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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Germany has now joined Spain in the earnest efforts of the latter to beat itself to death.

* * *

The latest upstate political reform organization has started work on the Governor, instead of itself.

* * *

Patriotic juveniles have started observance of the nation's natal day. "I regret I have but two thumbs to be blown off for my country on July 4th," is the spirit of Nathan Hale, Jr.

* * *

JUST PLAIN SHIFTLESS!
(Sawyer's Bar Items)

"Everybody now has a new car but the Sawyers Bar city dads and road officials. What is wrong? Are you afraid to be run over or can't you stay on the road?"

* * *

Farmers are again in the throes of haying, and report many of the hired hands "are laying back in the britches."

* * *

Fishermen report the presence of rattlesnakes, beside pleasant streams. Who will be the first to unbutton a rattlesnake with six buttons.

* * *

The hum of the electric fan, and the swish of the fly swatter is again heard in the valley. Skinny shoulder-blades are also peeping from the top of organdie dresses.

* * *

"Old-time strike leaders who shouted: 'Workers arise!' have altered the technique. The revised watchword is: 'Brother, pull up a chair!'"—(Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch)—They are laying down the law.

* * *

DO YOU REMEMBER HIM?

"Years ago I recall a type of farmer who had a large barn and a small house. He had a great number of horses, cattle, pork animals, hay, corn and wheat, and a large barn was necessary to accommodate them, whereas a smaller structure would care properly for a wife and five or six children, and possibly a hired man or two; humans are smaller than horses and cattle.

This type of farmer was usually prosperous and a useful teacher in his neighborhood because of good farming and thrift. There was no mortgage on his farm, and frequently he had spare money to invest, after he had reached middle age.

But he did not suit the Good Gentlemen. They said he thought more of his livestock than he did of his wife and children; so they wrote letters to the papers to denounce him. With the result that farmers are now as shiftless as 'own men.'" — (Ed Howe's Writings.)

Hits Pocket Shot

WORCESTER, Mass. (UP)—Golfer Frank Seeley got something new in holes-in-one while playing the Green Hill course. He found his drive near a bush and used a mid-iron for the approach. When he hit the ball, it struck the bush, went into the air and fell into the pocket of his sweater.

Air Station Rises

LONDON—(UP)—A radio station which will flash weather reports across hundreds of miles of ocean to the machines on the proposed transatlantic air service is being completed at Rynanna, seaplane base, on the west coast of Ireland. Rynanna is less than 1,900 miles from Fort Botwood, Newfoundland.

Age Bars Divorce

BUFFALO, N. Y.—(UP)—When a couple live together for 55 years they are too old to separate, Supreme Court Justice John V. Maloney believes. The judge ordered attorneys for Mrs. Carrie Kellogg, 69, and her husband, George A. Kellogg, 71, to effect a reconciliation.

Wed in Beer Parlor

PUEBLO, Col.—(UP)—Justice of the Peace S. A. Bates performed his 400th marriage ceremony in a beer parlor, joining in wedlock Kenneth R. Jones and Marcella M. Baumgartner, who got him out of bed and provided transportation to the brew dispensary for the event.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, May 31.—The Marlene Dietrich influence has apparently just reached northern California. Strange! Marlene dropped her pantaloons several years ago, they say, (speaking figuratively of course) But all the younger gals from Redding to Woodland, were out in their slacks yesterday, in all colors. White prevailed but there were gray, brown and one red pair, at Arbuckle. Arbuckle had had a fire the night before—perhaps the young lady's beaux was a member of the hook and ladder company and she dresses for her man so to say. Well, whatever the cause, we don't like to see northern California so far behind the times. Two or three years ago, gals in trousers, were all the rage, especially in Palm Springs, but now that "make-up" strikes one (who knows nothing about it) as rather passe. Passe or not passe—we don't like 'em that way!

* * * * *

The Sunday morning Mail Tribune informed us, that the business section had been practically destroyed in Arbuckle, so we expected to spend a half hour or so surveying the ruins. But either the AP correspondent, sent his dispatch, before the conflagration had been brought under control, or he was celebrating Saturday night, and was seeing double. For only one corner building, occupying space similar to that occupied by Heinie Fluhrer's new sky-scraper, was burned down, and this had been pretty well cleared up and wasn't even smoking when we motored through in the mid-afternoon. Two or three of the oldest male residents were surveying the wreckage, and while they were no doubt sorry for the owner, we have an idea they were glad to have a brand new subject for conversation.

* * * * *

Nothing much new about a motor trip to San Francisco,—but a few things here and there. On the doctor's advice stayed at Woodland overnight—and for once the doctor was right. Struck the most attractive hotel, between Rogue River and the Golden Gate, as far as the inland route is concerned,—and there was another novel note because this is the first time we have stopped at Woodland since our first motor jaunt across the Siskiyous in the year 1915 en route to attend the Panama-Pacific Exposition. That trip was in a model K Ford and took three nights and four days—and we were moving (or repairing blow-outs, and tinkering with the engine) ALL THE TIME. That gives some indication of how the motor car has improved, in a little over 20 years. The first stop incidentally was Shasta Springs, after leaving Medford at 3 a. m.—those who can't understand this snail's progress never tried to get an old Ford with 3 passengers and about a ton of luggage over the Old Dollar Hide toll-road! However we are not going to write our Memoirs—not to day at least, so let's get on.

* * * * *

Surprising to see how advanced the season is in the Sacramento Valley,—not a blade of green grass, from Redding to Napa—and the barley all ready for harvesting. The colors of the hills vary from a bricky rusty brown, to peroxide blond. There have always been many rice fields, but the sugar beets are something comparatively new—mile after mile of them. Spreckles is building a sugar beet factory of impressive proportions near Woodland. Which reminds us Medford came near getting one of Bishop Nibley's sugar factories once and was broken-hearted when Grants Pass won out. That was something of a Pyrhhic victory however—for after one year's trial the factory was moved bodily to the Yakima valley. Southern Oregon could grow fine sugar beets, but it takes oriental labor to pick them, and cultivate them. We are just as glad now that factory didn't decide to stay in Southern Oregon—but at the time, it was a great blow to local pride, and for many months it was difficult to mention Bishop Nibley's name without hissing. That's often the way—it takes time to appreciate some of our blessings.

* * * * *

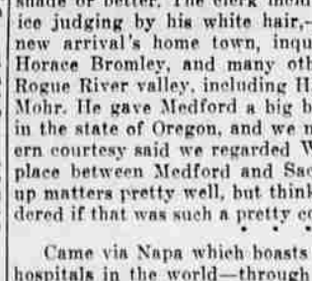
After that shivery May 29th in Medford, Woodland struck us as positively hot—but the hotel informed us it was far below normal for this time of year—only 85 and should be 100 in the shade or better. The clerk incidentally,—a veteran in the service judging by his white hair,—when he saw Medford as the new arrival's home town, inquired regarding Heine Fluhrer, Horace Bromley, and many other prominent residents of the Rogue River valley, including Harry Walther and the late Emil Mohr. He gave Medford a big boost, said it was the best place in the state of Oregon, and we not to be outdone in true southern courtesy said we regarded Woodland as the most attractive place between Medford and Sacramento. That seemed to even up matters pretty well, but thinking it over afterward, we wondered if that was such a pretty compliment after all!

* * * * *

Came via Napa which boasts one of the most imposing state hospitals in the world—through the trees reminded one of the Chateau Chambord in France,—where Napoleon spent the night, or stabled his horse, or imprisoned Josephine—or something of that kind. The purpose being to see the youngest member of the family en route to S. F. instead of taking a special trip over to "Marvelous Marin" later on. Heard so much about the perfectly scandalous traffic conditions on the new Golden Gate bridge when it opened—one car yesterday, took from 3:30 in the afternoon to quarter of six to get from the San Francisco side of the bridge to Ross,—usually a motor trip of 25 or thirty minutes—we were informed,—we vowed we wouldn't go via the bridge but take the Golden Gate ferry. However, we didn't appreciate what real traffic can do, for once in the motor mob, headed for the bridge, we couldn't get out of it,—or at least DIDN'T. It was like the "big game" jam, so we took the line of least resistance—and just went with the tide.

Well, it didn't prove so bad at all,—only about 15 minutes longer than the normal ferry trip from Sausalito. And the Golden Gate span is a marvelous thing—far superior to the Oakland-S. F. affair,—one can see something from a car, except a highway and a BRIDGE—ships and the Golden Gate, the entire Pacific is visible—and it is impressive and thrilling all the way.

R. W. R.



(Continued from Page One)

supreme court recently held, in a case from California, that this permits a state to regulate or reatrict importations from another state. It permitted tariff barriers between states.

No doubt the founding fathers turned face down in their graves when they heard about the California decision, which requires sellers of non-California beer to pay $500 for a license while sellers of California-made beer pay only $50. If there was one thing the fathers sipping their Madeira in Philadelphia, wanted to prevent, it was discriminatory tax on tariff legislation between states.

Now comes Missouri with a law prohibiting the importation of alcoholic beverages from any state which has enacted a regulation discriminating against the sale of Missouri-made beer (meaning, of course, California, and aiming, of course, at California's wine industry).

Other importation control bills have been introduced in dozens of other states and the situation is well on the road to chaos.

The treasury campaign to beat hidden tax dollars out of the colossal rich probably will not net a cent a word. That is, more attention will be produced than money. No one expects to balance the budget thereby.

These campaigns against rich tax evaders are really perpetual. The higher the taxes go, the more ingenuity is displayed in evading them. Current punitive "share-the-wealth" tax rates have unquestionably inspired the imagination of some taxpayers to the limit and beyond it. The government itself is not blameless, as it recently adopted an untried system of corporate taxation in place of an efficient old method built up by 20 years of application.

If the government gets half of its advertised hope of $100,000,000 in revenue out of the drive, most experts will be agreeably surprised. Such tax-policing usually costs much and brings in comparatively little.

While this necessary policing goes on all the time, authorities generally advertise their efforts widely at various time for political and other purposes. It is always popular to soak the rich.

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.

WHEN IS A MAN OLD?

Old Bill Turner maintains a man is old when he stops looking.

The United States army retires a man who has reached the age of 65 years, no matter how keen he may be.

"A man is as old as his arteries." This is not more profound than the general run of axioms. A man's arteries are as old as his ways of living. But it will do for our present purpose. Some men's arteries begin to harden at 30 or 35. Others not until 50 or 55. Arteriosclerosis is caused by several diseases or poisons, such as syphilis, alcohol, tobacco, lead, overeating, the toxins of typhoid, pneumonia, influenza, the poison of rage, pain, anger, fear, anxiety (adrenin). The old-timers generally considered old age the chief cause. Newer knowledge of nutrition indicates that old age is rather the effect of hardened arteries. A man's arteries are as hard as he lives.

Yes, indeed, women have arteriosclerosis, but, until the once gentle sex took over smoking, drinking and wearing pants, less than one percent of the cases of arteriosclerosis in women began at the ages of 40 to 50 years, whereas 20 percent of the cases in men begin before 50. Probably the statistics will tell a different story in the next 10 or 20 years. For instance, in the past women have rarely if ever lost a leg from excessive smoking, while many male cigarette smokers have suffered with anglitis obliterans which has necessitated amputation. From the immoderate and reckless way girls use tobacco (with or without alcohol) these parlous times it would seem they are entitled to what satisfaction they get from exhibiting their legs while they have 'em.

A man far advanced in senility may preserve some of his physical and mental faculties far into the 70's. His memory may be remarkably clear and his judgment on matters or questions of yesterday sound enough. But he is adamant to new concepts and generally resentful of all change in life and customs. This is the reason why we will not entrust him with the leadership of our army or navy, but neither rhyme nor reason explains why we submit to his domination of our laws.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Economy.

I am giving my five-year-old son 3000 units of vitamin D daily. The doctor says it doesn't matter which form of vitamin D he gets as long as he gets it regularly. I have used irradiated ergosterol in oil, each drop containing 300 units of vitamin D and irradiated yeast, each tablet containing 500 units of vitamin D. Which is the more efficient? The more economical?—Mrs. T. B. W.)

Answer—The latter is more efficient, as there is no wastage. The former, however, is the least expensive vitamin D (per unit or thousand units) at present available.

Muscle Tone.

What can one do to restore muscle tone? I am 48, 64 inches, 141 pounds. A year ago my body was firm, but now my arms, face, neck seem loose and flabby.—(Mrs. G. J. B.)

Answer — Suitable daily exercise—Nothing better than a brisk walk of from three to six miles. Then, too, perhaps your nutrition is at fault. Send 10 cents coin and stamped, self-addressed envelope for booklet on "Diet and Vite."

Iodin Ration.

Wife and I have standing argument about wet feet. She gets her feet wet and has sniffles. I get mine wet, nothing happens. So you see, it goes far into the night. I'd like to have the directions for taking an iodin ration.—(M. R. L.)

Answer—Glad to send instructions for taking iodin ration to anyone who asks for it and encloses a stamped, self-adressed envelope.

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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.

New York Day by Day

by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 1.—Manhattan, calumniators to the contrary, is regarded by many as a city for perfect sleep. Geo. M. Cohan for years kept a room in a hotel facing bustling Times Square because he could always, when worn to a frazzle, catch up with sleep there.

Mrs. Rex Beach used to come to town from Ardsley for a refreshing night's slumber. And Montague Glass, worn by tossing innumerable nights in a leafy countryside sanctuary in Connecticut, would often motor to town to rest for a few nights.

Just this morning I talked to a gentleman from Hartford who had been sleeping ever so badly for months. But on his first night in the roaring metropolis he had slept until 11 a.m. the next day. And was ducking a matinee so he could get in a nap.

Noise does not seem to bother the calloused Gothamite. He can sleep anywhere. Almost every whang-bang subway car has a nodder or so. All the people asleep at cafe tables are not drunks. And there are records of chronic snorers at theatrical first nights. One is always watched by ushers.

Frank Sullivan, a trigger-minded humorist, if there ever was one, muffed a golden opportunity at a Dutch Treat show. He was playing Charles the Second and carrying his decapitated head in the crook of an arm. Marc Connelly, playing opposite to him, said: "Speak louder, they can't hear you out front." And Sullivan merely simpered "I'm yelling as loud as I can." A second later he suddenly thought how he might have shrieked "I've already yowled my head off." He won't get such a chance again, so he won't.

A social secretary provides a celebrity list which she considers parfait for a New York tea. One which she said would make any host or hostess purr. Here it is: Joseph Hergesheimer, Evelyn Laye, Clifton Webb and his mother, Ina Claire, Fanny Marianoff, Fanny Hurst, Carl Van Vechten, the Lawrence Tibbetts, James Forbes, the Jock Whitneys, Fredric March, the Brock Pembertons, Tallulah Bankhead, Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, Alexander Woollcott and Walter Chrysler, Jr. She also said many on this list received invitations for teas daily but attended only one or two a week.

The list, however, overlooked the No. 1 party whooper-upper—Harry Evans. One of the alliterative society scribblers described him as "a beaming bounce of banter." Florida born, he came to New York as a movie critic on the old Life, later published a magazine of his own and also acts as a talent scout for a Hollywood studio. He is a ball-room dancer of professional calibre, a raconteur extraordinary, plays the piano and has a trigger mind for smart talk. He often takes over the entertainment when he visits a night club and soon has everybody on the floor cutting capers.

Apropos of nothing whatever, I believe the most aristocratic of all names was that of the late Britisher—Captain the Honorable Frederick E. Guest.

Douglas Fairbanks, on his drop-in to town a year ago, had begun to look droopy and curly around the edges. Photographed in the night clubs, the prints showed him a disillusioned Don Juan. He might have been a tired business man from Milwaukee seeing the town under protest. But on his most recent visit he was again the lean, sturdily-knit and agile Doug, looking fit to scamper up a skyscraper cornice or hurdle six elephants at a bound.

While waiting in a car near a Waldorf entrance I saw Fairbanks fairly zoom through a revolving door and reach a taxi in a sort of swallow-like skim. Shortly afterward another and new celebrity of the cinema emerged cock-a-hoop and sartorially ashine—Edward G. Robinson. The years, too, seem to have dropped from him, largely because he was identified so long with old men parts on the stage. He also occupies a Waldorf suite while in town. The miracle of the movies! Not so long ago he was a familiar figure in the booking offices, hearing the usual "Sorry, nothing today" and residing in one of the second-rate hotels in the 40's. Incidentally, from the exit to the corner I noticed that more heads turned to look at Robinson than at Fairbanks. How quickly the public forgets.

An Algonquin regular lunch patron, terribly impressed by the glittery names, had his Big Moment the other noon. He had a real live actress as his luncheon guest. As he passed Frank Case's table he stopped and beamed: "I want you to meet Miss Cipher. She plays the Pearl in the Oyster Shell in the French Casino tableau."

(Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

OREGON BERRIES REACH MARKET

PORTLAND, June 1.—(AP)—Oregon strawberries made their formal opening on the east side farmers' wholesale market today. Supplies were liberal, quality was high and prices ruled favorably.

Sales opened in a limited way with the New Orleans at $3.25 a crate of 24 baskets, but soon settled down to a spread of $2.50-2.75, with some established brands offering up to $3.

In final trading the berries sold down to $2.50 for fair to ordinary stock, with fancy fruit continuing mostly at $3 crate.

Oregon peas also made their appearance, selling down to 5½c pound for extreme quality on the initial trade.

BIBLE STUDYING CAMPAIGN OPENS

MONMOUTH, June 1.—(AP)—Saying that protestants provide their children about 24 hours of actual Bible study a year while the Roman Catholics provide 200 hours and the Jews 335 hours, the protestant churches of Monmouth will sponsor a two-weeks' season of daily vacation Bible study here. The daily study will add about 30 hours to the 24.

BASQUES PRAY BEFORE BATTLE

Basque loyalists, known for their piety and their ferocity in battle, are shown in this picture from the Bilbao front as they prayed before a field altar in a lull between battles. The man in the foreground, standing beside the priest, has worn his pistol to the altar.

'LI'L' POISON HEADS FOR EUROPE

The PGA didn't name Paul Runyan to the Ryder cup team but said he could fight it out with 10 other golfers for four still unfilled team positions, so Paul left Mrs. Runyan home to pack for an ocean trip and went to the PGA tournament in Pittsburgh. Here Paul figures his score in thoughtful mood and (right) shows his putting grin.

Everything to Lose

An automobile accident is invariably the result of a mistake by someone. Quite often the pedestrian is at fault; once in a great while the finger of guilt points to the engineer who designed the highway or the man who designed the car. But in three accidents out of every five the blunder is made by the man behind the wheel.

What are these driver-mistakes that result so frequently in death and injury?

An analysis of the 1936 accident reports by statisticians of The Travelers Insurance Company shows that exceeding the speed limit is the chief cause of death. Driving on the wrong side of the road is the next most common error and driving off the roadway is a close third. Failing to grant the right of way and reckless driving follow in that order.

Other common mistakes include "cutting in," passing on curves and hills, failing to signal, and passing standing street cars.

GOOD YEAR SEEN FOR RECLAMATION

WASHINGTON, June 1.—(AP)—The reclamation service said today 3,600,000 acres of reclamation areas in the west are virtually sure of a "good year generally in 1937."

John G. Page, commissioner of reclamation, told Secretary Ickes "prospects are bright for the reclamation projects." He reported increases in measured storage water in federal reservoirs.

His report said the measurements at the beginning of May "disclosed that whatever droughts or water shortages other lands may have, a good year generally can be expected in 1937 for reclamation cases."

The report came while Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, urging quick aid for drought areas in his state, declared "conditions are the worst in Montana's history."

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World's quickest sure cure. Corn-Off guarantees money back unless corn lifts off in 10 minutes without pain. No acid burn or soreness. $50.00 REWARD if you find any acid
YOUNG'S DRUG STORE
CORN-OFF

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
June 1, 1927
(It was Wednesday)

A sudden and unexpected thunder shower swept the valley yesterday with a near-cloudburst reported in the Willow Springs district. There were reports of hail in some sections with an electrical storm in the hills.

Moonshiner reported to be main source of supply for this section, nabbed at Roseburg.

Commencement exercises for the Medford high school will be held at the Craterian theatre Friday evening. The largest class in the history of the school will receive diplomas.

President Coolidge will officially welcome Col. Lindbergh, air hero, upon his return from Paris. Trip home will be made on American cruiser.

Movies of Colonel Lindbergh's flight to Europe to be shown at Craterian.

Work to start next Monday on Rogue River Studios, Inc.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
June 1, 1917
(It was Friday)

Allies take offensive in Belgium; initiative now held by French on Western front.

Anti-draft agitation in a number of eastern cities results in arrests.

The state law doubling the cost of license fees for autos now in effect.

Graduating class of the high school receive diplomas at Page theater commencement exercises. Yutaka Yamashita was among the 68 receiving diplomas. The class also included Roland Hubbard, Janie Smith, Lloyd Williamson, Everett Carkins, Maud Corlett, Claire Hanley and Margaret English.

High cost of living protested by citizens.

Canadians Honored

OTTAWA, Ont.—(UP)—Two distinguished Canadians, who have no connection with military life, appear in Canada's militia lists as having qualified for the "Canadian efficiency decoration." They are Lord Leaverbrook and Sir Robert Borden, Canadian war-time prime minister.

Grounded Ship Continues

PORTLAND, June 1.—(AP)—Her hull undamaged after running aground near St. Helens, Ore., Sunday night, the Italian motorship Leme was enroute to Genoa today.

Be Correctly Corseted in AN ARTIST MODEL by Ethelwyn B Hoffmann

Notice of Annual School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the legal voters of School District No. 49, of Jackson County, State of Oregon, that the Annual School Meeting of said district will be held at the Senior High School Building; to begin at the hour of 2:00 o'clock p. m. and closing at 7:00 p. m., on the third Monday of June, being the 21st day of June, A. D. 1937.

This meeting is called for the purpose of electing one director for a term of three years and the transaction of business usual at such meeting.

In districts of the second and third classes the ballots shall not be counted until one hour after the time set for the meeting to begin. Until the count begins, any legal voters of the district shall be entitled to vote upon any business before the meeting.

Dated this 1st day of June, 1937.

N. H. FRANKLIN,
Chairman of the Board of Directors.
Attest: REBECCA JENSEN,
District Clerk.

West Side Pharmacy
Presents
The Nationally Known
Psychologist
Reverend
Cora Kincannon Smith
THURSDAY and FRIDAY

KNOW YOUR FUTURE
THURSDAY—FRIDAY
Reverend Smith will give replies to questions asked Thursday and Friday from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Rev. Smith will be in our store at this time and answer your personal questions without cost to you.
With each 50c purchase you are entitled to ask one question. With each $1.00 purchase three questions will be answered.
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Phil McNanamy, Agent

Praise Report

PORTLAND, June 1.—(AP)—Praise for the Oregon state planning board's Willamette valley project report, which describes the valley's resources and contains plans for its development, came today from Earle S. Draper, director of land planning and housing for the Tennessee valley authority, in a letter to the board.

Insist On Delicious
Lost River
BUTTER