

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturday.

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

It is the consensus of editorial opinion, the jobs of the jobless are supposed to be voluntarily proceeded to the postoffice, and register as jobless. It is figured they will not quit work long enough to do this.

A New Jersey police judge has ruled Max Baer, former world heavyweight champion is a "juvenile delinquent." This is tough on juveniles, more so, than the time locally when justice of domestic and imported agitators were listed as "boys play."

A 400 Persian cat has been located in this city. Since its arrival, the brute husband alleges he gets no cream in his coffee.

Many farmers are nailing up "No Hunting" signs, on the theory a bird hunter can read, and will heed.

THE NEW CHARIOT.
(Sawyers' Bar (Calif.) Items)
"There comes Betty Hartnett with her new car; air cooled, cushions, mirrors, streamlined, regular model car. Betty has a coupon book and makes every trip down, also gas, oil, water and lights. H.P. and C.P. Walt, lady, till you lose a fender, one light out, holes in the top—you won't even open the gates."

The new CofC, roof looks fine, and with further planned improvements will be a credit to Main street, which to keep step with the building boom, should be called Mayne street.

Japan still insists she wages no war in China. From descriptions of the property loss and general havoc, the Japanese army is just indulging in some Halloween pranks in Shanghai.

"Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Crepi are driving a new auto."—(Weed (Calif.) News)—One driver in the back seat.

Rising journalists are advised in a pamphlet on news writing, to refrain from comment on the personal appearance of a subject, viz. the dinkiness of his mustache. It makes the subject bite his upper lip—mustache and all.

"As for the radio, the judge never mentioned it when passing sentence, but we can stand it without whimpering."—(Shadows, state prison magazine)—The meanest dig of the week.

A North Carolina county commissioner has invented a "self-kicking machine" that administers "four swift kicks in the pants, with one turn of the crank." The repentant and reproducible for miles around flock to use it. The more bashful sinners at night. The contrivance is an improvement on the method in vogue hereabouts—kicking one's self for the way they voted last November.

"Think of it, the 23rd of August. Fall is coming, nights are cool and Mr. Frank Ahlgren has discontinued the ice cream parlor for the season."—(Oriente Jottings)—"If Winter Comes."

IT'S NO CALAMITY.
"Whether by design or accident, the fact remains that, with one small exception, no girl with a fancy Christian name has ever diverted the eye of a President of the United States to the matrimonial altar. Save for a single Dolly, no woman with an overly ornamental or cutie label has thus far, in the history of the republic, shared the throne. The thirty-three spouses of the twenty-eight presidents (one, Buchanan, remained a bachelor) have all borne plain, everyday first names."—(Del Norte Triplettes).

Gets Deputy Star
PORTLAND, Sept. 2.—(P)—George A. Vranizan, former assistant secretary of the Portland baseball club, became a deputy U. S. marshal today.

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

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 30.—Meandered over to "Dead End" once more. Two new faces among the juvenile swimmers. One a lean young man, tanned a nut-brown, from head to foot, minus his right arm. The victim of a motor accident, surgeons had amputated the arm at the shoulder, the scar where the skin had been sewed together, still being clearly visible. The absence of one arm didn't seem to bother him, he dove and swam about with the others. And with the others he dressed in record time.

Dressing with these East River lads is a simple operation,—merely putting on a pair of shoes and trousers, then a dirty shirt, without removing the wet swimming trunks. Off they scamper, greatly refreshed, prepared for whatever may lie before them.

The other new face belonged to a newcomer,—evidenced by the whiteness of his skin. He was perhaps 10 or 11 years old, and made up in energy and enthusiasm what he lacked in sun-tan, and muscular development. With him it was a case of following the leader,—he obviously wasn't of the regular gang, but he scrupulously did what they did—and did it well too.

When the regular routine had been exhausted, and the gang proceeded to climb a huge pile driver on the other side of the dock, "white face" was stumped for a time. He swam over to the scow that supported the pile driver, and hanging to a sagging rope, watched the other lads climb up, and do their high dives, with skill and abandon. For ten or fifteen minutes he was merely a spectator, then it was plain he had made up his mind that he would do likewise. Every move he made in getting up on the scow and climbing the flimsy ladder on the pile driver demonstrated that he was attempting something he had never attempted before.

He reached the jumping-off board, perhaps 20 or 25 feet above the dirty surface of the water. He crouched, uncertainly, then he slowly stood up until he was erect, and looked down, and continued to look down for several minutes. It was not difficult to imagine what was going on in his mind,—the distance to the water was far greater than it had appeared from below, and suddenly he had no stomach for such an adventure.

But he was "in a spot." Members of the gang said nothing but were watching him out of the corners of their respective eyes while they seemed to be busy cavorting about below,—and he KNEW it. The people on the dock were watching him also—at least several of them including the present writer. To crawl down, and give up, would brand him as a QUITTER. He couldn't do that. And yet he couldn't dive off,—it was too far, and he had never done such a thing before.

What to do?

Very likely that young man will have many inner struggles of a similar nature, in the future,—we trust he will come out as successfully as he did in this test of character.

For after those several minutes of obvious fear and indecision the water-front neophyte straightened up again, as he stood there looking down, his lips moved, silently and slowly he crossed himself,—up, down, one shoulder then the other, THEN down he went—"White face" was crossing his Rubicon!

As a matter of fact, it wasn't much of a dive,—he started too straight and therefore his feet went over too far, with a great splash on the water. But up he came almost at once, shook the water out of his hair, and proceeded to stroke his way back to the wharf, with a greater show of energy and enthusiasm than ever.

There were no cheers, no volleys of applause, as he scrambled up the ladder and again came out on the dock. Neither the members of the gang nor anyone else paid the slightest attention to him.

But the fates above who silently observe such things, must have put down a mark on the credit side of this young man's account—for in those minutes he had demonstrated he has at least the MAKINGS of a MAN, and of a HERO!

That's an interesting feature about this water-front life,—these mere kids, in animal courage, self reliance, initiative, are years and years ahead of their effete contemporaries over in River House, for example. They are attending a rough and tough school, but in the elemental factors of character an exacting one. The boys who stand the test and graduate are REAL men,—though, they may be from the standpoint of civilized society and the police, bad ones!

No doubt that is one of our major social problems,—to keep the waterfront type away from crime, to divert that excellent raw material, into constructive instead of destructive channels. (This is probably where the well administered, intelligently conducted Settlement House comes in.)

Swimming developed as the motif of the day. That same evening a certain Charles Zimny completed a swim down the Hudson from Albany—more than six nights and days in the water. Charles had two good arms but no legs, and wasn't a very inspiring sight to look upon, as all grease and muck, he lay on his cot and smoked a fat cigar.

At first blush it appeared an incredible physical achievement, but a little research, suggested that the absence of legs, in such a swim proved an advantage instead of the reverse. For there is a strong current down stream, and near New York this is augmented at times by the tide,—a strong man without legs can float more easily than with them—and Charles it appears floated a large share of the time.

But he will get a fat vaudeville contract and deserves it,—men who with or without legs, could stay in the water six days and nights, and have any stomach for a fat cigar are few and far between.

Started to rain again. The roof garden and window-box crop in Greater New York, for 1937, should be a record-breaking one. R. W. R.

NEW YORK
Day by Day
by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Every trained New York detective and those wise to the deceptions of Broadway smile at the figure so often described by writers as "a shifty-eyed crook."

There is a general belief that the guilty cannot look one in the eye. The bigger the crook the stronger his gaze, as a rule.

Long ago Charles Dickens expressed a truth with: "There is a mistaken belief about bad men being unable to look you in the face. Don't trust the idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week if it is anything to be gained by it."

Some of the shiftest and greatest men I have ever known, men who

bed at Forest Hills looking out at have a lifetime of honesty and purpose and ideal behind them, are unable to look squarely into the eyes of their most intimate friends. I knew a banker whose gaze was frank and open. He was indicted and missed prison by an eye-lash.

Maeterlinck confessed he could not look his own mother squarely in the eye. Along Broadway the boys who slap you on the back so heartily speedily relief from the almost unbearable itching and torture of rashes, Eczema, Athlete's Foot, itching toes and feet, poison ivy and other externally caused skin troubles.

Not only does the itching almost instantly cease and burning subside, but healthy healing is promoted.

Ask Jarmin's Drug Store or your own druggist for an original bottle—graceless—stainless. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

**Itching Skin
Eczema Torture**

Now that clean, powerful, penetrating Moone's Emerald Oil is available at first-class drug stores all over the country, thousands have found speedy relief from the almost unbearable itching and torture of rashes, Eczema, Athlete's Foot, itching toes and feet, poison ivy and other externally caused skin troubles.

Not only does the itching almost instantly cease and burning subside, but healthy healing is promoted.

Ask Jarmin's Drug Store or your own druggist for an original bottle—graceless—stainless. Satisfaction guaranteed or money cheerfully refunded.

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.

EARLY REMOVAL OF CATARACT

There is a good deal of misunderstanding evident in the popular conception of cataract and its treatment. I fear I have unwittingly added to the confusion by printing in this column two or three years ago the contribution of a reader who declared that some relative had been cured by the all doubtful use of some goodly expedient of keeping the eyes poulticed several hours a day with freshly grated carrot—the closed eyes, of course. I published the reader's statement because I thought it could do no harm. I don't doubt that it can do any good in cataract. I have never had any word from anybody to indicate that it had had any effect.

I do not believe there is a cure for cataract, except surgical removal of the opaque lens, by the ordinary operation for cataract. One common misunderstanding is that cataract is a kind of film or skin membrane that grows over the eye or over the sight. It is not a growth at all, but gradual clouding and ultimate opacity of the crystalline lens within the eyeball. Once the crystalline lens has become clouded or opaque, there is no known remedy to restore it to its former clearness.

We do not know the specific cause of cataract. It may occur in infancy, childhood or old age. One form, congenital cataract, seems to be inherited. In animals a diet lacking vitamin G will produce cataract. The restoration of vitamin G to the diet of such animals will not cure the cataract. Once a cataract has developed, it is a permanent condition. However, that should not deter any one from seeing to it that the diet contains ample vitamin G. No time has to be lost with food contrivances. For a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address you can learn all about that from book-

Don Marquis lies propped up in the trees. His convalescence has been tedious, but steadily he improves. He likes company but can say only a few words. Someone asked him if he thought up poems as he lay there, imprisoned, but he looked sad and the visitor wished he hadn't. His sister had made marionettes of the characters of his famous poem, Noah, Jonah and Captain John Smith.

Every club still has in its membership one or two of that rarity, a gentleman of the old school, so called. Urbanity, politeness, affability and courtesy are amenities disappearing from social life. The late Vivian Burnett, reputedly the original of his mother's famous novel, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," had such manners. His contacts were made with smiles and cheerfulness, his face was always lighted up. I doubt if any of his fellows ever caught him in an ill humor. His was the humor without harshness and his personality had charm. He had eternal youth and his death, trying to save others on a yacht, was noble. A truly gentle soul.

Dick Simon, of the publishing firm, is such an authority on amateur photography he is publishing a book on the subject. He is also cheerleader of an amateur crowd of photographers. On a recent stunt excursion of celebrities, Life lent Dick a \$500 camera. He took about 50 candid shots. When he turned in the camera for developing, they found he had put in all the films back-side-to-side and he didn't get a picture.

Ode of an Innominate:
Oh, Sherman Billingsley, your monicker
Could not be nobler or euphonicker
Its mouthful splendor has a quality
Too lush for merely Stork club jollity.

Oh, Sherman Billingsley, I see you larger—
Looming, a major general, on a charger.
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**WILL YOU GAMBLE A
THREE CENT STAMP
FOR RELIEF FROM
ASTHMATIC SPASMS?**

El Aguinaldo, Cuban Wonder Honey, is sold under a money back guarantee of satisfaction. If you suffer from spasmodic attacks of asthma we want you to read what it has done for others.

... to try it for yourself and then, if it has not helped you, to let us know for what you have spent on the experiment.

El Aguinaldo is a pure honey gathered in the Sierrita Mountains of Cuba. The wild bees produce this honey which for generations has been gathered by the natives and used as a household remedy.

While it is a pure food honey, laboratory tests show the mineral ash to contain many of the important minerals used by medical science in the care of the human body. Part of El Aguinaldo has never been analyzed. This portion, which contains essential organic bodies, has amazing qualities that have often yielded grateful relief for the spasmodic attacks of asthma.

You too, may find your relief in El Aguinaldo! Send for a bottle today! The money back guarantee received. Will you gamble a postage stamp for RELIEF?

COUPON

Send \$1.00, money order or cash, for 3-oz. bottle to: W. J. CLELAND, Distributor for Cuban Health Food Products, 117 So. Wall Street, Los Angeles, California.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

(Write for additional information.)

Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE big news in the papers these days isn't pleasant. For example: "Cholera broke out tonight (Tuesday) in Shanghai's French concession, where most of the city's Americans live."

It has been a long time since the world has been frightened by an outbreak of cholera, whose menace has been largely removed by advancing civilization. But war BREAKS DOWN CIVILIZATION, and cholera again raises its grisly head to leer at humanity.

ANOTHER unpleasant passage in the news:

"Reports of the black (bubonic) plague in native areas added to the horrors of war. Hundreds of rotting bodies of Chinese civilians, killed in air raids and by artillery and machine gun fire, brought millions of disease-carrying rats and insects to the area north of Soochow creek."

More of the aftermath of war.

ONE more paragraph:

"Japanese were firing the bodies, after saturating them with gasoline. This in itself horrified the surviving Chinese, for they believe the burning of a body means there can be no redemption in the life beyond."

POOR simple Chinese! What does WAR care for their beliefs regarding life beyond the grave? War's chief concern is destroying life THIS side of the grave.

THIS world we live in is filled with hatred and suspicion. Nation is in arms against nation. Race suspects and fears race. Class is arrayed against class.

The inevitable result of such a situation is apparent in Shanghai.

DEMAGOGUES, of one sort or other, are responsible for a lot of this hatred and suspicion that is abroad in the world. The conscienceless demagogue has a lot to answer for.

**Lost River Dairy
Plant Modernized**

Modernization of the new Lost River Dairy plant at 1723 North Riverside avenue, has been completed. The premises were formerly occupied by the Medford Creamery.

New equipment has been installed for the handling of milk, cream, butter and ice cream. A new refrigerator room has also been installed.

Lost River Dairy does a wholesale business only. The company is under the management of Guy Shonkwiler.

Goodrich LABOR DAY SALE

SPECIAL CREDIT TERMS

EQUIP YOUR CAR NOW WITH NEW Goodrich Safety Silvertowns

Here's your chance to enjoy the extra safety, extra mileage of Silvertowns, the only tires built with the unusual Life-Saver Groen Ply that resists internal tire heat, the great unseen cause of blow-outs. They also have a road-drying tread to prevent dangerous tail-spin skids.

MOTOROLA AUTO RADIOS

EXTRA LONG TERMS

This is the most liberal credit offer we have ever made! You can set exactly the terms you need and there will be no red tape and no delays. You deal direct with us and your purchase is installed at once.

MUSIC AS YOU RIDE

A Motorola Radio will bring all your favorite programs wherever you go. Controls to match your dash—spark plug suppressors are not needed.

Lewis Super Service Station

5th and Front We Never Close Phone 1300

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

September 2, 1927
(It was Friday)

Oil tanker reports sighting light at sea, giving clue to missing Atlantic fliers.

State doctors' conventions oppose cut in auto license fees.

Portland mermaid wins \$1500 prize for staying in ocean longest.

Showery weather prevails.

Picking of D'Anjou pears to start next week.

Service clubs to have charge of all concessions during Jubilee of Dreams planned celebration.

Plans for Grange hall at Eagle Point approved.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

September 2, 1917
(It was Sunday)

Riga captured by Germans when Russians evacuate Baltic port. Flight from Petrograd looms.

Senate rejects a non war profits.

Safety deposit boxes in Bank of Jacksonville robbed during night by drilling locks. Loot amounts to \$500.

Court Hall reports that Saturday at Crater Lake was ideal, and "I was awed and enraptured as never before by the beauty of the scenic wonder."

Annual reunion of Southern Oregon Pioneers to be held at Ashland September 13.

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

Dr. Letcher Opens Optometry Offices

Dr. Alfred Letcher, well known southern Oregon optometrist, has opened offices in the Medford building, where he will feature the modern methods of refraction and visual training.

Dr. Letcher practiced in Grants Pass for 20 years but during the past four years he has been living in southern California.

Dr. Letcher says: "I have moved my family here to make their permanent home. After visiting many other localities we have decided that southern Oregon is the finest place to live."

Start Ciquille Hospital
COQUILLE, Sept. 2.—(P)—Dr. James Richmond and Dr. V. L. Hamilton began construction today of a \$50,000 hospital here.

M-D Medicated Douche Powder
for feminine hygiene
AT DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORES

DINE--DANCE
AT THE
CHATEAU

Delicious Steak and Chicken Dinners. Enjoy an Evening at Oregon's Finest Night Club.

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.

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

HOTEL Plaza
SAN FRANCISCO
Harry Stockard, Manager