

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 13

Subscription Rates
By Mail in Advance
Daily one year \$12.00
Daily six months \$7.00
Daily one month \$2.00

Official Paper of the City of Medford
Official Paper of Jackson County
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Advertising Representatives
WES-HOLLIDAY

Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
EDITION OF THE ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

A jittery bandit robbed the Stevenson, Wash., bank, starting his nefarious operations at 7:30 a. m. before the village statesmen were so thick around the bank, getting inside would be a herculean task.

"FLIES IN AIRPLANE, WHERE HE RODE IN COVERED WAGON"—Headline Eugene News—Neatest trick of the week.

Hogs are now \$13.75 per hundred—the highest price in years, due to the drought, and not the New Deal folly of killing all the little pigs, to gain the "more abundant life."

EVER MEET HIM! (Detroit News)
"His is usually a new, light rig that accelerates rapidly, but not always, and if the driver to his left is unaware of the quarterback sneak being perpetrated by his side, and is something of a getaway artist himself, there is a second or so when anything can happen in the way of hooked bumpers and worse. If there are cars parked along the curb in the block ahead, someone must lag to the rear to straighten the line, and if neither of the drivers concerned is inclined to be accommodating, then St. Peter waits with poised pen for a new registrant at the nearby gate."

The Chinese general, Chiang Kai-Shek boldly announces "China will fight to the death." China will also fight to the "last man" and the General will earnestly endeavor to be the "last man."

Civil peace is imperiled in several upstate spots. Vitriol has appeared in the ink, and the mystery of "Whose Skulldugeery Is This?" is the problem of the day, and editorially argued.

The Josephine county fair has engaged a "Cycle of Death" for the entertainment of customers who are tired of looking at the same thing on the highways.

The dreamers of the New Deal now propose an "ever normal cash-box" as well as an "ever normal granary" for the care of those who run out of cash and gurb. Something should be done to establish the "always full" gasoline tank.

WHAT AILS THE NATION.
"America is having a kind of a time that a small town has after 'protracted meetin'." The revivalist comes and stirs up the folks. Particularly all the old sinners who, by the way, are sinners because they are sinners who are sinners, get roused up and start shouting. Repentance washes over the community like a wave and summerize sin—for a time! The revivalist gathers to his mourners' bench not only the sinners but a fairly decent lot of people who always follow the winner.

Then the exhorter leaves town, and gently the devil begins to sneeze back into the community. In six months sin has emerged and is doing business at the old stand. All the emotional kick-up which the revivalist produced is gone and forgotten.

Franklin Roosevelt was the great exhorter. Last fall he gathered to his mourners' bench all the old political reprobrates. He had the hard shell sin-soked South shouting. He had the stork-eyed liberals sewing seams along their ascension robes. The negroes were going straight to glory. The various Tammanites saw the Promised Land of eternal patronage before them, and the poor saw manna raining down from Heaven. It was a great revival.—(Emporis (Kan.) Gazette)

See Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

FISH CREEK, Wisconsin, Aug. 6th.—No sooner off the Streamliner than we landed a job. Which accounts for the long lapse in this column.
The job was to drive the family Buick up to Fish Creek, Wisconsin—(where this is being written amid the pines and cedars and birches of the Green Bay shore)—and visit a nephew who is spending the summer at a Boys' Summer Camp on Adventure Island.

This used to be the wilds of northern Wisconsin—but is no more. Paved roads, some of them four-lane speedways, lead up here from Chicago, and the streets of this little village are packed with cars almost as thickly as the Main Stem at home on a Saturday night. Cars from all over the country, too, except Oregon—(Florida, Oklahoma, California, Kansas, Ohio, New York). The nephew says he saw one from Oregon, which found us slightly skeptical, but we wouldn't wager a dime on the other side. He is a very accurate young man.

Took us nearly seven hours to make the trip of about 280 miles—and we stopped for nothing except a hasty lunch just outside of Milwaukee. Ran into a rain which slowed us up a trifle, but the real cause of the slow going was getting out of Chicago and through the city that being made famous. Spent half an hour trying to find a "left-hand turn," near the Northwestern station, and then it was slow going until we reached Wacker Drive and connected with the new four-lane highway up the lake shore. We made a valiant effort to avoid Milwaukee but after wandering around Robin Hood's barn—with one service station saying one thing and the next something entirely different—gave it up as a bad job and spent a solid hour wedged in stop and go traffic, and large blue bottle flies.

Was surprised to find Milwaukee has a population of over half a million,—had an idea it was about the size of Portland. This would make about a dozen flies per capita, judging by our experience. However perhaps we were in the brewery district and didn't know it,—for flies have a weakness for beer.
Protest before the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce files a protest let us say that judging by the egress via the lake shore, Milwaukee is one of the most beautiful residential cities in the middlewest.

The highway ran through rich rolling country, dotted with fine looking farms,—wheat in the shock,—which always provides a restful and attractive scene. Before we ran into rain many threshing crews were at work, the engines belching smoke and the blowers filling the air with dust and straw, much of the latter reaching the highway, due to a heavy cross wind.

The highway would be improved scientifically if the beer signs were taken down. There is a beer in Milwaukee for every letter in the alphabet. This is literally true, from Arnold through Blatz, and Kingsbury to Zellanders, and they all advertise. At a small service station lunch counter we ordered cheese sandwiches and milk, of a red checked German maedchen and in the interim had the gas tank filled, the tires and oil checked. When we returned there were the sandwiches—Wisconsin cheese on rye,—and two foaming mugs of beer. The red checked miss was nowhere to be found, and the elderly woman sitting behind the counter, didn't appear to understand English. So we took the beer and it was excellent,—Miller's High Life on draught,—we decided beer as the beverage within a radius of 20 miles of Milwaukee is taken as a matter of course.

There are two hotels here, Thorp's and Welcher's—both consist of a main wooden frame hotel where meals are served, and innumerable cottages, scattered about. This being a brief stop we didn't try a cottage, but secured rooms in one of the main buildings. Amazingly good accommodations and surprisingly cheap. Room, bath and three meals per day for \$4.50 per day. Everything plain and simple, but comfortable,—and fishing, sailing, tennis, golf thrown in if one likes. Judge the fishing is good but not exciting. At least one boat load came in with a large mess of perch and two bass,—there were eight men in the party and a keg of beer. They had been anchored most of the day, near Adventure Island, were nicely burned and were approaching the Sweet Adeline mood as they marched up from the pier. In fact two in the rear, reached it.

This morning motored over to a nearby resort called Epphram where we ran into some old friends from Rockford, now living in Chicago who had cruised up from Chicago in their schooner. The skipper had a tale to tell. He had entered the Chicago-Mackinac yacht race the week before, and came near making the front page in the Chicago Tribune. About two hours out from Chicago ran into a storm,—one of the worst in lake history for August,—his crew, a group of amateurs out for a lark, were all so sea sick they had to go below and flop. He had to stay at the wheel nine hours straight, soaked to the skin, and "lashed to the mast" to keep from being washed overboard. Finally got one of the crew to relieve him for 30 minutes, while he went below, changed to some dry things, and got a cup of hot coffee. It was touch and go the rest of the night, but he finally made Milwaukee harbor. Only three boats finished the race. He looked the part,—grey and wan and jumpy—his wife said she tried to keep him from setting out for this cruise but had no luck. He had planned such a vacation and was going to have it. If he enters the race again, he won't pick his crew from the Saddle and Cycle club but go down to the waterfront!

Hired a boat to go over to Adventure Island—two miles across the bay to see the nephew—and then just in time, learned the boys were on a hiking trip and had spent the night in pup tents near Bailey's Harbor, eight miles from Fish Creek. So motored over there, and found the young man, rolling up his outfit, and getting ready for a swim. A marvelous beach, pure white sand, and water so shallow one could walk out half a mile, without getting wet above the shoulder straps. All the boys from six years to fourteen, splashed in with a couple of husky counselors in the lead, and stayed in for a couple of hours. Times have changed. An hour was the limit in the gay nineties.

The young man is nine and big for his age—come to think of it, did you ever hear of a boy who isn't! He has a mop of flaxen hair, a round face and a peeling red nose. He didn't like the camp last year, but does this year, says it's "swell". That popular term and the expletive "gosh", constitute practically his entire vocabulary at the present time. This worries Miss B and Grandpapp. They seem to forget there are styles in expression as in everything else, and boys are slaves to style. They abandon the vernacular of their younger days, as regularly as they do their first teeth and a few years later their razor blades.

He has built a kayak with his own hands, can swim dog paddle across the pond, and is now engaged in fashioning a leather belt for his grandfather—(takes a good piece of leather to encircle Grandpapp!) Back from the hike the boys were allowed one ice cream cone apiece and a candy bar. P. chose "Buy Jimmy", a peanut concoction, and a cherry-marshmallow cone. He is an expert in sandy bars—per example: Gosh the "Buy Jimmy" is swell,—but gosh, "Hershey's almond cake" is swell too; and so is "Oh Boy" and "Baby Ruth", full of dextrose—that means sugar that's good for you,—and gosh I like "Butterfingers", about as well and "Merry-Go-Round" bar ain't bad, and gosh—and so on and so forth far into the night,—or rather the day.

Cherries form the chief commercial crop hereabouts, except of course, tourists. All the way up from Sturgeon Bay, there were gangs of pickers in the orchards, a polyglot crew of men

and women and children,—all ages, all sizes, all nationalities. There are few sweet cherries grown up here, which is perhaps one reason why there are so many signs, "Come in and pick your own." The season is about over now. Cherries are not as profitable as tourists, it seems. R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to be returned unless accompanied by return postage. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, Personal Health Service, 285 E. Lamson, Medford, Ore.

WHY BE SQUEAMISH ABOUT CALORIES?

The unit by which the heat, energy, fuel, nutritive or sustaining value of any food is measured is the calorie, that is, the amount of heat necessary to raise the temperature of a gram of water from 15 to 16 degrees Centigrade. By this same unit a boiler is measured, that is, the work done, the energy used by the body in a given period, recorded in the equivalent of heat produced and heat dissipated by the living body in the performance of functions.

The number of calories in the ounce or pound of any food wholly determines whether the food is nourishing, strengthening, fattening. If there are approximately 100 calories in the ounce or 1000 calories in the pound, as in bread, cake, cereals, sugars, candies, such foods are two to four times as nutritious, strengthening or fattening as foods containing from 400 to 800 calories in the pound, such as potato (440), baked beans (600), cottage cheese (500), canned salmon (680), fresh trout (440), chicken (500), and beefsteak (800). Of course, other factors are concerned in the choice of foods, their mineral content, vitamins, cellulose or fiber, kaler content, as these concern bodily function and growth, calories alone determine immediate nourishing value.

There is no scientific foundation for the popular notion that meat is more strengthening than fish or potato or bread nor for the traditional notion that meat "extracts" or juice or broth contains considerable nourishment. Only way to get the nourishment or "strength" from meat is by eating the meat. The extract, juice or broth may carry the appetizing or stimulating flavor of soluble extractives other than the protein and fat, but can carry practically none of the actual nutritive value of the meat. Clear soups are mildly stimulating and appetizing, but nourishing only if bits of lean meat or fat are contained or flour is added to thicken into gravy.

Bulletin 28 (revised edition). The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials, for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. at ten cents a copy, is the source of most information about the caloric value of common foods. If you are squeamish about the calories in this and that, consult the tables of analysis given in this government pamphlet. All figures are for pound quantities, not for an egg, or a glass of milk, or a chocolate fudge sundae. From lists to follow you may get an idea of the approximate number of calories in various ordinary helpings or quantities of common items.

An adult sitting or lying about requires 1800 calories a day; doing light work, 2500 calories; doing general housework or walking three or four miles daily or doing other active work, 3000 calories, to maintain normal weight and strength. The calories are the best provided by minimum quantities of the three food materials in these proportions—3 ounces protein (lean meat, egg white, nitrogenous part of cheese, milk, peas, beans, fish, fowl, wheat, etc.) yielding 360 calories; 3 ounces fat, yielding 840 calories; 14 ounces, carbohydrate (starch or sugar), yielding 1680 calories.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Would appreciate your sending me your treatment for hypothyroidism, both dietary and medicinal. (C. C. T.)

Answer—True to type, both of you gentlemen forgot to inclose a three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address. You will receive a reply in due course—if I don't forget it.

Liver Trouble
Asked our druggist what makes my nails break and grow so unevenly. He said no doubt I have liver trouble. (Mrs. E. L.)

Answer—Lore he got from Dr. Horsteler's Almanac of the year 1886? Rigid, brittle, atrophic, poorly nourished nails commonly feature simple psychronic anemia. Also prolonged deficiency in vitamins B, D and G. Former dealt with in booklet, "Blood and Health." Latter in booklet "Vitality and Vita." For copy of either send ten cents and three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address.

Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 E. Lamson Street, Medford, Ore.

NEW YORK
Diary: Up and down the Polo Grounds, munching salt water fatty Slesia Barrett sent from Atlantic City. Then at my mail and found notes from two of my favorite editorialists, Dr. John H. Finley of the Times and Abel Green, of Variety.

Depressed most of the afternoon of the afternoon over so many excellent Journalists being out of employment and mentally at loose ends. So away to watch the baseball game at the Polo Grounds, and down to the press box, albeit too timid to enter. But waved to Grantland Rice.

Dined at home on a cold chine of beef. Afterward motoring with my wife to the Riviera Cafe, but so ornate and jazzy-looking we continued to drive along the Jersey highways, passing the estate of the Lindbergh kidnaping. And I sang Scottish madrigals, with dulcet poignancy.

Among the little known restaurants highly bespoken by choosy gourmets is The Bat near the Provincetown Playhouse, in McDougal street. It is Italian and conducted by a proprietor who writes on tables and whose wife does the cooking. The place is not interesting in transient trade and, unless one is known, the service is aloof, casual. For this reason there are rarely more than 20 diners. Pirandello, the playwright, does all his entertaining there when in New York. And among patrons are Tocantini and the Italian banker, A. P. Giannini.

Rox Beach is among the few successful authors who has been equally successful riding a hobby as a side line. Some years ago, Beach took over a large farm at Avon Park, Florida, for raising citrus fruit, vegetables and flowers. He has had such success growing gladioli bulbs that he has just leased a tract of land at Ft. Myers where he will set out 2,000,000 making him one of the biggest growers of the kind in America.

Personal nomination for the most unattractive of magazine covers—those on Esquire.

Few men of enormous achievement so touched off my hero worship as did Marconi. One evening after theater in London I stepped in the Savoy lift as the only passenger. The operator started, then stopped and swung open for a dursing arrival. As we shot upward, I glanced into the well-known face of the inventor and blurted an involuntary, "Marconi." I made a confused apology, explaining my admira-



CLIMATE CONTROL. It wasn't a Saturday night; it was just a warm Wednesday in Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Sandra Lynn rigged up her own air-cooling gadgets. It was hot work ruffling up the ice cream, fan and chunk of ice, but after Sandra got set in the home-made resort she smiled—didn't she?

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
UP on the Siquemish forest in Washington, a little while back, an old wagon wheel was found, and careful checking leads to the belief that it belonged to one of two emigrant wagons lost in that vicinity in 1853.

GEORGE H. HIMES, 93-year old Portlander, was a member of the expedition that lost these wagons, and he tells an interesting story of how they came to be lost.

The wagon train, he says, came out on a rim rock on the Naches pass in the late fall of 1853. They tried to find a way down, but couldn't. Winter was coming on and every hour was valuable, so they resorted to heroic measures.

Oxen were killed and skinned and their hides cut into strips. With these strips cables were made and by means of these cables the wagons were let down the rim rock.

TWO were lost in the process, and it is assumed that the old wheel just discovered belonged to one of them, but the others got down the cliff safely, and at the bottom the remaining oxen which had been led down a break in the rim were hitched on and the expedition was resumed, finally arriving at its destination near the present site of Tacoma.

THERE was no Santa Claus government to be appealed to in those days—no CCC boys to be called in to help; no WPA to run in the breach with a rehabilitation project.

The pioneers who settled this Western country were rugged individualists, and proud of it. It is doubtful if they would have welcomed CCC aid. It is debatable if they wouldn't have chased WPA workers back where they came from.

It is certain they wouldn't have thought of asking the federal government for help. When the West was being settled, people helped themselves and in emergencies helped each other.

NO one wants to go back to those rugged, crude and in so many ways harsh times. The world has moved along in these 80-odd years, and life is easier for us than it was for our pioneering ancestors. It is no crime to live in and take advantage of easier times.

But what men and women those rugged pioneers were who killed their oxen and made ropes of their hides and with the ropes let their wagons down over the rim so they could get on!

And what a country they built for us!

ROGUE RIVER QUARTET TO FACE TRIAL SOON

Cloyd O'Kelley, Roy Milton, Wilbur Milton and Arch Ballard, Rouge River youths, charged in a complaint signed by Harry R. Randleman with disreputable conduct, entered pleas of not guilty last week. No time has been set in justice court for the trial, but it is expected to be held this week. It is anticipated the quartet will ask for jury trials.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

But by not saying anything, they tacitly assent to the thesis that the president gets the last word, if any, on the question of neutrality, which in effect, nullifies the "mandatory" element entirely.

The law, of course, is on the statute books all right, but congress is realizing that it doesn't matter what brand of neutrality is specified—if the president can't see a war on the far eastern horizon, there is just nothing that can be done about it.

It has been the administration's contention from the first that only the broad principles of neutrality can be legislated. The present Sino-Japanese case is being offered as fresh proof that such situation must be judged on its own merits.

An embargo clamped down on both belligerents would work distinct advantage to Japan, while America's traditional sympathy has always been with China.

No wonder the diplomatic equivalent of "I told you so" is being heard in the solemn corridors of the state department.

It will be no surprise if Senator Vandenberg or some of his colleagues across the aisle who battled to the death for mandatory laws may have something mollifying to say on the subject. Or perhaps quite as significant still, they will say nothing.

A very formal reception the other night at the Egyptian legation celebrated the investiture of Kink Farouk I.

On the invitations which were sent out to a rather inclusive guest list appeared the word "decorations," which means that the military and diplomatic representatives must wear their foreign orders.

Some of the guests took the word in a more generic sense. Several congressmen appeared with their ornate "master farmer" badges in their satin lapels.

Aubrey Williams, deputy relief administrator, sitting in for his chief, Harry Hopkins, while the latter is vacationing had a strange experience out in the dust bowl the other day.

Mr. Williams was scheduled to appear at a meeting to discuss relief for the drought-stricken inhabitants, but nearly missed it. His car got stuck in a mud-hole.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 9, 1927.
(It was Monday.)
Freeman and Wiley warehouse at Central Point swept by fire, and entire city threatened by time.

Government warns aliens "to behave or go home," as agitation stirs land.

Aerial flights across Atlantic and Pacific, and around the world to start this week.

Raymond Fish is city tennis champion.

Plans for Jubilee take shape to celebrate prosperity and progress of city.

H. Van Hovenberg of Gold Hill ships the first car of Bartlett's of season.

Fire Chief Roy Elliott is re-elected head of state association.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 9, 1917.
(It was Wednesday.)
Food control bill passed by senate.

Artillery duel underway on Flanders front.

Seek to delay opening of deer hunting season owing to forest fire danger.

America starts work of "rehabilitating Russia," and consider granting huge loan.

Red Cross issues call for all knitted goods that are finished.

Pacifists seek impeachment of President Wilson and repeal of draft law urged in Washington, D. C. meeting.

Draft evaders in Arizona given year in prison.

To Wind Up Bank
SILVERTON, Ore., Aug. 9.—(AP)—The remaining assets of the First National bank of Silverton, including real estate, will be sold at auction August 23 to perfect liquidation of the institution. Depositors have received 53 per cent of their total claims, or \$85,655.47, since the bank closed August 1, 1932.

Stay With A. F. of L.
BANDON, Ore., Aug. 9.—(AP)—Forty members of the local lumber and sawmill workers' union voted to remain in the American Federation of Labor. The vote offset an earlier decision of 15 members to affiliate with the C. I. O.

BETTER RE-ROOF NOW!

Take advantage of the Summer weather to put on that new roof and be sure to use

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

Come in, look them over and get full information as to cost and grades, etc.

BIG PINES LUMBER CO.

For Dependable Building Advice
Phone 1 6th and Fir Sts.