

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

There was an election Friday. Not many of the voters were mad enough to vote, as they were not led to, enthusiastically and extensively.

Pig-slicking is the order of the day in the rural areas, as the farmers start making sausage from the hogs they did raise.

Woodrow Wilson Barber of Yuma City, Calif., a radio expert, called on old friends last week.

The weather has been fine all week, and on a par with what the people would turn out themselves, if in charge.

H. Flewger, the demon baker, is still engaged with badminton. Several opponents have had the temerity to defeat him, and are as well as could be expected.

The chickens roaming the big district have disappeared. It is not known whether their owner started obeying the city ordinance, or somebody dined well.

Veterans will get their bonus, and fees are felt in some quarters, the nation will be swept into a vortex, and ruined again.

Republicans are getting ready to hold their annual Lincoln Day feast and oratorical outburst, Clod Ingalls, a Corvallis editor, will be the main declaimer.

Ole Chas. of the Prospect backwoods, towed Wed. but was too unaccustomed to the notes of the city, to stand still long enough for a greeting.

Joe froze on metropolitan mud puddles and country tea-leekies Tues. and Wed. am's.

The price of seeing wrestling matches, and a chance to throw a war department chair have been reduced.

Ed Janney stayed home Wed. eve. from the G. Hunt magic lantern show, and is \$200 poorer.

Pussywillows and an occasional spring poem are the main signs of spring in these parts. The vernal season is never definitely on the job here, until somebody catches a fish, and the Prospect ball team gets its opening defeat.

The East Main street speeders hit nothing of any importance last week, through no fault of their own. The Traffic Vigilantes who were going to detect and report traffic violations have not been very vigilant, since formed some time ago.

Several have new autos they say they cannot afford, but do.

The Elks act returned from nocturnal peregrinations last Sunday embowered and bedaubed, with a substance that "tick like a brother.

Leon Haakins, the pilliat, is displaying Valentines for Feb. 14, St. Valentine's Day. It used to be quite a day for the young, but with all the modernity, it is chiefly identified as the date of a Chicago gang massacre.

Dewey Baird played guard on the Wash. quint Fri night, and did noble and was full of business and battle. The Senior III will be needing the likes of him, in six years or so. There were a lot of long-legged kids on both teams, who have a start to being infesters. The victors were the Roosevelt school, who had a rooting section of three girls and a boy.

This is Ground Hog Day, and probably saw his shadow long ere this is read.

Ed White, the ex-trombonist and restorer, has a new suit of duds, and looks nice.

John Nealon and Judge Crews are firm letters at each other, via the editor.

Slayer Executed. RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 31.—(UP)—Ed Jenkins, 230-pound textile worker, died in North Carolina's lethal gas chamber today for the fatal shooting of Paul Collins, fellow mill employe, in a Fourth of July street fight at Rosemead City, N. C.

The Election Aftermath

THE special election came out as expected. The people of Oregon are in no mood to pass anything. They are suffering from acute legislative indigestion. The idea of swallowing any new laws was just as welcome as the idea of swallowing a warmed-over dish of corn beef and cabbage would be to a seakick voyager leaning over the rail of a storm swept liner.

SO THAT'S that. The puzzling thing is, the special election was ever called. We still can't understand how any members of the Legislature could have believed, the result would be anything but what it has proved to be. The proposals were beaten before they started. The special election was, what so many predicted it would be, a waste of money and of time.

However, there may be some profit, in having the atmosphere cleared and in knowing just where we are, with no doubts or speculations remaining.

WITH the sales tax beaten decisively for the third time (either to provide old age pensions, a property tax offset or anything else) we might as well face the fact, that with public psychology what it is in this state, the sales tax method of raising revenue, adopted with such success in nearly half of the states of the country, simply can't be done in Oregon.

THE matter of compulsory fees in our state institutions of higher learning, should never have appeared on the ballot. This is a matter of educational policy and administration, and should be decided by the state board of higher education (subject perhaps to a referendum from the students involved), but not as a question to be decided at the polls, in a general or special election. However, the attorney general's office ruled otherwise. So compulsory fees, are out, and the college and university will have to get along somehow on a voluntary system.

IN THE matter of extending the date of the primary, and attempting to revive the late and unlamented party machine and local-boss system in this state, the people showed such a proposition under, as they have so often done in the past and will continue to do in the future. We appreciate the imperfections of the primary system, but the more we see the workings of the boys on the inside in BOTH the major parties, the more strongly we favor keeping final control in the hands of the people. The people make mistakes of course, but they are mistakes which can easily be corrected and they are not mistakes grounded in sordid materialism or selfish and un-social domination.

The grotesque attempt of the members of the Legislature to secure popular approval for their effort to determine the size of their OWN checks, was of course, not only defeated, but sunk without a trace. This, too, was as it should be.

THE one brand snatched from the burning, as far as affirmative action was concerned was the approval of putting the local fire department under civil service, which is a step in the right direction, and will tend to make our already excellent fire department even a better one. The "forinst" mood of the people—at least the minority sufficiently interested to go to the polls,—was clearly shown by the opposition registered even against this desirable measure. We fail to see any reason for voting against such action except a blind, resentful determination, not to vote FOR anything.

WELL, so Democracy stumbles along, with not only organized minorities more and more determining its policies but unorganized minorities determining its local course, from day to day and year to year. Only where personalities are concerned and real drama enters in, will the people of this country AS A WHOLE, either take any active interest in politics, or even exercise their franchise purchased at such cost of blood and treasure, by those who have gone before.

Discouraging? Yes. But not completely disheartening. Somehow it appears to be the fate of Democracies to stagger along this way and that, but somehow to muddle through. We still have faith this one will.

And no doubt those who keep plugging along in an effort to stimulate interest in public affairs, increase general enlightenment, and promote not only more general but more intelligent exercise of the franchise, contribute SOMETHING toward this end.

Don't Miss It

HERE'S a tip to those who are interested in world affairs and seeking information concerning them.

This Tuesday evening a lecture will be given at the Presbyterian church by Commander Stewart F. Bryant, retired naval officer, traveller and lecturer.

Commander Bryant, has seen service in all parts of the world; for two years was intelligence officer to the Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic fleet, and later liaison officer for the International military police at Vladivostok. Last summer he was one of the leaders of the conference on International relations at Reed college, and all who heard him were most enthusiastic, not only regarding the information he gave out, but his charm, fluency and stimulation, as a speaker.

The lecture will be free to the public, and in the opinion of this paper, represents an opportunity, which those interested in world affairs and present international relationships, can not afford to miss.

Communications

M. T. Assistance Appreciated To the Editor: Members of our field staff, recently returned from Medford, report a most successful visit and mortgage "clinic."

We are also appreciative of the tip given by your chamber of commerce, lending institutions, and the whole community. We are always cognizant of the stability and potential wealth of Medford. We trust that through further cooperation the housing program may bring your city many benefits.

JAMESON PARKER, State Director. Portland, Jan. 30. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

OUR DOG AND ANOTHER DOG

Seems as though a lot of readers just hang around waiting to jump on me every time I get anything off my chest about the desirability of humdruming the atmosphere of the home, office, shop, school room, for comfort, health, and economy of fuel, furniture, and whatnot. They hold back pretty well when I say gadgets, which evaporate a few quarts of water a day are not worth fussing with.

I referred to furniture and complexion. Both suffer more or less from excessive dryness of the heated air in houses, offices, shops, school rooms. So do the nasal mucous membranes. And the temper of everybody who lives much indoors. I mention these things because they are important to many who don't care so much about health.

Incidentally, plants growing in porous pots help to maintain better humidity in the air and are therefore healthful in living room, dining room, bedroom or sickroom.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Why Nerves? In your column a month ago you implied that nervous exhaustion is a lot of baloney. Then will you please explain why the nerves in my limbs are so jumpy and . . . (Mrs. N. W.)

Answer—I did not mean to imply, however, that I can diagnose at long distance what really ails folk who imagine their nerves are blood pressure. I merely wished to remind them that "nervous" or "nervous exhaustion" or "nerve weakness" or the like is a diagnostic delusion. If you prefer to dawdle along as you are, beat cease to you. If you would rather snap out of it, send ten cents coin and three-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Chronic Nervous Imposition."

Kindly send information on some results. . . (W. R. C.) Answer—Send three-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for "Somersaulting" program.

Heart Muscle What is heart muscle disease? What causes high blood pressure? . . . (Mrs. M. S.)

Answer—It is explained in booklet: "Building Vitality." High blood pressure is considered in another booklet: "The Regeneration Regimen." Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for either booklet.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—I peeked into a production of Romeo and Juliet some weeks ago. Romeo suggested to the "90's, a Hubbard in leg of mutton sleeves of a cruel blue. A performance strictly palestic. He gyred and gimbaled with the grace of a gazelle.

Now and then he would lanch with a great bound, like a Russian dancer leaping for but-tercup, in front of the balcony in picturesque poses. And Juliet's pure white voice seemed almost to reveal a coating of frost. The only natural acting was by a Mercurio.

One almost felt like scratching "Attaboy" on the back of a visiting card and dispatching it to his dressing room. All of which is a prelude to a conviction there has never been a natural love scene on stage or screen. Nearest I ever saw was between Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan.

But they were in love at the time indeed married only a few hours before the curtain rose. Even so, with grease paint, spotlights, etc. it did not seem 100 per cent real. Making love is an emotion of seclusion. Any revealment belouds like a pinch of bluing in clear water.

I am watching with interest an experiment in farming by proxy of the photographer Ewing Galloway. He has acquired a sizeable farm in his native Kentucky and with a man to manage on the scene he expects to spend two months a year, two weeks at a time developing it. There is an element of vanity in the quixotic experiment. Galloway was once the possessor of one-gallons specimen in his township, the local Huck Finn. And now responds to the call few country boys resist—showing the folk back home.

A friend in Tulsa sends a silver-mounted hoodoo charm for a key chain. He solemnly avers it is the left hind foot from a rabbit killed in a grave yard on Friday, December 13, 1935 at midnight by a one-eyed darkey with the miseries. I am bedeviled by very little superstition but somehow today when a taxi sent me hurrying to the curb in hop skip I thought in my escape of that rabbit's foot.

There are not many adults without at least one unshakable superstition. Mine is raising an umbrella indoors. My Scotch grandmother, who often seemed fey, had one of her presentiments a rainy morning. And when I opened an umbrella in the kitchen to set off for school her terror increased. She made me remain home. At noon we received word of Uncle George's unexpected passing.

A letter: "One was a columnist. Perhaps the others were. I wouldn't know. Anywa' three of them had you on the run. You were high but you were this and that and many things. I thought of the days I lived across the hall at the Hargrave, of that light under your door and the steady click of your typewriter so often until daylight. Perhaps you are all they said. I haven't seen you in years and people change. Yet I have a hunch that when I do see you it won't be in a dive, chieling drinks, telling how good you are and knocking your fellows."

Few successful novelists have so much genuine fun at parties as Sinclair Lewis. He, a Noble prize winner, is a complete reversal of the customary and expected decorum. No burlesque is too broad nor caper too idiotic. When the usual bemused lady tries to grow matter and indolence a literary coo, his exaggerated narrative becomes a Alice of screaming face that would make a corking scene in a stage comedy. He is committed to the almost lost notion that parties are for relaxation and an unrestrained flair for caper. For the evening, he is back at a native Sauk Central taffy pull.

I frequently wonder if born New Yorkers feel the tug for Central Park that I do. There's scarcely a day in town that I do not walk or motor there. To visit the park is as much of a day's routine as eating. It is best when wimpled in furs of snow and a gold-drained moon shimmers a loveliness. When the usual indolence lady tries to grow matter and indolence a literary coo, his exaggerated narrative becomes a Alice of screaming face that would make a corking scene in a stage comedy. He is committed to the almost lost notion that parties are for relaxation and an unrestrained flair for caper. For the evening, he is back at a native Sauk Central taffy pull.

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ANCIENT AVIGNON WAS STRONGHOLD OF FRENCH POPES

Recent Floods Repetition Of Damaging Inundations—Was Focus Of All Christendom In 14th Century. WASHINGTON, D.C. (Sp.)—Avignon, ancient stronghold of the popes in southern France, was flooded recently by the river Rhone, on whose left bank it is situated about thirty miles from the Mediterranean. Floods have damaged the city before, frequently causing breaches in its encircling walls.

"Avignon, capital of the department of Vaucluse, has shrunk in both size and fame since the 14th century, when, during the residence of seven French popes, it was the focus of all Christendom, crowded with approximately 80,000 inhabitants," says a bulletin from the Washington, D.C. headquarters of the National Geographic society.

The Vatican in France "From about 1309 to 1376 Avignon replaced Rome as the papal capital. The massive Papal Palace covers three and one-half acres on a rocky hill nearly 200 feet high. Outwardly it was a grim fortress with high walls 13 feet thick in places, and huge towers from which molten lead could be poured on attackers. Within, however, it was a luxurious edifice.

"In medieval days the palace was decorated with gold and azure frescoes, hung with gorgeous tapestries, and contained a treasury of jewels and precious vessels. Here popes and cardinals in ermine and brocade dined with forks of gold and mother-of-pearl, and knives with handles of jasper and ivory. In the lovely gardens, white peacocks strided between clipped hedges and flowerbeds, and caged lions and other beasts growled at pacing dignitaries.

"North of the palace on the higher rock, Rocher des Doms, stands the gloomy Romanesque edifice, Notre Dame des Doms, for 70 years the premier church of Christendom and sometimes called the 'St. Peter's of Avignon.'

"Behind the cathedral, a promenade leads to the edge of the cliff, from which one may look down on the red and brown tile roofs huddled below, and on the willow-fringed blue Rhone winding through a fertile plain green with mulberry trees, vineyards and gardens.

"Avignon a Walled City "Continuing the nature fortifications of the cliff, and practically enclosing Avignon, are three miles of massive crenelated walls, built in the 14th century to keep out bands of roving brigands. They are intersected by 19 towers and numerous gates. As modern Avignon expanded beyond the walls, involving nature, the officials threatened to remove the broken-down portions. But intervention of public-spirited citizens saved the remnants for posterity.

"During the papal occupation, Avignon flourished. Following on the heels of popes and church dignitaries, came Italian artists to decorate the palace. Italian bankers and throngs of merchants to market their wares to a wealthy court. Into the city poured grain and wine from Provence, and rich cloth and tapestries from Bruges and Tournai.

"To-day, on the east bank of the Rhone, 143 miles south of Lyon, Avignon is still the market town for the country east of the river. Just a turreted Villeneuve, on the opposite bank of the Rhone is a trade center for the west side.

"A suspension bridge joins the two cities. During the Middle Ages they were united by a stone bridge of 22 arches, built in 1177-1185. Damaged by battles and by floods and ice-floes of the Rhone, the arches kept collapsing until at present only four remain standing."

FLOOD OF BAD CHECKS IS BELIEVED HALTED The mystery surrounding the flood of spurious checks, ranging from \$10 to \$10, which have been passed on the smaller grocery stores of the city during the past two months, was believed solved Friday with the arrest of Ralph E. Geim, 20, of this city. Geim, according to city police who arrested him, admitted passing forged checks upon John Tomlin and Dr. L. D. Inakpe, at the Laurel Street Bungalow, DeVos, What Not, Holliday and I Home grocery stores. He has been bound over to the grand jury on \$1,000 bail and is now held in the county jail.

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