

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Sudge Pot By Arthur Perry

At this time, the most popular indoor sport in Oregon is threatening to recall a public official for daring to express an opinion contrary to the current gay and frolicsome dream to get something for nothing at the expense of the other fellow. Last week a Congressman, and the governor were the targets. The expense of a recall election would be a considerable sum. It might be met by considering the hat, the method employed in reimbursing rotating operators expounding revolving plans for the "betterment of Mankind," and the visiting patriot.

DEAR MISS CHATFIELD: Although I am thirty-seven years old I am still a very foolish woman. —(Chico (Calif.) Enterprise)—They mean it, when they confess their age and their folly, in the same breath.

The esteemed editor of the esteemed Salem Capital-Journal, editorially opines "that communists are not taken seriously." Nevertheless, it is hard to believe that the fellow who called last week with a wagon-spoke for a war-club, was only indulging in a bit of thoroughly aroused playfulness.

It has often been asked what does this nation stand for, and the question is easy—ton much. —(Florida Times-Union)—How true! How painfully so!

Money continues as scarce, as in the "good old days" when people thought of something else besides money.

Green onions are now available. According to their better 1/2, young husbands and fathers eat same unless they are going some place, in a hard-boiled shirt.

"FLAMING YOUTH PASSES"—(Mendocino County Clarion)—It seems to be the Old Folks who are affire these days.

Considerable talk of spading up the backyards, on the street corners is heard.

Some of the grain that was killed by the cold here, is now coming up reports of death and is coming up fine.

An earthquake, described as "one of the most devastating holocausts of modern times" rolls over the Japanese controlled island of Formosa, leaving a trail of death and disaster to thousands. This act of Nature may prove more potent than a League of Nations parley, in subduing the war spirit of the Mikado.

Dudes are bursting forth in plaids and checks, instead of the old-fashioned flish, as predicted.

The prisoner is a man of high character, sterling honesty and stability. —(Huntington News)—He seems to have been a good man, but he was caught.

SO SAY WE ALL. Mr. Worthington: "Doctor, in language as nearly popular as the subject will permit, will you please tell the jury just what the cause of this man's death was?"

The Witness: "Do you mean the proxima causa mortis?" Mr. Worthington: "I don't know, Doctor. I will leave that to you."

The Witness: "Well, in plain language, he died of an ailment of the brain that followed a cerebral thrombosis or possibly embolism that followed in turn, an arteriosclerosis combined with the effect of a gangrenous cholelithiasis."

A Juror: "Well, I'll be eternally damned."

The Court: "Ordinarily I would like a juror for saying anything like that in this court, but I cannot, in this instance, justly impose a penalty upon you, sir, because the Court was thinking exactly the same thing." —(American Medical Journal)

Send your address to: Desiring Individualized Designed Corsets, Malson Jeanne, tel. 467.

Hearst Wants Fascism

IF WILLIAM Randolph Hearst has his way—and he often has,—this country will go Fascist, with a dictator in the White House, and William Randolph the power behind the throne.

From coast to coast the Hearst press is plainly directing its tremendous power of propaganda in this direction. It is persistently raising the scare of Communism, the impotency of the Roosevelt administration to check it, the need of a strong hand to take over executive control, and preserve our cherished American institutions.

Mr. Hearst, as far as is known, has not selected the man he wishes to become the duly authorized dictator of our destinies. But it is no secret, that he is in close personal touch with Father Cogan; that he has ordered "hands off" Huey Long; that he has refused to antagonize the Townsend supporters; that on his recent trip to Europe, he spent many days in close conference with Hitler the Nazi chieftain, and was granted certain exclusive press privileges, by der Reichsfuehrer.

The truth probably is, Hearst has no definite ideas, at the present writing, who his candidate will be,—or, of course, whether or not dictatorship will be possible. He is hoping however, strongly hoping.

Meanwhile, his strategy is one of watchful waiting, letting the various forces of unrest and revolt, go their several ways, in the hope that eventually they will unite behind one outstanding leader. When THIS occurs, William Randolph will be there, with no entanglements which will prevent him, from throwing every resource at his command behind the "man on horseback;" and under the guise of putting down red revolution, maintaining law and order, restoring prosperity to a long suffering and disheartened people, he will put over his coup d'etat, similar to the one which gave Italy Mussolini, and Germany "Adolph the Great."

AT LEAST this is the view entertained by many of the leading political observers, and best informed newspaper men in the country. There is not only much evidence to sustain it, but such a role, unquestionably fits into the known character of William Randolph Hearst, PERFECTLY.

Hearst has always had one consuming passion, and only one, the desire for power. His professed love for the common people, his devotion to what he called "true democracy;" his gradual extension of newspaper control throughout the country, have all had this one purpose in view, and this only.

The accumulation of a fortune—and he is one of the richest men in the world,—has not interested him, EXCEPT as it gave him power. To attain some personal end, he would toss away a million dollars, with no more reluctance than if it were as many cents.

Now, having passed the traditional three score and ten, thwarted in his early ambition to be President, and smart enough to know he never can be; what more natural—or plausible,—than that he should see, in the evening of his life, and amidst unprecedented conditions of social, political and economic collapse, the golden opportunity for which he had waited so many years.

Democracies tumbling over like ten pins, dictatorships rising to take their place, the passion of the American people for peace and security, their fear of red revolution and disaster,—why the world is made to order, for Hearst at last to realize the dream of a life time, and one that Fate has so long denied.

So people interested in politics and the future of this country, would do well to watch the Hearst press carefully during these trying times, and scrutinize the political contacts of "the chief" with care.

One thing is certain. Unless normal prosperity does return, within the next year,—unless improvement is more rapid and certain than it has been,—the time will certainly be ripe for some form of Fascism, and Hearst will be the man to put it over,—if it CAN be done.

A Base and Loathsome Thing

TO OUR mind, Secretary Iekes is delivering some of the best speeches on the current political problems, that have been delivered during the Roosevelt administration.

His address on relief, delivered a week or so ago, was a gem of clear thinking, forceful logic, and true human feeling. Yesterday, as guest of honor at the annual meeting of the Associated Press his talk on free speech, and particularly on demagogues striving to gain political power, through misleading and misinforming the people, was a masterpiece.

Unfortunately, space prevents printing the speech in full, or even giving at the present time more than a suggestion of the wisdom and truth it contained. But the following brief extract we believe should be cut out and pasted on the wall of every A. P. editorial sanctum,—should, in fact, be engraved at this time upon the consciousness of every thinking person:—

"Personally, I happen to be a man of strong convictions. Certain beliefs are obnoxious to me. "I despise the demagogue who hurks his voice through the pure air to advocate false doctrines, the acceptance of which by a majority of the people would destroy this America that I love. "I have nothing but contempt for the man of crooked intellect who deliberately sets out to fool the underprivileged, who, during these last few years, have been having an especially tragic time of it, by holding out to them the hope that as a result of some fantastic 'share the wealth' scheme every man, woman and child is to have thrust into his hands the sum of \$5,000 which is to come from God knows where. "To inspire hopes that can never be realized in those who dwell in physical misery and mental despair is a base and loathsome thing. It is despicable beyond my powers of description.

FREE PUBLIC SCHOOL STARTED 300 YEARS AGO TODAY IN BOSTON

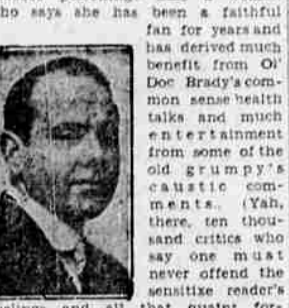
BOSTON, Mass., April 23.—(AP)—Three hundred years ago today in the kitchen at Phillips Farm of Boston the first free public school in the western world was established. Today, after six changes of location and innumerable expansions, the Boston public Latin school celebrates its own bicentennial and the inauguration of free schooling in America. From the schoolmaster's kitchen lo-

the beautiful Latin school of today, with its 2,300 pupils, the school has lived through the whole span of American history. Distinguished alumni include John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Treat Paine and William Hooper—early signers of the Declaration of Independence—Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Chas. Sumner, Charles Francis Adams, Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. The Eveready Circle of the Presbyterian church will hold a rummage sale April 26 and 27, in the building formerly occupied by Campbell's Clothing Store. All contributions will be gladly accepted. Phone 988-1. EXCHANGE OLD GOLD FOR JEAN O'Leary at Brophy's, Jewelers.

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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

AND WHERE DOES HER LADYSHIP COME IN?



Isn't there some preventative for tobacco poisoning? asks a woman who says she has been a faithful fan for years and has benefited much from Dr. Doe Brady's common sense health talks and much entertainment from some of the old grumpy's caustic comments. (Yah, there, ten thousand say one must never offend the sensitive reader's feelings and all that quaint formalities.)

In this day and age (continues Mrs. Reader) it is impossible to avoid exposure to tobacco smoke. Some people do not choose to believe tobacco smoke can poison others, and sometimes the resulting sick headache and nausea seem a high price to pay for their companionship. I suppose if the patient merely abruptly they might believe it, but it comes on only after two or three hours, when as a rule the smoking visitors have gone. I am extremely sensitive to tobacco smoke. Formerly I imagined the headache was from eyestrain and wore glasses needlessly for years before I discovered the real cause. Now I never have the headache if I can avoid exposure to tobacco smoke, and I do not wear glasses any more. It is a handicap to have to stay at home or have a headache, and even at home guests will smoke. People used to smoking are uncomfortable when they can't smoke, and it seems now that smokers far outnumber non-smokers, so it is up to the minority to find an antidote against tobacco smoke poisoning.—Mrs. H. A. W.

In the first place, although women now do their good share of the smoking, it is still bad manners to smoke where the indulgence may annoy or inconvenience others, especially your host or hostess. And although a man's house is his castle, it isn't much of a castle unless it is ruled by his ladyship. Within reason, therefore, the lady of the house should prescribe the regulations regarding smoking, and any lout who ventures to transgress thereby gives up his welcome.

Certain individuals are definitely sensitized or hypersensitive to tobacco smoke, just as other individuals are hypersensitive to quinine or pollen or egg white. Intense itching, sneezing, watery eyes, wheezing, asthma, and I do not wear glasses any more. It is a handicap to have to stay at home or have a headache, and even at home guests will smoke. People used to smoking are uncomfortable when they can't smoke, and it seems now that smokers far outnumber non-smokers, so it is up to the minority to find an antidote against tobacco smoke poisoning.—Mrs. H. A. W.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 23.—The Rialto continues to wonder about Norman Foster. He was a few years ago in ascendancy, the most popular young legitimate of his time. He went to Hollywood, made an attempt to start in the films and then, for no apparent reason, went into partial eclipse. None of the so-called reasons is responsible. He is a high minded fellow, from boyhood he wanted to go on the stage and his mother, having seen the same ambition thwarted in his father, lent every encouragement. She is an invalid and her devotion is marked. His most notable stage role was as the frustrated adolescent in "The Barker." He played opposite the glamorous Claudette Colbert and their play love-making blossomed into real life romance. They were married and she roomed as one of Hollywood's shooting stars.

Some think he was smothered by the shower of sparks from Miss Colbert's uptown. Others think he was badly cast in several films. Too a major operation put him on the shelf awhile. Any way he has been the victim of a tragic series of setbacks. His comeback would be cause for general hat tossing.

The Morton Downey's recently attended a late party. In the coat room, departing, Mrs. Downey's evening bag fell open, scattering contents on the floor. A maid hastily retrieved them. Arriving home, the tailor's wife was emptying the bag when she came upon a ring set with three large diamonds. She had never seen it before. Her husband phoned the police to know if anyone lost a ring. Someone had and a furious hunt was then on. The ring had been lost in the coat room and the maid had merely gathered it up with the other articles. A DiMaupassant theme.

Another of the great Fifth Avenue homes—E. H. Harriman's at 69th Street—has passed to the wreckers. An apartment house will supplant it. In the Harriman study were all-night conferences that resulted in the most spectacular financial deals in American history. He was among the men who seldom laughed. Only his cheek muscles twitched. Mark Twain came nearest to making him laugh with a story at the Lotus. It was a quick chuckle, something like a smothered hiccup. He looked about startled. Ana-blasted.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS H. P. BOSWORTH, formerly of Medford and now Copco manager at Klamath Falls, came to Oregon on 48 hours' notice. He graduated from Cornell, and two days later a job opened up in Medford. It had to be taken at once, or left.

He didn't know much about Oregon, so he hunted up the encyclopedia and started reading up. The encyclopedia makers had apparently never heard of much in Oregon outside of Orlinda, for they bore down heavily on the rain, citing annual average precipitation of 40 to 50 inches. So Bos, being a prudent soul and believing in preparedness, went out and bought himself a raincoat, a rain hat and an umbrella, and seriously considered laying in a pair of hip boots but finally compromised on galoshes.

HE ARRIVED in Southern Oregon late in May, he says, and it was four and a half months before he saw even a drop of rain. After three months of it, he'd have given somebody a real bargain in rain equipment.

BOS landed in Medford, and after parking his luggage he set out up Main street to see the sights. Tiring eventually of foot transportation, and noting street car tracks and a trolley wire, he stopped on a corner to wait for a car.

He waited what seemed to him an unconscionable time, and then he waited some more. Finally he stooped a passer-by and asked: "Can you tell me when the next car will come along?"

The stranger looked him over, then grinned in a friendly and companionable way. "No," he said, "I don't believe I can. But I can tell you when the last one came."

"I bit," Bos says, "and asked when." "Just about six years ago," was the answer.

BERT HALL, heading for the wild and woolly west, stopped off first in Colorado. He'd been given the opposite slant from Bos, having been told that it practically NEVER rained in Colorado.

So he stepped off the train at Greeley, as innocent of umbrellas, raincoats and such as an Arab from the arid wastes of Sahara.

"And it was raining when I got off," he says, "a misty, determined sort of rain that looked like it meant to last till the end of time."

SO BERT, not being equipped for the outdoors in such weather, hunted up a hotel and went to bed to get warm. He got up the next morning and looked out of the window, and the trees were covered with SNOW.

"I started down the street," he says, "admiring the snow-covered landscape, and all of a sudden I looked up in a tree ahead of me and there was a MAN hanging from a rope."

THE body, it developed, was that of a short-tempered gentleman who had come home one night oiled to the eyebrows, got his stick wife out of bed and beat her to a pulp, so that she died before morning.

He was arrested that night and lodged in jail, and the neighbors organized a necktie party and came down to get him out to be the guest of honor, but found an aggressive sheriff on the job.

Knowing the sheriff, and realizing that the only way to get around him would be to shoot him, and having a lot of respect for him, they corked up their anger and went home.

BUT they set a watch on the sheriff, and the first time he got out of town they went down to the jail, collected the wife-beating citizen, handed him to the nearest tree, dusted off his hands and went home.

That was the night it snowed and Bert Hall got to town. "I wondered what I'd got into," he says, "and made up my mind to be good."

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 April 23, 1925 (It was Thursday)

The body of Floyd Collins, Kentucky hillman, who perished in a cave cave-in two months ago, is removed from its prison. His plight attracted nation-wide sympathy. East stables in the warmest temperature of the year; balmy in the valley.

Citizens in meeting at public library endorse new high school proposition. Military authorities want to rent 50 horses for use during national guard encampment here in June.

Notice has been received by Col. E. E. Kelly of this city that he has been cited "for bravery and gallantry in action against the Spanish forces in the capture of the city of Manila, August 13, 1908," by the war department. He will receive a silver star to attach to his Spanish War service ribbon. A medal was issued for the same deed, after the war, and the latest honor comes as a surprise to the local man who was a lieutenant colonel in the great war.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 23, 1915 (It was Friday) Heaviest rain of the year falls over the city and valley, and it totaled .32 of an inch. Farmers rejoiced at the moisture. The Rogue River State bank of Rogue River, robbed of \$800 in gold by a bandit who threw ammonia in the face of the cashier, E. R. Rosse. Rosse pursues the thug into the timber.

Fierce battle raging on the Belgian front; Germans use poison gas in attack. Chan Egan of this city defeats H. K. B. Davis in the amateur golf play at San Francisco.

Charlie Chaplin in "The Tramp," at the Page; "Thirteenth Episode of the Exploits of Elaine," at the Star; "Half Done and All Gold," at the Isis.

BETTER WEATHER AIDS FIELD CROPS

Weather of the past week has caused the grain and field crops of the valley to take a growing spurt, according to the county agent's office. Present conditions are held ideal for growing. Wheat growers of this section have completed their sowing, delayed several weeks by wet weather. Spring sown grain is coming along fine; the county agent says alfalfa is "just beginning to grow." Garden truck is also progressing favorably now. Grazing conditions promise to be good, with the new grass flourishing on the lower levels.

Indian Hostess Of Pioneer Inn Passes

CHEWELAH, Wash., April 23.—(AP)—Collette, the Indian hostess of the famous Indian halfway house three miles from here, died Monday at the age of 78. Collette, whose legal name was Mrs. Billy Ford, entertained traveling tribesmen for more than half a century. Indian chiefs and braves made her house their stopping place on the journey from Kalspelt, Mont., to Inchelium, Wash.

STATEMENT March, 1935

The following is a schedule of the proceedings of Jackson County, Oregon, showing a list of claimants and the articles of service for which the claim is made and which were passed upon by the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, during the month of March, 1935.

General County Fund—Supplies and Services Dorothy Haynes, \$10.00; Western Union, \$2.94; Standard Oil Co., \$42; City Sanitary Service, \$10.00; F. P. Burk, \$25; Puck's Hardware, \$8.15; Lamport's, \$12.50; M. E. Taylor, \$12.25; Welborn Breeson, \$170.00; Mail Tribune, \$153.48; Office Sta. and Supply Company, \$53.00; Medford Domestic Laundry, \$32; Shell Oil Company, \$48.00; State Industrial Accident Com., \$29.00; Blanche D. Lyman, \$92.95; Otis Brown, \$20.85; Jackson Co. Red Cross, \$29.55; Ann Noblit, \$18.85; J. County Bldg. and Loan, \$30.00; Elmer Peck, \$107; National Reemployment Service, \$53.37; Welch, \$7.00; Ethel Hughes, \$12.00; Mrs. Shollenberg, \$40.00; Mrs. Barvorth, \$20.00; Mrs. McClain, \$36.00; Martin Moore, \$7.00; G. F. Badshaw, \$9.00; Mrs. Walker, \$48.00; Mrs. Graydy, \$18.00; Anna Wolters, \$25.00; Murrie Sample, \$16.00; Mrs. Randall, \$18.00; H. O. Childs, \$10.00; K. Anthony, \$7.50; Ethel Wheeler, \$14.00; E. A. Mercer, \$17.00; O. O. Abbott Laboratories, \$27.28; Dr. Paske, \$4.00; Burleson's, \$3.00; Dr. Dixon, \$5.00; June Barhart, \$20.00; Dr. Blahop, \$15.00; Phyllis Swearingen, \$50.00; Community Hospital, \$499.50; Dr. Sweeney, \$20.00; Dr. Steer, \$30.00; Sacred Heart, \$472.50; Shaw Supply Co., \$6.39; Squibb and Sons, \$6.30; Freight and Express, \$177; East Side Pharmacy, \$15.33; Woods Drug Company, \$4.19; Heath's Drug Store.

(Continued on Page Nine)

See Our Plan Books BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE ONE

Communications Quotes Doc Brady: In your issue of April 3rd, under the caption, "Furriers, Babies Kill Seventh Portland Dog," it is said, "The seventh dog to fall a victim of rabies in the past three weeks, died today. The report on the death was made by Dr. E. E. Chase, city veterinarian. In the last case the afflicted dog died from the 'furious' type of rabies."

The germ of rabies has not been found, but it is claimed that if the so-called Negri bodies are found in a dog's brain, it is a case of rabies. As a matter of fact, the mere head examination means very little, as the Negri bodies are found in the heads of perfectly normal dogs and sometimes absent in heads of dogs having all symptoms of rabies. This procedure is exceedingly complex and difficult. It is easy to declare it a case of rabies and, at the same time, induce the person bitten to have a dangerous and expensive Pasteur treatment, as illustrated by the following from the "Oregon Evening Record," May 22, 1934. (Harkness-Mack, N. J.) Under the caption "Nasty

100 APPLICATIONS FOR SEED LOANS

County Agent Robert G. Fowler said today that close to 100 Jackson county applications for seed loans have been filed under the farm credit act. He estimates that the average amount requested is between \$150 and \$200. The limit is \$500. Amounts asked range from \$25 to \$480. The county agent estimates that approximately \$5000 will be distributed in seed loans in this county. The first allotment of checks under the seed loan act were received by the county clerk's office last Saturday, from the Federal Farm Loan bank at Spokane for remaining here to the beneficiaries.