

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS. The Oregon State Association of Editors is authorized to use for publication all news dispatches received by it.

Ye Smudge Pot. A Kansas City, Mo., mother, during the public wedding of her 17-year-old daughter, in a belated display of maternal affection, mounted the theater stage, where the nuptials were being performed, and stopped them.

Oregon pioneers, who crossed the plains behind a pair of bulls in 1880 assembled at Portland last week, and reminisced of the stirring days when they ruggedly hustled for themselves.

Col. Charles A. Lindbergh has assumed the devious of artificial hearts and lungs, regarded as a vital scientific discovery. This is the same Col. Lindbergh whose aviation knowledge, gleaned from actual experience and a flight across the Atlantic ocean, was viewed by a rubber-stamp congress, as heaving, last week, the nation of a Democratic leader, with a pleasing smile and a charming voice, during the air-mail bungling.

Salem will stage a "Cat-Putter-Out" contest, as part of the July 4th eagle screaming festivities. From the political pestering and hub-bub eternally underway at Salem, it looks like something more of a nuisance than a cat could be found to be put out. The informal devils of Salem Meatehla has "put-out" the entire state.

The warm weather has caused a number who have been in it all the time, to appreciate the shade, which like money, is not evenly distributed.

It is now estimated 110,000 sacks of onions will be shipped from this valley this year. Heretofore the onion, like the potato, would not grow here, because of unsuitable soil conditions, unless planted.

The San Diego exposition is well underway. Photographs of the event to date have been devoted exclusively to long-legged beauties in bathing suits, and crowds peering into the corral of the Nudist colony.

CLEAVER THAN MID. Eugene Register-Guard. "The question is on the motion of the senator from Oklahoma to reconsider the vote whereby the senate agreed to the amendment of the senator from Mississippi to concur in the amendment of the house with an amendment."

Everybody is very busy dropping the codes they weren't obeying anyhow.—(New York Sun)—Great and potent truth item.

Deaths from auto accidents in Oregon during May showed a 50 per cent decline over the same month in 1934, due to the "Safety Patrol" campaign, and drivers exercising more care. No credit is given pedestrians for jumping quicker and farther.

The administration's share-the-wealth scheme seems to be just a glorified chain letter with the payoff coming in a large sized envelope instead of a small one, if at all.

ALLOCATION OF THE BLAME. (Pocatello Ida.) Tribune. Every now and then a newspaper gets into hot water because the announcement of some lodge, society or organization is published with a mistake as to the meeting night or the wrong initials of the Most Worthy Exalted Grand of the Fourth Inner Veil, or the Most Grand Master of the Royal Grand Adjutant of the Secret Vault. Naturally mistakes of this nature are humiliating for the newspaper and on checking them we find nine times out of ten the announcements in question come to be over the telephone.

Editorial Correspondence

SPRINGFIELD, Illinois, June 21.—We might have known it—but didn't. Springfield is terribly disappointing. All places—and all things—are disappointing when compared with the products of the imagination. That is why our favorite novel, when put on the stage or screen, invariably falls far short of the mark, and nine times out of ten leaves us cold. It is the inevitable defeat that unreality suffers when it meets up with reality; when the world as we would like it, meets up with the world as it is. It is not the fault of the world; it is the fault of the individual who visualizes—who idealizes it—gives his imagination full rein and paints the picture to his heart's desire.

Such a person is due for a rude awakening and should have the sense to expect it. But he seldom does. On the wings of his imagination he rushes in high feather for the jump, and is the most flabbergasted person in the world when he takes a terrific cropper, crawls painfully to his feet, brushes himself off, fingers his bruises ruefully, and unless he is entirely a d. f., admits he has been a plain sap again.

So we take the blame—or at least the major portion—at the outset. No matter what Springfield might have been it could not have come up to our expectations of what the home of Abraham Lincoln and the capitol of the great state of Illinois, SHOULD be. We committed the fatal error of forming a more or less definite mental picture. Not that we expected to find all the inhabitants walking about reciting the Gettysburg address, or forming in single file, to lay flowers on Lincoln's tomb,—but we DID expect to find, if not a beautiful city, at least a city of dignity and charm, a city that appreciated and in a sense symbolized, the Great Emancipator,—the man whom, rightly or wrongly, we have always regarded as the greatest American who ever lived.

It was something of a shock, therefore, to find nothing of the sort. Not that Springfield doesn't appreciate Lincoln in the tourist-chamber-of-commerce sense. It does. The newest and best hotel is named the "Abraham Lincoln." There are enough metal plaques of the Gettysburg address scattered around the townsite to sink a man-of-war. There are many permanent and legible markers pointing toward Lincoln's home in town, and to his tomb at Oak Ridge cemetery. But there the homage ends. And more important, there the Lincoln spirit ends. We have spent one day and part of another, wandering about this sprawling middle-western city of nearly 100,000 souls, and have found only two things which struck us as at all fitting to commemorate President Lincoln's home—one the house in which he lived, the other a few—very few—of the many statues of the Great Emancipator. The O'Conner statue on the capitol grounds and the Gutzen Borglum statue at the tomb, in particular. Outside of these, nothing.

And worse than nothing. For so much that might have been properly Lincolnian has been spoiled. Take the old state capitol where Lincoln often argued cases before the Supreme Court and where he made his famous "house divided against itself" speech, in the very center of the town, and now the Sangamon County court house. By all odds architecturally the best thing in the city with its massive stone masonry, its imposing Ionic columns, its broad cornices and high windows. What did someone do but shove another story under it, of a different stone and character entirely, like superimposing a Greek temple on a basement garage!

The state capitol building was not completed until two decades after Lincoln's death. One might have expected here something in keeping with the Lincoln tradition, a thing of beauty and dignity as well as use. We claim no special knowledge of architecture, but we have the average layman's sense of what is beautiful and impressive and what isn't, what is fitting and what is the reverse. And in our opinion the Illinois state capitol with its poverty of line, its scrawny dome, its filigree and gingerbread work without and its conglomeration of mixed marble—like stray samples of castle soap,—isn't CLEAN—or wasn't when we visited it. In fact the balcony just off the governor's office—and save the mark just above the state department of public health—has so long been used as a roosting place for Springfield doves and sparrows, that it would take the city hose company and a regiment of "white wings" a week to clean it up. Perhaps the state sanitary corps is waiting until the legislature adjourns!

The outside of the building is dirty too—and with good reason. For just across the narrow street is a huge towering chimney which belches out soft coal smoke night and day, the prevailing wind while we were there, blowing it over the capitol building and the grounds, with excellent effect. Perhaps it is the Chicago influence—the Cook County legislators may wish to feel at home.

We looked in on both houses of the Legislature and observed the proceedings. Perhaps it was an off day—though the Mayor of Chicago had a seat of honor behind the presiding officer's desk and was accompanied by a man of the cloth—perhaps an Episcopal bishop. We have seen informal and confused legislative sessions before but never anything like today's exhibition.

The smoke was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Those who weren't smoking were chewing gum, and many were doing BOTH. A large man, of rural aspect, was saying something as we entered but no one could hear what it was and no one tried to. The presiding officer was an elderly gentleman, with his chin in his collar, a limp right hand extended grasping the gavel; he appeared to be day dreaming. Directly below us, a portly, bald-headed representative of the people was leaning back in his chair, his feet on his desk, his jaws working industriously as he gazed at the ceiling.

We were fascinated by the trim little feminine figure at his left, all in white, a molasses candy marvel busily engaged in opening letters with a long rapier like paper cutter, her fingernails flashing like highly polished carmelans as she placed some of the letters on the desk, while others—a great majority—went with merely a glance into the waste basket. Most were typewritten, some were scrawled in long hand. We found ourselves wondering what the tableaus would have been, could the performance have been witnessed by the epistolary constituents.

Men were walking about, two smartly dressed women visitors on a davenport near the rear were smoking industriously and talking between puffs, a third in a green Robin Hood cap, was busily engaged with a lipstick. The gavel sounded. The elderly gentleman presiding, sat up in his chair, ran the fingers of one hand through the white fuzz above his ear, and requested the clerk to call the roll. The clerk wore glasses, his face was round and clean shaven, his voice was clear and resonant, he was as neatly attired as a floor walker. "Baker, Barbour, Barr"—down through the alphabetical list he roared in perfect order. We strained to hear the Aye's and No's and heard four—because four were shouted so loudly they made one sit up with a start. There was laughter after each shout. The others were inaudible. To a majority no answers were made,—at least none that could be heard above the hub-bub in the room. The clerk was not disturbed, after each name he made a mark meticulously with his pencil on a pad of paper, at the conclusion of which he handed it over to an assistant at his side, and the presiding officer announced the motion had been lost.

Another figure arose in the tobacco smoke to address the

chair,—four or five men, just below on the right, drew up their chairs in a football huddle—one of them started to talk very earnestly, emphasizing his points by tapping the edge of one hand with a long cigar, held in the other.

This was the Legislature of the great sovereign state of Illinois,—the state of Abraham Lincoln,—in session!

—R. W. R.

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.

DELINQUENT PARENTS AND PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN

One of the 81 readers who liked an article on alcohol entitled "Drink and Show Your Ignorance" which appeared in this column recently said it was quite different from some things he hears over the radio from a certain so called "health" doctor. Another said physician, of all people, should never drink a drop, but he feared a large share of them drink, drink too much.



Mrs. S. E. M. asks for information concerning smoking. "Our society is to debate on this subject. . . . Some smoke and some drink, so I have to know what I am talking about." If she is a high school girl the society calls for suppression. If she is a college or university woman, the physiology and hygiene department or the women's medical adviser can furnish all the data required for such a debate.

These degenerate days when there is so much insidious propaganda in the interest of tobacco and alcohol, parents who neglect to exact pledges from their children against both smoking and drinking are certainly delinquent. The average physical development, mental efficiency, and moral integrity of boys and girls is better today than ever before, yet the influences and temptations which inevitably tend to deprave these standards are far more potent than you and I had to cope with when we were young.

Out of the seven readers who wrote to express indignation and restraint of the article "Drink and Show Your Ignorance" said I displayed in that article "the fanatical narrowmindedness against drinking of a crackpot prohibitionist." Frankly, I hate the stuff like poison and I voted prohibition at every opportunity for years before we got it, and then I got mad and voted for repeal, and now I kick myself every time I see a doubly qualified fool maintain.

But here's what an unbiased authority thinks about it: "The attitude of preventive medicine itself regards the alcohol question as a public health problem. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug; it lowers resistance and shortens life, impairs efficiency, promotes poverty, increases crime, favors accidents, excites passion, and diminishes self-control; it leads to immorality and tempts to venereal infections. Alcohol increases economic waste and retards social progress. It is a narcotic rather than a stimulant. Its nutritional value is strictly limited. Its habitual use as an aid to work is physiologically unsound. Its local irritating action

they embarked on a romantic blouse with loud references to their last meeting at a wild animal roundup on the African veldt. It was a routine of all lying about trapping ferocious beasts. Finally Allen would inquire: "Whatever became of your white Malay boy servant—the one whose tongue was cut out by the Uganda savages?" Acton would turn, clap his hands and motion for me. And I would gobble. We thought we were cards in quite an act. I wonder if we ever put it over!

Personal nomination for the ace of orchestra pianists—Eddie Duchin.

It's been interesting to watch the flowering of young Eddie Duchin. Only a few years ago at 19, he was helping to pay for a pharmacy course at Columbia by playing the piano evenings in Leo Reisman's orchestra. A smiling New England bumpkin who seemed mostly knuckles and teeth, he could make a piano go to town, a wizard at improvisation. Sid Solomon installed him as leader of an orchestra at the Casino Today at 24, he has a \$5000 a week income and is a star of the radio and an attraction that fills theaters on the coast. He now wears evening clothes with the glow of nonchalance of Noel Coward, has mastered the art of small talk and has already sailed in selected securities a quarter million. As an anti-dimax he recently married the very accomplished and beautiful Marjorie O'Connell, a social Registerite and spinning debutante of the top drawer set.

Judging from the next morning's critical blasts the most terrible play of this season was by a Bronx newspaperman about newspapermen and titled "Them's the Reporters." Some of its lines were so impertinently filthy that badly old first nighters gulped and reached out for air, holding their noses. One line was: "Bogart: Jack Whiting is a pig in Billy Gaston's part in London's 'Anything Goes'." Art Frank, American chin-piece comic, is a sensation in Scotland. . . . The most literary actress before the first night curtain New York has ever known is Lupe Velez. . . . The coolest Katharine Cornell. . . . Robert Cortes Hedaya is featured in France as one of America's best essayists. . . . Jim Carrott thought Albert Payson Terhune the best amateur hunter with whom he ever traded wads.

Earl Carroll's name on the Winter Garden sign is the biggest Broadway sign ever seen—a black long . . . A nose-in-the-air true snipe! A snipe and quailshots can shoot near Sherry's was poisoning a parrot

513). Using the latest 1933 figures, you will find the taxpayers in the millions are increasing their net taxable income of \$81,000,000 and paid taxes of \$28,000,000.

If the government had confiscated all incomes of more than a million that year, its revenue would have been only \$55,000,000 more than it was.

If this had been shared among 120,000,000 persons it would have amounted to around 45 cents per person.

The real meat in Mr. Roosevelt's tax cake is the proposed graduated tax on business. This is composed of a citrus substance—half orange, half lemon. The orange is for the smaller businesses whose taxes would be reduced roughly 25 per cent, the lemon for the big fellows, who would have their taxes increased that much.

If you go into the culinary confound the original recipe was written by Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, milder than he wanted it, but still strong enough to make large corporations want to break up and become little ones.

But from a revenue standpoint, the meat itself is rather thin. If you take a million dollar corporation in each of the dividing lines between big and little business and apply Mr. Roosevelt's formula, you will get \$17,000,000 more revenue each year above the line and lose \$27,000,000 below it. (Based on returns of 1932, last year available). The net gain on this basis would be \$10,000,000 a year.

in hopes of the tip. The owner, arriving, handed out a coin. They glanced at each other. The polisher dropped the coin suddenly and walked stiffly away. They were classmates at college eight years ago. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A Southern Oregon banker, addressing a gathering of businessmen the other day, said: "For two or three years now our customers have been asking us: 'What shall we do regarding the future? Shall we sell or shall we contract?' 'We answer, to the best of our ability, on the basis of the KNOWN factors. As to the unknown factors, we answer frankly that we don't know.' 'And in these years the unknown factors have been MANY.'"

THEN he added: "In these years, people have been frightened by the unknown factors, and have been afraid to go ahead. But we think we sense a change. Business men are paying less attention to the unknown factors affecting the future and are more inclined to go ahead and handle each day's job on the basis of conditions of that day."

THAT is an interesting statement. Because it indicates a HEALTHIER CONDITION.

Why do men want to know what is going to happen in the future? Well, of course, there might be many answers to that question, but here is one: "Because they want to make EASY MONEY by speculation instead of contenting themselves with hard-earned money gained by honest work."

FOR nearly a decade, people's minds have been too much on easy money and too little on hard-earned money and too little on hard-earned money and too little on hard-earned money.

SPECULATION, of course, enters into all business. We all want to buy low and sell high. We can't eliminate speculation from business, no matter how hard we try. Perhaps we shouldn't try.

Let's remember this: that creates wealth. Wealth is created by the application of LABOR to natural resources. Easy money creates no real wealth.



(Continued from Page One)

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Add it all up and you will find, if Mr. Roosevelt had seized and confiscated all states and all incomes over a million dollars in 1933, he would have obtained only \$51,000,000 more than he did—\$2,950 for each citizen in the U. S. And if his corporation tax had been in effect that year, he would have received \$10,000,000 more.

These figures represent depression fortunes and depression incomes. As times get better, the revenue would increase, but the figures adequately illustrate the impossibility of making the rich pay more than a small share of the freight. They also show there is more in Mr. Roosevelt's tax cake than revenue raisins.

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 June 24, 1924. (It was Wednesday). The mercury reaches 140 degrees at 1:30 p. m., and the weather officials agreed that the heat record for all-time might be broken before sundown. Because of the heat the activities of National Guardsmen at Camp Jackson were modified. Entire state is in grip of heat wave.

Last year there were 29 fires, the first 24 days of June. This year there have been but six. Due to local people not setting grass fires without a permit.

The school board gives the new superintendent, E. H. Hedrick, full control and a free hand in the administration of the schools.

Since January 1, 117 marriage licenses have been issued in this county.

Lawyer-evangelist plays "Take-warm Christians" in address last night.

Commercial club decides to build a free auto camp on Bear creek for tourists.

Warsaw, capital of Poland, now objective of Kaiser's army on eastern front.

Communications

Lauds Medford Shoot. To the Editor: Since coming home and resting up a bit I feel that I must write you and express my feelings about the Medford shoot and your president, Mr. T. E. Daniels.

I have attended many shoots in the east and west and have never attended one which was conducted or managed better than this one at Medford, Oregon.

The city of Medford should avail itself of the opportunity whenever possible to hold this shoot as Medford has the grounds and is within easy driving distance of so many shooters.

Because of the hospitality shown the visitors not only by the club but by all of the townspeople, I feel that I am only expressing the opinion of all when I say that I hope it won't be long until I can have the opportunity of shooting in Medford again.

Again thanking you for your publicity and kindness, I beg to remain, Very truly yours, J. S. CLARK. President Reno Trapping Club. Reno, Nev., June 22, 1934.

Persist

PERSIST, June 24.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. Ivan McDougall have rented the ranch at Persist to Bob Walker, of Trail, and returned to their home at Ruch.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Disworth of Hawk creek, left June 16 on their vacation. They will visit relatives at Eugene and Portland and plan on returning home by the coast route.

Mrs. B. C. Zimmer and Mrs. J. O. Childreth called on Mrs. Jess Barber June 14. They spent the afternoon playing pinocle, the game breaking up with Mrs. Childreth holding fifteen hundred trump.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Ash accompanied Ranger Dewitt to Burnt Peak look-out flag day.

Mrs. Peggy Proctor was a dinner guest at the Peterson-Zimmer home June 19.

Medames Viola Zimmer, Mildred Childreth, Peggy Proctor and Dorothy Ash spent the afternoon of June 20 at the home of Mrs. Jess Barber, Mrs. and Mrs. Sam Parker, also Edna Hutchinson and wife, Vera, who were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ash, last Wednesday night.

Miss Hazel Hutchinson is spending the week with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Barber.

1931, until paid, the further sum of \$1,592.78 with interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum from May 10, 1934, the further sum of \$1,778.04 with interest thereon at the rate of 6% per annum from July 24, 1934, and the further sum of \$1,000.00 attorney's fees and costs and disbursements taxed and allowed at \$24.90 and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, the highest bidder for cash in hand, to-wit: Donation Land Claim No. 71 in Sections Twenty-two (22) and Twenty-seven (27) in Township Thirty-seven (37) South of Range Two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian in Oregon.

Also all shares or rights, whether represented by certificates of stock or water user's association attached to said land for the benefit thereof and owned by the said W. H. Gore or Sopenhia J. Ish Gore, or either of them, on May 2, 1927, or thereafter acquired by said Gore, or either of them, together with all and singular the privileges, appurtenances, tenements, hereditaments, easements and rights of way thereunto belonging or usually enjoyed with said premises, or any part thereof, and the reversion and reversions and remainder and remainders.

Notwithstanding, by virtue of said execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on Tuesday, the 23rd day of July, 1935, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the County Court House in the City of Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, sell at public auction (subject to redemption) to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the right, title and interest which the defendant in this suit had on the 2nd day of May, 1927, the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed, or since that date had, in and to the above described property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale, with interest, costs and disbursements.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1935. Date of first publication: June 10, 1935. Date of last publication: July 1, 1935. S. T. D. BROWN, Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon. By HOWARD GAULT, Deputy.

Notice of Sale. No. 5828-E. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Jackson. The California Joint Stock Land Bank of San Francisco, Plaintiff, vs. Sopenhia J. Ish Gore and W. H. Gore, wife and husband, D. H. McLeod, Walter and Clara and Jackson County, a political subdivision and municipal corporation of the State of Oregon, Defendants.

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