

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Automotive experts think they have perfected an "invisible headlight." That is not so much. When the present headlight is turned on full blast, you can't see anything.

Portland patriots continue to raid the hinterland, to show the red people the way out of the depression, by passing the hat, before and after the main address of the evening.

The action of the legislature, in deciding not to call the steelhead "a game fish" (if it makes any difference) failed to start nine lawyers yelling "Whereas," with machine-gun rapidity, as in the old days.

Several citizens have been running around laughing. Gossip has been unable to determine what sorrow they are concealing.

The height of civic cordiality has been reached by Grants Pass, where a moratorium has been called on tourists observing the parking laws. This means the home autoists will have to go away from home to turn around in the middle of the block.

A Los Molinos hen is credited with laying an egg of mammoth size. Hen and egg are both doing well. Head Bluff (Calif., News)—The kind that are usually laid on the editor's desk.

The president may deliver a radio address, in an effort to dent the idiotic formidableness of the leading foot notations.

Up in Lawrence, Mass., the employees wanted to take a pay cut and the boss wouldn't hear of it. That's more news than if six men had bitten six dogs at the same moment.—(Memphis Commercial-Appal)—Correct!

Astronomers report "the major planets are moving away from the earth." The way things have been going, nobody blames the planets, and quite a few have been contemplating the same thing.

"GOVERNMENT LOANS HAVE DRAWBACK"—(Lakewood Examiner)—Like the common garden variety of loans, the drawback is the pay-back.

The Bow & Arrow society will be reorganized. The Bow & Arrow does not rate very high as a lethal weapon, but cannot puncture an innocent bystander when "unloaded."

Utilize the Waste

A VERY worthy organization, the Welfare Exchange in the old city hall building, is in need of help. It needs no money. In fact it uses none. It only engages in barter, exchange of articles, for services. And all it wants are THINGS. Not new things. Not valuable things. But old things, worn-out things, things that at this season of the year would be normally headed for the ash can.

But conditions, as we all know, are not normal. There are many people out of work and in need. There are many who for one reason or another, can't get on relief, or would prefer not to. They could use many things,—articles of clothing, house furnishings, garden tools, bed clothes, or what have you. And they are more than willing to work to get them. Put the discarded second hand articles in good repair, so they and others can use them.

SO now with the season of Spring house cleaning at hand, is the time to gather up the odds and ends, that are no longer useful and only clutter up the right of way, and transport them to the old city hall building.

There willing hands will put them into usable shape. It is really amazing how this welfare organization, can transform articles which the owners regard as valueless, into articles, that will bring warmth, added comfort, and pleasure to those less fortunate than they.

So look over your household tonight Mr. and Mrs. Citizen, pick out the things you neither need nor use and, have them carted to the Welfare Exchange. You will thus be killing two birds with one stone. Make the matter of house-keeping easier and benefit your fellowman.

The Menace of Huey Long

THE three-ring circus and medicine man show, carried on by the Honorable Huey Long in the senate recently, attracted such nation-wide attention that the cause of it all was overlooked. This is unfortunate. For as we regard the matter, the radio address made by General Hugh Johnson, which caused all the Kingfish's noise and fury was far more important, than either Huey's or Father Coughlin's replies.

We regret space does not allow the reprinting of Johnson's speech in full. It is well worth reading, and anyone who would finance its republication and distribution in pamphlet form, would render a real public service.

However the following extracts will give some idea of what the General thinks of Kingfish Huey, and those who have—of can secure—a copy of the Congressional Record for March 5th, may secure the full libretto, which we would suggest be placed in their political archives for future reference.

This is March 4. Two years ago this morning, in a national gloom sorer as deep as that of the days when Washington stood in the snow at Valley Forge or Lee marched over the mountain wall toward Gettysburg, Franklin Roosevelt knelt at an altar and prayed. Then he went to the Capitol and registered the vow in heaven that placed upon his back as heavy a freight of human hopes as ever was borne by any man. Our trust was in him so completely that the general prayer was: "Provide him with all power that he may save us." Today, shadows have fallen thwart that faith—and it is my purpose here—with what force God has given me—to smash at two of them.

The chaos of that hour has been too often told. Banks, holding the savings of the entire country, tottered. The head of the United States Chamber of Commerce was urging that the President be made industrial dictator, and the very captains of big business were seeking Washington to save them.

In the worst business crisis in the world, Franklin Roosevelt proved that they could fight depression better than any dictator under the sun. Wilson expressed the rule. "The highest and best form of efficiency is the spontaneous cooperation of a free people." In 1933 we had that cooperation, just as in 1917 and 1918 we had it. In 1933 we have it not. The lack of it, in the dark threat that still hangs over this country, is the greatest menace of our immediate future. The men who have sought with some success to break it up may have more to answer to the country for than they at this moment dream.

You can snort at Huey Long, but this country was never under a greater menace than from the break-up of spontaneous cooperation being engineered by the combination of the dangerous demagoguery with the direct assault of the old social Neanderthals—the architects of the 1929 boom or bust—and of our 5 block years of bitter bondage to despair. Peaceful recovery is being threatened with a grinding between the upper and the nether millstones of extreme group selfishness.

At this point I want to make it very clear that I am speaking for myself alone—a gratuitous volunteer. Nobody in the administration has been consulted about this speech, although I have advised on the project of making it with my best and wisest friends outside of government—new dealers, old dealers, and Coughlins. It may interest you to know that, without one single exception, they advised against it. "If you want to hang yourself, go to it." Nothing did more to convince me that this speech had to be made. If demagoguery has reached the point where a man may risk his public standing by attacking it, it is time for somebody to get up on his hind legs and howl.

have nothing over, and he that gathereth little shall have no lack." Promise and performance possible only to the Lord God Almighty! Why, to give every family \$5,000.00 the wealth of the United States would have to be one hundred and fifty billions; and if some had a million and so on down to \$5,000 in the usual grade, as Huey proposes, it would have to be five hundred billions, which is more than 12 times as much as it is and more than 6 times as much as it has ever been. Huey says, "Divide our wealth," and he tells how to take it by taxes, but he never yet has told how to distribute it.

If you seized all property tomorrow by taxes and sold it at an auction sale, nobody would have enough to bid a tenth of its value. You would cut the price of America 90 percent, and nobody but a foreigner could buy it. When values bounced back, the few buyers would be fabulously rich and the rest of us unbelievably poor.

Yet they ask us to go with them asly down pathways they called new, but that in truth have been hidden time and again in the world's history—but never to the rainbow's end they promise. In the many, many times that those paths have been taken since the world began, never once did they fail to lead to chaos and destruction, bearing always—first and most heavily—on the very class to which they now appeal.

Why, if these men know what they are talking about, their attempt to delude helpless, trusting sufferers to such a doom is unspicable. If they do not know, then there is an act as rash and murderous as that of the tinker who tried a surgical operation on the human heart because he said that it was only a pump anyway and so entirely in his line of work.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

BASHFUL AND SELF-CONSCIOUS. Please send me a pamphlet on inferiority complex, writes a young woman. I am bashful. I do not seem able to carry on a conversation with any one I don't know very well or with an older person. I feel self-conscious. . . . boy I feel it. We see each other three or four times a week. My friends say it is foolish for an 18-year-old girl to spend so many evenings with a fellow. He is nineteen and we intend to marry in a few weeks. Do you advise me to keep steady company with him for three or four years? I have been told to go out with other fellows, but I have no desire for other dates. . . . I have no pamphlet on inferiority complex. Almost all normal persons have such complexes, together with a dash of superiority complexes. To discuss these feelings in the abstract may make interesting pamphlets or books, but I can't see where such morbid introspection helps the victim of self-consciousness. On the contrary I believe this quick psychology is actually harmful to the untalented layman, as harmful as the more familiar old "doctor books," almanacs and p.m. testimonial books to the simple sinner of yesterday.

Not being gifted with second sight, of course, I don't know, but in reading this girl's letter I wonder if her difficulty isn't merely the fate of her narrow existence. Sounds rather silly and dumb, doesn't it, the way her hectic week is marked by three or four visits by the boy friend? If the affair persists to be normal and serious, can you conceive fifty years of the same dreary drudgery? I can't. And I'm as sentimental as it is safe for a man to be. I can even remember when I was nineteen and won from a pippin a gorgeous striped necktie on the first election of TR as governor. How father failed to enthuse about the tie "Young man," he counseled, "there'll be plenty of time for this billing and cooing when you've finished your medical school."

To this girl, and to thousands of other young persons with a similar difficulty, I recommend the public library. Not as a convenient place for "dates," but as a fine school of a larger life. Visit the library and

Sound country, Los Angeles, Roque valley, Aberdeen and lastly Bakerfield. A great many people will probably shout to Heaven at this especially about Puget Sound. I will be considered all wet here anyway but the winters are not much worse there and the summers are infinitely better.

At this time of year we are very liable to forget the Dog days of summer in this valley. There is no place among those that I have mentioned, that has not a much better summer climate than we have, with the exception of Bakerfield. I know that to people from the middle west and the east our valley seems to be the best in the world as to climate, but to an old Pacific Coast resident who lives our three states in a rather wild, woolly and perhaps prejudiced way, I cannot agree that we in this valley have the best climate in the world. The world is too big. Nevertheless, after many years of wandering up and down the Pacific coast, I am here, have been here seventeen years, hope to be here a long time more and I love it, hot breezeless summers and all.

LUCIAN H. WILCOX. Route 4, Box 353 Medford, Oregon March 13, 1935. See Maison Jeanne for things that wear. Dependable quality is what she has there. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Johnny Cake. Is corn bread made with buttermilk and soda easily digested and healthful if eaten every day?—M. B. Wyoming. Answer—Yes, provided the diet also includes fair amounts of fresh milk, fresh fruits, greens or vegetables. Wild Tea. Some of my friends have been drinking a brand of wild tea, and telling me it is a remarkable tonic. . . . S. P. C. Answer—They repeat what they hear on the air. The tea is a kind which grows wild in South America. To ascribe greater virtues to it than one derives from higher grade cultivated tea is silly. Muscle Cramps. Much interested in the suggestion to take calcium lactate to relieve or prevent cramps in legs at night. Please tell me what to get and what dose to take and for how long.—C. H. Answer—Take 10 grains of calcium lactate after food three times a day for a month. Dissolve it in water, and take with a dash of syrup or sugar and fruit flavor. Everying Requires Digestion. Have heard that water, some fruit juices and honey do not need to be digested. Is this true?—N. D. E. Answer—Water, of course, is absorbed as water, without any chemical or physical change by digestion. But fruit juices and honey require digestion, chemical and physical changes, before they can be absorbed or assimilated. (Copyright, 1935, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Communications. Lese Majeste. I think that most of us will agree that the Rogue River Valley is a lively and rather wonderful place to live. There are plenty of charming people, sparkling streams and beautiful mountains to say nothing of many gem-like lakes that surround us. But when it comes to the climate being the best in the world, as I observe you have said on many occasions in your paper, I cannot agree with you. I have spent my whole life on the Pacific coast, in the states of Washington, Oregon and California. Many years in each. In the Grays harbor and Puget Sound districts of Washington, in the Rogue River valley and in the Bay district of California as well as in Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Bakerfield and Los Angeles. I have worked and lived in all these places from several months to many years, and having always been a person to take great interest in the weather, perhaps my opinion should bear some weight. I believe that the best all around climate I ever have enjoyed is at Los Gatos in California. In order, according to my experience, I would place as to all year climate (places that I have lived some time) Los Gatos, Santa Cruz, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, San Jose, San Francisco, Puget

Sound country, Los Angeles, Roque valley, Aberdeen and lastly Bakerfield. A great many people will probably shout to Heaven at this especially about Puget Sound. I will be considered all wet here anyway but the winters are not much worse there and the summers are infinitely better. At this time of year we are very liable to forget the Dog days of summer in this valley. There is no place among those that I have mentioned, that has not a much better summer climate than we have, with the exception of Bakerfield. I know that to people from the middle west and the east our valley seems to be the best in the world as to climate, but to an old Pacific Coast resident who lives our three states in a rather wild, woolly and perhaps prejudiced way, I cannot agree that we in this valley have the best climate in the world. The world is too big. Nevertheless, after many years of wandering up and down the Pacific coast, I am here, have been here seventeen years, hope to be here a long time more and I love it, hot breezeless summers and all. LUCIAN H. WILCOX. Route 4, Box 353 Medford, Oregon March 13, 1935. See Maison Jeanne for things that wear. Dependable quality is what she has there. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

DINTY MOORE AND HIS ORCHESTRA DREAMLAND TONIGHT! TONIGHT! MEN 35c LADIES 10c

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 13.—Probably America's champion address changer is E. Lloyd Sheldon, former New York newspaper man and now a movie mogul in Hollywood. In his metropolitan days he used to sleep one night in a Bowery lodging, the next night at the Waldorf or Holland House and another night at a Mills hotel. During his California residence, he leased a villa for the season on the French Riviera and remained less than two weeks. Tommy Millard in long stays often goes to a different hotel every week. Michael Arlen has occupied 20 different flats in London and Paris and has now gone to an Austrian Schloss.

A runner up for Sheldon is Don Clark, the novelist. In the past five years he has had five different apartments in New York, three different houses on Long Island, two in Massachusetts and at the moment he has acquired a sea shore home in Florida and visits realtors daily for suggestions.

The late Arthur Somers Roche leased a villa for the season on the French Riviera and remained less than two weeks. Tommy Millard in long stays often goes to a different hotel every week. Michael Arlen has occupied 20 different flats in London and Paris and has now gone to an Austrian Schloss.

Among the rarest of sisterly devotions is that between Mrs. Rex Beach and Mrs. Fred Stone. They exchange daily letters when they are too far from each other to use the telephone. Always they attend the theater together and rarely do they go separately to social functions. Likewise they both write daily letters to their mother who is in Florida.

One of New York's best dressed artists is Rae Van Beuren, whose classic profile is second only to that of James Montgomery Flagg. Van Beuren goes in for browns and beiges, with grass-green ties, so becoming to red-heads. McClelland Barclay is another of the fashion plate artists who suggests some of the drawing room men in his magazine illustrations. Russell Patterson is also the dullest of duds. Successful artists are no longer seedy.

Elsie De Wolfe, reputedly, gives the most satisfactory as well as effortless dinners of any New York hostess. She does not resort to stunting, but clings to the older formalities. Her dinners start in pomp and have a way of ending around 11 o'clock. Ward McAllister believed dinner parties turned sour after 11. The supreme trick of entertaining is jockeying people home before the deadline.

New York's windiest spot has shifted again. Once it was the old Flatiron corner at 23d and then by some freak of architecture the corner of Broadway at 57th street. Now Radio City carries off the honors. There is a certain strip of the plaza where the wind takes on hurricane proportions. It has claimed two toupees and one set of uppers. And Kate Smith skimming along on tip toes.

The star of the flying trapeze, Alfred Cadona, cracked up in a fall to the net, has become equestrian director at the Hagenback-Walton show. But the famous act in which his wife and brother still perform will be with that circus billed as always, "The Flying Cadonas." Clyde Beatty, the lion tamer, has also left the big circuses to join a small one that will bear his name. The girl with the long blond curls who rides side-saddle so daintily, Dorothy Herbert, will do the Beatty act. Among her versatility is an elephant act which she handled two seasons.

And high up among the versatile is Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, the young actor of the best seller, "A Woman's Best Years." He is a skilled musician, an accomplished ski jumper, an expert in movie photography, turns out magazine articles and an exhibit of his sculpture was recently on exhibition in Rockefeller Center.

Then there is Eddie Egan, boxer, globe trotter, Rhodes scholar, magazine writer and lecturer, who is now an assistant district attorney. He is devoting much of his time to boys' clubs, specializing in breaking up street gangs, the grade of so many crimes. His wife, the former Margaret Colgate, aids him in this commendable work.

Only his modesty saves him from Ripley's collection. He is a tall, domed, bookish fellow, a collector. At a dinner Peggy Joyce was mentioned. He inquired who she was. Everybody laughed, but he was perfectly honest. He had never heard of her. (Copyright, 1935, by McNaught Syndicate)

Flight 'o Time (Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago). TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 13, 1925. (It was Friday) Medford high defeated by Franklin high of Portland, 32 to 16, in opening game of state tournament. Frost Expert Young expects no smudging for another week, as orchardists prepare for annual battle with Jack Frost. "White robin" reported seen in the Seven Oaks district. Gardens in the Sardine creek section covered with a light snowfall; Reese creek reports heaviest snow of year. "Improved Order of Klansmen" to be formed by Portland residents. Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce, predicts, "a year of prosperity." Traffic officers arrest youth with nine spotlights, all burning, on his "bug."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 13, 1915. (It was Saturday) Turks announce they will burn Constantinople before they will allow city to fall into the hands of the British; Russians force back Germans along the Polish front. The Wednesday Bridge club met with Mrs. G. Newbury, and the Girls' Thursday Bridge club met with Mrs. Ralph Bardwell. Mrs. H. U. Lumsden entertained the Friday Bridge club. Light sprinkle falls over valley, but "is no answer to farmers' prayer for rain." The Page theater will hold a rotating contest, with a Maxwell auto, equipped with electric lights, self-starter, and a demountable top," as the main prize. Lawnmowers—time to get them sharpened and repaired; called for and delivered, Medford Cyclery, 23 N. Fir. Phone 281. New Navy Blue Hose. Maison Jeanne, Holly Theater Bldg. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TRY THIS NEW FOOT REMEDY Costs Little and Makes Feet Feel Fine. Foot sufferers gather round; get right up close and listen. Here's good news for you. The real "Corn Killer" is here at last. Ice-Mint, the New Discovery is said to quickly end foot misery. Have corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also toughened callouses, just shrivel up and lift off easy. It's wonderful. There is no pain or soreness when applying Ice-Mint of afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin. Think of it; just a touch or two of that cooling, soothing Ice-Mint, and real foot joy is yours. Ice-Mint prevents foot-odors and keeps them sweet and comfortable. It is the real secret for fine, healthy feet, and keeps you free from foot troubles. Every person who has suffered with stubborn corns or tender feet can appreciate the cooling, soothing comfort that it brings; especially women who wear high-heeled shoes, and men who have to stand all day on their feet. Try it. Get a few cents worth of Ice-Mint from your drugstore today and give your poor, tired, suffering, burning feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better.

TIME TO PREPARE FOR FROST ALARM

Fruitgrowers using orchard heating equipment for protection of their crops should at this time consider the condition of their orchard thermometers and frost alarms and have the same tested for accuracy, states County Agent L. P. Wilcox. An unreliable thermometer or alarm may be the cause of wasteful burning of smudge oil or a frost damaged crop of fruit. Take no chances on being misled by these instruments, but have them tested and the inaccuracies recorded. Testing of thermometers and alarms is a free service offered to all interested parties by the county agent's office in cooperation with the U. S. fruit frost service. Testing should be done each season as thermometers will vary in their readings from year to year. Growers are therefore asked to check over their equipment, discard the broken instruments and to bring the others in for testing. Do this at once in order that this part of the frost service work may be completed before the danger period arrives. Lawnmowers—time to get them sharpened and repaired; called for and delivered, Medford Cyclery, 23 N. Fir. Phone 281. Phone 642. Well haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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