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1937Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

From Hyde Park, N. Y., comes the presidential pledge, "To keep us out of war." The slogan has been used before, and displayed no mean potency in the 1916 campaign, when it was shouted from all the stumps and house-tops, to save the political epidemics of many distinguished Democrats. It may perform a similar service, in the spring and fall of 1938. It is to be hoped the 21-year-old slogan has better luck in attaining its laudable objective than in 1916, and also comes closer than the more recent shibboleth: "Happy Days Are Here Again." There is also the smiling, charming promise of "a good neighbor era," quite conspicuous due to its non-appearance, as yet. It is doubtful if the nation is as yet, in a state of mind to be mesmerized by a slogan. Mayhap, the heavy thinkers of the New Deal who evolved the "spending to save" notion can incubate a way to enter a war without getting into it.

There is some talk about leaving the question of installing "governors" on the auto engines of reckless drivers, with conviction, to a vote of the people. And, first Monday after a busy Sunday on the highways and byways, would be a fine election day.

"Utopia is a place where the other fellow has to pay all the taxes, where you can sell your wheat for two dollars a bushel and get a 24-pound bag of flour for a nickel." (Then Bluff (Calif.) Newswriter, Buell land, an hour's drive from Cannon Beach, an hour's drive from Cannon Beach.)

The latest bouncing fairy is Martin Heikamp, a Con DeVore meat-house hand, who since the arrival of a boy at his house last Sat. has been giving imitations of a ping-pong ball.

FAIR ENOUGH.
(Detroit News.)

"Martin's description, in a Labor day harangue of the legislature as 'pincopopps' will not hurt that body, which is used to it, but it does give an insight into the working of the zealot mind."

A weather-beaten 4d from Kansas rolled in yesterday. It had also been whipped a couple of times by a phone pole.

More citizens report they are trying to live down the way they voted last November.

A delegation of Russian lawyers are coming to America next December to study and survey American legal procedure. It is an unofficial jaunt, but promises to be an outstanding display of wind, words and whiskers.

The cow price is now jumping over the moon. By this time next week it will probably be shot for a deer.

A Libby, Mont., man celebrated his 100th birthday this week, and attributed his long life to wearing a beard. The patriarchy never give any credit to breathing regularly.

Objections have been filed to Sen. Black (D., Ala.) occupying the supreme court seat to which he was appointed, because of a "life membership in the Ku Klux Klan." It is alleged neither impeachment nor training fit him for the berth. It is doubted if he could run around a moonlit cow pasture half the night in his fraternal shirt-tail, and still be fair to his favorite hares.

A Chinaman involved in a minor figure in the spontaneous combustion gambling crusade in the metropolis is named Ah Chin, which seems to accurately describe the situation. However, some concerned is Wun Lung, either by moniker or anatomical equipment. Just from the oratory, and the fierceness thereof, the active combatants possess the regulation number, unimpaired, and an auxiliary besides, in excellent working order.

Phone 442. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—This is the end of "out where the west begins,"—once more at the Golden Gate. "Out where the hand clasp is a little stronger, out where the smile dwells a little longer—that's where the west begins." Just before leaving Rookford had luncheon with the brother of the man who wrote that well known jingle—Art Chapman. There are as we told him weak spots in that generalization as there are in most. No greater warmth of hospitality could be imagined than was displayed by an old class mate, we met in New York for the first time in over 30 years. While we clearly recall how we maintained a lonely residence in Spokane, on our first trip to the coast, for six months, before three residents of that city, to whom we had letters of introduction, discovered we were there. However, on the whole the west does give a warmer welcome to the stranger within its gates, and in the warmth of its welcome, San Francisco leads the coast. Somehow good cheer and friendliness are in the air.

When we landed in New York we applied for tickets on the "City of San Francisco" Streamliner from Chicago. Had a letter too from Jim Ormandy, general passenger agent of the S. P., but it did no good. There was a long waiting list then, so we had to be content with the Overland Limited.

The Overland is a long heavy train and a good one, but after the Streamliner is quaintly old-fashioned. Scheduled to stop 45 minutes at Omaha, Nebraska, it stayed an hour; the hour stop at Ogden was stretched into an hour and 15 minutes. There wasn't a flag stop between Omaha and Reno, Nevada, where the "limited" didn't stop. Not hard to figure out where the Streamliner cuts off a day from the former schedule,—half the time saved on the latter is taken up by stops. When we reached Oakland this morning, the Streamliner was drawn up on a side-track in the yards,—it had arrived over half an hour before, and left Chicago, nearly 20 hours after. One of these days, all first class train travel will be via Streamliners, with no extra fare, while the tourist and second class will be on the Overland schedule. The railroads move slowly, in the line of progress, but eventually they arrive where they should have been several years before.

We had one of the oldest Pullmans on the Overland, but never had a more restful or more comfortable journey. This was due to the fact we drew an old-fashioned negro porter—George Lowe by name. He was old and thin, but spry; on the job all the time; not only attended promptly to all one's wants, but anticipated them. Most modern porters are young, indifferent, and until about 15 minutes before you are to depart, only go through the motions. The sudden transformation, as the tipping period nears, is as amusing as it is surprising. Then "George" is all affability and attention, where he had been as cold and aloof as a graven image for three days before. It's the modern technique,—but George Lowe was one of the old school,—a courteous and solicitous servant all the time, concentrating on his job not on what he might wrangle out of it. The Pullman company should pay him more than the others, but union rules, we presume, won't allow it. That's a legitimate grievance against unionization,—there is no monetary reward for superior service.

Find everyone here complaining of the heat,—it is warm, but HEAT,—no one west of the Rockies knows what that means! Coming through Nevada last night an extra blanket was welcome—George had attended to that too,—and coming over on the Ferry in the sunshine the breeze fresh from the Golden Gate, was like seltzer and Rhine wine. A group of oil company officials, were poured into their berths at Chicago, and remained in a more or less liquified state all the way across the country. They played bridge, made merry with the unattended gals,—there were only three,—and held high jinks in the diner, usually after the animals had been fed. There was nothing objectionable about them—they just had a good stag-party time,—and we venture to say the Jap boy in the club car, made enough money in tips to buy a China war bond. They were a robust bunch,—one of them could have taken on Jim London and given him a tussle,—but say what you will three nights and days of Scotch and soda, take their toll. Coming over on the aforesaid ferry, they were a sad-faced and subdued aggregation, and we trust took a Turkish bath or a plunge in the surf, before they reported for duty to their superiors. The double for Jim London appeared particularly depressed. His goggle eyes were swollen and blood-shot, his lips parched and cracked, and he simply couldn't endure a hat on his tousled head. There wasn't a smile or a wise-crack in the earload!

We see by the papers Donald Budge did the expected and vanquished the Baron, after a five-set tussle, thus becoming the undisputed tennis champion of the amateur world. But what happened to "Yah Yah"?—vanquished in straight sets by that diminutive senorita from Chile, who could have comfortably enjoyed her siesta in one of Yah Yah's shoes! Guess it's the old story of David and Goliath,—brains versus brawn.

Speaking of brawn,—met a man on the train just back from six weeks in Russia. He maintains Russia today has one of the largest armies and the largest air fleets in the world, but is so disorganized internally, that in a free-for-all fight, Japan, would make a monkey out of "the bear that walks like a man." So would Germany or any other well organized and efficient nation.

He claims, the Russian is incapable of running any machine efficiently, be it a bombing plane, a machine gun or a tractor. He looks for a Russian collapse between Japan on one side of the nut cracker, Germany on the other, and no other world power with the nerve to jump in.

Well, one can hear all sorts of things on a train,—and judgments of world-wide moment based upon a six weeks' tour, are common on both sides of the ocean. We give the view for what it's worth—our own hunch is, it isn't worth much. R.W.R.

FRUIT IN DIET RAISES PARALYSIS RESISTANCE IS THEORY OF DOCTOR

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.—(UP)—

Dr. Irving Sherwood Wright of New York reported today that resistance to infantile paralysis appears to be lowered by lack of sufficient fruit in diets and by too much exposure to sunshine.

In a discussion of vitamin C before the Georgetown medical school's annual extension course, Dr. Wright cited experiments in which monkeys exhibited a higher resistance to infantile paralysis when their diets included this vitamin found in oranges and other citrus fruits.

He suggested that parents might find it "worthy of attention" to give their children extra amounts of citrus fruits during the late summer and early fall when infantile paralysis outbreaks are normally at their highest.

The attempt to connect infantile paralysis infection with dietary deficiencies is a new approach to the medical problem of controlling this

'LITTLE FATHER' OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA DIES

PRAGUE, Czechoslovakia, Sept. 14.—

(AP)—Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, grand old man of Czechoslovakia and founder of the republic, today lost his long fight against the "common enemy of mankind." He was 87 years old.

The "little father" of Czechoslovakia had been critically ill since September 2. Last week he rallied slightly but on Sunday night his condition took a sudden turn and he lapsed into unconsciousness.

Jan Masaryk, son of the first president of the republic which was born out of the World War, personally announced the death.

"My father died at 3:20 this morning,"

Hattie Reames White, teacher of piano, high school credits, given Studio, 220 Laurel. Phone 449-M.

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. Letter 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.

FOOLS WHO FORGET

A woman—at least she bears the name of the first woman—writes on the stationery of her employer:

"I am 45 years, in very good health, and work at the above corporation, and my work is very hard and I get very tired. Every night before I go to bed I have two gin highballs, consisting of one-half pint of gin. I feel fine, will this affect my health? I am much better when I have a few days I don't feel so good but I don't want to injure my health."

It is obvious that the correspondent's education was sadly neglected—and I don't mean what the casual reader thinks. So far as the spelling, punctuation and construction of the letter indicates, it might have been written by the average high school graduate. The field in which her education was neglected is physiology. Whatever school she attended was a trick school where booze money talks. Public education, my eye.

The correspondent does not mention the nature of her work. No matter whether it is clerical work, executive, tabulating, recording, typing, manual work or tending a machine, and no matter whether it is fatiguing and makes her feel very tired, or some impairment of the incipient stage of some insidious disease such as tuberculosis, diabetes, chronic nephritis, pernicious anemia, pellagra, beriberi (polyneuritis) or cancer, a couple of shots of morphine or cocaine every night before going to bed would benumb whatever it is, in the same manner the alcohol in the highballs does, namely by acting as a narcotic on the higher brain centers. The only difference is that people in their right mind regard morphine or cocaine habits as d. tools and cocktail or highball habits as merely foils.

Instead of resorting to the more powerful narcotics (opium or morphine, heroin, cocaine) many misguided individuals, misled by the schools and colleges where they received their putative education, use various coarser derivatives such as acetanilid, anti-pyren and acetophenetidin (phenacetin) to benumb sensation or feeling of fatigue, anxiety.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—Manhattan has an unusual number of sartorial eccentricities among its celebrities. And as in all densely populated centers, such dreezy dilettantes create little stir. Nobody pays much attention to what the other fellow wears. He is far too interested in himself.

Whitney Warren, the architect, clings to a wide black Stetson on all occasions, although an otherwise up-to-date dresser.

George White, of the theatre, sticks to his mink bow tie and his serge suits and can rarely be induced to don evening clothes.

Hai Phye, the handsome photographer, has worn Indian moccasins since babyhood. And is, incidentally, regarded by deli sarte disciples as the most accomplished of graceful walkers.

Lucius Beebe, the journalist from Boston's Back Bay, wears evening clothes of slightly purplish tinge.

Joe Laurie, Jr. is known for his baggy cap worn half afloat. Franklyn P. Adams is a pushover for bright yellow four-in-hands and Arthur William Brown started the blue-collar-to-match-the-shirt vogue. And Lee Shubert, clings to white edgings on his vest upon auspicious occasions.

Joe Louis may not be the most popular champion but it's generally agreed he will rank with Gene Tunney in financial astuteness. While Tunney feathered his nest at the jump of the gun, he was bedeviled by lawsuits that proved a constant drain. Louis' fortune is now edging the million. Reliable advice is he is possessed of something more than \$800,000 and it has been scattered three ways—government bonds, annuities and trust funds. Sparkling rather freely on most topics he shows astuteness about the dollar. Many believe his next championship will be worth \$750,000, which will make him the richest of his race in America.

Restaurant owners have a horror of death stalking a feast. A sudden passing in a well-crowded restaurant, if generally known, wrecks more than temporary havoc. Even a establishment of patrons braced by such tragedy, may not come back. A dining room, if not converted, shows up business for several days. So in every well organized restaurant, waiters and waitresses are expertly trained for such emergencies. When a patron slumps at his table from any cause he is immediately propelled to the kitchen where medical help may be summoned, and if death has been a visitant the body may be removed through back doors without disturbing diners. Many deaths in restaurants have thus been glossed over. Diners believed that a patron merely

lethargic, worried, distressed. Acetanilid (otherwise called phenacetin) is the main ingredient in scores of more or less popular nostrums purporting to be remedies for "colds," grip, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism, shopper's fatigue, brain fog. The truth is that these coarser derivatives have no known remedial value, other than the dulling of pain or other sensation. Neither has aspirin, which many misinformed persons use for the same purpose. Aspirin (acetylsalicylic acid ester) is less injurious than acetanilid, though by no means free from untoward effects, such as hives and the dangerous acute edema of the breathing passages.

People who resort to these sense-benumbing drugs in order to forget momentarily their troubles are just plain fools.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Unpleasant Fever.

You said undulant fever may be contracted by drinking milk from cows that have had contagious abortion and still give off the germs in their milk. How about contagious fever in one person likely to catch it from living in the same house where another has undulant fever? (Mrs. R. L.)

Answer.—It is feebly if at all contagious or infectious from person to person. Ordinary soap and water cleanliness and avoidance of unnecessary contact would probably prevent such spread of the disease. Handlers of hides, cattle, goats, especially likely to contract the disease.

Cirrhosis.

Man who is habitual drinker has been passing blood through rectum for twelve years. He never complains of any pain at all. What could it be? (P. C.)

Answer.—My first guess would be cirrhosis of liver, bleeding hemorrhoids, and perhaps the frequent bleeding is a relief to congestion in portal area.

Save Your Skin.

Won't you give a brief description of the skin, the pores, etc., with suggestions for proper care. (Miss M. S. M.)

Answer.—Send 10 cents coin and a 3-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for booklet, "Save Your Skin." (Copyright, 1937, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

had dined and wine beyond capacity.

Sheila Barrett is one of the few women who can give a perfect imitation of a male drunk—so creditably that it is impossible to believe she is not sloshed to the gills. To my mind no raconteur, however, has yet touched Jim Barton in his dilapidation of the Irishman staggering from a saloon to saloon to show his mad dog bite. He acquires an imaginary jaw before your eyes. Hugh Herbert, of the movies, is no slouch portraying the amiable stow, either.

New York beaches have had two shark scares this summer, ravaging again the moot question: Does a shark bite a living person? Most great authorities say no, but several reputable claim to have found indisputable evidence. But this fact remains: All the evidence is second hand. No one has been found who actually saw a shark attack and bite a swimmer. William Beebe, who has gone into the subject exhaustively, shows his contempt for the theory by going into shark-infested waters to splash about whenever in such areas. The shark is a culture of the deep and lives on human legs and arms have been found in their stomachs by fishermen, but these are believed from those drowned.

In crossing the Gulf of Mexico from Key West to Galveston one summer our ship passenger list on a listing tub was reputed followed by shark. Most of us sat for hours in deck chairs, scanning the water with binoculars. Two in our party reported seeing them several times. Later they confessed they were just trying to crack the tedium of a stupid journey. One of the strangest things in the world is that you cannot get people to tell the truth regarding anything concerning fish.

(Copyright 1937, McNaught Syndicate)

LANDLORDS RESIST CHINATOWN 'PODI'

SAN FRANCISCO.—(AP)—American owners of a building in Chinatown charge that the local Chinese custom of "podii" has caused two long-standing area vacancies.

Asking a \$5000 bid in tax valuation because of this situation, Robert Troy, building manager, described podii as "a pernicious form of blackmail used by the Chinese in San Francisco and nowhere else in the world."

Troy calls it a boycott on property. When a building tenant has failed in business, his creditors sometimes attach his debts to the property instead of the individual, he explained. Written notices are posted and other Chinese business men will not occupy the place for fear of reprisals.

The landlord is sooner or later approached with the suggestion he make a "settlement" and his property would immediately rent again.

Troy said.

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

Announce Wedding Plans



Two Nevada divorce seekers, Delphine Dodge Cromwell Baker Godde, and Jack Doyle, Irish singer and boxer, are shown at Cal-Neva, Nev., where they announced they would be married after both have obtained Reno divorces. Mrs. Godde is seeking a divorce from Timothy Godde, former New York banker, and Doyle will break his marital tie to Judith Allen of the films.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

BIG Jim Farley, speaking in St. Louis, declines to discuss the prospect of President Roosevelt seeking a third term.

Fair enough. He doesn't know. NOBODY knows—not even F. D. R. himself. It will all depend on how things look in 1940.

AS to Democratic prospects, he is optimistic. He says they are sure to elect a Democratic governor in New Jersey and should elect Democratic governors in Maryland and California.

Even Maine, he thinks, is pretty likely to go Democratic at the next gubernatorial election.

BIG JIM came out of the 1936 campaign with quite a reputation as a prophet, but since his historic remark about "letting them (meaning the opposition) talk themselves out" about the scheme to pack the supreme court "and then we'll call the roll and put it over," he hasn't been regarded as quite so infallible.

When the roll was called, they DIDN'T put it over.

FARLEY says: "There isn't any question but that whenever the Democrats nominate for President (in 1940) will be elected."

That seems true enough at the present moment. But there is considerable doubt, even this early, as to whom they will nominate.

Sharp differences of opinion are arising among the Democrats.

HE adds: "There is no chance for the Republican party to pick up strength. It is in as bad a way as it was in 1936, flopping around leaderless, with nothing to offer the people."

Those are hard words, but it must be admitted that at the present moment they are substantially true. As this writing, the Republican party is both leaderless and leaderless.

Conservative thinkers, here in late 1937 are looking to the conservative wing of the Democratic party for leadership.

But a lot of water will flow under the bridge in the next three years and nobody knows what may happen by 1940.

NO BONUS: NO JOBS FOR ORIENT-BOUND SAILORS

PORTLAND, Ore. Sept. 14.—(AP)—A crew seeking \$180 war bonus for each man to sail to the Orient found itself out of jobs today.

Rather than meet the demand, the States Steamship company laid up its California, loaded with lumber, less, piling and general cargo, at Longview and announced it would remain there until a new crew could be signed or conditions in the war-torn Orient quiet down.

Lineman Electrocuted.

LAKEVIEW, Sept. 14.—(AP)—D. L. Neiderhiser, California Public Service company lineman, was instantly killed yesterday when he fell from a ladder into a 12,000-volt line. The body was found by nearby workmen, who did not see the accident.

The use of kysacks, or kalaks, has increased rapidly during the past few years. Kalaks were first used in the Arctic regions. They are small canoes usually covered with seal skin.

Flight 'o Time

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

10 YEARS AGO TODAY

September 14, 1927
(It was Wednesday)

City ready for opening of Jubilee of Dreams Realized celebration starting tomorrow.

Train consisting of 63 cars of peaches leaves for east.

John R. Tomlin purchases the Walter Bowie home on Millionaire Row.

Pittsburgh slated to win National league pennant.

Local banks show steady growth past year.

Police ordered tourist family to leave free auto camp after a six weeks' stay.

Copco plant No. 2 at Prospect nears completion.

30 YEARS AGO TODAY

September 14, 1917
(It was Friday)

Italians win their greatest victory in the capture of strategic forts and the hills of Dol from the Austrians.

Seven billion dollars asked by president to carry on war program.

Miss Alice Hanley of Jacksonville is elected president of the Pioneer society.

Committee "nails anti-irrigation canards."

Apple growers face shortage of boxes.

City council denies increase in pay to firemen.

Ye Poets Corner

YOUR DOG

Sometimes when life has gone wrong with you.

And the world seems a dreary place.

Has your dog ever attentively crept to your feet.

His yearning eyes turned to your face?

Has he made you feel that he understands.

And all that he asks of you.

Is to share your lot, be it good or ill.

With a chance to be loyal and true?

Are you branded a failure? He does not know.

A sinner? He does not care.

You're "master" to him—that's all that counts.

A word, and his day is fair.

Your birth and your station are nothing to him.

A palace and hut are the same.

And his love is yours in honor and peace.

And it's yours in disaster and shame.

The others forget you and pass you by.

He is ever your faithful friend.

Ready to give you the best that he has.

Unselfishly unto the end.

—Mrs. Esther Birdsell Darling.

COWS FACE BIG JOB ON OHIO'S PASTURE

COLUMBUS, O.—(AP)—On the average Ohio pasture, a cow would have to take 180 bites of grass a minute for 12 hours in order to keep its milk production up to scratch, says D. R. Dodd, agronomist at Ohio State university.

If a cow is to produce 25 to 35 pounds of milk, it must consume 200 pounds of grass to get the necessary amount of digestible protein and nutrients, he figures.

The average pasture has only about 1200 pounds of grass an acre available at one time, so the cow would have to harvest one-sixth of an acre daily. And that calls for 180 bites a minute for 12 hours.

Dodd suggests improving the pasture.

HOG WAGER YIELDS CASH FOR COLLEGE

EDINBURGH, Ind.—(AP)—A wager of two hogs that she would go through college without smoking, provided funds for Beatrice Farr Bradley to spend four years at Indiana university and collect her A. B.

Her cousin, Joe Gayle, bet Miss Bradley she'd puff a cigarette before she got her diploma. That was in 1933. Her grandfather, Harry Bradley, offered to breed and feed the hogs, which were brood sows, on his farm near here.

From the sows came many pigs. Miss Bradley's sister in Pi Beta Phi testified that she never smoked. And so she realized enough from the sows and their offspring to pay for her college education.

Internal Engine.

OAKLAND, Cal.—(UP)—Oakland children now consider the rating of pins as too tame. A fluoroscope of two-year-old Graham Alexander revealed he had tackled a toy railway engine and had already consumed two wheels and an axle before his appetite