of Oregon; George E. Griffith, public relations officer for the forest service regional office at Portland; and Dr. J. B. Giffing, civil educational adviser, ninth corps area.

About 80 per cent of the cattle bought by the government in the emergency of 1934 were cows and heifers.

LOBBY POWER INQUIRY STARTS



Representative Brewster, Republican of Maine, testifying threats were made by Thomas Corcoran, RFC attorney, if Brewster did not support the utilities "death sentence" bill. Brewster was the first witness before the house lobbying investigation committee. (Associated Press Photo)

STENNETT TELLS HISTORY FAMOUS MINERAL SPRINGS

Ed. Note: A. F. Stennett, foreman of the Mail Tribune mechanical department, who is spending his vacation at Richardson Springs, near Chico, Calif., writes the following interesting letter concerning the history and curative properties of the mineral waters at the resort.

RICHARDSON SPRINGS, Calif., July 14.—(Sp.)—I promised Medford friends to tell something about the history of Richardson Springs, but I don't want the readers of the Mail Tribune to get the impression that I am here as a paid advertising representative of the springs, but so long as I am on the ground I thought the readers might be interested in knowing about conditions here and what will do for a permanent cure of such diseases as rheumatism, statism, lumbago, gastritis, acidosis, colitis, gout, constipation, infections of liver, gall bladder, kidneys, alcoholism, obesity, nervous disorders and certain skin eruptions, etc. I know people in Medford who are chronic sufferers from some of these diseases and they might appreciate and take advantage of the knowledge that here they might be cured or at least receive long relief.

Richardson Springs is 12 miles east of Chico, with a good macadam road leading to the hotel which is located upon a 5000-acre tract of land that has been under the ownership of the Richardson family since 1809. The hotel, about 100 cottages, bath house, swimming pool, ice plant, water and light systems and dairy plant are all clustered in a canyon about one-fourth of a mile in width, surrounded by a growth of oak trees reaching to the summit, making the location picturesque and pleasing to the eye. The view and arrangement of the grounds upon which the hotel faces is decidedly attractive.

After the Richardson family acquired this land they commenced an investigation of the mineral properties of the various springs. George Browning, an outstanding chemist, was employed to do the research work, and his findings and discoveries have been so satisfactory to the Richardsons that he is still in their employ and is director of the research laboratory.

The first hotel built was a wooden structure and burned to the ground in 1898. As soon as construction could be completed it was replaced by the present handsome and commodious 150-room fireproof structure which has been ample to date, but the continued growth of business indicates that the day is not distant when an addition must be built. At the time the new hotel was built its dining room was the largest, without supporting columns, between Los Angeles and Portland.

Beside the fine mineral springs there is a complete system of fresh spring water, which supplies every cottage on the grounds. The open air swimming pool is supplied from the fresh water spring.

The hotel company owns a farm near Chico where they raise their own vegetables, poultry, livestock and dairy herd. They operate their own packing house, dairy and manufacturing ice, all at the hotel location. In the hotel there is a refreshment and news stand, postoffice, telephone station, grocery store, barber shop and beauty parlor. In fact patrons of the hotel and cottages can secure most any necessity at the hotel at possibly a slight increase over the prices prevailing at Chico.

For pleasure and pastime there is an excellent 9-hole golf course near Chico, tennis court, horseshoe pitching, pool, croquet, dancing and free moving pictures, and last but not least, seven slot machines, ranging in investments from 10 to 25c, which I believe is backed by every man and woman on the premises.

Today the thermometer reached 83 inside the hotel. When the heat outside goes to more than 100 they take down the outside thermometer and put it in the ice box.

A. F. STENNETT

The 37,000 rural mail carriers in the United States travel an aggregate distance of 412,000,000 miles in one year.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 49 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
July 16, 1925.
(That was Thursday)
Mercury soars to 103.5 degrees, and city sweaters in hottest night of the year. Many citizens report they were unable to sleep.

Governor Pierce declares "drunken driving law has been softened," and calls on courts to cease substituting reckless driving charges.

The Chamber of Commerce gives 28 Alabama schoolteachers a ride to the summit of the Siskiyou. The southern ladies were taken from the train here, "and whisked through 30 miles of southern Oregon beauty."

"Bill Coleman in Booster Paroxysm On Visit Update." — (Headline this paper.)

Grate disappear and fishing is now good at Diamond Lake.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
July 16, 1915.
(That was Friday)
Harry K. Thaw, millionaire slayer, goes free, when declared "sane" by jury.

Burglars entered the home of local people last night, while the family was at the depot to see the Liberty Bell.

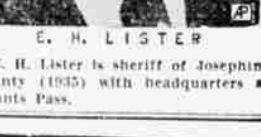
Five thousand people from all sections of the county remained up until 2:15 this morning to see the Liberty Bell. Over five hundred autos of all kinds and makes were parked around the depot. The fire and drum corps concert was called off when a policeman, giving an exhibition of his skill on the snare drum, pounded so hard he broke the drumhead.

There was no disorder during the gathering, aside from crowding, three or four men locking arms and rushing through the crowd. This was soon squelched.

Gold Hill opens its municipal bathing beach on Rogue river.

Phone 342 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service

Sheriff at G. P.



E. H. Lister is sheriff of Josephine county (1935) with headquarters at Grants Pass.

Tired and Irritable

WHO would be cross when periodic pain was dragging her down? Relieve the pain and discomfort by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. All druggists sell them.

Mrs. Marion Sidor of Chicago says: "I was very tired and irritable. I had severe pains and terrible headaches periodically. My husband bought me your Tablets and they helped me wonderfully."

Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS