

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
18-21-23 N. P. St. Phone 18

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one month, \$2.00
Daily, six months, \$10.00
Daily, one year, \$18.00
By Carrier, in Advance:
Daily, one month, \$1.50
Daily, six months, \$8.00
Daily, one year, \$14.00

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1937

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Tomorrow is Constitution Day—the 150th anniversary of the signing of immortal document. In the early stages of the waning national delirium, the inability of Man to eat the Constitution for breakfast, was semi-hysterically held to be more important than the Constitution itself, in the highly encephalated circles.

Fall has come. The first venture-some outdoor enthusiasts, have shined up a chain to a narrow ledge, where they spent the night, and were rescued by the forest service, after 11 hours work. There is something about the tang of the forests in the fall that fills man with a desire to impersonate a Rocky Mt. goat, and roost upon a precarious perch.

GENTLE REMINDER
(American Medical Journal)
"Dear Alice: Your boy will be twenty-five on the 21st of this month; since he has never been paid for, suppose you just return him to me; and I hope his condition is as good as when I delivered him to you. I would really like to see him; he was a beautiful baby."

Sport pages, with the deer season at hand, print timely articles telling hunters: "How to Protect Deer Hides." Of course, first and foremost, the hunter must protect his own.

The Older Girls, et al, are falling for the "Ageless Hat." This is a bit of millinery that allegedly fools Ft. Time, conceals the age of the wearer, and makes her look the age she will admit.

Bird lovers propose cats be provided with bells, to warn the birds "Tabby" is sneaking up on them. This would protect the birds, and aggravate the cats. A better way to protect the birds would be to provide the juvenile owners of 32 calibre rifles with blank cartridges.

Nazis and fascists are charged with plots to seize and overthrow the American government, and executing military drills in preparation for the revolution, when the Communists perform a coup. The way to stop this monkey-business is to deport all members who are not naturalized, even if they have to be knocked off the relief rolls.

FAST THINKING LADIES
(Checo (Calif.) Enterprise)
"Young man, you needn't worry about impressing a girl before you have her affection. This can't be done. You will discover, if you haven't already done so, that a girl is as slick as an eel, as a fox, quick as a cat and as artful as a possum in side-stepping dates she doesn't want. In order to make dates she does want."

"Of course, we haven't been in all the penthouses—yet, but if we get the implication right, there are other prisons besides this one." ("Shadows," state prison magazine)
—Logical and plausible.

The state highway commission reports vandals have mutilated trees along upstate highways, by cutting them with a knife, instead of tearing off the bark with a front loader.

The President and John L. Lewis, CIO leader held a 15 min. conference yesterday. The President remains in the White House.

According to press dispatches, by virtue of passing the state bar examinations, "the state is richer by 48 lawyers." What do they mean, richer?

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Sept. 15.—Got up betimes and boarded a sunrise ferry to see the Hawaii Clipper land at the Alameda airport. The huge craft came soaring in, curved about to face the western breeze, and bump-bumped to a stop, after the fashion of any big plane, at any other airport.

A trim looking woman stepped out (Mrs. Anita Tyson by name), got into a waiting taxi and proceeded to the San Francisco hospital where her sister is critically ill. She left Honolulu yesterday, and HERE SHE WAS, ready for breakfast in San Francisco! There were a couple of nice looking Chinese boys too, sons of some wealthy Shanghai banker, who came down the gang plank, blinking their almond eyes, and looking for all the world like a couple of "Esquire" fashion plates. One is going to M.I.T., the other to law school at Michigan. Local reporters worked hard to get them to say something about the war, but papa, no doubt, had told them to keep their mouths shut—which they did. The M.I.T. youth, who is studying aviation, did say however, the Jap planes are well equipped, but the Japanese poor pilots,—not resourceful enough, and clumsy in maneuvering. Not exactly news,—that has been said many times before, but we are not so sure evidence in the present unpleasantness sustains it.

Still feeling the reportorial urge, we cancelled an engagement over in Marvellous Marin, to see the President Hoover come into port. Our effort to secure a press pass failed for lack of time, so we couldn't get on board, as we had hoped. On a former visit we walked all over the ship, while it was at dock, without so much as opening a card case. But this bombing experience has made the President Hoover both gun shy and self-important. Aside from getting a glimpse of the famous Mrs. Margaret Sanger, author and tireless propagandist of birth control, the journey was fruitless. Did have a chat with one of the officers, who explained the ship was saved from destruction by the fact that the aerial bomb fell in the children's sand pit, instead of on the open deck. Didn't leave much of the sandpit, but saved the ship.

Can't blame Mrs. Sanger for coming home. Old Man Mars can be depended upon to render birth control, for the present at least, decidedly an academic subject in the Orient! From the Embareadero, the President Hoover, a magnificent ship, showed no outward signs of its unpleasant experience.

About a week ago we warmed a bench in Central Park for a few moments and made some comparisons with Union Square, which we have just left. What happened to us today could never happen in New York. The elderly gentleman next to whom we happened to find a seat, proceeded without any rhyme or reason to tell us the history of his life. That is the sort of thing you run into in Union Square,—it is the most friendly and painfully democratic place. Similar familiarity in Central Park would bring a call for the police!

We happened to glance at our wrist watch for something better to do and a quavering voice on our right remarked "Ye're foive minites feht." We looked around to find ourselves face to face with "Pop Eye the Sailor"—no less.

Yes, Strange as it seems and Believe it or not, it was Pop Eye,—Pop Eye at 70 years plus. But he doesn't call himself that,—he calls himself Tom Kerrigan, born near Londonderry, Ireland, around the time of the American rebellion, an itinerant ever since. But he spends most of his time in San Francisco, and has since the fire,—tho in a few days he leaves for San Diego where he has a "winters wor-r-ck."

Pop Eye has wandered all over the face of the earth including the Scandinavian peninsula, and talks Swedish, Danish and German as fluently as he talks English—which we might add is going some! For five years he sold hardware specialties in New Zealand, and hunted kangaroos in the "bush," and he may take a boat from San Diego this spring and return to the Antipodes, which is a grand place to drink.

In fact, wherever Pop Eye stopped, we judge "was a grand place to drink." The Swedes, he maintains, are the best drinkers, most of his friends over there in fact are dead because of it. The favorite drink was a pint of Cologne spirits and a pint of sugar syrup, mixed together and then shaken up with gold leaf—the latter giving the concoction a "wonderful color and a grand kick—if poured on one of them lim-o-ozes parked on Post Street, it would take the finish off like a blow torch."

And it took the finish off of Pop Eye—the hair finish at least. Pop Eye claims he has been completely bald from toe to noggin, since he had a "sickness as a lad of 16," but somehow we doubt it. Not that we would call him a liar, exactly,—but he is Irish, and therefore romantic and loves to talk. After listening to him for close to an hour we think it must have been the drink.

But that isn't Pop Eye's story. No it was that sickness, the worst sickness he ever had except when he had the "tremens" TWICE. In fact the law of compensation worked for Pop Eye—as it does for most of us—he lost all his hair at a tender age, but for over 70 years, he has never been sick and can drink all the night now and not be much the "wurruse for it" (NOT MUCH!). But no one could look worse, to the casual, nor critical observer than Pop Eye does now. But as he says, it isn't the way a man looks but the way he feels, and Pop Eye "feels foine." This is true even after he has had a shot of "gas" which he confided, was even more potent than "gold leaf,"—gas being a combination of denatured alcohol and plain motor gasoline—it sure gives ye a "lift" SAID Pop.

Pop has made a dozen fortunes in his time, and lost them, generosity to his fellow man—and woman,—in fact has been one of his major faults. If he had today half what he has given away "to this and that," he would have more money than they get piled up in Fleischacker's bank. But that's all right, he can still work, he's never been on relief, and will take a hop in the bay before he will enter a flop house or be a common blanket stiff.

He could have had an easy life as a circus freak. Pop Eye could, but he had too much pride and spirit for that. (As he said this he took off his somewhat bemused cap and revealed not a head, but a SKULL, as smooth and white as ever adorned a country doctor's private office).

"Ye see that," said he, "not a hair on it,—nor on them hands (he held up his gnarled but surprisingly clean hands)—no eyebrows, no eyelashes (he pointed to them or where they should have been)—not one hair on me anywhere and there ain't been since I was sixteen. The wonder and marvel of the medical profession I am, but they don't git Tom Kerrigan to make a show of himself—not me."

Yes, Pop Eye had the "tremens twice" and they "wure terrible," until he found the cure which was not to stop drinking but double the dose. The first time he was scared and quit, and feeling worse and worse, had a relapse in the delirium. There were crowds and crowds of people all about him, as well as lions and tigers and one very active ant eater, that sang a song. Tom took down the words of the song and still has them—and they are "good poetry," and he often sings the song today—particularly when he feels low and wants to have a "lift." But when he felt the third attack coming on Pop Eye just took a tumbler full of straight brandy—"down like that," walked right through the crowds all about him, brushed aside the menageries and hasn't had a case of tremens since!

Not a very moral or uplifting conversation perhaps, but

interesting and colorful and making allowances for the Irish temperament, we have an idea, AUTHENTIC. Never saw Pop Eye in Union Square before, may never see him again. Union Square is like that—full of characters who come and go, and have a story to tell, or a philosophy to expound. Those who don't sit in the Square to talk, sit there to listen to someone who does. Central Park is not, we don't believe ever has been, like that. You have to be introduced, FIRST. —R. W. R.

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.

WHO GETS SUFFICIENT VITAMIN B?
Insidious, slowly progressive disabling condition known as multiple neuritis or polyneuritis in this country and England, as kakki in Japan, and as beriberi in China, the Philippines and Malaysia, is now recognized as a nutritional deficiency disease, due specifically to deficiency of vitamin B in the diet.



The characteristic feature of the disease is nerve degeneration which accounts for the progressive weakness and paresis (partial paralysis) or complete loss of use of various muscles, especially in the legs and arms, but along with this weakening or impairment of the voluntary muscles there is generally weakening or impairment of the heart muscle too, so that the circulation fails.

If the condition is not diagnosed and adequately treated the paresis or paralysis slowly but steadily increases and finally death occurs from dilation of the heart, edema of the lungs, hydrothorax (effusion of water or serum into the pleural cavity), hyperpyrexia (effusion of water or serum into the membranous sac around the heart, or paralysis of the diaphragm, or several of these terminal conditions in complication.

In this country, notwithstanding drought, floods, earthquakes, dust storms and occasional Democratic landslides, we have practically no starvation and so physicians in America seldom see cases of classical beriberi. But after all there are some millions of morons among the population of this free and easy country and inevitably many morons are bound to suffer from multiple neuritis as a consequence of deprivation of vitamin B incident to the loss of appetite for proper food when a considerable share of the calories on which the individual exists is derived from alcohol. So common, indeed, is this masked or modified beriberi in America that it has been known for many years as "alcoholic neuritis." It is the way many "moderate" steady drinkers, as well as

periodic inebriates, finish their career. It is due to partial deprivation of vitamin B, and might as well be called d. f. neuritis as alcoholic neuritis.

Another group of sufferers from modified or mild beriberi or multiple neuritis are prospective mothers who are unduly subject to "morning sickness" and vomiting, or whose diet for any reason is exceptionally poor in vitamin content, vitamin B particularly, but along with the B deficiency the diet is almost invariably deficient, also in vitamin G and vitamin D.

Then, too, in the general population there are a great many individuals who, although not quite disabled, just manage to carry on in spite of a vague general weakness which responds to nothing but an increased intake of vitamins B, G and D. Some of these "under-par" or "run down" persons ultimately grow so weak, if they do not get an adequate vitamin ration to supplement their daily diet, that they have to take enforced vacations or enter hospital for a period to "rest up" or "recuperate."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
A Safe Job.
What medicinal or food would you suggest for a steepie jack to counteract or prevent lead poisoning to which he is constantly exposed?—A. R.
Answer—Only risk of lead poisoning is from inhalation of lead dust or lead fumes. Steepie jack would be less exposed than a painter on the ground or in a shop. Careful washing of hands before eating is always necessary to prevent ingesting bits of lead with food. Painters should avoid chewing tobacco or anything else while at work.

Baby Has Dimple.
Baby, aged 5 months, has what the hospital doctor called a coccygeal dimple in her back. Is this dangerous and should anything be done about it?—Mrs. S. A. J.
Answer—No, it is just a dimple. (Copyright, 1937, John F. 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.

star after ten years the other night. In spite of the beauty parlors and such, she had moved on to a certain autumn quietude. She tried to be blithely and carry the old combs, but it wouldn't jell. Ladies rarely learn Nature's lesson from the plum thicket that blooms at the roadside and the dried leaves that stir in the November winds and the aches and pains of the Old People's Home. That lesson is that the Sweet Sixteen role can be played but once and briefly in the drama of life. It cannot be carried through the years.

Joe Moore, newspaper and magazine publisher, who passed on a month or so ago, had what many regarded as the town's most contagious laugh. He was of enormous build, and when his round moon-face rippled into a setting for a roaring guffaw no one in the neighborhood could keep a straight face. He had a roar that shook the rafters and often touched off a solemn dining room in a whoop. Moore died exactly as he wished. He often said he would like to go out just like falling asleep after enjoying a full meal. He did die surprisingly at one of his favorite restaurants and was descending to the street when he slumped on the stairs, expiring before a doctor in the place could reach him.

Booth Tarkington is one of the few top flight writers able to check writing for several years, return to it and turn out stuff as good as ever. His falling eyeight now almost normal, has on three occasions kept him from writing for long periods. During these convalescences he never wrote a line, but in each case when he started again editors declared he was just as capable in plotting, character delineation and dialogue as ever. He is brushing the 70's.

Theodore Roosevelt was said to be swiftest of readers among laymen.

He could scan an entire page almost at a glance, although his eyes were weak and he had to wear heavy-lensed glasses. Chief Justice Holmes was also able to digest a typewritten page as others read five or six lines. Harry Burton can rattle through a manuscript while talking to the author, and intelligently discuss the plot.

Thingumbobs: Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt totals his cafe checks carefully. . . . Yeah Young, famous insurance salesman, is a descendant of Brigham Young. . . . Clarence Mackay and his son-in-law, Irving Berlin, once aloof, now lunch together.

The air is full of sobe and moans. That a million radios spew. For a million bleating harpions. Are yearning tonight of You! (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
THE League of Nations refuses to take away from Spain the seat in the assembly she now holds. That is insult No. 1 to Mussolini, who is backing the Spanish rebels.

AT THE same time, the league refuses to expel Ethiopia. That is Mussolini insult No. 2, for Mussolini grabbed Ethiopia, as Japan is now seeking to grab China, and it ruffles his feathers to have his robber's right thus ignored.

(This writer, if pressed for the cold and absolute truth, honor bright and no fudging, would have to admit that he can read of Mussolini being insulted without seeing red.)

AS WORLD affairs now stand, Britain and France appear to be the nations that are guarding world peace. That is because, thanks to past wars, they ALREADY HAVE THEIRS, and are interested only in keeping it.

Italy, Germany and Japan are on the make. They have little to lose and very much to gain by going to war (that is, of course, if they WIN when they go to war).

Britain, France and Russia are the HAVES. They want to maintain the status quo (which is a fancy Latin term meaning "things as is.") They will go to war ONLY to keep what they have.

Italy, Germany and Japan are the HAVE-NOTS, and stand ready to get into any war that promises awag.

DON'T fall into the error of thinking that any nation (except occasionally one as dumb and innocent as we were in 1917) acts ever from pure and righteous motives.

All nations, when dealing with other nations (with the occasional exceptions already noted), are PRIMAL SAVAGES, motivated either by greed or fear.

If you will keep this fundamental fact clearly and plainly in mind, you will be better able to understand the war news and will be less likely to be led astray by propaganda.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—(AP)—Secretary Roper today predicted an "important surge forward" in business within the next few weeks.

He said the country's economic and social life was reaching a point where a more equitable distribution of profits was being evolved. This, he said, would mean the inauguration of a new prosperous era.

He predicted there would be no need for additional "pump priming" by the government for business this fall.

The secretary also said President Roosevelt has asked him to name a committee to review present air regulations. Its membership, he said, would be selected from government agencies.

Hunter Hurt OSENBURG, Ore., Sept. 16.—(AP)—John Uiam, government hunter for Douglas county, was brought to Mercy hospital this morning, with both legs badly bruised. He was injured when his horse fell with him near Abbott butte in the South Umpqua district of the Umpqua national forest.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 16, 1927
(it was Friday)
Colonel Lindbergh, idol of the world, flies plane over city and is viewed by hundreds. Flyer dips plane over city on flight to San Francisco.

"Bubble of Dreams Realized" ends with more than 10,000 paid admissions to the fairground exercises and events. There was one arrest and one accident during celebration.

Pioneer school house at Uniontown burns down.
Mail Tribune will broadcast Dempsey-Tunney championship fight next Thursday.

Ashland peaches selling well in Portland markets.
After the rather cool spell the weather warms up to 90 degrees.

SEVENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 16, 1917
Mayor Gates returns from a visit to Fort Stevens, and reports all the local boys contented and "hankering for candy."

Big barbecue to be held at county fair next week.
Strike ties up ship building on coast.

Senate plans to adjourn October 1.
Major and Judge and E. E. Kelly while in a clothing store today making arrangements to order his military uniform, was asked by an innocent bystander if he was going to wear a wrist watch when he entered active service in the signal corps. The answer came quick and with considerable vehemence. It sounded some-

thing like "Not by the Ray Gold dam site." It is understood that the major's uniform will be made with a lot of extra wrinkles to accommodate all the angles of his manly form.

PEANUTS ARE USED TO ENFORCE LAW

MILWAUKEE, Wis. (AP)—Milwaukee police have been trapping parking violators with peanuts. They used to mark the tires with chalk but then motorists got wise and rubbed out the tell-tale signs. A police sergeant instructed his men to buy bags of peanuts. After chalking the wheels as of old an officer tucked a peanut in front of each front wheel and behind the rear wheels.

If the peanuts were whole when he returned the officer knew the car had overstayed its legal parking time regardless of what had happened to the chalk marks.

PRE-HISTORIC MUMMY DISPLAYED IN CAVE

WASHINGTON (AP)—Mammoth Cave's pre-Columbian mummy, thought by archeologists to be the most interesting relic of its kind east of the Mississippi, is now displayed in a new moisture-proof case in the cave.

It is shown a few feet from the spot in which it had lain for untold centuries before it was found, the national park service says. Suspended over the spot where the body was found is the five-ton rock which caused the death of the prehistoric miner.

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COMBINATION PRICE, BOTH, INSTALLED COMPLETE \$112.50
Minimum Gas Rate! With both gas cooking and water heating, you enjoy the minimum gas rate. You save in every way through this unprecedented offer. TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE.
Act at once. This offer will be available for a limited time only.

SOUTHERN OREGON GAS CORP.



Now Remember THE DELICATE FLAVOR LAST!
Schilling PURE VANILLA
New Comfort for Those Who Wear False Teeth
No longer need you feel uncomfortable wearing false teeth. Pasteeth, a greatly improved powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them tight and comfortable. No gummy, pasty taste or feeling. Describes Get Pasteeth at your druggist. Three sizes.