

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. Citizens with no dogs to sell characterize this present price, as "a crime." It looks like Fligny.

A gent but recently out of Alcatraz Island Federal prison reports in a syndicated article on the pangs and pains of life in the institution. The inmates are not allowed to talk to each other, except for two hours on Sunday, their reading matter is censored, they are denied the punishment of listening to liver pill boasts on the radio, and they have nothing to do but work and repent. All in all, the criminal is made painfully aware he is incarcerated. He is not allowed to pout because the warden will not let him wear white trousers. Neither can he shake dice with a politician to determine whether he will buy his way out on Tuesday, or the following Friday. It feels like Indian summer has arrived. If it turns off hot again, the summer will be given back to the Indians.

Herbert Hoover is now rated as the No. 1 Republican presidential candidate. He is also rated as the No. 1 Republican enemy.

The editor of the Eugene Register-Guard indulged in about ten inches of speculative and pleasant reverie on "If We Had a Million—" recently. He denies he would do what all the millionaires do—graciously battle for \$2,000,000. All he would do the first year would be to fish, and the following year, repose on his laurels, in pleasant places. The third year our hero would probably spend writing editorials on the pleasures of poverty.

It sure makes rising young communists mad to call them "University Lads."

Ethiopia plans to battle Italy by distributing civet cats, a high-powered variety of skunk, at the water holes. The odoriferous cat of a skunk, as a means to halt a foe, can be set aside and held for naught, as the lawyers say, by one large sized squirt of chlorine gas. The gallant poisoners, distributing death-dealing chemicals, would shun personal combat with the skunk—but march on! Civet cats at the Ethiopian water-holes of war, but add a pinch of humor. Only the skunks suffer. Take the home-grown skunk. He is a peaceful creature when left alone. In the fall of the year, with the full moon beaming, and the coyotes howling back of the barn, the scent of the skunk, blended in the frosty air with the balsam of the pine and fir, and coffee burning on the kitchen stove is as sweet as the "spices of Arab" to the hillmen. Furthermore, the stench of the skunk, under any circumstances, is less to be feared than Chinese incense mixtures, found burning in many proper parlors and boudoirs.

THE MAIL MAN FROLICS. (Niobara (Colo.) Times) Our mail carrier, Mr. Jinks, went to Vendigre Friday evening to celebrate and visit with home folks. He also celebrated at Bantee Monday, it being the legal holiday. We had no mail service, so our items are late for the post week.

The Multnomah county fair, as a special attraction, will stage a head-on crash between two locomotives. A large force of special policemen will be on hand, to keep some autotot from taking the spotlight away from the locomotives, by speeding between them and not making it.

A fine time was had by all at the state labor convention yesterday, cussing the Governor, the Mayor of Portland, and constituting authority in general. The officials were accused of "tyranny" and "lawlessness" and "attempting to set up a dictatorship." This is a good example of any old trick in hell-raising—charging the other fellow with the skulduggery you have been trying to commit.

Motor vehicle accidents killed 240 Kansans in the first half of 1935—the largest toll recorded for a similar period. The Yellow River in China is known as "China's sorrow" because every few hundred years it changes its course to the sea.

Will Rogers

IT has often been observed, no one is indispensable. And of course in the larger scheme of things no one is. As one drops from the ranks, there is always the inexhaustible reserve,—another fills the gap—and the steady march of life goes on. But when the news of Will Rogers' sudden death came over the wire, we believe there were many to question the truth of such a generalization as far as HE is concerned.

FOR Bill had become through the years such a fixture in our daily life,—such an institution,—his daily column, his familiar face on the screen, his quaint humor and wise philosophy,—such a part of our daily fare that to have it all wiped out in one swift crash of a plane—well—how can the world ever be quite the same!

Of course in this personal sense, it CAN'T be. There was only ONE Will Rogers. Never anyone quite like him before; there will never be anyone quite like him again. The mold that made him, has by his death, been smashed, never to be replaced, or repaired.

And that, of course, is his immortality. But the world won't stop in its flight through space,—nor we humans scurrying willy nilly over its surface—just as shock, a sigh, a tear, a pause,—again the Director's baton waves, and the dance of life goes on!

THE striking thing about Will Rogers, was that unlike Homer, he never nodded. He never slipped. If he had ordinary feet of clay, he never showed them. No matter what role he was called upon to play, he never struck a false note.

His sudden emergence into fame was amazing. But the way he sustained the pace, that brought him fame, was even more amazing.

There were probably two main reasons for this phenomenal record. In the first place he had a simple honesty and integrity of character, that was as unyielding as the rock of Gibraltar; and behind that quaint, homespun face of his there lurked a brain, that was keen as a razor and shrewd, as the smartest Yankee trader.

Bill liked to act the illiterate cracker barrel philosopher, and pretend ignorance of the high brow and sophisticated world, but it was all one of his little jokes—just play-acting. Bill not only knew his way about, but he possessed more true wisdom than most of the wise boys he met, could acquire in a lifetime. But he never let on except when it was to his advantage to do so,—and it seldom was.

THEN he was always, everywhere, and at all times, HIMSELF. He achieved wealth, fame, universal acclaim, but at heart he never changed. It is a terribly trite phrase, but no other better fits him, he was one of Nature's noblemen.

No matter where he appeared,—and in his life he appeared practically everywhere,—whether in the White House or Buckingham palace; joshing with the extras on the movie lot, or tete-a-tete with a duke; rubbing elbows with the polo crowd, or roping calves on the Big Z ranch he was always the same Bill,—kindly, simple, easy going, humorous,—entirely himself and ENTIRELY AT HIS EASE. And no matter how much he unbent,—how familiar he or others might be,—never did he lose that certain native dignity.

IT may have been the Indian in him. Whatever it was no one could meet him, without being impressed with the fact that there was something more to Will Rogers than met the eye,—a kind of simple—one might almost say IMPRESSIVE—grandeur and a baffling reserve as well.

And how Bill detested ostentation and sham. How quick he was to detect either and annihilate them with just the proper phrase and manner,—the victim never knowing whether to laugh or swear.

ONE of the first aviation fans, Bill never went anywhere by train or motor if he could get there in a plane. He said he loved to fly and we have a hunch the "descendant of old Cherokee chiefs" was even more at home, up there in the clouds than he was anywhere else.

So it was fitting that in a sudden crash from the clouds through the cold, clean purity of Arctic night, Will Rogers should have met his end.

He loved life. But if he had to die we have an idea he would have chosen that way.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Thoughts while strolling: George M. Cohan is crowd sick, too. Barely seen any more. That quick, dry grin so peculiar to New York. Like the flash of coral. Add taffy chewing names—Jack Pulaski. What a lesson Lindbergh taught of the dignity in self-effacement! Alice, celebrated Ziegfeld telephone operator. She knows all the Polites secrets. Will Rogers likes to prow around old barns. Frequent buddies: Billy Leeds and Norman Kerry. The shy producer Sam Harris.

Wanted: A gag to end all gag West gags. Who remembers what was on the site of the new Waldorf before it went up? Few know as many authors as Bill Lengel. To chorus girls Ned Wayburn is "High Pockets." Elizabeth Arden's whitewind manner. Apathy named poet: William Rose Benet.

The writer most writers want to know: Theodore Dreiser. And the artists want to know: Percy Crosby. The priests who saunter meditatively along St. Patrick's side yard at sundown, heads down, hands folded behind. There's no stopping that publishing phenom: "When Rome Burns."

And in one of the avenue book stores when you ask for a reading suggestion, the clerks inquire: "Have you read Tom Sawyer lately?" One book that never fails to satisfy. The last stronghold of avenue artocracy

—Tiffany's. Memory: Getting rid of the sad iron for, hot ziggedy, an electric.

It was a not-too-new checker cab curbed in the Murray Hill section. Inside under the meter a hand-printed card read: "The driver of this car was chauffeur for the late J. P. Morgan." And was signed Stergized Blum. He seemed wary of questioning over his former post. In slightly German accents, he said: "Mr. Morgan is a very fine gentleman. He taught me to be close mouthed. Jah!"

Martin and Osa Johnson are en route to Borneo wilds where they will remain for two years in the heart of the fiercest jungles and among the head hunters. Before their departure they spent weeks keeping in the decoration of African Hall, which will house many of their trophies at the Museum of Natural History. On this safari their photographic ambitions are to film snakes that fly and fish that climb trees. Incidentally, this may be the Johnson's last expedition. They are eager to settle down to the peace of a middle west farm after their exciting stretches in the world's last places.

One wonders why most seekers of adventure prefer to climax their years of thrills with solitude. Lawrence of Arabia. In his Sussex seclusion after probably the most romantic career of modern times, is typical. A check-up of the Explorer's club shows that nearly all the international wanderers who have quit the trails now live in isolated spots.

When James Gordon Bennett was running the New York Herald, he had an inviolable rule for his Monday morning front page. It must feature a dog story. Once it was ignored and there was a new managing editor three hours after Bennett saw the omission in Paris. The dog feature, of course, touched off a field day for theatrical press agents. All the stage stars were exploited as having dogs

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.

A DOG IS A DOG, AFTER ALL

The virus of rabies may be in a dog's saliva four or five days before the animal shows any symptoms of illness. Therefore authorities agree that it is sufficient to watch a dog that has bitten a person or a pet. If the dog shows no symptoms of rabies during this ten days' observation period, there is no danger that the bite or wound conveyed the disease rabies, and no Pasteur treatment is necessary.

Personally, I still have the gravest doubt that rabies occurs in man. Mind, I don't know any more about this than the general medical profession knows. Most good doctors believe rabies occurs in man. Since we have no specific test for rabies, the question is necessarily one of opinion.

Physicians and health authorities who believe rabies occurs in man all agree that when, or if, it does occur in man the outcome is invariably fatal, regardless of treatment, whether Pasteur treatment or any modification of it is given. But they are likewise of one mind upon the preventive of prophylactic value of Pasteur treatment if this is given directly after the victim is bitten. Pasteur treatment consists of a series of daily injections of a vaccine, for at least 14 days, better for three or four weeks. Obviously, the use of Pasteur treatment for prevention of rabies involves beginning the treatment on mere suspicion. That being so, nobody knows how efficacious it may be.

I wish to heaven I could conscientiously take the more conventional attitude of physicians in regard to rabies. I have tossed many hours many nights—time I might better have given to a murder mystery—thrashing over this problem in the hope of finding a comfortable position. These debates with myself have always ended in a snore—when I ask myself what I would do if my child were bitten by a rabid dog, I'd call in a good doctor, of course. But if it were left to my judgment whether to use Pasteur treatment, I'd say no.

No, I'd prefer to put my trust in immediate aseptic surgical treatment of the wound, not crude "cauterizing" with "fuming nitric acid" or any such hideous practice, but aseptic surgical care, and then an immediate

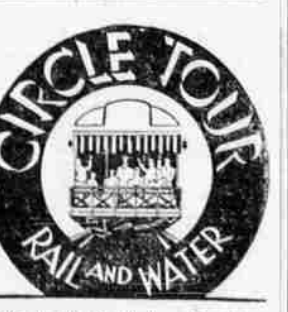
that showed every sort of accomplishment from banking in French to spurning all folk save caviar. Bennett never objected to the impossibility of the tales. He did not care so long as the dog was the hero although he was a stickler for accuracy in other news.

Notched in a block on the west side of Third Avenue near 51st street is an arcade solid with antique shops and bearing the name Ardes Court. While much of the stuff is Russian, sold by those rich refugees, there are several early American displays. The stores are cubicles of about 8 by 10 feet and owners sit out front during the dull trading interludes in an exchange of friendly palaver. It is open until midnight.

Another story of George S. Kaufman's lachrymose reaction to enthusiasm comes from Hollywood. At a luncheon table a returning hunter was telling of his trip. "When we got up," he gurgled, "the entire lake was completely covered with ducks." Kaufman, mildly: "Just one layer?"

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—(AP)—President Roosevelt today nominated Marlon M. Caskle of Alabama as a member of the interstate commerce commission.

Twelve persons have been killed in 12 years in automobile accidents on a 12-mile stretch of the Old Spanish trail near DePuniak Springs, Fla.



Plan to take the ideal vacation this summer. The Circle Tour, by ship and train... new travel thrills and never the same scenes twice.

A short salt-water cruise on a "Princess" liner to Victoria and Vancouver... and you will enjoy your visit to these interesting Canadian cities. Then by rail through the Selkirk and the magnificent Canadian Rockies, the finest mountain scenery in all the world. Stop over where ever you like. Stay awhile at those famous resort hotels, Banff, Spokane, Chateau Lake Louise, where rest has been eternally reduced. Play golf on a championship mile high course, go swimming, fishing, riding and hiking. Your itinerary includes a visit to Calgary and Spokane, both bustling, interesting cities. In all a vacation tour that will long be remembered.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

ADD tobacco to the crops that can be grown in southern Oregon.

If you want to see it growing, go over to Weyerhaeuser, in the Klamath county, and ask for Albin Tavelrine, who works at the mill and has a patch of tobacco growing in his back yard. It's a real patch, too—something over 100 plants.

Next year, if the experiment turns out at all well, he expects to put out at least 500 plants.

YOU can't tell much about tobacco, you know, merely by looking at it growing out of the ground. The proof comes after it is cured, and the curing process takes some three months under ordinary circumstances.

Mr. Tavelrine's tobacco will be ready to cut in about a week or ten days, and he is planning to dry it in his garage.

TOBACCO, which looks something like a stalk of mullein, but with broader, shiny leaves, is cut just above the ground. A nail is then driven into the stalk, and the stalks are hung, upside down, from racks by means of this nail. The sun is kept away from it while drying.

THIS Oregon grown tobacco is extraordinarily large, with amazingly broad leaves. Looking at it, one is led to believe that when cured it will be high-powered stuff. But you can't tell about that, of course, until afterward.

Mr. Tavelrine will be able to tell us more along about Thanksgiving or Christmas. Perhaps we can all bum a pipeful or so off him then.

MR. TAVELRINE came to this country from Belgium, where considerable tobacco is grown. There, he says, people are permitted to grow 100 plants for their own use, tax-free, but above 100 plants it is pretty heavily taxed.

The old country, which has been at it a long time, has learned a lot of quirks to this taxing business.

His seed, which came from one of the large seed houses, was grown in Connecticut. Connecticut also is an important tobacco-growing region. They grow a leaf back there which is peculiarly adapted to making cigar wrappers.

THIS writer grew up in southern Iowa, where considerable tobacco is grown as a side issue, but none commercially.

This home-grown tobacco is known locally as "long green." It is first cured in the regular manner and then twisted into "hanks." A few hardy souls flavor these hanks with cane molasses and use them for eating tobacco, but the customary practice is to whittle a handful off the end of one of them, tamp it into a pipe and smoke it.

This also is done by hardy souls, and it is averred back there that a whiff from a pipe loaded with this "long green" will kill a turkey buzzard 100 yards down wind.

THREE INDICTED AS SACRAMENTO SLAYERS

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 15.—(AP)—Indictments charging Alfred Paine, H. F. Smith and George Wallace with the murder of E. G. Fish, chief of police of North Sacramento, early Sunday morning, were returned today by the county grand jury.

AIR DEATHS SHOCK EX-GOVERNOR MEIER

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Former Governor Julius L. Meier was shocked when informed today by the Associated Press of the fatal crash in

Alaska of Wiley Post and his airplane passenger, Will Rogers. "That is terrible," Mr. Meier said heavily. "It's terrible." In the oriental theater, youngsters are trained as fencers, wrestlers and dancers to achieve grace. THE E. G. LYONS & RAAS CO. New York San Francisco Los Angeles. Producers of LYONS Belvista Wines.

Distilled from genuine sloe berries, and properly aged, LYONS Sloe Gin has the true Sloe berry flavor. \$1.35 a Fifth.

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