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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.  
 Congress has adjourned, leaving the Democratic party split from Gehenna to breakfast, and half way back again. Nothing gets any madder than a Democrat at one of his own political ilk, and the pain in the necks extend from the White House to the precinct committeeman of the most mountainous precinct of Jackson county. The November mandate called for nothing like this. The more dependent disciples of the New Deal have smashed their photographic records of "Happy Days Are Here Again," and are trying to sever their jugular veins with the jagged pieces thereof.  
 The great golfers have come and gone, leaving many local addicts agog, and so enraptured they mow the lawn the first time the wife commands it.  
 The Department of Agriculture has determined, in response to inquiry, that the tails of pigs, mostly to the left, would like to know which side of the pig's mouth the squeal emerges when slaughtered to establish "planned plenty."

**THE QUIANT OLD WEST.**  
 (LaGrande Observer)  
 "Early this afternoon people in and around the Sacajawea hotel had a rather excited time and so did a shouting high-spirited crowd that had gathered a ways from his usual haunts. The steer, somewhat ruffled at all the attention he was creating, tried to get into the hotel, but the crowds shooed him away. Although he leaned against the big windows twice, they did not break—although they gave way quite a little. Finally, after the steer had been driven farther down Adams avenue, the police came to the rescue."  
 Robert Taylor, a fascinating cause of the movies, called for Europe Saturday, and 2000 women squealed and fainted, and the hat men knocked on straight, in a feminine riot on the dock. If a group of males acted the same way, the police would allege they were drunk. One enraptured female, whose hand was squeezed by the he-beauty, announced she "would never again wash that hand." It needs a soaking in dishwater.  
 Shanghai reports indicate the Chinese are gaining victories over the Japanese, even if they don't know what they are shooting at.  
 A Nevada ball game with a member of the legislature as the umpire, ended in a riot. Details are lacking, but it was probably due to the soon making a speech every time he called a strike.  
 A Nebraska resident who found a wallet containing \$3000, and returned it promptly to the owner, is now suing for possession. The time to start an argument in such cases is at the time of discovery, when the law of finders keepers, is in full force and effect.

**THE FAIR SEX—SOMETIMES.**  
 (Chico (Calif.) Enterprise)  
 "Dear Miss Chatfield:  
 My girl has played fast and loose, with me for a year. I bet she has told me a thousand lies in that time. Yet in spite of it all, I love her and can't help it. Could you give a guy a little encouragement?  
 Jack"  
 "Sunday was quiet, but while sitting in the garden of our friends' home a shell exploded nearby."  
 (Press Dispatch)—It was so quiet, one could hear a bomb explode.  
 The incident in France, whereby John, the president's son, washed the Mayor's famous face in champagne, and returned a 4-pound bouquet of his neck, has been officially pushed. The young man was just enjoying the more abundant life, and the fullness thereof.

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### Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Aug. 19.—To most of us a trip to Europe is something of an event. Not so with the average New Yorker, nor to William van Hoogstraten, conductor of the Portland Philharmonic orchestra. Mr. van H. sailed on the Aquitania yesterday for a visit with his daughter in Holland and a motor trip through Italy, Germany and Switzerland. To him a trip to Europe is no more of an event, than taking Rosey's "cannonball" from Medford to Portland, to see a football game,—or something.

Night before last four members of the Medford delegation took a trip up to darkest Harlem. We visited Father Divine's church, but found it closed and a group of "angels" engaged in removing the furniture and fixtures. All has not been ambrosia and nectar in Father Divine's "heaven" of late. There have been such vulgar and mundane notes of discord in the celestial harmony, as damage suits, indictments, and receiverships. We couldn't find out where "heaven" is to be moved, but we surmise out of New York's legal jurisdiction, somewhere.

It was a hot night, and Harlem's "Broadway" was crowded, from steps to curb, with a slow moving mass of dusky humanity,—all shades, all sizes, all ages out for a breath of air. The watermelon dealers were enjoying a brisk trade, as were the stands offering ice cream, at two-bits a pint. The ladies of the party adored the scantly clad little pickanninies. We didn't believe that on such a night there would be much to see at the Savoy "400" club, but decided to take a chance.

Admission was 50 cents, dancing on the second floor, the hat check stand in the basement. There were show cases en route, exhibiting men's dress suits and ladies' dancing frocks, for rent, but as far as we observed no customers. We decided to conserve what energy we had, and passing up the hat check stall in the basement, proceeded at once to the ball room.

The hour was about ten-thirty, and the temperature, as indicated, hot enough to melt a celluloid collar. But the "swing" band was in action and there were 20 or 30 couples on the huge floor, executing various interpretations of the "Lindy hop." A majority were colored, but there were half a dozen pure whites, while the spectators were practically all from down town,—at groups around the tables, sipping cool drinks, and apparently enjoying the spectacle.

We took a table at the end of the hall and ordered beer,—one of the lady members of the party, immediately entering the spirit of the occasion asking for "DARK beer." But no dark beer was to be had, so she had to be content with pale amber.

The Lindy hop is well named—we don't believe Lindbergh himself could execute an aerial maneuver, that wasn't duplicated on that floor, before we departed shortly after midnight. As the evening progressed the crowd on the floor grew larger and larger, the dancing more and more spirited and bizarre, and one swing band was replaced by another, and now and then, both bands banged and blared and gyrated together.

We left with a greater respect for the colored race, than we had before. There was nothing offensive, or even rowdy about the dancing that was put on by the colored girls and boys. It was violent, that's all. Just how they could go on and on in that atmosphere without collapsing, is a mystery, but they did. And not all of them were young either. Certainly the Harlem black belt has plenty of physical stamina. None on that floor could be training on cigars and gin!

And how they enjoyed themselves, how impersonally and completely they gave themselves up to the dance. When that music started—well they just couldn't keep still. That was the spirit of the place as far as the assembled Africans were concerned. (We couldn't say as much of the few Caucasians, who danced cheek by jowl, and made feeble attempts at something more primitive from time to time.)

### 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 PAY FOR TESTIMONIALS?**  
 Vague recollection we used to hear about "unsolicited testimonials." Not in recent years, however, for that quaint idea has been drowned out by the shouting of the professional testimonial. Your column, doing more to educate people against their most formidable enemy, health ignorance, than you can possibly realize. . . .

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**  
 Cryp-torchidism  
 Just learned that my 10-year-old son has undescended testicle. Recall you had article telling of successful glandular treatment for this developmental fault. (S. B. H.)  
 Answer.—Any good doctor can give the child a series of injections of anterior pituitary-like hormone, which will probably correct fault.

**Girls Are Taller Today**  
 I am 5 feet 7 1/2 inches tall, 23 years old. I have grown an inch in the last seven or eight months. I think I am too tall for a girl. Common belief is that people stop growing at the age of 21 years. Has my diet anything to do with it? I have indulged in much cheese, ice cream and milk, in the effort to put on weight, also a great deal of greens. Or would you blame it all on glands? (Miss J. G.)  
 Answer.—Growth in stature may continue until the age of 25 years, though after 18 or 19 the average increase in height is usually less than an inch. Measurements of college women recorded for many years indicate that girls today are an inch or two taller than the average height of girls 20 or 30 years ago. Whether the explanation of this increased stature is a question of nutrition or ductless gland function or climate or heredity, is conjectural.

**Chromium Plated Ware**  
 Since reading in my son's chemistry text-book that lead is used in chromium plating I am afraid to use some chromium plated kitchen utensils. (Mrs. H. V. A.)  
 Answer.—No hazard involved. Kitchen utensils or cooking utensils or iron, tin, enamel ware, stainless steel, aluminum, chromium, plated, nickel-plated, silver-plated, or copper ware, are perfectly safe.  
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**NEW YORK**  
 Day by Day  
 by O. O. McIntyre  
 NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—Diary: A note from Lowell Thomas for me to pitch for his team at Pawling when the writers play the Washington correspondents.  
 But my round-trip out course is not what it used to be. A matter scored, too, from Burton Rascoe, roaming the western plains.  
 Came a hail dozen ties from Charles in Paris, but without a card but I suspect Charles G. Norris, so bedecking myself in one of autumnal russet and off with my lady to Esther and Bruce Barton's for Bruce's birthday party, and to Mary Armstrong's jam shop for some preserved cherries.  
 So at dusk driving to Mrs. Madeline McGilone's on Pelham Park, one, as Mr. G. as a puppy, ten years old and blind. Such a wretch I was in a dolor. And we remembered passing the Claremont we had not dined, but hearing jazz music, on home to the ice box.

One thinks of Ted Healy with his slouchy walk, rowdy twinkle and sloppy outburst as the roughest of hard guys. Especially when he hauls off and steps his stoozes a prawn pink, yet there are few with a more practiced eye for beautiful things in life. Now and then he goes on a flower binge, sending exquisite and personally selected posties to those he likes. He is also a frequent visitor to the galleries, standing enchanted before some canvas that has caught his eye. He is an astute judge of the paintings. In New York and Hollywood he often sneaks off by himself to watch a singer, like some particular vantage. A newspaperman caught him one evening drinking in the beauty of a day's diving splendor over the Palisades. He was asked what he was doing. "Just a mugg musing," he replied.

Clowns from Pagliacci down have always had their pensive moments. Crook, the famous European mime, is never happier than when spending in his garden. Toto, at the Hippodrome, used to sit on the fire escape in the evening to watch the sun in dying splendor. Slivers like to sit on the battery wall and look out to sea. And Jimmy Savo is a frequent visitor to the Empire tower to watch the scatter of stars.

Personal nomination for the ninth, ninth time of the recent hot crop "It Looks Like Rain in Cherry Blossom Lane."  
 Walter Chrysler, Jr. has become one of the discriminating younger gourmets. Someone refers to him as "The Boy Frank Crowninshield." His dinner parties at home and in the cafes are models of Epicurean selection. He gives small parties, but in profusion. The late Ernest Cerutti, who knew foods as well as anyone of his day, said that a dinner with more than 12 diners became unmanageable for everybody, including host, waiters and chefs. He thought it

correct number should be eight. And there was the conclusion of that trencherman, Count Boni de Castellino, who thought no dinner could be well eaten with more than one guest. And even then there should be no conversation. It is true that many of the most celebrated lovers of food liked to dine alone. Diamond Jim Brady entertained extensively, but several times a week would square off to himself and lick the platter clean. Cesare Riva, the hotel man, always had one luncheon and one dinner each week with no one present save the servers. Those were the meals he enjoyed most.  
 Bagatelle: "Around the Corner," by Charles Hanson Towne, is King Alfonso's favorite American poem. Ernest Hemingway, after starting a novel, tries to write one chapter a week. . . . The first thing Jascha Heifetz does on awakening is to see that his violin is safe. . . . A special truck awaits to carry perishable gifts to hospitals after Major Bowes broadcasts. . . . Ed Swayer, crack advertising man, can't stay awake in airplanes, which he uses almost constantly.  
 Nothing so completely swamps me as to be announced by a butler at one of those formal dinners. It has happened twice and each time when I stepped forward I expected to do either a split on the polished floor or hook off foot in the evening mouth of a Polar bear rug. So a friend dropping by today has rare medicine. Last night, so announced at one of the stiff affairs, he got half way across the floor and let go a lulu of a hiccup.  
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### Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.  
 PORTLAND has a labor dispute in the lumber industry. It isn't the old-fashioned kind, between employer and employee. It follows the new fashion, which has sprung up since the Wagner labor relations act became a law.

The row is between the AFL and the CIO (rival labor organizations), with the employers looking on as helpless bystanders.  
 THE national labor relations board, operating under the Wagner labor relations act, offered its "assistance" in settling the dispute. It received this answer from Abe Muir, vice-president of the AFL carpenters' international union:  
 "The Brotherhood of carpenters has had two cases before the regional (labor relations) board, at Onalaska and at Omak, and in two years the board has yet to show it has offered labor any relief.  
 "Compared to the no-benefits the board has given labor it has given the employers also nothing but embarrassment. We don't want ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT. We will straighten out our own affairs."

THE Wagner labor relations act has been in operation somewhat over two years. It has never had the confidence of employers, for it has been partially anti-employer from the beginning.  
 We now have the word of Abe Muir for it that the national labor relations (Wagner act) board has lost the confidence of a considerable element of labor.

IN these two years of operation under the Wagner act, the labor situation has gone from bad to worse. It has now reached the point where no employer knows at any moment whether he will be permitted to operate for more than a week and where no WORKER knows whether he will HAVE A JOB more than a week.  
 The result is fear of the future on the part of both employers and workers. Fear of the future is another term for lack of confidence. Lack of confidence has always been the predecessor of hard times.

THE opinion is growing that the Wagner labor relations act has made a mess of industry. But, instead of profiting by the mistakes that have been made, we seem to be getting ready to step on into NEW AND MORE DRASTIC regulation of labor and industry by means of the Black-Connelly wages and hours bill which will give to another government board more power over the lives and fortunes of both workers and employers than any set of men ever had in this country before.  
 This writer can't escape the conviction that we would do better to go SLOWER in that direction, rather than faster.

Bunker Hill monument was begun in 1827 and finished in 1842, after a discontinuance of the work for lack of funds.  
 H. C. FRYMAN, Proprietor  
 R. H. WAGENER, Manager

### Behind Washington Headlines

By H. R. Baukhage  
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 (Continued from Page One)

realized that he was bawling out his "other self." A laugh would end what might have been a painful situation.  
 So when that framed document comes down from his wall in the executive offices upon which the president "caused the seal of the United States to be affixed" while "reposing special trust and confidence" in one Stephen Early, it will be a moment of mixed emotions for its owner.

If congress shuddered when it witnessed that bid, if affectionate, piece of nepotism, the appointment to the senate of Mrs. Dixie Bibb Graves by her husband, the governor of Alabama, its own face may well have turned red at the same moment. For not in forty years has a congress made such efforts to advance the spoils system, break down the plan for "merit" selection of civil servants.

So far, no trade civil service reformer has added up the number of jobs removed from the classified civil service by legislation passed this session.  
 But at least 130 bills were introduced—many of them passed—providing for complete exemption from the classified civil service of the personnel which would be required when and if they became operative.  
 For no known reason, the CCC clerical workers, the positions under the new housing authority and two disaster relief organizations were notable examples.

In the face of this deluge of protective patronage, a new civil service commissioner, with strong "reform" tendencies, has been appointed. He is Samuel Ordway, Jr., who has served on the council of the civil service reform league and has been a civil service commissioner in New York. He may raise Cain, but there isn't much he can accomplish of a practical nature alone, even with the unanimous support of the commission.  
 On the wall in a neat three-story office just off Washington's fashionable office district hangs a map.

Across its surface, stretching from the Pacific coast and the middle west are traced ominous red lines. They are the routes by which thousands of unemployed have moved on Washington under the auspices of the Workers' Alliance.  
 No housing facilities have been provided by the promoter of the cavalcade. No food. For nights they have slept on cots beside the Washington monument. Comfortable enough if it doesn't rain.  
 The first delegation was made up of cripples. They had no place to sleep and David Niles, assistant WPA administrator, offered to pay from his own pocket for their accommodation in the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. He was informed, according to a WPA official, that his help wasn't acceptable because "it would spoil the publicity campaign."

**Flight 'o Time**  
 Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 16 and 29 years ago.

**TEN YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 August 23, 1927  
 (It was Monday)  
 Navy search of the sea finds no trace of lost Hawaiian fliers. Air derby is costly in lives and gold.  
 Government seeks 2000 settlers for reclaimed Oregon lands under the Owyhee project.  
 County court serves notice it will provide no cash or gas for stranded tourists.  
 John C. Mann appeared in the Old Hat parade with a plush plug hat of the 1890 vintage.  
 Grange hall at Eagle Point is completed.  
 Local Red Cross packs Christmas bags for foreign lands.  
 Cows that have pastured on the landing field for planes at the county fair grounds ordered tied up.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 August 23, 1917  
 (It was Thursday)  
 Talent district votes \$500,000 irrigation bonds.  
 Merl Merriman, 16, is home for a short furlough. He is enlisted in the army.  
 City council to take action to curb attempt to raise wood prices.  
 Glenn O. Taylor returns from a vacation in California.  
 O. and C. land grant counties to accept overdue taxes.  
 Highway up Oregon and California coasts pledged by both states.  
 Shortage of fruit boxes menaces local fruit crop.

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