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Has the Mail Tribune."

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Editorial Correspondence

PORTLAND, August 14.—What is so rare as a SUNNY day in Portland! When the fast freight rolled over the Willamette River bridge it was raining, and the red cap at the station said it had rained the day before. But before we had reached the hotel the sun came out and it has been out all day. The rain has cooled the air and laid the dust, so—climatically everything's been just dandy.

The hotel strike is still on,—and the bell boy believes it will be on for many months more. He is a student at Willamette and is going to return to his studies the middle of next month. He says he would quit the job anyway however, for he doesn't like bell hopping. They treat you like dirt—not the hotel management, but the guests. The latter think if they give you a ten cent tip, they own you body and soul. He doesn't like the tipping system anyway. (That makes it UNANIMOUS!) He believes at least 90 percent of the bell boys and elevator boys here are college students and when college opens the hotels will send themselves on the spot to get service. He hopes they do. Not the usual type of bell boy, in fact all in all we fear an independent and therefore rather disagreeable person. Perhaps higher education and bell-hopping do not mix. However, we gave him 15 cents and he took it and said "thanks."

The business that called us up here was quickly transacted, and there was a half day to dispose of somehow, without a car or a companion. Myrtle Blakeley came up on the train from Medford but she had her two dashing nephews to take care of her until she leaves tonight for Seattle and her Alaskan boat trip. Dr. Moffatt also was a fellow passenger on the Cannonball but he came up to get his wife, who came up here on a vacation but was taken sick. He hopes she will well enough so they can return to Medford tonight and he can keep a Monday morning appointment. Called up the only two friends we have in the Rose City metropolis and they were both out—Sunday is a bad day to find any city people in. So we were stumped until we saw a sign on a street car "baseball game today," which we hopped, and went out to Vaughan Street. Haven't been much interested in the Beavers since they dropped below the .500 mark, and expected to see rather a depressing exhibition of baseball. Much to our surprise, the double header was a great success.—Portland won over Sacramento in shipshape fashion,—fielding and hitting well, while Liska and Douglas were big league calibre in the box. Sacramento appeared to be doped or muscle bound—a heavyweight bum—but dead on their feet. We have no evidence to support it but have a pious hunch, the California Solons, are following the example of that New Jersey prize fighter who trains on hot dogs and steam beer.

Being alone there was no one to insist upon a grandstand seat so we sat in our favorite section of the bleachers—where the pure quill fans hold forth in their shirt sleeves, peanuts and dirt. The show however, was a disappointing one—couldn't compare with the bleacher performances in San Francisco, Los Angeles, or the Cubs park in Chicago a year or so back. There was plenty of noise, but no wit, original or otherwise. One husky man, without any teeth and his sleeves rolled up exposing a pair of freckled and tattooed forearms, that might have made Pop Eye jealous, kept yelling "Beat the thieves, beat the cry babies! Poison the crooks," etc., etc.—aforesaid remarks being directed toward the gentlemen from Sacramento, but as Portland was never in danger, and there was no evidence to give point to his remarks, he failed to arouse any interest, much less raise a laugh. Going out after the game a dressy young man with a somewhat weather beaten girl on his arm, nodded to us, cordially and asked why in h— it was, the Portland team didn't play that way all the time and win the pennant. "They have only won three doubleheaders" all season he observed in disgust. We couldn't answer.

—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 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 Hills, Calif.

NO DINING-ROOM NEEDED

Writing about "Odd House" you suggested that good living does not require a special room to be provided as a dining-room.

Living in a six-room house, I found I could get along without a dining-room or special dining room furniture. I therefore converted what had been intended as a dining room into a sitting room. I purchased a swing-leg table that folds away when not in use, and a secretary to hold linens. I bought a wing arm-chair, some rush-seated chairs and a fireplace, and with these arranged a Colonial dining and sitting-room.

I am now building a new five-room house and have not planned a dining-room. This means a saving of expense in building. The living-room is large and arranged to the swing-leg table and secretary may be placed at one end, before the fireplace, and in any other part of the room for convenience and light. The kitchen has a working space at one end with window facing south. The other end of kitchen is arranged to use as a dining space or as a breakfast nook where a meal can be served in a hurry. Here there is a window overlooking the garden. The house has an attached garage with a studio over it; the studio can be closed off from the rest of the house for quiet and privacy. On the second floor there are two bedrooms and one bath. On the ground floor there is also a small powder room, with lavatory and toilet, and a screened-in porch on the south side of the house and an open terrace at the rear where sunbaths can be taken.

I have had enough experience living in a house without special dining-room to be glad I did not include a room in the plans for my new home.—(Miss L. V. C.)

Twenty years ago when we built our house "it wasn't done" without a dining-room. But I'd much rather have a larger living-room with a table in the end nearest the kitchen which we could use as a dining-table only when we have more company than the breakfast nook will accommodate. Ordinarily, all members of the family prefer to have all meals in the breakfast nook, for it is pretty and cheerful, with a large window overlooking the rear lawn and the garden beyond; besides, it is very

SEVEN ARMEN DIE AS NAVAL PLANES FALL IN TRAINING

Three Disasters Chalked Up Within Few Hours in San Diego Area—Huge Bomber Plunges Into Bay.

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Aug. 15.—(AP)—The death toll in yesterday's navy plane crashes rose to seven today, with the official disclosure three men instead of two were killed when a huge patrol bomber plunged into the bay and another man lost his life in the bumpy landing of a second bomber.

Three men were killed earlier in the day when a torpedo bomber crashed on Camp Kearny mesa, north of the city. Those who met death in the plunge of the first bomber into the bay last night were identified as Lieut. (JG) Clarence Emory Kasperik, pilot; H. P. Boeckmann, 28, radioman third class, and F. Freeman, aviation machinist's mate second class. Freeman's body had not been recovered early today.

Four other members of the bomber's crew were injured but fought their way out of the wreckage and were picked up by crash boats. All were expected to recover. They were: A. A. Bellimolina, aviation machinist's mate second class, scalp wound; R. O. Christinger, aviation machinist's mate third class, fractured leg; J. R. Holt, aviation machinist's mate, scalp wound and injured left leg; and G. D. Dawson, aviation mechanic first class, fractured rib.

B. T. McKennie, radioman second class, was killed when a second patrol bomber nosed down to a bumpy landing near the scene of the crash. Five others in this plane were reported unhurt. The first patrol bomber crashed in the bay about 9 p. m., seven hours earlier, the torpedo bomber crashed on the mesa from a height of 3,000 feet. Those killed were Mike Frank, aviation machinist's mate second class, pilot; Don Fay Smith, radioman third class, and Ralph Thomas Carter, aviation chief ordnanceman.

NOBOLK, Va., Aug. 16.—(AP)—Trapped in a navy torpedo plane from which two companions parachuted to safety, Radioman H. Munch plunged to his death in Hatteras Inlet today after a collision with a sister ship 1,000 feet in the air.

Pilot A. E. Purry, at the controls, and Lieut. W. Lord jumped from the stricken ship, opened their chutes, and were rescued by an amphibian plane.

ROOSEVELT LAUDS TYDINGS OPPONENT FOR SENATE SEAT

(Continued from Page One.)

Mention of the quartet occasioned surprise, because White House aides had said during the week-end Mr. Roosevelt would not name in the brief address. Inclusion of Harrison aroused special interest among politicians here, for he led a fight against administration tax provisions last spring. Senator Wagner, who like Lewis is a staunch Roosevelt supporter, reaches the end of his term this year. It has been assumed he will seek re-nomination unless he is defeated to run for governor of New York.

There was immediate speculation as to whether Mr. Roosevelt would extend further help to Lewis before the September primary in Maryland. Urge Maryland Visit

The verbal part was similar to the technique the president employed in Ohio and Arkansas for pro-administration candidates. Some administration advisers, however, are eager for him to go into Maryland and attack Tydings as directly as he did Sen. Walter F. George in Georgia.

Lewis quickly followed up the president's address with a radio speech of his own to Maryland voters. He criticized Tydings, whom Mr. Roosevelt had not mentioned, for merely voting "present" when the senate passed the social security act. In fact, he added, Tydings had voted against "vital administration measures."

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
August 16, 1928.
(It was Thursday.)
The Literary Digest stray vote, showing a trend throughout the nation for Hoover, disgraced local Democrats, no end.

Rockford, Ill., aviator hops off on a flight to Sweden.
Work started on extension of Owen-Oregon railroad in Butte Falls district.
Over 1,500,000 boxes of valley pears to be shipped this season.

Work to start soon on Dead Indian road.
Moonshiner arrested with ten gallons of alcohol, that turns out to be water. Police irked.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
August 16, 1918.
(It was Friday.)
Allied forces in France slowly encircle Roye, in new drive on western front.
T. E. Daniels, who expects to move away soon to make his home elsewhere, is voted a life membership in the Elks lodge. He was one of the founders of the local lodge.

The outer lobby of the Rialto is undergoing repairs.
Bartlett shipments from the valley to date total 170 cars.
War profiteers most numerous in food lines, president informed.

News of 4-H CLUBS

By Harold Patton

Ice cream and cake were sold August 6 at the recreation club at Lake Creek. It was sponsored by the Little Shepards 4-H Sheep club of Crook Creek. The club made \$4.45 profit for their part of the 4-H trailer scales.

Some club members were fortunate enough to be able to attend the 4-H club meeting at Jackson Hot Springs August 5. The club paid for the transportation of its members. Mr. Conrad commended the club on the way they conducted their meeting which he attended. Mr. Conrad promised the club he would give a demonstration in carding and in blocking sheep fleece sometime in the near future.

Mr. Conrad weighed the club's lamb with the 4-H trailer scales which he brought with him.

By Bruce Vorton
Bruce Burton and Benton Welch gave a wood-working demonstration at the 4-H club meeting at the Welch home, August 10. The boys are busy preparing their exhibits for the fair.

Following discussion of subjects suitable for demonstrations and of plans for an entertainment to be given for the purpose of raising the balance due on the trailer scales, the twelve members present enjoyed a half hour of swimming.

Refreshments were served to members and visitors, Mrs. Cecil Culbertson, Marie Welch, Jewel Nelson and Nellie Baise.
Patty von der Helten, Alice Day, Barbara Culbertson, David Chirgwin, Clara Mae Higham and Maurice Davies attended the 4-H picnic held at Jackson Hot Springs, August 8.

Mrs. Len F. Bradshaw has been down from Lodge Pole ranger station the last few days assisting the sewing club members in preparing exhibits for the August 18-19 fair.

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FLYING CLUB FORMED TO PURCHASE PLANE AND TEACH PILOTS

Formation of the Medford Flying Club to provide a local organization with a plane of its own was announced today by Thomas A. Culbertson, president of Medford chapter of the National Aeronautic association and a lieutenant in the army air corps reserve.

Membership fees and small monthly dues will pay for the club's plane, a Taylor Cub. Mr. Culbertson said additional nominal payments will provide instruction leading to a private pilot's license, he related.

"The club will make available the lowest rates anywhere for learning to fly," Mr. Culbertson declared.

Ten members are required to start the club, three already being enrolled, he stated.

A meeting will be held at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday in Mr. Culbertson's office at the municipal airport. All interested in learning to fly or in joining the club are invited.

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Congress plans to investigate the claim, moving picture stars give financial backing to Communism in America. No names have been made public, as yet. However, all are smart enough not to go to Russia to their acting.

The Oregon campaign will start September! After that date it will be legal for candidates, to start slapping themselves with their own whitewash brush.

Hermey Offenbacher of the Applegate, pulled an F. Luy of the Antelope Monday, and towed on a week day. He looked guilty.

CORDIALITY RAGES
(Washington Column)
"But he reshaped them himself, and continued the final piece of devilish malice—his comparison between George and the blackest, most orthodox republicans. The section of his speech where he said, in effect, 'My dear friend, Walter George, is a gentleman, a scholar—and a skunk' was typically presidential."

A number of the Older Girls, whose mates are bent on going deer hunting this fall, have started biting them the other way.

A playground controversy in Klamath Falls has calmed, without the town having three playgrounds on its hand.

Citizens not engaged in watching a steam shovel throw dirt like the New Deal does money, have traipsed across Sixth St. while the paving tar was hot, and left their tracks in the postoffice, and the kitchens.

Douglas Corrigan, the flier who started for Los Angeles and landed in Dublin, has been the inspiration for scores of editorials and speeches, setting forth the nation is doing the same thing, but getting no place in the doing. Even now politicians are taking the stump, and landing at the Sunday picnic. Candidates are becoming adept at mounting the picnic table, about stepping in the lemon pie.

A Washington cook, was imprisoned for 16 hours in a cafeteria refrigerator. He emerged alive, through walking and dancing, after he accidentally locked himself in the cooler. Outdoors enthusiasts get the same thrill by ascending the side of a mountain, and getting lost. The chef was handler for the rescue party, and walked into a side of beef, head of a fir tree.

GREAT AMERICAN VOTER
"Absolute" sincerity and a successful political career are utterly incongruous. . . . Anything like complete candor with the voters is fatal to any candidacy. . . . And when they elect the best man to office it is not because he is the best man and they have found it out, but because a large number of complex and ridiculous reasons far removed from the merits of the man . . .

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A FRIEND of this writer, who has just returned from Idaho, brings back the report that the early potato market there is acutely bad. Many Idaho growers, he says, hold the federal farm bill responsible.

IT WORKS like this, they think. Farmers who have limited their acreage of corn, wheat, rice, cotton and tobacco, in accordance with the provisions of the farm bill, have planted potatoes in place of the crops "limited." These locally grown potatoes, put out to take the place of crops that farmers hired themselves not to grow, are swamping the markets of the middle west, where Idaho finds the chief outlet for her potatoes.

They are hauled into town from the nearby country and sold for whatever is offered—or traded for groceries.

AT LEAST, this friend says, that is the story that has come back from the areas where Idaho potatoes normally find a market, and it hasn't made political farmers any more popular with the growers of Idaho potatoes.

In fact, he says, it is rather commonly believed over there that this situation had something to do with the defeat of New Dealer Pope the other day and the nomination of a conservative Democrat in his place.

THIS writer hasn't seen a detailed breakdown of the Idaho vote, but it will be remembered that on the basis of first returns (which usually come from the cities) Pope, the New Deal candidate for senator, was ahead, but as later returns (which usually come from the farm districts) began to drift in this lead was lost and Clark pulled out in front.

IT'S all right to hire out rice to grow corn, wheat, cotton, rice and tobacco, but as the farmer limits his production of these crops he begins to look around for OTHER crops that can be grown in their place. When corn, wheat, rice, cotton and tobacco farmers begin to grow OTHER CROPS they disturb the ex-

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—I was in one of those Latin supper clubs, having a late coffee, when this man came in. He was about fifty. Although he was GRAY, he was hard and lean, and there were no signs of dissipation about his face or eyes whatever. His whole manner seemed assured and easy.

He came in about 2 a. m. and with him was a woman who may have been 25 or 45—I couldn't tell. He held her chair for her and gave her a cigarette and they talked pleasantly a few minutes and ordered supper.

And all the while, remember, an orchestra was playing rumba and tango. Very good rumba and tango. They caught at your feet and made you want to be out there dancing. They must have caught at her feet, too, for presently she said: "We'll have one now, yes, before the waiter gets back." I could hear her very distinctly because their table was close to mine, and I noticed that she means that I was practically sitting in her lap. "Of course," he agreed, and they got up and danced.

They danced beautifully. You would expect this in the woman, but this man was a superb dancer. He did nothing that drew attention to himself, other than the fact that he danced so perfectly that most of the others suffered by comparison. He danced as easily as you lift a cigarette to your lips. If the music said rumba, he knew what to do. If it said tango, he was all right, too.

I like to see that in a man. I like to see a man, particularly an older man, who knows what to do when the time comes to do it. Most men of that age give themselves over to a hybrid form of toddle when they dance, no matter what the music calls for. Waltz or tango, it makes no difference to them. And you know they don't enjoy it. After a couple of rounds you can tell by the expression on their faces that they wish they were home or at least back at the table.

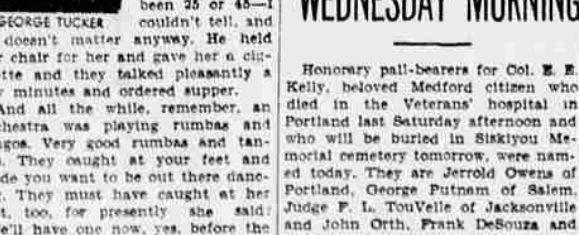
If all the men in New York learned to dance correctly I really believe that within a year 40,000 chiroplastists would be destitute.

And yet the dance is catching on in New York. Among men, I mean. More and more you see older men who handle themselves as adequately as their younger brothers. I don't mean fossils and sugar daddies trying to cheat the grave, I mean average business men who like to keep fit even though they are fifty.

As a matter of fact, many of them secretly or otherwise, take instruction at the numerous dance schools



GEORGE TUCKER



Mrs. Jack Crump



Karl L. Janouch

JERSEY TOUR SLATED IN JOSEPHINE COUNTY

A Jersey tour for the purpose of studying breeding problems for a number of herds in Josephine county will be held Thursday, August 18, this year, with picnic at noon in the Grants Pass city park. It is held under the auspices of the Rogue River Valley Jersey club.

All dairymen are cordially invited to attend this tour. The itinerary is as follows: East C. Reinhart, Lower River road, 10.45 a. m.; George R. Riddle, Hunt Lane, 11.30 a. m.; not luck luncheon at Grants Pass City park, 1.30 p. m.; Franz Schutzwahl, Allen Creek road, 2.30 p. m.

Entire HOSEIERY stock REDUCED
Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann