

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

A "Board of Strategy" is considering the advisability of calling an "Old Age" march to Washington, D. C. in April on behalf of the Townsend pension plan.

New Jersey Justice, pronounced the death sentence upon Bruno Hauptmann, in less than 10 minutes after his conviction of first degree murder.

WANTED—Stratton Ranch for my personal use. Must be bargain for cash. Write full description. Box 1, Palo Verde, Imperial County, — (Yreka (Calif.) Journal)—Plans to produce his own family.

Ex-President Hoover on a visit to New York City declared, "I fear has come to dominate the nation." Many can recall when he scared the nation with his extravagant proposal calling for "two autos and very garage" — paid for by the driver.

If citizens fuss any louder over the legislative diodes under way at Salem, it will be necessary for the more particular newspapers to report to the legislature, as the L—E.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL" (From a Letter) "Dear Sir: In regard to your letter we have seen nothing of the party. Naturally unless this man gave us a tremendous good deal, we would not be much interested in it because of the distance. To trade him property here under our noses, for property down there, would be asinine on our part, unless the deal was entirely lopsided, and in our favor and they usually are not that way.

"Besides we find this, that it is almost impossible to make a deal with an individual. We do not like to deal with him because his time is worth nothing and he just feels like visiting, and hanging on to a deal over \$5. If you have some banks, trust companies, or somebody with good sense, those are the people we like to do business with.

"You know there is a machine in a vote man. To sell with him, he can vote for Roosevelt and holler 'hooray', but outside of that he is not worth much. You see I am not running for office, and probably never will.

"We will co-operate with you, but there is no business in doing business with those who are nothing."

Doc Robinson, the Jville Skeet, has returned from Portland, livelier than you can say his name.

There was a great superfluity of squealing sopranoes, rendering the air Wednesday night, just when the nation was thirsting for news of the verdict and details in the Hauptmann trial. Whenever one turned on the radio, there was a diva rendering an aria, and yelling like she, too, had found guilty of something. A few miles were also belting the song, and a few stray words about the glories of pills, but it was the sopranoes who hit their highest notes, and kept it up. Most of the verdict broadcasts were ruined by soprano yelps. It is always safe to bet when an important broadcast is scheduled the canisters of vocal radio stations will all start trilling until the danger of hearing anything but them is safely passed.

Marble sidewalks for Town. MARBLE, N. C. (UP)—Marble sidewalks are to be a distinction of the town of Marble in the near future. Marble has been shipped from this mountain village to Canada and several foreign countries.

Five-Legged Cat Born. TTYVAN, Sask.—(UP)—A five-legged cat was born to a now owned by J. Kinney, TTYVAN. The "spare leg" is only a foot long and projects from the right shoulder.

Mop Them Up!

IT IS announced from Flemington that the state will now bring charges of perjury against some of Bruno Hauptmann's witnesses.

We hope the report is true. And we also hope if evidence shows the defense attorneys conspired in this commission of perjury, they be promptly disbarred.

Outside of swift and certain punishment for the guilty, nothing would do more to check the crime wave in this country, than serving notice on the underworld that falsifying on the witness stand is no longer a safe racket but a highly dangerous one.

Put a few perjurers in prison where they belong, and it will not be so easy for crooked criminal lawyers, to buy witnesses in the open market place, to swear to anything that will bolster up their client's case.

A few perjury trials, vigorously prosecuted, and the oath will begin to mean something, instead of nothing, in our American jurisprudence.

The state of New Jersey has reason to be proud of the way its law enforcement officials handled the Hauptmann case. Now if the latter will refuse to rest on their laurels until the perjurers in this case, are put behind the bars, they will earn the everlasting gratitude of every right-thinking and law-abiding person in the land.

The Lost League

HO HUM! If any proof were needed to show the low estate to which the League of Nations has fallen, this Italian-Ethiopian incident would supply it.

The League was designed to prevent war. It was particularly designed to prevent wars of aggression, and to protect weak nations from the strong.

Yet without the slightest word of protest from the League, Dictator Mussolini, dispatches troops and warships to the north African coast, and proudly authorizes an expenditure of millions, to bring this dusky little kingdom to its knees.

The time-honored camouflage is employed, of course. Ethiopia is branded the aggressor, attacks on the border and the slaying of loyal Italian troops, are given as the causus belli, and deaf ears are turned to Emperor Haile Selassie's claim, that all aggression comes from the other side.

IT WAS ever thus! Mussolini wants more territory, more markets, more cannon fodder, in event of another European war. For years he has had his eye on northern Africa, but until very recently France barred the way.

A few weeks ago however, in return for Italy's promise of cooperation in case of trouble with Germany or Austria, France decided to give Il Duce a free hand. In reality, the two nations are dividing up what is left of northern Africa, while the rest of the world unprotestingly looks on.

"No more war,—the sacred right of self determination,—protecting the weaker nations from the strong!"

MEANWHILE Japan, grabs what she getting in China and Italy gets her slice while the she thing is good at the expense of Ethiopia.

The old, old ARMY game! What is the answer, that the League of Nations idea is all wrong?

No,—the League is essentially right, and sooner or later—undoubtedly later—the principle it embodies must prevail.

But the fact remains, what we call the civilized world has not yet advanced morally to the point where such a League can either prevent war or be an effective instrument for peace.

The League principle was—and is—right—but the TIME it was advanced, WASN'T.

Comment on the Day's News

AS THESE words are written, this is the big headline on the front page: "State Asks Hauptmann's Life."

By the time they are read, the big headline may tell what the jury that is trying Bruno Richard Hauptmann for his life on the charge of kidnaping the Lindbergh baby has decided. Meanwhile, nobody knows—perhaps not even the members of the jury.

THE Lindbergh case has cost Colonel Lindbergh, the government and the various agencies engaged in tracking down the perpetrator of the crime approximately \$200,000.

Including the \$50,000 ransom he paid, of which he will receive back about \$15,000 found in Hauptmann's garage. Colonel Lindbergh has spent \$75,000. His friend, Colonel Breckinridge, spent another \$10,000.

The cost of the handwriting experts has been about \$50,000. The wood experts cost another \$10,000. Telegrams, cablegrams and telephone messages ran up to about \$20,000. Trips to Europe by officers cost \$5,000.

THE biggest single item of expenditure was accounted for by the 28 workers kept on the case for two years and a half by the federal government, the state of New York and the city of New York. This amounted to about \$284,000.

JUSTICE, in these modern days, comes high, doesn't it? But if we can definitely get over to the criminal classes, and the would-be criminal classes, the CONVICTION that when a crime is committed the government—meaning by that ALL government, national, state

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D. Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not so diseased 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.

THE RELATION OF TONNAGE TO DISPLACEMENT

In the years of my fadism, that is, when I answered night calls, I had more sympathy than a good doctor should have for patients with the bellyache.



This weakness was fatal or at least dangerous, for I was reluctant to pronounce it appendicitis. Indeed, I lost several cases—to better doctors. Owing to the large number of letters received, I learned that there is a limit to the average patient's tolerance of bellyaches, even in the tall timber, and just beyond that limit the patient will have his operation in spite of you. I often wish now that I could have had my own operation 20 years earlier than I did. For since that I have had no more sympathy for the bellyache.

Some of you birds who write me sarcastic letters seem to think I have no sympathy for anything or anybody. But, believe it or not, sympathy is a serious impediment in my work. Waste too much idleness and too much time amassing it over the replies I send to the troubling letters in the daily mail. Have an unfortunate habit of picturing in my imagination the sad plight of the correspondent who happens to find my tender spot. Rec'don there's a little "ish in me after all—but no Irisher need make any passes at it, even so. All I want to know is that the correspondent belongs to or is writing in the interest of the animal kingdom. It doesn't matter which species.

I used to feel sorry for fat folk who wanted to reduce but couldn't, have burned a lot of gas, electricity, glycerin and tobacco seeking an easier way out for these obese. Time and again in the 20 years I have engaged in international practice of preventive medicine—Wm. Brady, M. D., P. M. speaking—had to be "re-factored" as the Yankee notion is, what seemed the reduction regime the overweight world had been waiting for. And like many another hero of Medicine, I myself at length fell victim to the very disease I was studying, and deep was my chagrin when I tried one after another of the wonderful reduction methods I had so heartily recommended to my clients all over the map, only to find that the remedy was worse than the disease.

Nice how-do-do is it should get noticed about that the reduction regime of Doc Brady is so earnestly

terfered with keeping fine and dandy. Hand-bill is his favorite diversion in New York and every morning he gyrates into a lather. During voyages to distant outposts he has a series of so-called exercises, coupled with miles of carpet-duck-walking. Among professional ladies, Elsie Janis is one of the most indefatigable devotees of exercise.

Writers are notoriously sedentary. The only out-door diversion that seems to catch their fancy is fishing. Irvin Cobb, Rex Beach, Ryley Cooper, Cory Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Louis Bromfield, Bob Davis, Jim Tully, Dashiell Hammett, Floyd Dell, Christopher Morley, James Branch Cabell and Charles MacArthur are expert anglers always looking for some excuse to try out their skill. The least athletic of the guild, however, is Theodore Dreiser. He plays no games and walks a very little. Give him an easy rocker, a handkerchief to fold and he is content.

Peggy Joyce has joined the parade of personalities. That is the personality you know. At her present place she is likely to make Fanny Ward look a selling plater. Not that she has attained such a ripe age, but Peggy has been in the headlines for 15 years and for several years before that was in the front line of Broadway choruses. The years have touched her lightly. Although every night she is out doing stunts and doing things. Her cheeks have the bloom and her eyes the sparkle of maidenhood. Her hands, too, express the symmetry and verve of youth. And hands are the give away to those who may try to hide their years.

Ewing Gallows's capsule of New York: "A place where so many sink with a bale of hay while others swim with a straw."

With Robert Cortes Holliday would write some more of his wailing stick papers. Two of the shrillest telephone talkers: Roy Howard and Will Hays. Gilbert Gabriel is a ringer for that crack middle-west reporter, Alfred Segal. Cockeyed word: Those who were thrifty were suckers.

The DeWitt Wallace used to work night and day to get out their little magazine, The Readers Digest, even making it himself. The periodical was first launched in St. Paul, and after a few gaps expired. Later they revived it in Pleasantville, N. J. Now they are able to knock off work at intervals for a leisurely jaunt around the world. Gluttons for work, they care nothing for social life. So many like that seem to succeed.

In many ways the dapper Jules Glazner suggests the social poe. The spruced of dressers, he is valeted and barbered to a gloss few dilettantes achieve. His life seems a succession of teas, dinners, opening nights and supper clubs. Yet gymnasts pronounce him an almost perfect example of physical fitness. He has strength of those twice his size and muscles of steel. He attributes it to a ten-minute session of exercising he has unflinchingly indulged for more than 20 years.

Bob Ripley is another who has not permitted a rurously busy life to in-

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Thoughts while strolling: So a poet cannot become a business success! Well, Jaugh

More phony vop ally around than ever. Phyllis Haver's rose-bud mouth. Only Italiana pronounce Capone announce Capone correctly. That is with a final 'ay. Add husky Adonnis. Spruille Braden.

None of the society girls has more giddy up than Beth Leary. Who can name all the Benets? You'd think a sudden gust would blow Claire Luce away like a puff ball. The newest blonde rave—Helen Jepson. Gus Edwards' brooch in snow white spats. And a red lapel rose.

Look alike: William Rhineander Stewart and Jay C. O'Brien. Voices alike: Jack Benny and Goodman Ace. No one would ever think Bob Roud, the dude, used to drive cows home at milking time in Hookery, N. C. For some philosophy give me Ed Howe. Beet remembered in the Hauptmann trial drama. Judge benched.

Might suppose Bill Clinton and Victor Moore would be sick of seeing each other but there they go to Dinty Moore's for dinner. Those Broadway build-ups for movies several years old. The only street where George M. Cohan is ever seen anymore is upper fifth avenue.

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MRS. MORROW DEFENDS MAID

Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, grandmother of the dead Lindbergh baby, told the jury at Flemington, N. J., she didn't believe Violet Sharpe, her maid who committed suicide shortly after the kidnaping, was implicated in the crime. This picture, taken after she appeared in court, shows Mrs. Morrow (right) with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Lindbergh (center) and Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf (left), head of the New Jersey state police. (Associated Press Photo)



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(Continued from page one)

ed, have been misled into believing they are going to be supported in style by the government. It shows up in the mall of congressmen. People who cannot really afford the stamps are writing in to ask whom they should see about their \$200 a month. They need it right away.

The maximum payment which now seems to be possible is \$50 a month. It will go at first to only the few aged now on relief rolls. Not a cent will go to anyone until the states enact cooperating legislation. This will require at least a year, and perhaps three.

When you read the figures about 55 per cent capacity steel production, remember that there never has been 100 per cent production. The peak was 89 per cent in 1929. Therefore, 55 per cent is actually about 66 per cent of 1929, which is very, very good, while it lasts.

Conservative Commerce Secretary Roper had on his desk the other day a copy of "The Red Network," the book which lists Mrs. Roosevelt among the nation's subversive elements.

One possibility yet unmentioned in the supreme court case is that the court could delay a decision indefinitely, possibly even for months. There is no indication that it will.

The Ladies' Aid, with a burlesque, "The Talent Fire Department," Mrs. Harriet Bates, author and director, won third place.

Elen May Works and Carol McCullum of the Camp Fire Girls, rendered a beautiful folk dance. Directed by Mrs. Mae Lowe.

The Royal Neighbors club gave the play, "A Bit of Gossip" directed by Mrs. C. Long.

The extension unit sponsored several songs directed by Mrs. G. White.

The Talent Grange entertained with variety numbers. O. M. Goddard played the bagpipes in true Scottish manner and Harry Weagand related the woes of the poor downtrodden farmer.

The P. T. A. sponsored numbers by the high school orchestra and Girls' Glee club, directed by Mary Chambers and Mrs. Lloyd Morris. After the program a lunch was served and a social hour spent.

A meeting was held February 8 at Medford, with Mr. Brown of Salem as the speaker, to plan organization of a Grange. Fourteen of the required 20 names for a charter were secured and over 30 have been secured since. February 19 at 8 o'clock a meeting will be held at Medford, and a Grange organized. All those interested in becoming charter members are urged to attend.

Saturday night, February 16, the Prospect P. T. A. will hold a public card party. Tamales will be served.

Friends of Mr. McCall will be glad to hear that he has left the Community hospital in Medford and is convalescing at the home of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manning spent Wednesday in Medford shopping and visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Lizzie Nichol of Klamath county has been the guest for several days of her sister, Mrs. Gus Dittsworth and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Robertson and family spent the weekend in Medford shopping and visiting relatives.

Jeff Hickey was a business caller in Medford Tuesday.

Mrs. David Neville entertained with a shinner for Mrs. Larry Rohlf, February 7.

Understands Cat's Language. BOSTON.—(UP)—Dr. Evelyn G. Mitchell, Back Bay physician, claims she can understand the language of her pet cat, "Pussy" on "Mollie." When the cat says "purr purr" it means "I'm coming up" and "murr murr" means "Give me something to eat, but not too much," according to Dr. Mitchell.

TALENT ORGANIZATIONS PROVIDE PROGRAM FOR C OF C ENTERTAINMENT

By Mrs. Mae Lowe. TALENT, Feb. 15.—(Sp.)—The program sponsored by the Talent Chamber of Commerce Monday night was one of the best entertainments ever presented in Talent. The hall was filled to overflowing and many were turned away. Eight organizations competed in a spirit of friendly rivalry for the prizes offered by the Chamber of Commerce.

First prize was awarded a little playlet, "Pink and Patches," presented by members of the dramatic club. The story of a little southern "hill billy" girl, through her environment of poverty and drabness asked nothing of life, except a bit of a pink dress, a longing never satisfied. Textie, the girl, was played by Vera Montgomery. Rexie, her twin brother, was played by Ed Leaming. Ma, played by Wanda Works, and Mrs. Allen, the idol of Textie, played by Mary Chambers. A beautiful story, a beautiful stage setting, and rendered with dramatic effectiveness. Harry H. Lowe was the director, and the music by Frank White.

Second place, won by the Talent delphians was "The Hicks Family Gets a Job" a burlesque broadcasting scene, in which the Hicks family entertained for 20 minutes, with splendid novelty numbers. Directed by Joe Walsh.

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Auto Wagon Bargain. KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(UP)—Grandville H. Morgan got no bargain when he paid \$150 for an automobile, for he was detained by police, along with Thomas Crutche, from whom he purchased it. Crutche told him, he said, that the car was "slightly warm," so he paid him, but \$150, whereas Crutche originally demanded \$5.

In the recent referendum on the Kerr-Smith act for control of the tobacco crop, North Carolina growers voted nearly 90 per cent for retention of the act in 1935.

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 15, 1925. (It was Sunday) Craters Club demands city clean-up Riverside avenue, "as first impressions of tourists are lasting."

Frank DeSouza is elected president of the Rogue River Valley Radio club, with W. A. Gates, vice-president.

Women flock to Craterian to see May Robben.

Tickets go on sale Thursday for first game of Astland basketball series, on the Armory floor. Interest at white heat, with predicted crowd of 1200 on hand.

John C. Mann mentioned as candidate for president Oregon Merchants' Association.

Rain delays work on Owen-Oregon mill.

Twenty Years Ago Today February 15, 1915. (It was Monday) Kaler's submarine blockade of England to start this week.

Council frowns on appointing police matron at \$75 per month.

Bill to build a paved highway over Skikyouas as far as state line introduced in legislature.

Page theater installs a \$10,000 Wurlitzer pipe organ.

An auto went up the river this week. Last summer a number of the week, lost in the road were fixed and we hope to see several more this summer disappear. Those who live on hillsides are glad to see the whippings to keep from getting stuck in the mud as of former winters.—(Trail Items.)

Ye Poet's Corner

I'll Be Waiting The days are lonesome and long. It seems years since you've been gone. Each night as the moon comes over the peak. In its silvery light, your face I seek. And the whole night through, to early dawn. Each hour, each moment, for you I yearn.

I miss the smile on your face so fair. I miss the brightness of your golden hair. I miss the light in your eyes of sapphire blue. I miss the touch of your hand on mine, too. I miss the sweetness of your rosy-bud lips. As I miss your corrections of my many slips.

I miss your friendship good and true. I miss everything that you used to do. And though I strive with all my might. I can't forget the word you spoke that night. Nor how you left me with a broken heart. As you sped away your career to start.

Seems now my mind will break in two. If another day passes without hearing from you. Yet I know my pain is suffered in vain. As for my love you had nothing but disdain.

Though I cannot believe our Creator above. Intended money to be more valuable than love.

So remember dear as you travel afar. The door of my heart has been left ajar. With a beckoning light on the window sill. To let you know I love you still. And when your madness has run its race. I'll be waiting in the same old place.

—By L. R. Chandler.

CAR COLLISION FATAL TO MONMOUTH WOMAN

MONMOUTH, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Mrs. Frank Eppert of Monmouth was instantly killed here last night as the result of an accident in which she was thrown from a car driven by her husband, when it collided with a machine operated by Melford Hoover, 18, Independence.

Swift Stream Fatal. JOHNSTOWN, Pa.—(UP)—Nineteen deer have lost their lives in fatal attempts to breast swift Tripton stream near here. Warden Lincoln Lender had to shoot an animal that had been swept into a ravine and mortally injured. A 10-foot wire fence is planned to prevent the deer from crossing the stream.

Husk Corn Crop in Day. ROBINSON, Kan.—(UP)—Corn husking usually is a tough job for the farmer, but Ross King had little trouble with his crop last fall. He husked his 16 acres in one day. The field was 80 bushels, mostly nubbin.

again... and again... have the most critical coffee... THERMAL'S roasted Golden West Coffee. They say it brings out ALL the flavor... AT YOUR FAVORITE DEALER