

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Farmers are balking at the idea of a political marriage with labor. So form a Third Party in this state. The farmer feels it would put him in a position to jab himself with his own pitchfork, by endorsing a strike to keep his own crop from market.

More than 19 million gallons of gasoline were sold in Oregon in July. The population seems to have multiplied every place, including the court-houses to pay their taxes.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. (Joplin (Mo.) Guard) Dandy way to make money: buy this 13 acres for hog raising. Sign up with the government. So not raise, say 500 hogs. It will pay you \$1000. That will pay for the acres and have some left.

There are a few signs of fall. Several, however, are repeating their threat of last fall to paint their house next spring.

It is noted in the upstate press that citizens have started motoring to huckleberry patches, and driving home like they had picked a still.

A hog-raiser reported yesterday the price of hogs is "not yet high enough." It never will be. Under cross-examination, he admitted that by cutting his own hair, he would make it through the coming winter in fair shape.

The Democratic county central committee has called a meeting for tonight, to discuss general business, and laugh at the Republicans.

Seven-passenger autos are scotching around with 10 drivers too many.

COWBOYS! SLAP YOURSELVES! (Hortons Hotel Ad) "The three things to keep in mind," says Mr. Hay, "is to start, stop and guide the horse. To start the horse you pick up the reins, shift the weight forward and speak to the horse. Thus you get at the start on intimate terms with the animal. When you want to stop, you lean the weight back from the hips, put a light feel on the horse's mouth and say 'Whoa, boy, or whoa, girl' if you do not happen to know the name of the horse. The first thing to do, however, is to get acquainted with the horse's name."

"After four committee meetings to discuss the advisability of signing the FWA contract, it was discovered it had been signed by the mayor, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior." (Eureka Standard)—Wherein efficiency catches up with itself.

With bombing planes whirling overhead, a loud and healthy sneeze may start a rumor the Bear creek bridge has been blown up.

Fanny Flity, one of the Older Girls, had a birthday last week. Her age is none of your business.

It is now noted in the press business has started bringing how cheerful it was, at the height of the Depression, when it was so blue.

The Governor of Ohio was "cut off the air" yesterday for telling a "dirty story." It must have been a pleasant change for Ohio radio listeners, whose ears have long been bombarded with pleas for \$1 for a box of liver pills for eternal life, and membership in a Utopia club to make the purchaser a millionaire.

An upstate man died from the effects of a "practical joke." It was also impractical.

FOR BASSING FANS. Unseen by the referee, the all-in wrestler hit his opponent severely. "You're hitting," hissed the sufferer. "Well," gasped his adversary, "do yer expect me to swallow yer in a lump?" (Bystander, London)

Visit at Gebhard Home—Mr. and Mrs. Buchheim and two children of Doherty Park, Calif., and Miss Wilma Zentner and Mrs. A. Hassenpfeffer of Santa Ana, Calif., arrived at the W. J. Gebhard home near Central Point Friday for a visit. They were returning from a trip to Vancouver, B. C. The Gebhard family and their guests spent the week-end at Lake of the Woods at Faber's cabin.

Nearing the End?

"For the moment hope of averting an Italo-Ethiopian war has been laid aside. . . . Governments talked not of what to do to stop threatened war, but what to do when it begins."—Paris press dispatch.

So it has come to that! And why? Because one man, wants war, and refuses to do anything to prevent it. That one man is Mussolini.

Mussolini is responsible to no one but himself. He has no parliament, no cabinet, no courts, no press, not even an articulate public opinion to give him pause.

Through the force of arms, ruthless suppression, and absolute control over the army and navy, he has turned the pages of history in Europe back over one hundred and fifty years, and again made a vital and living thing of what some of us supposed was as dead as King Tut:

"L'etat, c'est moi!" "The state—I am the state."

It has often been said that the perfect form of government is a benevolent dictatorship. Paying due regard to efficiency this is true. The deplorable situation in Europe today, demonstrates that the reverse is also true:

The worst form of government is a MALEVOLENT dictatorship.

And history shows that once a dictatorship is established, its fateful progress from benevolence to malevolence,—is as certain, as the progress of this planet about the sun. In the modern world, dictatorship has within itself the seeds of its own destruction,—because it leads inevitably to the misery, suffering and degradation of its people.

WHEN the history of the period from the world war to the present time is written, the outstanding and appalling feature will be the rise of dictatorship, and the decline of democracy, for the security of which that war was supposed to have been fought. In Italy, in Germany, in Russia, for a time in Spain, and Austria and the Baltic provinces, the "man on horse-back" had his day.

There is nothing more certain,—in this most uncertain of worlds,—than that the next two decades, will write dictatorship's decline and fall.

And if war between Italy and Ethiopia does come—there is still about one chance in three million it won't,—that may well mark the end of the first period, and the beginning of the second.

You may turn back the pages of history for a time perhaps, but not for long. Sooner or later the human race regains its equilibrium, and the march of human progress,—goes on and on!

Rugged Individualism

IN one of the current magazines an author of conservative tendencies maintains the proposed inheritance tax, delivers a death blow to "rugged individualism."

There is of course something to sustain this view, and many blithely accept it. But as with most opinions on economic problems, during these hectic days, there is another side to the question.

In fact by attacking the problem from another angle and thinking the thing through, it is easy to reach the very reverse of this conclusion.

For what does "rugged individualism" really mean, as that term is generally accepted?

It means the freedom of the individual to make his own way in this world, to get ahead as a result of his own efforts, his own abilities in a world where, superior abilities, such as he possesses are recognized and receive their just reward.

In what possible way could an inheritance tax, interfere with the free play of such individualism? And how could such a tax fail to stimulate and assist it?

THE contention of the author runs along the line of personal ambition, the desire to found a fortune, and with the fortune, a family, that through the generations will continue to enjoy it. If the government is to step in and take it all—or a large part of it,—where will the incentive to work hard and amass a fortune, come in?

Where indeed! Why not in the normal desires and aspirations of rugged INDIVIDUALISM!

When the rugged individual ceases to take joy and pride in his OWN accomplishments, and starts to worry about what will happen when he is gone, he ceases to be a rugged individualist or any sort of individualist and becomes just another family man,—a man who has made his pile, quits as an individualist and wants society to protect him, and those who come after him.

On the other hand nothing in the future can place a more effective damper upon the rugged individualism OF the future, than to sit by and let nature take its course,—allowing a few individuals to amass more and more wealth, and making their fortunes, as far as possible, PERMANENT through the ages.

In other words rugged individualism is a relative not a positive term; it is a progressive not a static factor. What the author of this article seems to have overlooked, is that to protect and perpetuate the rewards of rugged individualism in one generation, makes it just that much harder for rugged individualism to exist in the generations that follow.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW ORK, Aug. 20.—Most high towers in Manhattan now have a suicide guard or squad as a preventive against self-destruction. The lone visitor is usually under suspicion for a would-be suicide never brings a companion in a trest with death.

In the past few years there have been nine sudden plunges from various observatories. The deadly circle of three is invariably manifested. That is, someone leaps and two others follow in space of a few days. So far day will be a variant of some remark

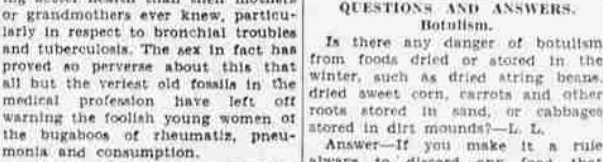


Personal Health Service

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 for publication will be answered. 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.

DRESS REFORM AND HEALTH.

Speaking strictly as a health teacher I admire and applaud woman's fearlessness in dress. That she gets along remarkably well without many clothes every one but her husband or father will admit. It is not fashion alone that dictates her wanton baring of neck and knees, spine, sternum, et cetera. The modern woman sees pretty clearly through all this old nookum bunken, about, scanty clothing and galling consumption or undiscernible lingerie and rheumatism eventually if not this winter. The dumb enough she has enough native perception to notice that consumption and rheumatism prevail inversely as the square yards of cloth used to dress a woman. Women in this country are enjoying better health than their mothers or grandmothers ever knew, particularly in respect to bronchial troubles and tuberculosis. The sex in fact has proved so perverse about this that all but the very best fossils in the medical profession have left off warning the foolish young women of the bugaboos of rheumatiz, pneumonia and consumption. I do not think it is the approach to nudity or the increasing scantiness of attire alone that explains the unquestionably better health and vigor of women today. In part no doubt they owe their physical well being to the discarding of corsets and the greater freedom for action, play, sport, outdoor pleasures their more hygienic mode of dress has given. Then, too, as the bolder members of the sex come to seek acquisition of knowledge of physiology despite all the tender care taken by the ghost of Pinkie Lydeham to protect the delicate creatures from such nasty knowledge, they acquire a less morbid outlook and are not so fond of the old fishwife fancies. Especially wholesome and healthful, I think, has been the influence of teachings such as those of Dr. Clelia Duell Mosher for many years medical advisor for Stanford University women. This distinguished hygienist, by her observation, study and practical instruction, has brought good health to many thousands of women who were destined for a lifetime of "femal weakness" under the old pamper and coddle plan. Dr. Mosher's little book "Personal Hygiene for Women," published by Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California, is an ideal gift for any girl or woman who has had a good break in education. The men practically every girl who attends school.



Mary, the grand old girl who of Ben Jonson or some other wag of long ago.

I talked to a gentleman—the most joyous I've run across in months—on the phone this morning about an astonishing recovery he had from a business upset in his importing business. Over night a foreign import beached him high and dry along with 28 employees and not chance to make a penny for months, if ever. For three days not a bite passed his lips and he dozed off for not more than an hour nightly. He lost 11 pounds. The fourth morning he fell into bed and slumbered at dawn, slept until 3 in the afternoon and awakened thoroughly refreshed, amazingly calm and hungry. He ate a whopping ham-steak breakfast and at his office the first letter opened, mirabile dictu! was an offer of a job that paid him more than the income he had been making and in a city where he had always wanted to live.

Lord Northcliffe on one of his visits told a group of reporters in an off-the-record chat over a midnight snack of some mysterious mental contagion that seemed to inform him of success before it arrived. The details are vague but it was when he launched his first newspaper venture called "Answer." He had used all the money he had and could borrow. Then came a sudden impasse in financing. He needed a sizeable sum and could not raise a tuppence. He was for two weeks in the lowest depths. Unable to sleep, he was walking through deserted Curzon street and of a sudden fell exhilarated, a surge of invincible happiness he fancied might be the feverish precursor of delirium. He went home and fell instantly asleep. When he awakened there was a telegram from a bank in Manchester that it would see him through. He had forgotten he had appealed to them. "Answers" made him rich.

Sinclair Lewis has become a Louis Wolf of literature. Rarely is he seen in haunts he used to frequent—the Brevoort, Lafayette and other mellow sanctuaries, fringing Washington Square. Also he has completely abandoned himself to the occasional first night. His base is the Brownstone home which he gave his wife, Dorothy Thompson, but there are neighbors who have never laid eyes on him. His isolation is taking on the remoteness of Eugene O'Neill and many believe for the same reason—he just wants to be let alone. When he calls suddenly away as he frequently does, his name does not appear on the passenger lists. Charles Dana Gibson is another top man in his line whose life has become cloistered.

From a fiction story: "Nothing is so disconcerting to a young man in love as to be walking with his lady love in the moonlight and run suddenly out of words."

The author has never been "locked home" from church with his girl!

The ancient Egyptians used spoons carved of ivory, flint, slate and wood.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS ON the day these words are written, there is only one big story in the world—the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post in an airplane crash in Alaska.

The event dwarfs the war that Italy is about to force upon little Ethiopia, a war that might grow into another World War. It overshadows politics. It crowds the New Deal off the front page.

It is the one absorbing topic of conversation. WHY? Well, both were world-famous, but in addition to being world-famous Will Rogers was a HUMAN BEING, interested in other human beings, sympathetic with their needs and their aspirations, tolerant of their shortcomings; an idealist in a way, but with idealism tinged strongly with good grass-roots common sense.

Men like that are missed when they are taken. WILL ROGERS was mentioned widely as a possible—perhaps "acceptable" would be a better word—candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1932.

It would have been a happy choice, if it could have been brought about. The little streak of idealism that ran through his make-up would have taken care of needed reforms, and the good grass-roots common sense that was his outstanding characteristic would have kept him clear of most of the costly and unsound experimenting that has been done in the name of progress.

The best way to get rid of our troubles is to laugh them off, and Will Rogers could have helped us do that. HE has helped us, however, in his own way.

Will Rogers' philosophy, wholesome and constructive, and in getting it to the masses of the public he had access to the two greatest mediums—the moving pictures and the newspapers.

It would be hard to say how much his whimsical good sense, as expressed in his pictures and his daily articles, has helped all of us.

THERE are strange things in this world. Will Post was one of the outstanding fliers of all time. He has circled the world twice—once with Harold Gatty in a little over eight days and once alone in a little more than seven days. If anyone knew every trick of flying, he did.

Yet he crashed in a take-off—presumably when his engine failed. That brings home to us about as strongly as anything could the fact that aviation can proceed only as fast as engine development proceeds.

The future of aviation depends chiefly upon our ability to build engines that won't fail.

ONE final thought: Will Rogers, holding no public office, with no weight of nations on his shoulders, just a private citizen, is missed, when he passes on, by hundreds of millions. It is really great to have lived in such a way as to be missed like that.

Playing Hangman Costs Lad's Life COEUR D'ALENE, Ida., Aug. 20.—(UP)—Billy Mason, 9, hanged himself accidentally Monday while playing "hangman," relatives who found his body dangling from a rope in the woods believed. A high box stood nearby. His sister had been playing with him 30 minutes before. Resuscitation efforts failed. The parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mason, were vacationing in Wenatchee, Wash.

Port Orford Celebration To the Editor: You may already know that on Labor Day, September 2, we open the new breakwater dock and harbor at Port Orford, as the only natural deep water harbor in a thousand miles.

The governor, secretary of state, state treasurer, heads of the highway commission, state fish and game commission, and representatives of planning boards and chambers of commerce, service clubs, etc. from Seattle to San Francisco, will be here in person, as well as a general guest list totaling some two thousand people.

The ceremony will be picturesque and, in addition to the official celebration and a marine pageant of the wedding of Neptune and Daphne, there will be reproduced in fireworks a handwritten congratulatory message received from President Roosevelt.

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AGED MAN JAILED FOR SHOPLIFTING Pat Dunn, born in 1855 in Ireland, was yesterday arrested by city police charged with shoplifting department and a steel tape from the J. J. Newberry store. Taken into justice court, Dunn could not make up his mind as to his plea, saying he was partially guilty, but not entirely. The court finally entered a plea of not guilty for him, and Dunn acted as his own attorney. He was found guilty and was sentenced to 30 days in jail and assessed costs of \$4.50. He told the court that he had been in jail very few times in his 80 years.

Thirty days in jail, and \$100 fine was the penalty inflicted on Bernard Wilder, of this city, by Justice of the Peace William R. Coleman, on Wilder's plea to a charge of drunken driving, on North Central avenue last Saturday.

Harry Mackay, 82, and spy for his years, was assessed \$5 and costs for failure to procure an operator's license. Mackay resides at 1220 Court street, this city.

Forest fires in Crater Lake national park all brought under control.

Valley crown peas appear on local markets.

CLERKS and barbers of city form union.

The deer season will open in this state September 19 and close October 20.

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ROGERS' BEREAVED FAMILY



Mrs. Will Rogers and her daughter Mary (with face hidden) leaving Stamford, Conn., by automobile for an unannounced destination in New York. They left Skowhegan, Me., where Mary was appearing as an actress when they heard of the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post in an airplane crash near Point Barrow, Alaska. (Associated Press Photo)

SURPRISE PARTY FOR FILM PLAYER



An impromptu birthday party was arranged in honor of Ann Harding at the Hollywood motion picture studio where she was working on a picture when it was learned it was her birthday. Miss Harding and Gary Cooper are enjoying some of the cake. (Associated Press Photo)

AGED MAN JAILED FOR SHOPLIFTING

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY August 29, 1925 (It was Thursday) Rudy Valentino, shiek of the movies, and his wife, Winifred Hudnut Valentino, agree to divorce.

Trail of Tom Murray, Ellsworth Kelley and James Wilcox—escaped convicts from Salem—lost after sensational appearance in Portland.

Four hundred cars of peas shipped to date to eastern markets from valley.

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