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YE SMUDGE POT
By Arthur Ferry.
The main agony of the autumnal politics promises to be repeal of the Knox liquor law. It seems to be working and producing revenue, which is enough, without its common sense, to cause widespread disgust among the so-called intelligent voters of the state.

MR. RICHBERG IS TOLD.
(Fresh Dispatch).
It is too much to expect that in Mr. Richberg's state of turbulent emotion he should see the essential fact about anything, but to those still preserving an empire over their intellectual processes, it will be perfectly plain at once that the chaotic competition condemned by this board is the identical thing that NRA seeks to eliminate and that the suggestions made in our report are all to the good of that planned control he is hired to defend.

LOCAL LOGIC.
Up until last Friday, the brightest gem of Jackson county logic was: "Of course, I know they're lying, but I'm tired of believing the Truth."
Now a brighter pearl of wisdom has been confided by a gent, who has recovered from his transitory fooled and proud of it mania. Says he: "I voted for him, because he made so many promises, I couldn't see how he could get out of keeping some of them."

LADIES OF THE JURY.
The District Attorney—wise old fox—was determined to get a conviction. Election time was coming on.
Counsel for the defense had his way to make, too.
He played upon the sympathies of the four women on the jury, trying to free his client.
Now retracting her signed confession of the killing of her husband. With the shotgun of her little son.
It was a desperate, five-day battle of wits.
Late at night, after long hours of deliberation, the jury filed back into the court room.

The woman looked at the small boy.
Huddled against the wall.
At her old father, crying openly.
At her reddened, calloused hands.
Worn with 12 years of laundry work to support her husband.
The foreman read "Not guilty!"
And she said, "Oh, gee!"
—(S. P. Bulletin)

How Powerful Is F. D. R.?

GENE HOWE, editor of the Amarillo (Texas) Globe-Democrat, gets on the front page today, with the startling announcement that one man controls the political destinies of this country. This one man is President Roosevelt. The president has 49 advisers, but they are only advisers. When the time comes for action, it is only the president, who acts.

"President Roosevelt!" declares the Texas editor, "stands next to Mussolini and Lenin, and ABOVE Stalin and Hitler, in having complete mastery of a nation."

Now that sounds well, but it ISN'T true. Stalin and Hitler are heads of absolute dictatorships, backed up by force, and neither the people of Germany, nor the people of Russia, have anything to say about what these dictatorships choose to do.

In both countries the press is under absolute government control, and only prints what the dictatorship first sanctions. In both countries the courts are powerless to overrule any edict of the powers that be.

In both countries the ballot box has either disappeared or merely become the tool of the dictatorship.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has great power, and unquestionably dominates his administration. But the supreme court of the United States could overthrow his "New Deal" tomorrow, and may do so. Such constitutional authorities as Congressman Beck, and Senator Borah think it will.

Some time ago President Roosevelt asked the congress to give him power over the tariff. He believes this power essential to the revival of foreign trade.

Does anyone imagine if Hitler or Stalin desired such authority, either would wait a month or more to get it? They might not even take the trouble to sign the decree. The power would be assumed at once.

But President Roosevelt is still waiting for favorable congressional action. The chances are he will win it, but there is nothing CERTAIN about it. He may lose this action, as he lost his effort to veto the federal raise-in-pay measure.

IN the fall a congressional election will be held. President Roosevelt naturally will wish candidates friendly to his administration, elected; and those hostile to him, defeated.

But will his wish be carried out? Who can say? It is even doubtful if he will consider it politically expedient to throw his influence behind any single candidate—particularly as his continued success depends upon Progressive Republican support.

The issue can only be decided by the people of this country, in their exercise of the secret ballot. In Russia there are no ballots. In Germany those opposed to the Hitler regime, can't get within six miles of a ballot box.

How FOOLISH then to maintain, that President Roosevelt is more completely the political master of this country than Stalin or Hitler!

THE Constitution grants the president great powers, and the economic crisis, resulted in material increases IN those powers.

But this was only because the people of the country as a whole WANTED this,—because they were behind him, and still are.

Once let this popular support wane, once let the legislative,—or the judicial—branch of the government suspect that the people are no longer behind their president, and watch what Editor Howe chooses to call a "personal dictatorship" TUMBLE!

The head of the American government today has great power, but only by the CONSENT of the governed. Roosevelt is one of the outstanding figures of the world, but only because through his courage, decisiveness and true leadership, he has convinced the people, that their destinies should REMAIN in his hands.

In short the PEOPLE of this Democracy still rule. And when Editor Howe (or anyone else) claims they DON'T rule here, any more than they do in Russia or Germany, he is simply talking through his hat!

NEWS Behind The News
(Continued from Page One)

The answer is he is running in a normally Republican district, which, however, now is supposed to include considerable new deal sentiment.

There seems to be a better chance for oil legislation before adjournment. The experts in that line agree legislation is necessary to save the code, now that the test violation case has gone over until fall in the supreme court.

Ogden Mills is the only Republican outside of congress who is attracting any national attention, but liberals within the party are dead set against him for any position.

There is a group of Democratic senators in the amen corner of the senate, who call themselves "the common people." They organized spontaneously and frequently consult each other on voting. Included in the group of ten or twelve are Bone, Bulow, Erickson, Long, Pope and Wheeler.

The liberals are telling a fictitious story about a man who had a splendid plan for co-ordinating NRA, AAA, etc., and took it to the White House. Mr. Roosevelt thought it was great, but added: "I would have to get an angel to administer it, and I am afraid none of them had had enough business experience."

Holman to Shrine Meet.
SALEM, May 23.—(AP)—State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman will leave tonight for the east to attend the national Shrine convention at Minneapolis, July 19, 20 and 21, he announced today.

WINDOW GLASS.—We sell broken glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

KEEP YOUR MIND OFF YOUR BOWELS AND THE BUNK OUT OF THE MEDICINE CUPBOARD

Whenever I come upon a medicine chest I can't resist the desire to peek in and see what junk it contains. It is a rare cupboard that doesn't hold a few packages of hokum. Always reminds me of the Old Sore Week I planned and pulled off when I was young at that any such user will heal readily if intelligently treated, except only the occasional one where cancerous degeneration has developed. Many of these men had suffered more or less for 20 years, and their ulcers healed in a few weeks of good medical care.

Of course no saline or other magic remedy will work a miracle. That's the first lesson these misguided souls have to learn. Indeed in many cases it is half the battle. I think a doctor licensed to practice medicine should be licensed at the same time to bash over the head patients with peculiar obsessions about "healing" salves and queer prejudices against the blessings of modern surgery. It would help a lot in the cure. These thoughts come when I inspect the specimens in the average medicine cupboard.

In our own cupboard you notice we have just two salves—and I'm not at all sure one would not be quite enough. However, besides Ol' Doc Salve, the formula of which has already been given, there is a tube of Petrolatum, or as they call it in England, soft paraffin; in the United States it is sold under various trade names. Petrolatum is the official name for it.

It may be just a fancy, but when I have a sunburn, a bite, a tender sore or cut or abrasion, I find myself choosing Ol' Doc Salve and not Petrolatum. Once in a while Ol' Doc Salve is a bit mussy, and then one falls back on plain Petrolatum. Remember that whichever salve or ointment you elect to use for such emergencies, it should come from a collapsible tube and not from an open jar or box, unless you go to the trouble of boiling or steam sterilizing the whole box before you use it.

Salve in a collapsible tube remains uncontaminated and practically sterile until the tube is emptied. Aside from the soothing effect a salve or ointment may have locally, it is important that we rid our minds

of all childish notions that such remedies have any "healing" power or virtue. Healing is a natural process. And under the most favorable conditions it goes on at a certain rate. One can retard it by unwise interference and by injurious applications, but one can't speed up the healing process in the slightest degree. Aside from soothing uncomfortable burning, smarting or hurting, a salve can only serve to protect the lesion against injurious contacts and to protect the raw surface against adhering to dressings which may be necessary. As we have already pointed out, many popular salves are injurious and definitely retard or delay the healing of any wound or burn or raw surface. Some nostrums touted as "healing," "antiseptic" and the like are positively dangerous where applied to a raw surface of any considerable extent.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Why Males Are Not So Warm.
From general observation I have gained the impression that women can stand the cold better than men can. At swimming parties I notice the males are usually first to suggest leaving the water. Is there any basis for this?—W. H.

Answer.—The female panniculus (layer of subcutaneous fat) is thicker and a better insulator against cold than is the masculine. But the sexes are approaching each other more and more, and it won't be long now till they'll emerge from the water in an undisturbable state. The females are still suffering from the effects of the great reducing epidemic, and the males are just riding around and sulking for exercise. Formerly I insisted on my correspondents acknowledging some sex by having a name or handle, but that test is not so good any more.

Predetermine Sex.
Can a physician when examining a party (see answer to W. H. above) six months in the family way tell what sex the child is going to be?—Mrs. L. W.

Answer.—Prospective motherhood is not a party, though it is no calamity either. No one can predict the sex of the unborn child. However, the chances are 50-50 that it will be a girl, or a boy if you prefer.

Unbidden Guests.
Have given boxes a thorough trial, but I reckon the roaches around this part of the country are pretty hardheaded. —L. H.

Answer.—Send a dime and stamped envelope bearing your address, for copy of booklet, "Unbidden Guests." (Copyright, 1934, John P. Dille Co.)

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

plained in awsome tones a duplication would be less majestic. Somehow I went out feeling an old flour sack with cut-out armholes would be the proper dressing gown for me. Such is the suffocating grandeur of Hollywood.

Just now a houseman, with a prelatious tone of thin, grey locks, came into the hotel room quietly to perform a requested service and fade away. Nowhere have I ever read a panegyric to this self-effacing guild. Every houseman I have seen—and most of my life has been spent in hotels—moves about with hang-dog humility. He darts into shadows at a guest's approach. Almost without exception they are kindly pasty-faced men with high sense of family devotion, putting about inglorious chores and doing as much for the comfort of patrons as any other employe, and without extended palms.

There are few cities where the process of orientation is so swift. One feels perfectly at home in a few hours. Before breakfast today, for instance, dinner invitations from W. R. Sheehan, Frank Craven, Miriam Hopkins, Edgar Selwyn and Earl Anthony. Requiring only a few minutes from the middle-west take root as rapidly, largely because California's welcome to the stranger has become an unconscious effort. It may be Rotarian rigamarole, Babby or what you will, but it holds strangers with hooks of steel. We laugh at this chamber of commerce effort, yet there is more obvious flattery and insincere carpet-bagging than in Paris. That is merely the babble of Babby in another tongue and who, having visited Paris, does not want to go back? Paree! Paree! Los Angeles executes the same hocus pocus.

I went down to Ted Cook's at Laguna today to add my usual jet of comedy to the beaches. In a bathing suit I take on the gelatinous goodness of Stan Laurel, plus the physical contour of the anemic Australian ancestor. Dogs bark, children cry, horses try to bolt up shade trees and smart alicy cry "Wat is it—a gag?" when I pass by. And to give them all their money's worth I never go near the water.

The ubiquitous Louella Parsons probably knows more moving picture celebrities, executives and stellar, than any person in the world. A remarkable lady who has gained and held confidence of every star. Even when the forked tongue of scandal touches them they reverse the usual inconcommodate proceedings and phone Louella first. I remember Miss Parsons' column on the old Morning Telegraph, when the movies were about two jumps from the nickelodeon, yet so intense was her enthusiasm she made rather drab material sparkle.

The Wilshire district is a paradise for the leisurely window shopper. The big displays are not so close together and one may feast the eye awhile uninterfered and have space for rumination. This morning my wife and I came on a magnificent dressing gown spotlighted all alone in a large window against a solid background of white plain. "That," said the clerk with a Medie and Persian flourish, "is specially made for—" and he named a great lover of the screen. He ex-

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

GOVERNMENT figures indicate a very small wheat crop this year. So the price of wheat is going up rapidly.

Chicago is predicting dollar wheat within a few weeks.

BEFORE we become too greatly excited, let's remember that the government's figures indicated a very small potato crop last summer and fall, and as a result, the price of potatoes went up—sharply.

But when the crop was all out of the ground and in sight, it turned out that there was really plenty of potatoes—and so the price went down. It is still down—a long way down.

GOVERNMENT is great stuff. We just simply have to have it—couldn't possibly get along without it, and don't want to try.

But about every time the government puts its finger into agriculture, somebody gets hurt.

SPEAKING further of potatoes, The Dallas Chronicle has a tale of woe. It says: "A gradual decline in the consumption of potatoes is reported by the department of agriculture for the last decade. This may be due, in part, to the depression, which decreased ability to buy, but the more general supposition is that the fad for slim figures has caused many people to drop potatoes from their diet."

"Unless styles again favor the pleasing plump, potato growers of the United States will have to reconcile themselves to a gradually narrowing market."

O. H. we don't know. Down here in the potato country we're more resourceful.

We don't let a little thing like a fad get us down. If one fad seems to be giving us the razz, we go out and find another one that is more friendly.

SUPPOSE the slim figure cranks DO turn thumbs down on the luscious and curve-building potato. What of it?

There are other faddists, you know.

THERE are the acid stomach boys, for instance, who maintain that about all the evils flesh is heir to, from housemaid's knee to inability to pay the rent, are due to too much acid in the system.

And too much acid in the system, you know, if you know anything at all, is caused by all those foods we LIKE TO EAT—such as thick, sticky beefsteaks.

WHERE does the potato come in? Right here: The food sharps, or at least one school of them, have figured it out that a baked potato takes the excess and EXCEEDINGLY HARMFUL acid out of your system and converts it into soothing and beneficial alkalinity, curling your hair, putting the roses into your cheeks and causing you to cavort like a playful colt.

JUST AS SOON as this useful knowledge gets spread around, any shrinkage in potato consumption that may have been caused by the fears of those whose ambition is to look like a match will be much more than offset by those who yearn to get forever away from the ills that follow in the wake of an acid stomach.

So, if you have any potato land, DON'T sell it.

Communications

Voters Are Thanked.
To the Editor:
I wish to express to the voters of Jackson county my sincere appreciation for their generous support during the recent primary election. I consider the splendid support as an expression of approval for the record of service I have endeavored to establish while in the office of sheriff of this county.

WALTER OLMSCHIED, Sheriff's Office. Medford, May 22.

Vegetable Growers Face Ruin.
To the Editor:
Curtailed of the movement of produce and garden products have hit a new "low" in the Rogue River valley this season. Less production and inadequate facilities for transportation to adjacent markets has reduced the income to fruit and vegetable growers from one-half to two-thirds, according to those who have engaged in the marketing of these products during the past ten years.

Even now, when products are ready for movement, facilities are cut off summarily and needlessly. Just yesterday one trucker who had fought for the right to haul produce to Klamath Falls from the valley had his P. U. C. permit taken from him by order of the public utility commission through the state police. This particular driver had half a load on his truck when the permit was taken from him by the police.

A Worn Out Battery or Generator may run that vacation trip. SEVERIN Battery Serv. Phone 390. 1522 N. Riverside

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 23, 1924.
Kidnapers kill the son of a Chicago millionaire before demand for \$10,000 is received.
Portland and Oakland baseball team may play at Ashland, July 4, as feature of celebration.

Parallel parking in city seems to be a success, and Mayor Gaddis says "It is more orderly than lively."
Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Palmer leave for trip through the east.

Mrs. O. V. Myers is confined to her home with a severe cold.
Talent irrigation district bonds go on the market.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 23, 1914.
Tax argument becomes so hot and the crowd so large that the police are called to disperse the gathering in front of the Medford National bank.

Owners of vacant lots cut off the "noxious growths" when the city threatens to do it and charge the weed cutting to the owners.
Sheriff Singler arrests a pair of upstate cloggers at Ashland, upon a warrant sworn to by the husband of the prospective bride.

While trying to avert a collision with a buggy, an auto driven by Curley Wilson, deputy sheriff, turns turtle.
Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," visits city, and despite two defeats at the hands of Leach Cross, desires to fight him again. Court Hall agrees with Bud, in letter to the editor.

PROBE OF DARROW REPORT PROPOSED

WASHINGTON, May 23.—(AP)—A congressional investigation of the NRA and the "Roosevelt-Darrow board of review," to learn whether the NRA should be abolished, was proposed in a resolution today by Representative Britten (R., Ill.)

Hugh S. Johnson, the NRA administrator, said at a press conference that the forthcoming Darrow report on additional codes would be answered by NRA as the first one was.

Brownsboro

BROWNSBORO, May 23.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Earl Woodley visited at the Wright home Friday evening. They are residents of Central Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Terrill, Mrs. George Brown and daughter, Donna, were visiting and shopping in Medford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. De Haas recently visited at the Walter Marshall home. Gerald Hanuse was among the graduates at the Eagle Point high school Friday evening. He is the first grade school pupil in the Brownsboro district to receive a high school diploma.

Rev. D. D. Randall, Sunday school missionary, was a welcome visitor in the school Sunday. At the close he preached an interesting sermon. Plans for a daily vacation Bible school, to be held some time in June were discussed, but nothing definitely decided.

Bill Gibson has traded his ranch here for property owned by Mr. Baker, on the Jacksonville highway. Mr. Gibson took possession of his new home Wednesday of last week and Mr. Baker and family moved here the same day.

A farewell party was given Mr. Gibson and Mrs. Matlock Tuesday evening. Nearly every one in the community was present. The evening was pleasantly spent playing games and visiting and later refreshments were served. All wished them much success and happiness in their new home.

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