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**Ye Smudge Pot**  
 By Arthur Perry.  
 High Japanese military heads, serene in soft-cushioned swivel chairs at mahogany desks, and safe in the marble walls of Tokyo, announce a Japanese aviator, in a fiery plane over Shanghai, "plunged to a glorious death." It must have been nice of the aviator to record in the archives of the "undeclassified war" that he "plunged to a glorious death." When the burned and twisted wreckage of his plane cooled, they looked for some clue to his identity—a button... a bronze medal, over which to hold the last rites. Mayhap, midway of the earthward plunge of the aviator in a swift flash of thought, realized the cherry blossoms of Nippon would never again bloom for him. He may have wished that he, too, was serene in soft-cushioned swivel chairs at mahogany desks, and safe in the marble halls of Tokyo. He "plunged to a glorious death." The war department of his native land registers an official sob—and, plans more "plunges to a glorious death."  
 A disciple of John L. Lewis, newborn ambition to be President, and form a third party has shown up locally. This is the ninth time he has aimed at the postmaster's chair.  
 Klamath county has declared war on the Chicomoucti Utochensis. This rhetorical cataclysm is an insect generally known as "midges," or nose-ems.  
**IT'S A GIFT.**  
 (New York Herald-Tribune)  
 President Roosevelt has never seriously practiced law, has never had practical experience in finance, economics, banking, merchandising, business, agriculture, international diplomacy. In our specialist era the great majority of the American people, following the example in Russia, Italy and Germany, are still delighted to turn over to the president's hands absolute powers in many varied directions, with no safeguards of check, audit or veto. They rely on him for the wisest judgment in all fields, though he can spend daily but a few hurried minutes on each subject to which others have given their whole lives.  
 The human jackal who slew and ravished three Inglewood, Calif., girls of tender years last June, is doomed to hang—a fate mild in comparison to his ghastly deed. However, a Los Angeles jury deliberated 72 hours, before it could steel its nerves to make this just recommendation. They should have returned in almost that many seconds. The delay was due chiefly to sentimental bullheadedness. The defendant came along to demonstrate a new technique in thwarting justice, viz: confess, and then look sad, and under-privileged.  
 The farmers better hurry up and get in their hay, as Delroy Gutchell, the banker-poet has written a poem, asking for rain to make the dogwood trees blossom anew, ere Autumn frosts their mantle cast.  
 "The female yelling contest, is open to any woman, married or single. It is scheduled to take place Friday afternoon." (Salem Statesman)—Any way, it will be change from the plethora of Democratic picnics.  
 It turned off chilly, suggesting a low temperature for the open-air wrestling entertainment. Men and boys, if it gets any colder than the last time, some chattering spectator is apt to leap into the arena, and take a grapples' red tights away from him.  
 Constable Nicholas Young last week made his annual trip to Huckleberry Mt. and served a ten-pound land pig on the huckleberries.  
 Thousands of Americans strain at the bit, to mix in the Sino-Japan war, which is none of their specific business. If America was at war, they would be firm for peace, and singing "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be a Soldier."

### Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Back again,—sore at the New Haven railroad. The train so crowded we couldn't get seats, in the same car, and then had to get tough to find parking space anywhere. No help from the brakeman, who seemed to resent our intrusion with so many bags, and left us to our own devices. Plenty of seats occupied by luggage but the brakery refused to order them cleared, and we had to mill through the entire train before we finally edged in four single seats in THREE separate coaches, and had to ride all the way to New York backwards. Two headaches and four dispositions ruined as a result, before we finally landed at the Penn station. Why DO they have brakemen on passenger trains anyway!

Between three and four hundred people on the train, and ONE diner! To get anything to eat, was reduced to a question of the survival of the fittest, and after standing in line, for close to an hour, we decided to abandon the struggle, which didn't help the situation any. Too bad the S. P. doesn't own the New Haven, what a nice song and dance we would give Rosey!

A pleasant faced elderly couple across the aisle from us had the right idea. They got on at Boston, and brought a box-luncheon with them—hard boiled eggs, and ham sandwiches, which they consumed at their leisure. Opposite them, riding backwards was a well dressed youth, with a heavy sea-shore tan, bound no doubt as a sub-freshman, for New Haven. He ate chocolate bars and read a bound volume of "Funnies". The man offered him a sandwich, but he declined, with a cold aloofness which suggested he was starting his undergraduate life, in the proper collegiate manner. After the couple had finished their lunch, they bought coffee, of the peripatetic news chopper, and then "grandpa" produced a little package of tissue paper from his pocket, unrolled it, carefully, gave the wife a couple of sugar mints, took two himself, and they both snoozed contentedly until the train crossed the Harlem river!

A very different New York from the one we left a few days ago. Raining hard, gutters miniature rivers, the streets from above, a sea of glistening taxi-cab tops and umbrellas. But cooler—very much cooler. Thank God!

Accepted an invitation to visit the Union Settlement on the Upper East Side, near 104th street. An old fashioned hulk of a building, with four flights of stairs to climb to the gym, where a dance and pageant were in progress. Again all ages, all colors, milling shoulder to shoulder about the floor, and a swing band doing its DAMNDEST.  
 A dark faced young man in a white turban, and wielding a large magnifying glass was reading palms; swarthy girls, in gym trunks and yellow jackets were selling ice cream, pears and apples; and during a lull in the dancing, some folk dances were put on. Very well done, too. In fact everyone seemed to be having a good time except ourselves. Frankly we were glad to get out in the rain and fresh air again. We just don't like "SETTLEMENTS."

Many years ago they had a crazy game in England called "Beaver." If you spied a man with whiskers you yelled "Beaver!", and added another point to your score.  
 One might put on a similar game here in New York but instead of looking for whiskered faces, try to pick out HAPPY ones. One could tramp about this place from sunrise to sundown and not find half a dozen. Plenty of handsome ones, pretty ones; strong ones, weak ones; healthy ones, ill ones; fat ones, thin ones; hard ones, soft ones; sordid ones, mean ones; shrewd ones, dumb ones,—but darned few HAPPY ones! It is a most interesting, stimulating and amazing place, but not a place where happiness reigns,—at least as far as the downtown "sidewalks of New York" are concerned. For real happiness you must go elsewhere.

Robert Taylor dropped in town the other day and as usual was mobbed by the gals wherever he went. For many months that bird has been one of our pet aversions, but have just talked with a newspaper man who met him, and maintains he isn't so bad after all. Can't act, and admits it; doesn't like the matinee idol role, but is smart enough to cash in on it and really has a sense of humor. We question that last item, for if he had a sense of humor, how COULD he keep from laughing himself to death? But we admit, his interviews in the local press, indicate he is a pretty sensible and decent sort, and he would behave no doubt like a human being if the female of the species would give him half a chance.

Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence prevails in the New York courts but nowhere else. In the city as a whole, there is no assumption of innocence—in fact quite the reverse. Everyone is assumed to be a crook, and you are going to be treated like a crook unless you can produce evidence that you aren't.  
 Par example: Went up to 210 East 65th a few hours ago on instructions from a daughter, who told us to get something in her apartment. How could we get in? Why just explain to the elevator boy and he would let us in. We explained to the elevator boy, he referred us to the "key clerk," the "key clerk" referred us to the manager who turned us over to his lady secretary—who eyed us coldly from head to foot—and decided we were Bald-Jack-Rose or Gyp-the-Blood trying to put over a fast one.

What proof had we, we were the young lady's father, and if we were, how did she know the young lady wished to have her father enter her apartment! Plenty of young ladies in New York who aren't on speaking terms with their fathers (and good reason not to be!) And anyway it was against the house rules,—and house rules were house rules.

An identification card made no difference, nor ingratiating smiles and feeble attempts at banter—"old stuff" to that hard-boiled gal.  
 "Get an order from Miss R. or get out!"—that was the final word. So finally we secured daughter on the phone and Miss Hellkat, after asking more questions than an immigration officer, reluctantly passed over the key, and up we went.

Sounds silly, perhaps, to the boys and girls in the "wide open spaces," but it's a darned good rule to follow in this man's town,—the longer you stay here the more strongly you favor it,—even if it does HURT!  
 R. W. R.

### REHABILITATION LOANS GOOD RISK

PORTLAND, Aug. 27.—(AP)—The 8,000 persons receiving rural rehabilitation loans in Oregon, Washington and Idaho have proved good risks, more than 80 percent of the maturities having been repaid, Walter A. Duffy, regional director of the re-education administration, said today.  
 Of the \$4,076,000 loaned to borrowers unable to secure commercial credit for needed supplies and equipment during the 1933-36 crop years, \$1,226,100 has been repaid, Duffy said. Most of the loans were for periods of from three to five years.

He reported eight involuntary and 67 voluntary repossessions and four abandonments.  
 An additional \$3,283,700 has been loaned for the 1937 crop year with the first maturities due late this fall.  
 Duffy announced receipts of rehabilitation funds for the 1937-38 crop years, to be available in the counties September 1. Oregon and Idaho were each allotted \$100,000, and Washington \$150,000.  
**Weather.**  
 Northern California: Fair tonight, Saturday and Sunday, but local fogs on the coast; high temperature in the interior; gentle northwest wind off the coast.  
 Oregon: Fair tonight and Saturday, with local morning fogs on the coast; warmer in the interior Saturday; gentle northwest wind off the coast.  
 As a police reporter for a number of years, I never saw a really

### 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.

#### FOOT ITCH AGAIN

Trench foot, athlete's foot, foot itch, ringworm, trichophytosis, dermatomycosis, tinea, was one of the most common subjects of inquiry a few years ago. Now days go by without an inquiry about this condition. I infer that people are avoiding exposure by taking the trouble to wear slippers or other foot covering when walking about the floor of swimming pool places, gymnasiums, hotel rooms, bath establishments or when walking on the ground at beaches or wherever people go barefoot. Probably the general practice of requiring patrons of such places to slip into foot coverings of one or another parasiticide or fungicidal solution has helped to reduce the prevalence of foot itch.  
 The condition is due to the growth of a fungus in the skin. This fungus is present in fine scales that drop off from the affected skin. The scales readily convey the fungus to the skin of the next person to tread on the spot barefoot.

The fungus may live in the lining of the shoe or in the stocking for days, weeks or months in foot coverings. Whenever any treatment is applied for the relief or cure of foot itch, it is necessary to treat the linings of all shoes that have been worn since contracting the disease. If this is not done, reinfection is quite likely. Reinfection may occur when shoes are worn again after an interval of several months—say some white shoes put away at the end of a summer season and worn again the next season.

One good fungicide for the lining of shoes is plain gasoline (not fancy stuff). Pour an ounce or two in each shoe, swish it about to moisten the whole lining of the toes particularly, and drain it into the next shoe, and then set the shoes in an open air place to dry.  
 Another good fungicide, which is also excellent for correcting foul odor when there is excessive sweating of the feet, is formaldehyde. Formaldehyde is a strong stuff and will burn and irritate the skin if applied undiluted. The standard Formaldehyde Solution (Liquor Formaldehydum) contains about 37 percent of formaldehyde, is a strong germicide, disinfectant and preservative. One ounce

of this standard formaldehyde solution may be diluted with four to eight ounces of water and thus diluted it may be applied to the soles of the feet once or twice a week, and allowed to dry. An ounce or two of the diluted formaldehyde solution may be poured in each shoe and swished around to moisten the insole and the lining of the toe, then drained into the next shoe. After this, both the shoes should be allowed to dry in open air at least 24 hours before they are worn again. Formaldehyde does not injure cloth, fabric, leather or color. It has a characteristic odor which disappears with drying.  
 The treatment of foot itch or athlete's foot is dealt with in detail in a monograph any reader may have on request. Enclose a three-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

**Psoriasis.**  
 Please give some suggestions for psoriasis. I have had it for about 15 years and sometimes it seems almost cleared up, but always comes back.—(T. S. B.)  
 Answer—Best suggestions I can offer are: (1) Sunbaths; (2) Large daily ration of vitamin D; (3) Diet to include plenty of fruits, nuts and fresh vegetables, milk and all kinds of cheese; (4) In certain cases where metabolism is slow, medication with ductless gland hormones supervised by the physician; (5) Light x-ray treatments by skilled radiologist.  
**Lime Water.**  
 Is lime water helpful for the preservation of the teeth? If so, how is it taken? My hair is slowly receding and my teeth do me considerable trouble.—(H. C. D.)  
 Answer—More lime in a quart of milk or an ordinary helping of cheese or a plate of beans or a generous dish of cole slaw than there is in a quart of lime water. Food lime (calcium) more likely to be assimilable than the lime in lime water. Adequate calcium assimilation essential for good teeth. Adequate daily intake of vitamin D essential for calcium utilization. Aside from supplementing vitamin-poor diet with a vitamin D concentrate, you can generate some vitamin D for your own by exposing naked body to direct sunlight daily. (Copyright, 1937, John P. Dille Co.)

#### NEW YORK Day by Day

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—Thoughts while strolling: For one of Alva Johnston's searching profiles: Harp Scope. No athlete so modest as the tennis stars. Dick Berlin's car R. B. 6. Those spic and span cadets down from West Point.  
 Rhyme: Mervyn LeRoy seems just a little boy. Overboard: "Look at that pup, one word from me and he does as he pleases." Don Ameche sounds like stepping on a squeak ball. Treetop wide apart celebrities: Harry L. Doberly and Harold Ross. Burns Mantle suggests the gentle curate more than critic.  
 Memory: Unhooking the hammock during a sudden shower. In a two-way hat, Joe Bryan III would make a dandy Sherlock Holmes. And Max Gordon standing homeless before the corner cigar store would look like a Bucky skinned, he bounds. And Gene

But add up all the walks and you have nothing to compare to the rowdy powdy swagger of Hope Williams. Ambition of every rookie cop: To sing like Nick Kenny's discovery, Phil Regan. Never pass Luchow's without thinking of James Gibbons Hunter. And H. L. Mencken.  
 Joe Louis could do all right with a Cafe in Harlem when he hangs up the gloves. If there's such a thing as a trencherwoman, Lola Long is one. The flip talkers overworked catch line: "Don't let it throw you!" But best of all was their: "Is everything under control?"

Adela Rogers St. Johns has a German Shepherd dog that is carrying on an old school sort of companionship with a neighbor's Chesapeake setter at her estate at Great Neck, L. I. Every other day they exchange formal afternoon calls, sitting about awhile politely, perhaps playing a bit and then stretching out for naps.  
 On especially hot days they trot down to the Sound together for a swim. Their visits are always alternate—not once has one gone to visit the other twice in succession. Formally, no end.

Few New York police commissioners have been so thoroughly hated by the underworld as the present incumbent, Edward Valentine. And the hatred is mutual. The commissioner is unable to conceal his scorn and contempt for old offenders or those who try to evade the law by hiring high-priced lawyers. When such crooks are brought before him, he shows them no courtesy whatever, and if they show any inclination to talk back he can scarpely restrain himself from hopping up from his desk and swinging a few from the ankle.  
 As a police reporter for a number of years, I never saw a really

### Robert Taylor Scared By Throngs of Women After Kisses, Buttons

By FRANK JENKINS  
**SENATOR GUFFEY OF PENNSYLVANIA.**  
 In a speech delivered the other day, read out of the Democratic party the senator who fought against and voted against the Roosevelt scheme to make a rubber stamp of the supreme court.  
 Then he made this remarkable statement:  
 "I was elected to the United States senate in 1934 because I assured the voters of Pennsylvania that it was my intention to support loyally and without wavering the program of the chief executive (President Roosevelt)."  
 In other words, everything that Roosevelt wants Guffey is pledged to vote for. No questioning. No debate. No consulting with his people back home. No independent opinions.  
 Just faithfully taking orders. Whatever the President wants, Guffey is ready to put his rubber stamp on.  
 THIS question immediately arises: If he is to have no mind of his own, but is merely to bark admiringly and wag his tail whenever the master speaks, why doesn't he RESIGN and save the taxpayers \$10,000 a year and perquisites?  
 Why pay a senator \$10,000 a year to say "yes" when a parrot can be taught to do it for nothing?

As a result of having too many yes-men in congress during the past four years, the national debt has just climbed above the 37 BILLION DOLLAR level, which represents a debt for every person in the country of about \$285.  
 If you have a wife and two children, which is approximately the normal family, YOUR SHARE of the national debt is \$1140.  
 DON'T let the politicians tell you that you'll never pay this debt, or any part of it—that the big shots will have to pay it all.  
 You're helping to pay it RIGHT NOW in the form of higher prices for everything you buy.  
 You'll GO ON helping to pay it.  
 DEBT has to be paid or it has to be REPUDEDIATED, and when it comes to paying, EVERYBODY has to help.

One thing that congress will probably be asked to settle is the question of the down payment which owners have to make on new ships bought with the assistance of the government. They now have to put up 25 percent of the domestic cost. Since most of the lines claim to be broke, their officials want to pay 25 percent based on foreign cost figures, which, of course, would be much lower.  
 A second and far knottier problem congress may not even dare tackle. Needless to say, it's the labor question, specifically, the responsibility of the commission, under the existing act, for setting the minimum wage of maritime workers and the manning of ships.  
 "The nation has a stake in our maritime industry," says Mr. Kennedy, "which transcends the claims of labor or capital."  
 But try to translate that into legislation these days!  
 Mr. Kennedy's sentiment might be interpreted: Let the commission arbitrarily fix wages.  
 As it is, the unions object to the raising of even a minimum wage because they say it might be considered as the maximum as well. If they didn't like it, they'd have to strike. If they struck, the public (and the operators) would say, "See here, the government put in a lot of time and studying deciding on this wage. It must be reasonable."  
 On the other hand, the operators have no objection to a minimum wage, but they want it set at the present prevailing wage. They say that if the workers don't like it, they can settle the question through collective bargaining. Of course, the ship owners aren't greatly concerned on the point, since the government would have to make up the wage differential anyhow, in the long run. But they don't want to raise the standard of payment which their unsubsidized colleagues might have to meet.  
 To accept the dictum of the owners on this point would be fine fuel for the C.I.O.-A.F. of L. war, which has already been injected into the commission's affairs.  
 The "prevailing wage," perpetuated by contracts agreed to by the seamen's union (A.F. of L.), has been the cause of much dissatisfaction in the union's ranks and has created new recruits for C.I.O.  
 But the final disposition of these controversial and other matters Mr. Kennedy will probably leave with his successor. After all, his job was to see the merchant marine blue printed—not christened, launched and floated the seven seas.

Pressure on the president to sign the sugar bill establishing quotas for importation from outside the American mainland reached one of the all-time highs in lobbying.  
 The gentle squeeze came from all directions.  
 Senator Elmer Scudder from Louisiana had a job for the sugar folk in his state. He went from one senator to another and leaned over their shoulders until they called the White House and made pleas for the bill.  
 The lobby even managed to reach up into those higher realms of foreign relations. They managed to get enough votes to hold up ratification of the sugar treaty signed by Norman Davis after long and patient negotiation at the London international conference. The president wants this treaty approved. He was told that he could get it. It—  
 See Mail Tribune want ads.

**Behind Washington Headlines**  
 By H. R. Baukhage  
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 (Continued from Page One)  
 TEN YEARS AGO TODAY  
 August 27, 1927.  
 (It was Friday.)  
 Official premium list for Jackson county fair published.  
 Prospect bright for stockmen for coming five years, state livestock leaders say.  
 City water is purity itself tests reveal.  
 Equipment set up in children's playground.  
 Booster ribbons for Jubilee arrive. None to be exempt from wearing one.  
 Search for flier en route to Brazil starts. Paul Roderfer thought forced down in Central American jungles.  
 Bobby Jones, Jr., wins national golf title.  
 Flowers cast upon the Pacific for lost Hawaiian fliers.  
 TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 August 27, 1917.  
 (It was Monday.)  
 Italians drive Austrians back on the Isonzo; heavy fighting continues in Flanders and at Verdun on the western front.  
 Water for irrigation is held greatest need of valley by orchardists.  
 Fear season in full blast with many packing houses working night and day.  
 Japan to seek recognition as a world power.  
 Dave Rosenberg dropped the sheep business Saturday long enough to come in from his river ranch to spend the week-end, and for relaxation this morning began to tell how great catches of fish are being made at high banks about two miles below the Bybee bridge. He says that recently one of the Force boys caught a 40-pound salmon there, the largest fish of the season in this district.  
 Motorcycle cop on highway to arrest glaring headlight offenders.  
 SHOT FATAL FOR DEPUTY MARSHAL  
 PORTLAND, Aug. 27.—(AP)—Maurice (Nick) DeLong, former deputy United States marshal, died in a Portland hospital last night from a bullet wound in the abdomen, said to have been self-inflicted.  
 Portland police reported that De Long, whom they sought to question regarding the robbery of a finance company office at Vancouver, Wash., drew his revolver and shot himself as they approached him outside the federal building at Broadway and Madison here on the night of August 16.  
 The federal officer was connected with the robbery through the license number of his car, which was reported by employees of the finance company.  
 MILTON CANNERY GOING TO ASTORIA  
 ASTORIA, Aug. 27.—(AP)—P. J. Burk and sons of Milton-Freewater will establish a vegetable cannery here to pack 250,000 cases next year and provide an annual payroll of \$700,000, company officials announced.  
 They said the firm, formerly located at Milton-Freewater, will move its entire operations here and expand \$600,000 for new equipment. The eastern Oregon plant was destroyed by fire several weeks ago.  
 Starting in 1931 with an experimental pack of 17 cases, the company produced 400,000 cases last year. Peas, carrots, spinach and beans will be handled, requiring a minimum of 1,000 acres of peas the first season, officials said.

### Bad Check Pair VISIT 10 STATES

PORT SMOUTH, Ark., Aug. 27.—(AP)—A couple booked as Donald H. Dawson, 39, Kokomo, Ind., and Miss Beverly Simmons, 25, Columbus, Ohio, faced felony charges here today and Police Chief Mike Gordon said the man told him he had left a trail of worthless checks in 10 states.  
 Assistant Prosecuting Attorney Lem Bryan filed the charges in connection with the cashing of checks for \$40. The two were arrested in a tourist camp.  
 Chief Gordon quoted Dawson as saying he had cashed worthless checks for several thousand dollars in Washington, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas.

### THREE QUESTIONED IN DEATH OF RUEF

McMINNVILLE, Aug. 27.—(AP)—Sheriff George Manning and state police took three persons into custody last night for questioning in the death in Portland August 15 of Robert Ruef of Sheridan, who was found unconscious and with a fractured skull, in a public park.  
 Leonard Dorland, 38, and Charles Stipes, about 38, were arrested as they left a lumber camp near Valley Junction, where they were employed.  
 Mrs. Dorland, 31, who was ill at her Valley Junction home, was removed to a McMinnville hospital in technical custody.  
 Sheriff Manning said Ruef was believed to have received his fatal injury at a spot near Bellevue, where a bloody cap, believed to have been Ruef's, was found beside the highway.  
**"Wanna Buy a Duck?"**  
 PITTSBURGH, Aug. 27.—(AP)—West end police answered a hurry call today from a woman who said she was kept awake "half the night" by a "scratching noise" at her door. They found a fat duck scratching his bill across the wooden surface.

#### Meteorological Report

Forecasts  
 Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Saturday; warmer Saturday.  
 Oregon: Fair tonight and Saturday with local morning fogs on coast; warmer interior Saturday; gentle northwest wind off coast.  
 Local Data  
 Temperature a year ago today: highest 96; lowest 49.  
 Total monthly precipitation, none; deficiency for the month, 19 inches.  
 Total precipitation since September 1, 1936, 16.83 inches; deficiency for the season, 1.18 inches.  
 Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 28 percent; 5 a. m. today, 82 percent.  
 Tomorrow: sunrise 5:32 a. m.; sunset 6:32 p. m.  
 Observations Taken at 5 a. m.—120 Meridian Time.

CITY	Boise	Boston	Chicago	Denver	Eureka	Helena	Los Angeles	Medford	New York	Omaha	Portland	Reno	Roseburg	Salt Lake	San Francisco	Seattle	Spokane	Wash. D. C.	Yakima
High Temp	96	76	86	82	62	98	98	88	76	98	104	94	92	98	76	70	82	86	82
Low Temp	50	68	66	66	32	36	62	62	70	70	80	96	56	56	54	32	32	70	70
Wind	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Cloudy	Clear	Clear	Clear	Cloudy	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear	Clear
Pressure	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0	30.0

Closing time for Two Late to Classy Ads is 1:30 p. m.