MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

"The goats are now being separated from the sheep," according to local historians. Some provisions should be made for a corral off to one side, for those who have been both.

• • •

The proposition for the valley to borrow $750,000 from Uncle Sam, has a drawback. Uncle Sam expects it to be paid back, in the course of time.

• • •

HAIL! THE PHILOSOPHER!
(Heppner News)

Rube Medelock of Rhea Creek lost 4 teeth in a recent snow storm. These were knocked out by Carl Platt, a son of Levi Platt, who threw a snowball with a rock in it. Rube said everything would have gone better if he had kept his mouth shut.

• • •

Sad be it to tell, the Professional Poor, are still too slick for the Worthy Poor. It will always be this way, as long as the Worthy Poor possess pride, and ethics, and a sense of honor, and a few other noble qualities, that are excellent, but immune to the bite of human teeth. It is the outstanding outrage of the Depression, and there seems to be no way to stop, except to stop it.

• • •

Many the fool argument that has been advanced in this county, in the name of economy, but none to equal the heavy thinking of a Umatilla county thinker. Public health aid was frowned upon because "it might interfere with the profits of the undertaker."

• • •

Japan continues belligerent, and hell for war. Last July your corr. provided free of charge a cure for this combative spirit. The proposition was: There will be no war, if the Mikado goes to the front, and is placed a way out in front. Pacifists and diplomats alike snubbed the plan. Your corr. still thinks it would work.

• • •

WHY PIONEERS GIGGLED
(Pendleton East Oregonian)

Some days since the apex of Bob Curran's proboscis was noticed coming around the bend below town and three days after Bob was with us. He came from Portland, where he had been for a few weeks.—(50 Yrs. Ago.)

• • •

Thursday is Ground Hog Day, and shoud not be used by the barbershops as an excuse for closing up, and thus set a bad example for the banks.

• • •

"The cheerfulness of the American nation has been uplifting the past three years."—(Outlook)—Now hasn't it. Very few have faces long enough to eat oats off the bottom of an old-fashioned chiurn, and those not starved to death, are bankrupt, they do depose.

• • •

The fear that there would be a plethora of candidates next July, when the court house is scheduled for another political renovation, barring an unexpected return of civic sanity, is groundless. The Oregon law provides, in the event of a recall election, that there shall be no opposition candidate. The people—and Kind Neighbors—just vote 'yes' or 'no', on any given officials, under the mud guns of the Righteous. If the official wins, he continues, and if he loses, the Governor names his successor, if it is a state office, and the county court if it is a county office. This ought to stop sly hints in letters to the editor, that certain gents are willing to make the sacrifice, and run, to save the taxpayers, and get their feet on the public table.

• • •

THE DAY'S DEMAND

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without shrinking.
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumbworn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife. Lo! Freedom weeps.
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

(Cont. E. H. B.)

Editorial Correspondence

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Jan. 28.—Nothing has changed more in the movies than the directors. Our first visit many years ago, all the directors wore riding breeches, carried sticks, and yelled their commands thru megaphones—very dynamic and very tough. There were no doubt exceptions at that time—but that was the rule,—the style—the approved manner.

Nothing like that now. No riding togs, no megaphones, no yelling, no cursing. The directors we have seen are the quietest most unassuming individuals on the lot. They do their work, GENTLY, speaking to the various principals almost in whispers. If any yelling or temperamental outbursts are required, the assistant does it.

Had a little chat with Norman McCloud, who has directed the Marx Brothers in all their films, and is now directing Alison Skipworth, the "Woman Racketeer," in a comedy, the "Woman Professional." He thinks that's a terrible title so it may be changed, but that is what it goes by now.

They were shooting a scene on a transatlantic liner—at sea—Miss Skipworth just coming out of the steerage companionway—although a titled person, she had met with reverses and invited to visit her brother in America had to travel third class. Just as she steps on deck she meets another "lady" from England, travelling FIRST class, and the dialogue that ensues is very amusing,—Alison bluffing her way through that she is travelling steerage to see how the "other half lives"—slumming as it were, "don't you know."

Miss Skipworth never missed a trick, but the other lady wasn't so hot. Did Director McCloud yell at her, and pull his hair, and let out a few choice curses? He did NOT. He took the lady gently by the arm, did a bit of pantomime, said a word or two (too sotto voice for us to hear), and they tried it again. Not so good this time. A few more quiet words, and another try. So it went on,—for half an hour or so. A doctor talking to a very sick—and very rich—woman patient could not have been more considerate and restrained. But in the end he got just what he wanted.

Judging by what we saw last year and this—that is the approved director technique now—and needless to say it is as great an improvement over the old technique,—as present pictures are over their ancient and honorable predecessors. The modern director is neither a prima donna nor a Simon Legree—he is an artist, endeavoring to get the best possible results with his material, and he treats his workers with every consideration for that method brings the best results.

Showing how sensitive these modern recording machines are—an airplane flew over the set about half a mile in the air, while the scene was being taken. Everything had to stop, and everything started again, after the faint sound of the engine had died down. "That's a plane from R. K. O." said the sound machine man, and everybody laughed. "They worked a motor horn on us yesterday, about this time."

McCloud would never be taken for a director, he is young, good looking, dressed in a becoming and inconspicuous business suit, bare headed, a muffler about his neck. Nothing flashy or theatrical about him. Would pass anywhere as a successful and prosperous business or professional man.

"I call this the pneumonia set" he said, "this deck is over a big swimming tank—they drained out the water, but it is wet and makes everything damp and chilly.

"I have a new picture for the Marx Brothers,—we outlined it right over there on the street curb, at the luncheon hour one day, while we were shooting "Horse Feathers." Groucho Marx is a president of some imaginary Republic, and Cheko is a peanut vender. The whistle on his peanut wagon so annoys the president, that he hauls Cheko in and makes him his secretary of state. It's nice and foolish and I think will go over very well. Yes, the Marx brothers help me, particularly Grouch, who is a natural born comedian, and has a brain that is shooting off sparks all the time. I never make a picture that satisfies me,—after it is finished I always see where it could be improved. Roland Young is in this picture,—he hasn't been well and I had to take him first, and only could have him three days. I realize now, that I could have improved that part of the picture very much had I known what I know now. It's always that way. We start with a mere outline, then the thing grows, and we add here and cut there as the thing progresses. As a matter of fact my work only begins when I get through here. I spend nights outlining the work for the next day—but it's fascinating work. I like it"—(certainly not the popular idea of a director's "NIGHT WORK.")

"From Hell to Heaven", a race track comedy with Jack Oakie as a radio crooner and announcer, was over on another lot. Jack was before the mike, delivering the typical "blah blah" of the professional announcer,—"This is your favorite announcer, folks, broadcasting the great Blah Blah Handicap from the Blah Blah race track—Jack Bayne,—easy to remember—Jack Bayne 'Remember the Maine.'" Jack—"just a minute folks, something the matter with the air"—wields an atomizer, spraying his tonsils thoroughly, clears his throat and starts to sing—"When the Moon Comes Over" in a throaty, inarticulate wheeze—"NO SINGING!" shouts the race track manager,—Jack claps both hands over the mike and looks very much hurt.

Jack Oakie is an extemporizer, they shot his scene four or five times and his lines were different every time. Once he pattered on about "looking over this sea of faces reminds me of that little cabin down in old Kaintuck." Everyone laughed, including the director, and one of the extra girls, on a camp stool, asleep with her head in her hands, woke up and blinked pathetically.

Jack came up and was introduced,—talking all the time, "yes they called it from Heaven to Hell, might as well call it the "Ski Jump"—yes, the wife is recovering from the flu,—much better,—in fact almost normal"—and Jack squared off and did some shadow moxing—o show what normalcy meant. The youngest member laughed heartily at that. A perfect dynamo of excess energy—which if you think about it, invariably accompanies good comedy work.

Returning to the main offices, ran into an interesting tableaux in the patio. Mr. Lubitz—whom we regard as the master director of them all—certainly in smart light comedy—had just returned from a vacation and met Carole Lombard coming down the steps.

They rushed at each other like long lost lovers, arms around the neck,—a smack—and what a smack—another and another—My Dear! My Darling! etc., etc.—Mr. Lubitz "broke" first and taking the beautiful Carole by the arm, walked slowly with her, immediately talking business and very earnestly.

"Now that scene is good" we heard him say, "but my Dear, don't overdo it—don't mug it,—just be your sweet and simple self—now remember."

"You are telling ME" laughed Carole, and she blew him a kiss, scampering off to her escort—a young nice looking chap, took his arm, and they continued down the walk.

"The two most popular people in all Hollywood" said Mrs. Wood, "everybody simply LOVES them. We would all get down on our knees to "Luby" any time he crooked a finger—so kind and generous and clever—and Carole—simply a darling. So full of the joy of life, such fun, and true blue. No her husband, William Powell—isn't here,—doesn't work for us anymore—Oh, yes, they are quite devoted—but Carole, she just loves the whole world and everyone in it, and everyone loves her. If w can't find anyone here, we always look in Carole's dressing room. She can never be alone—but she loves it."

Saw Jackie Searle and his Mama. He is a sweet looking kid and she a very sensible looking woman. He takes sissy parts in kid films, with Jackie Cooper and others, but he doesn't mind that—tho he is as manly as they make them. Not a bit spoiled or "stagey"—just a simple kid—and his money all goes into a trust fund, for his education. Smart too—at the head of his class in the movie school. Sounds like press agent dope—and it is. But after seeing him,—believe it or not—WE DO!

R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

WATER IN THE LUNGS.

The common belief is that the cause of death in drowning is the filling of the lungs with water.

As a rule little water is found in the lungs of a person who has died by drowning.

The most characteristic finding in a drowning case is the presence of blood-tinged mucous froth in the windpipe and overdistension or congestion of the blood vessels of the lining of the windpipe. The lungs are usually congested, too, and perhaps more sodden than they should be, but they float in water and if the air spaces contain any liquid at all it is only a spoonful or two, not enough to shut out air.

What, then, causes death in drowning?

There are several theories to account for it. Each of them may apply in certain instances.

1. Concussion from violent contact of the chest, head or back with the surface of the water, or with banks of a stream or with rocks or the bottom of a shallow pool.

2. Exhaustion from prolonged violent effort to keep afloat or to swim against current, wind or wave.

3. Cerebral congestion from effusion of serum or blood in the brain during the first struggles for air.

4. Apoplexy (hemorrhage into the brain) from the same cause.

5. Syncope (fainting, shock) from fright.

6. Few physicians now give much credence to the hypothetical "cramp." The only "cramp" of which we know is that which occurs after prolonged efforts in very cold water, and this loss of power in the muscles is only partial, scarcely sufficient to account for drowning.

7. Suffocation from spasm of larynx produced by choking on some water.

8. Air embolism—bubbles of air occluding pulmonary arteries or the coronary artery (that supplies the heart wall), the air being forced into the circulation either by violent convulsive efforts or, in some instances, by sudden compression of the lungs, as by a belly splash dive or by a hard blow over the solar plexis.

Recently Dr. Peter Karpovitch, professor of physiology in Springfield college found by experiment that rats invariably have water in the lungs when drowned.

In medical jurisprudence it has been assumed that the absence of any water in the lungs is evidence against death by drowning, but in view of the agreement of numerous authorities that no water is found in the lungs in many unquestioned cases of drowning this old principle has lost weight.

In my opinion it is important to permit drainage of the thick frothy fluid from nose and mouth while resuscitation is being applied in a drowning case, by placing the victim in the position Schaefer advises and NOT in the funny Red Cross position. Anyway there is no good reason for putting anything under the victim's chin, face or forehead when applying prone-pressure respiration.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Patient Patient

Having my tonsils removed by the diathermy method and certainly would not care to have them removed by any other method. Have been going one year and two months and have had 32 treatments so far, but this is not long, considering how badly infected and how large my tonsils were . . . (M. B.)

Answer—Well, I never. But then, maybe the doctor has a nice nurse or something.

Soda for Cramps

You requested readers to report their experience with soda as a remedy for cramps in the legs. I have found a dose of from one-half to one teaspoonful of soda sure relief for such cramps on many occasions.—A. Z. O.

Answer—Thank you. A number of readers have reported similar relief, usually from smaller doses, say 10 to 20 grains (less than half a teaspoonful) of sodium bicarbonate (baking soda.)

Long, Long Way to Quiet Worry.

Sincerest appreciation for fine advice in your booklet, "The Constipation Habit." Had always worried about my condition, and had tried everything in hope of finding a remedy. Had always been told that a tall person is naturally constipated. I am six feet four inches in height. But thanks to your advice I am no longer troubled in that way.—A. K.

Answer—The physic habit is psychological rather than physical. If there were some way to enlighten all the wiseacre victims of the habit concerning the elementary physiology of digestion, the correction of the bad habit would be quite simple. But try and teach a wiseacre anything that doesn't jibe with the bunk he has already learned. Any correspondent who has the habit may procure a copy of the booklet by sending a dime and a stamped envelope bearing his address.

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Editorial Comment

"Breakdown" in Jackson.

There has come about, says Editor L. A. Banks of the Medford Daily News, a "complete breakdown of law and order in Jackson county." Shall we expect then, to see a long parade of weeping and broken refugees streaming in from the war-torn southland?

Nonsense. There is no more breakdown of law and order in Jackson county than there is in Douglas county or in Lane or Multnomah. What HAS broken down is Editor Banks' sense of responsibility for the general welfare of his community. A fruit-grower turned newspaperman, he appears to have gone utterly wild with his new found power — the "power of the press."

Agitation of any kind, even crazy wild agitation, gathers some sort of following, but the Banks' "revolutionary" forces are very small. However, as a small pebble cast into a large quiet pool makes ripples that reach ever wider until they lap the very shore, this trouble in Jackson county, consisting in the main of one man and some printing machinery, is far reaching in its effect.

People all over the northwest are aware that there is trouble in Jackson county. They know but little about it and may be inclined to believe that chaos reigns there.

This has a depressing effect upon property values. Business of all kinds naturally suffers. And what good does it do Banks? He has accomplished nothing. He has even failed thus far to gain complete personal control of the Jackson county government, although his own county judge was elected.

It is indeed regrettable that the terms editor and "newspaper" can be applied to the man and the influence that has caused Jackson county's trouble and shame.—Roseburg News-Review.

MORE DISASTERS?

"The On-to-Oregon campaign would look sick were the extension service and experiment stations crippled or eliminated."

This is in a letter from E. W. Carlton, president of the Southern Oregon Fruit Growers' league, to some of the members of the legislature. It is a protest against abolishment of the continuing appropriations. It goes on to say:

I feel strongly that elimination of either of these agencies would be penny-wise and pound-foolish. I have been in close touch with both activities since they began operating and I know they are basic. NO DOUBT A VAST MAJORITY OF AGRICULTURISTS IN THIS STATE HAVE SETTLED HERE WITH THE ASSURANCE THAT THIS SERVICE WOULD BE FURNISHED THEM, SO IT BECOMES A MATTER OF KEEPING FAITH ON THE PART OF THE STATE. BESIDES THIS, OREGON MUST KEEP ABREAST OF WASHINGTON AND CALIFORNIA, BOTH BEING VERY PROMINENT ALONG SUCH LINES.

With the heart already cut out of higher education income, the protests of men like E. W. Carlton of Medford are timely and significant.

Something along the same line is in another column on this page. It is by Dr. Ralph A. Fenton, and, because of its truth and viewpoint, is reprinted from last Sunday's Journal.

Already cut many times more than any public activity, should not education in Oregon be spared further disasters?—Oregon Journal.

The Name "Medford"

To the Editor of the Oregonian: In the Monday issue of the Oregonian, January 23, in the "Those Who Come and Go" column, I read the statement that Medford, Ore., was named in honor of Medford, Mass. This is a mistake, as in the fall of 1883 I heard the discussion between railroad officials and Jacksonville people as to the name to be given the new town, being located in the middle of the valley. They decided on Medford, meaning "the middle fort." The Jacksonville people, being somewhat jealous of the new town so near, called it "Chaparrel City" for some time, as the location was overgrown with the shrub.

EMIL PEIL
Ashland, Ore.

Naming Medford.

Elsewhere on this page is a letter from Emil Peil, Ashland, Ore., merchant, who states that he was present when the naming of the town of Medford was under discussion and that Medford was chosen for its meaning — that is, because he new town was in a "middle" position in the valley.

This is in direct contradiction to the ordinary version, which is to the effect that David Loring, a civil engineer engaged on the railroad construction through the valley, selected the name in honor of Medford, Mass. The latter version is the one given by Lewis A. McArthur in his "Oregon Geographic Names," and he cites Richard Koehler, long operating head of the Southern Pacific in Oregon as his authority.

However, it may be that both sides in the discussion are right. In all probability Mr. Loring did suggest the name in the manner recounted, but in talking it over between the railroad officials and the Jacksonville folk, its appropriateness was what was considered. Whether or not the name was finally chosen because of its meaning of "middle," the fact remains that someone must have thought of it in the first place and must have had a reason for calling it to mind. The evidence is that Mr. Loring was the one who proposed the name and that he did so as a result of his memory of Medford, Mass. The name apparently was first used just before the railroad from Grants Pass to Phoenix was opened to traffic in 1884.

Your Income Tax

A series of daily articles based on revenue act of 1932 and designed to aid those required to file income tax returns for year 1932

No. 2.
Forms for Making Returns.

Forms for filing returns of income for 1932 have been sent to persons who filed returns last year. Failure to receive a form, however, does not relieve a taxpayer of his obligation to file his return and pay the tax on time, on or before March 15 if the return is made on the calendar-year basis, as is the case with most individuals. Lowering of the personal exemption will require many hundreds of thousands of individuals to file returns this year who did not do so in 1932.

Forms may be obtained upon request, written or personal, from the offices of collectors of internal revenue and deputy collectors. Persons whose net income for 1932 was derived chiefly from salary or wages and was not in excess of $5000 should make their returns on Form 1040A, a single sheet. Persons whose net income was in excess of $5000, or, regardless of amount, was derived from a busines, profession, rents or sale of property, are required to use a larger form, 1040. Failure to use the proper form presents difficulties to both the taxpayer and the bureau of internal revenue. Therefore, it is emphasized that a taxpayer engaged in a business or profession from which he derived a net income of less than $5000 is required to use the larger form.

The return must be filed with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which the taxpayer has his legal residence or principal place of business on or before midnight of March 15, 1933. The tax may be paid in full at the time of filing the return or in four equal installments, due on or before March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

'Disarm For Peace'

Carrie Chapman Catt, 74-year-old peace campaigner, urged success of the Geneva arms conference scheduled to reconvene later this month as the first objective in world comity. She spoke at Washington meeting of the woman's conference on war's cause and cure. (Associated Press Photo)

Look! A regular five dollar value in new spring wool dresses, very special at $1.95. The Band Box and Shoe Box.

A SEAT in the CABINET?

HARRY FLOOD BYRD

Harry Flood Byrd of Virginia, mentioned for at least half the cabinet posts, is known to the public for a variety of activities.

A successful newspaper publisher in his 'teens, he branched out into apple growing, general farming, banking and the storage business, mixing these with politics since he was 28 years old.

Politics brought him prominently into the public eye. After eight years at Richmond as senator he became governor at 38 and immediately launched a sweeping reform of the state government. He is only 45 years old now.

Since he left the governor's office in 1930 he has devoted his time to his businesses and the Democratic party. He is the party's national committeeman from Virginia.

After defeat for the presidential nomination at Chicago he offered his services to President-elect Roosevelt and became the campaign treasurer.

A member of a family prominently identified with the history of Virginia since it was a colony, Byrd nevertheless has insisted always that he is just a small-town newspaper man and farmer.

Directs Jehol Drive

Gen. Chang Ching-hui, Manchukuo minister of war, was appointed commander-in-chief of the offensive against the province of Jehol where the stage is set for a struggle against China for possession of the territory. (Associated Press Photo)

In Alienation Case

Affidavits in Brooklyn court revealed a "contemplated" civil action by Luc Rochefort, former Montreal investment broker, against James A. Stillman, former New York banker, whom he accuses of libel and alienating the affections of Mrs. Marjorie Rochefort (above). (Associated Press Photo)

In Cabinet Gossip

Henry A. Wallace, farm editor of Des Moines, has been mentioned as a possible selection for secretary of agriculture in the cabinet of President-elect Roosevelt. (Associated Press Photo)

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
February 1, 1923
(It Was Thursday)

Freezing weather prevails over the valley, and many water pipes burst.

Cow-testing starts in Eagle Point district.

Seth Bullis confined to his home with a heavy cold.

Letter heads of the Crater Club make big hit.

Council urged to clean up auto camp before "Tourists get a bad impression."

Dan's Cafe catches fire three times in four days.

County court to continue health work.

Charges of "graft" by weekly newspaper continue, but no excitement.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
February 1, 1913
(It Was Saturday)

The Y. M. C. A. gives an oyster supper.

Harry Lewis is thrown from a horse on Main street, and sustained painful injuries as he struck on his head. The mount was frightened by an auto driven by a woman on the wrong side o fthe street.

Walls of Page theater being erected, and steel beams arrive.

Sportsmen fear poison for ground squirrels will kill song birds.

The North Dakota society holds a banquet.

"Nell of the Pampas" at the Star; "The Firefighter's Love" at the Ugo.

Communications

To the Editor:

Out in the five hundred block on Palm street there are homes and dogs and boys who love them. Also one of those INHUMAN brutes who scatter death by way of poison.

We know some think there are too many dogs, but is there no way out except one paved with poisoned pets and the grieving hearts of the neighborhood kiddies.

We have no idea who is poisoning these dogs and we suppose he or she is sitting by a fireside in snug complacency, thinking that NO ONE KNOWS.

DON'T KID YOURSELF, DOG POISONER: Long ago the maker of dogs and boys who love them, promised to care for all. This same ONE stood upon a mount and said "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

How much mercy have you shown? We are glad tonight that SOME ONE KNOWS YOU, DOG POISONER.

Jackson County Humane Society.

Jenkins' Comment

(Continued from Page One)

that the average citizen, man, woman or child, eats 268 eggs per year, or 22.3 dozens. The population of Jackson county is about 32,000. That means that we consume each year, here in Jackson county, about 713,000 dozen eggs.

Do you supose we produce that many? If not, we are missing a bet.

Newest dresses arriving daily at $5.95, $12.75 and up.
ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN
Sixth & Holly.

Proper medication, at the proper time—combined with certain simple rules of health—forms the new

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL-OF-COLDS

This safe, practical Plan—fully explained in each Vicks package—can reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health.

If there is a cough, try the new Vicks Medicated Cough Drop—ingredients of VapoRub in convenient candy form