

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot, By Arthur Perry.

An alien born labor leader, whose agitational activities in recent months have added nothing to the economic happiness of the Pacific coast area, has come under the eye of the immigration service.

"MORE ABUNDANT LIFE." (Pierce) (Mo.) Leader. The government is efficient. Its mimeographed publicity articles which come to this office are printed so neatly that we can use the back side for writing news articles on.

A man led a horse down the Main Stem yesterday. It looked worse than four boys all draped on a bicycle at the same time.

The battle news from the Pennsylvania and Ohio steel strike, must make interesting reading in Spain.

Citizens have been urged to trim the limbs of trees protruding over sidewalks, in accordance with the city ordinance, made and provided. This does not mean to cut down the tree for next winter's wood.

"Applegate farmers, still devoted to their farming and unable to get into the spirit of baseball, again were defeated by Camp Applegate nine, 30-1 on the local diamond Sunday." (Applegate Item) - The alibi down on the farm, and the plowhandle is mightier than the bat.

ROSEBURG, Ore., June 18.—(AP)—The body of Lieutenant Commander Paul S. Ives, U.S.N., who was killed Tuesday night in the crash of a navy airplane in Scotts valley, six miles east of Yoncalla, will leave Roseburg today for Boston, Mass., according to Lieutenant J. F. Goodwin of the special investigating committee named to inquire into the crash. The body will arrive in Boston June 22. It will be escorted by mechanic Charles E. Brostrom who survived the crash by making a parachute jump a few seconds before the plane struck a rugged hillside while flying in dense fog.

ALTURAS REPORTS LIGHT TEMBLOR. ALTURAS, Cal., June 18.—(AP)—An earthquake was felt here about 1:30 a. m. today but no damage was reported immediately. The shock lasted 30 seconds.

Crab Epidemic Studied. ASTORIA, Ore., June 18.—(UP)—A mysterious malady which has struck crabs for miles along Clatsop spit is being investigated by the state fish commission, working under master warden, M. T. Hoy.

Shipbuilding Spurt. SAN FRANCISCO, June 18.—(UP)—Pacific coast shipbuilders are contemplating their most extensive program of operations since the World War. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce officials said today.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Thoughts while strolling: Swell autobiography by Burton Rascoff's "Before I Forget." Al Smith made a big mistake in seeing Paris After 50. Paris should be taken on around 21, when one is in love and just a little bit broke. (Parsel Parsel) Bowling comes back with no pun intended—a pang. All the alleys jammed and new ones everywhere. Ed Wynn looks flustered and on the verge of shrieking even

Time to "Strike"

"What is so rare as a day in June," ... is right! These days are so rare they are positively rare. If there has been anything like them, in the history of Oregon the Weather Bureau failed to record them. An occasional sprinkle may have been encountered in the past, but this June, one rainy day has followed another, and as this is written Jupiter Pluvius is still asleep at the switch, with one foot jammed against the spigot.

WHAT'S the big idea anyway? No one wants rain. Every drop that falls is just another pain in the neck. It's bad for grandpa's rheumatics, ruins the first crop of alfalfa splits the cherries, bogs down the strawberries and is a shot in the arm for the pear blight. As for the retail trade,—that, too, is a washout.

Everything else is in the same boat. But who wants to live in a boat, in this glorious Rogue River valley in the month of June!

It ain't right. It ain't democratic. It doesn't make sense. If the Weather Man can flood Southern Oregon in June, there is no limit. He can do anything. He is headed straight for an absolute dictatorship.

Has he forgotten that the people rule and he is just another humble public servant? A curse on him and all his houses. The time has come ladies and gentlemen, to show him what's what,—who is really boss!

THEREFORE let Hiz Honor the Mayor call a mass meeting at once, to be held preferably in the Natatorium tank, where the H 2 O is a bit warmer than it is in the city park. Those who can't swim, can be ferried down, by Heinie's "puttputt" fleet.

And there let the Weather Man be served with a 24 hour notice, that if he doesn't turn off the rain, and turn on the sun, by noon on Saturday, June 19th, he is out—out on his ear,—and will never be taken back.

That will show him. That will teach him whether or not he can trifle with our sacred liberties and "it's the climate!" Don't falter, men! This is no time for conciliation or compromise. The time has come to act.

So unlimber your bumbershoots, strap on your outdoor motors, proceed to the public swimming tank, and at the first sign of resistance, on the part of the Weather Man, don't hesitate,—but strike,—strike,—strike.

It Doesn't Make Sense

WHAT fools we mortals be. We claim to be civilized, and can furnish evidence to support that claim. That evidence consists, largely of the disposition, by mutual agreement, to settle internal differences, by an appeal to reason instead of force.

Instead of trial by battle we have evolved trial by law, sustained by the courts. Abandon that system for 24 hours, and we would return to the jungle overnight,—the modern world would have to step aside and stop, so the members of the human family, could come to grips in the gutter and fight it out.

BY mutual consent we no longer do that. We know we can't do it and live. That is we KNOW that, and DO that, in every direction, except where the rights of capital and labor are concerned.

When this issue arises, we simply quit. We pass no stringent labor laws, we establish no effective labor courts (except for the railroads). We refuse to come out of the jungle, we accept a condition of absolute ANARCHY, and appear to like it.

And the present mess in this country, with confusion, violence and chaos prevailing, in large sections of it, is the result.

WHY are we so sane and sensible, in all other departments of human activity, and so helpless, hopeless and dumb, in this one?

We can't understand it. We haven't found anyone who does. The only explanation we have heard, is that organized labor, is against it.

Against what? Against a bill of labor rights, and a system of labor justice, supported by the law and the courts?

We can't believe that. It is as much to the interest of labor, to have order brought out of chaos, as it is for the long suffering public or anyone else.

For things CAN'T go on this way much longer, without a smashup. And in such a smashup, organized labor would suffer as much, if not more, than anyone else.

THE entire situation as it exists at present simply doesn't make sense. One might think the entire country had gone crazy,—along with the climate.

A state of lawlessness and anarchy, has never resulted in anything but misery and destruction, in any other department of what we are pleased to call a civilized society.

What earthly reason is there to believe, that there can be any other result, where differences between the employer and the employee in this industrial age are concerned?

The answer to that is: there is none.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Thoughts while strolling: Swell autobiography by Burton Rascoff's "Before I Forget." Al Smith made a big mistake in seeing Paris After 50. Paris should be taken on around 21, when one is in love and just a little bit broke. (Parsel Parsel) Bowling comes back with no pun intended—a pang. All the alleys jammed and new ones everywhere. Ed Wynn looks flustered and on the verge of shrieking even

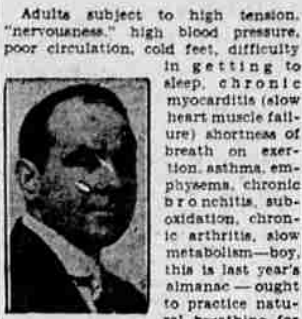
off stage. Marlene Dietrich as a sten is a country boy's idea of city wickedness. The Frank V. Storrs' black Rolls with the snow white doors. Those flashy Broadway haberdashers known as Marty, Eddie or Denny. Girls who try to imitate Katharine Hepburn's flat, metallic talk. When my ship comes in, I'm going to stre a light fingered Eddy Duchin to improvise on the piano while I cack on the front porch. Next, see Julia Hoyt around any more? Rhyme: Always a quorum to cheer for Bill Corum. Still leaders in the huahz eyebrow sweepstakes: Merramore Kendall, Royal Copeland and Lee (twice) Personal rating for song writers: No. 1, Jerome Kern, No. 2, Irving Berlin, No. 3, Vincent Youmans. Biggest let down in baseball build-ups: Bob Feller. Wolcott Gibbs thinks Benay Venudina sounds like something to rub on a stiff neck. That forlorn picket who still patrols in front of "No. 21." The gagsters say to keep Heywood Brown away. For a night club number: Clifton Webb and Baron Wrangle in a twin brother hooting number.

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.

NATURAL BREATHING FOR RELAXATION.



Adults subject to high tension, "nervousness," high blood pressure, poor circulation, cold feet, difficulty in getting to sleep, chronic myocarditis (slow heart muscle failure), shortness of breath on exertion, asthma, emphysema, chronic bronchitis, sub-oxidation, chronic arthritis, slow metabolism—boy, this is last year's almanac—ought to practice natural breathing for relaxation. It is good for the circulation and steadying to the nerves, or anyway it is good for what you poor misguided geeks call "nerves."

A normal person can take a full breath, when sitting at rest, then hold his breath for 40 to 45 seconds. After half a dozen inflations of the bellows—the belly—the same person can hold his breath from 60 to 90 seconds, perhaps two minutes. The length of time a person at rest can hold his breath is a gauge of the efficiency of his circulation. Remember, the chief purpose of the circulation is internal respiration, that is, carrying oxygen to the cells of all the body tissues and carrying carbon dioxide back to the lungs to be blown off.

It is a mistake to imagine you can increase the absorption of oxygen by deep breathing. Every such spurt of deeper or faster breathing, tho certainly it saturates the blood with oxygen, is invariably compensated by a period of shallower breathing or no breathing at all, so that the normal proportions of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the blood tissues is restored in a few minutes. The phase of diminished breathing balances the phase of increased breathing, except for the muscular effort involved. Indeed the only way a person can voluntarily increase the absorption of oxygen in the blood and tissues and of course the metabolism, is by exercise, muscular work of one kind or another.

The notion that the type of breathing in woman is costal, that is with the chest, and in men diaphragmatic, that is with the belly, is misleading. Many men whose physical education has been neglected breathe poorly, unnaturally, too. On the other hand, many women today who have proper physical training, breathe well, naturally, with the belly. Old time corsets made it virtually impossible for the woman to breathe well. She had to breathe mainly with the upper chest.

It is good news for Broadway sentimentalists that Gus Edwards has clicked with a radio program on the coast. A program stressing his school-

if at all. There is no inherent difference in the type of breathing of man and woman; in the past woman's breathing was seriously hampered and her vite correspondingly impaired. Native American women who have never worn corsets nor had any special physical education (Indians) breathe naturally well. Whoever wishes to learn the art of easy breathing (detailed instructions in Little Lesson 20, "The Art of Easy Breathing" for which send stamped envelope bearing your correct address and inclose ten cent coin) must (1) keep his mind off his chest, pretend the chest is paralyzed or an immovable case; and (2) regard his belly as a bellows. In order to understand the action of the bellows, one must have a practical knowledge of the anatomy and the physiology of the breathing muscles, the diaphragm.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Ice Cream and Crab Meat. Will you be good enough to advise whether there is any ground for the common belief that ice cream should not be eaten at the same meal with lobster or crab meat? (O. R. M.)

Answer—There is no ground for the notion. I have been cautioned repeatedly about it by kindly waiters, but so far they have never had to carry me out.

After Appendectomy. How long after an appendix operation is it safe to become pregnant. What effect upon the health has climbing ten flights of stairs daily? What effect has stair climbing on pregnancy? (Mrs. L. M.)

Answer—It was just nineteen years after my appendix operation that Old Bill Turner studied my profile and asked what I was going to name it. Normally pregnancy a month or six weeks after appendectomy is safe. Climbing stairs is rather beneficial exercise for the prospective mother. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and inclose ten cent coin for booklet "Preparing for Maternity," or if it's stranger has already arrived ask for "The Brady Better Baby Book."

Ben Is Back. I have Ben Told clear coffee is less harmful than coffee creamed and sugared? (Miss J. H.)

Answer—Coffee clear or with cream or with sugar or both is not harmful but beneficial to most adults. (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.

day vaudeville theme. His "School Days" tune is a popular song classic that has endured for 30 years. It has seen well chronicled that ed-

wards' revues cradled many stars. Such as George Jessel, Groucho Marx, Joe Laurie, Jr., Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell, George Price and Eddie Cantor. He rode the high tide until suddenly there developed a sudden shrink from sentiment and anything that suggested cynicism and old lace. And Edwards found himself no longer in the chips at an age past 60 and growing grayer. But always an actor, he shrugged the Rialto, smiled and spoke of vague annuities soon due. Many heard whispers and offered financial aid which he loftily spurned. So now again he has emerged into the little sunlight of success and the hoofers, song and dance men and the like "on the beach" in front of the Palace have taken new hope. If Gus Edwards can come back at his age—how much greater is their chance of vaulting the hurdle!

Maritime music: On a dinky Yonkers ferry as it pulls out for the Jersey side, the old accordionist valiantly plays "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." And there used to be an equally tacky sight-seeing boat that went out to the Statue of Liberty with a seedy trio playing "Over the Waves."

And chivvying up a flock of old time laughs in contrast to the more modern guffaws. I have never forgotten the titles of some of the old Keyatone Comedies. There was one about a pair of aspiring and goofy authors and the movie was the enactment of their script. When things began to buzz in the act, there flashed on the screen this line: "At this point the story got beyond the author's control."

Kismet: I met the poet John Drinkwater on his last visit here, at Fannie Hurst's. Conversation somehow swung around the gruesome subject of death, in which I recall, Bob Davis, Daniel Frohman and several others joined. Drinkwater said, among other things: "I think all poets should go out in their sleep." And that was how he "went out" several weeks ago.

As an ex-puddle jumper, most of the "I'll swan stuff" heard on the radio sounds as though it might be some spatted Lambs club actors trying to play country jake. A notable exception is the drawing palaver of those Ozarkians known as Lum and Abner. All of us have heard the same inflections and pronunciations up the holler and back in the creek crochets. I'm on the fence too about Judy, Ann and Zeke Canova being the real hill billy articles. But there has never been any doubt about the Weaver Brothers and Elvira in vaudeville. They are pure, unalloyed jaspers.

There was the morning a dispirited group sat out in front of my father's hotel with the miseries. It was right after the St. Louis cyclone and there

had been a drought and crops were withered. Just then a Happy Jack swung by and chirked: "I don't know what you fellers are going to do, but I'm goin' fishin'." (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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 18, 1927. (It was Saturday.) St. Louis in frenzy of enthusiasm as Col. Lindbergh returns to home port. Air hero is made a Boy Scout. Middle west thousands cheer national idol.

Fate of Hugh DeAutremont to be in hands of jury by next Tuesday.

Walter Pierce charges income tax bill to be voted upon at special election is "backed by the interests."

Good hay hands in demand in country districts. Shortage of labor of all kinds in the valley.

Admiral Byrd to start Atlantic flight as soon as weather permits.

Story of the life of Herbert C. Hoover, who rose to world fame, as an orphan printed in many papers of land.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY June 18, 1917. (It was Tuesday.) Emil Britt of Jacksonville returns from attending a Masonic grand lodge session at Portland.

Mrs. H. D. Reed of Gold Hill leaves to attend the Rose show at Portland.

Drive to raise \$10,000 in this city for Red Cross starts.

Abner Weed, 75, founder of Weed, Cal., dies at his home there.

Suffragette pickets at White House have banners taken by group of angry men.

German U-boats sink 27 British ships past week.

Bread Famine Feared SOREL, Que., June 18.—(UP)—This city was threatened with a bread famine as employees of 2 bakeries went on strike to enforce demands for higher wages.

I GET MOST FOR MY MONEY IN KELLOGG'S!



"Kellogg's give me more real value because they're so much crisper and more delicious. I won't buy any other brand!"

The extra goodness of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is the result of exclusive manufacturing methods. They're made better, packed better and taste better. Always oven-fresh in the patented WAX-TITE inner wrapper.

At all grocers, ready to serve with milk or cream. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Say "Kellogg's" before you say "CORN FLAKES"

10 YEARS OLD before it's sold! Balfour's Scotch Whisky. Finest Blended Scotch Whisky. 88° PROOF. Fifts \$2.95. Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Limited, Portland, Oregon.

EVANS' Shoe Store. Sixth Street and North Central. Announce Their Famous 2 FOR 1 Sale. DOWNSTAIRS STORE. In the face of rising prices Evans flings a big surprise—a 2 for 1 Sale for Women. Just think! Two pairs of our quality shoes for the price of one! You do not have to take two pairs of the same style—choose what you want. If you don't need two pairs of shoes—bring a friend. Sale starts Saturday 9 a.m.

2 Pairs for \$2.45

2 Pairs for \$2.95

2 Pairs for \$3.95

2 Pairs for \$4.45

2 Pairs for \$5.00

Sale Starts Saturday 9:00 A. M.

EVANS' SHOE STORE

No Refunds No Exchanges Every Sale Final