

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

A white-hot meteor landed in a tree near Lapine, Ore. It is not known why rocks are being thrown at the state, but suspicion points to the May primary results.

Scientists are more or less baffled by tests to determine what makes a man think. It should be no more baffling than tests to determine what makes a man think he thinks.

Another exhibition—this time a lady in San Diego, Calif., caused a short and morbid flurry, by climbing to the roof of a tall building, and threatening to leap to the curb.

The Sixth St. paving is about completed. Once again citizens will be able to park in the "courtsey space," enter the postoffice to buy a stamp, and return 40 minutes later with an armload of groceries.

ROUGH BUT ROMANTIC (Hopkins (Mo.) Journal) "A man and woman attracted some attention Saturday at the local railway station. When questioned the man said they had just been married and were en route to his home in Oklahoma."

Any number of Californians are infatuated with a plan whereby all persons over 50 years will receive \$30 every Thursday. The general idea is for every man to be his own mint, without the trouble of writing an IOU.

Considerable cottoning up to the voters by candidates has been going on the past few days. Via the hand shake, in greeting, a lady voter a candidate should not show signs of hanging on until election day. Those with a hearty grip should not commit third degree assault on their fellowmen.

"Anyone who attempts to forecast the Democratic presidential nominee today, or indicates his own candidacy before President Roosevelt expresses himself, should have his head examined." So spoke the head of the Democratic party, Postmaster-General Crowley, recently as revealed in press dispatches. The idea has merit, and would give employment to phrenologists.

A survey of Georgia voters shows they are opposed to the purge of Sen. George as urged by the Gallant Leader and Great Quarterback. Commentators hold nothing but a miracle or a speech by Herbert Hoover can save the New Deal from defeat.

H. Flewber, the demon baker, primed so long and efficiently for a social event, everybody had gone home by the time he got there.

Communists are a foxy lot, and have noble names for nefarious operations, testimony at the Congressional probe of "un-American activities" reveals. Under the plan, the Society for the Increase of Happiness and Hotkakes, turns out to be the Popular Blowing Up of the White House association.

"Suddenly from the plant came an earth-shaking explosion. Into the air rose a ten-ton steel tank, carrying 2000 barrels of naphtha. The people started running. In a cloud of flame the tank cleared a low building, rocketed 1000 ft. across the river and dropped among the crowd. Photographer Kresge caught it just before it landed."—(Life)—Some man!

PORTLAND, Aug. 18.—(AP)—Drinking fountain repairs developed complications yesterday for a water bureau crew which cut a light cable. Fifteen traffic lights at downtown intersections were darkened and traffic was snarled for several hours.

Editorial Correspondence

VICTORIA, B. C., August 15.—Victoria hasn't changed, MUCH. A trifle less Victoreean perhaps, a trifle more touristy. Came over on the night boat from Seattle leaving there at midnight. Looked forward to a nice restful sleep on the "briny deep," but such was not to be. There was a thick fog over the straits and if the fog horn wasn't directly outside the stateroom window it was close to it. More than that they had two fog horns,—one the familiar deep-throated kind and the other more of a rasping whistle. And we should say the interval between them from 2 a. m. until 5:30 was not more than half a minute. So we wished many times we had taken a room at a hotel in Seattle and taken this morning's C. P. boat, as we first intended.

However a sleepless night seldom affects one the first morning, it is usually the second. In fact we believe the initial result of lack of sleep is a stimulation, a keying up,—it is probably Old Mother Nature calling on her reserve, under the impression that something is seriously wrong. (She is really an exceedingly stupid person and has never heard of such things as fogs or fog horns.)

So we felt reasonably chipper when we trotted down to breakfast at the captain's table. That is the captain was the only person in the dining saloon and we were seated opposite him. We hoped for a real old British salt, with red cheeks and an Oxford accent, but the captain of the Black Ball "Iroquois" was a 100% American from Seattle with a daughter who recently graduated from Stanford, and is after her master's degree, with designs on teaching. The captain had been up all night too,—captains have to be, in a fog it seems, for if anything happens and he isn't on the job, there is hades to pay. He was sorry about the fog horn, and properly so at the fog,—said it was early this year, and was the worst kind, lying close to the surface of the water, with all clear above, the stars shining brightly,—also the moon. However he slept from five until ten p. m. on Monday so he really had no reason to complain.

We were joined by a couple,—a lawyer and his handsome wife from Victoria—they knew the captain and he knew them. And they distinctly had the English rather than the Canadian manner—if you know what we mean. This was particularly true of the wife. It is really very interesting—English people of the upper-middle professional class, fairly exude an air of smug self satisfaction and superiority,—that is either exceedingly irritating or very amusing, depending upon one's point of view.

As stated the couple from Victoria were old friends of the captain and had apparently crossed with him (this is beginning to sound like an ocean voyage) many times,—and they chatted quite familiarly yet, it was unmistakable to an observer, that they considered themselves several notches,—in fact a great many—above him, and were (quite unconsciously) BEHAVING that way.

That is really the interesting feature of this British superiority complex,—it is so perfectly natural, instinctive,—innate and therefore perhaps the least objectionable form of snobbishness known. (In fact one might make a good case for the affirmative of an argument that it isn't snobbishness at all.)

Well as above stated Victoria hasn't changed much, but is a trifle more touristy perhaps,—which is a pity. As the boat came sliding into the harbor, a bugle sounded from the shore, as a cheery greeting; and when the craft docked, a couple of Scotch lassies appeared at the upper dock platform, and played a stirring Scotch air, on bagpipes, passing out Victoria tourist folders as the passengers filed out to the custom rooms. They looked bonny in their bright kilts, and next to the rebel yell, mixed with Dixie, Scotch pipes, give the supremely universal human thrill,—yet somehow such an obvious play for the tourist trade WAS a disappointment to yours truly. We spent one entire summer at Cadboro Beach, near here, and have visited often the past 25 years, and the supreme indifference of Victorians, was always one of its great charms. They didn't seem to care whether any tourists came or not, they went on their way as usual, played their golf, and had their tea, they hunted and they fished,—and therefore no place attracted the discriminating American tourist quite so much. We wouldn't say that quality has entirely gone, but judging by appearances thus far, Victoria has come to appreciate the tourist trade today and is determined to cultivate it.

However at that, this is undoubtedly one of the most "English" places on the western hemisphere, and probably when "Down in the states" we have accepted the results of the revolution and become adjusted to the dictatorship of the proletariat we can still take a boat for Victoria and presto return to the "good old days,"—the mellow comfortable complacent Victorian days,—where one has ease and tranquility and no doubts whatever that God's in his Heaven,—a very well ordered Heaven,—and all's right with the—well the ENGLISH speaking and the ENGLISH mannered world!—R. W. R.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—If you are roaming the town with nothing particular to do you might look in on that 70-year-old Negro sailor who is running a museum in a cellar off Columbus Circle. It has a sign which says "Captain Charley's Private Museum for Intelligent People" and in it you will find bric-a-brac collected from all over the world.

There are lion skin capes made from the pelts of lions killed in Ethiopia, and shackles that are alleged to have been struck from the legs of captured naval prisoners aboard the Spanish warship Maria Teresa, at Manila. There are stuffed reptiles and birds, and piles of dried fish. In one corner you will observe a silken gown stripped from a bearded Chinese priest during the Boxer uprising.

Near at hand is a carved wooden bench which was used as a chopping block for African tribal chiefs who had their heads chopped off.

Captain Charley first opened his museum in Harlem but he didn't like it up there. He says too many petty thieves kept lifting his stuff, and bothering him. So he moved to that cellar near Columbus Circle, and he likes that very much.

This museum is great stuff, he believes, and he is preparing to do something really big when the Fair opens. "I know everybody and everybody knows me," he tells you. "I've got

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 Hills, Calif.

PROSPECTIVE FATHER IS MORE THAN BACKGROUND

Conventional stories or plays featuring childbirth generally give the expectant father a serio-comic role if he is to appear in the picture at all. Such a role may suit some near-fathers well enough—perhaps they are anxious to efface themselves until it becomes manifest whether the baby has a transmissible disease. It is not at all the role a good and true father accepts. He just naturally has a greater personal interest in the case than that.

Not that any prospective father should attempt to remain in the delivery room, especially if he is not familiar with such surroundings. But the young man looking forward to the birth of his baby should by all means accompany his wife at least on some of her regular visits to the doctor for instruction and advice throughout the duration of pregnancy; his place is by her side; his responsibility and concern are precisely the same as hers.

It is only natural that the prospective father should wish to provide every possible means of saving suffering in childbirth. In this desire he receives a good deal of encouragement nowadays, with the numerous methods of anesthesia or amnesia, such as "twilight sleep," so freely offered and so heartily commended—by patients who survive.

Aside from the long established good repute of ether by the open drop method for obstetric anesthesia we shall not give any preference here. Scopolamine-morphine by hypodermic injection ("twilight sleep") is excellent as the agent of amnesia (forgetfulness, indifference) for the mother, but in many cases its effect on the child is serious or fatal. For instance, Dr. W. W. Bell recently reported his experience first with 205 cases in which scopolamine was used, then in 211 cases in which pentobarbital sodium was used. Scopolamine produced a desirable degree of amnesia (forgetfulness) and analgesia (painlessness), but its cumulative effect on the respiratory cen-

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THIS sometimes cynical writer finds himself intrigued by this paragraph from The Dalles Chronicle: "Tomatoes were priced at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per box on the Portland wholesale market yesterday. Last year, at this time, growers were fortunate to get 50 cents a box, and 30 cents was a more common figure."

"A HA!" we said, when our eyes lighted on that cheerful report. "Here is PROSPERITY! Not prosperity around the corner, but RIGHT HERE, in our laps. "Maybe the agricultural depression is over."

SO we read further, seeking to discover the CAUSE of this pleasant up in prices. Here is what we found: "The reason for the shortage (and the higher price) lies in blight, a more or less mysterious malady that withers tomato vines and makes the fruit unfit for consumption. One can drive through the garden district around The Dalles and see tomato patches in which 80 per cent of the vines have been withered by blight. Many growers have abandoned their patches."

SO IT'S blight, eh, that's responsible for this inspiring lift in the price of tomatoes? Carry the note to Secretary Wallace! Maybe he can get his scientific busy and develop a blight that will work on corn and wheat and cotton and rice and potatoes and tree fruits—on EVERYTHING that grows out of the ground. If he can find such a blight (and protect it against the wicked schemers who would seek to control it) he can send prices of all these commodities skyrocketing.

At first blush, it looks as if they've got something up there on the Columbia. Maybe it's the millennium, and not just prosperity, that's around the corner.

IT WAS thus that our thoughts ran, enthusiastically, as our eye roamed along the lines on the printed page. But, just as we were getting up a real glow, we lighted upon this shocking statement: "All of which (\$1.25 to \$1.50 per box) would be fine, except for the fact that Dalles produce growers HAVE VERY FEW TOMATOES."

SHUCKS! Now isn't that a shame? And just as the millennium was practically staring us in the face. It follows, of course, that if the poor devils of truck growers HAVE VERY FEW TOMATOES, it doesn't

HEREFORD CATTLE MEN FORM GROUP TO COMBINE AIMS

Jackson, Siskiyou County Interests Will Work to Achieve Betterments Through New Association

HILT, Cal., Aug. 18.—(Sp.)—Pur bred, breeders and commercial cattlemen, plus friends of the cattle industry from a distance, Tuesday took an important step in the interest of Hereford cattle in Jackson and Siskiyou counties by forming the California Hereford Breeders' Association.

This was the most concrete outcome of a two-day tour in these counties, which Tuesday included the establishments of Henry Conger of Medford and Frank Preston of Jacksonville. At Preston the group was the guest of Nip Tucker at luncheon at Rogue's Roost. Later in the afternoon stop was made at the property of the Charley brothers of Brownsboro, after which the caravan moved to the Mountcrest ranch at Hilt for dinner and to participate in the organization meeting. Many remained overnight, the guests of Reginald H. Parsons and his manager, Fred Baylis.

Purpose of the new organization is to knit more closely the interests of all breeders of Herefords and the users of their purebred bulls in the production of better range cattle, to carry on tours as an annual event and to determine the date and place of the next annual sale. Committee in charge will be Fred Baylis, A. B. Hoy, Alex Levin and Floyd Charley.

Baylis is president of the newly-formed organization as president-manager Fred Baylis of Mountcrest, Henry Conger is vice-president and Alex Levin of Florence Rock ranch secretary. A. B. Hoy and Floyd Charley were added to make up a board of five directors.

After the formal meeting talks were given by Raymond Husted of the O. M. Franklin Serum company of Denver, a man intensely associated with Hereford development in the west and for many years manager of the famous Wyoming Hereford ranch at Cheyenne; and Walter Miller of the Western Livestock Journal, Los Angeles, who spoke chiefly from the standpoint of his interest in the Golden Gate International Livestock Exposition at San Francisco in 1939.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.) Washington is to answer questions politely and honestly. The good ones confine themselves to this. The fake ones take vast fees for "influencing the press," or "presenting the business man's story in a sympathetic light."

The dope peddlers: Business men, especially members of the financial community, are born suckers for "inside information." Certain salesmen of information do a legitimate business minutely reporting developments affecting a particular industry. But the dope peddlers make huge sums out of news which is either untrue or common knowledge.

The methods of these gentry are many and various, but here again patterns repeat themselves. The classic man who knows somebody, for example, was a certain genial fellow who made a good thing of the supreme court's approval of the utilities holding company act. First he went to a group of utilities executives, swore that Chairman William C. Douglas of the sec was a born mouther, and offered to mollify him—for a price. Then, having pocketed a fat retainer, he simply telephoned Douglas's office, used the executives' names, and arranged an appointment for them.

If Douglas hadn't been shrewd, the genial fellow might have been on the payroll for life. Douglas received the executives in friendly fashion. Noting his reasonableness, the executives began congratulating themselves on hitting the right man. And then Douglas told them that, in future, when they wished to see him, they would please just have their secretaries call his secretary, and he would guarantee an appointment within twenty-four hours.

The spavined wheel-horses never do much but talk big. Yet a local representative of the motor business had to argue himself blue in the face

OREGON MEDICS TO HEAR LEADERS IN PROFESSION

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 18.—(UP)—The program for the 4th annual convention of the Oregon Medical Society at Timberline Lodge Aug. 24 to 27, was announced today and included the names of four outstanding authorities. They are Dr. Cyrus C. Sturgis, University of Michigan; Dr. Don C. Sutton, Northwestern University; Dr. Alfred W. Adson, Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn.; and Dr. Edward C. Moore, University of Southern California.

Ye Poets Corner

DRESS REHEARSAL. Some day perhaps I'll want to smile At someone dear—we'll wish a friend. But could I make it worth the while Unless I practiced time on end?

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 18, 1928. (It was Saturday.) Horse racing program at the county fair completed.

Eden precinct growers sell 5,000 pounds of watermelons in two days. Willow Springs area ships a carload of tomatoes.

Democratic state man declares "present prosperity is false, and not stable."

Table Rock melon growers load shotguns to repel night thieves.

Hoover's ruling made urges that "farm relief be removed from politics."

Twenty conscientious objectors at Camp Lewis started at farm work.

Heavy rains remove menace of forest fires in hills.

"Tarzan of the Apes" at the Page. "Murder at — a. m." at the Star.

Traffic cop is replaced by state traffic officers, who will also look after liquor violators.

Proposed war tax on autos causes many purchases.

DEATH CLAIMS FOUNDER OF RICHARDSON SPRINGS

CHICO, Cal., Aug. 18.—(UP)—Joseph Harriman Richardson, 95, one of the six brothers who founded Richardson Springs health resort nine miles north of Chico, died last night at the springs. Richardson bought the property in 1871.

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

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