

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

LITTLE GREEN TENTS
"THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS WHERE THE SOLDIERS SLEEP, AND THE SUNBEAMS PLAY, AND THE WOMEN WEEP, ARE COVERED WITH FLOWERS TODAY, AND BETWEEN THE TENTS WALK WEARY FEW WHO WERE YOUNG AND STALWART IN SIXTY-TWO, WHEN THEY WENT TO THE WAR AWAY."

The Monetary Commission reports "gold currency lacks elasticity." They have no more bounce than the main-spring of a pin-ball machine.

YE ED SPEAKS UP. (Wallowa (Ore.) Sun)
"Born and reared in an age when thrift no longer is a virtue, when integrity and sincerity have been subverted by the license of debauchery, when we have flung our pride and precepts to the four winds, what can we hope for out of the coming generation? We know what we can pray for, if we can stay sober long enough."

Natives have returned from "Frisco, where they participated in a fiesta and walked across the \$35,000,000 Golden Gate span. If they are looking for more bridges to conquer, they can try their equilibrium on the \$35 Henny Offenbacher home-made suspension bridge across the Applegate on a windy day."

Valley corn has progressed approximately six inches towards being roasting ears.
Portland is, or has, staged a "Be Kind" week. A number of neighborhood riots have been held in front of the big stores.

Carl Hubbell, a left-handed pitcher of the New York Giants, has caused your ears to be called a nitwit by Messrs. O. John Patton, Lu Ulrich, and Pug Isaac. This trio contends with gusto and wit that Carl has won 24 straight games, a record. Your ears contend he has done nothing of the kind. Last year Mr. Hubbell won 16 straight games, and was defeated in a world series game. This year he has won eight games, a couple by narrow squeaks.

Jesuit Town Endangered
FAIRBANKS, Alaska, May 31.—(AP)—Holy Cross, small Jesuit settlement on the lower Yukon river, was endangered by the Yukon's flood menace today, airplane observers reported.

The Irish Free State includes three southern provinces of Ireland—Leinster, Munster and Connaught—and three counties, Cavan, Donegal and Monaghan of the province of Ulster.

Grammophones in larger numbers this summer than the millions that swarmed over Missouri crops last year have been forecast by Dr. Leonard Haseman, Missouri College of Agriculture entomologist.

Average annual egg-production per hen in the Oklahoma egg-laying contest has varied from 190 to 207 eggs during the last six years.

Still Their Day

MEMORIAL Day will abide, of course. May 30th has a permanent place on the American calendar of holidays. Always, no doubt, it will be set aside in reverent memory of those who laid down their lives on the field of battle.

But Memorial Day has changed, is changing and soon must change more. Originally, it was the day on which surviving veterans of the Union forces in the Civil war paid honor to the memory of their dead comrades.

Then came the Spanish war and a smaller band of younger veterans joined the G. A. R. in homage to dead comrades. A score of years more and the World war added a huge army of youthful veterans to the sadly thinned ranks of Civil war survivors and the still active and hardy soldiers of '98.

Today the World war veterans march with not quite the spring and zest of a dozen and a half years ago; and the Spanish war veterans are as grey as the Civil war veterans were in 1898. And what of the Civil war soldiers, themselves?

A few are left. Those few are mostly of the wiry, enduring, indomitable type. One's step isn't likely to be over-firm in the 90's, and one's voice may not be so full and deep as it used to be. But once a year, a soldier can fall into line and answer to his name, even if it be in a phantom regiment with no voice save his own to call out "Here!"

So, scattered all too sparsely over our country, are these brave last men of phantom regiments. Soon must come the Memorial Day on which no voice of the sixties will answer, "Here!"

And what then? Memorial Day will continue, as it ought to continue, a day dedicated to those who gave all that a man can give to his country. It will be a day sacred to our dead of all wars, a day of reverent memory for North and South, for East and West.—R. S.

The Girl With Brains

THE educated girl of former years was pictured as a bespectacled miss, whose thoughts had been so concentrated on the acquisition of learning, that she neglected her personal appearance. The boys were supposed to be more likely to marry some red checked peach.

Many boys are plain and practical, interested in sports and money making, but they don't know much about books. If the fair graduate should begin talking about evolution or Tennyson, they wouldn't know what to say. Hence, it has often been said that the educated girl must carefully conceal the fact that she knows something, if she wishes masculine attention.

But the pictures of the scenes about the schools and colleges, the photographs of the girl graduates, do not suggest that education and beauty are necessarily opposed to each other. In fact, the looks of these diploma winners would be hard to beat. It would appear their minds have not been exclusively fixed upon the lines of the poets, nor on the theorems of geometry. Apparently they have paid their share of visits to the beauty shop.

Some boys had better give their sluggish minds a bit of a prod, and find out about the things going on in the world. Then they will not be absolutely speechless when they find a girl who knows something. Such a girl will make a better showing when you step out with her into a quizzical world.—R. S.

control of production or marketing if necessary through penalty taxes, etc., which are all rolled into this one pending bill. The essential difference, however, is that the dictatorship do it with a mailed fist, while Mr. Wallace has covered his hand with a Democratic glove containing a honeyed handout.

Mr. Wallace has developed into the best politician of the new order. A national girl organization has been negotiating with Washington hotels for their annual convention arrangements. They wanted to find a hotel which does not have a bar. When that proved futile, they made an arrangement whereby their large headquarters hotel here would remove its "bar-room" sign during the convention. However, drinks will be served there as usual.

Unwillingly taciturnity. They said he would never do it, but Senate Judiciary Chairman Henry Ashurst has not given the newspapers one of his delectable interviews on the righteousness of the court packing for ten days (or rather had not when this column went to press). The secret is he is doing it on a bet.

A friend of his downtown bet the senator he could not avoid comment for 60 days. An exemption was granted, allowing him to make speeches on the floor, but no newspaper comments.

Bookmakers are offering 10 to 1 that the widely-liked senator will not last out the 60 days. Fascism? Pharaoh Henry Wallace, the agriculture secretary, does not like to have anyone suggest that his strong agriculture control methods were taken from Italy, Germany or Russia. It is all right to say he took them from Egypt (under a king) or China (under war lord economy), but not from the dictatorships.

"I think that nothing like this," he said to a house committee, "has been tried in any other country, although the holding of surpluses has been tried." Asked directly if European nations (no names mentioned) did not have similar control features, he replied, "Not like this."

With such cautious language, Mr. Wallace kept himself accurate, but he neglected to add that Germany Italy and Russia have all invoked control features, but "not like" benefit payments, ever-normal granary.

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, Calif.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO SOMETHING

Angina pectoris, coronary thrombosis, myocarditis, apoplexy, chronic nephritis—these appear with striking frequency as the direct cause of death in the mortality tables. Men who carry heavy cares or responsibilities in professional life—or rather men who take business or professional too seriously, make too great a burden of no other absorbing interests, no avocation, generally develop cardiovascular degeneration before forty and have a "nervous breakdown" or "nervous exhaustion" or some such nonsense before fifty (nonsense, that is, in the physiological sense) and slip away before sixty.

In the incipient stage of this heart-artery wearing out or premature senility, when the person ascribes his ill health to "brainfag" or "nervous strain," he monkeys more or less with drugs such as alcohol, tobacco, aspirin, the coaltar derivatives which so quickly numb sense of pain, fatigue, worry or frustration, and perhaps tries an assortment of nostrums, medicinal and non-medicinal, recommended by Tom, Dick and Harry.

Not that I believe preachers like this will be heard or heeded by the wisecracker who are now in training for the routine final exam merely trying to give the casual reader, I hope the young reader, a practical knowledge of CVD and how to prevent it.

It is true that by the time the average victim completes his experimentation and pleads himself unservedly under the care of "one of these doctors around here" it is rather late to hope to arrest the degenerative process, certainly too late to reverse it. The doctor has all he can do to carry the victim along

in reasonable comfort a few more years. The time to do something for the various and misleading manifestations of cardio-vascular degeneration is now, my lord. I said do something. Begin today to cultivate the habit of doing something every day, some kind of physical work, play or exercise apart from the routine of your business or profession. Take a walk, practice tap dancing, roll yourself, paint the gate, polish the car, mow the lawn, spade the garden, play golf or ball or tennis or bowl, run a mile, do your stint of calisthenics or setting up exercises if there is nothing better to do. Whatever it may be, a daily session of shadow boxing, leg punching, walking on your hands, swimming, equitation, hiking and from business, make it an invariable habit, and far better omit brushing your teeth, bathing or shaving than skip the daily physical activity. Believe me, it keeps you young and in your prime.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Blood Donors
Does repeated withdrawal of blood from the professional donor for transfusions leave the donor susceptible to low grade infections and possibly tuberculosis in later life? (R. G. L.)

Answer.—No. Only healthy persons are accepted as donors, and they recuperate full blood strength within a few days after giving blood. If a donor does show any evidence of health impairment, he is removed from the list—there are always plenty of healthy applicants waiting to get on the list in any large hospital center where transfusions are done. Most donors retain excellent health even if they give blood dozens of times each year. After all, it is no more a drain on health or strength than is wet-nursing.

Garlic
Bert advised to eat garlic once a day. It seems impossible to clear up my breath after eating it. (Mrs. L. A. J.)

Answer.—Best way possible is to skip a week or a year between doses. Garlic is harmless—to the eater—but it has no known remedial value. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

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

are eating and drinking on the terraces. The famous café block in West 52d is almost solidly flanked with outside tables and Central park south is rapidly acquiring the same status. Lower Fifth avenue is also suggesting stretches of Montparnasse and The Village has several outdoor terrace places to every block. The popularity of the pavement pubs is slowly killing off the roof garden restaurants. Pubs are opening every year and then only those that can offer superior scenic views of the city at night. Such as the Rainbow Room and the Hotel Astor Roof. But the most enchanting view of all was from the old Majestic Roof.

In the manner of Sylvia and Bruno:
I thought I saw a Pickford with a head all cute and curly I looked again and saw it was a very little girlie. "It was America's sweetheart once," she said, "but now I'm Shirley."

Thingumbobs: Low, famous London caricaturist, may sign with an American weekly for \$40,000 a year. Jack Benny is now reputedly with the richest actor. Katharine Cornell's first stage appearance was a four-word role with the Washington Square Players. Winston Churchill regards Rupert Hughes as America's ace biographer. The late Frank Hoven and his vaudeville mad magician turn was the favorite laugh act of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales. When Manuel Quizon, Philippine president, toured the Hollywood studios the star he wanted most to see was Kay Francis. Memories: The boy who fudged when we played knucks. Waiting in the swing for "the old cat to die"

There is something of rare and becoming modesty in this little note from the top ranking American composer, Jerome Kern, who has written so many enduring tunes, including the music for "Oh, Man River." Says he: "Why do so many composers take full credit and glory, whilst collaborating verifiers almost invariably remain in comparative oblivion? As a pertinent instance, how rarely does one see Oscar Hammerstein's 'Oh, Man River' when his verse and certainly his title for that song have well nigh been fused into the language?" "Isn't it odd that on one hand the piano forte accompaniment by Reginald De Koven—I quote from the printed copy—for 'Oh, Frontise Me' is so well known as to the maker, and on the other hand the poem by Clement Scott which inspired the setting, has long been practically anonymous? All of which is a magnificent gesture of a magnificent artist, but I cleave to the conviction that it's the melody that makes the lyric although it is quite fair that the lyricist should be given joint credit at times.

An excellent twist to an old saw by a Florida lady: All work and no play makes jack. Speaking of redundancy—which Percy Crosby was in the other room just now—it is going to be tough going for those of us who whip over an occasional selection, to top a radio news commentator who broadcast: "I re-wrote it all over again three times." The sidewalk café, so long an experimental gesture, is now thoroughly established, more so than ever, this summer. A statistian finds that 35 percent of the diners out

Accused of Tip-Off

The citizen who could tell off-hand the date of all the killing frosts... Singing to stop a lady bug crawling across a cabbage leaf. "Lady bug, lady bug, etc." The crocheted Christmas neckties you never wore... Sitting on the kitchen steps in the growing dusk listening to the crickets and floting with big thoughts, interrupted by grandma's: "Don't you go to bed without washing your feet!"... Stirring apple butter that popped into your face. (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
CHUCK SEAVEY, manager of a southern Oregon telephone company, entertained a group of men the other day with an interesting story of the freaks and the oddities of the telephone industry.

YOU'VE wondered, perhaps, why you can't pick up trans-Atlantic telephone conversations on your short-wave radio. It works like this: In the transmitter at this end is a "jumbler" that mixes the speaker's words up into an unintelligible hash. In the receiver at the other end is an "unjumbler" that puts them back together again and makes them intelligible.

IF YOU wish (and think you can afford it) you pick up your telephone right here in Medford and talk to Sydney, Australia. Your voice will go first to San Francisco. Thence it will go to New York. From New York it will go to London, and from London it will be transmitted to Sydney by "directional" radio—a certain means radio that is pointed in a certain direction as you aim a rifle at the target.

Depending on the time of day, it will either go up over the north pole or down through the tropics. (The idea is to follow the dark side of the earth, as radio waves better in darkness than in daylight.)

ANOTHER freak connected with talking to Sydney (or ANYWHERE in that general locality): You will be talking TODAY, but your listener will hear you TOMORROW. (This because of the international date line, where a day is lost in going around the world.)

You will be talking in the SPRING, but your listener will hear you in the FALL. (This because of the fact that the seasons change at the equator; when it is spring north of the equator it is autumn south of the equator.)

Chain broadcasts are carried on telephone wires and are re-broadcast by each station on the circuit. When we listen here on the Pacific coast to a chain broadcast originating in New York, we hear the program a fraction of a second AHEAD of listeners in New York.

(This because of the fact that sound travels faster over wires than through the air by means of radio waves.)

ONE more oddity: The telephone company is experimenting now with "delayed transmission." That is to say, you talk into your telephone NOW, and somebody can take his receiver off the hook HOURS LATER and listen to what was said.

If you want to tell some pet pest of yours just what you think of him, here's your chance. All you have to do is wait until this device comes on the market, then call his number, get it off your chest and LEAVE TOWN.

UP, OVER AND—OUT



In a desperate leap, Leftfielder Heath of the Cleveland Indians sailed over Boston Red Sox Catcher Desautels only to be tagged out when he overshot the plate in the fourth inning of this game played in Boston. Cleveland won, 16 to 5.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
May 31, 1927
(It was Tuesday)
Colonel Lindbergh is decorated by King George. Air hero will sail for home next Saturday.

Local fruit industry takes steps to wash all spray residue from pears, with cooperation of growers and packers.

Traffic Officer Joe McMahon is transferred to Oregon City. Hill lines will build to Klamath Falls.

Two miles of Crater Lake highway, from the end of Crater Lake avenue, will be paved this summer. Meadowlark is named official state bird by a vote of state school children.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 31, 1917
(It was Monday)
Leaky faucets must be repaired to conserve water supply, council orders. Conscription law near passage by congress.

British hold battle gains near Atras. American oil tanker is sunk by submarine. Socialists deny peace meeting to aid Kaiser.

American troops to be sent to France within month.

Ye Poets Corner

Sacrifice
Brave young hearts in bodies slim and straight. The spirit of immortal youth is consecrated. Upon the altar fires of national service.

Thus it will ever be until justice And mercy shall rule the minds of men. Human life will feed the greed of war 'till then. Row on row, marching to fulfill their fate. Flower of the nation's youth, we dedicate.

ARIEL BURTON POMEROY, Old Stage road, Central Point, Ore. Slips That Fit by KICKERNICK \$1.95 Panna, Crepe, Satin \$3.95. Ethelwyn B Hoffmann. S & H Green Stamps.

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse City Sanitary Service.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

skins. They realize the Roosevelt coat tails may not be sufficiently strong to provide another smooth, free ride to re-election.

In turn, this means a further step toward the return of normal relations between the executive and legislative branches of government.

Note—House Floor Leader Rayburn distinguished himself in handling the rebels with tact. His nickname now has become "Shepherd" Rayburn, or "Shep" for short, because of the common-sense, kindness and concern he exhibited for his wandering flock. This alone caused delay of final action until Tuesday.

Unwillingly taciturnity. They said he would never do it, but Senate Judiciary Chairman Henry Ashurst has not given the newspapers one of his delectable interviews on the righteousness of the court packing for ten days (or rather had not when this column went to press). The secret is he is doing it on a bet.

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NEW YORK Day by Day

NEW YORK, May 31.—(Daily: A tuxedo in the roadway at dawn, two taxi drivers in as brawny a fistfight as ever I saw. So napping awhile and up and a bid to an Alfred O. Vanderbilt party and an interesting note from the widow of the veteran minstrel, George Primrose. Then breakfasting in the sunken plaza at Radio City.

Bert and Grace Lytell in awhile and out with my lady, stopping to see Betty Forsythe, the sonneteer, and came upon Howard Chandler Christy asunter and he volunteered to do a sketch of my hand any time I would drop into his studio which I intend to do forthwith. And popping in a moment to see Fanny Hurst's manager.

In the evening Joe Bryan III to dinner and talking of many things including his newspaper migrations to Africa, the wit of Frank Sullivan, the imported beer at Luchow's and the exquisite piece of his home town authoress, Ellen Glasgow. To bed early reading a Rex Stout mystery.

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This radio picture from London shows King George VI shortly after he had been crowned, as he greeted unnumbered thousands who cheered him for hours.

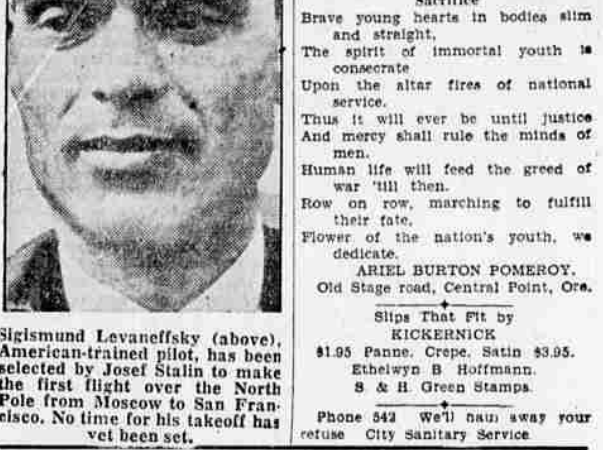
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Captain James F. Holland (above), police property clerk, was accused by Edwin N. Atherton, San Francisco police graft investigator, of being the policeman who tipped off a bail bond broker of police raids. Atherton claims to have obtained records of conversations between the two by the use of tapped wires and recording discs.



Sigmund Levanefsky (above), American-trained pilot, has been selected by Josef Stalin to make the first flight over the North Pole from Moscow to San Francisco. No time for his takeoff has yet been set.



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