

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The United States district attorney discussing the growing menace of drug dealers, "their use makes criminals fearless and without pity."

"Women drinkers" the retailers agreed, are generally more noisy than men. (Rosenberg News-Review).

A movie actor, quite obscure, received some publicity yesterday by nearly having a fist fight with Clark Gable, in a Hollywood cafe.

Orchardists are now busy fighting 57 different pests, and their own pessimism. If mining was the chief industry of southern Oregon, the woodpeckers would eat up the pick-handles every spring.

Americanism: Thinking the college girl smart if she gets a job selling hot dogs; thinking the college boy dumb if that's the best he can do. (Nashville, Tenn., Banner).

Olito Shimoda, 9, a Geisha-boy appeared Tuesday adorned as follows: One silver bracelet, three Sunday school pins, one amateur detective badge, one Japanese good luck necklace, one ring adorned with a tin dragon with three heads, and a skull and cross-bones painted with ink on his right forearm.

A SOLOON GETS FUNNY (Cong. Record). "I have in my home town a fine fellow who carries mail in an old model Ford. He has not been able to buy a new car because of the equipment allowance that is coming to him."

Mr. Johnson of Minnesota: Maybe he had to work a half hour to get the thing started in the morning.

It is no disgrace to be poor, but it might as well be, judging by some of the candidates defending the poor, for the votes they can get out of it. Demagogues are racing about the state in torpedo-shaped autos predicting bloodedness unless there is a redistribution of the wealth.

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The proposals to have separate drinking places for men and women, will not be complete until something is done for the boys and girls.

Central Pt. Unit Meets Thursday. CENTRAL POINT, May 2.—(Sp.)—Home extension unit will meet Thursday, May 3, at 10:30 a. m., in the Grange hall. This will be Rally day and a good attendance is desired.

A New Deal With Japan

IF Secretary of State Hull, were a reader of the Mail Tribune we might claim some credit for his recent note to Japan. For in this column a few weeks ago, we suggested a "New Deal" be declared in international relations, and in this note the Roosevelt administration certainly takes a step in that direction.

But we fail to find the Honorable Secretary's name on our subscription list, and fear that the pearls of wisdom dropped from the editorial pen, were not viewed in quarters further east than Butte Falls. So the best we can do is to MODESTLY maintain, that great and little minds sometimes run in the same channel,—and let the matter go at that!

THIS last note, however, IS in marked contrast to the first one, upon which the editorial in question, was based. That first note, completely ignored the realities of the situation, and engaged in a lot of meaningless generalities and Alphonse-Gaston gestures, reflecting the same mood in the affectionate and peace loving communicant from Tokio.

The burden of the entire interchange was nothing more than,—

"God's in His heaven; All's right with the world!"

When everyone, including the principals participating, knew that such was not the case,—in fact they knew the very reverse to be true,—that ol' man "Debbil" and all his imps including the munition magnates were very busy in the Far East, and are today.

JAPAN followed this up with some more old fashioned diplomacy. OFFICIALLY Japan did nothing; but unofficially it set a bomb under the world, and lighted the fuse!

This was in the shape of a "trial balloon", serving notice on the rest of the world, that they keep their hands off China. The open door was not only closed, it was closed with a bang. Not officially,—my no—but the Japanese foreign office was, it appears, considering such a proposition, presented to it from some unknown source!

Every foreign office in the world—and every well informed person—knew just what that MEANT. They knew the "unofficial" angle was the most transparent camouflage,—that the ultimatum proceeded directly from the foreign office and was sanctioned by it. The "unofficial" was merely a smoke screen to cover a face-saving retreat, if the trial balloon didn't do so well—on the other hand the "unofficial" would become "official" if it didn't do so badly.

THE same old army game—one of the oldest dodges in diplomatic strategy. All nations but the United States accepted it as such. England, for example, merely asked for clarification, and when Tokio clarified by solemnly denying any intention to violate the open door policy, Sir John Simon, just as solemnly declared the "incident was closed".

Once more "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world!" The other nations just kept still.

But the United States didn't. It proceeded to start a "new deal" in international diplomacy—it brushed aside the hocus pocus, hypocrisy and pretense, and went straight to the realities of the situation.

What did the "unofficial" note really mean? It meant that Japan wanted to close the "open door" in China, and enjoy a protectorate over that country—that its present militaristic government intends to DO this, if it can get away with it. That trial balloon was sent up to find out what the rest of the world thought about it.

Such an act would mean the violation of the nine power treaty, it would mean violation of this country's long established "open door" policy, it would mean—well it would eventually mean turning the entire world, internationally speaking, upside down.

Why quibble, why make-believe, why go on shadow boxing, why not call a spade a spade, and meet the issue NOW? This is what Secretary Hull did. Here is his answer:

Treaties can lawfully be modified or be terminated only by processes prescribed or recognized or agreed upon by the parties to them.

In the international associations and relationships of the United States, the American government seeks to be duly considerate of the rights, the obligations and the legitimate interests of other countries, and it expects on the part of other governments due consideration of the rights, the obligations and the legitimate interests of the United States.

To those not familiar with diplomatic language that may sound extremely inoffensive and mild. It is of course on the surface. Even declarations of war are politely worded.

But it's DYNAMITE underneath. For it means that if Japan pursues its policy of "Hands off China", denies all foreign trade with that country, that it does not FIRST sanction, in short insists upon going "Beserk". Uncle Sam will oppose her, and uphold the sanctity of the treaties which she has signed.

DOES that mean war? Not necessarily, certainly not until the people of this country feel very differently about war with Japan—or any other country—than they do now.

But it does mean that the United States takes the leadership of the white world in opposing Japanese aims in China, Asia and the Far East. The die in that direction at least, is cast.

And it also means that the Roosevelt administration, is not only after a "new deal" in this country, but outside it; that it intends to adopt a diplomacy that isn't truculent or provocative; but does have SOME relation to sanity, reality and common sense.

In other words, it hopes not only to put the stuffed shirt in Wall Street, but the stuffed shirt in international relations—with the vision and methods of the Middle Ages—definitely and permanently.

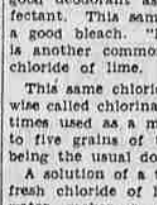
ON THE SHELF! ber marketing agreement between the British and the Dutch.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 785 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

A GOOD GENERAL PURPOSE DISINFECTANT

A chemical commonly called chlorinated lime, that comes in sealed cans and is sold everywhere by grocers, druggists, hardware or household goods dealers, is probably the best disinfectant for general use. After the cans are opened the chemical rapidly deteriorates. Three ounces of chemical from a freshly opened can, dissolved in a gallon of water, makes the disinfectant solution, for excreta, privy vaults, cesspools and other purposes. While the chemical itself has the pungent odor of chlorine—which many laundry patrons rather enjoy as a "clean" odor—it is a fairly good deodorant as well as a disinfectant. This same solution is also a good bleach. "Bleaching powder" is another common name for fresh chloride of lime.



This same chloride of lime (otherwise called chlorinated lime) is sometimes used as a medicine, from one to five grains of the fresh chloride being the usual dose. A solution of a teaspoonful of the fresh chloride of lime in a pint of water makes a good disinfectant mouthwash, infinitely better as an antiseptic wash or gargle than any of the common nostrums so much exploited for the purpose. Only a freshly opened can of chloride of lime is suitable for making such a mouthwash or gargle.

Tourists, campers or others who wish to make certain the drinking water is safe may add one-half teaspoonful of fresh chloride of lime to one pint of water. One teaspoonful of this is sufficient to disinfect or purify 10 gallons of water; or 36 drops for one gallon; or 9 drops for one quart. For convenience or for the emergency kit "tablets of a chlorine compound" may be carried for disinfecting questionable drinking water, though they are effective only when fresh.

The use of chloride of lime for purifying water tends to increase the hardness of the water. But chlorinated soda may be used instead (it is more expensive than the chlorinated calcium) and this tends to make the water softer. Chlorinated soda solutions have been and still are much used in surgery as antiseptic or disinfectant solutions for irrigating wounds.

Javelle water was a solution of chlorinated lime and chlorinated potash. Labarraque's solution was chiefly sodium hypochlorite (chlorinated soda). Dakin's solution, much touted at the time of the World war, but not used now, was chiefly chlorinated soda, too.

Municipal water supplies are commonly purified by the addition of chlorine in one way or another. Chlorine of lime has been much employed for this purpose.

Dr. Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 2.—Broadway, for the most part, these days is a chain of toy shops stuffed and glued together. A cunning colorization of hodge-podge. Some have their catch-penny charm in the faces of passers-by. Others open, languish in a lack of funds a few days and are seen no more.

Opening late in the morning, they remain brilliant and blatant until late at night. The hat and gown shops, presided over by boozey "Madams," are drop-in places for chorus and cabaret girls. In the back-rooms are cigarettes, sometimes the cocktail makings and easy chairs.

The great expense is lighting, which must be garish for the window display. Nowhere do shop windows shine so brightly. In the glare, the haberdashery dollar shirts and ties have a Fifth avenue sheen. The florist hasn't enough space, and his flowers tumble onto the sidewalk.

The drink stands are so highly sanitized they suggest the operating room. Sometimes there will be an opera bouffe touch, such as the glittery nut shop with a militant doorman plumed like a cockatoo. Yet in the conglomerate confusion clerks have time to be friendly, indeed the friendliest in town.

The new Rinlato seems to be Central Park South, running from 5th avenue to Broadway. The glossy hotels along the strip are filled with players and radio performers. In the late afternoon they come out-doors and show themselves, clad under the canopies and sidewalk edge, just as they did when the Claridge was the hub or theatrical life. Someone dubbed it the Little White Way.

Nothing in city life so deflates one's feeling of worthiness as to be a target for New York's oldest street racket. The pseudo salesman from the doorway who whispers "Pati! Wanna buy a fur?" They still operate mostly in the wickerale fur districts, disguised as truckmen to give the appearance the furs are stolen. Many have been on the job 20 years.

The last time I was accosted was on West 39th street. "What makes you think," I cried, and thereby left myself wide open for a buymaker, "that I would buy one of your furs?"

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS OFF for Clear Lake to hunt Indian arrowheads—inspired therio by Sam Coull, who is good at it, and convinces all his friends that finding 'em is as easy as falling off a log.

ROUTE lies along The Dalles-California highway to the bug station below the border. Up this way, we wonder why bug stations, anyway. California department of agriculture insists they are to keep fruit pests out of California. Cynics, both here and down below, maintain their purpose is to keep ALL FRUIT out of California except California fruit.

TURN at the bug station and climb into the hills by a track that would have been good back in the early '40s when Lindsey and Jesse Applegate laid out the Old South Road into Southern Oregon, but lent's so hot now.

Sage, brush green and fresh, and desert gay with flowers—especially a brilliant yellow daisy that grows in profusion. Off to the west, Shasta looming up, guardian of the area.

ARRIVE at the lake, pause at a likely looking spot, get out of the cars and start hunting. Sam lets out a warwhoop that could be heard in Hollywood, reaches down in the wheel tracks and picks up an arrowhead. Not a bad one, either.

REST of us, all steamed up, think we can do likewise, and have visions of raking 'em in by the peck. Later, there was a flaw in the vision somewhere.

ONE doesn't find arrowheads by the peck, it seems. A tablespoon would be a better measure for a beginner.

FIND one, at last. Boy! It's a real thrill. Try it some time. Luck running strong. A little farther on an old round rifle bullet picked up, and beside it a big slug, looking like the bullet from an old Sharp's buffalo gun, all crumpled up where it hit something hard.

IF those old bullets, and the arrowheads around them, could talk, they could tell a tale worth listening to.

SOME of the thrills of this arrowhead hunting is closing your eyes and trying to reconstruct the story back of them.

Back in the early days, a woman was murdered up here. Her ghost is supposed to have come back to bathe in the lake—why, no one knows.

The most superstitious of the sheep herders don't like to be caught out at night along the lake shore.

A WHILE back, a woman arrowhead hunter, attired in a bathing suit, swam Lost river, to have a try at the hunting on the other bank. In her bathing cap, which was rather large, she carried a gingham dress.

On the other bank, she met a sheep herder, and paused to talk a moment. Finally the herder turned away and she took the dress from her cap, slipped it on over her swimming clothes and started out. Just then the sheep herder turned around, saw a fully dressed woman where but a moment before had been one attired only in a bathing suit.

He let off a startled yell, and streaked it for the tall timber—quite sure he'd seen the lady ghost just coming out of the lake after one of her ghostly baths.

IF YOU think arrowhead hunting is a snap, just try it some time. In the course of the day, you walk about 47 miles, investigate some eleven million pieces of obsidian lying in the dust and looking at first glance just like a real arrowhead but turning out to be worthless chips and end with a vest pocketful of heads, some of which are good, some fair and the bulk not worth showing.

You wind up at night with a creek in your back from stooping over, a fancy collection of new corns from walking in the dust and an appetite that is fearful and wonderful.

But there's a real thrill to it. If you don't believe it, just try it some time.

Phoenix

PHOENIX, May 2.—(Sp.)—Phoenix Thursday club met for its regular meeting Thursday in the new club rooms in the Engle building, use of which has been donated by Emil Britt, owner of Jacksonville. The clean-up committee spent two days last week fixing up the building for use of the club. At the meeting plans were made for the Mothers' Day banquet May 10.

Saturday, May 5, is the date set for a hard time card party to be given at the Thursday club rooms, the proceeds to go for necessary material and repair to the building. There will be tables for bridge and five

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 May 2, 1924. (It was Friday.) R. G. Fowler, the new county agent, leaves for Chehalis, Wash., and will bring his wife and two children here.

Permits issued for three new buildings this morning. Bernice Cameron of the Postal Telegraph wins the banner for increased receipts in this district.

Clay Products company to start operations at Central Point next week. Gold Hill high school play is a great success.

Agate residents vote protest against paving of Jacksonville-Ruch road. Mrs. Edna Bourne has completed the special work in connection with the re-organizing and financing of the Medford and Talent Irrigation companies.

Regular meeting of the Neighbors of Woodcraft will be Thursday, May 3. May 11 the joint meetings of the Phoenix and Medford Thimble clubs will be held with Meadames Watt, Pickle and Coleman as hostesses.

Ladies Aid of the Christian church met at the Blue Flower lodge Thursday and plans were drawn up for a bazaar and carnival to be held Friday, May 4 at 4 p. m. There will be many attractions, including a fish pond, the evening program, cafeteria dinner, ice cream, cake and sandwiches. The public is invited.

Missionary society of the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. J. Gammill last Thursday at an all-day meeting with a covered-dish luncheon at noon.

Dr. Gerrit Verduyn conducted an institute on the home last Friday and evening, assisted by Dr. W. K. Van Nuya of Portland. Very interesting and helpful talks were delivered.

Sunday evening, special services were conducted honoring the newly organized boys' classes in the Sunday school of the Presbyterian church. The two classes are the "Pioneer Boys" with Rev. Ralph Peterson as instructor, and the "Builders of the Trail" with Mrs. W. E. Poling and Wm. Cottrell as teachers. The boys of the two classes conducted the opening worship service using some of their ceremonies and rituals that they have developed in their class work. A large number of their parents were present as honored guests.

A Father-Son banquet will be given Thursday evening, May 3, for the "Builders of the Trail" and the "Pioneer" boys. The mothers of the boys are planning the menu and will serve the dinner. A splendid program is in preparation.

Adult Christian Endeavor of the Presbyterian church gave a May Day party April 30 at Mr. and Mrs. E. Lester Newbury's. The program was in charge of Mrs. Frank Marshall.

Ladies Aid society will meet Thursday afternoon, May 3, at 2 o'clock with Mrs. R. H. Wilcox. Hostesses include Mrs. F. A. Denzer, Mrs. A. H. Hearn and Mrs. Edmona Anderson.

F. A. Denzer returned Friday evening from northern California. Prof. and Mrs. F. C. Reimer took the J. B. Webster to see the azalea and pansy gardens in Grants Pass Sunday.

Raymond Furry and Ed Judd were fishing at Squaw lake Sunday and returned with a limit catch.

Beagle

BEAGLE, May 2.—(Sp.)—After a very successful term with Miss Anderson and Miss Brewold as teachers, school will close Friday, May 4, with an all-day community picnic. Basket dinner will be served and games will be the event of the day.

Four eighth grade pupils will take the state "exams." They are Charlene and Eloise Walker, Richard Rush and Robert Blacker. Mary Solle was a visitor at the Sanderson home Saturday.

Mrs. Anna Reed and three relatives are here from Los Angeles to spend several days visiting with Mr. and Mrs. James Reed.

Tom Smith and Florence Walker have been added to the Dodge blight crew.

Among those who attended the program and dance at Derby last Saturday night were Mr. and Mrs. Sater and Derva Jean, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cantrell, Mr. Winkle and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sanderson and family.

Doran Mose is cutting blight in the Dixie orchard this week.

DEAD DOG REGAINING SIGHT SAYS SAVANT. BERKELEY, Cal., May 2.—(AP)—"Thirteen," the small mongrel dog which was revived from clinical death 19 days ago, blinked his eyes yesterday and Dr. Robert E. Cornish, research biologist, declared the animal apparently was recovering its vision. Meanwhile, Dr. Cornish faced the necessity of finding other quarters to carry on his experiments.

You are invited to the Factory Demonstration of Conlon Automatic Ironers, Thursday, May 3, at White Sewing Machine Co. In 1935 Easter will fall on April 21.

Ye Poet's Corner

Old Church— Deserted long ago— Who prays? What prayers— to keep? What prayers— to keep? Old Church— Asleep has thou been. What lovest? Hath been confessed? What sin? Thy heart lies deep.

Old Church— Forsaken through the years— Thou comest Not tell of love, of tears. Resume thy sleep. —Ethel Humphrey.

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