

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot logo with text: By Arthur Perry.

Veterans who fought and bled beneath tropic suns are in attendance at the annual encampment.

Public interest in millions of dollars who evade payment of huge income taxes, through legal loopholes, press reports state.

The cost of the depression is now estimated at \$140,000,000. We still maintain it wasn't worth it.

Decorum was maintained at the open air grilling last evening. Customers couldn't get the chairs loose, and it was too far to run to the fence, and rip off a board.

T. Carlton, the Florence R.K. cowboy, and E. Ulrich, the Prospect mountain win player, played baseball Sunday.

"Let's not be hypocrites. If the millionaire and the pauper could change places, they would also change principles." (Jersey City Journal)

In many patches through the valley the corn is up almost as high as the weeds on some city streets.

The aid of the press is sought to bring about the return of prohibition, by temperance workers.

The first candidate for governor across the political horizon. As the 1938 primary is ten months away, he is not tardy.

"He said it had apparently started from a hitchhiker's cigarette and might have spread over a large area." (Ashland Times)

A number of citizens have started replenishing their woodsheds. They are preparing for winter, and an excuse to go deer hunting next September.

J. Koert Hall, the fretting pear grower, advised his grandsons from Chicago yesterday, "not to put all their apples in one basket."

"Ted McMurdo is able to be out following his severe illness." (Hesperian (Ore.) News)

"This is the 13th, but it is not accompanied by an ominous Friday."

Some more amateur mountain climbers have struggled up a peak to a ledge a Rocky Mt. goat would fear to tread, and been returned to earth by forest rangers.

WHAT AIMS AMERICA. "A people may prefer a free government, but if from indolence, or carelessness, or cowardice, or want of public spirit, they are unequal to the exertions necessary for preserving it; if they will not fight for it when directly attacked; if they can be deluded by the artifices used to cheat them out of it; if by momentary discouragement, or temporary panic, or a fit of enthusiasm for an individual, they can be induced to lay their liberties at the feet of even a great man, or trust him with powers which enable him to subvert their institutions—in all these cases they are more or less unfit for liberty." (From "The Price of Liberty", John Miller Stewart.)

"Salute and Farewell!"

If anything like the popular reaction to the Earhart tragedy has happened before, it has escaped this column's attention.

Here was our own feminine "Lindy,"—a young woman of charm, courage, and skill,— unquestionably the foremost aviator in the world, with a record of extraordinary aerial achievement to her credit.

She decided to fly around the world "just for fun." Had she succeeded she would have been the first woman aviator to accomplish such a feat, and the first flyer, man or woman, to circumnavigate the globe, along the big circle close to the equator. No mean achievement, in itself.

BUT she failed. Practically no doubt remains, at this writing, that Miss Earhart, and her navigator Fred Noonan, came to the end of their celestial trail, somewhere in the mid-Pacific. A pathetic and tragic fate for the first both.

But one hears,—and from the first has heard,—few expressions of sorrow, even less of sympathy. And those few heard, have been completely, drowned out by expressions quite the reverse.

We only know what we hear on the street and read in the newspapers, but summing these up and striking a balance, the popular reaction adds up to something like this:

"Yes it's too bad but what could you expect? This was just another stunt flight serving no useful purpose. It should never have been attempted. Sorry for the gal but she ASKED for it! She should have stayed home where she belonged. And look at the expense, hundreds of thousands of dollars being spent, in a futile search, because of one woman's passion for headlines for herself. Just another publicity stunt. There should be a law against it!"

These are not imaginary comments. They are a few taken from the many heard here in Medford, since Amelia sent out her first S.O.S. And newspaper comments have been along the same callous line,—the esteemed Oregonian even going so far as to conclude that there will be no regret, as far as this country is concerned, if no one is found to fill Amelia Earhart Putnam's trousers!

Strange, very strange! Frankly we are at a loss to explain it. Granted that this flight had no definite scientific purpose; granted also that trans-oceanic hops, have lost their novelty, and therefore their supreme interest.

Yet, it doesn't seem natural,—or quite human,—for any people to accept the tragic loss of their foremost aviator,—(and conceded to be by all who knew her a grand and gallant person quite apart from her aerial accomplishments,) in such a cold, and unfeeling spirit.

What is the answer anyway? Have we become a skeptical and coldly cynical people, overnight? Is all human sentiment, for the moment at a discount? Or is this merely a natural reaction, from the extreme popular acclaim, accorded to all our adventurers in the air, which found its culmination in the solo flight of Lindbergh? We went too far in one direction, now to regain our emotional balance, we must go too far in the other. Is that it?

WELL, whatever it is, to this column it remains mysterious and decidedly depressing. Not that we wish a day of public mourning proclaimed, a rush en masse to the wailing post, or an editorial competition in pulling out the tremelo stop.

That sort of thing would be as out of place, as what we have. Amelia Earhart, took a chance. She lost. She would be the last person in the world to welcome any organized blubbering—any weeping or wailing or gnashing of teeth, on HER account. Whatever might be said against her, she was a thoroughbred and a good sport. She died as she wished to die, soaring toward the rising, high in the air,—in full flight!

BUT it does seem as though a certain decent credit should be given her, at this time. It does seem as though, merely as a matter of good taste, if nothing else, the time of her passing should be marked by more sorrow and regret, than by criticism and reprimand; more by emphasis upon what she had DONE for aviation, than what she did or failed to do in her final flight. But such, certainly, is not the case.

There is, however, one ray of light in the prevailing darkness. Several days ago Walter Lippmann, the well-known political columnist, gave his view of the Earhart tragedy in the New York Herald-Tribune. It comes so close to being from our viewpoint the tribute she deserves, so perfectly expresses the sentiments this column have held from the first, that it is quoted in full as follows:

"I cannot quite remember whether Miss Earhart undertook her flight with some practical purpose in mind, say to demonstrate something or other about aviation which will make it a little easier for commercial passengers to move more quickly around the world. There are those who seem to think that an enterprise like hers must have some such justification, that without it there is no good reason for taking such grave risks.

"But in truth Miss Earhart needs no such justification. The world is a better place to live in because it contains human beings who will give up ease and security and stake their own lives in order to do what they THEMSELVES think worth doing. They help to offset the much larger number who are ready to sacrifice the ease and the security and the very lives of others in order to do what they want done. No end of synthetic heroes strut the stage, great bold men in bulletproof vests surrounded by squads of armored guards, demonstrating their courage by terrorizing the weak and the defenseless. It is somehow reassuring to think that there are also men and women, who pit themselves not against their fellow beings but against the immensity and the violence of the natural world, who are brave without cruelty to others and impassioned with an idea that dignifies all who contemplate it.

"The best things of mankind are as useless as Amelia Earhart's adventure. They are the things that are undertaken not for some definite measurable result, but because some one, not counting the costs or calculating the consequences, is moved by curiosity, the love of excellence, a point of honor, the compulsion to invent or to make or to understand. In such persons mankind overcomes the inertia which would keep it earth-bound forever in its habitual ways. They have in them the free and useless energy with which some men surpass themselves.

"Such energy cannot be planned and managed and made purposeful, or weighed by the standards of utility or judged by its social consequences. It is wild and it is free. But all the heroes, the saints and the seers, the exploiters and the creators, partake of it. They do not know what they discover. They do not know where their impulse is taking them. They can give no account in advance of where they are going or explain completely where they have been. They have been possessed for a time with an extraordinary passion which is unintelligible in ordinary terms.

"No pre-conceived theory fits them. No material purpose actuates them. They do the useless, brave, noble, the divinely foolish and the very wisest things that are done by man. And what they prove to themselves and to others is that man is no mere creature of his habits, no mere automaton in his routine, no mere cog in the collective machine, but that in the dust of which he is made there is also fire, lighted now and then by great winds from the sky."

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.

WHAT, NO AVOCATION? As intimated in a previous article, Odd House is to have two studios, viz., a main studio devoted to culinary art and its appreciation and one where any talent, gift, accomplishment or profession, hobby, which, exercised and developed by any member of the family who may be so inclined.

This separate special studio makes me vomit, and still I could do with more pep and would like to take it as you suggest. (Miss A. M.) Answer.—Yes, or various preparations of iodine or iodids may be taken in tablet form. A drop of tincture of iodine in a pint of water has little taste—the whole pint may be taken in two or three drinks through the day. Or a drop of tincture of iodine may be taken in milk or any fruit juice instead of taking it in water. Or plain or chocolate coated tablets of sodium iodide, one grain, may be taken daily instead of a drop of tincture of iodine.

Is it imperative for a patient to take a laxative or enema before undergoing a major operation? (J. G.) Answer.—Only in certain circumstances, when the preparation for operation should be carefully prescribed by a physician. It is better to avoid such interference at such a time.

Vietsals and Vite I'd like to have copies of your booklets entitled "Building Vitality," "Guide to Right Eating," and "Rejuvenation Regimen." Believe these are ten cents each. (H. W. K.) Answer.—The three are now combined and revised to date in booklet "Vietsals and Vite" sent for twenty-five cents. (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.

who have made respectable people fearful to pass through after nightfall. Morningside Park, too, another beautiful roll, has been the scene of many heinous crimes. Manhattan parks also have a seedy air—an air that suggests neglect and lack of civic pride.

The horsewhipping of a philandering husband out with a lemon verona blonde in a fashionable Park avenue restaurant early this summer cost the management some \$300 in unpaid checks from patrons who fled precipitately rather than face prospects of being witnesses in court. I am told that restaurateurs, as a result, now have a secret agreement that may prevent similar losses. In case of a sudden flareup, certain employees are to lock the entrance doors until all chits are settled.

Cartoon continuity has become a valuable asset to the comic strip men. Before the comics carried the story from day to day merely wound up with a hurled brick and a balloon "pop." But today the final panel must contain suspense and the greater suspense the higher the pay of the artist. Thus many writers are picking up money furnishing suspense ideas for the limners.

Magnets of innocence: There were three of them, frisky, fluffy white, recently whelped and newly bathed puppies in a West 48th street dog shop window. In a frolic they were scampering sideways and falling into the awkward, bewildered squats that only puppies achieve. Finally all three grew tired, stretched out belly-up in a close huddle of sleep. And there detached from the sidewalk gamblers two men and one woman. The puppies were lifted out of the window and in a few moments all were on their way to new homes—and we hope new and the lasting happiness every pup deserves.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn is not only one of the great city's most beautiful sweeps of acreage, but is enjoyed in the simple, natural manner of the fine parks in the old world, such as Hyde in London, the Bois in Paris and Tiergarten in Berlin. Families go to Prospect for picnic spreads on the green, children enjoy healthful games, and the lakes are filled with whispering lovers. Crime there has been negligible. All of which is in sharp contrast to the decadence in many of New York's famous breathing places. Central Park has for several years been notable for those who lay in ambush to rob and attack women. Hoodlums cock passing stuns and a general lawlessness has made thousands who were the place shut in. The bit of greenery in midtown known as Bryant Park is another in eclipse. It has been the rendezvous of psychopathic lollipops

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THE AFL-sponsored teamsters' union refuses (in Oregon and Washington) to haul beer made by the CIO-sponsored brewery workers. As a result, the brewers and the beer-handlers (not to mention the public) are caught in the light of the line.

They're in trouble with labor whichever way they turn. (There are many, of course, who will say that whatever happens to the beer business is good enough for it. But beer is a LEGAL industry, representing a considerable payroll and large expenditures for materials.)

UP in Seattle, the AFL-sponsored teamsters' union refuses to recognize a strike called against the Seattle Star by the CIO-sponsored Newspaper Guild.

The Star ISN'T unfair to labor. It wants to deal with the unions, as required by the Wagner labor act. If it can find a union that can deliver peace and protection. But if it recognizes CIO it is in the dog-house with AFL. If it recognizes AFL it is in the dog-house with CIO.

It is out on a limb with SOMEBODY, whatever it does. As a result, it has to SUSPEND PUBLICATION.

IN Portland, Meier & Frank (the city's largest department store) has long been picketed by the CIO warehousemen, because it recognizes the AFL teamsters' union. If it recognized the CIO warehousemen, it would be picketed by the AFL teamsters.

There is no way in which Meier & Frank can avoid being picketed. It just has to TAKE IT.

ALL over the country this situation, in more or less exaggerated form, exists in some places. It results in violence and bloodshed. In others, more fortunate, it results only in a slowing down of industry and production and EARNING POWER.

There are few communities that do not feel in some form or other its blighting influence.

THE Wagner labor act, which was supposed to bring industrial peace, has brought SO FAR only a form of industrial chaos that borders on absurdity.

The pity of it is that NOBODY (at least, no honest, sincere, conscientious body) is BENEFITTING, whereas everybody, in greater or smaller degree, is LOSING.

And to date there are no signs of leadership competent to lead us out of this swamp in which we are wandering.

Communications

A Word from Mrs. E. E. Gore.

To the Editor: Much to our consternation and surprise as well as pleasure, we saw some of the work of the making of a picture, "Varsity Show," by Warner Brothers in Hollywood. The management of the vast-colored lights, the constant repetition of the lines as well as the scene, the attention to detail were all very fascinating.

A guide showed us the dressing-rooms, we talked with the make-up artists and to a mere spectator the concentration of effort, the undeviating good humor and the quiet, everyday manner of the artists revealed at least one secret of success. The completion of a picture doubtless means many subtleties but it also means work. Most of us are too lazy to really accomplish anything.

We were tremendously interested in the work of the Pasadena community playhouse, this summer telling the romantic story of the settlement of the southwest in pageant and story. They are able to draw on the Hollywood studios and also on actors who wish to "come back" for special roles, seem to have excellent support while the supervising director, Gilmore Brown, who shows us about, maintaining a junior organization, very professional of course, called the "laboratory theater" and also a "senior players production."

We were interested for the comparative standpoint. It all seemed much like our own Shakespearean festival only on a somewhat larger scale. Remote as southern Oregon may seem to the city dwellers, progress and culture thrive in our community too. We were not a little amused to find some very busy real estate men who had not yet heard of Crater lake. Someone should get busy!

We would like to stay on for the tournament of roses and the orange show but must be home in time for the annual pear picking.

MRS. E. E. GORE.

Forced to Use Boat MARINETTE, Wis. (UP)—Farming is an inter-state proposition for Michael Broot, sometimes requiring use of a rowboat. The Menominee river, on the boundary between Wisconsin and Michigan, runs through his property.

CORNS CURED \$50.00 REWARD YOUNG'S DRUG STORE CORN-OFF

News Behind The News logo with text: (Continued from Page One)

ing to Secretary of Commerce Roper, who is terse. "The department of commerce," says the secretary, "is charged with the development of air commerce, not stunts flying."

While the bureau of air commerce is saying nothing officially and won't soon, it is saying word. The plan it is building is approximately this: No licenses to be issued for anything but established scientific effort.

Material will have to meet higher standards before a plane is licensed. Personnel will have to pass more stringent requirements. In connection with the latter point, here is a significant note: The capability of the radio operator from now on is to be as carefully examined as any member of a flight party. There will be no radio operator on the Earhart plane.

If it hadn't been for a technicality, it is quite possible the air commerce bureau would never have given permission for the last Earhart flight. Standards may be no admission on the subject, but after the aviator's first round-the-world failure, caused by a smashup in Honolulu in March, there was a definite feeling in the bureau that a permit for a second attempt should be withheld. Meanwhile, its sharp refusal to permit the Paris-to-New York derby revealed the attitude of air commerce on flights of this nature.

But Miss Earhart submitted plans for the east-to-west venture, and urged the technical point that it was merely a continuation of the one already okayed by the bureau. There was pressure, whence deponitis sayeth not. The grant was extended.

When Vice-President Garner takes up his gavel again, as he will before long, there will be a number of highly abstruse and significant reasons given for his return. One can be given in advance. It comes under personal seal from Uvalde. Here it is: If the present weather down there by the Rio Grande keeps up, "Cactus Jack" may be his next assignment to Washington to cool off. (The senate chamber is air-cooled.)

It seems, according to this highly confidential message from Mr. Garner, that last week his segment of God's country recorded the highest temperature in its history.

DENY INJUNCTION ON FARR, JOE LOUIS BOUT LONDON, July 14.—(AP)—The championship division today dismissed Syd Farr's motion for an injunction restraining Tommy Farr, British empire titleholder, from fighting Joe Louis before meeting Max Schmeling here.

Farr has been matched with Louis in a 15-round heavyweight championship bout to be held in New York August 26. Previously he had agreed to meet Schmeling in London either late in August or early in September.

SAM FRANCIS SIGNS WITH CHICAGO BEARS CHICAGO, July 13.—(AP)—The Chicago Bears' lineup contained another first today—Sam Francis, former University of Wisconsin player. Francis, a practically unanimous choice for all-American honors in 1936, signed with the National professional football league club yesterday for one season.

Bite Defies Whisky SINGAPORE (UP)—Whisky is no antidote against snakebite, at least not as far as the cobra is concerned. That was the warning to young men about to leave for the "steamy, snake-infested jungles" of the tropics given by M. F. W. Tweedie, assistant curator of the Raffles Museum here.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY July 13, 1927 (It was Wednesday) The annual picnic of the Pruitt family with Roy Pruitt as host held with 58 persons—35 relatives—attending. The menfolk spent four hours cutting down a tree, the honey secured not being usable.

Trial of Hugh DeAutremont, Siskiyou bandit, with his twin brothers, under a life sentence in state prison for the Siskiyou tunnel murders and train robbery, cost Jackson county \$10,000.

Smoking under taboo in Crater Lake national park. Babe Ruth hits 30th home run of season. Pelican flies into power line and Klamath Falls in darkness.

State building bill passed by the last legislature is declared void by supreme court. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 13, 1917 (It was Friday) Blaine, Ariz., chases IWW's from city.

Russians continue drive in the Carpathians; draft to start next week in America, with date to be announced later. Attorney Frank Newman returns from Salem, where he appeared before the supreme court.

Valley cantaloupes expected to be ripe by first of August. Season to open at Crater Lake lodge Sunday, July 15. People urged to raise rabbits and help the food supply of the nation.

Ye Poets Corner

Coming Soon Listening to the wind a-blowing, Dreamy, tender thoughts come flowing Like an endless stream of shadows Through my sad and restless brain; And like birds upon the meadows, Ever they return again— Of a girl I lived of yore, Haunting me forevermore.

As I gaze into the fire— See the sparks leap high and higher, Deep down in the dim recesses Peeping from behind a flame, Her sweet, wistful face confesses Love that always is the same; And her gentle eyes implore, Drawing me forevermore.

When I raise my eyes to Heaven, To the Stars our Lord has given, Loyal guardians who protect me Night by night with faithful care— There are two that do detect me— Her dear eyes I would declare, Watching from that distant shore, Beckoning me forevermore.

In the Wind and Stars and Fire, Answering to my heart's desire, Often in my life Her Presence Doth confront me—doth surround, Filling me with deep quiescence And a longing most profound, Dear, Dear Girl, whom I adore, I'll be with you evermore. —J. C. Raynolds.

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NEW YORK Daily by Day by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 13.—Tippy Gray continues the most consistent of the international gadabouts — as home-leas as smoke and always adrift. For more than 20 years wherever there is excitement and a happy life, he is likely to be popping up.

He looks about pleasantly and as suddenly vanishes. A plump bachelor, he is a long wolf among globe trotters. He knows almost everybody but only one seems an intimate. He is a side-line looker on at life, gazing with the detachment of a modern Punch and murmuring the same immortal line, "What fools these mortals be!"

His only participation in the activities is as a bob-tailed runner at the early Lake Placid races. One may meet him having coffee on the veranda at Shepherd's in Cairo one week and there has been a bump into him casually strolling the Shanghai Rialto.

A versatile musician, he has written several revue numbers around the famed Mistinguett at the Moulin Rouge in Paris. And with appreciative listeners he will often occupy the piano chair all night to improvise. Loving life, he seems constantly fleeing from it.

All my remembering years I have had eggs in some form or other for breakfast and relished them. That is, until a morning a month ago when they seemed tasteless. Next morning and the morning after that ditto. And I realized that pass—like that — I had lost my zest for eggs. That was more than a month ago and there has been no change. Doctors speak of people becoming "allergic." I cannot find the word in my dictionaries—to eggs frequently in middle years. Then there are those to whom the slightest taste of eggs, even in cooking, brings on a violent nausea and fever. Napoleon was so bedeviled. So was Julia Marlowe and the former Premier Ramsay MacDonald suffers the same reaction.

Prospect Park in Brooklyn is not only one of the great city's most beautiful sweeps of acreage, but is enjoyed in the simple, natural manner of the fine parks in the old world, such as Hyde in London, the Bois in Paris and Tiergarten in Berlin. Families go to Prospect for picnic spreads on the green, children enjoy healthful games, and the lakes are filled with whispering lovers. Crime there has been negligible. All of which is in sharp contrast to the decadence in many of New York's famous breathing places. Central Park has for several years been notable for those who lay in ambush to rob and attack women. Hoodlums cock passing stuns and a general lawlessness has made thousands who were the place shut in. The bit of greenery in midtown known as Bryant Park is another in eclipse. It has been the rendezvous of psychopathic lollipops

THOMPSON KEEPS COAST HIT LEAD

LOS ANGELES, July 13.—(AP)—San Diego's slugging outfielder, Rupert Thompson, slumped four points in his batting average in the past week, but maintained his Pacific Coast league leadership with .371, official figures showed today.

Art Garibaldi of Sacramento kept up a steady hitting pace, his average of .360 remaining unchanged and the second highest in the circuit. Marvin Gudat, Los Angeles, gained six points to .358 but stayed in third place.

The San Francisco Missions held a fractional advantage over the San Francisco Seals in the nip-and-tuck race for team batting honors. The Missions were credited with 2934, the Seals with 2931.

San Diego was third with 292, while tied for fourth at 288 were Los Angeles and Sacramento.

To achieve the Perfect Silhouette NEAR ARTIST MODEL FOUNDATIONS Elmhurst B. Hoffmann.

Closing time for TOO LATE TO CLAS... July 13, 1937.

Heat Waves do not bother the owners of INSULATED HOMES. Proper insulation will reduce the summer temperature of your home as well as save fuel in the winter. Insulate for year around comfort. The cost will not exceed 3% of the property value and may be purchased on a time payment basis. For further details and estimates consult Mr. McKay. CORNS CURED \$50.00 REWARD YOUNG'S DRUG STORE CORN-OFF