

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. It is harvest time, and from the corn belt states come news dispatches telling of the prodigious feats of old men, four score or more, in husking, shocking, and stacking the corn, wheat and hay.

Editorial Correspondence

VICTORIA, B. C., August 18.—(By Mail)—A few odds and ends, regarding the old boys golf tourney. One of the oldest members of the club from Vancouver, is a Scot and proud of it. To economize in "picks," he has two tied together with a red woolen string. Very carefully he puts one in the ground, as a stake, places the other for his ball, and then takes one of these slow motion swings. He may not get much of a drive but he never loses a pick.

Another member is noted for his wild swings, he starts far back, swings in a wide arc, and violates every principle of the game before he sends the gutta percha on its way,—but he practically always HITS it. In fact after watching these older boys for a day, we are reminded of the animal trainer who first taught an elephant to walk on his front legs. He called the ring master in to see the first performance, and the ring master didn't think much of it. He didn't think the elephant walked well. "He doesn't," agreed the trainer, "but the wonderful thing is he can walk on his front legs at all!"

The wonderful thing about a score of these veterans, with all their rheumatic gyrations, is that they can play golf AT ALL.

Before leaving the veterans, however, let it be noted that they are not all in the "seere and yellow"—not by any means. The ages range from 55 to 85, and in the championship flight there are probably as many good golfers as one would see in any club tournament. In fact the probable winner—"Dixie" Flinger of Seattle,—has as perfect a swing and gets as good a ball off the tee as any one we have ever seen,—(he is a baby member, just 55). There is nothing easy about this course, it is thickly wooded, the fairway is about half as good for a "lie" as the Medford fairway, and the greens are uneven and spotty,—but he has been only a few strokes above par in every round he has played. In fact our guess would be that outside of perhaps thirty members, these older boys would all shoot somewhere in the 80's most of the time,—which in your correspondent's opinion is all any average human being of maturity should aspire to!

But to return to the wild swinging member: They have white wooden balls, to mark the tee line,—balls about the size of a small musk melon. On the first tee Wild Bill put his ball near the marker and presumably swaying out of the visible area as usual came down WHANG!—not on the ball but on the marker. Why he didn't break his club and dislocate his elbow is still a mystery, the most likely explanation being the marker was not implanted in the turf as firmly as it should have been. At any rate, the marker turned end-over-end and Wild Bill dropped his club and started to wring his hands, while he executed a poor imitation of the Red Apple!

Everyone says business hasn't been so bad in Victoria,—in fact '38 to date has been a very good year. Pursue the matter a little further and you will find that means the tourist crop has been good, and the tourist crop has been good because of the splendid weather. Not in many years they say has Victoria had so much continuous sunshine. A new feature this year and a very attractive one,—flower boxes hung high along the streets, geraniums and blue bellina, each one looking as fresh as if it had just come out of the garden.

If Victoria is a fair example then President Roosevelt is far more popular among the "people one meets" in Canada than in the United States. We have heard many compliments for the American president in our wanderings, and the two papers are waxing positively ecstatic (for Anglo-Saxon periodicals) over the President's pledge of assistance if Canada should be invaded. In fact today one hears pro-Roosevelt chatter everywhere which of course is natural enough. It will be interesting to hear what Papa-in-Law Hearst thinks about this gratuitous gesture of good will toward the British Empire! By the way a newspaper man in Seattle who claimed he had it straight from Boettiger, said Hearst is getting friendlier and friendlier to the administration every day, and promises to be pro-Roosevelt before 1940. Well as far as such a switch is concerned no one would be surprised,—Hearst in that direction is a past master,—but we will believe it when we see it, and not until then.

We wish the Saturday Evening Post and some other periodicals that maintain the only thing the matter with this country is Franklin Delano Roosevelt would come up here and explain,—Why practically every ill Uncle Sam is suffering from is prevalent up here and about the same methods are being pursued by the government to correct them. Regimentation did someone say, federal subsidies, the destruction of initiative and self reliance!

Well they have the same unemployment problem up here, COMPARATIVELY the same federal debt problem, and have had it ever since the war. They have security and relief,—the government, the provinces and the municipalities all contributing. They have old age pensions, they have federal wheat subsidies, they have bankrupt railroads, they have labor troubles—in fact we can think of nothing F.D.R. is blamed for that isn't present to a greater or less degree up here. Yet certainly HE CAN'T BE responsible for the conditions here! Isn't it BARELY possible the conditions which the Saturday Evening Post most vehemently deprecates, exist not only in the United States but generally speaking throughout the world. It all comes under the heading of the profit system breaking down—let's hope TEMPORARILY.

Comment on the Day's News

THE latest scheme to bring pros- perity out of hiding (at least the latest one this writer had seen) up to the hour these words are written is known as "Tax-the-Dollar-Only." The promoter of this project would have the government call in all money at the end of each year and issue new money in its place LESS the amount of money needed for taxes. THAT is to say, if you had \$100 on the appointed day you'd plunge it up to Uncle Sam. If the old gentleman had decided, say, that he'd need 40 cents out of each dollar for tax purposes, he'd give you back \$60 in nice new money. The principle, you see, is just like going to the bank and borrowing \$100, and getting the amount of your loan LESS the interest.

THIS writer is out of luck. In a world full of rosy schemes for making everybody rich and happy without work or saving or self-denial, he's so scandalously old-fashioned as to believe that wealth is created solely by the application of labor to natural resources. He is so hopelessly benighted as to think that if you want a house somebody else must cut down the trees, somebody else must saw them into lumber and still other somebody else must nail the boards together. The MODERN theory of the way to build a house, you know, is to have somebody pass a law. Whereupon the house will just simply rise up of itself and beckon you to enter. IT'S tough to be old-fashioned as to economic fundamentals. It makes you seem peculiar. When you walk down the street, they point the finger of scorn at you, saying: "He hasn't seen the light—the post-soup!" But when you're that way you're just that way, and can't help it. Closing time for You Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. 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. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Do not fail to make a query and conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Man commits a crime against nature when he eats the starch from the seed and throws away the mechanism necessary for the metabolism of that starch. Metabolism is the sum of the chemical changes whereby the function of nutrition is effected. This assertion about starch was made by Dr. Robert Runnels Williams, chemist, who is co-author, with Dr. Tom Douglas Spies, physician, of a book published by Macmillan on "Vitamin B and Its Use in Medicine."

For quite a while I have been trying to tell people that it is a good habit to keep some plain wheat in the house and eat a few ounces of it every day. To further that habit I have gladly mailed on request a copy of the monograph "Wheat to Eat" to any correspondent who provides a 3-cent stamped envelope bearing his address. It gives suggestions and recipes for the use of plain wheat in the daily menu. Numerous investigators have observed that in any case, and especially in cases of potential or actual diabetes, a daily ration of vitamin B promotes the utilization of starch and sugar in the body, acting like a small daily dose of insulin. Patients requiring daily doses of insulin get along with less insulin when they increase their vitamin B intake.

What is the richest natural food source of vitamin B? Unfortunately for the welfare of civilized mankind, nearly all of the vitamin B in the wheat kernel is in the outer coat or bran and in the heart or germ, and in refining flour both of these portions are removed and discarded. So that refined white flour contains practically no vitamin B at all. When white bread constitutes an important part of the diet, contributing more than one-half of the total calories, as it often does, the nutrition of the individual is almost certain to suffer unless exceptionally large portions of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits are consumed along with the bread, or unless some concentrate of vitamin B is taken to supplement the diet.

Functional derangement of the colon, if not actual colitis, as victims like to call it, is one of the common consequences of a prolonged adherence to a diet poor in vitamin B. The restoration of plain wheat to the diet is highly desirable in such cases, although it is difficult to achieve it, because of the inspired propaganda that frightens these victims of colon derangement away from wheat "indigestible" things as plain wheat, wheat bran or wheat germ.

I hesitate to mention all the things I believe vitamin B prevents or cures, lest some of my colleagues infer that I am indulging in absurdities—and it is easy for a doctor to do that to the satisfaction of his unsophisticated patients: just as easy as it is for me to tell how things should be done in medicine. But I shall endeavor to acquaint people by easy stages with the importance of a liberal daily intake of vitamin B.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Food and Cancer Please let us have an expression of opinion as to whether you and the medical profession in general consider certain items of food or drink as predisposing to the development of cancer and that the use of such foods should be limited by those no longer young.—W. A. J. Person. I know of no such foods. Persons of that age, and not physically active should abstain on the quantity of food, all kinds of food, taken, that's all.

Vitamins in Milk Does pasteurized milk contain vitamin G?—Miss C. D. Answer—Yes, natural raw milk, pasteurized milk, even skim milk, is an excellent source of vitamin G. A quart of milk a day practically guarantees against deficiency of vitamin G in any diet.

Canning Process Have heard string beans home canned are dangerous and factory canned are safer. Is that true of canned chicken?—Mrs. W. J. W. Answer—If the food is perfectly fresh, not contaminated or bruised by exposure or handling before canning, it is safe. Any food, factory or home canned, that looks, tastes or smells at all "queer" when the can is opened, should be discarded. Heating for half an hour after opening the can would destroy any botulinus toxin or poison in the food but not the spores of the botulinus germ. (Copyright, 1938, 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.

One of the highlights of his visit was seeing his daughter dance in New York. She is Pauline, "most photographed girl in the Islands," and one of three Aloha maids featured by Ray Kinney at the Hawaiian Room.

My good friend Sam Blake sends in a honey... It's the Olympanorak kodil. Now, it isn't a mammal, it's a civilized version of a Belgian Congp native drink. Cost \$2 if you buy it at the Piccadilly, which makes it the most expensive cocktail in the country. Its authenticity is guaranteed by Tom Crowley, head barkeep, who had it straight from Tommy Kran, the big game hunter, himself.

Warning was given again today by officials that all boys wishing to enter vehicles in the big Mail Tribune-Scout Cup speeder derby must register at Boy Scout headquarters on East Main street by 8 o'clock Tuesday night, the deadline for entering. The derby will be staged on East Main street next Friday evening. All entrants are requested to take their speeders to Boy Scout headquarters at 7 o'clock Tuesday night for final inspection, and to receive last-minute instructions regarding the race. There will also be a general committee meeting at that time to complete final arrangements for the great amateur racing event. All committee members are urged to be present.

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Man About Manhattan

NEW YORK—The other day a thick-shouldered, prematurely gray traveler got off a train and checked into a Manhattan hotel. That night he might be a guest of honor at a dinner. Next day he climbed into an automobile and was driven over as much of the city as was possible to cover in one day. And the next day he continued his observations.

He even went into the sky to see how New York looked from the air. He visited the great amusement centers—Coney Island, Music Hall, the night clubs, the boating areas—to see what form of entertainment drew the most in New York. And finally he was satisfied.

"Yes," he said, "I like this. It will do. I don't know just where it will be, but New York is the right place for it."

And so it became assured that New York is to have a Hawaiian village, a duplicate of the famous Lalani village in Honolulu.

You must not let the word village make you think this is a PWA project. It is the idea of George P. Mossman, who founded the original village ten years ago.

Lalani village, I imagine, is what might be called the last stronghold of real Hawaiian culture. It is enclosed by a high wall and every day a cross-section of life as lived by Hawaiians 200 years ago is reenacted. There are grass huts for the men and grass huts for the women. The native dances, the language, the customs are taught and preserved. There is a heiau (temple), and an imu (underground oven) where pigs are roasted. Guides take you from point to point, lecturing on a picturesque form of living that has practically disappeared. It is Mossman's idea to preserve this culture through education.

You enter the village about seven at night and the ceremonies last two or three hours. This includes the tour, the lectures, a luau (feast), music, the hula, and finally the famous fire dance in which a girl appears to be dancing in flames, to appease the anger of the goddess of the crater.

Mossman thinks New York is a good place for this village because of the vast interest shown by tourists in the Islands. Since his village students he has had more than 6,000 sponsors—and those students have been overwhelmingly tourist class. He doesn't know just when his plans can be put into effect, but he hopes to have the village underway in another year.

In Memoriam

To the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Neathamer and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. Rice, of baby Sandra Joan Neathamer, who passed away in Grants Pass, July 14, 1938 at the age of 10 months. "The Angel"

One night an angel walked in your garden fair, And gathered a blossom sweet and rare; She soared with it to realms above To a land that is ruled by God and love.

No thorns will pierce her dainty feet, No tears flow down her rosy cheeks, For she is in that home of peace and rest.

Where God takes those he loves the best. A Friend.

Reward of Deceit PENDERLETON, Ore., Aug. 22.—(AP)—Guiseppe Ballata, retired Union Pacific car wiper here, knows that it pays to live right. Ballata, taking his life's savings of \$2,230 to the bank some days ago, lost it on the street but today he was happy—an honest Penderleton man, who preferred to remain unidentified, returning the money to the worried man.

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Aneroid Falls Next Standard Picture



E. B. Aldrich (left) of Pendleton, state highway commissioner, receives from R. T. Vivian, (right) Standard Oil Company's district sales manager in Eastern Oregon, first copy to reach Oregon of the natural color print of Aneroid Falls on the Wallowa River in Wallowa County, Oregon's Switzerland. This picture, third in the Oregon scenic series now being distributed fortnightly by Standard Oil Company, will be available to the public on Monday, August 22. Prints will be given away at Standard Stations and by Standard Oil dealers. "I think this exploitation of the scenic resources of Oregon is a fine idea," said Mr. Aldrich.

A Medfordite In Europe

Leonard Carpenter travelling in Central Europe writes experiences to the Mail Tribune.

YOU would be surprised at the numbers of educational books which are consumed by our men. At this stage of the cruise most of the males have dropped out of the contest and are thinking of good detectives but, Oh Boy! how the older girls eat up the culture. In the first place we are a very cultured crowd with scarcely a New Dealer in sight and many who know more about the slavery in Athens, Greece, than the present conditions in Athens, Georgia.

SECONDLY only the utterly depraved or the reckless dare to savor from the appearance of the cruise. We gaze in limited rapture at Stele which turns out to be headstones from some long buried graveyard. We march over pagan ground where once a temple of beauty stood to the wine god or to the goddess of beauty in a long Christian line trying to reconstruct the marbles, battered to pieces by early Christian beauty haters.

Each man carried a 100-pound pack and so when the currents or other accident overturned their landing boats there was no chance for escape. It is said that hundreds of drowned men lay on the bottom in full sight of their companions through the crystal clear, blue waters as they advanced in their turn. One wonders? Why did the fleet turn back when half way through the narrows? Why did Gen. Hamilton arrive in such an unprepared condition? What happened to his intelligence department? Why did he sacrifice tens of thousands of men in a frontal attack when two back doors stood open? How about Ketchener? Did he and the war office resent the prodding of a politician? Were they intent on teaching Churchill a lesson or were they simply too old for the job?

To present school children Gallipoli is further away in time than Gettysburg was from me. To them it is history, to us it was part of life. Suppose success had come early in the second year of the war, what would we have been spared? The destruction of central Europe had not gone far by then. Russia had not collapsed. America was no ways near going into the war. The hatreds engendered in all the fighting countries were uncontrollable. Japan had not started her Chinese adventure.

I AM writing this in the Dardenelles close to the Hellespont. Today we were prevented by high wind and waves from visiting Troy. Tomorrow we reach Istanbul. The Turk is still in Europe. Here we are not allowed to carry cameras. We must be careful to keep on the designated path. Turkey is a thing! She is building forts and mounting guns at both entrances to the Sea of Marmora. The spirit of war is abroad. And as we entered this narrow water way we passed seven cemeteries and we saw monuments erected to British dead.

ATHENS today, again, is almost anonymous with Greece. It is the seat of government and of all activities. The army and armaments together are ruining the country financially. There was the war against Turkey, which ended up with the defeat of Greece and the expulsion from Asia minor of more than a million Greeks. There is the usual money restrictions, the fear of Italy and Germany, the dropping away of trade and the rise of tyranny.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.) An athletic sort of lay-maker when he first came to congress. But his flesh pots have got him. Now he is paunchy and thick, with the unappetizing appearance of a small town veterans' politician. He has a voice that would call the ghosts of hags back from the lower regions, a manner so heavily pompously hearty that you feel he could slap you on the

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back at a distance of fifty feet, and an oratorical style in the worst tradition of the southland. Before he climbed to the federal payroll, he was a very small-time lawyer in his district. He is not without a certain genial cynicism, and he is fond of telling his cronies: "I used to make about \$1,200 a year back home. Now I'm serving the people as \$10,000 per annum, and mean to go right on." He is the founder and natural leader of the demagogues club of the house of representatives. This excellent institution, to which he once initiated the president, has only one rule—never be consistent, and always rise above principle if the voters want you to.

Until very recently, Martin Dies was content with his pay and perquisites, his loud jokes, and his comfortable life. It was only a year or so ago that he set up to be a statesman.

Just how the transformation was effected, is not known. Possibly it was his conspicuous situation as one of the Tory southern members of the house rules committee which inspired him to a higher political flight. He comes from an iron-clad conservative district in Texas, and he was the first man in the house to denounce the C. I. O.'s sit-down strikes. In view of the fact that the president's known feelings on the sit-down strike epidemic, and his known habit of knowing the steps of his young fellow Texans, the shrewd hand of Jack Garner was suspected behind this first Dies outburst.

The attention paid to the outburst apparently excited Martin Dies. At any rate, he hatched his plan of following in the footsteps of the immortal Ham Fish, whom he rather resembles. His committee resolution slipped through unnoticed, and he got an appropriation of \$20,000 to do his good work.

It is credibly reported in Washington that, before Dies started hearings, he paid a visit to Uvalde, and there conferred long and earnestly with the squire of the place. It isn't like Jack Garner to sponsor a red-baiting splurge. Yet the committee's doings look very much like the effort of conservative Democrats to discredit their new deal rivals. After all, 1940 is fast approaching, and in the intra-party struggle no holds are barred.

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 22, 1928 (It was Wednesday) Literary Digest poll shows overwhelming trend towards Hoover for president and county democrats disgusted.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. (Wig) Ashpole and daughter Polly, return from trip to Idaho.

Fifteen fire alarms answered by fire department so far this month.

Joe T. Guggenon asks, city to rent him the Jacksonville railroad.

Legion convention here will net local post a profit of \$500.

Central Point makes ready for school opening.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 22, 1918 (It was Thursday) Skunks have started raiding hen-houses of the Table Rock district.

Allies victorious on four fronts, as Germans continue slow retreat.

J. W. Shirley resigns as teller of the Farmers and Fruitgrowers bank, and will move to Quincy, Mo.

Fifteen cars of Bartlett's shipped east today.

Mail Tribune publishes recipes showing how to make candy without use of sugar, needed for soldiers.

"The Finger of Justice" at the Star: "Tarran of the Apex" at the Page.

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Chevrolet JINGLES. Maybe the reason your mileage isn't so good, You have a thief concealed under the hood. One of those motors that "get by" when new, But after a few months quits working for you. Turns out to be just another expensive flop! Needs a "fill up" of gas and oil at every stop! That's when you'll be sorry you ignored my plea And DIDN'T buy a new Chevrolet from me! Chevy M. Hurd Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 N. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Johns-Manville Rock Wool Insulation AT BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1. 6TH AND FIR