

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. Observers report intolerance and agitation rife in many cities and communities, with no organized efforts to curb them.

Mica Womack, the rainbow chaser, has a new mine. Instead of calling it the Lucky Ezra, the property will be christened the Pinball Amalgamated, No. 1, he says.

A fire south of Ashland Wednesday spread through the city grass and brush with the speed of a 12-year-old boy driving the family auto after a loaf of sliced bread.

Rome dispatches state Mussolini, of late, has been subject to fits of peevishness. Next to John L. Lewis, high ace of the CIO, being mad about something, nothing matters so little.

JOURNALISTIC HONESTY. (LaGrande Observer) "Mr. and Mrs. John Schroeder and children, of the Country club district, have been planning a fine trip and will go to Portland and coast points, and we forget whether Seattle was included in the itinerary or not."

The President's son, John, on a vacation tour of France, squirted champagne in the face of the Mayor of Cannes, and then walloped his honor in the face with a bouquet, but, later it developed, John had done nothing of the kind. Despite the exonerations, the notion persists John needs a spanking, and a number of local Democrats have expressed a desire to wield the half-brush.

A number of new barns have risen in the rural districts, but it will be a month before they will be definitely known if hunters can hit them.

The Oregon Trail Ski club elected officers for the year last Monday, and a Grants Pass mermaid has started training for the 1940 Olympic swim tests. Each may be a bit ahead of themselves, but there is nothing like it.

AGE SPRUCES UP. (Yreka (Call.) Journal) "SAWYERS BAR, August 17—The big politicians warn the public that the Townsend Plan is a live issue and every old man and woman represents a vote — Big Townsend dance in Sawyers the 21st. Old lady, get your Townsend permanent; old man get your mousetache curled with some brillantine."

"The boys of the WPA have been making repairs on a hundred statues in and around New York. If it didn't knock off at quitting time, it was the statue."—(SF News)—The meanest dig of the week.

DOPE ON THE SKUNK "One of the most useful survival traits for living beings is an ability to change behavior in the face of new circumstances. The skunk fails in essential particulars to do this. A decorative and undeniably beneficial little fur bearer, despite evil fame, it has been able to humor its bumptiousness far too long for its own good. Other animals yield it the right of way, except, perhaps, on the very first occasion of meeting; reasoned wolves, foxes, even bears, make a detour when a skunk stands in the path. The great horned owl, with a poor smeller, or none, may be, indeed, the only creature completely devoid of respect for the skunk's defensive offense.

"Beyond intimidation, because imbued with a sense of immunity rare in nature, the skunk expresses its inflexible philosophy by standing pat before the thundering charge of motor cars and railway locomotives. Neither its mother nor its personal experience has taught it any better. The joust takes place in the dark. Because of the skunk's nocturnal predilections, and the occupants of the juggernaut, almost know nothing about it until after the event."—(NY Herald-Tribune.)

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—"East Side, West Side,—all around the town"—here goes! A uniformed nurse wheeling a baby carriage on Fifth Avenue, between 44th and 45th streets, and jauntily puffing a cigaret in a long holder, tilted at an angle of 45 degrees,—within a fat cheeked baby, with an expression similar to that of a bloated Economic Royalist, out for an airing in his Rolls-Royce limousine,—

Also on Fifth Avenue, couple of chorines arm in arm, dressed exactly alike in shimmering white silk Zouave costumes,—flaring trousselettes caught just above the ankle, richly embroidered silk vests, fezes at cocky angle. Faces dark with deep tan make-up, bare feet and ankles in flapping sandals, toe nails a rich carmine, but no deep tan make-up there,—tootsies white and pink, flecked with down town dust and dirt. Followed the pair for two blocks, every male they met coming in the other direction stopped in his tracks, and looked back as the pair swayed by leaving a strong odor of musk in their wake. They were advertising SOMETHING, no doubt,—(will leave it to the Walter Winchells, who aren't afraid of libel suits, to state, just WHAT!—

Searching for air and sunshine strolled toward the East River, along 53d street. A ball game in full swing, in the deserted street,—the young men of all ages and sizes, using a lively rubber ball, and a broom stick for a bat. The batter knocked the ball as high as the 5th story of the adjoining apartment house, it bounced off a cornice, careened in a parabola, and was caught, by a nimble outfielder before it hit the pavement. Applause and cheers from the spectators on the sidewalk, and the brown stone steps. Note—the batter did not hit the ball on the fly but on the first bounce.

Found fresh air and sunshine at the end of the street. On the wharf, from the first everything seemed strangely familiar,—couldn't quite understand it. Where had we seen those skinny little boys and short well muscled bigger boys, all in bathing trunks, scampering about, pushing, shoving and now and then diving off the wharf with a big splash. And the tough looking girl, pale, ill nourished, with a soiled beret on one side of her tousled head, moving about with a bored air and a slouching walk. A negro nurse maid wheeling a pink checked infant in a black enameled baby cab,—yes and a N. Y. policeman, not swinging his stick but in a trim little police car—something wrong about that. Or at least not so familiar—not exactly right.

But there comes a gorgeous steam-yacht, plowing down the river all shining brass and milk-white, a group of people in white, reclining in chairs under an awning, over the stern,—and at the far right, a green terrace on the river front, a towering apartment behind, and under yellow and gold umbrellas, men and women in sport clothes and bathing suits, sipping drinks from tall glasses, some playing back gammon,—liveried factotums serving them—!

Where HAD we seen all that before—had it been a dream or what—then strolling back the editorial eye caught a street sign, on a movable metal standard,—and it all came back in a flash! The sign read "Dead End"—believe it or not. And it was "Dead End" to the life—the play we had seen on the screen and on the stage. Only "Baby Face" and the gunplay were lacking. That penthouse apartment, one of the most splendid and expensive in the city was "River House." In short we had run into the EXACT scene of "Dead End" at the end of 53d street—!

Three ragged little nigger boys, last night tap dancing between acts of "My Darling Daughter" on West 48th Street, in front of Bill Brady's "Play House," while the two larger boys clapped their hands in true dark African cadence, the little shaver, did a "tout seule", and the pennies started to shower down. The crowd laughed to see them scramble. From the crowd a little white boy appeared and he too started to sing and dance. A man next to us, explained he is a Cockney stowaway alone in New York, and he does this every night. He is only six, but strange to say the little colored boys don't resent his intrusion. And he has his dusky conferees beaten on technique. He can pick up a penny, like a monkey, without getting down on his knees, or stopping his song. He stole the show, so to speak, and most of the pennies. But they all got some, and appeared content.

"Yes My Darling Daughter" is one of the season's outstanding hits. Decidedly modern, it is excellently done, and provides many laughs. The keynote of the performance was sounded by the outraged father, of the young girl, who kept a rather TOO romantic week-end date, when he cried: "Can it be the moral world is dead and I don't KNOW it!"

We have an idea, that is a frequent inquiry of the plodding paterfamilias, these days, particularly if he is from the hinterland, has daughters, and is roaming around New York!

It may be interesting to note that Rockefeller Center, christened at birth as the largest White Elephant ever to inhabit Greater New York, is now in the BLACK. Went over there to see a newspaper agent and he is authority for the statement. Tenants have been secured principally because this colossus is air cooled, and most New York office buildings aren't. Have an idea one might search this crazy Babylon a long while, and not unearth a more eloquent prophecy, note that.

Mrs. Alex Sparrow and daughter Harriet arrived on the Majestic the other day after four months in Europe,—joining our family group. A total of six just fills a New York taxi—so Medford at the moment is making quite a splash in Broadway traffic,—at a pleasingly LOW, per capita cost! R.W.R.

Behind Washington Headlines

By H. R. Baukhage

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(Continued from Page One)

air-waves, he must have pricked up his ears. Thousands of unemployed are moving across the nation toward Washington, where a delegation of cripples is already camped on Harry Hopkins' doorstep. With all this on their minds, the WPA administrator's colleagues don't welcome a placatorial protest which has come down from the New York aquarium. It seems that, back in the gone and almost forgotten CWA days of 1934, a project was undertaken which cost around \$100,000. Its humane purpose was to bring fresh water,

to the fish in Gotham's famous aquarium. Involved was the construction of an intake pipe as well as a 50,000-gallon reservoir. Because of the difficult terrain, there were 32 elbows in the pipe. When the project was finally completed the other day, there was quite a ceremony arranged when the water was to be turned on. Presumably all the big fish were there panting for the first drops to drip from the pipe. Valves were opened, but no drop dripped. Engineers were called in. But to no avail. There was nothing left to do but apply for more funds to straighten out the kinks (in the pipe). Meanwhile, at WPA headquarters, they are expecting a school of protesting fish to appear on the horizon at any moment, further to bait the already harassed Mr. Hopkins.

There is a very agreeable agreement written between the lines of Governor Bibb Graves' appointment of his wife to fill the seat in the senate vacated by Hugo Black.

She is to serve until the special election and obligingly refuse to enter the next contest. For some time there has been an understanding that, if the opportunity ever arose, according to friends of Representative Boykin, he would be promoted to the senate. The opportunity has and he is going to be—at least that's what his friends are saying.

Few who loved publicity had so much of it after passing as Flo Ziegfeld. There is the theater bearing his name, the Ziegfeld Girls club in all large cities and, of course, the film, The Great Ziegfeld, which carried his name to every remote corner. Two books recounting his theatrical career are in the making. He was more spectacular in death than in life. I knew much about the great circus trapezist, Alfredo Codona, who killed his wife and himself recently,

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Aligned 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.

MORE DIETETIC BREVITIES

Olive oil, butter, animal fats, cream, bran, yolk of egg in the diet favor drainage of the gallbladder and gallstones in case you have gallstones or chronic cholecystitis or cholangitis. But wait a minute. These same foods tend to increase pain from contractions of the gallbladder if you are subject to colic. This is all I can tell about it. In general, one with chronic gallbladder trouble, with or without gallstones, should include a liberal variety of fresh vegetables, fresh fruits or reasonable amounts of oils or fats in the diet. There is no reason to imagine oils or fats cause or aggravate the trouble, except as above explained. Nor is there any foundation for the quick notion that huge doses of oil can or will "dissolve" or eliminate gallstones in any case. The individual with chronic gallbladder trouble should drink plenty of water, before meals, with meals, between meals.

Water with meals unnecessarily worries many valetudinarians. The invalid should be guided by his physician's advice, but normal persons may take a drink of water as cold as they like whenever they feel thirsty. A glass of cold water just before a meal tends to improve digestion, especially if one is at all thirsty. Generally the only health rule that applies is that water or other beverage should be taken as a beverage never to wash down morsels of food. Eat when you eat and drink when you drink. No dunking allowed.

The American breakfast, if it includes any ready-to-eat or home cooked cereal, is all right if there is no toast, roll, bread, cake, waffle or other carbohydrate course in addition to the dish of cereal. The breakfast is all right, if the coffee isn't ruined. If you can smell the coffee before it is served, it is spoiled—it has been permitted to boil. Breakfast isn't breakfast without coffee. Don't bother me with your silly questions about nerves.

Popular idea that hot meals are better for health than cold meals. Nothing in it. I'm telling, not arguing. Canned food fit to eat when the can is first opened is still fit to eat.

through Courtney Ryley Cooper, his closest friend outside the profession. The love of his life was Lillian Lettzel, the aerialist, killed in a fall in Copenhagen. The tragedy of her passing had overwhelmed him when a torn tendon in his shoulder ended his career, notable as the only man to be caught by a fellow trapezist after a triple somersault. A gay daredevil, the blows stunned him and he would sit for hours at the Cooper without speaking a word. Then he tried for happiness again with marriage and the management of his old act. But his efforts failed.

Charles Hanson Towne's favorite little park known as Tryon, perched high on Morningside Heights, has had success displaying an old legend in a neat sign: Let no one say And say it to your shame That all was beauty here Until you came. From the time the sign was installed, employees noticed a restraint of visitors in littering walks and lawns.

A Broadway generating ground for the wisecrack is a barber shop near the Strand theater where song writers, gag and radio script men and sundry noddies go to be tonsored. All day long it is a crackle, like cross-fire rattlepatter, from chair to chair. Among those who drop in for laughs are Major Bowes, Irving Berlin, Lou Holtz, Abe Lyman, Harry Richman and Phil Baker. No one is immune from the ribbing.

From a magazine story: The poor writer, with a sweep of his arm, brushed salt, pepper shakers and the mustard jar into his lap and what could he say? Henry Bell suggests: "My condolences to you, sir!" (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

EMIL'S MARKET 203 W. Main Hamburger, 2 lbs. 25¢ Cottage Cheese, pt. 12¢

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS ALBERT VON YAEGER, holder of several degrees from German universities and a former member of the German diplomatic service, who is visiting in Southern Oregon, spoke to a Southern Oregon service club—the other day on conditions in Europe—notably those in dictator-ruled Germany and Italy.

His picture of what happened over there, and how, was interesting because of its bearing on what MIGHT HAPPEN HERE if some of our "advanced" thinkers have their way. (Herr von Yaeger himself made no such intimation, but the thought occurred to many of his hearers.)

HITLER and Mussolini (he said) were able to seize dictatorial power because conditions in Germany and Italy got so bad they couldn't get any worse, and people hoped that under a dictator they MIGHT GET BETTER.

BOTH Hitler and Mussolini (he added) have HELD their power because of an unusual combination of magnetic personal charm, shrewd understanding of human motives and an uncanny ability to "handle" people. (Besides, Herr von Yaeger said, both Hitler and Mussolini actually have IMPROVED conditions in Germany and Italy got so bad they of EVERY PERSON'S LIFE toward the objective of advancing the welfare of the STATE has borne fruit.)

YOU will answer, of course, that IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE. At present, to be sure, it can't. But suppose that increasing restrictions and pyramiding taxes shake the confidence of employers in the future of America. Suppose that prices, climbing the inflation spiral, advance faster than wages, so that working people are worse off each year than they were the year before. If that went on LONG ENOUGH, the time would come when conditions here in America would appear to be so bad they could become no worse.

Who knows what might happen then? IT IS an unpleasant thought. Perhaps it is an ABSURD thought. God knows, every good American hopes so.

But what MIGHT HAPPEN if present trends and tendencies and ambitions go on unchecked is back of the stiff-

ening determination of congress to reassert itself and resume its rightful place in the American system of government?

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 20, 1927 (It was Friday) Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Hogan have returned from a trip to New York City and Texas.

Forest service reports six fires set in Evans Creek district today. Pear picking in full blast in Table Rock district. Second cutting of alfalfa under way in the Applegate district.

Last week of Sacco and Vanzetti to escape electric chair fades when U. S. supreme court denies appeal. Al Smith leading Democratic candidate for presidential nomination in 1928. Republican national chairman declares: "Appeal to class hatreds shows weakness of Bourbonism."

Judge James Alger Fee of Pendleton is sitting on local circuit court bench. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 20, 1917 (It was Monday) Alex Sparrow is named Crater Lake park superintendent.

Extend Utility Option. PORTLAND, Aug. 20. — (AP) — A three-hour public hearing brought a decision by the Portland city council to extend the city's option on the properties of the Northwestern Electric company for 10 years. Under an agreement to be drawn up by the city attorney, the city may take up the option at any time.

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Allies open attack along entire western front. Drafting of war profits urged by Senator Hiram Johnson. Greatest potato crop in years makes up for wheat shortage in the land. Leon B. Haskins and T. E. Daniels returned home last night from what was intended to be a several days' deer hunt near Prospect. Friday afternoon, while they were bathing in Mill creek, Mr. Daniels suffered a painful injury by running a snag into his foot. He is sitting at home today with his foot on a pillow. After reaching Prospect they learned that the deer in that region are in the burns of the recent forest fires and so they decided to fish instead of hunt.

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