

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
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Editorial Correspondence

CLEVELAND, Ohio.—(by mail)—We had planned to catch the 6 p. m. boat at Buffalo for Detroit—thus duplicating the time saving qualities of the Albany night boat—being transported on our way as we slept. But the fog soon cleared after our early start, and we sped over the hills and valleys of the Empire state—a continuous switch back through beautiful farming country—faster than we anticipated. We approached Buffalo about two-thirty in the afternoon and didn't fancy killing time in that city for three hours waiting for the boat to embark, so took the left hand fork for Cleveland, Ohio, giving Buffalo the go-by.

In the outskirts of Erie, Pennsylvania, an open touring car passed us, with waving hands and blowing of horn, and we were able to distinguish the party of four—three young ladies and a bald-headed, dapper young man, who occupied the table next us, in the dining salon of the "Rennsaler" the night before. They were a vaudeville troupe on route to the Cleveland Exposition, so our waiter told us. Our car was the first to leave the boat, and this was the first caravan of our fellow passengers to overtake us. We had breakfast on the boat, and shoved off at ten of seven, not wasting any time on the way. So we figured the bald-headed young man must have been an auto racer in his youth, for we couldn't believe the vaudevillians had started less than an hour after we did. They caught a green light just as it was changing and we never saw them again. Hope they didn't meet a motor cop!

Cleveland, Ohio appeared strangely deserted and quiet, at seven p. m. daylight saving, and it took some time for your correspondent to figure it out, until he realized that his last visit to the metropolis of the Great Lakes was during the G. O. P. convention. Motoring about that time of day a few weeks before—ten, to be exact—had been like motoring back to San Francisco after the Big game, but this evening we sped down Euclid Avenue, without interruption at 30 miles an hour. Our plan was to catch Route No. 2, for Chicago, make our way through Cleveland before dark and find a place to sleep, somewhere on the far western outskirts of the city. But No. 2 passed directly by the Great Lakes Exposition, and the sight of the pennants flying from gaily colored flag poles, the impressive pylons, in striking incandescent colors, and crowds moving through the turnstiles proved too much for us—at least one of us (yes, we have a travelling companion on this trip, a young man, 21, in search of a publisher)—so we parked the car in a nearby parking place,—bags, dust, crumpled newspapers and all,—and hied to the press booth.

Here we met the same veteran newspaper man who handled the press at the Chicago Exposition two summers before, so it took us no time at all to get our credentials. We explained we were only there for the evening, but our mugs had to be shot just the same, pasted on enough admission tickets, to provide for a two weeks stop, and advised to take in the dance of the veils, which got "pretty hot about three in the morning." We let it go at that. We had no time to explain, that one of the party was too smart and the other too old, to be intrigued by that sort of hocus poems, and we were determined to get at least eight hours sleep before setting out at daylight the next morning.

The first thing to do was to get something to eat, we had lunched lightly en route, seven hours before, at a New York state service station. Profiting by our Chicago experience we wasted no time wandering aimlessly about looking for restaurant signs but grabbed the first position guard we could find and received the lowdown. (The Cleveland guards, by the way, are just as clean-cut, courteous, and collegial as those at Chicago.) He advised the Strand or the Piccadilly, we can't recall which, but we knew it was English and next to the Globe Theatre Players. His Nibs going to the trouble of drawing a diagram on the back of an envelope so we couldn't miss it. Strange to relate we didn't miss it, for one newspaper man is bad enough, but get two of them together, their missing average where such a practical matter as directions is concerned, we have already discovered is high—very high indeed.

Equally strange to relate the dinner was a good one, for it was late and good dinners at expositions are almost as rare, as good peanuts at a circus. So there we sat on a beautiful, clear summer evening, and consumed our rare roast beef and trimming, while in the air above us a couple of graceful Goodyear dirigibles sailed around, ribbons of rainbow lights playing over the roofs of the buildings, on the right and before us, a group of boys and girls from the Globe Theatre company executing folk dances before a stately actress, made up skillfully to represent the imperious Queen Elizabeth. It was all very nice—very—and jauntily lighting a cigarette we asked the Anne Hathaway waitress, who she was going to vote for, for president.

She hesitated, brushed an invisible crumb from the tablecloth with her napkin and finally avowed as she didn't know. At home she said everyone was for Coughlin, but she hadn't made up her mind. The young man in search of a publisher put in his oar at this point (he has been reporting for a New York paper for nearly a year and prides himself on "getting his man"—or girl as the case may be),—and remarked Coughlin was not a candidate—was she for Landon, Roosevelt or Lemke? "Who is Lemke?" asked the young lady. "He is the Third party candidate. "What is the Third party?" . . . This was too much for the young man who had been devoting his energies to covering the Coffee market, and has had little time to devote to politics, but fortunately for him the waitress was called to another table at this point, so his confusion and failure were not noticed.

"What the devil is the Third party?" inquired the young man sotto voce, with one eye on the vanishing back of the waitress, "you know I think she's Irish; they're tough to handle the Irish!"

When the waitress finally returned, she had nothing more to offer regarding politics so we decided it best not to bring up the matter again, but gently let it drop.

We had started out with a splendid scheme to secure a cross section of political opinion from coast to coast. Three service station employees had been "contacted" during the day, and only one of them responded. He was an elderly gentleman in New York near the city where the Enna Jettick shoes for women are made—we passed directly by the factory—but he wasn't very ENNA JETTICK. His boy was working the farm while he handled the service station and it took him a full half hour to get us supplied with gas, oil, water and return with the change. He said up state New York was going strong for Landon, and he was again Tammany, but in spite of everything he was going to vote for Rose-felt. Yep, he figured it out Rose-felt had his faults but he was the first president since T. R. that really had the money boys on the run, told 'em where to head in and he was for him and against Wall Street. He also said that this was a dairy country, when milk was up he was up and when it was down everything was down, and Roosevelt's NRA and AAA and such had helped the dairy farmers, and if the big money boys hadn't ordered the supreme court to throw them codes out, everything would be fine and dandy. As it was milk was down so low there was probably going to be a milk strike and that would ruin his business entirely, etc., etc., etc.—but he was for Rose-felt.

What other political ideas the old boy had we don't know, but he had them for we were forced to run out on him still

talking. The two other service lads either followed the waitress' technique and professed they didn't know, or as one explained "the boss wouldn't let him talk politics,—was bad for business."

So this grand plan of securing a cross section of political opinion from coast to coast, will probably have to be abandoned, as many other grand plans have had to be. However it may be better going west of Chicago. In frequent trips to the Atlantic sea board in recent years we have discovered this—the average man and woman, east of Chicago doesn't like to talk to strangers, the average man and woman west of the Windy City, likes nothing better.

How to see anything as beautiful and interesting as the Cleveland Exposition in three or four hours, proved a perplexing problem. Getting a general idea from the sightseeing bus, or taking in some one thing well, was debated pro and con, and the latter course was adopted. So we took in the Globe Players in Julius Caesar, the young man being among other things something of a Shakespearean scholar. He also is musical—plays the flute and violin 'cello. He has a flute in his bag, protected by an expensive looking pigskin case—but he hasn't played it yet. No doubt that will come later—perhaps when he meets up with another Irish girl!

Julius Caesar was good. Cassius, however, not only had a lean and hungry look, but seemed resting under the delusion, that he was engaged in a pantomime—made the most terrible faces, but talked in not only a wild but practically inaudible fashion. Moreover we don't believe we like our Shakespeare abridged and diluted and are quite certain that having the Scotch bagpipers and the May Pole dancing, going on on the outside, while the barker drums up patronage for the next performance (all quite audible within), is an obstacle to one's thorough enjoyment of the lines. However a ticket was only forty cents so we got our money's worth.

The combination of British roast beef (rare), Shakespeare, condensed, and frustrated politics, must have done something to us, mentally, for no one looked at the gas gauge of the car until the family bus stopped dead in a dark park along the lake front—and we found the needle doing its best to get below the zero mark. But Lady Luck was with us for the car had stopped one block from the only service station within a radius of seven or eight miles and the young man could still WALK!

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, Calif.

PLEASE HAVE YOUR COMPLAINT READY

Of course if some one dropped you on the floor and injured you, head when you were a baby you can't help it now, but you can at least try to be a little intelligent when you visit the doctor. On the way to his office you might think over your complaint, get it in hand and be ready to tell him what it is when he asks you.

I don't mean to suggest that you spring a snappy answer. Doctors nowadays do not lay themselves open to that. They do not ask you what your trouble is or what seems to be the matter with you today. They ask you what you complain of. You had better expect that so you won't get rattled and flounder about and mutter that you're sure you don't know. That is exasperating to an earnest, busy physician. Whatever your complaint may be—don't deny that you have a chief complaint, the thing that causes you to seek medical advice—you surely know whether it has just developed this morning or whether you have noticed it for two or three weeks or for the past six years. Make up your mind about the duration of the trouble and don't try to fend off the doctor's queries by answering that it has been bothering you for quite a while.

And for heaven's sake forget the remedies or treatments you have already tried and the imposing sums you have squandered on them. Forget also the patent incompetence of the other doctors you have already consulted. If your present doctor is any good at all he won't care and he won't listen to such remarks. Confine your chatter to your present complaint and try to answer any questions intelligently. Then hold your breath, or breathe in or breathe out or say ah or ninety-nine as the doctor may request. If you are serious about it, go prepared to strip for examination. If you are a woman, and the doctor has no nurse in his office, take along

NEW YORK Day by Day

by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Purely personal piffle: The first clown I ever saw scampered up and chuckled me under the chin. Searing me so grandma took me home with a congestive chill. Suggestion for wrestlers we see in the news reels: Arm each with a meat cleaver. Required reading: "Gone With the Wind." For the best play on words since Dean Swift: Jeffrey Roche's "Her Majesty the King." I want to pipe smoking men who stroll with dogs at sun-down. Billy Rose can demand—and get—the highest pay of any American. And five years ago he was known as "Fannie Brice's husband."

High in martial mix-ups: Tommy Manville sailing with his pretty stenographer, his third and divorced wife on the same boat and his fourth and current wife waiting for him in England. Not many enjoying life so fully can look as glum as Damon Runyon. My first time out at grand opera a dowager, soaked to the crown with diamonds, clucked: "Boy, bring me a program." And me in a dress suit! Ask an out-of-towner where he'd like to dine and it's usually Jack Dempsey's. Most publicized of New York restaurants: "No. 21."

String beans are best cold with vinegar. A Samuel Pepys favorite. Nova Scotia always sounds so coolish. Most original of all vaudeville singing acts—Eva Tangway's. Give me Patsy Kelly and Gene Lockhart and I'll promise they'll steal the show from any stars you name. This is so good it must be old—Silence is the college yell of the School of Experience. Corkscrew is the most difficult English word for a Frenchman to pronounce. It gets clotted up in the back of the mouth near the tonsils where the French "r" lives. Add consuming hates: Scientific books with humorous illustrations.

When a boy, anyone who could whistle through his teeth was my hero. No New York theatre has the stately glamour of the old Empire. Swell fiction name—Nero Wolfe. For whimsy, not many writers top Heywood Brown. And in a radical vein, none is so boring. Myrna Loy seems to have beguiled her vulpine smile to a lot of imitators. Oldest of newspaper names: Wambly Bald. He's a sophisticate who has succumbed to the movies. Goes to two of three a day. Too much Robert Taylor on the screen. He's not that charming.

I know a sky writer who is terrorized by a bumblebee. No one has touched Will Rogers' description of Calvin Coolidge: "A close chewer and a light spitter." Any country that thrills to bull fighting could easily go the way of Spain. Sid Solomon is trying to sell England the hamburger stand idea. Kathleen Norris is an eager cryptographer. She is known among the gulf as Cayenne. Nobody can beat Royal Brown writing of wondrous boy and girl love.

Next big radio sensation: A. L. Alexander's Good Will Court. Lovell of the blond socialites; Janet Ryan. A gripping moment in the theatre, Barbara Stanwyck's scene in "The Noose." No periodical has shown such venom for newspapermen and publishers as Time. And no magazine is so widely imitated as Reader's Digest. Embarrassing moment: Being accosted by Fleurbaite, the one-legged coquette, or white crutches, on the Boulevard des Capucines. The most popular poem over the air, I hear, is the one Major Bowes reads frequently Sunday mornings: "The best things in life are free." Wonder what those peddled puppies think the first night among the lights of Broadway?

For my money, Wayne King plays the waltziest waltz tunes. Eddie Guest keeps a scrap book of roasts and reads them when he feels a bit cocky. The most exact likeness I have is a two franc silhouette snipped by that venerable caped cutter along the Rue de Rivoli. No colored entertainer had the tug to my notion as did Florence Mills. Time for a few statuesque Lillian Russells in musical shows. Too many pallid, hipless, anaemic torch singers. For a celebrity who expresses the least show-offry in public: Irving Berlin. Rattling the skeleton: Gov. Albert Chandler, of Kentucky, was a crooner at 8. It doesn't always take a

voice to smack over a song. Billy Gaxton, for example, who never misses fire. Lost American Art: Carving at the table. (Copyright, 1916, McNaught Syndicate)

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 13, 1926 (It Was Monday) Sixth street extension to Main street from Oakdale avenue to be ready for travel in three weeks.

Rainfall in August totals .52 of an inch. Senator McNary to take stump in east for G.O.P. cause.

Eight persons perish when auto plunges from highway into Rogue river near Prospect. New high school building is opened, with 500 students registered.

Annual Copco picnic is held at Hayden Springs. Table Rock melons on local market. Contract let for new high school at Engle Point.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 13, 1916 (It Was Wednesday) County fair opens with large crowd and many exhibits.

City joined in issuing bonds for construction of railroad to the Blue Lodge. Miss Leah Walther has gone to Seattle where she will enter the University of Washington.

Free barbecue will be held at the county fair Thursday. Theda Bara in "East Lynne" at the Regency.

Paving assessment compromise payment ordinance to be considered by city council at next meeting. Wall Street stocks rise rapidly.

High school to play first football game of season with alumni, Sept. 30. Jess Gentry looms as a backfield star, and Gene Narregan is slated for tackle.

News Behind The News
(Continued from Page One)

American flags on the destroyer, also too high to be hit by three rounds of anti-aircraft ammunition. Now it develops the plane was low enough and visibility was clear enough to enable a naval officer on the destroyer to take a movie of the whole bombing with his personal hand camera. The navy department has called for the films. When these come, they will undoubtedly establish the existence of a sea phenomenon, a one-way fog at the scene of conflict.

Reclamation Head Due BEND, Sept. 12.—(AP)—Robert W. Sawyer, president of the Oregon reclamation congress, returning here from a meeting of directors of the national reclamation association at Salt Lake City, said today that John C. Page, acting U. S. reclamation commissioner, will visit Oregon the first of next week.

John ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S Hosley Club. Every 13th pair free.

Do you need Glasses? See Dr. R. M. HOOD OPTOMETRIST Tel. 253-R—Sparta Bldg. 405 E. Main St., Medford

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Kids started to school last week, and are busy with their three R's—reading, riting and racin' autos, to and fro school.

Valley "Tories" and "Princes of Privilege" have opened hdqs, and will traduce and taunt Democrats until Nov. 3.

Corb Edgell wailed an hr. Fri. wrestling with a X-word puzzle. It is refreshing to note a citizen not bragging about a fish he nearly caught.

The Dubb Watson boy Ed is now equipped with spurs, and gives promise of being another C. Wig Ashpole, when it comes to riding a horse. His first mount was a fractious broomstick.

Gas silos are becoming so thick, plans are shaping to set aside a vacant lot so our children's children can see what one looks like.

The courthouse yard woodpeckers are busy as an orchardist, getting ready for winter. They have their cupboard in a Pub. Lib. oak, about full of county acorns.

A number of gals are wearing what they have been knitting for five months, and look smart.

Eagle Pt. was awarded some federal spooldicks last week, for a new waterworks.

The early mornings are getting quite chilly, causing many to give a thought to overcoats and woodpiles.

Local lead pencils that have been aimed at a T. Crescent City for two months, have been put back in their holsters.

Tom Carleton, the Flourace Rock cowman, at six, or boys skinned out the 1st of the week for the Pendleton roundup.

T. Waterman reports he cast a straw ballot for Lemke, but does not want anybody in his native state of Vermont to find it out.

H. Nealon of Sams Valley called Wed. and reported he was in need of nothing but a rain for fall plowing, and more cash. He got the former Sat.

SELF IMPROVEMENT CLASSES ANNOUNCED

Regular classes for those interested in self-improvement in character building by the study and use of physical, mental and spiritual laws will begin Monday, September 14, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Hoffman on the Jacksonville highway. Mrs. Hoffman announced Saturday she will instruct the class. The Monday class will start at 7:45 p. m. There will also be a beginner's class on Wednesday, September 16, at 9:45 a. m. Both classes are free, with the public invited.

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