

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Ferry.

John Dillinger, the bandit continues harder to catch than H. Flewler, the demon baker. If you really want him.

Crops are looking fine, due to the labors of farmers, and a few timely licks by Mother Nature.

A West Main St. cat with only nine lives to live, failed to leap in time. It was scrunched by a passing juggernaut.

Cool. You Velle is busy fighting the blight and Republican party, the latter being the worst.

The weather turned off warm the last of the wk., causing the women-folks to eat salad, and blossom forth in frocks that expose more backbone than washbone.

The primary campaign to date has caused some poetry, but no vituperation. Oe West of Portland has announced if the Democrat nominate "a thief, forger, or a degenerate", he will oppose and expose the nominee.

This indicates that the campaign will show some life, and no goodlooking wife-beater will sneak into office as long as Oe is on guard. Locally, there have been no reports of rascals in the courthouse, as was the custom for 20 years.

Dewey Hill of Prospect was down Thurs. to see the wreatlers, and applied his finger-busting handshake to several.

Gardens—beer and backyard—are flourishing.

The ringing of the curfew may be invoked to round up the night prowling juveniles. The curfew might do the business, but many feel a municipal woodshed should be established. If too many have poor hearing, it is also argued that ringing of a bell in this city, will not have much influence over a 15-year-old attending a dance, half-way to the ocean. The police better wake up and do something about it, before aroused parents want to scalp somebody, for their own dereliction.

The fishing has been very poor, owing to the new moon. It is getting so a marvel who catches a fish, is given no more consideration than a candidate for office, with no qualifications for the place he seeks. H. Chan Egan, a mere golfer, right now gets more publicity than a piscatorial enthusiast.

William Bolger has ret'd from the east, where he saw Prosperity, and a dollar. Sellers of rejuvenators for 4ds have arrived here the past week.

Quite a few citizens have left the party of Lincoln, for the party of Jefferson. If they ever want to be postmaster, this will be against them.

While paying eloquent (correct) last week, Miss Patricia GeBauer made a misce and put her dog in the hospital.

Boys with business downtown, continue to leave their bicycles where they fall off of them.

Royal Brown of E. P. spent Friday evening in town, wishing he had stayed home.

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace will be here for the Jubilee, and as the guest of honor will be allowed to walk across the courthouse lawn, with his shoes on.

The lack of money continues, but there is less moaning about it, among the proletariat.

Many have given up hopes of acquiring a 1934 auto, and so have packed their old ones.

Fruit Wage Scale
BALTIMO, Ore., April 21.—(AP)—Cater fruit packers and dehydrators thru Washington and eastern Oregon will meet in joint conference at Pendleton May 21 to establish uniform rules and regulations covering employment of women and minimum wage.

Worse Than the Blight

"GRANTS PASS, Or., April 20.—(Special.)—Fear growers of the Grants Pass vicinity were expressing considerable worry today on account of a sort of blight that has in many instances killed far more than 50 per cent of their crop. Though one prominent grower, struck lighter than the rest, declared the situation was "not as bad as it looks," the others are reporting 80 and even 95 per cent loss. A like condition has been reported at Medford.

No explanation of the cause was available here, though growers hold theories that range from placing the blame on bees to placing the blame on the early season.

The above dispatch appearing in Saturday's Oregonian is inexcusably inaccurate, and unless corrected may lead to serious consequences.

We are not in a position to comment upon the blight situation in Grants Pass, but we do KNOW, that nothing approaching this sensational report is justified in the Medford area.

There is some blight this year, as there is every year. In some local areas the infestation is undoubtedly above the ten year average.

But there is no cause for alarm. For nearly a quarter of a century pear blight has been successfully combatted and controlled in this part of the state, and there is no reason to even suspect, it will not be successfully controlled this year. More orchards are being carefully cared for this year than last, and during the past twelve months many neglected areas have been eliminated entirely.

With financing for this season's crop now underway, such a sensational and uncalled for report SHOULD BE CORRECTED AT ONCE as far as the Medford area is concerned. Let news gatherers in the Grants Pass area tend to their own affairs and not include Medford in their absurd predictions of disaster. The exact condition here should be broadcast at once, to all interested parties, before this wild canard gains further headway.

Use Knee Action

MAYOR CARSON'S chassis appears to lack "knee action." The Portland mayor is greatly disturbed by the number and behaviour of beer hills in the Rose City.

Unless they behave, he declares he will recommend that the state liquor commission take over the dispensing of beer in the state metropolis, and all that city licenses be revoked. We quote:

"The liquor business at this time is a matter of trial and error, but the people in the business are on trial, and if they err that will be their hard luck."

That's true. In the last analysis the proper regulation of the beer problem depends upon the higher-ups in the industry ITSELF. Unless THEY profit by the lessons of the past, abandon the out-dated policy of mercenary greed, and in their own SELF INTEREST, try to make the industry self respecting and decent, their days, in this state at least, are numbered. It's most decidedly up to them.

But Mayor Carson, and other mayors can HELP. They can help by using a little expert "knee action" on those beer parlors that are disregarding the laws, and making public nuisances of their establishments.

Kick them out, close them down. As we understand it, the chief executive of a city has the power through the commission to revoke a license, for cause—and maintaining a public nuisance is a cause. Moreover it would seem to be within the power of such an executive to determine how many beer halls should be maintained. There are said to be 1500 in the city of Portland alone.

If this total were reduced to 1000 we don't believe any one that SHOULD'N'T suffer,—WOULD.

Fine Work!

THE Diamond Jubilee committee is to be congratulated upon securing Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, to attend the celebration in June.

Secretary Wallace is one of the really "big men" of the Roosevelt administration, and his being on the jubilee program, will attract people from all parts of the coast.

Oregon is essentially an agricultural rather than an industrial state. Secretary Wallace shows, by accepting this invitation, he is interested in Oregon; and Oregon is certainly interested in him. There isn't a farmer in the state who would not travel miles to meet him, and hear what he has to say.

It is particularly fitting that Secretary Wallace should appear at a state celebration that is essentially in commemoration of the pioneer. The secretary comes from hardy pioneer stock, is a practical farmer himself, and unlike many secretaries of agriculture, not only knows, but GARES more about growing corn, than he does about politics.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 21.—Thoughts while strolling: Always liked to see my first managing editor go on a rampage. He'd scream "Great Hat!"

Trumpeeters for the beauty of Mrs. Harrison Williams should take a squint at Mrs. Fred Peabody Loretta Young and Lucy Virginia Long look alike.

What literature suggests a badly stuffed owl? That old boarding house from which, although jobless, I used to come and go at the usual time so the landlady wouldn't know I'd been fired. New York is not likely in many generations to have another dilettante so picturesque as Otto H. Kahn.

Dramatic elocution is a snapp when one is alone. How faint the poems have been about Radio City! Nobody ever mentions Ogden without Utah. Whatever became of Gilda Gray? Ray Perkins is always perking. I usually alter before those avenue department store windows. Saks appeal.

One of my favorite people—Bus Mack. The exquisite vitality of Hairline-tones. To this day I think he

achieved more of life's superb grandeur than all the rest together.

In a venerable linen house downtown—the sort as stuffy as a concierge's lodge and with those basket carriers on wire and counter tills—the other day I saw the last bookkeeping high desks with a superannuated employe in black skull cap perched atop the high stool. When he came over to the owner, addressing him by first name, he might have stepped from a page of Dickens. About him was a dignity never seen behind the modernistic desk of a \$100,000 a year executive with battery of phones and rows of push buttons.

Such quaint anachronisms in the New York scene always rustle the paths of memory. And give to moiety-mad Manhattan a sudden and frozen harmony of judged innocence. Most everyone along West 44th street has seen that knitting old lady in the wicker chair, never looking up and plying her needles early to late. At sundown an old gentleman, with a balloon umbrella over his arm, rain or shine, calls for her and they walk to the elevated at Sixth avenue and 42nd. They seem too venerable and weary to mount the stairs, but they do.

Michael Arlen and Jimmy Walker have become boom pals in London and Paris and few of the ultra-Bohemian parties are without "Jimmy and Mike." Each is long noted for exterior flair and other positive of dandyism. And at lunch at the Savoy the other day they were joined by still another worldling, Karl K. Kitchen.

Hannah McLaurin sends me a short story from India which begins: "It's boundless benevolence be the basis of beatitude." But I got no further. Somehow I slipped alambago off the settee with a skuah. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

LeRoy. Those rugs of the Turkish sellers must be antique. No one ever buys one. Christopher Morley was about to once. But feared the poor fellow would die of pneumonia. A shop exploiting only horror books.

So this is real summer! Hello, sucker! Nobody ever looks diffident in a rumble seat. After you listen to all the announcers—Graham McNamee seems best. Anywhere they play Ray's Bolero, I'm a customer. But no one has emphasized its barbaric rhythm as Earl Carroll in that revue.

While windows are up, a roaming piccolo player in Vanderbilt avenue is shrilling "The Whistler and His Dog," a tune that sends me marching around the house when it comes over the radio. There should be a guild of around-the-house marchers. Public parades reveal the pent-up strides that lurk in every man. One of the happiest friendships of a lifetime resulted from a rooming house discovery of a fellow-marcher. We collided in the hall. Marching is a biological triumph of inferiority. Lord Northcliffe is an indoor marcher.

And we wonder if small towns at intervals are still touched with a juvenile drum-major urge. It came to every generation years ago. We began on a section of broom-stick and each residential block was a twirling flurry by day and a medley of bruised shins and cracked heads by night. One of our boys—Cheedie Friend, as I recall—became the drum-major with a showboat band, coming to town every spring. In a mountainous black fur hat with chin strap and a nickel-plated baton with a knob glittering

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to diagnose 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, 765 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE GOLDEN RULE OF HYGIENE.

Sanitarians, notably those of the U. S. Public Health Service, who have conducted careful surveys in various sections, estimate that three-fourths of all illnesses physicians attend is due to colds. It is due to colds that you don't call it cry. Most of the absence from school and from work in every part of the country is due to the common respiratory infections. The annual cost of such PREVENTABLE sickness and the many surgical operations made necessary by it is so enormous that it is scarcely conceivable to the ordinary mind.

Any precaution which will prevent the spread of such diseases is at least worth consideration.

Well, I'm no blooming quack even if I do make a noise like one. I have no panacea or cure-all or secret "cold" cure to sell or give away. So if that is what you seek, you may as well throw this little lesson away right now. But I sincerely believe I can give you a few simple, practical suggestions which will save you many an illness from the cr. At any rate you will never do any harm by following or trying to follow the suggestions I give about this. Incidentally, by practicing the golden rule of hygiene yourself you will teach many others a great lesson in health.

May I not remind you that I have been studying this question for many years and that I have investigated with particular care every remedy or method of treatment that has been introduced or heralded to the public as efficacious against "the common cold." This is my honest conviction: If I come down with cri myself I thank you (or cuss you, as the circumstances indicate) for your sure fire remedies but decline to dope myself with any of them. Not that I have no faith in medicines. The jack-ass has no faith in doctors or dope but the veterinary cures him just the same. In a more advanced lesson in this course I'll tell you of some simple, homely medicines which I believe are beneficial in any case.

I'll give you a recipe I'd want to take myself if I had cri. For the sake of clearness—a virtue conspicuously lacking in the theses of physicians or health authorities who write or preach about "colds" or "the common cold"—let me define

achieved more of life's superb grandeur than all the rest together. In a venerable linen house downtown—the sort as stuffy as a concierge's lodge and with those basket carriers on wire and counter tills—the other day I saw the last bookkeeping high desks with a superannuated employe in black skull cap perched atop the high stool. When he came over to the owner, addressing him by first name, he might have stepped from a page of Dickens. About him was a dignity never seen behind the modernistic desk of a \$100,000 a year executive with battery of phones and rows of push buttons.

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come here to see Crater Lake, the Oregon Caves and our other world-famous attractions.

These people bring money from elsewhere in Oregon and spend it in Southern Oregon, thus adding to our prosperity by increasing the money passing from hand to hand and entering into our bank deposits.

So, you see, it is well worth our while, here in Southern Oregon, to attract tourists from other parts of Oregon.

RAY CONWAY, of the Oregon State Motor association, who was quoted in this column yesterday, gives an interesting example of what even one event that causes people to travel around means in terms of new business.

Up at Government Camp, on Mt. Hood, recently, he says, 5000 automobiles were parked in a single day, the attraction bringing them there being a ski tournament. The shortest distance any of these cars could travel to get there and back was 100 miles, so it is apparent that the total travel involved in this one event was 500,000 miles.

Assuming the average life of a car to be 50,000 miles, it is thus apparent that the travel to this one event alone wore out ten automobiles—which, of course, means MAKING A MARKET for ten new cars.

AND this, remember, takes into consideration only the wearing out of the ten cars. It doesn't include the wearing out of tires, of the consumption of gasoline and oil, or any of the other elements of cost entering into the operation of an automobile.

When all of these, along with food, tobacco, outdoor clothing, candy, etc., are included, we get some idea of what traveling around means in the way of consuming existing products and thus creating a market for NEW products.

Travel, you see, is really a great promoter of new business activity.

IN the old days, when our grandfathers were young, the accepted rule for getting along in the world was "work like hell and never spend a cent."

In these days, we no longer accept that rule, for we know by experience that the only way in which business can be kept active is by keeping money passing actively from hand to hand.

NIMBLE dollars are the dollars that create prosperity.

SO LET'S attract all the tourist travel we can, here in Southern Oregon, whether it comes from within our own state or from without. Every new dollar we can bring here in that way will help to make us more prosperous.

ARMY INCREASE BILL NEEDED SAYS CHIEF

WASHINGTON, April 21.—(AP) Giving his "unqualified approval" to a bill to add 48,000 men to the army, General Douglas MacArthur, chief of army staff, told a house military affairs sub-committee today that the measure "seeks to remedy one of the most glaring, critical defects of our military establishment."

The bill, introduced by Representative Thompson (D. Tex.), would direct an increase in army enlisted men from 118,750 to 165,000 and the officer personnel from 12,000 to 14,063.

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Flight 'o Time

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

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. April 22, 1934 (It Was Monday) Local societies come out against Ku Klux Klan, war, and taxes.

The new course of the Rogue River Valley golf course to be opened May 3rd.

An irate citizen threatens State Corporation Commissioner W. E. Crews at Salem session.

At the sanity trial of Harry K. Thaw, in New York, the millionaire slayer throws a fit.

Craters urge that signs be placed up on all roads, and that tourists be given fruit and vegetables, "to show the warm hospitality" of the valley.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY April 22, 1924 (It Was Wednesday) American fleet bombards Vera Cruz, and marines land at Tampico, in war move.

The fighting feathers of any number of Medford citizens began to bristle with the first shot at Vera Cruz. The only Mexican in the valley is in the county jail awaiting trial for passing bad checks, but the vendor of tamales and Mexican dishes reports a 90 per cent decrease in trade since hostilities opened.

"Lazy Husbands" who refuse to work, though labor is now in demand will hereafter loaf in the county jail, instead of on the shady side of the Commercial club, the police announce.

"Auto Truck Possibilities" is the subject of an editorial.

City Council passes an ordinance prohibiting the moving of houses on city streets, unless bonds are furnished to cover any damage to city streets.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, April 28.

Call for Bids Call for bids for 60 cords more or less 4 foot body fir to be delivered to school grounds before August 1. Bids to be opened May 15th. Board reserves right to reject any and all bids. District 4, Phoenix.

MARJORIE WILCOX, Clerk.

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STUDIO THEATRE

— PLAY — Selected pictures from all Major Picture Producers

IF IT'S BIG—WE PLAY IT IF IT'S BAD—WE BURY IT

Look, REMEMBER SEEING AT STUDIO LAST FEW DAYS "CHRISTOPHER BEAN", "FOOTLIGHT PARADE", "DANCING LADY" AND "DINNER AT E