

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published for the People of Southern Oregon
Daily Except Saturday
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Phone 18.

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year, \$3.00
Daily, six months, \$1.75
Daily, one month, .25

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

For downright rugged individualism, and self-infliction of avoidable civic rigors, Marshfield takes the cake. This municipality is now being set by a Laramie contest, and a whistling contest, and besides, is threatened with a walkout.

Rock-meet Republicans are scheduled to meet at Salem this week, to consider a party platform, and to consider "a re-birth of the party" in this state. Arrangements will be made to save the Constitution, farmers, and workers, and keep the rocks from wandering from the ribs to above the necktie, as in the 1932 vote.

It often looks like a convicted criminal needs politicians, after he lands in the penitentiary, as much as he needs lawyers, before he gets there.

A young farmer ascended Mt. Hood in the record-breaking time of 3 hrs. 52 min. According to the photographic evidence of the event he was accompanied by a fair damsel, who assisted and cheered him on the speedy and Herculean journey. The need of the rush is not apparent. The top of Mt. Hood was not as flame. Considering the looks of his companion, no blame would have been hurried had he taken 53 hrs. 3 min.

Italy is now growling at Japan, while threatening to go to war. If the Japanese angle becomes intense, Premier Mussolini will have to abandon his plan to whip Ethiopia, with a speech, delivered with one hand tied behind him.

One of the interesting features of the bridegroom's part in the wedding was the fact that the bridesmaids were hand-carried by the bridegroom for his grandfather's wedding day. (Sawyer Bar Jottings)
The necessary but inconspicuous victim of every wedding is the recipient of a slight mention.

There are now more bare parlors than insurance agents in 1928.

Colorado has a law prohibiting the hauling of deer horns on the front, or the running boards of an auto. It seems some autoists are not satisfied with putting a pedestrian in the hospital, they also want to tear his pants off.

F. Stennett has returned from Chico, Calif., where he claims he made a slot-machine disgorge without the use of dynamite or screwdriver.

"Wanted: Housework. No objection to country. Address Box 189-B." (Red Bluff News wanted)—A patriot in the kitchen.

The weather continues moderately warm, which is not hot enough for the Older Girls to really enjoy canning fruit.

Local garden hose owners report theft of same by gasoline thieves, and believe the discovery of a solid non-explosive gasoline, as reported, will benefit them in two directions, and simplify gasoline stealing.

The Buckeye Roots conference took an advanced position on world trade. We must sell more goods to the delightful foreigners, but not buy anything from the dirty crooks." (New Yorker)—Street-corner thinking.

AGITATORS.

(NB: Upstate Variety)
If the solemn-faced reformers would sit down alone and grieve
We would let them be believing what it pleased them to believe.
They could turn from every pleasure and we'd never see a lot.
Nor make any move to force them to adopt our mode of thought;
But the trouble is they never can be satisfied unless
They are causing other people to be sharing their distress.
If the bigots could be happy with convictions of their own
It would be our pleasant duty to be letting them alone;
They could be as blind to progress as they pleased, and welcome, too;
We would not obstruct the pathways they were eager to pursue,
But they will keep on insisting that we must accept their creed,
And they damn us for pursuing the enlightenment we need.
—(S. E. Kiser Poems)

The Recall of Governor Martin

ABOUT three weeks ago in Washington, D. C., one of the best known newspaper correspondents at the capitol said to the present writer:

"What did I tell you a year ago about General Martin? Oregon lost a good congressman but she certainly got a swell governor. Don't forget. I told you so!"

A week or ten days later, in Minneapolis, another newspaper man was contacted:

"So you are from Oregon? From what I hear you have a damned good governor out there. Wish we could borrow him."

So on to Seattle, where the first local citizen we encountered remarked, among other things:

"Say I like the governor you have down there. Thanks to his good example OUR Governor Martin got busy too, and things are beginning to clear up around here."

These statements were volunteered, not solicited. In three widely separated parts of the country, the mention of Oregon immediately brought out the fact that in the opinion of outside observers, this state has one of the most capable, straight-shooting and outstanding chief executives in the country. It is no exaggeration to state, that in six short months, Governor Martin is well on his way to attain a NATIONAL reputation.

WE wonder what the reactions of these three impartial and disinterested observers would have been, if we had told them, that while Governor Martin is highly regarded outside of his state; WITHIN his state, there is no such unanimity of opinion; in fact, a movement for his recall, has already started! They wouldn't have believed it. They would have asked how and why,—what had he done,—or NOT done,—what possible explanation could there be, for such action, only six months after his inauguration, and in face of such a splendid record, as he had made!

Could anyone in Oregon, have given them an explanation which any rational person could understand? We couldn't. We can't now. It is just one of those THINGS, beyond all RATIONAL comprehension; which we can't, and we don't believe anyone else can, understand.

Yet there is the fact—and only last Sunday, three days ago,—the situation was regarded as sufficiently serious to justify Mr. Joe Dunne, one of Governor Martin's bitterest opponents in the last election, coming out with a public statement, opposing such action, and pledging his support and that of his followers against it.

All credit to Joe Dunne! It was a generous and public spirited thing to do, and in that stand Mr. Dunne undoubtedly expresses the sentiment of all fair minded, right thinking people in this state, regardless of party, regardless of all personal considerations, regardless of EVERYTHING, but just common decency and fair play.

If this is the state of public opinion—and we are confident it is,—then where does this recall agitation come from, where does it get its support!

It comes from a small group of political soreheads, marplots, self-seekers and radical agitators, who ever since Governor Martin's election, have been plotting, conspiring and wire pulling, to get him out, so they and their henchmen can get in. That's all. The drive didn't start when the governor went into office. It started BEFORE, and when the true facts come out—as they will eventually if this recall agitation goes on,—it is safe to say, it will be found that no more than half a dozen, shrewd, unprincipled and self seeking political racketeers are responsible.

They care nothing for the state, its welfare or its development, they only care for THEMSELVES. Their sole passion is for place and power and what they personally can get out of it. So for months they have been sowing their poison, spreading their falsehoods, appealing to the prejudices and passions of this faction and that, with only one end in view—to "get" Governor Martin,—the man who beat them in a fair and square fight and has played the game on the square ever since—in the shortest possible time.

That is this recall agitation in a nutshell—and nothing else. Take these political racketeers, who are pulling their wires so cleverly underground, out of the game, and the recall movement would collapse in 24 hours of its own weight.

IF Governor Martin had indicated he would be one of the weakest, most disappointing chief executives, this state had ever had still, plain good sportsmanship would have dictated that he at least be given a FAIR CHANCE. Six or seven months is too short to judge the capacity or record of any man, who had just started to shape his policies and perfect his plans, as chief executive of a great state.

But even Governor Martin's political enemies will admit his record to date has been quite the contrary,—a record of strength, courage, and greater promise of constructive achievement, than has been the case in this state for at least a generation. Yet these self seeking trouble makers not only refuse to give him a chance, but from the very date of his inauguration have refused to do so.

GOVERNOR MARTIN has a definite program for state development. He knows what he wishes to do, and how it should be done. But what chance has he to do ANYTHING, what chance has his program or any other program to get anywhere, what chance in short has Oregon to snap out of its tailspin and go AHEAD, when the man who was given the job only seven or eight months ago, by an emphatic mandate of the people, is from the very outset, threatened and assailed, shot at from ambush, every time he tries to do something worth while, maligned and pestered, by this group of political pirates, who at every turn of the road keep yelling "recall—recall—recall!"

WE have been through many political messes in the state of Oregon in our time, but never before have we seen anything more utterly indefensible and outrageous than this underground and underhanded effort to secure the recall of Governor Martin, and in lieu of that to intimidate and bully him by constantly threatening it.

Fortunately the governor is a man who can't be bullied and can't be threatened. Strong arm stuff merely makes him stronger in his stand. More fortunately, if this recall is ever set, it will not only be beaten, but we predict the people of Oregon will consign

those responsible for it, to political oblivion in this state forever. But it is unfortunate for the state—its development,—and the welfare of every person in it,—when the state needs unity, harmony and cooperation, as never before—that it should have nothing but political strife, dissension and turmoil.

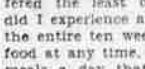
Personal Health Service

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.

TWENTY-SEVEN PER CENT. OFF IN TEN WEEKS

A reader (F. J. D.) aged 48, five feet, eight inches tall, weighed 222 pounds February 5. Ten weeks later he weighed 160 pounds. Now the man is probably making himself a nuisance to all his friends, for he likes to tell how he did it. Ever met one? "I adhered strictly to your instructions," he writes, when no one else will listen. "I never suffered the least bit of distress, nor did I experience any let-down during the entire ten weeks, nor did I crave food at any time. I never missed two meals a day that I was obliged to forego while on the diet. From the second week I felt better than I had for a good many years. My breathing seems deeper and freer. I am no longer subject to constipation. I am nearly as light on my feet that I enjoy walking. I now find that I require far less food at meal time than formerly. I am full of pep and have more ambition to do things than I have felt for many years. In short I feel younger than I have felt for twenty years. Six-two pounds is a lot of weight to lose in ten weeks. But the amazing part is that I lost that amount without suffering the least bit of distress or inconvenience, and I want to thank you sincerely, Dr. Brady, for the few kind words of advice you gave me. That has done wonders for me. My best wishes for your success."



HINTS to letters like that were all nearly invariably from women. Prior to the publication of "Design for Dwindling" (the booklet which started F. J. D. on his downward path) only the women, God bless 'em, had the pluck to adhere to any reduction regimen. Fat men never could reduce. But as I announced here nearly a year ago, we have solved that problem by our newer knowledge of nutrition, and now it is easy for even a fat man to reduce. In fact the hardest part of the program, for many overweight persons, seems to be the onerous business of sending the dime and the stamped addressed envelope for a copy of the booklet. Once over that difficulty, the rest is easy going.

I wouldn't speak so confidently about this if I had not tried the new regimen on the dog first. I disposed of twenty-five pounds of superfluous weight myself before I recommended the method to anybody else. And I don't think F. J. D. paints the picture too vividly. It is all perfectly rational and physiological. After all, experience is the best authority in the world.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Henderson and Haggard Guess Wrong
Henderson and Haggard state in their book on "Noxious Gases" that "volatile substances may be absorbed through channels other than the respiratory tract. The ingestion of alcohol, the administration of ether by way of the colon, and the absorption of aniline through the skin, are examples" . . . (H. H. C.)

Answer—And that is an example of the way of prolific medical writers—they give their imagination too much play. No one has educated any scientific evidence to support the notion that aniline is absorbed through the skin. My skin is available to Henderson and Haggard for a test of this at any time they may care to settle the controversy—and my hash if I'm wrong.

Cathartic Habit
Newspaper item says Dr. . . . also played the giving of cathartics to children unless medical advice is obtained. By what else than medical advice is the habit formed? Thanks to your excellent booklet No. 25 I am rid of the cathartic habit as well as the constipation habit . . . (S. J. R.)

Answer—Perhaps the habit does go back to medical advice of that sort. However, few persons think of asking a physician's advice about taking cathartics. Any victim of the habit may have a copy of the booklet "The Constipation Habit," by asking for it and inclosing 10 cents coin and stamped addressed envelope. Do not inclose loose stamps.

J. Doe and R. Roe N. B.
I am 41 years old. What do you think of a person my age marrying. Please advise whether . . . (J. H. F.)

Answer—I could advise more intelligently if you would divulge whether you are Joe or Julia.

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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, July 24.—Likely no one in the modern scene has made erudition seem so folksy, as the all-graying John Erskine.

Erskine, the Pishch of high-brow, his professional manner is for the lecture room only. But when he unbends outside, a dignity shines through. Some may call him John but no one calls him Jack.

A gentleman of extraordinary versatility, he is composer of distinction, a pianist of concert calibre, an author of best sellers such as "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and an after dinner wit. He can write a jolly piece for a sophisticated weekly as well as a treatise for the London Mercury.

Dr. Erskine as a first nighter displays a catholicity. He's always at the Shakespearean and Ibsen revivals but is not averse to an occasional Scandalo or Follies or a peek-in at Minsky's. Any hostess who can capture him is certain to have her party labeled a success.

A frequent Atlantic croasser, he is just as popular in London, Paris and Berlin. Frances Croppkins recently reported Erskine's newest fad. He delves into statute books for goody laws. In Colorado a law against fishing horseback in Indiana against leading males astray teaching them to roller skate.

Floyd Gibbons recently buried his father in Washington, D. C. After the services he had to fly to Chicago and from his hotel room phoned the mercantile to send his bill by messenger. He made out a check, mailed it and flew. Later a pseudo Floyd Gibbons phoned the mercantile to send the bill to a cafe. He had misplaced the first one. And to send \$200 in cash, his barber's check being that amount in excess of the bill. A faker, eye-patch, and all, got away with the deception.

Harry P. Burton, as fugleman for the Cosmopolitan magazine, is the most self-effacing of the big shot editors. He is rarely seen in Statute of the libelists, at the theater or night clubs. A thin, wiry fellow with sparkling eyes, he is a whip-lash of energy. Writers see him only in his office. Every night he takes home a bundle of manuscripts and fairly devours them, being trained to grasp

the import of an entire page almost at a glance. He began his career as a star reporter in Cleveland, was later a New York correspondent and editor of McCall's. He is a brother of Beatrice Burton Morgan, the fiction writer. Among those he has given the first big writing chance are Temple Bailey and Lloyd Douglas, now best sellers.

Before Harry Leon Wilson retired to Carmel and when an editorial writer on Puck he launched a defense of the bicycle—or all things! A Woman's Rescue league was formed to choke off feminine cycling. The league seemed that 75 per cent of the immorality of the nation was due to this vice and the wheel was characterized as "the Devil's Advance Agent." The contention was made, quite seriously, that the majority of "fallen women" were recruited from cyclists. Manufacturers were greatly worried by the campaign. Press agents were hired to stem the opposition.

The old orchid pink Murray Hill Hotel has re-established its famous horse-shoe bar. It is bigger than the original around which stood many notables. Grover Cleveland quaffed a thin rye there on news of his election to the presidency. P. T. Barnum also used to drop in with his cronies and order a treat for the house. Mark Twain was an occasional drop-in for a Bourbon toddy. Also the elder J. P. Morgan for a Napoleon brandy, and many other figures of the elegant Eighties.

One-Eye Connolly confesses his first failure in gate crashing. He came a cropper at the easiest entrance of all for the crasher—a Broadway theater. He edged up to a man collecting tickets and stimulated conversation, but the doorman balked him with an "Hey you!" and a thumb-jerk toward the sidewalk.

Likely the biggest mop-up among the press agents in several years has been that of Francis Albertant. He signed to do all the champion Jim Braddock's ghost writing when the fighter seemed the foremost of hope. Braddock was a natural for a sob strain which is Albertant's meter and he was able to pull all the tremolo stops. His cut will run around \$30,000. Albertant is an East Side boy with a flair for picturesque lingo. He thought up exploiting Chuck Connors as the Mayor of Chinatown, suggesting his many but one coater coat and bowler recorders was just an ordinary "buckser" along the Broadway curbs before that.

Add hot coffee sipping names, Hiale Selasse, emperor of Ethiopia. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OFF for the city. Weather hot. Hoping it will be cooler down on the bay. Usually is, about this season of the year.

FIRST stop, bug station south of the state line. Baggage so carefully packed a little earlier unpacked without any care noticeable to the naked eye.

Attendant on duty goes through bags like pup hunting a bone. What he is hunting is a Florida grapefruit. Finding none, he gives he high sign, and bags can be put back.

It's a frightful nuisance, and the temptation is strong to grumble like the devil about it. But what's the use? This man has a job to do, and he's doing it to the best of his ability.

Why be nasty to him for doing what he's paid to do?

THESE agricultural department inspectors at the California border earn their pay by hunting for diseased fruit which somebody is attempting to smuggle into California—chiefly Florida grapefruit with rust on it.

Cynical persons have been known to remark that if California grapefruit could be inoculated with the Florida rust it might be fit to eat, but that is probably just a dirty crack. Californians, when pinned down, will admit that the rust might not hurt the grapefruit any, but point out that if it got onto the oranges the chickens would be up.

HUMAN nature is funny. This writer knows a considerable number of Californians, most of whom will boast, if urged, that at some time or other they have succeeded in sneaking Florida grapefruit past the inspectors.

Why? Well, why did so many people buy liquor that they didn't want from the bootleggers back in the bad old days when bootleggers flourished? As a people, we're fond of doing things that the law says we mustn't do.

DOWN through the Sacramento valley. Warm, all right, but not hot enough to do anybody any harm. Has been hot, we are told, but has cooled off.

How hot? When that question is asked, California pride comes to the front. "Oh, a little over 100° is the answer. It never gets much over 100 here."

But it used to get hot. The hottest day one old-timer can remember was back in 'the eighties. They had no thermometer then, but he recalls that they laid off harvesting in the afternoon because when they came in for lunch at noon it was so warm the birds were dropping dead.

But that was back in the early days. If it may not seem hot to the natives, but outsiders going through the Sacramento valley have been known to wipe their brows and intimate that if it got any worse they'd think they'd died and gone somewhere not mentioned in the best circles.

VALLEJO. Then the Carquinez bridge, and then Berkeley and the ferry. They charge you a dollar for crossing the Carquinez bridge, which takes about 30 seconds, and only 85 cents for ferrying over the bay, which takes the better part of an hour, including the time spent in waiting for the next ferry boat after the one that left three minutes before you got there. Such is modern progress.

OFF to the left is the spidery framework of the Bay bridge, and somewhere down in the fog, out of sight in the darkness, is the corresponding framework of the Golden Gate bridge.

The ferry boats are doomed, and soon will go the way of the Argonauts, rugged individualism and common sense in politics. In a way, it's too bad, and they'll be missed. There's no sight much more inspiring than the lights of San Francisco viewed from a ferry boat crossing the bay.

But the world must go forward.



(Continued from Page One)

Messrs. Bull and Bullitt decided the only way they had was the provision of the law which would permit the president to change his mind about whether the Soviets had discriminated against American trade. Mr. Bullitt is supposed to have exhibited this weapon threateningly above Mr. Litvinoff's skull, whereupon Mr. Litvinoff offered to double his purchases here next year. Mr. Bullitt said: "Fine, put it in writing."

This explains the "surprising" nature of the published promise from Litvinoff in unofficial note form. It really represented only a promissory note for concessions already received.

What made the promise even stranger was the fact that it did not touch the two most important issues between Moscow and Washington: (a) credits and (b) the Soviet debt. Those in close touch with this situation now expect it to work out this way:

The Soviets undoubtedly will buy "tax" Litvinoff promised, develop trade relations and years for credits. When that relationship is established, an arrangement probably will be worked out for something like a 70-year loan to finance the debts and credits.

The chairman of an important house committee, descending on the elevator with a friend the other day, was heard to sigh.

"If Roosevelt had only had some congressional experience."

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 July 24, 1925 (It was Friday) Ashland goes on a summer water schedule.

The Apricot Ple club of Willow Springs hold their annual meeting. Jacksonville woman fined \$30 for speeding and not having this year's license plates.

Mercury drops to 85 degrees. A year ago it was 102 degrees. Mayor O. O. Alenderfer stated today, when the matter was brought to his attention, that he would instruct the police hereafter to put a stop to the juvenile disorder that has existed for the past two years in the city park during band concerts. In addition, the mayor will also take steps to put a stop to a number of cars parked around the city park backing out with much noise while the band is playing. The mayor will instruct Chief of Police Adams to use his entire force, if necessary, to accomplish this reform.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY July 24, 1915 (It was Saturday) Thirteen hundred die when excursion steamer Eastland, loaded with picknickers, capsizes at Chicago dock. Yesterday was the hottest day of the year with the mercury at 104.

The Espes starts taking the names and auto numbers of drivers who ignore the crossing watchman, and refused to halt when signaled to do so.

Travel to Crater Lake breaks all records, according to Court Hill of the Mail Tribune company.

Germans tighten ring around Warsaw, and capture of city inevitable; fighting lulls on western front.

Dog keeps cemetery Vigil. TIFFIN, Ohio (UP)—A dog which followed a family to the cemetery here for memorial services remained behind and kept a five-day vigil at the grave of his former master.

Announcing Dinty Moore and His Orchestra Playing at Dreamland TONITE Men 35c Ladies 10c

THE MARYLAND FUND is quoted in this newspaper daily. Prospectus may be secured from your investment dealer.

Notice To Car Owners! FREE Thursday July 25th AT OUR STORE A Factory Representative Will Install FREE OF CHARGE All Seat Covers Sold at Our Store Thursday, Regardless of Cost. Place Orders NOW! As Low As . . . 79c Firestone AUTO SUPPLY & SERVICE STORE Ninth and Riverside Phone 520