

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-21-23 N. Fir St. Phone 16. ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year, \$2.00.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. Receiving Full Leased Wire Service. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS. Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOORE & COMPANY, Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

SHORT HISTORY OF VALLEY.

(1910-1915) Wind comes from historic boom. Citizens construct air line railroad to Blue Ridge mine. Team runs into rubber-tired buggy at Bybee corner.

(1915-1920) Rogue River fish bill revived; sportsmen rolled. London likes Foker Butte apples. Paving assessment revolt. "Court-house gang" ripped up back. C. M. Kidd wears first linen duster on trip to Crater lake, requiring four days.

(1920-1925) President Taft cussed on street corner. Air line railroad to Blue Ridge pointed at Crater. City. Muckle farmers fire old settlers. H. Chandler Egan imports first police dogs. Introduces golf pants. Colerain water used in highballs. Militaria threatened with trip to Mexican border.

(1925-1930) Republicans stage Torchlight parade. Democrats "see-beet." "He kept 'em Out of War" makes hit with lady voters. Rogue River fish bill revived; sportsmen rolled. Sugar beet factory and irrigation sought. Paving assessment revolt. Times tough. Several invent new money supply. Court Hill predicts tractor will never displace horse. Commercial club becomes Chamber of Commerce. Prohibition increases Sunday auto traffic over Siskiyou. Ford car runs into team at Bybee corner.

(1930-1935) President Wilson cussed on street corner. Soldier boys home from France. Motorists to Crater lake wear linen dusters. Trip takes two days. 1926-1925. Sixth street opened. Tourist travel heavy; auto camps bloom in alfalfa field. Walter M. Pierce elected Governor, weeping due to taxes in two. Politics get mixed up with religion. Roxy Ann's face fiery red three nights per week; revival meeting nearly wrecks civic peace. Rogue River fish bill revived; sportsmen rolled. Air line road to coast opened. Autists drives to Crater lake in half a day; many skeptical. D'Autremont boys caught. Bear crop ruined in spring, contradicts prophets. Wait Antie retires as ball player. Three autos full of joyriders crash at Bybee corner. "Medford Gang" see "Court-house Ring" wins city election. Home-made beer prevalent.

(1935-1936) "A mountain spring in every home" with new water system. Rogue River fish bill revived; sportsmen rolled. D'Autremont boys caught. "Jubilee of Visions Realized" with existing quies. High football team crushes Portland squad. Twenty-seven orchestras rage fit valley. Bybee corner scene of four wrecks after dance. Autist makes Crater lake in 2:35-32. More talk about Medford football team than fish bills. Jackson county gets fish commission—not quite. President Coolidge cussed on street corner. Wall St. robs every thing in "crash" and starts chasing Shanty Morris. Everybody looks, including those never otherwise. L. of O. Kidnaping football coach. 1930-1934. Lack of money, most acute in history. Civic buses rampant. President Hoover cussed on street corner, and hated heartily. Rogue River fish bill revived; sportsmen rolled. Great enthusiasm for "electricity without cost to the taxpayers." Ecologists become martyrs when caught. Motorist on auto licenses, and 14 candidates for sheriff. State saloon opens. Law and order laws in middle. People get what they vote for. Crusader gets in public eye, ear, and nose. Shivaree, shindigs, and oratory rage. President Roosevelt cussed on street corner. Wre. ling gets too-hold.

"The Voice of America?"

THE Portland News Telegram produces a new front page feature called "The Voice of America." It is the result of a swing around the circle, by Frazier Hunt, well known newspaper correspondent and pal of the Prince of Wales.

In this circle swing, above the chugging of his motor car, Mr. Hunt claims to have heard the voice of America. Not only heard it but understood every word it said. Judging by the first installment the net result is as follows:

"Roosevelt is in the bag for 1936. He is not as strong as he was last fall at election time, but he will carry 36 or 40 states."

We were particularly interested in this result of Mr. Hunt's journey from coast to coast, for we recently took such a journey, and found political sentiment exactly the reverse. We made no pretense of trying to canvas the country, nor do we claim we ever heard the voice of America, but we did ask the political opinions of practically everyone we met. And except for three individuals the anti-Roosevelt verdict was unanimous.

FAR be it from us to put our findings up against those of Frazier Hunt, for he took a trip around the country, for the sole purpose of determining political sentiment, whereas our political interest was entirely incidental. Moreover he went along the highways and byways, whereas we never strayed far from the confines of a transcontinental train.

Nor have we any quarrel with the nature of Mr. Hunt's prediction. Undoubtedly it conforms to the views of a majority of the most competent and objective political observers in the country today—regardless of political affiliations. We talked with a number of newspaper men in Washington, and only one believed there was any real chance of Roosevelt meeting defeat. This in spite of the fact a majority of them represented papers opposing the administration.

WHAT we do object to is the use of the term "the voice of America." We maintain Mr. Hunt didn't hear the voice of America, he heard the opinions of the various people he contacted, and then drew his own conclusions.

We maintain there is no voice of America—no articulate voice,—and there won't be, until a year from this coming November. Mr. Hunt made a swing around the circle and then sized up what he heard and made a shrewd guess.

That is all this talk about the election being in the bag and F. D. R. carrying 36 or 40 states amounts to.

MR. Hunt could have made it just as well, if he had stayed in Washington for no man, however capable, by motoring about the country, can determine how the people are going to vote, 15 months hence, when the people don't know themselves.

There are so many important factors not yet determined. Who, for example, will be the Republican candidate? What will be the nature of the Republican platform? Precisely what will be the dominant issues in 1936? In the judgment of some experienced political observers (we don't happen to agree with them) Roosevelt may not even secure the Democratic nomination. If this SHOULD happen what then would become of such a prediction, supported by the "voice of America?"

THIS is the first serious and authenticated prediction of the result of the presidential election next year. There will be many more before the ballots are cast.

They are interesting enough, and have a certain legitimate news value. But to make them appear anything more than guesses, or in any sense expressing the voice of the people, is just a lot of applause.

In fact we venture to say if an actual canvas of the country could be made at the present time, it would show the greatest political confusion that has existed in this country for a generation. It would further show that outside of the extreme partisans on both sides, the rank and file of the people, have not made up their minds how they will vote in November 1936, and don't intend to make them up until they know more clearly than they do now, just what the two chief parties stand for and just what their votes will mean.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Thoughts while strolling. Ed Wynn's started look is becoming permanent. What's become of Geo. Lederer? Joke! The count probably thinks Barbara was worth it. Worries of the rich: Billy Leeds has 164 servants in his various establishments.

Look-alikes: Colette, the French novelist, and Nina Wilton Putnam. They will go far to find a dealer pan than Joe Lewis. Horner thought: To become suddenly lost in the Paris catacombs. They are talking how Clare Briggs' daughter, Clare, is showing her father's pen and ink talent.

Rarely read an Elsie Robinson essay without feeling a little glow or a dialogue by Dorothy Parker without a murmuring. "Wish I had written that!" A rock skipping game: Karkardisk Harper's Bazaar's new fiction editor, Beatrice Kaufman, is reminded of the paintings of Catherine the Great.

The aristocrats on the cruller shop stools these days. Add artistic male hands: Walter Hovey's, Rudy Valens and Milton Holden's. Rex Cole might be a second baseman in the Jews league. Add Sophie Tucker wig-gone a goose girl Gretchen gone Fifth Avenue Bakes.

Prequent luncheon cronies. Bernard Gimbel and Gene Tunney. Few can touch off a Gagnaborough Dab like Mrs. Oliver Hartman. And no one can look so southern colonial in a white crash suit as George Rector. But it takes Grover Whistler to make a silk hat sit up and purrrp.

A meander through East 134th street near the East River the other day revealed a sheepfold, nine naked sheep baaing. There was not

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.

CONTRIBUTION OF A BOILERMAKER

A reader calls attention to an interesting contribution of a boilermaker, as reported by the late Dr. A. J. Ochener, Chicago surgeon, to the American Medical Association in 1919. The boilermaker had suffered from recurrent renal colic. When asked whether he had experienced any attacks recently he said he was "definitely through with renal colic and renal colic."

It added that if doctors used their intelligence as actively in their profession as boilermakers had to do in their business, no one would ever have to suffer a second attack unless he had more than one stone in his kidney to begin with. The boilermaker explained that when his customers complained of their boilers filling up with lime in the form of scale, he advised them to use rain water, and this ended the trouble. So on the same principle he drank freely of distilled water, and had been free from recurrence of kidney stone and renal colic.

Dr. Ochener then mentioned the case of a physician who for several years had passed from one to three renal calculi (kidney stones) annually. He put the patient on the rain water or distilled water treatment, which the patient continued for 30 years, never having another attack. The rain water or distilled water treatment had been advised in a great many other cases, by Dr. Ochener and by other physicians who followed the suggestion, and always with the same result.

This report was only incidental to Dr. Ochener's discussion of the surgical procedures required in cases of stone in the kidney. I don't know whether there is any firmer foundation for the idea than is indicated by this report. It is not inconceivable that the experiences described were coincidental, and that many more victims of kidney stone may have tried the treatment without getting any relief. It is human nature to do a great deal of talking about the success of any such unorthodox or unfamiliar remedy to keep mum about the failure of the remedy. That is how most nostrums find ready customers.

I know of no good evidence that the lime in natural water is in any way injurious, no matter how "hard" chuckles left with gasps of admiration. The guns and saddles were valued at \$125,000. The decorator was paid \$10,000.

Frank Tours set next to a stew in a late suburban train. At the first stop a musician with a bass fiddle got on and sat opposite. The stew eyed him a moment and leered: "You know what? You can't do it!" The bull fiddler maintained haughty silence against the opportunity of chuckling. The musician "can't do what?" "Skip it under your chin," was the triumphant reply.

Editorial Comment

Where Bureaucracy Falls. Five hundred Georgia school teachers who have traveled across the country as members of a sightseeing automobile tour caravan were this week denied the opportunity of returning to their homes because the promoters of the tour were not licensed to operate sightseeing buses in national parks, a press dispatch from Bend reports.

The instance is an illustration of the shortcomings of bureaucratic administration of governmental functions, of its inflexibility in some respects and of its inflexibility. It is the public's conception of the national parks that they are established and maintained for the benefit and pleasure of the public, not for monopolistic profits of private individuals enjoying exclusive franchises in areas developed at public expense. The parks are there for the people to visit and enjoy.

It is no proper concern of the national parks service whom visitors may employ to transport them to and from and through park areas, so long as the vehicles are safe, properly licensed and operated in compliance with established safety and traffic regulations. Considering that the parks regulations, as reported in a Washington dispatch, exempt from the ban cars and buses chartered for park tours by groups or organizations it is difficult to understand why this particular group is denied admission to the park simply because—to quote park service literature—the promoters of the tour promoters is "commercial, one and operated for profit."

Private buses of any character chartered to sightseeing groups are seldom operated for the fun of it. Just what business is it of the parks service to say who shall and who shall not collect fares for transporting visitors through the park? Such enterprises as this conducted for persons who otherwise might never be able to do so, to visit the parks, should be encouraged as part of it.

One of the most interesting displays of firearms was in Tom Mix's home in Beverly. The enormous living room was in de luxe cow-boy decor with bowed saddles from Argentina and saddles from "down under," fretted with pearl and jangling hand-carved silver stirrups. The walls were covered with fan-wise displays of guns, pistols and quirts. There was a bride of Billy the Kid's. Adding to the wild and woolly motif was an indirect lighting effect suggesting a purple horizon in the sage brush. Those who went for a few

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One) up the telephone throughout the conversation, wondering when it would end, because he wanted to use the phone. Some top financial men in New York are worried about the report that Chairman Kennedy of the SEC is reaching for his hat and coat. They have a tip that brain-truster James Landis will succeed Kennedy and that brain-truster Ben Cohen will then be appointed to the commission. They fear that this will give the most successful new deal agency pink eye.

Their tip is correct, but their interpretation may prove to be wrong. Mr. Kennedy has not gone yet, and many close friends are working on him to stay. Furthermore, those inside the commission know that, in the private sessions, Kennedy has been more radical than Landis. That is, Kennedy has wanted to go after more people harder. Kennedy's own personal brain truster on the commission is general counsel Burns, also an ex-prof from Harvard. He works very closely with Landis. Of course, the financial people do not know Landis as well as they know Kennedy, but there is no reason to believe that Landis and Cohen would work together, when and if the expected happens.

President Roosevelt continues to take it easy at his office. There have been few important callers on his engagement list for the last two weeks. One day recently he left his office at 4:30 p. m., which is a record early quitting time. The answer to that is he is supposed to be working on his coming western speeches at home after hours. Closest business cronies of the elusive H. C. Hopsop (A.G.E. head) is a Mr. Mangle, pronounced with a short "a." All at the lobby committee hearings pronounce it correctly, except droll Senator Gibson of Vermont, who always insists on a long "a," and the stress he places on it gives it a significance which never fails to cause chuckles around the room.

Domestic Eh? I became amused by your dogmatic statement about skin absorption. McGuigan's Textbook of Pharmacology, p. 234, says of borax and boric acid: "It may be absorbed from the skin as can be shown by testing the urine." (A. C. G. M. D.) Answer—McGuigan is as dogmatic as Brady about this. Testing the urine is no evidence of the way the substance has been absorbed; at least, not unless the experiment is properly controlled, that is, the subject protected against inhaling the substance. (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, Cal.

Ye Poet's Corner

(Lines selected by F. A. Haight from "Wardsworth") "What want we? Have we not perpetual streams. Warm woods, and sunny hills, and fresh green fields, And mountains not less green, and flocks and herds, And thickets full of songbirds, and the voice Of lordly birds, an unexpected sound Heard now and then from morn to latest eve, Admonishing the man who walks below, Of solitude and silence in the sky? These have we, and a thousand nooks of earth Have also these, but nowhere else is found. Nowhere (or is it fancy?) can be found. The one sensation that is here, 'tis here. Here as it found its way into my heart. In childhood, here as it abides by day. By night, here only, or in chosen moods. That take it with them hence, where'er they go. 'Tis, but I cannot name it, 'tis the sense Of majesty, and beauty, and repose, A blended holiness of earth and sky, Something that makes this individual spot. This small abiding place of many men. A termination, and a last retreat. A center, come from where so'er you will. A whole without dependence or defect. Made for itself, and happy in itself. Perfect contentment, unity entire."

Old Age Pension FOR LO! PROPOSED WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—(P)—Old-age pensions would be white man's newest gift to Indians under provisions of a bill introduced in the house by Representative Knute Hill, Democrat of Prosser, Wash. Persons of one-fourth or more Indian blood and above the age of 65 would come within the provisions of the measure. It would authorize the secretary of the interior to grant a pension raising the annual income of Indians within this classification "up to but not in excess of" a dollar a day.

Hopper Horde UP 9500 FT. REPORT ST. PAUL, Aug. 2.—(P)—Pilot R. O. Bain of Northwest Airlines reported today he had run into a horde of grasshoppers yesterday 9,500 feet over Billings, Mont. Entomologists said a high wind probably carried the insects to that height. Phone 542 We'll mail away your refuse. City Sanitary Service

HEATH'S DRUG STORE Toiletries and Drug Specials Lifebuoy and Lux Soap 6c Candy, Pound 60c Icy Hot Vacuum Bottles 79c Quarts of Hand Lotion 59c Unguentine 39c De Pree Tooth Paste 2 for 25c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes 19c Woodbury Soap 3 for 25c Bathing Caps (new stock) 19c and 39c Peroxide 15c Epsom Salt 5 lbs. for 23c Johnson's Instant Fudge 29c SMA 90c Dextrin Maltose 59c

CARNIVAL DANCE At TWIN PLUNGES ASHLAND SAT. NIGHT Geo. Dayton's Orchestra



(Continued from Page One)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

BIG headline: "Opening Peace Efforts Fall."

The effort is that of the League of Nations, and the failure is to get any promise from Italy and Ethiopia not to go to war.

The news is not big because the news is unexpected but because it is expected. People generally were quite sure that nothing would come of the league's efforts, and the headline merely confirms that cynical certainty.

WHY are Italy and Ethiopia going to war—if they do so?

Well, in all probability, nobody outside the inner circles of diplomacy knows with any certainty, but it is to be presumed that Italy wants Ethiopian territory. When a nation WANTS SOMETHING, it goes out and takes it, right or wrong having nothing to do with the situation.

THERE was a time when the same rule held good with individuals, the strong taking what they wanted from the weak, who had no recourse. In those days, men were savage. NATIONS, in their relations with each other, are still savages.

WE Americans, being remote from Italy and Northern Africa, are rightly indignant with Mr. Duce, who apparently plans to seize Ethiopia. We were cynically indignant when Japan seized Manchuria. But, a few generations ago, when we wanted the territory owned by the Indians we went out and took it. Circumstances, you see, alter cases.

ONE of the first rules of diplomacy is that it is wicked and shameful if the other fellow does it, but righteous and laudable if we do it.

THE league of nations, a decade and a half ago, was a beautiful dream that was going to make over the world, causing the lion to lie down with the lamb and abolishing international injustice. It fizzled, miserably, because it failed to take practical human nature into consideration, and today international injustice flourishes.

THE New Deal is a beautiful dream that is going to make over the United States right now, ending economic injustices, making the future secure for everybody and ending the necessity to work for what we get—enabling us all to live without work or worry, the government doing everything.

The New Deal will fizzle, also, because it fails to take practical human nature into consideration. Beautiful dreams are lovely to contemplate, but they never provided much bread and butter.

HUMAN progress has been advanced infinitely farther by hard work than by all the beautiful dreams, based on something for nothing, that ever were conceived.

Bridge Contract Let WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—(AP) War department contracts awarded today included: Dredging Columbia river from interstate highway bridge to Willamette river, Oregon; to Tacoma Dredging company, Tacoma, Wash., \$79,000.

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 August 2, 1925. (It was Sunday.) War clouds gather in the Balkans. Greece delivers ultimatum to Bulgaria.

Federation of Labor withdraws from LaPollet's plans for a third party. Yesterday, with a maximum of 50 degrees, was the coolest of the week.

George Iveson is granted permit to erect \$1000 building on North central avenue.

Politicians fuss over Rogue river fish bill and tree textbooks in school.

Miss Jane Sion of Paris nearly eats the English channel.

Majority of fruit packing plants start operations for season.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY August 2, 1915. (It was Monday.) Russians stem German rush on Warsaw; desultory battling continues in France.

At Eka's picnic at Coolestin yesterday, Dave Wood won the lean man's race.

Dr. W. S. Gouley declares "dirty condition of city water menace to health."

Controversy rages between fishermen and cannerymen, whether or not steelheads are coming up Rogue river.

"The hat is passed along Front street" and \$23.01 secured by the police, as a fund to send a transient woman and child to her mother in California.

"Night in the Great City" at the It: "Midnight Mary Ann" at the City; Betty Nansen in "Anne Karenina" at the Page.

548-Mile Hike in 20 Days KNOXVILLE, Tenn.—(UP)—L. E. Vaughn, 83, lost his blacksmith shop at Huntington, W. Va., in a fire. When he arrived in Knoxville he had walked 548 miles in 20 days, going to his only other home, a farm near Chattanooga.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ALWAYS A CROWD DANCE SAT. NITE AT THE ORIENTAL GARDENS

"THE DANCE PARTICULAR" at the Old Dutch Mill Gifts For All Sat. Nite Aug. 3, 1935 Celebrate at the Ashland Junction

TRUCK SALE We are overstocked on USED TRUCKS BARGAIN PRICES We must unload! Come in and make an offer! 1931 INTERNATIONAL 1930 CHEVROLET 1931 CHEVROLET 1931 FORD - 1929 FORD 1934 CHEVROLET 1929 CHEVROLET (6 wheeler) 1924 MODEL 'T' FORD 1 Grain Body for short w. b. truck 1 Dump Body Rogue River Chevrolet Inc. 32 North Riverside