

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Grapes, in great popular demand during the prohibition era, for making jelly, are now plentiful, in popular demand, but being made into jelly.

Tom Mooney, seeking release from San Quentin prison, where he has languished for 19 years for the San Francisco Preparedness Day bomb outrage, admits on the witness stand he retains radical views.

The deer season opens Sunday. Hunters are beseeched to pull the trigger so nobody will need a second later in the week.

Echoes from Louisiana are reminiscent of the late tragic political monkey-business suffered by Jackson county, when in the hands of self-sprouting Messtaha and martyrs.

In a lively canter over the sea at dawn a properly garbed equestrienne went four miles as the cow flies, and 17 miles as the ball bounces.

Blames the other fellow for their own crimes, sing "America" and quote the Scripture, before and after committing them, take up collections, and send thunderous telegrams at public expense to distinguished citizens.

R. Bardwell's juggernaut expired from lack of gas on the Main stem yesterday a. m. A courteous Standard Oil 4d shoveler produced enough momentum to enable Mr. B. to roll into a Union Oil silo.

Fall hats for the Galshevskis are appearing, and are being worn on the head, and skipped over on one ear.

The football season has opened among the high schools, and the first claims made that "trade relations will be improved, and friendly relations maintained by the larger schools playing the smaller schools."

The Justice (Up-to-School) Smith boy continues actively engaged in tearing down the parental fog, dismantling furniture, and biting off his own thumb.

He makes himself the highway grace. And thumbs his way from place to place. Whatever town to him is fair. He quietly hitch-hikes over there.

Thus he is never paying bills. For breakdowns in the roadside hills. Thus happens to him never woe. Because he hitch-hikes to and fro. How nice to travel in a car.

At 50 pleasant miles per hour. No fare, no gas, no oil to buy. Just ride and let the goody guy take all the risk above the ground. By hauling derelicts around. —(Exchange)

Use Mail Tribunes want ads.

Why Slap the Wrist?

DISTRICT Attorney William Trindle of Marion county is removed from control of the grand jury by Circuit Judge McMahan for being "unfaithful to his trust and violating his official duty."

The court declares Trindle advised a former grand jury to disregard the court's instructions to indict a deputy sheriff, because he (Trindle) WAS ATTORNEY FOR THE MAN INVESTIGATED; and the district attorney also, failed to bring action against gambling houses, until newspaper exposures compelled him to do so.

Whereupon Lyle J. Page, deputy district attorney, is named as prosecutor, and Roy R. Hewitt, Salem attorney his assistant.

THE charges brought by the court are serious ones. If true, the district attorney should not only be removed from control of the present grand jury, but from his office.

Merely removing him from this particular case, apparently to resume his official duties thereafter, strikes us as a very strange procedure.

If the charges are untrue Trindle should remain, and Judge McMahan should apologize, and step out. If they are true, Trindle should get out, and stay out.

There should be no half way measures in such a situation.

Time to Fight Back

ONCE more the fact obtrudes that California needs to study geography. The conviction down there that California is the Pacific coast,—that what doesn't belong, in this part of the world, to California, doesn't belong to the United States, is growing.

The appropriation by California of Oregon grapes, Oregon pears, Oregon scenic attractions,—particularly Crater Lake,—are all a matter of record, and come under the heading of "old news."

But now judging by latest reports, California has also appropriated the Oregon coast line, including the Columbia river—and is firmly convinced if the California coast is properly defended, the coast line of the United States is properly defended also.

IF California alone suffered from this geographical delusion, there might be no serious complaint,—it could be charged off as just a part of the rather amusing California complex—which no one outside of its boundaries accepted,—and therefore calculated to do no serious harm.

But no less an authority than the "Astorian Budget", maintains the California idea has been accepted by various and sundry rear-admirals of the U. S. navy, by a majority of the appropriations committee of the house, and that following a recent inspection of the defenses of the western coast all these worthy gentlemen agreed, California needs more navy shipyards, more emergency naval bases, increased coast fortifications, but Oregon needs NOTHING AT ALL.

Not a thing! In fact the congressional committee at least, refused even to travel north of San Francisco and inspect the coast defenses of Oregon and the Pacific northwest. Why waste the time and money? Where, what and why is Oregon anyway!

WE don't blame the Astoria newspaper for expressing wonder and reasoning that wonder with righteous indignation. If war ever should come to this coast—and the hundreds of millions spent in California are only justified on the assumption it may—or will,—the mouth of the Columbia and Astoria would no doubt feel the first shock of it. As the Budget states:

Does the war and navy departments contemplate that, in the event of war, an enemy will strike at southern California? Do they think an army would land in a barren country where it would starve itself if it had to feed off the country? Do they think a navy from the orient would strike at a section of our coast which is hundreds of miles farther from northern ports? The Columbia river entrance, for instance, is 143 miles closer to the orient than Seattle, a full 423 miles closer than San Francisco and several days' time closer than the southern California ports? And yet the Columbia river is left absolutely without a ship base of any kind and there is a full thousand miles of coastline north of San Francisco without even a harbor of refuge.

It is all very strange and decidedly disquieting. The California habit of claiming everything in sight and getting away with it, can be taken with a certain equanimity, when it's merely the old "boostermania" racket, and the results are exclusively commercial. But when it comes to a matter of national defense, and eventually perhaps a matter of life and death, to the people of this state, living along its seaboard, it appears to be time not only for Astoria and Portland but the entire state to wake up and do something about it.

The reason, according to the Astoria paper is politics: Out of all this there is one very significant thing. The California congressmen are very much on the job. These two sub-committees, which came out west to investigate defenses, were piloted by California congressmen who are eye on the alert to serve their state with federal funds and projects. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that they never came north of San Francisco bay and they were so impressed with the needs of more naval and military projects for the protection of California.

Apparently there was no one in Washington to see that they came north and made their investigation of the defenses of the Pacific a real and complete one. Apparently no one directed their attention to the fact that Oregon and the Columbia river are absolutely unprotected and that less than half of one per cent of the funds expended by navy and war departments on the Pacific have been spent on this vast and vulnerable area. And we can only wonder why such things can be.

If this is the correct explanation then Oregon through its delegation in Washington should proceed to get busy POLITICALLY.

When California takes our fruits and nuts and grapes, and sells them as her own, when it takes Crater Lake, and moves it across the state line, when it ships its products here, and refuses to let us ship our products there, when it claims the world and gets away with it—well that is all in the day's work and a credit to her gall and enterprise. But when California takes money for national defense that rightfully belongs to this state and is needed to protect this state; then it's time for old man Oregon to drop his inferiority complex, shake his easy going ways, get up on his hind legs and fight back!

Pioneer Town Minus "Smith" INDEPENDENCE, Mo.—(UP)—Old-timers and the chamber of commerce were reluctant to admit it, but the truth is out—Independence, outfitting point for covered wagon trains, making the perilous Santa Fe trail journey—has no blacksmith shop.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Sept. 20.—(AP)—The search continued today for the body of Charles E. Cramer, 48, who drowned yesterday when he fell into the Columbia river from the deck of a tugboat.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—(AP)—A woman, 48, who was reported missing last week, was found today in a field near here, having been missing for several days.

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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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

EATING YOUR WAY TO DIABETES

Ninety per cent. of all adults with diabetes have been overweight for a considerable period before they have become diabetic. It was found by Dr. E. P. Joslin, noted student and authority in this field, that all his diabetics had a high carbohydrate intake.

There it is again in the smooth, the delectable, the sophisticated carbohydrates, the seductive and tantalizing carbohydrates, the seductive and tantalizing carbohydrates, the seductive and tantalizing carbohydrates.

I speak freely about it because I had a close call myself. They had me going. In fact the carbohydrates nearly got me, in spite of iodine ration, somersaults in everything except the w.k. B. symphony (about which I'll explain another time) I was slipping, gradually sinking into a kind of coma (I'll say more about that, too in another article). What stopped me, I think, was a sudden realization that I had gone soft, didn't care to fight.

Regarded merely as a vital statistic it doesn't matter much to a careening world that the popular white collar man, smiling Dick Roe, has quietly donned a new panniculus (blanket to you) since he slipped past thirty, and the sad part of it is that all his friends think it is becoming and nearly everybody interprets this invidious blanketing with adipose as a sign of super-abundant health, whereas in fact it marks the onset of degeneration.

Some obese individuals never become diabetic, but it is certain that overweight imposes a strain on the islands of Langerhans in the pancreas, those groups of specialized cells which secrete insulin, and so it is that smiling Dick's becoming new panniculus makes him more liable to develop diabetes. In practice it seems to be as difficult to catch diabetes in time as it is to diagnose tuberculosis in its incipency. I don't know whether this is due to dumbness of the latter or incompleteness of the medical profession or both.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS The Younger Generation Will not the younger generation suffer with rheumatism in years to come, from the scanty clothing they wear? (Miss I. W.)

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY September 20, 1925. (It was Sunday.) Four auto crashes yesterday, all due to "misunderstanding signals," police report.

Final program of the county fair is well attended. Large crowd parks outside the fairgrounds and see the races free, which annoys fair officials.

Mrs. O. D. Frazee wins an Aluminum pan and a pound of coffee in cooking contest at county fair.

Portland lawyer gives a lady juror a ride in his auto, so court orders a new trial.

Northern lights are seen by a number of local people.

Army planes pass over city enroute to San Diego. Streets thronged with beholders.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 20, 1913. (It was Monday.) Eke out in force, decorating streets with flags and lodge colors for dedication of new temple, to be held here Thursday and Friday.

Transient lady, ordered to leave town after several drunken spree, returns and is remanded to jail. Her male companion has not returned, and the police announce that if he does he will be put to work.

Allies shell German lines on western front. Bulgars prepare for war with Macedonia. German envoy, in note to Berlin, refers to Americans as "idiotic Yankees."

Springue Reigel of Gold Hill while driving to Gold Hill, is struck beneath the eye by a yellow jacket. Reigel returned here for medical treatment, as the eye is swelled four times its natural size.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—Thoughts while strolling: What a clean-cut fellow George M. Cohan remains. Somehow he suggests chilled grape-fruit. For perma-perma banishment: Americans living abroad who refer to "The States."

Who remembers when you could not get huckleberry pie as a soda fountain? Add long faced celebrities: Norman Hapgood, Herb Swope and Beatrice Lillie. Those light suited boys from Texas and Oklahoma. Most descriptive book title in years: "Little Man What Now?" Kathleen Howard is the new Louise Closser Hale of the screen. The prim lady with the straight grey hair!

That phoney smile of the Russian Litvinoff. Time to torpedo those Malaprop and blah blah bits for Alice Brady. She's a dramatic actress. Most nauseating biography on record: Mrs. Harry Lehr's "King Lehr." Purview oldsters who dart into Minsky's. The Stetson-hatted backer of Wiley Post: Frank Phillips.

Look alike: Cecil De Mille and Judge D. H. Kinchloe. Guy Lombardo goes for tan suits. And George White still clings to those flared black bows. Pulse pumping poker memory: The night Dr. George A. Dorsey bet \$3200 on the turn of a card in a red dog game. And lost to Arthur Roche.

Stark Young sauntering toward his East 57th street apartment. Alliterative seasonal debauch: September Shirt Sales! The former Boswell of Montparnasse, Wambly Bald. But his name is tied by that Pekin correspondent from London: Jessuk Slish. Childest sounding word in the dictionary: Wife.

Molly Mallory Bj. . . I can't handle it. Anyway the once great tennis star is a frequent stroller in the upper 50's, the district in which she resides. Her constant companion is a frisky Scottie and almost every dusk they are out for a walk. Once inclined to plumpness, she is now extremely thin, so much so few would recognize her. Although her health is excellent, I hear.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Note from a novelist: "I'm doing everything but finishing my novel. Hope to sell it before it's done. Then I won't have to." Sounds like "Don't miss it if you can!" The city's most magnificent and cathedral-like 5 and 10 now graces the once forlorn and spooky site of the old Wendell mansion on the avenue. Glittering beacon, perhaps, of the new order. The decor and lighting are comparable in luxury to any store in town. And the general splendor has given new plume to a rundown corner. It has the fewest and smallest windows of any structure its size in town.

George Ade's friends hear that, vastly improved in luxury to any store in town. And the general splendor has given new plume to a rundown corner. It has the fewest and smallest windows of any structure its size in town.

I'm wondering about the fate of the parlor piano. So many homes without them. On motor rides I pass two abandoned factories. In an auction room I saw one of the finest makes sheathed, grand style, in ivory inlaid strips. It was the relic of a golden-throated opera star and the original cost was \$11,000. A bona fide bill of sale confirmed it. Yet it was available for less than \$1,000 with no takers. Piano acts on the stage have to be trucked up to click. Or a burlesque affair such as Herb Williams' or Al Trahan. We wonder, too, how bouncy, red haired Edith Baker in her dainty piano turn on the Prolic Roof would be received these modern days. The radio, of course, caused the debacle. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate) Use Mail Tribune want ads.

"ENERGY HIKE"

"We're stealing a march on health with vigorous fresh air and exercise. But we need a sound diet, too—that's why we call for delicious breakfasts of Shredded Wheat." Each golden-brown Shredded Wheat Biscuit is filled with a perfect balance of Nature's vital health elements—helps give you energy and health.

SHREDDED WHEAT NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY "Uneda Bakers"

ANNIVERSARY SALE OPENS SATURDAY AT HEATH'S DRUG STORE

Tomorrow we will celebrate another year of service in this community—and in appreciation of the generous patronage of the people of southern Oregon, we are featuring a SPECIAL FREE MICKEY MOUSE BALLOON OFFER plus OUTSTANDING ANNIVERSARY BARGAINS throughout our store—Be sure to come SATURDAY and next week—literally hundreds of bargains that space won't permit listing!

FREE! A 3-Foot Rubber Mickey Mouse BALLOON In a Wide Choice of Colors With a Purchase of 10c Or More — One to a Customer Take Advantage of This Special FREE Offer Saturday Only

SPECIAL VALUES IN TOBACCOS Velvet and Prince Albert 10c Stud, Bull, Ducks, Golden Grain, 15c Buffalo, 4 for 15c Star, Clipper, Cyclone, Climax 8c

2 oz. Parke Davis Vanilla 29c Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo with free Rubber massage brush. 59c San Nap Pak Sanitary Napkins. 2 for 21c Univex Cameras 39c

Ladies' Rest Room Heath's DRUG STORE Medford Building Phone 884