

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Editorial Correspondence

GOLD BEACH, Oregon, July 20.—At the mouth of Rogue river after a three day trip along the Washington and Oregon coast from Victoria, B. C., via Port Angeles, Crescent Lake, Astoria, Gearhart, Agate Beach and our present resting place, the Sunset Inn. Great rejoicing as we rounded the curve and spun out on the broad and substantial concrete surface of the Governor Patterson bridge—HOME at last! But who would recognize the gay and frisky Rogue, at the end of its tumultuous journey to the sea? All its character and gaiety gone. Just like any other sluggish river, wide and flat and prosaic looking, not even a fishing boat in sight, and under the dull gray fog, give even a dash of color,—the flat low sands looking out to sea, not almost a marsh-like appearance.

There should be a sign at each end of the Patterson bridge as follows: "Yes this is Rogue river, but you haven't seen it until you have taken a trip thirty miles up from here or 30 miles down from Crater Lake. Don't judge one of the most picturesque rivers and finest fishing streams in the world by this,—seek the true Rogue FARTHER!"

We described the scenic beauties of the Roosevelt highway in this column several years ago, so there is little new to say concerning this more extended voyage. For beauty and majesty and what is the word?—VIGOR of scenery—we don't believe there is anything in the world that can surpass this trip from Victoria, B. C., down the coast to Gold Beach. There is also a charming variety—particularly in the wild flower display, the different types of greenery, and the character of the lakes scattered around. But on this particular jaunt a great deal had to be taken on faith for there was FOG—lots of it. In fact perhaps the most beautiful section of the highway, that from Agate Beach to Coos Bay, was entirely shrouded in fog,—now and then one could catch a glimpse of the white surf on the sand far below, but not for long, and never anything more. The unusual panorama from the heights was gone!

In fact we left Victoria on the Port Angeles boat in a fog. That was where we met Ernie—Ernie of L. A. and his "pa and ma". Ernie was eight years old but small for his age. There was nothing small about the cap he wore however. It completely covered one ear, and pushed down the other which stuck out,—rather like a tiny awning, over his left cheek-bone. Ernie happened to occupy the car next to us in line, as we waited for the emigration authorities, so we soon were on speaking terms. You can't be within ear shot of Ernie very long and not be on speaking terms. He is a great little talker, particularly in the line of asking questions, and nothing gets him down. Not that we tried, but Ernie's papa did. He told Ernie to shut up and not ask so many foolish questions. Ernie's retort to that was his retort to everything, "WHY?"

Why shouldn't Ernie ask questions, that was all Pop had been doing since he arrived in Victoria. Ernie had a great ally in his Mommer who laughed aloud at this quick comeback and said amid nodding giggles it was "true too"—Daddie had been asking questions ever since he arrived in this strange foreign land,—questions, questions all the time.

That made it a little tough for "Daddie"—two against one—Daddie looked like an ex-prizefighter but took it all meek as a lamb.

We thought we had seen the last of Ernie when we left the boat at Port Angeles, and whizzed along the "broad highway" for Crescent Lake where we enjoyed the beauties of that exceedingly attractive mountain resort—the waters almost as blue as Crater Lake—and an appetizing lunch at the Rosemary Inn. However such was not to be for there he was at the service station in Aberdeen when we drew up for gas and oil. Aberdeen was full of young boys in steel helmets, and with fixed bayonets—and Ernie was asking papa, what all the soldiers were there for. Papa said "to prevent trouble", but Ernie thought brass hats and fixed bayonets were there to make trouble—and wanted to stick around until the shooting started. "There isn't going to be any shooting," said papa, but as usual he was wrong. At least after we left we saw by the newspapers, that there had been rioting, cracking of heads and the state troops had charged with fixed bayonets, which was just the sort of thing Ernie wanted to stay for.

Ernie lost this engagement however. It was decided to move on at once. Mommer lost also for she wanted to go via Olympia where they knew the roads were good, and thence to Portland, instead of taking the cutoff to Megler and the ferry over to Astoria, where nothing was known about the roads or just when the ferries would run.

During the rebuttal period of the family argument, we started on our way having also decided to ferry over to Astoria and keep to the coast all the way down.

Just outside of Aberdeen on a long hill, deeply gravelled and sprayed with fresh oil, with gravel flying all over the car like hail stones, the rear left tire blew out with a bang, and there we were on a hill, with nothing to park in but gravel, and a tire to change. We were just pulling out the tools from the front seat, when a car plowed by, spraying gravel like a machine-gun tank, and there was Ernie in the front seat, waving one hand and grinning broadly, as Papa bending grimly over the wheel chugged on up the grade.

That tire change cost us 30 minutes, a pair of pants,—studded with fresh oil and gravel like a barnacle-infested pile at low tide!—and what reserve we had in energy and good nature,—which wasn't very great. We also gave up all hope of catching the 7:25 p. m. ferry when we plowed through 20 more miles of gravel road, which if it wasn't oozing in fresh oil was so dusty, there was no hope of passing any of the cars ahead. Some highways in the great state of Washington,—and a main artery too, No. 101! As for Ernie, of course he had gone and was probably plying the ferry captain with questions at that very time. We were right on the first count. We did miss the 7:25 ferry, though not by much of a margin, it was only about 100 yards off the Washington shore when we drew up, having left ten minutes late. There was one other car drawn up at the side of the ferry entrance, and there was Ernie—Papa was still at the wheel, and remarked he had been forced TO DRIVE IN SECOND ALL THE WAY,—"they were so nervous"—and missed the ferry by a fraction of a minute—it was just leaving the dock as he moved up.

But the worst was yet to come. An S:25 ferry had been marked on the tourist guide, but this was for the week end only, the last ferry had departed for that day and night, and there it was in mid-stream, and there we were, with no place to eat or sleep—a hundred miles from nowhere. Ernie was asking "Popper", as he hung there on the ropes, why they didn't run ferries at night as well as day, which was what everyone else was asking. The ferry guard who was smiling and toothless, explained it didn't pay. However if we phoned over at once and chartered the ferry before the captain let out the crew, it would only cost us \$15—if this were done after the crew had gone home to supper, "it would cost ten dollars more."

Popper didn't look or talk like a J. P. Morgan, but the way he jumped at this chance made the editorial head swim and the family pocketbook miss a beat. "I am game," said he, "how about you?" There was no need to take a ballot, the expressions of the assembled faces demonstrated that with Popper on the other side we represented a minority of one. So we chartered the ferry boat and then at least one member of the party prayed for more hard luck motorists to show up.

One did. A man from Miami, Florida who after a consultation with his two women companions for about 15 minutes, decided to go along also. So the \$15 was split three ways which might have been worse, and we arrived at Astoria around 9 p. m.

But not until Ernie got his ice cream cone. It was about ten below zero at that dock in the cool ocean breezes, and Ernie had on half hose and short pants, but when Popper reinforced himself at the dock lunch counter with a cup of hot coffee, Ernie insisted he wanted nothing but an ice cream cone. Popper's resistance had been pretty well broken down, for hadn't he INSISTED upon this ill-starred trip, but he demurred at ice cream cones on such a night.

"Kids always want ice cream cones" said Mommer, "you did when you was one."

"On the fourth of July, perhaps" replied Popper, "but not on Christmas—it's colder than Iceland—he'll freeze,—look at him, his teeth are chattering now."

"But this is the 18th of JULY" said Ernie.

Ernie got his ice cream cone and between nibbles wanted to know why the ferry went around in circles across the river instead of straight across. Popper had an answer to this. "Because everything up in this part of the world is screwy" said he. We know how he felt. He wanted to get back to L. A., by the shortest possible route where they aren't, and where Ernie could ask questions in one part of the city, and where he could not hear them.—SOMEWHERE ELSE! R. W. R.

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.

NEVER MIND THE TEMPERATURE

Formerly, says an excellent pamphlet on "Air and Sunshine" which National Tuberculosis Association, 50 W. 50th St., New York City, will send to any one who writes to cover postage, "pneumonia patients were kept on a porch or in an open room in the coldest weather. It is quite generally agreed now that there is no virtue in more coldness of air. Even in the treatment of tuberculosis, the tendency now is not to subject patients to extremely cold temperatures (though it apparently does them no harm) but to keep them cool and comfortable."



This, it seems to me, swings back too far. The amount of cold which the tuberculosis association evidently wishes to impress on the lay reader is that good pure fresh air may be had without enduring discomfort.

It is like taking a bath. If you enjoy the feeling of cold water on your skin it is not only healthful but beneficial for you to take baths whether you need them or not. But I don't like the feel of water, hot or cold, on my nice warm skin and I eschew the wet wash except at rare intervals. I venture to say that I am as clean, as sanitary, as healthy and as happy as any of you birds who bathe every Saturday night or even every night.

The "Air and Sunshine" pamphlet gives some timely advice and cautions about air bathing and sun bathing, which ought to save a lot of amateur painful and serious burns from overdoing the business of exposure to sunlight.

Individuals unaccustomed to exposure should adhere strictly to a graduated schedule when the opportunity comes to get a coat of tan in two weeks. Fifteen minutes is about the limit of exposure to the noonday sun the first day. The duration of exposure may be increased five minutes each day with safety. Or if the sun is taken in the forenoon or the afternoon rather than at meridian, an exposure of 20 minutes twice a day the first day, and increase ten minutes for each exposure day by day. Following such a schedule brings the desired tanning without the discomfort and unsightliness of sunburn, to say nothing of the dangers which attend sunburn quite as the it were an ordinary burn.

There is something about cold air that seems to buoy one's vitality and spirits, says the "Air and Sunshine"

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 22.—Diary: Up and a telegram from the cinema clown W. C. Fields that misted my eye. And came an enormous box that seemed to be a new airplane kite that Al Smith sent after reading of my yearn to fly one from the roof of the Empire State building.

A letter from J. Edgar Hoover, too, that was chinking and to cap a happy morning a framed picture of Sime Silverman and his wife Hattie sent. Out and coming upon Roscoe Peacock who told me Carl Van Doren's description of a philosopher: "He got mellow before he got ripe."

Dinner with Miss Inis Hogg who is away to London for the season. And as walking home and a fellow I hailed as Gene, thinking him Gene Fowler, was someone else but named Gene Lane clearing my desk and finding in the debris a note from Bing Lardner written in his last days, but mightily gay.

Although living apart for years, the romance of Ray Carroll and his pliant French wife Marcelle is not among dead rear news. There's still a bloom. Earl and Marcelle were first to stroll along hard-boiled Broadway hand in hand after the custom of the leverless in the Bois. He was a striking young writer and she was in the first flush of a stage ambition. Their walk-up power was

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

HOT—as these words are written. Everybody complaining, but nobody really much put out.

It never gets hot enough in pleasant Southern Oregon to do anybody much harm.

HOT back East, also—hotter than the hinges of the bad place. If one may judge by the dispatches that come over the wire.

Back there it DOES get not enough to do harm, every hot wave being accompanied by reports of numerous deaths due to the heated spell. These reports exaggerated, probably, as many of the deaths accredited to the heat would have occurred anyway.

But it does get frightfully hot in the Middle West, and it STAYS HOT all night. That's what drag down people's vitality.

ONLY a few weeks ago it was cool—much too cool for the season. And everybody was complaining then.

If people couldn't complain about the weather this would be a dull world.

PREMIER Laval, of France, facing an unbalanced budget, tries to put economy measures into effect.

(An unbalanced budget, you know, means spending more than the government takes in. There are two ways to fix that—one by taking in more tax money and the other by spending less. Since France is already pretty heavily taxed, Premier Laval is trying to balance his budget by spending less.)

Riots ensue, and gendarmes charge into crowds assembled in Paris to protest against reduction of pensions and government pay checks.

ECONOMY, you see, is popular only in the abstract. It's a fine thing to talk about, but when economy hits us in the pocketbook we complain about it even more bitterly than we complain about the hot weather.

That's why it's so hard for a Government to stop spending after it once begins.

GENDARMES, incidentally, is the French word for police. It is written properly "gendarmes," which, translated, means "people of arms."

Imagine us calling our police by a name like that. We call them cops, bulls, flaties, and a variety of similar terms, none of them particularly flattering.

It's an American proverb that nobody loves a policeman, which is true in only a limited sense. Nobody who has been doing something he shouldn't loves a policeman, but EVERYBODY who gets into a jam with bad eggs and NEEDS HELP loves policemen and calls for them lustily.

Circumstances, you know, stiff cases.

finishing a routing stretch afoot today from his home to his office. He looked exceptionally fit. Then there's Dr. John H. Finley, that tall and stalwart symphony of the Times. At 72, he walks five miles daily and on his birthday makes a circuit of the island. Such men perk a thought of the gym or a gallop on the bridge path. Yet there's that recent survey among the teaching force at a large New York educational institution. It revealed that the sedentary desk and laboratory workers, enjoyed the best health and notably, by far, the longest span of life. In other words: Sit and live!

Thingumabobs: Annette Kellerman is now living on a remote island off Australia. . . . Cobina Wright smokes the strongest cigar that comes out of Havana. . . . Fredrick Vandewater, descendant of the writing Tecturians, has joined the writing colony in Vermont. . . . Burns Mantle is the only non-smoking dramatic critic. . . . The Prince of Wales favorite pooch is a Cairn named Cora. . . . The English bull has become the smart dog on Long Island. . . . Barney Gallant hasn't been up before 2 p. m. for 20 years.

Nothing cracks New York's hard shell like the smile and wink of the youthful Celtic cop. His Irishry inspires him to delightful banter. Today one passed the girl in the Capitol theatre cage. "Sure," he called out, "and you are after popping a topping morning!"

A clothing firm in Memphis, Tenn., recently was granted a 25-cent judgment against a Negro boy.

Harmony Baptist church at Clarksville, Tenn., recently celebrated its 100th anniversary.

Apple and pear growers in New Zealand are endeavoring to develop a market for their products in the United States, 20,000 cases being shipped to this country in the current season.

Construction of one of the largest and most luxurious hotels in South America is under way in Santiago, Chile. The structure will cost about \$1,000,000. furnishings \$400,000.



(Continued from Page One)

about the Borah candidacy. They sent unofficial emissaries to see him a few days ago. These returned with the report that the formidable Idaho senator really seems to have presidential aspirations. They reported they could see the marks where the bee had stung him.

This had news to the republican big-wigs because the Idahoan has always been a one-man ball team. What Borah's friends guess is that he will play a game similar to Hoover's. He does not want particularly the nomination for himself but would like to be a dominant power in the selection of the nominee. The only way he can exercise that power is by rounding up some convention delegates for himself.

In the absence of a republican publicity man, some of the republican senators have been digging into the past themselves.

When they read the other day that Mr. Roosevelt had ordered his relief men to start preparing to estimate for next year's relief program, they dug up the testimony offered by the new dealer procurer, Admiral Peoples, at the private hearings last winter on the relief law. The presidential spokesman then said:

"The whole bill anticipates that this will be the last needed stimulation of business, will break the back of the depression and that, with a rise in the tide of employment, the people drawing the security wage on government projects will find employment in commercial lines. That is the essence of the bill.

One senator is ready to observe that, even before the relief program has begun to function, it is admitted to be a failure in this respect.

A cameraman asked Senator Glass to pose shaking hands with a new deal advocate of the gold clause bill.

The thistle-tongued Virginian has begun to function, it is admitted to be a failure in this respect.

The department of agriculture reports its forest products laboratory at Madison, Wis., had 4,900 visitors last year.

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

July 22, 1925 (It Was Wednesday)

President Coolidge's economy program is assailed by lodge leader, as follows: "We are all behind the president in his program of business administration of national finances," he said. "But when economy is practiced to the extent of parsimony, it defeats its own ends."

The Seventh Day Adventist church on North Riverside avenue destroyed by fire.

The Gus Samuels house on North Oakdale is moved, so the street can be opened to the new high school.

The "Tall Men's Club of America" establishes a chapter here with Atty. Gus Newbury as president.

Copco workers hold a swimming party in Rogue River, with 150 in attendance. Miss Margaret Ames was chairman of the eating committee.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

July 22, 1915

Russian army battles desperately to save Warsaw from capture by German. American note on submarine warfare sent to Germany.

William Jennings Bryan to speak in this city next Thursday, July 26, and will be the guest of the Commercial club and democratic warhorses.

It is the opinion of the Southern Pacific that the red flag carried by the watchman at the Main avenue crossing has the same effect on motorists that it would have on a Durham flag. They persist in driving in the face of approaching trains, and all the watchman can do is wave the red flag and shout warnings. During the last two months there have been several fairly close calls and the railroad fears that a tragedy will occur. The watchman has the names of all Medford citizens who refuse to stop as a precaution, and includes a leading attorney, who the watchman says never stops for flag or train.

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PLANNING TRANS-POLAR FLIGHT



Sigmond Levantefsky (left) plans to head a crew of three Soviet airmen who will attempt a non-stop flight from Moscow to San Francisco via the North Pole. Their single-motored plane would follow the route shown at right. (Associated Press Photo)

GUARDSMEN COOK UP MESS



Gathered at San Luis Obispo, Calif., for the largest concentration of troops since the war, these members of the 158th infantry of the National Guard seemingly enjoyed cooking up mess. Units assembled from Utah, Nevada and California. (Associated Press Photo)