MEDFORD TRIBUNE

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1935
OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A rift—and it was not in the lute—threatened with K. Falls last week, but was happily averted. It was too far to go to paint a barn, or throw an egg.

• • •

J. Kort Hall, the horticulturist, had a birthday Thurs. It is none of your business, but he is 68 years old.

• • •

One of the Stanley Boys from Lake Creek towned Fri. He has been in the saddle the past ten days, gathering in his cows, to feed them hay.

• • •

The tax budget for the yr. was adopted Wed. without much sound, and no fury. The idea that taxes can be reduced by cussing them, and looking fierce at everybody is on the wane.

• • •

A half hundred of the Older Girls were guests of G. Hunt at his magic lantern show Wed. It was a sad picture, and a fine cry was had by all.

• • •

The elections throughout the nation last week caused local Republicans to chortle.

• • •

The postmastership at Ashland is the cynosure of 9 Democrats. All the applicants date their democracy back to Jackson, Jefferson and G. Cleveland.

• • •

A number of Oregon Dada went to Eugene over the week-end, accompanied by Oregon Maws, to see the football game.

• • •

Peoria Bill Gates left the 1st of the week for Peoria. He drove his auto to Portland, and left the UP take him the rest of the way.

• • •

The "Swat-the-Rich" campaign is to be renewed. There is not much sentiment in these parts favoring treating a millionaire like a fly.

• • •

The juvenile element has changed its tune, and want to be like Spanky, the boy actor, instead of Lindy, the flyer. Many of the older inhabitants can recall when all the kids in town were walking like Charlie Chaplin.

• • •

La grippe is just as plentiful as when possession of the best cure made one a "scofflaw."

• • •

The womenfolks have started mentioning the approach of the Yuletide, and are knitting to beat all get out.

• • •

A man Jim Bates shaved 29 years ago showed up Wednesday and visited, but did not have time to get another shave. They caught a glimpse of each other in Eastern Oregon, just after the war.

• • •

J. Thorndyke has returned from Los A., where he attended a bankers confab, and enjoyed a football game.

• • •

Tom Carlton and boys of Flounce Rk. towned Sat., and took in the movies.

• • •

The legislature in its final spasms yesterday, favored a Sales Tax. This is expected to cause speeches, and Shorty Morris, the T-Rock tiller, to be again chased by Wall St. Widespread oratorical agony is forecast.

• • •

H. Dubuque, the C. Pt. orchardist, is sequestered in a new auto. Ah, there!

• • •

Judge Kelly will make a speech in K. Falls tomorrow.

• • •

A half dozen local nimrods have skinned out for E. Oregon to shoot an elk.

• • •

If hgs were not so high, this would be the time for country sausage.

Grange Chief Visits

PORTLAND, Nov. 9.—(AP)—L. J. Taber, national master, and other grange leaders will reach Portland Monday on a special train en route to Sacramento to the national grange meeting Nov. 13 to 21. The party will be taken on a trip over the Columbia river highway before leaving for Eugene at 3 p. m.

Portland Budget Less

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 9.—(AP)—Portland's 1936 budget, if preliminary figures are adhered to, will be $5,095,432, or $150,000 less than the current budget. The figures were to be filed with the tax conservation commission today. Of the total, $3,370,023 would go to the general fund.

GUNSMITH Repairs for all makes of guns. Sime Bros., 28 N. Fir.

Hope For Al Capone

CLOIS FRANCIS KEY after playing football two years in Texas entered at the University of California at Los Angeles, under an assumed name. His credentials were forged, so were his records. He got what he wanted, a place on the football team and soon developed into a backfield star.

When suspicion was directed toward him, and he was put on the mat, the young man stuck to his original story. His name was Key but he was not Clois Francis Key. He maintained he was entirely eligible for the place on the team. His father supported him in the misrepresentation.

Not until the Dean of U. C. L. A. had made a personal trip to Texas to investigate the matter, and was about to uncover the deception, did Clois Francis come clean. His only explanation was he wished to secure an education. Nothing about football, Clois had only been fired with an overwhelming ambition to secure a college degree.

Now the young man, a confessed fakir and liar, thrown off the team and barred from college, is deluged with offers to turn professional—professional football player, professional prize-fighter, wrestler, and movie star. Big sums are offered for his services, and he is expected to accept the position involving a large salary.

In other words in the realm of commercialized sport, it makes no difference what the individual is or what he has done, if he secures publicity sufficient to place him in the limelight, he is a good prospect and one to sign as soon as possible on the dotted line. The great American public will pay down their good money to see him perform.

Rather a sad commentary on commercialized sport, and a sadder one on the taste and discrimination of the American sporting public.

State Planning and The Capitol

IN the July 1935 issue of "Landscape Architecture" there is an article by John Nolan, Fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architects, which expresses the idea about state planning, which we have been trying to convey in regard to the site and type of the new state capitol.

As the author states there is a call in such planning for STATESMANSHIP AND VISION,—looking at the problem not in a small way and only for the present; but in a big way and for the future.

An excerpt from the article follows:

"The State Plan is, of course, not merely a physical plan. If it is to be successful, it must be prepared from sociological, economic, and administrative viewpoints. Among its objectives there would naturally be improved standards of living, a better economic use of land, increased convenience in transportation, wiser distribution of population, and conservation.

"States have functions, and plans should be made so that they may perform these functions worthily and economically. In all state planning there is need to base proposals upon a comprehensive survey and discovery of trends. Research is essential and in some respects calls for a different technique from planning.

"State planning differs from city planning. The subjects are different. In state planning the land looms in importance. Rural life problems demand attention. But the difference is not only in the topics. A city is a corporation with important but, after all, limited functions. States are sovereign. In many ways they act as nations, and some of our states are as large as nations. "Commonwealths" is a suggestive word. There is a call for statesmanship in state planning, for vision. Policies must be outlined. Great social purposes must be consciously served through well-conceived and well-planned physical developments, employing all the economic means that can be made available through a mastery of financial resources, and a wise use of improved administrative methods. In state planning the larger purposes of democratic government must be stimulated and fulfilled by coordinated effort."

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—It's 4:15 p. m. and a messenger from the syndicate alts outside waiting. Unless he delivers this column to a Times Square office by 5 o'clock it will not appear in print. Which might be a minor worry to readers but a sleepless night for me.

Not in 20 years have I ever been left at the post and I won't be today. To make it tougher, I had a page of notes carbed in a suit that went to a cleaner's this morning and the servant who took it is gone for the day and I don't know the cleaner's address.

I delayed this chore because I thought it would be a cinch with these notes. My opinion of John O'Hara's book, "Butterfield 8," will pad out a few lines. Written to shock the reader. And after 70 pages I opened the window and sent it out to the night garbage man. He thinks it's swell. Or perhaps swill.

This writing against time is somewhat a Mastkelyne and Devant trick—making things appear out of thin air. A wave of the wand and a cascade of paragraphs! And out of the torrent one hopes for but rarely gets a real pearl, one that fits slickly in the mind like a grape in the mouth.

One may always resort to those columnar clinches. Chucking in a comma shifting sentence that makes different meanings. Thus: "Woman, without her, man would be a savage." And: "Woman, without her man, would be a savage." And what modern writer touches for grandeur the Biblical description of a depression—"the years the locust hath eaten?"

A lost notation comes to me but the source I cannot recall. A fellow in early '30s on a honeymoon ocean trip. In the brilliantly lit dining room the second night out, he suddenly grabbed his bride's hand. "Don't be alarmed," he whispered. They will have those lights fixed in a moment. They often go out with the roll of a ship!" She asked what in the world he was talking about. Then he realized. He had been suddenly stricken blind.

My divining rod of suspicion twitches when strangers on trains, aboard ship, or indeed anywhere, begin conversation without introduction. Especially when they overflow with friendliness. I sat next one at Music Hall. He chatted amiably at the intermission and because he looked as slick and successful as the Blue Train I satalogued him as a Wallingford and was unnecessarily grumpy. A half block from the theater a touch on the arm. My amiable friend. "I think you dropped this," he said. It was a silk muffler, a gift of sentimental value. Before I could thank him he was gone and I stood a fool transfixed. Tableaux!

How proud writers are over a sudden writing success. Gouverneur Morris writes me of his enthusiasm for the showing of Ayn Rand, who at 20 has a play on Broadway and a book on the presses. A Russian girl, who mastered writing beautiful English in three years. She asked Morris to criticize her first novel. Except mending a split infinitive, he found nothing he did not wish he might have done himself. Fun—wrting a column like this of miscellany. Remember those home town paper fillers? At the bottom of the leading Page 1 story: "Women outnumber men two to one in Siam." Or: "The fork-billed nut hatch has become so rare that the Audubon Society knows but a single pair in the United States."

It's only when work bears down that a long abandoned cigarette habit plagues. At the moment I feel a few deep inhales—like those dizzying drags I used to indulge before breakfast—might uproot a few fancies from a tuck in memory. There was a time I automatically lighted a cigarette before answering the telephone. You know, to pep up palaver and get off things. It's a literary fixation that to be fluent one needs drink and nicotine. How about Kathleen Norris, and Edna Ferber, who do neither?

The weedy young messenger, who from the aroma is sneaking a few puffs himself on the sly, peers in with an inquiring glance at the clock. A marbled monstrosity that won a prize at a Bad Taste Exhibition. It's an imitation of Venue de Milo with the face of a clock set in her tummy. A gift from the late Dr. George Dorsey, who made handsome sums writing why we behave like human beings. Good old doc, an anthrologist of note who shelved his precise English with his outer shirt and collar at poker games. And whose cadenced cussing was music of the spheres. One night Charlie Briggs—but the end of the column and a few minutes to spare.

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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.

THOSE TINY D ILATED VEINS.

The chemical obliteration of varicose veins has proved so successful universally that it is now the standard or orthodox method of treatment.

An associated condition in many cases is called telangiectasia or popularly tiny broken veins or "capillaries." Sometimes this occurs without any enlargement or dilation of large veins. It is troublesome only cosmetically.

These "broken" venules are not broken, but only dilated, overfilled, stretched. They are not capillaries, but only the smallest veins. Capillaries are not vessels at all, but only spaces between cells. Capillaries cannot be seen by the naked eye; these spaces between cells can be made out only with the microscope. No one has yet isolated or separated a capillary from surrounding tissues or structures. When doctors or others speak carelessly of the capillary vessels they are just speaking carelessly.

Up to a year or two ago, there has been no treatment which would obliterate telangiectases or dilated venules without leaving a scar.

Today skilled physicians can obliterate these minute dilated veins as well as they can obliterate large varicose veins, by virtually the same treatment.

The successful obliteration of telangiectases requires that the central venule of each network or little group of dilated venules be injected with a mild sclerosing solution similar to the solution used for varicose veins.

It is necessary that the solution be brought into contact with the intima, the endothelium lining the venule. It is useless to inject the solution around the venule.

In order to accomplish this, the physician requires a strong light free from shadows, such as an operating-room lamp, or a good headlamp. He must resort to magnification, by means of a binocular loupe, for the venules are too tiny to be readily penetrated with the needle under the naked eye. Finally, only the finest, thinnest needle obtainable will suffice. Even with the very finest needle made, it is often necessary, and quite possible, to inject successfully a venule smaller than the diameter of the needle itself.

The technic of the method is difficult and requires skill and patience, but given these any good doctor may now offer his patients relief for this annoying trouble—and as I said up to the present no other method of treatment has given such relief.

Here I again warn readers to beware of quacks or healers of any description who appeal to the public with the assurance that they use methods or treatment recommended in this column. I still hold that if a healer is good his satisfied patients will send their friends and keep him busy. If he is not so good—well, Barnum was right.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Tap, Tap, Tap.

I find it necessary to have my hydrocele tapped on both sides every few months . . . —W. G. O.

Answer—A physician abreast of the progress of medicine can cure the hydrocele with ambulant treatment. This is little or no more troublesome for the patient than a single tapping.

Mastoid Operation.

Informed that mastoid operation was necessary because of an inheritance of some venereal disease. Is that true?—C. V. G.

Answer—No. Mastoiditis is a complication or sequel of middle ear infection, which in turn is usually secondary to nose or throat infections, such as quinsy, coryza, tonsilitis.

Anemia.

What kind of iron do you recommend for anemia?—Mrs. H. C.

Answer—Ask for booklet "Blood and Health," and inclose ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address.

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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.

Editorial Comment

Into the Beyond

They called him "Sump." They tell how, in a local sort of way, he celebrated when victory seemed to come his way. He would smoke, once in four years, a fat Perfecto if the presidential election pleased him. He would march out from his publisher's office and into the nearby Holland cafe, banging a wash boiler and wearing a plug hat. Whereupon Sydney Sumpter Smith would settle again into the routine of his long hours as a Medford publisher and manager.

So, says the Medford Mail Tribune in eulogy following his death, "That was great and glorious victory—for 24 hours! Yes, and what is this thing we call life, but 24 hours and another 24 hours!"

Sincere, genuine, generous and loyal, Sumpter Smith was a prized friend, a true citizen and a valuable unit in his community and city. There was true public spirit in his community conception. His contemplations even reached far beyond city limits.

As he goes into the beyond, there will be a pain in many a soul, sadness in many a heart.—Portland Journal.

S. Sumpter Smith

S. Sumpter Smith of Medford is dead after a quarter century of service to southern Oregon. His associates of the Mail Tribune will miss this friend even more than they may think in their sorrow. He was that sort of friend. And his region will miss him no less, for there wasn't a worth-while work, in the busy years that he passed there, that had not his eager and competent assistance.

Cheerful, loyal, honest as the long day—to himself as to another—"Sump" Smith, as they called him, that which came to his hand, neither walked happily through life, neither complaining of adversity nor exulting over good fortune. A rare man. A fine citizen. The loss is not to the southern region only. It is Oregon's loss.—Oregonian.

From an Ex-Employe

In the death of Sidney Sumpter Smith Jackson county has lost one of its most faithful servants. Ever since coming to Medford in 1910 S. S. Smith's name was always to be found among those who were laboring for the welfare of his community. For many years the writer had the privilege of working with Mr. Smith daily and while he and the workmen in the back shop did not always agree, still he always recognized that he was a man of honor and withal a Christian gentleman. We shall miss his pleasant smile and cheery ways.—Central Point American.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

November 10, 1925.
(It was Tuesday)

Mussolini demands an apology from Serbia for fancied insult to Italian flag.

Unsettled weather is predicted for Armistice Day. The parade will start at 11:05 a. m. The celebration will close with a grand ball at the Nat.

Christmas Seal sale will open December 1. Merchants plan to decorate the streets for Christmas.

Record crowd to attend Ashland-Medford football game Armistice Day.

Ludo Grieve of Prospect attended to business matters in the city today.

Contracts let for construction of Normal school at Ashland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

November 10, 1915.
(It was Wednesday)

Howard A. Hill and family moves into his bungalow in this city from the Hill orchard.

Farmers urged to try horse beans as a "cover crop."

The 24th episode of "The Diamond From the Sky" at the Star: "Olga Petrova in "The Vampire" at the Page.

Medford voters reject Medynski re-bonding plan by a majority of 102 votes, after a hot campaign.

Rumors of naval battle in Baltic between British and German fleets; Austrians capture Nish in Serbian drive; submarine war frets America.

Dr. J. M. Keene is named a member of the city council to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Col. Sargent.

Income Shares

Maryland Fund, bid $18.40; asked $19.90.

Quarterly Income Shares, bid $1.40; asked $1.53.

Film Romance Fades

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 9.—(AP)—Barbara Stanwyck, motion picture star, and her actor-husband, Frank Fay, were apparently headed for a final marital fade-out today. The dark-haired actress disclosed that divorce papers have been drawn up and a property settlement effected.

Florida Danger Over

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Nov. 9.—(AP)—A terse weather bureau advisory, "storm has dissipated," today cheered coastal residents awaiting the return of the post-seasonal hurricane which killed 19 persons in the Bahamas and south Florida.

Shoes dyed any color. Work guaranteed. Called for and delivered. Tel 101. Bob's Shine Parlor, 16 N. Front.

Ye Poet's Corner

The following poem, written by a young girl only 14 years of age, is published at the request of the principal, teachers and students of the Junior High:

This poem is humbly dedicated to the boys who fought so bravely "over there," and to the nation and the ones they left behind.

Taps.

Snow white crosses, row on row.
Where meadow flowers used to grow.
Now rest the crumbling bones of men.
Our warning! Do not fight again!

Poets may write and sing their fame.
We may salute each honored name.
But still the nation forges ahead.
Some will forget because they're dead.

Can argument be settled by fight?
Does war decide what's wrong or right?
Can praise bring back a living man?
Our warning! Stay out while we can!

No medal counts for real worth.
Think one and all of blood-stained earth.
Think of empty sleeves and blinded eyes.
Of mothers' tears and sister's cries.
Yet would ye fight again?

Think, too, of crushed and crumpled bones.
Of shrieking, maddening, painful tones;
Of tortured bodies and last breath;
Of facing all alone that death.
Yet would ye fight again?

In solemn words the warning came.
The Unknown Soldier was his name.
Alone he faced a gruesome doom.
There is no name upon his tomb.
How could we fight again?

Now is the time! Here is the hour!
Decision rests within our power.
Let's not falter; why should we doubt?
Our warning came—It was "STAY OUT!"
We must not fight again!

Let's tarry not with guns or hate.
We paid a price that was too great.
Send them an answer firm and set.
America cannot forget!
She will not fight again!

Let flags wave, and let bugles play.
Armistice has become too gay.
In rotting bones and horrible story
Is told the tale of their glory.
In red brown earth,
In dried up mud,
In cross of white,
In streak of blood,
There rests a message clear and bright!
America, you must not fight!

In casket gray you'll find the truth
The cut short life of some poor youth.
In rent of flesh or gory tear,
Is the real tale of "Over There."

God said to us: "Thou shalt not kill!"
We should not disobey his will.
In every mound or little crease,
Some torn body cries for peace!

America, honor your dead!
But don't forget the blood they shed.
And don't forget the sharpening pain.
And don't forget the loss of brain.
God gave us tongues: that's what they're for,
To keep us out of battle and war.
He gave us skies of sunny blue.
But not to shine on a bloody hue
America is neutral now,
Let not her noble standing bow.
Aye, sing on of their famous name
But please remember, war's no game!

And evening falls and taps will play.
Over the bones we laid away;
The crumbling bones of soldier men.
Our warning — DO NOT FIGHT AGAIN!

By BARBARA M. HAMPSON,
Age 14.

Liner Resumes Cruise

SAN PEDRO, Cal., Nov. 9.—(AP)—Trouble with the crew temporarily smoothed out, the 'round-the-world liner, President Harrison, was bound for San Francisco today.

Communications

Tribute to Mr. Smith.

I believe that at this time that it is only fitting that I pay tribute not only to Sumpter S. Smith, the man, but also to Mr. Smith, the perfect gentleman. A man who was big enough to rise above petty personalities and who always treated me courteously, even at the height of the so-called turmoil.

Meeting Mr. Smith shortly after my arrival in Medford, February, 1929, I had many pleasant conversations with him during the succeeding years, along local and national lines, sometimes we agreed and sometimes we disagreed, but never did we sink to mere personalities.

The passing of a man of this type should be mourned not only by his family, but by the community, as such men are all too few in the world today.

Permit me to publicly pay tribute to Sumpter S. Smith, the perfect gentleman and to extend to his family my sympathy in their bereavement.

HENRIETTA B. MARTIN.
Medford, October 8.

For Hose that Wear out
NOLDE & HORST
Ethelwyn B Hoffmann

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Square Meal

Never try to reduce by taking quack patent medicines, which are worthless and may do you permanent harm. If you are overweight avoid excess in eating and procure from your physician a scientific diet regimen. A square meal can also be a properly balanced meal.

A Prescriptionist Fills Rxs Carefully at

HEATH DRUG STORE
Medford Building
Phone 884

Hunt's RIALTO

SPECIAL
THURSDAY MATINEE
NOV. 14th, 1:45 P. M.

THREE WOMEN

JOHNNY MACK BROWN
SHEILA MANNERS
HEDDA HOPPER
WM. COLLIER, Sr.
BERT ROACH

A NEW TWIST IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT

MORE THAN HALF IN
FULL NATURAL COLOR

ALSO SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS
WATCH FOR IT

It's Time to Go NOW!

EVERY SINGLE FACTOR . . . is favorable to new building and home improvement and repair THIS SPRING.

BUILDING COSTS ARE VERY LOW . . . but slated to rise during the summer . . . FINANCING IS READILY AVAILABLE . . . and on more liberal terms than ever before . . . AND GENERAL BUSINESS IS VASTLY IMPROVED.

It's time to give the "Go" signal to any new construction, remodeling, or repairing you may have had under consideration.

For full information on PLANS, COSTS, and FINANCING . . . get in touch with us immediately.

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