

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27 23 N. 7th St. Phone 18. ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor. ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879. 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 CIRCULATIONS. Advertising Representative: WEST-HOLIDAY. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year, \$14.00; Daily, six months, \$7.50; Daily, one month, \$1.25. By Carrier, in full payment of postage, delivered to subscribers in Medford, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways. Daily, one year, \$14.00; Daily, six months, \$7.50; Daily, one month, \$1.25. All terms, cash in advance.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. The Associated Press is auctually entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or to any member thereof, and also to the use of the local news published herein. All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS. Advertising Representative: WEST-HOLIDAY. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. This state, at no distant date, will be confronted with the problem of financing pension payments to the Old Folks, amounting to \$30 per month. This is a meagre sum. It is worth that much to listen to the demagogues, who swarm to every gathering of oldsters, to exploit them for their votes. It is hard enough to be broke and old, without the hounding of bum orators, and the inevitable collection to pay for their gasoline. The Old Folks need protection alike from poverty and politicians, chiefly the latter.

The weeds no longer flourish like sin on the Baptist church lawn. Sen. Copeland of New York threatens a bill in Congress, prohibiting a President from seeking a third term. The bill should be broadened. A President with a third term notion might have ideas about a fourth term, or a fifth term.

SOME CIVIC BELLIGERENCY (Salmon Bar Items). "If you think you can fight, or have any friends or relations that fight, come to Sawyers. I don't know what it is all about, but the black eyes and the blue spoke started right after that Yreka bunch was in here Friday. Of course, so far, only two of our boys went into action, and the other 98 per cent are promoters and referees, all good men and fast on foot. But listen! Yreka the Gold Rush is coming on and these Sawyers Bar Blue Men Top Knots has no back-up gear."

No Eastern or California beer is being quaffed in this state, and the thirty blow only the foam from products of Oregon and Washington breweries, due to jurisdictional fight among the unions. The situation presents some horrible speculation, but logical. Suppose some autumn day, groups in the eastern states whose brew is barred, would decree they craved no more to eat the prunes and peas and pears of Oregon and wanted the Washington lumber in their houses, and no canned salmon in their cupboards. It's a poor curvy-cumb that don't scratch both ways.

The 7-yr.-old boy preacher preached in the news reels at the G. Hunt magic lantern show the week. When he finished, it was all many could do to keep from yelling "Amen," as if they meant it.

Sam Richardson returned Tues. from digging post-holes in the vicinity of Weed, Calif. in perfect physical condition. The grid mentor wanted to know what he meant by being in condition before the football practice started. Your corr. can remember Samuel when he had pink toes, and was screw-lined like a soprano.

A GUY GETS SMART. (Concordia (Kan.) Blade). "A young woman here who is of extremely slender build is rather put out with her next-door neighbor who ordinarily is a pretty nice guy. But the other day it seems she appeared in her yard in shorts, and the guy next door leaned out of his window and told her he wished she would tie a bow on one of her legs so people could tell there were two of them."

Objections have been filed to the name "free parking" on the grounds the name is not expressive, descriptive—and Great Heavens!—not modern. Why not call them the fill south of town.

The secretary of state reports the mechanism he placed on his auto worked fine after his mileage increased, but the pick-up was slower, and he lost six minutes going 80 m. instead of 60 m. scooting to Portland. The official recommends 50 mph. Reducing the auto speed to 50 mph. would encroach on personal liberty. It would curb the motorist who has been trying to get to work before he started his commute. It would bankrupt the citizen, with no business, but who now travels 80 mph to attend to it. He might as well walk and never get there.

Editorial Correspondence

ROCKFORD, Ill., August 9.—Back again—the trip has come close to perpetual motion thus far. Before we forget it,—will amend the complaint against Lauderdale filed yesterday,—confining same to the week end. This morning (Monday) was not only cool but quiet,—everyone had gone back to Chicago and way stations the night before. The next time we plan a Lauderdale stop it will be for the middle of the week, not the end. You can't beat Lauderdale when NO ONE is there!

Came close to tragedy on the way down. Between Rockton and the Poor Farm, caught up with a New York car trailing a large freight truck, and seeing cars coming in the other direction pretty fast, proceeded to trail the N. Y. license plate. Imagine our surprise, to see the car in front of us without warning suddenly jump ahead to pass the truck! "Why it's suicide!" was the thought that first passed through our mind. We were wrong. There was no suicide as far as the N. Y. car was concerned, but only Lady Luck prevented murder.

As the N. Y. car jumped ahead, the truck swerved to the right so we could see just what happened. The first oncoming car, was hitting it up around 60, and the driver saw a crash was inevitable unless he left the highway. This he did—to his right and our left,—putting on his brakes as he did so. No need to tell any experienced driver what happened. Fortunately there was no deep ditch but nearly level ground running from the highway, but the oncoming car, skidded, one way, swung the other, then turned over and proceeded to turn over and over until it struck a tree, with a crash and upside down, LAID STILL!

We stopped the family Buick, and were out of the car in a second, being the first to reach the wreck. We expected to see blood and gore if not "sudden death", but only greeted a young man, head out the side window, face white as chalk, cursing as eloquently as he was able—"The blankety blankety blank! what did he think he was doing?, the so and so and such and such!" Peering into the car we saw the body of a girl, stretched out on the roof and a pair of shoes tangled with a cushion, and a battered suitcase nearby, obviously belonging to a man. Almost at the same instant both figures started to move. Then a trickling sound caught the editorial ear, and from the front dash, a stream of gasoline poured. As the engine was still running, we persuaded the young man to stop his cursing long enough to turn off the ignition. (A stray spark in those first few seconds, would have sent three young people—or what was left of their charred remains,—to the morgue!)

Well it was another one of those miracles. Fortunately the car was a sedan and the turret roof saved the loves of the two boys and girl,—not only their lives but they got off without a scratch. Before we left they were walking about still pale and somewhat disheveled, but the young man who had been at the wheel, maintaining his batting average in northern Illinois profanity splendidly.

And that fool New Yorker—who incidentally drove right on, and disappeared over the hill—deserved all the cursing he got and more. We have seen plenty of crazy driving since we landed in the midwest, but that surpasses anything in our experience here or anywhere else. There was no SENSE to it. The New Yorker had been trailing the truck for several minutes at least. Had he been in a great rush he would have tried to pass before,—if he was in no rush, then why take such a chance —with a string of cars so plainly coming at a rapid rate toward him!

Of course that's the trouble in this motoring business. You can never tell what the OTHER man will do. You may be the most conservative driver in the world and observe all the rules, and yet land in the ditch, as this young chap did, through no fault of your own.

In a few minutes there was a big crowd around—doesn't take long to collect a crowd on any through highway in this part of the country,—including a trouble car which fortunately was en route to Rockford also. Two tires were torn loose from the wrecked car, the radiator was smashed and the top dented in, but no glass broken and apparently no damage to anything else but the gas tank.

While on the subject of reckless driving Illinois takes the palm. They require no driver's license in this state, anything with two hands and legs—or less—can take the wheel. And we have yet to observe any driver giving the regular signals with the arm, as to turning, to right or left or stopping. Giving such signals has become such a habit with us that we execute them automatically. No doubt the natives hereabouts wonder who the crazy man is, driving A. S. Ruhl's car.

One noticeable change on the highways going to the lake. Practically no wayside fruit and vegetable stands, whereas a few years ago they were scattered on both sides of the right of way, with everything from butter and eggs through sweet-corn, beans, and ice cream cones. Found one such stand near Clinton and stopped for sweet corn but they had none. Asked why the disappearance of the stands, and the girl said, that business was terrible and this would be the last summer for her. Didn't know the reason, said her father thought the chain grocery stores were to blame. R. W. R.

NEW YORK Daily by Day by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Better than anyone I've ever known or heard about, Carolyn Wells has mastered the Art of Living Alone. Three years ago she sang her swan song in "Two Years to Live," a decree of the doctors, which didn't jell. Indeed she is going stronger than ever.

Mrs. Wells is perfectly described by the over-worked word "dynamic." She sleeps a scant four hours and is always on edge to go places or join in a far-distant. Never in her exciting career has she known a lonely moment. Relaxation is not in her lexicon.

Every moment of her time is occupied and her powers of self-entertainment are prodigious. Four books a year is her self-imposed literary stint, aside from turning out a number of magazine articles. She plays a crack game of bridge and is a shak at acrostics.

For five years she has read every new book of importance. She is always cheerful and ready to join in the same she likes. And there's always something in the refrigerator for callers. No one ever knocked the blight

of almost total deafness sky-high with greater grace.

One of the big literary stunt fizzes was the recent round-the-island journey by train of the Wednesday Culture Club that meets on Friday. The idea was for a three hours' trip skirting the most depressing vistas of New York. One might think such a collection of intellectuals would have had a field day for wit. But nobody stated, laughed, sung or even gadded. Instead, everyone sat in place as if bound for Chicago. The Addison Minter of this decade, Lucius Beebe, did not smile once. One wonders what pet upsets of yesterday would have done. Study Davis, for instance, or Ashton Stevens in his San Francisco mood? Or Booth Tarkington in his salad days.

To my notion, if you take Atlantic City, sterilize, manure, give it a fresh bath, hair bob and redden its nails, you have Jones Beach. Of all the denatured, prophylactic, air conditioned resorts, it's the sanitary scene why so austere and unhuman, like a Greek statue? Why does that solemn row of wire trash baskets along the beach affect one so sadly? You cannot buy a newspaper. They are taken from your hand as you enter. They think only angels should bathe, play paddle tennis and archery. One misses that pleasant human vulgarity of common instincts. You feel a single shooting gallery might give it a soul. It is too much like looking backward. Altruria, Utopia or the mythical perfection of some Socialistic paradise. The only natural thing is the ocean. All artificial as Comely, in the opposite direction, plus the vague discomforts and boredom of a

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene out to diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written to 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 E. Camino Beverly, Calif.

OH, BUT YOU MUST EAT STARCHES. It sounds well to speak of a "well balanced" diet but it has no more definite meaning than the quaint advice that the patient should have nourishing and easily digestible food. As nearly as I can make out, "well balanced" formerly implied that the day's rations should provide two to three ounces of protein yielding 240 to 360 calories, two to three ounces of fat yielding 500 to 840 calories, and 12 to 14 ounces of carbohydrates (starches or sugars) yielding 1440 to 1680 calories. Later "well balanced" came to mean that the diet should include reasonable proportions of foods from animal sources—meat, milk, eggs, fowl, fish, cheese—and foods from vegetable sources—fruits, greens, cereals, nuts, vegetables. Then newer knowledge of physiology made it evident that perfect balance required an adequate proportion of "roughage." Indigestible material, fibre, cellulose, as the natural stimulus and aid to vigorous digestion. Still later we added a fine adjustment to the balance and began to consider the daily intake of mineral elements pretty important in prescribing a diet. Lately we have learned that no matter how satisfactory the diet may be in all these particulars, it just can't keep you in top condition unless it includes adequate vitamins. And there is no guarantee that we shall not introduce a brand new essential of a well-balanced diet by next November.



In diabetes the quantity of carbohydrates (starches and sugars) the patient can profitably consume is of course determined by his or her individual tolerance, and this is a vital question to be answered by the physician in each case. In no other circumstances that I can conceive is it advisable for a person to attempt to live without starches. Aside from these observations of near-doctors and food-faddists there is no good reason why well folk or folk not so well should not take their fair ration of starchy foods daily. In saying this I am quite cognizant of the common notions about fermentation, gas formation and the like. This prejudice against "starchy" foods for grown-up dyspeptics is skin to the prejudice against sugar, candy or sweets for growing-up children. There is good physiology and good sense in the rule that refined, concentrated sugar is not so healthful for youngsters as is sugar in its natural form—in milk, in fruits. The pure sugar tends to cloy the appetite, satisfies without supplying what the body needs, namely the mineral elements and the vitamins (that milk and fruits contain. Likewise purified corn-starch quickly satisfies appetite and is quickly absorbed and utilized for muscular energy when needed, just as sugar is, but does not furnish the needed vitamins and minerals which grow in the vegetable or cereal from which the starch is obtained. Potato, for example, is typically "starchy" food, but contains also some protein, some fat, calcium, phosphorus, iron and vitamins A, B, G, C. Refined sugar or starch, of course, contains none of these important nutritive elements.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Curvature of spine. I am 30 years old. Is it too late to correct spinal curvature by any kind of treatment?—A. M. N. Answer—No. You should consult an orthopedist recommended by your regular physician. The orthopedist will determine the best line of treatment and your regular physician can carry it out. Metal Dust in Lung. What kind of X-ray should be used to show metal dust in the lung? Is such a condition curable, or is the patient subject to become tuberculous?—Mrs. B. G. Answer—Ordinary X-ray films would show it. Renders the patient more liable to contract tuberculosis, but many persons who have more or less metal dust lodged in lungs have merely some chronic cough, asthmatic symptoms, etc., never being seriously ill from it. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

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

It is not advisable to walk up to a bear and dangle a slice of bacon in front of it, it seems. Otherwise, between a bear and an automobile, you can trust the bear every time.

Covering up note: Fortune tellers, called Astrologers, who predicted the Duke of Windsor would marry Wallis, because the stars forbade, are now crawling with the amendment the marriage will not last a year. And a lot of people swallow it whole.

The famed Sulka haberdashery again joins the northward sweep. It first opened on 34th next to the old Waldorf and when it moved on the avenue to 43rd many believed it had gotten out of the shopping zone. Now it has moved farther northward on the avenue between 52nd and 53rd. Sulka himself has retired and Bert Thompson, long in charge of the Paris boutique, is in command.

Thingumbobs! Al Jolson expects to make a half million out of his black fighter, Armstrong... Young Doug Fairbanks has a valet named Jeeves... Bennie Leonard spent \$80,000 floating up his West 72nd street cafe.

Ballad of a defeated necktie: I think it would be pretty grand, To navigate a four-in-hand, I mean to put it on first time, So that the ends exactly rhyme. (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One)

Some members of the department of labor feel that, as the president put it, the present program "tends in many cases to increase rather than to decrease inequalities in educational opportunities. These increased inequalities arise from the operation of the state minimum allotments and from the matching provisions. They arise also from the difficulties encountered in attempts to administer a vocational program in small rural high schools."

The office of education, however, feels that the success of the program, as planned and carried out under its auspices, has been successful from the point of view of the number of teachers it has furnished with employment, the number of young folks who have obtained jobs as a result of their training, and the cooperation which it asserts it has both from labor and employer groups throughout the country.

If you are looking for a bear story to frighten the children with these summer nights, don't apply to the government. "Search of our files for the past six years," says a recent letter to a timid quiter writing to the national park service, "fails to show a single death as a result of injuries received from bears by visitors to our national parks."

Out of 45 misunderstandings between brain and his tourist friends in the Yellowstone, 39 were caused by the genius homo, says the letter. The trouble is the trouble starts by the humans being too friendly.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS SENATE Democrats held another big dinner in Washington Tuesday night for the announced purpose of promoting harmony in the party ranks, but President Roosevelt DIDN'T ATTEND—being prevented, he said, by "pressure to other things." Each of us, of course, will draw his own conclusions.

BEHIND the scenes in Washington, a big struggle is under way for control of the machinery of the Democratic party. Conservative Democrats are flirting with the hope that by 1940 they may be able to control the convention and nominate a conservative candidate for President, forcing the New Dealers to split off and form a party of their own.

THE Republican party looks like the natural hope of the conservatives, but there are sound political reasons why this ISN'T true. THE SOUTH is the most important of these reasons.

THE South is congenitally conservative (meaning, of course, the WHITE population of the South). The South has given lip service to the New Deal, but is secretly fearful of it.

But the South is tradition-bound to an extent not fully understood out here on the Pacific Coast, and hatred and suspicions of Republicans (tracing back to carpetbagging days) lies at the root of all its political traditions. The South simply CAN'T vote for a Republican. Al Smith and Hoover proved that.

IF THE conservatives are to have any hope for success in 1940, they must carry the South. No Republican candidate can carry the South. Hence the leaning on the part of conservatives toward the idea of capturing control of the Democratic party. It has even been suggested that the Republican party, whose leadership is essentially conservative, shall give up its emity and go over to the conservative wing of the Demo-

cratic party, but this idea also runs crosswise to a lot of tradition. Anyway, these thoughts are in the mind, and if you will keep them in mind you will be better able to understand a lot of the present-moment political strategy.

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 12, 1927. (It was Thursday.) Charles A. Lindbergh, national hero, due to fly over city September 16, opening day of the Prosperity Jubilee.

Sixth street crossing to open next Friday, City Engineer Scheffel says. Statistics show Oregon people have less in the banks and owe less than residents of other states.

Air derby to Hawaii to start tomorrow. First local peaches reach the market.

Lewis Ulrich attends to Elk lodge business in Lakeview. Miss Nydah Nell of county clerk's office leaves on vacation. Football prospects at U. of O. and O. A. C. dark, say coaches. Rain ends heat wave over state.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 12, 1917. (It was Sunday.) British hold all ground gained in Flanders push.

Early pedestrians on the streets today were much amused to see a Chevrolet car, bearing Fresno, Cal., banners and jammed with ten passengers and with running-boards loaded with baggage, passing down Main street yesterday morning for Grace lake. The last ones into the car were probably inserted into place with the aid of a jimmy.

First shipment of canned fruit sent to Co. 7 at Fort Stevens. Mrs. Clarence Meeker returns from a visit with her parents at Eugene.

Tourist travel breaks records for all previous years. Rain badly needed for fall plowing and seeding.

Your Salary COMES IN Weekly INSTALLMENTS. Illustration of a man in a suit smoking a pipe.

EQUIP YOUR CAR NOW AND PAY AS YOU ARE PAID

Isn't that logical... isn't that simple? Why should you pinch yourself to buy tires, a battery or a radio? Why pay out the cash you have saved... money you may need in case of sudden illness or an accident... money you may have a chance to profitably invest? On our modern Goodrich Plan you can enjoy first-quality products, at a fair price and "Pay as You Are Paid." It's a straightforward, dignified way to buy, that's tuned to the times. Check this convenient, new Goodrich Plan today... it will fit your needs!



LEWIS SUPER SERVICE STATION 8th and Front We Never Close Phone 1300

A COMPLETELY NEW EDITION OF THE FAMOUS HOTEL ON UNION SQUARE. RATES START AT \$2.50

HOTEL Plaza SAN FRANCISCO. Harry Stockard Manager.

THE WILKEN FAMILY BLENDED WHISKEY. PINT 80c QUART \$1.45. AVAILABLE IN OREGON. Copyright 1937, The Wilken Family, Inc., Aladdin, Pa. Executive offices: N. Y. C. The Wilken Family Blended Whiskey—90 proof—the straight whiskies in this product are 20 months or more old, 25% straight whiskies; 75% grain neutral spirits; 20% straight whiskey 20 months old; 5% straight whiskey 4 years old.