

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Marshfield has justifiable grounds this week for swelling the civic chest until the vest buttons fly. While the rest of the state is either a bake-over or a frying-pan, press dispatches reveal: "At Marshfield on the mid-Oregon coast, 66 was the maximum temperature."

Sigrid Oneglin, the Swedish contralto, due to a tenor being carried away with his role, will be unable to sing in America next winter. The tenor, in his dramatic ardor, threw the contralto to the stage floor, choked her, bruised her, and mauled her so severely the songbird was in the hospital for five days. Besides she is unable to raise her right arm. All in all, it sounds like the finale of a wrestling match. The best the layman can do when assaulted by a Rocky Mountain soprano, is to get after his radio with an ax.

The New York lady, who last week let a rattlesnake bite her on the hand, to prove the value of a vegetable diet against snake poison, is coming along fine. If she didn't fool the audience she proved the efficacy of the pinball. About the same time, a Siskiyou county shepherd, who has been eating mutton, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and demonstrated the efficacy of getting to a doctor in a hurry.

A couple of kids, each 15, escapes from the state reform school, "were prepared to shoot it out with officers," when found asleep in a cabin near Albany, with a loaded rifle within reach. No doubt the law in its solicitude for offenders, will not see fit to spank it out with the young men.

Lightning started a forest fire upstate last week, and left a bottle with the odor of kerosene behind a stump.

The esteemed Oregonian editorially wishes for more eclipses of the moon. The phenomena brings out the hill-dwellers on the roofs and the hill-sides, it is argued, "to remind them there is a moon." This would be fine, but in about three weeks it will be discovered the moon was not coming up over the mountain properly.

Pecora Bill Gates, while playing bridge yesterday, made a bid "to frighten his opponent," and scared nothing but the "kitty" cat.

The work of "modernizing the Book of Proverbs" has been started. It is not stated what is wrong, with the original set as printed in the Bible.

"WOMEN OF WIDE AREA TO ASSEMBLE"—(Hilma Chloé Enterprise)—The editor shouldn't have mentioned it, and besides it is none of his business.

Another hard fought croquet game was played Friday evening at the Major court. T. J. Humphreys and Charles W. Barlow beat Stanley Minor and Joe Snyder. (Heppner News)—Where the "mad whirl" is not very mad.

Statistics on agricultural accidents reveal there has been a decline in the number of farmers "gored by a bull," so far this year. This is the 4-legged bull that frequents pastures and the shady sides of barns, and is not built like he was going to run for office, the next time opportunity offered.

TELLING THE GALS. (Newsdom) The woman sought equality. She has it. But her equality is of a different sort. It is the kind which considers ability a mere secondary function in the business world. True she tries in a number of ways to ape the slave of civilization who goes out daily to win his bread but unlike him she has a perverted sense of ethics, she often acts in restraint of trade and resorts to those unfair practices which neither man-made law nor God-made man can prohibit.

Where the man has only brains or lack of them, to pit against a competitor, the woman resorts to flickering her eye-lashes, giving her boss a come-hither look and relying upon the cave-mannish but chivalrous instinct of her more brutish colleague to carry her over the jumps.

Editorial Correspondence

ORCAS ISLAND, Puget Sound, July 15.—This is one of the larger of about 175 wooded islands scattered over the surface of this section of Puget Sound. It is also one of the oldest from the standpoint of settlement. There are natives here who haven't been off the island in a quarter of a century. They have engaged in salmon fishing and agriculture, but both industries are at a low ebb at the present time, and practically every piece of private property has a "for sale" sign tacked on it.

We don't believe the real estate market is very active. A large CCC camp, three or four country hotels, and a thriving boys' and girls' summer camp, comprise the chief activities at the present time. Yesterday being Sunday an excursion flooded the island, with men, women and children from the mainland—six or seven hundred of them—who scattered with their lunch baskets, knapsacks, pocket cameras and beach pajamas, all over the place. We met one of the excursion crowds while motoring back to our hotel, it was like motoring through a band of sheep, only worse, for sheep have some fear of a car and a horn, but excursionists haven't. It took us a full 15 minutes to get through one block of them.

The CCC boys have done a fine job here, as they have everywhere else. They have put the roads in excellent condition and constructed numerous trails all over the island. Their main camp near one of the little fresh water lakes, is a model of neatness and attractiveness—the combination living room and library being one of the best of the kind we have ever seen in a CCC camp. Certainly an ideal place to spend the summer, on the edge of a lake with a diving tower, spring board and boats; salt water breezes sifting through the thick forest of pine and fir and madrona, at night; good food, plenty of useful outdoor work—certainly if these lads don't become better American citizens, and in later life don't appreciate what the government has done for them, the fault will be theirs, and the responsibility for the failure on no other shoulders than their own.

One of the improved highways leads to Mt. Constitution, the highest point of the island, 2400 feet above the waters of the sound. We motored there just before sunset, walked a short distance to the top where the CCC boys are constructing an observation tower. With the sun like a molten wafer setting in the west and the full moon, rising in the east, the panorama was certainly something worth writing home about. One felt suspended high in the air, for from the observation point there is a sheer drop to the tops of the firs and pines below, through which the surfaces of little lakes shimmered like pewter discs, while far to the right, the snowy slopes of Mt. Baker pierced the hazy horizon, the edges tipped with rose, from the rays of the setting sun. One couldn't believe the water below had anything to do with the Pacific ocean. There are so many islands, large, small and medium, of all shapes and sizes, the water so still and quiet between, that it gave the effect of rivers and lakes scattered over a heavily wooded land. We have never had it explained but there is no doubt of this—the perfect time to view scenery of any kind is at sunset,—not at sunrise or when the sun is well up in the sky. There is a softness and depth of beauty not reached at any other time. As the darkness increased, the lights of Bellingham came out along the shore line far to the east,—like a sparkling set-piece of jewels—and far off in the haze in the other direction, a single beam of light flashed on and off, either an airway beacon or more likely a light-house, off the shore of Vancouver Island.

There were others enjoying the view, as we climbed up. One group of three ladies had an aged cocker spaniel dog, that resented our intrusion for he growled ominously and yapped also. "Don't be rude, Major, don't be rude!" chided the more elderly of the three in a very English voice. We don't believe the pup was disturbed by us, no doubt the view was affecting him, particularly the full moon, which was rapidly changing from a lemon yellow to a deep mellow gold. That moon was enough to stir any dog's emotions.

We wouldn't recommend the trip down in the dark to anyone nervously inclined. The road is steep, twisty, and there are many sharp turns, free from all obstructions, where the temptation to get another view, is hard to resist, but if you are at the wheel better be. The CCC boys have just started to place stone and log railings along the curves, the journey in the dark will be much more enjoyable when this has been done.

One marvels that so few of these beautiful wooded islands are inhabited, but the answer of course is the two or three hour boat trip from the mainland. There are so many attractive places in this Puget Sound country which can be reached by motor, and time is such an important factor in modern life. However as the population of this northwest increases, travel by air and hydro-plane become more common, no doubt summer homes and summer resorts, will in time be scattered all over these islands,—which will be rather a pity, when one comes to think of it.

The hotels on Orcas Island interested us—they are so early 90,—in short so simple, unassuming and unchanged. The food was good at the hotel where we stayed, the landlady extremely nice and accommodating, but we were placed in a cottage, without heat, light (except kerosene lamps) or running water—nor did the windows have screens, a fact long ago discovered by the native mosquitoes. When we came to pay our bill however, the rate was \$3 per day for everything—food, lodging and a pair of hot water on the front stoop, left by the boy in the early morning. What are a few mosquito bites, when one can eat three meals a day, sleep in a comfortable bed, and enjoy unequalled scenery, for three dollars per diem. It broke our budget balancing heart to leave!



(Continued from Page One)

and not without cause. They (including Speaker Bryns and Rules Chairman O'Connor) do not see how the President could countenance such a bill after vetoing the bonus on the ground of inflation, because the Frazer-Lemke bill is far more so.

The restrappings of a movement favoring unpretentious Senator Stetler for the republican presidential nomination is noticeable inside certain national veterans' organizations. His voting record makes him available. He was the first to cry dictatorship against the New Deal. He did it in a Senate speech ten days after President Roosevelt was inaugurated.

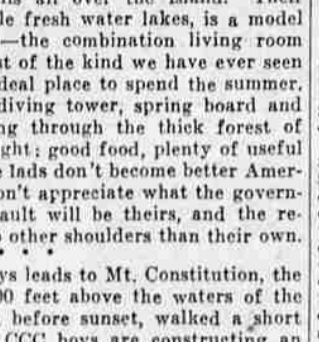
Personal Health Service

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY TO BREATHE

Schafer, who devised and gave to the world the prone-pressure method of artificial respiration, which is now universally employed in resuscitation, described the method in the Jour. A. M. A. in 1908 (51,801). He included two pictures, which show the proper position of the subject's arms.



The Boy Scouts are generally taught the wrong method. In the correct method both of the subject's arms are extended well above the head, palms on the ground. This position is better than the position taught by the organizations mentioned, because it not only gets the subject's arms out of the operator's way but it places the subject's thorax in the position most favorable for inspiration, that is, it raises the ribs and expands the chest, and the lungs as a greater flow of air into the lungs when the operator releases pressure and the thorax elastically expands. Show me a Red Cross representative, a Boy Scout executive, a doctor, a life saver or anybody else who can offer a sound reason for placing one of the subject's arms under the head.

Mr. G. E. 53 years old, writes me an interesting letter. I am in a quandary about it. Is it a testimonial or is it a testimonial. Here is what he says:

For over eight years I have been suffering with a weak heart, bronchial asthma, gas and fatigue after the least exertion, walking or going to bed and rising. Last fall I was in hospital for a while, but felt worse after I came home.

I smoked as many as ten asthma cigarettes a day, and this worried me. Four months ago I sent for your booklet, "The Art of Easy Breathing." I started in practicing the belly breathing exercise as you directed, but my asthma went on as bad as ever and I still smoked eight asthma cigarettes a day, and at night woke in distress and had to smoke three or four times thru the night. But I kept on practicing the belly breathing as well as I could. Two weeks ago, for the first time in seven years, I went to bed and slept the night thru without distress and without smoking, and since then I have not

cruse and have already booked passage for next year. Accompanying them this year is Hollis Kirby, the cartoonist, and his wife.

The Harold Rosses' daughter was recently named Patricia at a christening that presented Frank Sullivan and Alexander Woolcott, attired in slender ruffled trousers, braided morning coats, fawn spats, bowlers and properly gardenized, as joint godfathers. In their regalia they suggested an old Palace cross-fire dog in a "White Strolling Through the Park" number. Incidentally, Sullivan has moved again. There are rumors that his migratory moods are a reflex of his one-jump-ahead-of-the-sheriff journalistic days. Now that he is a highly successful litterateur he could remain wherever he wishes as long as he pleases, but habit is strong. This time he has a hotel suite overlooking Gramercy Park. Yet he may have moved since this went to the printer's.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., in a recent speech, confessed his fan rail in his most accomplished moments reaches 1,200 daily or 8,400 weekly letters. This tops the combined epistolary enthusiasm for all the columnists, including likely the most abundant letter receiver of all, Arthur Brisbane. One is inclined to think the printer or someone added an extra cipher to the Vanderbilt quota. I once attained for a single day only nearly 400 letters and postcards, but this was inspired by a tribute to a dog—and dog lovers are the most zealous of tribute acknowledge.

There are all sorts of ways for insomniac idiots to stay awake. As good as any I imagine, is to recall the airplane accident that caused the death of — and repeat until goody: Brindjeone de Moulinais at Lay le Moulineux.

(Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Margaret Fishback, who juggles the art of poetizing with a department store advertising job, has letterheads bearing her name with this announcement: "Poems Made Up to Take Out." And across this announcement is a rubber stamp notice in red: "Meter Out of Order."

Corey Ford recently turned up on the boulevards with the blackest eye anyone ever received outside the prize fight ring. In a slip on a wet sidewalk he sprang into a "pumped" hi-sacer-diac, lost his fountain pen, snapped his key chain and hit his eye against a standpipe. The moused optic, when it reached the zenith in coloring, made the Grand Canyon look positively ally.

Alexander Woolcott is summing far from the maddening crowd on an island in Lake Bomoseen, Vermont. It's called Nesobee Island and is owned by a co-operative group, among them Woolcott, Neysa McMein, Alice Duer Miller and Harpo Marx. His book, "White Rome Burns," continues to be away out front in the best-selling division, and while no one seems to know, there is a suspicion he is turning out another. The fire of the island buyers were H. T. Webster, Bob Brinkerhoff, and the late Clair Briggs, who bought neighboring islands near Meddybemps, Maine. This was in 1920.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

YOU must have noticed that Oregon is to get \$3,038,642 for highway work and \$2,334,204 for grade crossing eliminations—a total of a little more than five and a third millions.

The money is to come from the federal government, where most of the money comes from these days.

WE are grateful, of course, for the money, and we can use it to good advantage. We still need more roads, and we need quite badly to improve a lot of the roads we already have.

And we need grade crossing eliminations—every fatal accident at a railroad crossing gives testimony to that. If the federal government is going to spend money like a drunken sailor, it can spend it in no better way than on roads, which will be of permanent value.

AND Oregon is only one of 48 states.

FOR centuries people were taught to believe that if they, or their governments, spent persistently more money than was taken in bankruptcy was inevitable. So it is interesting to take a look at what Oregon CONTRIBUTES to the federal government in return for what she receives.

A table just issued by the treasury department at Washington gives the figures for 1935—the fiscal year of 1935, that is, which ended on June 30.

IN the fiscal year of 1935, Oregon contributed in taxes to the national government a total of \$9,074,309.73. That is only about a third more than it is to get back in one lump for highways and grade eliminations.

WE're certainly getting a good bargain, and probably we should follow the old advice about not looking a gift horse in the mouth. But there is the gnawing fear that spending persistently more than is taken in means bankruptcy.

OREgon is a part of the United States and if the United States goes bankrupt so will Oregon.

THERE are some interesting facts about Oregon's tax contribution to the federal government. Income taxes amounted to \$2,625,236.61, of which \$1,299,012.38 was paid by corporations and \$1,326,224.23 by individuals. Miscellaneous internal revenue taxes amounted to \$2,426,352.59, or almost as much as income taxes.

BUT here comes the real surprise: Agricultural adjustment taxes paid to the federal government by citizens of the state of Oregon amounted to \$4,022,720.53, or almost HALF of Oregon's total tax contribution to the federal government.

WHILE we are on this subject of spending, here is just one more set of figures: In the first 124 years of its existence, from President Washington to President Taft, the government of the United States spent a total of \$24,321,845,000.

Expenditures of the Roosevelt administration—actual for 1934 and estimated for 1935 and 1936; three years altogether—are expected to be \$24,206,653,000.

THAT is to say, we're spending in THREE years almost exactly as much as we spent in our first 124 years. We're going some, aren't we? Where we are going, nobody knows.

Flight 'o Time

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

Cut worms invade Eden Valley gardens, and do considerable damage.

The local heat wave continues with the mercury around the 100 mark, and no relief in sight.

Jackson County Republican club brands claim of Democrats "Coolidge will be in the next election, as the depth of political alliness and hope."

City announces that violators of the water regulations will be punished. Local weekly editor brands this step as "a damnable plot of the city hall gang to throttle the poor."

The Tennessee monkey trial continues with Clarence Darrow and William J. Bryan clashing. Darrow is fined for contempt of court. Bryan declares he believes "the whole swallowed Jonah, and Joshua made the sun stand still."

Citizens at mass-meeting take first step for re-bonding city pay first debt.

Court Hall engineered a party of 40 eastern tourists to Crater Lake this morning.

Under the provisions of the city ordinance autoists are forced to keep their tail lights burning, when cars are left standing on the streets. The ordinance takes no cognizance of well lighted streets or public places.

UNIFIED EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM FOR CCC IS PICTURED AT MEETING

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 17.—(AP)—An extensive CCC educational program under unified leadership throughout the nation was pictured here today at a meeting of representatives from camps in Washington, Oregon and California.

J. B. Griffing of San Francisco, civil educational adviser for the ninth corps area, told delegates at the Port Lewis, Medford and Vancouver regional conference that a scientific study of CCC camp educational programs already in effect is now being made with a view to providing for the practical needs of enrollees, both in academic and job training classes.

More rigid standards in selecting directors, a job analysis as a basis of training and a unified educational leadership under Dr. John W. Studebaker, United States commissioner of education, were the high points listed in the proposed program.

Other speakers included Brig Gen. Parsons, commander of the Vancouver barracks military post; D. E. Wiedman, district educational supervisor for the Medford district, and Warren H. Winter of Corvallis, educational adviser from Camp Arboretum.

WINKLE ENJOYS ELKS CONVENTION IN OHIO

"An outstanding convention and a great time for Columbus," is the description of the Elks' national convave, given in a letter to friends here by E. W. Winkle, exalted ruler of Medford's B. P. O. E., who is in Ohio attending the gathering. Winkle said the trip east was enjoyable despite the heat, because of air-conditioned trains.

Following the convention he will continue east to New York and will return here about August 1.

Fair tonight and Thursday, with local cloudiness on the coast; continued warm in interior, moderate northerly wind off the coast.

Adrienne's It's a Soap Party Frocks

There are gala affairs planned for this week-end and there will be plenty more to follow. Select a grand summer formal at our sale. Values to \$15. Now \$5.00

Silk Dresses One group of street and afternoon prints and sheer silks. Values to \$18.95. \$5.00

Better Dresses Another group of smart styles for afternoon and street wear. Values to \$25. \$10.95

Two dresses.....\$15.00

Coats and Suits Limited number of White Coats and Suits \$12.95

Adrienne's

THE MARYLAND FUND is quoted in this newspaper daily. Prospectus may be secured from your investment dealer.

face "Broken Out?" Start today to relieve the soreness—aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in Resinol

MISSOURI Flattered To the Editor: We are wondering if Mr. Ruhl's ride on the Burlington Zephyr was so fast as to completely confuse him on mid-dlewest geography?

MISSOURI Flattered To the Editor: We are referring to his editorial correspondence from Minneapolis last Friday, in which he says "Much to our surprise the Father of Waters a short distance from St. Paul is far more impressive than at Omaha—" We are sure the "muddy Missouri" is quite flattered.

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GRIFFITH APPROVED AS WORKS CHIEFTAIN WASHINGTON, July 17.—(AP)—Without debate, the senate today unanimously approved the nomination of works progress administrator for 28 states. They included: Oregon—E. J. Griffith; Idaho—J. H. Hood; Washington—George H. Gannon.