

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

350,000 has been appropriated for mosquito control in this state. It is planned to control the mosquitoes, so they will be 50 per cent back, and 50 per cent appetite, instead of the present 2 1/2 per cent and 1/4 per cent.

The hardy soul who flew across the Atlantic, through storm and fog, picked a fine time for it, what with a world's heavyweight title battle, a world series, and a world war brewing, not to mention a girl friend chasing the "Great Lover of the Screen" across the continent, and not catching him. He landed safely in Ireland and on a majority of the want ad pages.

Mrs. Joe Keep returned home Saturday after two months' absence and found things topsy turvey. Just as every wife does when she returns. (Salmon Bar, Detroit). The way things always turn out, when the Clatter Girls turn their backs on the husbandly brutes.

The proposal to establish and operate a state bank is strongly criticized by the governor, on the grounds that the state already has loaned about \$3,000,000, which it cannot get back, and rates as lost. It is held that the chief drawback to a state bank would be the payback, as ever.

Equestrianism is gaining among the fair sex, and they are becoming adepts at riding astraddle on an ornate russel saddle. Pedestrianism also benefits. When dressed up for cantering over the sea, the noble steed is always waiting on the other side of town, necessitating a long walk, all puffed, panted and prim.

An inspection of the household food bill induces the sad reflection that we are approaching a period when we shall carry our money to the store in a basket and bring back our purchases in our change pocket. (Milwaukee Sentinel)—Optimistic view of the future.

A nitrod yesterday delivered a venison steak as proof of his prowess. Instead of inviting the writer to view the horns of a deer.

Science is now endeavoring to evolve an egg from the blood of an ox. What is needed is a hind tire that can be sited up for bacon.

Mr. Max Baer, a lady-killing pugilist, had his ears pinned back last night by a colored youth, by the name of Joe Louis, in a bout in which the populace bet, like the brain-trust professors apend the taxpayers' money. For their efforts, each received more money than will be allotted to run Jackson county in 1936. There was considerable local excitement over the outcome, quite a few with southern blood in their veins being personally insulted every time the colored gentleman hit the uncolored gent a lick.

Our city points with pride to the fact that thirty-five extra long coat coats were returned to them by the CCC camps.—(Eldorado (Kan.) Times)—Figures on their belts are interesting, but how many miles would they make.

PAINTS DEPRESSION'S END.—(Hillside Del. Star-Courier)—Cruel and unusual, but it serves the Depression right.

BRILLIANT IDEA ITEM. To the Editor: I wonder if any person ever wrote down on a piece of paper numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., up to a million. I have a friend who has written down numbers up to almost half a million. He's been working at it for a long time now.

48 Japanese Die In Freak Typo. TOKYO, Sept. 25.—(AP)—A typhoon which whirled frantically and destructively across Japan today, from Kagoshima to Sendai, killed at least 48 persons. About 100 were missing.

Beagle. BEAGLE, Sept. 25.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Huston of Los Angeles, who visited at the home of Mrs. Huston's sister, Mrs. J. B. Rush and family last week, left for their home Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Keyser are enjoying a visit for another week with Mr. Keyser's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. George Sutherland of Oakland, Calif.

Sunday afternoon callers at the R. Bowen home were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Ellis and son Ralph, Mrs. Sater and daughter Derva Jeanne, and Mrs. Sanderson.

Sam Polard of Talent, Mr. McCarty of Medford, and another party whose name we did not learn met at the Rush ranch Sunday morning and Joe Rush went with the three hunting in the mountains north of here.

When Federal Relief Stops

PRACTICALLY everyone we believe is glad to hear that the government is going to get out of direct relief just as fast as conditions permit. A critical emergency existed. Local relief failed to meet it. The government had to—and did. Now the crisis has passed—at least its acute stage. The time has come for Uncle Sam to ease out, and for the communities, to ease in.

It is also time for private industry to take up its share of the load by increasing its employment of labor, just as extensively as improved business conditions permit. All of which is easy to say, but far from easy to do.

HABIT is a strong force. Many have formed the habit of expecting and getting federal relief. This is not only true of individuals, but of communities. As the government does less, the communities and individuals must do more—so much more than they have been in the habit of doing in recent years—that the process at the outset promises to be painful.

But it's one of those things that must be done. Either that or the proud boast that no one in this country shall actually suffer, from want of food and shelter, will have to be abandoned. Certainly the strongest and richest country in the world, hasn't come to such a sorry pass as that. But it's going to be no easy job to prevent it.

THEREFORE it is not too early for the people of this community and every other in the country to prepare for a shock when the inevitable period of readjustment comes. There have been many criticisms of federal relief,—there has been wide spread consternation over the way the government has spent billions to provide employment,—not even the recipients have apparently liked it.

Well the time has come for the people at home to show the continuation of such relief is no longer necessary. This can only be done by the willingness of the people in this country,—in this community and every other,—who have anything to give, to give until it hurts.

We can't have our cake and eat it. We can't get rid of federal relief, without assuming the responsibility of providing greater local relief. Under the new set up, an entirely new and more generous attitude toward the needs of a community chest, will be imperative.

A Colored Champion

WE don't LIKE the idea of another colored champion of the prize fight world. It promises to result in a lot of "white hope" nonsense, threatened supremacy-of-the-black-race talk, and eventually perhaps serious racial complications,—at least in our larger cities.

Jack Dempsey had the right idea. He drew the color line. Being a real honest-to-goodness champion Dempsey COULD. No one dared accuse the Manassa Mauler of being afraid of any two-legged animal, white or black. He didn't wish the colored element to enter into it, that's all. The Jack Johnson experience had been enough.

But this bundle of black dynamite, Joe Louis, has gone too far for any thing of that sort now. For the present title holder, whose name we believe is Bradlock, to draw the color line would be a bit too ridiculous, even for the fair skinned prize fight impresarios, who are not distinguished either by their sense or sense of humor. Besides there is too much money in it,—for THEM.

So barring accidents this ex-Alabama colored boy is going on, and will be duly crowned heavyweight champion of the world, ere long. WELL there is this much to be said in his favor. Forgetting the color of his skin, he appears to stack up in every way, as far above the average in his somewhat questionable profession. A mere "kid" in years, he has shown an extraordinary poise, and dignity in all he has said and done.

Only those who understand the commercialized fight game, as it is now conducted, and its close connection with the underworld, appreciate the temptations which have surrounded him,—and still surround him. If young Joe can keep his head, retain his modesty and simplicity, take on all comers,—fight clean and square,—and leave the bright lights and the primrose path alone,—we see no reason why he shouldn't be accepted by the sporting world, as a real champion, and in every way a credit to the game.

From this same standpoint he certainly is vastly superior, and in every way a better citizen, than the Gay Lothario and night club "show off",—he defeated. AND finally isn't it just a trifle absurd to be too meticulous about the complexion of the man who happens to be a little better in the gentle art of legalized mayhem and manslaughter, than any of his contemporaries?

The present writer happens to be an ardent boxing fan. But when it comes to the modern prize fighting racket,—isn't it well to retain a certain sense of proportion.

Beagle

Mrs. H. A. Barnick of Portland, is visiting for a few days at the Williams-Segmiller home.

Mrs. Daley and children left Sunday for Portland, where Mrs. Daley expects to make her home for a while.

Ray Blaine was a Medford and Jacksonville visitor Friday. Several from here attended the Gold Hill fair the last of the week and reported a fine exhibit of all kinds.

Among those who went to Medford to see "Steamboat Round the Bend" were Richard Rush, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and son Ralph, Loring and Merrill Martin, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sanderson and family.

Sam Gardner is staying for a few days at the home of his sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Walker. Mr. and Mrs. James Martin and Mrs. Blanche Sweet are grinding their sugar cane and making sorghum this week.

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.

SUGAR AND THE SEDENTARY LIFE

Our consumption of sugar in America is now equivalent to a little more than two pounds a week for every person. A large part of this is contained in the form of candy, and a larger part in the form of ice cream and sweetened beverages. Sugar is the best fuel for energy, quickly digested and easily oxidized in the body to yield immediate energy.

When we say energy we mean work, muscle work, whether it is in the way of play or labor or athletic contest or fighting or running a way from danger. There is no such thing as "nerve" energy, nor does power come from the nerves.—the nerve serves merely to transmit impulses or messages. Even the energy used by the brain in thinking is so infinitesimal that, to the best of our present knowledge, the half of a peanut provides ample energy to supply the requirements of the brain in intense brain "work" for several hours.

No, you just can't use up energy sitting around and watching others work, play, perform or entertain you. The healthy young child growing and playing hard as a healthy child should play, needs and should have plenty of sugar. Sugar is not only food for muscle energy, but it sustains the heart, too, for the heart is a muscle. The form in which sugar is taken is immaterial. Straight sugar, syrup, molasses, honey, candy, ice cream, sweet chocolate, sweetened beverage, sweet fruits or their juices, cane sugar, malt (maltose, malt sugar), dextrin, dextrose, glucose, lactose (milk sugar), levulose and fructose (the sugar of fruit and of honey)—all the fancy theories and fads about one sugar being better than others for babies, invalids or the like are just fads.

Besides children who play hard every day, adults who do any sort of honest work daily should have plenty of sugar or sweets. By honest work I mean muscular labor, play or exercise. For instance, the girl who walks to work—excuse it, please, I mean business—or the woman who does the ironing or washing or house cleaning, or the man who mows his own lawn and polishes his own car can indulge in these delectables.

On the other hand, the stenographer whose makeup forbids taking oxygen on the hoof, or the housewife who has a slavey in her service, or the man who takes in a show or a ball game while his car is being washed or his gardening done by the chauffeur, must eschew that extra sundae or bit of candy or cake or drink. Sugar and sedentary habits are incompatible. Obesity and diabetes are the penalties of trying to combine them.

As Dr. Frederick M. Allen explains it in his little book "Diabetes and Its Treatment" (Funk & Wagnalls, New York), high body weight imposes the maximum strain upon the function of the islands of Langerhans in the pancreas (they secrete insulin), and thus any tendency to diabetes is increased to the utmost. And Joelin, noting the overweight which usually precedes development of diabetes, observes that the development of diabetes in an adult who is below average weight is a rarity.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Congenital Hip Disease. Can a person who has hip disease as a child marry and have healthy children? The hip has been stiff for ten years.—(M. R.) Answer—Certainly. Nothing hereditary about it, and no reason why the person should not become a parent.

Eczema. Have been under treatment of physicians for four years with eczema of face and head and terrible itching. No lasting improvement. Doctor merely opines it must be in my blood. Please tell me what you can about cause and diet or other treatment.—(J. R.) Answer—Term eczema covers various skin conditions, now more commonly designated as dermatitis. A monograph on the subject tells all I can tell about it. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for it.

Egg Allergy. Daughter, 14 months, gets hives if she eats the least bit of egg in any form. I have discontinued giving her egg. Am at a loss what to give her.—(Mrs. C. M. H.) Answer—Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address. Give her banana to take the place of egg. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send their letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The last note of vaudeville's swan song echoes faintly along a bleak Blaisdell. A thin, whispering wall. As an amusement vaudeville seems definitely washed up.

The final strongholds, the big movie houses, are dropping it one by one. Even Variety has become chiefly a movie and radio journal.

In front of the Someraet and around the Palace corner adjoining, remaining stragglers clot daily to express a cheerfulness they do not feel. They know they are whittling in the dark. There are many top-liners who look upon a split week a month as good going.

It is natural, the benefits should cling to Palace shadows. For more than 20 years this was the Vaudeville Vainalla, the apex of professional dreams. Once they played the Palace, they were made. The blow has fallen heaviest on dumb acts, those who opened and closed the show.

The singers, dancers and monologists now and then find haven in the restaurant floor shows. But the jugglers, trapezists, trick bicyclists, Indian club swingers and perch acts have no place to turn. They devoted their lives to accomplishments that of a sudden have no appeal.

The Palace was in fullest bloom in early 1929's. The pontifical, silver-haired E. F. Albee was the vaudeville king, constantly hallelujahed by Walter Kingsley's endless mimeographed odes to his pieties. The building was a hive of booking offices, the focus of theaters stretching from coast to coast. The sidewalk outside swarmed with the pliffing strut of headliners. A corner of aquatic blar, all sail and no anchor, but the most fascinating from the Circle to the Square.

I remember going to the Palace's try-out bureau with a vaudeville skit I expected to end copy dead slavery over night. In my enthusiasm I hoped it might attract Herbert Kealey and Ernie Shannan—no less! At any rate it seemed a detour in a path that must inevitably lead to that final outpost of defeated journalism, the exchange desk. I sat in an ante-room from 2 p.m. until 6:30 without getting into the inner sanctum. In desperation I left my sketch with an office boy to deliver to the proper reader. Six days out comment and with 13 cents postage due. And it might encourage receivers of rejected manuscripts to chronicle that five years later I peddled it for \$175.

Arthur Somers Roche proved the value of preserving off-rejected manuscripts. He exiled himself in a forlorn village on the Maine coast and wrote feverishly and futilely for almost two years without acceptance.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

J. A. GORDON, now one of southern Oregon's leading bankers, was once in the stage business—back in the days when telephone lines were few and far between out in the wide open spaces.

In those days, automobiles were not as reliable as they are now and breakdowns were frequent. Mechanics were about as scarce then as telephone lines.

So when a breakdown came, there was grief. J. A. got around this situation in an ingenious way.

When his stages started out, they carried a little box containing Carrier pigeons, and when something went wrong with the car that couldn't be fixed by the driver a pigeon was dispatched with an S.O.S. to the home garage.

When the bird arrived, carrying its message, a trouble car carrying a mechanic and spare parts was dispatched to the scene.

That's what in those days we would call headwork. It's hard to realize that only a few years ago automobiles were as service and just as dependable as airplanes are today. It's even harder to realize that in all probability the time will come when airplanes will be as common, as dependable and perhaps as numerous as automobiles are today.

BACK in those days when Mr. Gordon was running stages here in the southern Oregon country, a very wealthy and very religious San Francisco woman brought several of her Sunday school classes up here to see Crater Lake.

In these days, it isn't much of a trick to find automobiles enough to take a crowd of almost any size up to the lake, but then it was different. Cars were few, and the roads were bad. Setting out for Crater Lake then was about like starting for Mexico City now.

Those who started for the lake then were never sure when they would get back, nor were they at all sure how much it would cost before they finally did get back.

So finding the necessary number of cars wasn't easy. BUT J. A. managed it, and when the train pulled in the cars were waiting. The visitors piled in, the caravan got under way and the drivers did their stuff to such good effect that the rim was reached, the visitors given a thrilling day and the whole crowd was brought back to town in good time.

No word was said to the drivers as to compensation, and it was understood that they were giving their time and their machines for the good of the community. But remember that the sponsor of the trip was a VERY wealthy woman indeed.

So when she asked for a list of the names and addresses of all who had contributed their cars and their skill as drivers, it may be imagined that there was quite a little pleased anticipation in the crowd.

WELL, the anticipations were justified and the virtuous efforts of the drivers were rewarded.

In due course of time, each driver who had contributed his time and his car to this journey to Crater Lake received a full year's subscription, paid in advance, to one of the leading national Sunday school weeklies!

And Nicholson used to tell of the crusty, querulous city editor of his Indianapolis days who, when he found the word skipping beats, used to say: "It's a great world and the more it's analyzed, the more it smells." (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

The Pierce Auto Freight Lines are extending their operations into California and are starting daily service between San Francisco and bay points to southern Oregon.

The Pierce Auto Freight lines, a southern Oregon owned and operated firm, started operations between Portland and southern Oregon seven years ago.

Extension of their operations into San Francisco will enable the firm to serve between Portland and San Francisco, covering a total of 725 miles daily.

Chas. W. Spencer, manager of the Medford station, left yesterday for San Francisco to take charge of the San Francisco station.

Addition of the California operation will increase the number of employees working for the Pierce Auto Freight Lines to a total of 40.

BICYCLE PADLOCKS.—It pays to lock up your bike. Sims Bros., 23 N. Fir.

ALL ARE INVITED to the Catholic card party at Parian Hall, Tuesday evening. Playing begins at 8 o'clock. Prizes and refreshments.—Mrs. Clarkson, chairman.

No one had the heart to say so at the time, but that convention of Young Democrats here was considerably less than a howling success. The excuse was that arrangements were made in expectation that Mr. Roosevelt would attend. The plan was to accommodate 10,000, but the top count of young and old (including spectators) was 5000.

A socialist here does not mean

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 25, 1925. (It was Friday.) French debt commission listens to American views on their paying what they owe, without coming to any decision.

September 23 was the 16th anniversary of the establishment of the Elks lodge here. Poots Creek wins first prize at town county fair for one-room school.

Three horses hit by train at Willow Springs crossing expected to die. Gold Hill lodge of Rebekahs honors 74th anniversary.

William High of Talent is hurt by fall off chicken house roof. Residents of West Second street file protest against fence around new high school athletic field.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 25, 1915. (It was Saturday.) Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strang and family have returned from a motor trip to San Francisco fair.

Mrs. C. A. Knight entertained the Thursday Nullo Bridge club at her home on East Main street. Stocks soar to new high as Allied armies advance on the western front; great drive under way makes more progress in day than in past year.

Work of electrifying the Jacksonville railroad will be completed in two weeks. Rogue River will stage venison barbecue next Saturday.

Victories of the Allies on the western front overshadow interest in re-bonding election. Ice plant at Ashland to be moved to this city before next fruit season.

Eagle Point

EAGLE POINT, Sept. 25.—(Sp.)—J. M. Garrett, of the Long Mountain district, was trading at Brittan's store Tuesday forenoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Brittan and Mrs. Brittan's father and mother of Los Angeles, arrived in Eagle Point Friday for a week's visit with the Don Brittan family. The men went hunting Saturday and Sunday in the Green Spring mountain district, bringing back a fine buck.

Mrs. Nell Hebert and Mrs. Dorothy Nelson of Oak Ridge, were last week-end visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Hillman here. Mrs. Hebert is Mrs. Hillman's mother.

Tom Riley has recently returned to Eagle Point from Crater Lake, where he has been employed most of the summer. Mr. McDaniels, one of the surveyors on the proposed dam site on Big Butte, made week-end business trip to Portland.

Ray Nughart, our new 8th grade teacher, spent last week-end with his mother in Albany. Vera Stowell is staying with Mrs. Cella Holmes and attending high school since Miss Lella Gallen left for California.

Mr. and Mrs. Estil Phipps and Mrs. George Garrett of Medford called on Mr. and Mrs. John Rader Sunday evening.

Mrs. Ted Seaman, Mr. Roy Ashpole, Mrs. Walter Young of Eagle Point, and Mrs. Harve Stanley of Wellen, went to Blue Rock canyon Tuesday on a huckleberry expedition.

Mrs. Vera Mershon of Medford was a last week-end guest of Mrs. Orville Henderson.

George Gutman and son, Ed, are re-roofing the mill building preparatory for winter storage. Several from Eagle Point attended the rodeo at the fair grounds in Medford last Sunday, among whom were Merritt, Will and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Seth Dixon of Fort Kiamath, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Peppard of Clifton, Mrs. Harvey Elberger and Mrs. W. Mershon of Medford, were last Sunday guests of the Henderson and Ray Stanley families.

Mrs. Roy Stanley took her son, Bertland, to Ashland Monday, where he will stay and attend Normal school this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ashpole, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pettigrew, Ben Bellows, Frank Pettigrew and Ed Hansen went to Huckleberry gap Sunday to hunt and pick huckleberries. They brought back about 10 gallons of berries and a 160-lb. buck. It seems a little doubtful as to which of the men really killed the buck, as one of them said they each took a shot at him, so the deer had but little chance of escape.

Mrs. Vilia, Mrs. Vawter, Sr. and Mrs. Wm. Vawter and son, Billy of Medford called on Mrs. Royal Brown Sunday afternoon.

The Civic Improvement club held a special meeting Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of electing delegates to the district federation of women's clubs, to be held in Ashland Saturday.

The first meeting of the Civic club of the fall and winter season will be held October 3rd in the club rooms. A covered dish luncheon will be served at noon. Mrs. Glen Fabrick of Medford will be in attendance and will speak on her recent trip to the Orient. It is hoped that all members will be present to hear this interesting discourse.

California Wrecker. Fair tonight and Tuesday, but local fog on south coast, continued warm interior; moderate northwest wind on the coast.

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THE MARYLAND FUND

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(Continued from Page One)

PIERCE AUTO FREIGHT LINE EXTENDED TO S. F.

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