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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 beset by a Liars Contest, and a whicker-growing contest, and besides is threatened with a walkathon.

Rock-ribbed Republicans are scheduled to meet at Salem this week, to consider a party platform, and lay plans for "a re-birth of Republicanism" 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.

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.

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 mild 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 war. We must sell more goods to the delightful foreigners, but not buy anything from the dirty crooks.—(New Yorker)—Street-corner thinking.

AGITATORS.

(NB: Update 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 never care a jot. 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 share their distress. If the nights could be happy with convictions of their own, it would be our pleasant duty to let 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

A BOUT 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, 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!

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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. Considering the looks of his companion, no blame would have been hurled had he taken 55 hrs. 3 min.

Italy is now growing at Japan, while threatening Ethiopia with 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 suspenders he wore had been carefully embroidered seventy years before by his grandmother 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 bear 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 Chicago, Calif., where he claims he made a slot-machine disguise without the use of dynamite or screw-drivers.

"Wanted: Housework. No objection to country. Address Box 1882."—(Red Bluff News wanted)—A patriot in the kitchen.

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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 (P. 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 so 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 for twenty years. Sixty-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 have done wonders for me. My best wishes for your health.

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. . . . (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 educed any scientific evidence to support the notion that aniline through the skin, 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 is wrong.

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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.

D. Doe & 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 tall, graying John Erskine. The Plough of high-brows, 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 Shakespearian and Ibsen revivals but is not averse to an occasional Scandals 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 cruiser, he is just as popular in London, Paris and Berlin. Prince Kropotkin recently reported Erskine's newest fad. He delves into statute books for good laws in Colorado a law against fishing horseback in Indiana against leading minks 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 musician to send his bill by messenger. He made out a check, mailed it and flew. Later a pseudo Floyd Gibbons phoned the musician to send the bill to a cafe. He had misplaced the first one. And to send \$250 in cash, his banker'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 haunts of the literati, 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 fatty devoirs them, being trained to grasp

Add hot coffee sipping names: Hale Selassie, emperor of Ethiopia. Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.

Upholstering, repairing, Phoenix 682-R. Thibault.

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, bus 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 high sign, and bags can be put back.

It's a frugal 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 dicken would be to pay.

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 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.