

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 35-27-39 N. 1st St. Phone 75

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Daily, 10c; Weekly, 60c; Monthly, \$1.50; Three Months, \$4.50; Six Months, \$8.00; One Year, \$15.00.

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, and of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS, MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE.

MEMBER OF THE OREGON PRESS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

If everybody who has been promised an appointment as deputy sheriff gets it, per campaign promise, the unemployment problem in Jackson county is solved, and there will be nobody to hew the wood and haul the water, and pick the pears next year.

Turner Mifer, cornetist and bank aide, purchased a new hat Monday, followed by a series of bribe shovels.

California savants have completed their 1932 predictions, and all humanity is up against, each one sufficient in itself, is the following.

An epidemic of boils without remedy. Poisoned water as the blood of a dead man with nothing else to drink.

Great heat wave killing thousands. Destructive hail stones, each weighing 50 pounds.

Earthquake that will destroy everything on earth. No chronic and habitual pessimist of the valley could do as neat and complete a job of painting the immediate future black.

Mrs. R. J. Turner baked a hen for dinner Sunday. A number of her children were at home on a visit.

The Dock Porter boy, who is a fencing champion at "Old Oregon," won his duel in the intercollegiate match, by adroitly striking a UofW man in the ribs, the most times, with a hammer-headed sword.

And when they secure the answer to that question, they are going to have the answer to the question, why those who know the most about the World war, from actual participation in it, are most strongly opposed to having another one.

AS WE have always maintained, professional pacifists are never going to end war. Too much of a stigma is attached to that term, the suspicion is too deeply grounded, that the "pacifist" is merely a polite euphemism, for the thin-blooded idealist who is "too proud to fight."

Wars will only end when those who fought in them, and know what war really means, join in the fight against all war, as a barbarous madness, which is not only morally, but economically, out of date.

In his admission that from the standpoint of the professional soldier the "truth about war can't be told" General Carr has unconsciously opened the way to an anti-war campaign, along these very lines.

The publication of "The horror of it" may well mark the beginning of the end, as far as wars on a large scale are concerned.

THE MUFFLED KNOCK. (Freepost Times) In the Mardi Mrs. Gras parade last Saturday night M. B. Marvin, M. A. Steele and Miss Sara Firestone led the procession on horseback, and three finer horses would be hard to find in the city.

Has anybody seen a \$20 gold piece dangling from a watch chain, as a charm since the Wall St. smash? G. Porter has sunk into running for the legislature.

People are speculating whether March will catch a lion, or a lamb. It does not make much difference what animal March imitates in departing, as long as the departure is quick and artistic. Friday will be All-Pooled Day. Too many do not confine their getting fooled to April 1, exclusively, are liable to get fooled any time by politicians and high-pressure salesmen.

Uncle St. called yesterday, and said he could not recall a time when everybody was completely satisfied. "There's a little bit of Democrat in us all," he philosophized philosophically.

FOR FATHERS. It should be, else I'm much mistaken. Humane and economical. To make the men who make them. make The comic strips more comical. For though with strength of mind endowed. It strains a father's sanity to be compelled to read aloud Their nauseant inanities. Undoubtedly we need a law Expressed not too confoundingly. Demanding that cartoonists draw Much less, and more amusingly. This radical yet simple change Would make my Sundays sunnier. Cartoonists look at should arrange To make the "families" funnier. —(Kansas City Star).

Back to the Land!

ONE of the beneficial by-products of this business depression should be a widespread back-to-the-land movement.

True, farm products are low, and high profits from any farm property are out of the question. But for that very reason, farm PRICES are low,—lower than they have been in many decades.

As a result good farms can be purchased at rock bottom prices and on the easiest terms. A farm thus secured has many advantages over most any other form of purchase or investment.

WITH proper care a farm does not wear out, it is not useless about the time the final payment comes due. A new farm does not have to be purchased to replace the old farm every few years. With proper care and attention the INTRINSIC worth of a farm increases steadily in value.

Moreover a farm can't be wiped out by a stock market crash, or a promotion gamble, or crookedness in high places as is true of so many investments. It can't be stolen, or destroyed by fire. Even the government might fall, and still that farm, and its ability to support and provide shelter for human life, WOULD REMAIN.

In other words, the ownership of a productive farm, at the present time, represents the HIGHEST FORM OF SECURITY, THAT CAN BE ATTAINED and as unemployment increases, and stocks and bonds continue to crumble, more and more people are coming to realize this fact.

THERE is another point. The average farm assures a "living wage"—sustenance for a man, his wife and family,—and as bread lines increase, mere sustenance is for many a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The work, the simple out-door life on a farm, do not insure perfect health of course, but they do encourage it; and health added to security, form the two most vital factors in the happiness and contentment of life.

UNLESS we are greatly mistaken the back-to-the-land movement in this country has already started,—at any rate inquiries regarding farm lands are being received in this state in greater number today than for many years past—and the logic of the situation points to the movement increasing steadily in volume.

Thus one may say with truth, that depressions may come and depressions may go but the beneficial law of compensation GOES ON FOREVER!

Why Can't the Truth Be Told?

GEORGE Putnam—the New York not the Salem George—is going to publish a true photographic history of the World War, entitled "The horror of it."

Higher-ups in the war department do not favor such action. They maintain such pictures showing the horrors of war would destroy the pleasant memories of gold star mothers and in case of future hostilities would retard recruiting.

Says General Carr of the army signal corps: "Only those photographs which show the pleasant features of war can be released." We agree with Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick that this admission is the strongest argument against war ever presented.

WHEN high army officers who know what war is, admit the truth about it CAN'T BE TOLD, the rank and file who must do the fighting are going to ask WHY.

And when they secure the answer to that question, they are going to have the answer to the question, why those who know the most about the World war, from actual participation in it, are most strongly opposed to having another one.

AS WE have always maintained, professional pacifists are never going to end war. Too much of a stigma is attached to that term, the suspicion is too deeply grounded, that the "pacifist" is merely a polite euphemism, for the thin-blooded idealist who is "too proud to fight."

Wars will only end when those who fought in them, and know what war really means, join in the fight against all war, as a barbarous madness, which is not only morally, but economically, out of date.

In his admission that from the standpoint of the professional soldier the "truth about war can't be told" General Carr has unconsciously opened the way to an anti-war campaign, along these very lines.

Grange Notes

By Mrs. Gertrude Haak. Calendar for April: Central Point, April 1, 8 p. m. Live Oak, April 2, 8 p. m. Sams Valley, April 2, 8:30 p. m. Eagle Point, April 3, 8 p. m. Bellevue, April 5, 8 p. m. Talent, April 7, 8 p. m. Lake Creek, April 8, 8:30 p. m. Jacksonville, April 8, 8 p. m. Applegate, April 8, 8 p. m. Rocky Ann, April 8, 8 p. m. Enterprise, April 9, 7:30 p. m. Phoenix, April 12, 8 p. m. Central Point, April 15, 8 p. m. Live Oak, April 16, 8 p. m. Sams Valley, April 16, 8:30 p. m. Eagle Point, April 19, 8 p. m. Bellevue, April 19, 8 p. m. Talent, April 21, 8 p. m. Lake Creek, April 22, 8:30 p. m. Jacksonville, April 22, 8 p. m. Applegate, April 22, 8 p. m. Rocky Ann, April 22, 8 p. m. Enterprise, April 23, 7:30 p. m. Pomona, April 23, 10 a. m., Live Oak Grange. Phoenix, April 26, 8 p. m. Agricultural committee, R. O. Fowler's office, Monday, April 11, 8 p. m.

Pomona Grange. This is the month that Pomona Grange meets with Live Oak Grange at Rogue River. On April 23, at 10 a. m. we gather in the Community hall at Rogue River with Live Oak Grange as host for another good Grange get-together. Here is where you will meet other farmers and Grangers from all over the county, where you will discuss with them those things which interest the farmer, and strive to arrive at some worthwhile conclusions on the many problems which concern him and his life's work.

Here, also, you will enjoy, during the lecture hour, a program diverting and instructive; and here, also, you will gather at well filled tables during the noon hour, such as only farmers can spread. Every Grange family is asked to bring a well filled basket and enjoy the day with us. The Pomona Grange meets in regular session just four times a year. This is not too much time for a farmer to spend in getting in touch with his neighbor farmers, and in taking part in the discussion of some of the puzzling questions of the day. The Grange could do much more to help the farmer if only the farmer were willing to cooperate with his neighbor Grangers and spend a little more time in trying to help solve some of the many perplexing questions which confront every farmer, especially in these troublous times. You have all heard R. E. Nelson tell the story of the man who had been in harness for ten years and during that time he had worn out nine breechings and one tug. Let's all pull and pull together. Standing still and doing nothing to help along, is just as hindering as pulling back.

Who said this, "If every Grange was just like me, what kind of a Grange would my Orange be." Apply it to Pomona, too. Eagle Point Grange. The Eagle Point Grange meets on April 23, at 8 p. m. At this time the third and fourth degrees will be conferred on a waiting class. The Home Economics committee will have charge of a home economics program during the lecture hour. An interesting and instructive program is promised. On Saturday night, April 9, the

Today Personal Health Service

By Arthur Brisbane By William M. D.

Generous French Loans. Out Shooting News. Red and White Men Go. Saved by Snow.

Copyright King Features Synd. Inc. MIAMI BEACH, March 28.—The Paris newspaper under the leading POLITIQUE ET FINANCE prints a list of loans made by France to foreign countries, since the war ended. They total THIRTEEN BILLION TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN MILLION FRANCS. Not including a loan to Czecho-Slovakia, of six hundred million francs, made last January 20th, a three hundred million franc loan to Finland or a loan made to Polish railroads of four hundred million francs.

The French editor's heading, "Politics and Finance," is well chosen. France has lent Rumania two billions and ninety million francs. Rumania, lying in the shadow of the Russian bear, is important. France has lent two thousand million francs to Poland, plus four hundred millions lent to Polish railways, Poland, or Russia, and adjoining property, including the famous corridor taken from Germany, is important to France.

France has lent to neighbors, near and far, seven hundred and seventy million francs to Turkey; twenty-three million francs to poor old China. This list of generous French loans to the various foreign governments helps you to understand why France feels unable to pay money borrowed from us SINCE THE WAR. You know that this country has forgiven all sums lent to France during the war. We wiped that out, and requested only repayment of debts that France has incurred since the war ended.

President Hoover made a public statement to that effect and was surprised that it was never published in any newspaper in France except a couple of unimportant Paris papers published in the English language.

Having taken from Germany so much valuable property, Alsace and Lorraine, cash, colonies, etc., France naturally feel a little anxious about her military position, with Germany and Russia on the east growing so powerful.

It is natural that France should prefer building up military allies in Europe to repaying money borrowed from us, but why should Uncle Sam be called "Uncle Shylock" by those that took his money and don't intend to pay? That seems an unnecessary touch.

The news continues as usual in our "highly civilized" country. In the southeast two policemen are killed, troops ordered out to prevent lynching. Three thousand miles away off in the northwest you read: "Two bandits rob thirty passengers aboard train." It was an interesting robbery. One of the bandits is believed to be a woman. Among men lined up and robbed were two detectives that had pistols in their suit cases. There is much authority in the pistol that points first.

Georgia reports the killing of two prohibition agents with the shooter found guilty. In another corner of the United States, Basil Banghart, called "a member of Detroit's purple gang," shoots his way out of the county jail, wounds the jailer, commands a taxicab and escapes.

We certainly live in a shooting age and the shooters themselves are immune. The Chicago Herald and Examiner says Frank Nitti, called "Capone's chief lieutenant," just came back from fifteen months in Leavenworth prison, learns that he is "marked for death." There is no joking about such a mark, and it makes the marked one nervous.

Yesterday, Leslie V. Shaw, secretary of the treasury under Roosevelt, died, aged 84. At about the same time Chief Bacon Rind, once ruler of the Osage Indians, passed on to the happy hunting grounds, aged 72. A cancer killed him.

Chief Bacon Rind was six and one-half feet high, and important from the white American point of view, because he was chief and adviser of the richest lot of Indians on earth. Oil made them rich. How could large hearted white men, carefully picking out the worst lands to give to the Indians, imagine that oil worth hundreds of millions was hidden under those barren lands?

Did the white man's statesman and the Osage chief travel together on the mysterious journey that we all take when life ends? Did one go to one heaven, the other to another heaven? Is one an Indian and the other a white man in the future life? Or are both totally unlike Indians and white men?

That which our heroic "devil dog" marines and all the power of our government could not do, appears to have been done by a creature so small you could not see it with the naked eye.

Sandino, leader of Nicaragua's insurgent band, is laid up with a violent attack of malaria, under a doctor's care, unable to ride or shoot. And he is not the first victim of the tiny germs that mosquitoes mosquito implant in your blood.

Some historians believe that malaria, distributed by mosquitoes from the marshes around Rome, wiped out Roman power of resistance, making it easy for a barbarian from the north, in furs, to sit on the throne of the Caesars.

Seen under a powerful microscope in the Rockefeller Institute, the malaria germ looks like a finger ring with a purple stone set in it.

Quinine, one of the few absolute specifics known to medicine, conquers malaria, but, for a long time Protestant Britain would not permit the use of quinine because it had been discovered by Catholics in South America and named for a Catholic saint.

Such is the power of religious prejudice. The "Red Star," which represents Russia's opinion, predicts a war soon between this country and Japan. It is to "grow out" of the Manchurian troubles between Japan and China.

Russia knows as little about this country as we do about Russia, and talks about this country as philosophically as we do of Russia, which is saying a great deal. Russia's prediction of war for us is encouraging, because it is sure to be unfounded.

Jenkins' Comment (Continued from Page One) HERE is the point: There isn't anything we can do about the 300 lives that were lost in the Southern storm for tornadoes are beyond human control. But there is PLENTY we can do about automobile accidents here in Oregon, because automobile accidents are largely the result of carelessness, and carelessness is preventable.

Portraits of distinction. The Peak says, opp. Holly theater. Real Estate or insurance—Leave it to Joyce. Phone 790.

grown in the county. Moonshiners and bootleggers might be used in this work, instead of killing or keeping them in jail. An old time saloon and a bank had furnishings pretty much alike, both had a bar, the bank had a fence; both had the saloon a brass rail; both had a strongbox, a few chairs and some tables, on the walls were pictures of some celebrities like Old Hickory, T. R., Johnny Heenan or Jawn I.

In the event this permit is granted Medford will naturally be the headquarters of manufacture and distribution. It has all kinds of plants and buildings that could be used for the making. ANDREW OLSON. Talent, March 28.

Gus to Be Exposed. To the Editor: In these days of depression, unbalanced budgets, gangsterism and general unravelling of the moral and financial ties, would it not be well to give a thought to the more erudite side of life?

For years, as a teacher in this country, it was my privilege to lead the faltering feet of the young in the pathway of knowledge. One of my fondest realizations, as I look back to those long bygone days, is the fact that with few exceptions my efforts were not in vain.

There was, and there still is, however, one pupil upon whom neither my teachings, or corporal punishment, were able to leave an imprint—I refer to Gus Newbury. Despite the fact that he managed to pass the bar examination and has attained a modicum of reputation as an attorney, he is still as untutored in the finer phases of spelling as the day he stepped forth from my little schoolhouse to perpetrate his dubious talents upon an unsuspecting world.

From time to time he has had the intestinal fortitude to challenge me to a spelling match, trusting to the aid of his cohorts to humble me before the world. Such a challenge he has flung again. The time is to be Thursday night, and the Elks' temple the place.

It is my firm intention at that time to expose this upstart in the gentle art of orthography as to leave no doubt upon the minds of all that he has no foundation upon which to base any assumption of honor or ability as a speller.

I appeal to thus publicly call for witnesses to his confusion, but Mr. Newbury has asked for 15—and he will get it. O tempora, O mores, O Gus, O Heck! COURT HALL, Medford, Ore., March 29, 1932.

Red Blanket Camp. In the Spring of 1931 Copco's work had just begun. The camp-boys got busy looking around. And found a spot for a family camp-ground.

Women got settled and men got work. Worked right along but some got hurt. Others got lazy or of work got tired. Boss came along and says: "You're fired."

The faithful old men work most of the time. From installing machinery to building fence line. The Copco is fencing the ditch in here. To protect all animals out mainly the deer.

The work includes building powerhouse and dam. Besides falling timber and clearing land. Now, back I go to the family camp not telling you all.

For you'd die with a cramp. Before telling the bad, I'll mention the good: Free house rent and plenty of wood. Vegetables and bread brought to your door.

Also meat and fresh milk, which means a lot more. The mail is delivered each day of the week. No matter if raining or snow is knee deep.

The school-bus horn blows loud each day. Calling the children who live far away. O, I nearly forgot to mention in here. The mountain cold water is piped right near.

Copco wired the cabins so people could see. So winter has passed as cozy as could be. Some gossip from early till late at night.

Seen no radlox tuned down right. The trouble makers find the least little things. Just to hear their tongues rattle and voices ring.

Now, this little spot where the families dwell. Has made the poor camp boys go thru hell. This ends my story of 32, for Copco's work is nearly thru. R. L. HAWKSWOOD, Prospect, Ore.

Wayne King Marries. Gold Hill, March 28. A NEW WAY OUT. To the Editor: I see an appeal has been sent to McCarty, Stattee and Hawley to pull Uncle Sam's leg for funds to help near growers purchase amudole oil to assist the unemployed. You are talking about politics "getting hot, pots boiling, etc. Why could not the candidates and other boosters go out in the orchards on cold nights and sell enough "hot" apples to save the fruit crop without amudoling? It would be cheaper, be better for family washings and white potato dogs.

Drinking seems to be the the greatest pleasure of the average man and he is going to have his drink in spite of prayers, preaching, gunpowder or legislation. When the drys were celebrating the funeral of John Barleycorn some 12 years ago, a great cry for help went up from the wine grape growers and kindly disposed Uncle Sam gave each grape grower permit to make 200 gallons annually of nerve tonic for his own use.

Could you not use this as a precedent and get the aforesaid law firm to pull Uncle Sam's leg for a permit (no money) to allow Jackson county to manufacture and sell a variety of drinks having various tastes, colors and kicks to it, said drinks to be made only from the juice of fruits, grapes, berries or other products.

Associated Press Photo. Dorothy Janis of the films has become the bride of Wayne King, Chicago orchestra leader. They are honeymooning in northern Wisconsin.

RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD. With Castoria's regulation. When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that his bowels are constipated. The matter is not being cared for as it should be. Bowel need help—mild, gentle help—effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics, no opiates. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relax comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name: Dr. J. C. Peckham. CHILDREN CRY FOR IT.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of the Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. March 29, 1922. (It Was Wednesday) H. O. Frohbach attends meeting at Eugene, and has his grip searched by police.

All snow on road over Blakious removed. Mayor Gates proclaims a "Paint and Clean-up" Week.

Mining wealth of Jackson county declared unlimited by forum speaker. Postmaster Warner urges all to put street number of house.

Portuguese flyers start to hop over Atlantic. Ed G. Brown latest local resident to buy a radiophone.

Carl Y. Tengwald is the proud father of a daughter. Sen. McNary promises frost and irrigation aid for valley.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. March 29, 1913. (It Was Friday) The Medford Mercantile Co. (M. & M.) to open doors for business.

Tommy McFarland of San Francisco to box Bobby Evans here, in Nat bout. Suit filed to put Ament dam in hands of receiver. Fishermen interested.

Valley ranchers given barley seed to plant by Espee. Team runaway on Ross Lane, injuring driver. Blue Ledge railroad mass meeting called.

Crop value of all valley fruits is \$1,000,000. Talks To Parents. Needed—A Friend. By Alice Judson Peale.

A 16-year-old boy was brought to the hospital as a case of attempted suicide. He had sought to kill himself with gas. But was found before his purpose had been accomplished. On the kitchen table he had left a letter:

"Dear Father and Mother: I cannot go on living. I am glad that nobody, nobody at all, will miss me. That is what makes it easier for me to do this thing. "The whole world laughs at me and hates me. Always I have wanted to have friends and to be loved and happy as others are. But I have no one. Goodbye. That such a letter could have been written only by a psychopathic personality does not remove it from consideration by the parents of ordinary children. Many apparently quite normal children go through periods of profound depression during the difficult years of adolescence.

That many more children are secretly most unhappy during this time and that their entire later adjustment is marred by the unsolved difficulties of this period, all who have worked much with children of this age will bear witness.

What such unhappy children need more than anything, is a friend—someone who will understand them and establish the contact which for some reason or other their parents have failed to do.

A really melancholy adolescent should be taken to a psychiatrist who will himself prove to be the friend he needs and who will show him the way out of his difficulties through the development of wholesome interests and associations.

Adolescence offers to the parent the last opportunity to correct the mistakes of earlier training. If the child is not now helped to become a healthy personality, he will undoubtedly carry his emotional difficulties through the rest of his life.

Gresham—Kaseo Service station is leased to recently organized Gresham Oil Co.

Wayne King Marries. Gold Hill, March 28. A NEW WAY OUT. To the Editor: I see an appeal has been sent to McCarty, Stattee and Hawley to pull Uncle Sam's leg for funds to help near growers purchase amudole oil to assist the unemployed. You are talking about politics "getting hot, pots boiling, etc. Why could not the candidates and other boosters go out in the orchards on cold nights and sell enough "hot" apples to save the fruit crop without amudoling? It would be cheaper, be better for family washings and white potato dogs.

Drinking seems to be the the greatest pleasure of the average man and he is going to have his drink in spite of prayers, preaching, gunpowder or legislation. When the drys were celebrating the funeral of John Barleycorn some 12 years ago, a great cry for help went up from the wine grape growers and kindly disposed Uncle Sam gave each grape grower permit to make 200 gallons annually of nerve tonic for his own use.

Could you not use this as a precedent and get the aforesaid law firm to pull Uncle Sam's leg for a permit (no money) to allow Jackson county to manufacture and sell a variety of drinks having various tastes, colors and kicks to it, said drinks to be made only from the juice of fruits, grapes, berries or other products.

Associated Press Photo. Dorothy Janis of the films has become the bride of Wayne King, Chicago orchestra leader. They are honeymooning in northern Wisconsin.

RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD. With Castoria's regulation. When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that his bowels are constipated. The matter is not being cared for as it should be. Bowel need help—mild, gentle help—effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics, no opiates. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relax comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name: Dr. J. C. Peckham. CHILDREN CRY FOR IT.