

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. 3rd St. MEDFORD, OREGON. Telephone 10. ROBERT W. HUNN, Editor. ERNEST R. GILBERT, Manager. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879. Postoffice at Medford, Oregon, established June 16, 1883. Official Paper of the City of Medford. Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF ADULT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS. Advertising Representatives: WEST-HOLLIDAY CO.

Editorial Correspondence

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 4.—Can report a good movie at last, as departure time nears. It's the first after a long search.—Paul Muni in Zola at the Hollywood theatre. They charge too much for seats,—\$2.20 tops,—but then they charge too much for most things in New York. Zola has some weak spots,—Mr. and Mrs. Dreyfus, lingered too long we thought on the tremelo stops,—but all in all, Zola is a conscientious and impressive, bit of work. Muni hits the high spots in his speech before the court, defending his attack on the army and the government, for railroading an innocent man to exile and a living death. Above all from a historical standpoint Hollywood sugar-coaters have been rigorously ruled out. In every minute detail, the film is the result of painstaking and exhaustive research.

In the constant search for a breath of fresh air, took dinner at the old Claremont Inn, which struck a nostalgic note. Not entirely certain of the date, but think our last visit there was for a sunrise breakfast, around the year 1905. At any rate the Claremont was a popular place in the Gay Nineties, and continued to be until the Depression liquidated it, along with most other "stops" along the primrose path. We were surprised to find it is now a part of Greater New York's marvellous park system, and is one of the many outstanding achievements of the famed Robert Moses—who appropriately has led Father Gotham out of the fetid wilderness of steel and stone, into a promised land of fresh air and greenery... of the finest park system in the civilized world.

It is a long motor trip from downtown New York, so we were late for dinner,—but many were still lingering at the tables on the terrace overlooking the Hudson river, and open air dancing was going on, full blast. We were lucky to get a table on the edge of the parapet,—there was a breeze, though not a cool one,—and it was pleasant observing the play of lights in Paradise Park, over on the Jersey side, and the boats plying up and down the river. While there President Roosevelt's yacht passed down from Poughkeepsie, while whistles tooted and searchlights played, though we didn't know until the next morning the president himself was aboard going out to sea for a week-end at some yacht bases. We motored up through Central Park, and back on Riverside Drive via the famous Grant Tomb. We were fortunate enough to have a native New Yorker at the wheel of his own car, to provide transportation and the way he dove in and out of the traffic, around 50 miles an hour, was a thrilling spectacle to watch. While passing Grant's Tomb, the usual more or less romantic couples were plainly in evidence, and our New York "guide", observed that a certain Frenchman, on his first visit to the burial place of one of America's greatest military heroes, gave one glance around, then snapped his fingers, and asked for a table for five!

The national tennis championships have started over at Forest Hills, Long Island, and although only the preliminaries are on this week, we decided again to ignore the heat, and have a look, at two of the greatest tennis players, now in the amateur ranks,—Donald Budge of Los Angeles, and Baron Gottfried von Cramm of Germany. Both were seeded of course and only given workouts, but it was interesting to see how the big boys work, and compare their temperaments and techniques.

Budge came on first, his opponent being a nice-looking, muscular young man in shorts from Orange, New Jersey, by the name of Winslow. The latter naturally enough was very nervous, at the start, so much so he could hardly hold his racket. His stalwart little body was a charming golden brown, and his shorts, sportily white, but his racket kept slipping in his wet hand. To prevent this, he proceeded to pat his hand on the spots of dirt that appear in the turf, then wiped his hand on the right leg of his shorts. As a result it wasn't long before that portion of his costume, was brown and caked with mother earth, so he had to find a wiping-off area higher up. However, he did his best, and grabbed off nearly a dozen games in the 3 straight sets.

The Baron's young opponent, A. L. Jarvis of Williams college on the other hand, showed no signs of nervousness, and instead of using his trouser legs he carried a towel at his waist. He was as cool as an Eskimo pie from the start, and went his own sweet way, obviously not at all impressed either by the fame or the title of his distinguished opponent. It was amusing to see him after every change of court, make a bee line for the chair, near the referee's post and plop down in it, as he grabbed a Turkish towel and proceeded to mop his neck and face. In doing so he always had to turn his back on the baron, who never sat down during the match, but with a brief mop of his brow, walked leisurely from court to court,—often having to wait for the young U. S. collegian, to get on his mark. We have an idea this wasn't strictly speaking according to Hoyle, but if our judgment of Jarvis is correct, he is the American type, that will never be greatly concerned with drawing room red tape. He was in there to do his drudgery, and if he found any shortcuts, not contrary to the rule book, he was not going to pass them up.

The Baron like his U. S. rival, won in straight sets, but he had to work much harder, and at one point it looked as if he might drop a set. This young boy from Williams, has a real cannonball service, scoring at least a dozen aces in the match. In fact he seldom scored in any other way. In the final set, he won his service at love, then broke into the baron's service and for the first time was in the lead at 2-0. The galleries started to wake up but it proved to be only a brief burst for Jarvis started to net the first shot of his serve, and his second ball, merely a weak spinner, the German ace could easily handle.

However we shall at this point make a prediction about young Jarvis. He is going to be heard from in the tennis world, and we shall not be surprised if he eventually becomes "TOPS". For as we dope it out he has what it takes,—a wonderful physique (he's tall and rangy), a game fundamentally sound, and the "killing instinct." (It might be noted in this connection that only a few years ago, Donald Budge was playing here at Forest Hills, the role now played by Jarvis—a promising kid to give the big boys a fast workout.)

That "killing instinct" is particularly important, and we should say that explains why red-headed Budge, is at the top of world tennis and Baron von Cramm isn't. Transfer their respective temperaments, and their positions would be reversed. In fact we would say the German star, is a deeper student of the game, and more perfect stylist, than the Californian, but he lacks fire and fight. In the last analysis, it is probably merely a matter of glandular development.

LEWIS FARM PLAN WILL MEET SNUB

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—(AP)—J. L. Lewis' plea for a union of labor and farmers met a chilly reception today from some senators and congressmen remaining in Capitol Hill. Senator Burke (D-Neb.) commented that if the CIO chieftain "tries to organize the farmer, he will have one of the biggest disappointments of his life."

"I'll be interested to hear the comments of the White House spokesman on some of Mr. Lewis' remarks," Burke added. Representative Fulmer (D-S. C.) told reporters he believed farmers and "real wage earners" should "join their interests in national affairs," but added, "I certainly can't advocate such a union under the banner of John L. Lewis."

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.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

There's no but three generations atween clog, says an old English proverb. An American version of the same observation—three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves. Post-Dreyfus, exposed it in the line "and seldom three descents continue good." Still another poet, Walsingham, rendered it in rhyme: "What's ill, go scarce to a third degree, and descends, nor wrongful booty ends."

It seems that those who haven't noble ancestry to boast about are inclined to sneer at inheritance. On the other hand those who have it generally have nothing else to boast about. Transmissible or heritable characters or traits that tend to improve the race were called "eugenic" by Sir Francis Galton, and from Galton's term came the now familiar study of eugenics. Galton's theory was that the individual's parents each contribute an average of 50 per cent of the total inherited characters, each grandparent 25 per cent, and each great-grandparent, 12 1/2 per cent, and so on as far back as you have a mind to go.

Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk, who was born in 1822 (the same date as the birth of Galton in England) experimented in his garden, breeding peas, and out of this research developed the now famous Mendelian theory of "laws" of inheritance. According to Mendel's theory or law the protoplasm of the germ-cells, the parent cells, that is, the ovum or egg contributed by the female parent and the spermatozoon or fertilizing element contributed by the male parent, contains the determining factors of height, color and other characters, these determining factors being called "genes."

Eugenicists conceive the genes as existing in pairs—one of each pair coming from the mother, one from the father—in series like the beads of a necklace, in the chromatin material in the nucleus of the germ-cell. The genes are immortal. Through their life span on and on through countless generations. Alas, these cunning little genes in the nucleus or heart of the immortal germ-plasm, the fertilized ovum, do not give rise to absolutely unvarying characteristics in the descendant. In the production of any one characteristic, such as eye color or grade of intelligence, many genes

NEW YORK Daily by Day

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Diary: Up and talking to the artorially radiant John Horgan about the time he strangled in our town as the boy soprano of a show boat troupe. And a note from Kathleen Norris and one from Florence Walton in Switzerland. So breakfasting with Ted Woodward at the Park Lane. Typing awhile, then out and passed Ogden Nash, the poet, and John D. Rockefeller, and wondered which might be happier. Then came upon Erskine Gwynne and circled the park while he told me of plans for publishing his gay Paris Boulevard monthly in New York. Devising to the Dixie Inn at Dobbs Ferry for a brave dinner of fried chicken and the lights so ablaze at the Messmore Kendalls nearby we were applied to stop and did pass into the yard but their eyes light up. It thence home along the Hudson and put in at Hick's for a 25-cent soda.

Sixth avenue, long the Cinderella of streets, is facing renaissance. The elevated spun overhead so long belauding it is likely to come down, and there are many who believe the thoroughfare may become one of the spryest or rejuvenated streets. Sixth has, for the most of its existence, had to battle with the "rotten breed" that so often destroys the sparkle of apples. First, the infamous Haymarket dance dive, then the bloozy rows of barrel houses and later the iniquities of Bryant Park, which has been called "the psychopathic pasture." Some think another Broadway will arise there.

Ye Poets Corner

Have You Met Em? Some of the finest people I know. That Nature ever did create. Reside right here in Oregon—A credit to our famous State. But there are others we have met, Who constitute a different type—So ornery that in time they get As odious as rotten tripe. So offensively contemptible. Reputable, conceited, sickening. Debased, arrogant, treacherous. Trifling, degraded, loathsome. Mean and vile—That in all the Universe There can be no worse: Except, Oh, well—Perhaps in Hell. There rests a volume on my shelf—It is the Book of Holy Writ: "Love all your neighbors as yourself." Is the advice I find in it. 'Tis easy for to love a friend. But let me tell you truly, Son: To love these wretches who offend, Is something that can not be done. They are so corrupt, outrageous, Despicable, shameless, disloyal, Depraved, selfish, unscrupulous. Two-faced, dishonest, rotten-minded, Malicious and unfair—There can be no worse. Except, Oh, well—Perhaps in Hell. J. G. Reynolds. Sardines mixed with salad dressing and a few drops of lemon juice will do excellently well for tummy sea biscuits. Serve them hot with soup or as appetizers.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

FRED W. FULLER flies from the Pacific to the Atlantic in nine hours and 35 minutes, beating by more than a half hour the record set three years ago by Col. Roscoe Turner. He wins \$9,000 for the Los Angeles to Cleveland leg of the Bendix trophy race, \$2,500 for beating Colonel Turner's coast-to-coast time and \$1,500 for the fastest time from Cleveland to the Atlantic coast. He is a San Francisco sportsman, and probably values the glory more than the money.

IF YOU were able to duplicate Fuller's feat (which will be commonplace a few years hence) you could leave San Francisco after an early breakfast and arrive in New York in time for an early dinner. If you could equal his time from east to west (he averaged around 260 miles an hour) you could leave New York after an early breakfast and arrive in San Francisco in time for a LATE LUNCH.

(Flying against the sun, you know, you LOSE time. Flying with the sun, you GAIN time.)

WHEN the ox-team pioneers set out from the Missouri river for the Pacific coast, they faced six to nine months of hard travel. Now we cross the continent between sun-up and sundown.

A lot of water has gone over the dam since those days.

But do you suppose we really THINK ANY STRAIGHTER than these pioneering ancestors of ours, did?

ANOTHER thought: These pioneer ancestors of ours wanted the country west of the Missouri for their own. So they took it away from the Indians, just as their ancestors had taken the country east of the Missouri away from the Indians. That is what the Japanese are doing to the Chinese now. In many ways, you see, the world HAIN'T CHANGED AT ALL.

Behind Washington Headlines

By H. R. Baukhage Copyright 1937, by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc. (Continued from Page One)

While there will probably be later a highly publicized report on details of the sales-campaign of the famous Democratic handbook, the distribution of the profit on actual sale of the volumes can be revealed authoritatively.

The Doherty interests obtained contracts and leases of the navy's petroleum reserve No. 1 in California and Wyoming through "fraud and bribery," but it was not immediately discovered, and they received, before the contracts were voided by the courts, \$15,877,152.23, according to the meticulous adders in the department of justice.

The government, as a result of the litigation, was able to turn over to the treasury exactly \$31,322.62.

John Lewis has another bone to pick with the administration, but this time the government isn't to blame.

The department of agriculture furnishes a part of the farm and home program broadcast daily on one of the largest radio hookups. But it doesn't operate on Saturdays. The period on that day is turned over to various farm organizations. Recently, speaking under auspices of one of these societies, someone attacked the C. I. O., and Mr. Lewis wanted to know how come Secretary Wallace's broadcast explained they weren't guilty.

So another "split" didn't come off.

Volcanic Report Asked CANTON, O.—The commonwealth government has undertaken steps to have a qualified scientist from the United States make a full report on the recent volcanic and seismic disturbance at Rabeul, New Guinea, in which many lives were lost.

WINDOW GLASS We set window glass and sash repairs, put in screens reasonably. Trowbridge Catinet Works.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY September 6, 1927 City police arrest five inebriates during past month on streets of city.

Annual re-union of Jackson county pioneers to be held at Ashland September 22.

"Old Glory," giant American plane, starts flight to Italy.

Schools of city open with an increase in attendance.

Wild blackberries plentiful in the Applegate.

City Recorder Moss Alfrod and Mrs. Alfrod return from a vacation trip at Prospect.

A high wind and rain swept the valley and city last night with slight damage in orchards.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 6, 1917 (It was Thursday) Oregon spruce assures allied air forces victory.

Two million American soldiers to be in France by next summer.

Red Cross seeks more members to aid in "mercy work."

Charles Strang, a Medford pioneer business man, has received information that a son, Fred L. Strang, who for the past two years was fruit inspector of Douglas county, has resigned that position to become field manager, with headquarters at North Yakima, Wash., for the Wittenburg-King Manufacturing company, which deals in fruit by-products. The new position pays young Strang \$2000 a year and expense, and the opportunities for advancement are excellent. It is said.

AMERICAN MOTORISTS ARE CAREFUL DRIVERS OVER MEXICAN ROADS

CUSHING, Mo. (UP)—Twenty-five inmates of Thomaston state prison made a dash through the prison gates to the open road—but only as fire fighters. Ernest Newbert's farm was fired and the prisoners formed a bucket brigade and put out the blaze. All returned.

Wife Weary of Moving SAN JOSE, Cal. (UP)—Moving was just too much for Mrs. Leslie Wright. In fact, after moving 37 times in 11 years of married life, she asked for a divorce. The moving, she charged, was due to her husband's inability to hold a job.

Awaits "Road Hogs" ALAMEDA, Cal. (UP)—Judge Daniel H. Knox has issued an order to have all traffic officials to bring him in all the "road hogs" they can catch. The court declared that after three years on the bench he has not had an opportunity to sentence a "road hog."

MEXICO, D. F.—(UP)—Thousands of American tourists have motored down to Mexico this summer, and only a few have been involved in serious accidents.

The highway department reports that in June there were only 25 accidents along the 787 miles of highway between Laredo, Tex., and Mexico, D. F., and that 4 persons were killed and 37 injured. The victims were not identified as to nationality.

Automobile association experts say that in general the Americans drive safely over the mountains. Many of them come from plains states, and are not accustomed to the quick ascents and descents of Mexican mountain roads—and for that very reason they drive more carefully.

Large crews have been at work in the mountainous section, clearing up places where landslides might occur. As a result, traffic has flowed uninterrupted, and the road is in much better shape than it was in this spring.

An ironical incident recently occurred on the road. A prominent American for years had been traveling back and forth over the road, even when it was hardly a road. During all the months when gangs were working, blasting was going on,

IT'S HERE The New, Improved Automatic Sawdust Burner is ready for your inspection. It Will PAY You To INVESTIGATE TIMBER PRODUCTS COMPANY MEDFORD OREGON

WRESTLING MEDFORD ARMORY MONDAY NIGHT Les Wolfe vs Marshall Carter Gorilla Pogi vs Toots Estes Young Zbysko vs Dick Trout Seats on sale at BROWN'S Phone 101 VALENTINE'S CAFE Phone 479

WEST-HOLLIDAY CO. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver. Member Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association 1937

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The labor situation on the Pacific Coast, now threatening a shut-down of the lumber industry, and the free movement of fall crops, is reported as "causing farmers to reflect on how they will vote in the spring primaries." It also should cause farmers to reflect on how they will vote at the next state Orange convention.

There is still a mass of diplomatic correspondence between an American and Oriental statesmen, all profound and polite, and not intended to ruffie the dignity of either combatants or neutrals. It is all reminiscent of the heavy thinking that preceded the entry of America into the late Great War. One of these days a Japanese bartender will bounce a Jap starter off the neck of an American sailor, and once more great will be the patriotic hubbub, and rushed to the slaughter on the far side of the blue Pacific.

"Relief workers on a New Hampshire flood project quit when assigned to a night shift. Probably the fathers of lads who thumb only the radio-equipped cars."—(Detroit News)—It looks like high-toned indignity.

Rural areas report some random and rampant shooting in the general direction of the barn. It won't be long now until pumpkins get shot for pheasants.

An educational survey shows "the people are too poor to read novels." It might be the novels are too poor for the people to read.

One of the Older Girls is mad at her new specks. They improve her vision, but impair her looks.

STILL IT DON'T ADD UP. (Sawyer's Bar (Calif.) Items. "It was on Tuesday, and a great day at that, when Balaam went through Jerusalem on a jackass. Accordingly, it was a big event in Balaam when Butler showed up with two black eyes and the same jackass passed out on the same day. Furthermore that stick of wood that flew up and hit you on the nose, "was that straight or crooked?"

The chilly morns have brought back the stove-lid size pancakes, that is almost as inedible.

"BANKER PRESENTS LOOPHOLE"—(Del Norte Triplet)—Taking interest.

What the New Deal fantasy seems to need is an amendment to the Crop Control plan to control John L. Lewis, CIO leader, who threatens assorted disaster to all and sundry because he can't have his own way. Mr. Lewis predicts revenge at the polls, come the next election. There is no doubt about revenge at the polls, come the next election, and Mr. Lewis will get his share of it.

HARD TO PLEASE GUY! "Nor are we complaining about this particular battle. It's first rate—if you like prisons. It just happens that we don't. The management could engage Paul Whiteman's band, install the Minsk cuties as cell funkies, induce Ginger Rogers to act as our personal hostess—and we still wouldn't like it."—(From "Shadows," state prison publication.)

In Freak Mishap BRATTLEBORO, Vt. (UP)—Roland Merritt's automobile knocked him down though it wasn't moving. Merritt, removed his car radiator cap when steam escaped from it. A blast of steam struck him in the face, causing him to jump back just as a truck passed. He suffered severe bruises when the truck hit him.

Hawaii Shifts Librarians HONOLULU (UP)—The Hawaiian islands have decided on a system of exchange of librarians with those on the mainland. Exchange of teachers has been under way for a number of years, with the result that more than 20 island teachers are now instructing in American communities.