

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. Majors of a number of Oregon burghs have issued proclamations calling for a "Clean-up," with a rake, instead of a postage stamp and a dime.

Tennis and hay are the order of the day. A lively tennis player sweats more than a hay-hand, but thinks nothing of it.

Canyonville is all set to listen to the Roseburg Men's Glee club, which appears in Blattner hall Tuesday night to present a concert.

Roger W. Babson, statistical expert, predicts the re-election of President Roosevelt in 1936. This is the same Mr. Babson who assiduously and vainly guessed for five years that the depression was over.

His Honor Knows Lawyers. "Colonel Harvey," he asked, "how much more time will it require for you to conclude the direct examination?"

A course in pistol shooting will be provided for Camp Fire Girls in many states this summer. Thus, the little ladies will learn the fundamentals of hitting a disparan with a dishrag.

We roar like lions, and mourn like doves, and falter at the wailing wall. (Isaiah 49:10)—Biblical description of the Bill Gore corner.

The rush of Ulrich of Prospect, now getting in his next winter's wood, is offset by the arrival of a drummer, with samples of next Christmas' toys.

An update Thinker-for-Farmers visited the valley the first of the week. He spoke in the tone of a fisherman who had just caught a 49 1/2 lb. salmon.

Summer has come, many claim. It will be different from the last one. Admiral Byrd is back from the Antarctic, and there will be no cooling news that one of his tractors broke through the ice, 17 miles from the Pole.

Mike Deady of China Bar is cutting wood for the Daiton girls. (Riskiyou County News)—Social item and chivalry note.

A Portland man has started suit for the recovery of \$2764.91. He alleges he lost playing "dart games" from last October to March. Plaintiff seems to have been a guttural reclusion against legislation of this sort, that the political consequences will be incalculably far reaching.

Hitler Talks Sense

WE WISH Hitler had a different sort of face. Now and then—not often—he says something that is not only worth while, but wise and important. What he said yesterday about world peace and Germany's desire to maintain it, was very good. But as one mulls it over, that face comes up with its absurd mustache and expression of beetle-browed vacuity, and somehow the words lose their rightful significance.

Then too, the man has uttered so much bombastic nonsense, set off so many verbal fire works, designed only for home consumption, that when he talks sense, which the rest of the world can understand, a suspicion of his sincerity is at once aroused.

All of which is rather too bad. If Hitler only looked a little more like Bismarck and a little less like a hastily fabricated robot, with a hunk of hair tacked to his beaver-board brow; that proclamation of Der Reichsfuehrer from the steps of the Berlin opera house; might have marked a milestone in the painful struggle of Europe back to sanity, security and peace.

For the doctrine there enunciated was enlightened and entirely sound. For example:

Nazi Germany wants peace from a primitive realization that no war would be calculated to alleviate the essentially general European distress but would tend on the contrary to increase it—Germany of today is immersed in the tremendous task of repairing its domestic damage. None of our objects of a factual nature will be completed before ten or 20 years. None of our task of an ideal nature can find its fulfillment before 50 or even 100 years.—What else could I desire but quiet and peace?

What indeed? A clearer, more convincing exposition of why Germany should work for peace and avoid at all costs another war,—why for that matter every country in EUROPE should do the same,—could hardly be imagined. War could mean nothing but greater disaster, and the loss of everything that post-war Europe has achieved.

Yet Hitler knows—and everyone else knows,—that not only Germany but all Europe has for practically a decade, been preparing for, and like so many stumped sheep, rushing TOWARD, another European conflagration. For the past two years, that lighted fuse attached to the power magazine, has grown shorter and shorter,—spluttered nearer and nearer to the fatal end,—and no responsible nation, or responsible spokesman, has really made a move to stamp it out.

They have all,—like Hitler yesterday and once before,—declined passionately against war, and fervently expressed their desire and love for peace, and yet, in their routine activities from day to day, they have devoted their attention and energies almost exclusively, to arousing the passions of racial hatred, militarism and super nationalism, which render peace impossible.

It is all very strange,—in fact quite incomprehensible. In that brief paragraph Hitler gave the argument against another war in Europe, which is unanswerable. It is simply the truth,—the truth, that all—at least all rational beings—can see.

Then why doesn't Europe follow the truth,—the truth that will make them free?

Answer that question and you will answer the riddle of Europe,—the riddle of a national leader like der Reichsfuehrer.

We admit the answer, is too much for our powers of analysis and explanation.

The entire situation in Europe today, and as it has been for a number of years, just doesn't make sense.

It is as if all the peoples of that section of the world, were gathered around the crater of a live volcano, in full view of the hideous death and suffering which a step over the precipice would mean,—and yet not only they but their leaders, so fascinated by the spectacle, that like the little bird before the magnetic lure of the cobra—they lacked the strength or the will to retreat, but could only advance slowly but inevitably to their destruction!

It all comes back to a statement previously made in this column, that Europe has gone mad, and home sapiens, over there at least, has ceased to be a reasoning animal.

Perhaps—just perhaps,—such a lucid interval as Herr Hitler enjoyed, on the steps of the Krol opera house yesterday, may, before it is too late, bring the peoples of Europe and their leaders to their senses.

It may be a forlorn hope—but it's a hope anyway!

A Courageous Action

SPEAKING of "unanswerable arguments," President Roosevelt's stirring address before congress today against the Patman bonus bill, certainly comes under that classification. We can't recall a presidential speech in many years, which so completely annihilated the opposition and left them literally without a leg to stand upon.

Every argument in favor of this measure, was met with a left hook for the chin, and knocked sprawling, until there was nothing left to present in rebuttal, but the "give me" plea,—the obvious and rather disheartening fact that whether the action is wise or unwise, good or not good for the country at large, some of the boys still want the money.

ALTHOUGH the House, true to bonus tradition, promptly passed the measure over the President's veto, we can't believe, in view of the President's devastating expose, the Senate will do likewise. If it should, we predict such a popular revulsion against legislation of this sort, that the political consequences will be incalculably far reaching.

NO, THE President is dead right, and we are certain, the good judgment and good sense of the American people as a whole, will eventually sustain him in this courageous action.

We liked particularly what he said about the inflationary feature of the Patman bill. True it is only \$2,000,000,000—ONLY two billion of printing press money,—and the President doesn't claim that this in itself will destroy the national credit or lead to monetary destruction.

But—and it's a But with a capital B,—destructive inflation always starts this way—in a little way,—just a convenient method of tiding over hard going.

But practically never in monetary history has printing press inflation been met by increased taxation,—by digging into the jeans and paying the bill. Prices have soared, living costs have risen.—It is—and always has been so much easier to pay a little inflation, by JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE!

MONETARY inflation, big or little, is like the proverbial snowball, or the stone in the retaining wall.

It starts, as just a little thing—but it's that little thing that lets down the bars that grows by what it feeds on,—and the answer ninety-nine times out of one hundred is disaster and destruction.

Even those who favor paying the cash bonus now, should we think oppose payment via the printing press, as the Patman measure provides.

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.

AS YOU WERE, SAY, IN 1912.

You young ones may run out and play. This is for the old folks only. Not so much for the settled old geezers either, but for mature adults who feel a little older than they are.



Before we start back, old timers, I wish to warn you that we do not guarantee anything. It isn't done in the regular profession. I never guarantee to cure anything, but I do assure you that my medicine will do no harm, and to that end I make it a regular practice to try everything on the dog first. If I venture to recommend it to you, some day I'll turn up missing, perhaps, and when I do, an appropriate epitaph would be "He tried his own medicine."

Now to top off the first five years: See that you get an optimal ration of vitamins. Especially vitamin G. This is not just another queer notion of Dr. O' Doc Brady's. One of the highest authorities, Dr. Henry C. Sherman, found from his nutrition researches that the period between the attainment of maturity and the onset of senility is greatly lengthened by an optimal intake of vitamin G. And here the other day Prof. C. G. King reported to the American Institute of Nutrition his conclusion that vitamin C tends to prevent hardening of the arteries. But don't confine your ration to one or two vitamins. Rather try to get more of all the vitamins than are necessary to prevent scurvy, rickets, beriberi, pellagra, atherosclerosis, etc.

For the second five-year extension of vim, vigor and vitality, my prescription is an adequate iodine ration. I have a fat file of letters from all classes and types of adults who aver that they have become younger since they began taking an iodine ration. Many of them even believe their gray hair has been restored to its natural color—I don't believe this myself, but you see, they take a brighter view of everything when they get their iodine.

The third five years off is really the easiest part of this rejuvenation program. And I don't give a hoot what any doctor or anybody else may think of it. I advise all you older boys and girls to roll yourselves a string of somersaults at least every night and morning, and as often through the day as may be convenient. This is good medicine. Take it or leave it. I don't that you can think of any wondrous about it that hasn't been made again and again. If such antics seem too silly to a dignified old bird, that's all right with me, just stay where you are.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 22.—The newest Russian invasion is fiery without communitarian taint. All the smart set are thinking of a party, and a party about it is serving vodka and many of the accomplished drinkees are quaffing it in lieu of the favorite tippie. Pure vodka has a burn and a sting.



Even such ogrean connosisseurs as Mark Hellinger declare it's wallop is luster. Although it hasn't the headache qualities next morning, there is a depressive let-down that inspires deep dolor—a melancholia relieved by a little more of the "hot" of the "hot."

The late Prince Matchevill was first to serve a thimbleful of the drink at smart dinners. Before that its American use was confined largely to sailors at the waterfront bars. Nearly all Russian entertainers indulge a snifter before giving a performance.

It is the only drink that Chastain enjoys. Wiley Post, who picked up a taste in his Russian flight calls for it on the few occasions he drinks anything spirituous. Lillian Russell liked vodka now and then. It gave an edge to those little cigars she smoked.

Champagne, incidentally, has been finding it difficult to reach its popularity. Many fashionable flirts have abandoned it altogether and substituted Scotch and wots. The faked up elder served by legitimate vittines during prohibition has much to do with the reluctance. The few who have brought forth some of the spectacular wine agents such as Manny Chappell and George Kessler.

Finally, I sincerely believe that the average mature adult can add five years to his or her active life by investing in first class dentistry. My opinion of the toothbrushing nonsense is well known, but I fear my opinion of good dentistry is not so well known. If you have any imperfection of your masticating apparatus, any missing teeth, any questionable teeth, have the defect corrected immediately by a first class dentist. No matter if you have scrooped along for 30 years handicapped by imperfect mastication. That makes an extra score of years, presented with the compliments of this newspaper and O' Doc Brady.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Painting the Ice Box. Inside of my refrigerator being rather discolored, I gave it a couple coats of white enamel. Now I am told this was a bad thing to do.—J. A. McK.

Answer—If the enamel dried perfectly I know of no objection, from the viewpoint of hygiene. Harem Eggs. Say, Doc, your corn remedy is fine to relieve pain and remove corns, but they come back. Is there anything that will remove them forever?—T. S. C.

Answer—Yes, but I'm afraid requires a wee bit of brains. What causes the corns in the first place? Shoes too tight, too short, freak-shaped, ill-fitting, pressure and friction. Go barefoot and you'll have no more corns. Wear sandals, carpet-slippers, moccasins, even shoes built to fit the feet rather than trying to make your feet fit the freak footwear that fashion decrees. The alleviated condition I recommend should be painted on corn wart or callus, but on normal skin, once daily for a week or more, to soften the corn or wart or callus so it is readily wiped off. The recipe is 30 grains of salicylic acid dissolved in one-half ounce of flexible collodion. Keep vial tightly corked, and keep liquid off of neck of vial. If the liquid becomes stiff it may be restored by addition of a little more ether.

Cheap Smoked Glasses. Are the cheap smoked glasses of sun goggles sold in certain stores injurious to one's eyes?—Mrs. S. C.

Answer—Not if one should wear tinted or "smoked" goggles. Many persons wear such glasses in the mistaken belief that they prevent eyestrain. On the contrary, they increase the strain of vision in ordinary circumstances, tho they are a comfort if you have to face the glare of bright sun. (Copyright, 1935, John F. 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, Calif.

The old Aquarium was an occasional haunt for Grantland Rice and me during lunch hours on the unattended Evening Mail. In those days, despite the many signs "Beware of Pickpockets," the dips held a festival daily. Absorbed by staring into the phenotypes of the water tanks, the mistake was made that they present a hand in my coat pocket, turned quickly and looked into the bland and wide-eyed face of an attractive girl, the only person near. She stared me completely out of countenance.

Those umbrella sellers that appear at the subway exits suddenly, like roadblocks, after a shower, belong in the vicious army of odd job men of the pick. They are Jacks of all trades—shining shoes, selling parade flags, election night horns and extra editions, acting as relief messengers, ballyhooing cheapjohn shows at rush hours and fulfilling a dozen or more different tasks. They are not lazy, indeed they are willing workers, so long as they can go from one task to another. They won't "steap put."

The famous pipe room in Keene's chop house in West 36th street is still carrying on the venerable tradition. The celebrated visitor is given a long-stemmed clay pipe after his meal to smoke awhile and then have it numbered with his name and racked with the more important appetites along the wall. Tooby, the Cockney "pipe warden" has been in charge 23 years. In the collection

DRIVE IN TO BIG PINES LUMBER CO. FOR DEPENDABLE BUILDING ADVICE. MEDFORD VETERINARY HOSPITAL. 15 years experience in large and small animal practice. Dr. J. W. Waters. 225 N. Riverside Phone 369

are pipes puffed by Eamon de Valera, Rose O'Neill, Grace Moore, Fannie Hurst and many of the modern scene. And pipes that will never be smoked again. Pipes of William Howard Taft, Harris Merton Lyon, David Belasco, Clyde Fitch, Augustus Thomas, James Gordon Bennett...

Chop houses are magnets for the lustiest of appetites. I recall going to Keene's one lunch time with Art Young's brother Bill, an editor. He ordered a blue plate of liver sausage festooned with four sunsets of poached eggs, a pewter stout and a huge slab of pie a la mode with a palisaded but thinly sliced wedge of cheese. As an afterthought he had a portion of freshly stewed rhubarb. And topped it off with the longest and blackest cigar I ever saw. I remember it all so vividly because it was the day—my fourth in New York—that I pointed to harlots vert, thinking it a fancy desert. The waiter whispered that it was.

Those early days are reminding that a harem my wife and I later called that "what in the world is to become of us bench," down a lost meander of Central Park, has vanished in an upshoot of civic blooms. It was whether we drifted so often during an all-too-long jobless interlude to sit in the vast silence and stare.

Communications

Lawrence Tribute Appreciated. To the Editor: Yesterday, I read your splendid tribute to the memory of my fellow countryman—late Colonel Lawrence—and I feel compelled to send you a few lines to say—Thank You! It is this spirit that knits the ties of friendship and comradeship between two great nations.

An Answer to Mr. Deuel. To the Editor: Please permit me to comment upon the article written by L. J. Deuel, manager of the local Medford Production Credit association. Mr. Deuel's report shows a very comprehensive knowledge of the fruit business and the financing of the same and he is to be congratulated upon the report with one very serious exception which I do not feel can be condoned nor accepted as a fact.

When the statement was made that "Washington and Hood River apples are far superior to Medford apples" we believe Luke either mis-spoke himself or else does not know his apples. A little past history may serve to clarify the situation: Only a few years ago at the Pacific International held in Portland in competition with Hood River and Washington Newtowns, Medford Newtowns received first prize. That same year the apples from Medford, were taken to Phoenix, Arizona to Western States exposition in competition with apples from the eight western states and they received sweepstakes—of course prizes were awarded upon quality and general appearance.

Last fall Medford Newtowns were sold for export to England at prices which were among the highest, if not the highest paid in the entire northwest. It is also interesting to know that Medford apples (some brands) are now selling from 5 cents to 30 cents more than other northwest brands in San Francisco market. That prices net to the grower for Red Delicious as paid by Southern Oregon Sales were among the highest averages for the states of Oregon and Washington.

In justice to the many apple growers of this valley I believe that the public should have the above facts. We ourselves know that our apples are known all over the world for their quality and keeping ability and that the principal reason apples have not been so profitable here in this district as a whole is because of the production per acre in comparison with other districts—it has never been a matter of quality, and even the matter of production, which some of us compares most favorably with other northwest districts. Time to spray again so good-bye, Luke. CHARLES A. WING. Medford, May 21.

TRAGEDY STRIKES SWAN BROOD IN BEND POND. BEND, Ore., May 22.—Tragedy in the form of swift currents had struck the swan population of Mirror pond here today. Five of the eight baby cygnets hatched last Saturday were swept over the spillway to the rocks below and have not been seen since. Last year the entire brood of youngsters went the same route, but were rescued.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann. Lawnmowers: Sharpened. Phone 361. Medford Cycles, 29 N. Fir.

Save 1220 miles. American Mail Liners sail the fast Short Route to the Orient. It saves 1220 miles and gives you more time to explore Japan, China and the Philippines. American Mail Liners are big, steady-riding ships—535 feet long. Their schedules combine with the Dollar Steamship Line schedules to give very frequent service between ports in the Orient. You can make stopovers less than a week long. Tickets are interchangeable.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

UNDER an old and more or less forgotten provision of the Oregon constitution, the governor's salary is limited to \$1500 a year, and down in the Willamette valley they're preparing to file a suit to determine the legality of the present \$7500 salary. It's a little surprising to learn that in these New Deal days anybody is even interested in what constitutions provide.

The constitution of the United States provides that freedom of speech and of the press shall not be limited in this country. It is a wise provision, and so far it has not been challenged. It is to be hoped that IT NEVER WILL BE challenged.

A free press is essential to progress. THERE have been martyrs to freedom of the press in America. The first was Elijah Parish Lovejoy, who in 1838 started a newspaper in Alton, Illinois, and began a fight against the institution of human slavery. His press was destroyed by hoodlums. He set up a second press and it was destroyed. The same fate met a third press.

FOLLOWING the destruction of his third press, Lovejoy made this ringing declaration of the principle of freedom of the press: "As long as I am an American citizen, and as long as American blood runs in these veins, I shall hold myself at liberty to speak, to write and to publish whatever I please, being amenable to the laws of my country for the same." A fourth press arrived, was set up, and the first night Lovejoy and a number of his friends remained on guard over it. That night the building was attacked by ruffians, who set fire to it, and in the ensuing exchange of shots Lovejoy was killed.

COLBY COLLEGE at Waterville, Maine, has set the 18th of May as a date for exercises commemorating this first American martyr to the cause of freedom of the press. It is an appropriate act, and thoughtful people all over America may well join in paying a tribute to Elijah Parish Lovejoy, who came to his death because he insisted upon his right to utter his beliefs, subject to the laws of his country.

FREEDOM of the press has been abused in this country at times, and probably will be again. Not all editors are perfect. Some are contemptible. A few have been traitors. But in every emergency this country has faced, there have been editors, some great and influential, some small but none the less sincere, who have not been afraid to speak what they believed to be the truth.

If the time ever comes when honest, sincere newspapers are AFRAID to speak what they believe to be the truth, this country will have lost something that is incalculably precious. Section Boss Killed. CLATSKANIE, Ore., May 22.—(P)—The collision of his speeder with a westbound train was fatal yesterday to John Sundberg, 36, foreman of the Mayger section of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railway. Five others on the speeder escaped injury by leaping to safety.

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Japan and return \$240

This is just one example of the greatly reduced summer roundtrip fares now in effect on the American Mail Line. What can you buy for so little money that will give you as much pleasure as a trip to the Orient? Material things depreciate in value and wear out. But a trip to the Orient will make a new person of you. It will give you memories to last a lifetime, and no one can take them away from you!

Examples of low summer roundtrips now in effect from Seattle and Victoria, B. C.:

Table with 3 columns: To, Tourist, First Class. JAPAN and return \$240. JAPAN, CHINA and return 277. JAPAN, CHINA, MANILA and return 300.

AMERICAN MAIL Line. All Tourist and First Class staterooms on American Mail Liners are big and outside, with luxurious twin beds, hot and cold running water and all other conveniences. Promenade decks are glass-enclosed. Dancing, deck games, talks and an outdoor swimming pool are part of the fun. American Mail Liners sail every other Saturday from Seattle and Victoria. For details, see your travel agent or our office.

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 May 22, 1925. (It was Friday) Sudden electrical storm sweeps over the city, and puts telephone service out of commission.

Explorer Amundsen still unheard from, on his flight to North Pole. Search to be started unless word comes within 24 hours.

President Coolidge suffers a light attack of indigestion, and recovers speedily.

Rosenberg Bros. invent and patent a new fruit picking bucket, for use in their orchards.

Autolais warned they will be arrested unless they give proper signal with hands when turning in or out. Coach Callison of the high school, in final session of the year with athletes, says: "There has been a lot of social monkey business going on this year, and the first football player I catch dancing next year will wish he hadn't."

Twenty Years Ago Today May 22, 1915. (It was Saturday) Italy issues a declaration of war, and joins side of Allies in "Great Struggle." No actual hostilities against Austria yet reported.

Sid I. Brown expects to leave about the middle of July for Seward, Alaska, where he has been offered a position with the government railroad, now under construction.

The Hikers' club will hold a picnic at Bybee Bridge tomorrow. President Cole Holmes declares war "on bikers who walk to their destination." Tourist visitors flocking to valley from San Francisco fair.

Many Table Rock berries are being served with gooseberry pie, there being an excellent crop of the berries here this season—(Table Rock Tablets).

For Hose that Wear buy NOLDE & HORST Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

STATE GARDEN GIRLS Have come and gone But their impress For Good remains. Who strives for Beauty, Works for Good, Central Point, Gold Hill, Jacksonville, Florence. Through beautifying campaigns, Appear so attractive, Maybe Medford Will Clean up Her Back Alleys. FARMERS & FRUITGROWERS BANK (Community Builders) (Deposits Insured)

College rhythm. All dance orchestras on American Mail Liners are college orchestras. Bands from Washington, Oregon, Illinois, Wisconsin and nine other universities sailed with us last year.

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