

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The Mayor of Klamath Falls, in an address Monday night to a Coos Bay audience, declared: "My friends! You cannot eat the constitution!"

"As for field goals, Oregon couldn't even hit a buffalo in the seat with a snow shovel." (UOfo, Emerald)—An old-time rural wisecrack goes collegiate.

The Eugene police are hot on the trail of a gang, engaged in stealing hats from church services, and lodge meetings. In running the wretches to earth, it should be remembered every hat stolen may be one hat less to be "thrown in the ring" and talked through later.

THE GREAT SHAKEDOWN (Cont. Record) When making speeches, most of the time collections are taken up and those present are urged to make liberal contributions.

J. Frank Wortman of Phoenix came to town yesterday with a window shade that needed fixing. This is the first clue that spring housecleaning has started to rage.

Excellent radio reception greeted the address last night for former President Hoover's speech. All the soprano notes of the Umpqua Diodes were not squealing, as they do when a basketball game is being broadcast. Neither did any honey-tongued announcer try to slip in a booster talk for a pill. It looks like the vocals had been bought up with Wall St. gold.

A marriage ceremony was perpetrated Tuesday when Alice Hite, and a miner on Salmon Creek took the plunge—(Dog Gulch Jottings)—The Inconspicuous groom, an society news, as she should be written.

BOONDoggling! (Press Dispatch) Secretary of the Interior Harold I. Ickes and Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, called each other respectively "the Chicago chinch bug" and "his chain gang excellency," spoke from the same platform at civic exercises commemorating the 127th anniversary of Lincoln's birth.

The Republican banquet last night was well attended, considering the weather, and Santa Claus at the G. Hunt magic lantern palace.

Inflation is being countered on local streets corners as a cure for the money lack. Under inflation, in about a month, a cow could be bought for the present price of a pound of butter.

CRIME IN RHYME Over there the frayed around the edges, sighs At the same time gaily twinkles Coqueting with a million eyes At Bert, whose free hand slowly pulls A rayon stocking from his coat, Twists it quickly, twists it neatly Round her throat.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE SETS SAIL FOR EUROPE NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—Mrs. Calvin Coolidge sailed for Europe last night on the liner Bremen, her plans elapsed in silence.

Mr. Hoover's Comeback

FAR be it from us to begrudge ex-President Hoover the joys of his recent political resurrection. He had a tough time as President, and a tougher time during the subsequent campaign. He was beaten—let us see,—by an electoral vote of 472 to 59, and the present occupant of the White House was chiefly responsible for it.

We can't blame Mr. Hoover for feeling a trifle sore at the man, and the political fate, that subjected him to such a devastating humiliation, and his desire to get back at the forces, personal and political, that "done him in" is a perfectly natural one.

He laughs best who laughs last. And the time for the former leader of the Republican party to laugh has come. That is what he is doing. May Robson's rejuvenation of Aunt Mary has nothing on him.

And it is pleasant as well as inspiring to see, the once dour and dejected "sage of Palo Alto," now putting on with reverse English, a pretty good imitation of the role once so popular in Franklin D. Roosevelt's felicitous phraseology,—the "HAPPY WARRIOR."

FOR no one denies Mr. Hoover is enjoying himself. No one denies he is in a fighting mood. His cheeks are flushed with the glow of vitality and health, he walks abroad with a springy youthful step; and when after dining well, he advances to the microphone, it is with fire in his eye,—Herbert is himself again! Yes, the spectacle of the Hoover "come back" is a cheering one. No one not blinded by narrow partisanship, would deny the worst-beaten, and most unpopular President of recent times, had it coming to him. Turn about is fair play; and justice is no less justice, if it has a poetic tinge. If, as President, Herbert Hoover got less than his just deserts, what cause to complain, if as a private citizen—and a potential candidate for the White House again—he should get MORE. That would only balance the scales.—Moreover there is precedent for it. Grover Cleveland had his second blooming.

"Fear and Confusion"

THUS far so good. And when our 31st President, takes advantage of a Lincoln Day banquet, to lambast the Roosevelt administration and the New Deal, hip and thigh; we have, in spite of this paper's strong sympathies with both, no particular complaint to register.

Moreover, we can agree with some things he says and not deny the validity of others. We approve of the elimination of personalities in this campaign, the concentration upon issues; we don't deny the present financial situation of the country is serious, that many features of the New Deal have been rendered ineffective by judicial decision, nor that there is too much unemployment and Jim Farley's political methods are frequently open to criticism.

BUT— We do believe when former President Hoover makes the theme song of such a speech "confusion and fear," when throughout his remarks he returns and returns to this theme and closes on it, he is not only guilty of rather poor sportsmanship, but what is more important (to his party at least), he is guilty of a serious political blunder.

True, people have short memories. But not so short that they have forgotten the condition of "confusion and fear" which existed, when after struggling unsuccessfully to turn back the destructive tide of the depression for nearly three years, President Hoover retired from the White House and the man he now holds up as a failure, took his place.

And what is more inevitable than, with Hoover speaking, this comparison should be made? "CONFUSION AND FEAR!" With banks falling like autumn leaves, with thousands of people losing their all; with practically every business in the country operating in the red, and scores already forced to the wall; with confusion and fear so extreme that a former President of the Bank of England landing in New York, said, the capitalist system has gone! Imagine the skipper of the ship of state at that period in our history, raising the note of confusion and fear, to bring about the defeat of the man whom the American people by an overwhelming vote, chose to succeed him!

GRANTING it has taken billions to dispel that fear, and more billions to bring a semblance of industrial and social order out of that confusion; how can ANYONE, fairly and accurately, compare the conditions existing in this country today, and the conditions at the close of the Hoover administration, and not admit that RELATIVELY speaking, there is today no fear and confusion EXISTING.

True, some of the Big Business men are alarmed. So are some of the big bankers and G. O. P. politicians. They see all sorts of things ahead, from printing press money to the hoisting of Al Smith's red flag over the White House. But how about the others,—the rank and file, the people of this country AS A WHOLE?"

And we don't mean, in any "CLASS" sense. We mean ALL classes, except these few thin skinned big boys, best represented by the well upholstered minions of the Liberty League, and their ilk.

How about the workers and the farmers; how about the artisans and the clerks, the doctors and the lawyers; yes, and how about the capitalists, not on Wall Street, but here, there and everywhere, bankers, business men and what have you, for most of us are capitalists in one way or another.

Are they scared to death and paralyzed with alarm, because of the sorry pass to which Roosevelt and the New Deal have brought them? Are they?

Ask them. Go out on the street and buttonhole the first man—or woman—you see, and ask him—or her—if they are as fearful and confused now as they were in March, 1933, and whether or not they would like to go back to that time?

And yet, as long as former President Hoover leads the attack upon President Roosevelt that will be a natural question, an inevitable question, and a perfectly proper one. No, if the Republican party must raise the cry of "confusion and fear," in an effort to beat Roosevelt, let them at least have the good sense to put those words in the mouth of someone OTHER than the President who gave this country the worst siege of that ailment in its history!

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, 503 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

GO INTO YOUR ROLLS AND CHEER UP



Not yet but eventually one may safely prescribe six rolls before breakfast. The New International proved a tremendous diet when the second edition came out last year. It still defined somersault as a leap or jump in which one turns heels over head, and, as though that were not enough, the cantankerous old Dr. Webster goes out of his way to specify "without touching the ground with any portion of the body."

Now I'd rather be robbed of any hundred books in my library than be deprived for a day of my Webster. Nevertheless the editors of the dictionary muffed that one badly: what they described as a somersault is, of course, an air spring. That explains why they had to omit air spring from the book altogether—they were plumb stumped to define it, without appearing to be kidding themselves. I shall worry along somehow with this 1935 edition of Webster at my left elbow, but now that I have called the matter to the attention of some millions of people and the two hundred odd, very odd, editors of the largest volume in the world, I do hope that when the third edition is perpetrated the boys will get somersaults straightened out and if possible find a place they can squeeze in the cr somewhere. Then when I'm through with my pipes and my bowls I'll take along my copy, and when old Pete asks for my credentials I need only turn to Chapter C and indicate my contribution. I expect it will do the trick, for you know I carry my own harp; and besides, I am an honest G. P. for four years in Penn. Yan and fairly honest for fourteen more in Elmiria.

Old codgers of thirty or forty sometimes complain bitterly of the dizziness, astronomical spectacles and other phenomena they experience when they try to roll somersaults. In my judgment anyone on the cullow side of fifty who becomes so flustered over a few rolls badly needs a careful physical examination, and this makes a first rate excuse for an interview with his family doctor.

Instructions for turning somersaults and the modus operandi are fully given in the monograph on Somersaults which I am glad to mail any reader who asks for it and provides a stamped envelope bearing his address. Briefly, nearly one-fourth of the blood of the body may

be contained in the splanchnic network of vessels, in the great abdominal cavity and the lower part of the thorax or chest cavity. Here, in distended individuals who rarely urinate, a considerable quantity of blood stagnates. Somersaults puts this slacker blood back into circulation.

If you're an invalid you should have medical care. If you are just a dignified old party maybe a few dozen rolls every day will do you some good. If you feel tremendously upset by the first attempt, that is a good sign you need to carry on. Some time ago we had a symposium on somersaults, in which readers contributed their experiences—their ages ranged from 27 years to 80 years. A great many people in the sixties and seventies do their daily somersaults as regularly as they eat and sleep. From the symposium I gather these indications for somersaults: Poor circulation, cold feet, functional difficulties of young women, salivary complexion, intestinal atonia, flatulence, "gas," sad outlook or blues.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Must You Bathe? Although I pay dearly for it, with intense itching, for hours afterward, I still feel I must bathe at least twice a week. I wish I could take your comfortable attitude. (R. R. M.) Answer—If you must bathe, send stamped addressed envelope and ask for monograph on pruritus. Don't tell me you still brush your teeth too—you may brush teeth, but whose are they? Shots Family doctor cured me of tuberculosis. Warns me about colds, and when I catch cold I see him right away and he gives me four shots of vaccine at intervals of three days. He says this will last for months. He charges \$2 a shot. I have a syringe and I would give it to myself if I could. (C. B.) Answer—Not safely. Anyway, I have no notion what the doctor, gives you.

Neurosis Can a chronic appendix cause a neurosis? (J. W.) Answer—There is no such condition as chronic appendicitis. The doctor who perpetrates the diagnosis should send me ten cents coin and a stamped envelope bearing his address, for booklet "Chronic Nervous Impostion."

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 503 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Eleanor Powell's recent collapse again accentuates the terrific strain that is the accompaniment of sudden success among the strenuous dancers. At the same time she buckled Bill Robinson was trundled to a hospital and Ray Bolger was in convalescence. Nimble hoofers are of necessity frail. The only exception is the sturdy Will Mahoney who, although losing seven pounds with each performance, shows no signs of fatigue. Jack Donahue literally killed himself with his gruelling routine and Fred Astaire was worn to a whisper from daily cavorting. Hal LeRoy, too, as I recall, had a recent breakdown. The new break-a-leg demands of dancing mean bigger rewards but also bigger hospital bills. And often what Tal called "a bum tucker."

And ball room dancing has spiraled out of temporary obscurity with a mighty flourish. There was a time when \$200 a week was top price for a couple and most of them wound up a season in debt. But not even the Castles, Maurice and Walton or Hawksworth and Durant approach the salary of Velox and Yolande. They were recently paid \$1,000 a week for a Chicago engagement, an all-time high.

Talungmabob: Bide Dudley's son Bronson, following his sister Doris, has gone on the stage, too. Jack Benny's \$1,500 a week personal appearance offer is the highest on record. Robert Benolisey is Jack Whitney's most intimate friend. Ed Hill rises up like a dude, bouillonne, etc., for his broadcasts. The late Frank Simonds could drink a cup of hot chocolate and go to sleep anywhere. Musonelli orders all books by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Two old boys of the detachable cuff era arrive spruce and brightly each 5 p. m. at a 32nd street bar. After their libations, one always looks about with a wink and goes into a little "ig." Last evening he was in the midst of it when Lois Lane, passing, observed: "Whimper-snapping again, eh?"

(Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.) New Senator Long Mrs. Huey P. Long (above), widow of the assassinated senator, was appointed to serve his expired term by Gov. James A. Roe of Louisiana as a result of the death of Gov. J. K. Allen, Long associate, after he had been nominated for the office. (Associated Press Photo)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE Shasta-Cascade Wonderland association, including nine counties in Northern California and three in Southern Oregon, has now been in active existence about four years. Its purpose is promotion of tourist traffic in this area, which includes some of the finest outdoor country in America.

After four years of vigorous and intelligently directed effort, this question arises: Has it paid? THESE four years have been depression years, with people generally seeking in every way possible to cut down expenditures in order to keep outgo within the limits of shrinking incomes.

Yet, in every year of the four, more automobiles have entered the Wonderland area than entered it the year before, and in 1935, with the depression beginning to lighten EIGHTY THOUSAND more came than in 1934.

LAST year (1935) 16 auto camps reported to Tom Stanley, secretary of the Wonderland association, on the state of their business. Of the 16, 10 reported an average gain of 18.4 per cent. Four reported their business the same as the preceding year, and two reported a decrease.

The 16 spent an average of 3 per cent of their gross income for advertising. FORTY-FOUR garages reported to Mr. Stanley, and of the 44 a total of 36 reported an average increase in business of 19.7 per cent over the year before. Seven reported business the same as the preceding year, and one reported a 10 per cent decrease.

EVERY ONE of the 44 bought new equipment in 1935. OF 24 hotels in the Wonderland area reporting to Mr. Stanley, 20 showed an average increase of 20.8 per cent in their business the year before. Four reported business the same.

These 24 hotels spent an average of 3.3 per cent of gross income for advertising. TWENTY-EIGHT resorts reported to headquarters of the association, and of the 28 an average increase in business of 35 per cent was reported by 20. Seven indicated business was about the same as the year before, and one reported a decrease of 3 per cent.

IN THESE four years, the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland association has carried the name of this area far and wide over the country, bringing it to the attention of thousands who never heard of it before—which is an achievement of importance. But the final proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, and the final proof of the value of any advertising campaign is the amount of business it brings—for bringing business is advertising's job.

These figures indicate pretty clearly that advertising the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland has paid. ONE more set of figures: A total of 112 concerns affected by tourist business have reported to the association, and of these 90 showed an increase in business in 1935—and as a result of this increase 40 of them plan to make improvements in 1936 totaling \$280,000.

These concerns represent about 30 per cent of the total in the Wonderland, and if their percentage holds good throughout the total approximately \$1,000,000 will be spent in improvements this year.

With incisive sarcasm, Mr. Ingalls said: "The Democratic party may have been founded by Thomas Jefferson but it has been dumfounded by President Roosevelt." "There are two classes of people in the country today," Mr. Ingalls continued. "The indigent and the indignant. The indigent are on relief and the indignant are paying for it."

"During the past three years," Mr. Deuel said, "the government has not only consumed the entire revenue derived from our excessively high taxes, but has in addition thereto increased our national debt by some 15 billion dollars. Our national expenditure, have been such that we must expect high taxes for many years to come; we will have to pay dearly for our spree."

"We should, therefore, immediately adopt a policy of a balanced budget and a retrenchment of national expenditures," Mr. Deuel continued. "We cannot go on spending more than we take in. We must realize that we cannot spend our way back to recovery. No nation has ever done this; no nation ever will."

The meeting was brought to a close by the group singing of "America."

FAMOUS METALLURGIST DIES OF HEART DISEASE SACRAMENTO, Calif., Feb. 13.—Dr. Edward Montague Hamilton, 66, international known metallurgist, died yesterday of chronic heart disease.

Hamilton, a native of England and Oxford graduate, was a member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. He was considered a standard for the process of which he was a recognized authority.

Senator Pitman said some sharp things about Japan out in Nevada before congress opened. Upon his arrival here shortly thereafter, he indicated he had been misquoted by the press. The speech he delivered in the senate Monday was about the same one

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY February 13, 1926. (It was Saturday.) A social gathering at Jacksonville is held to show the pioneers how the "Charleston" is danced.

The Anderson creek district is swept by a high wind that blows down trees. President Coolidge and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon win flight in congress for cut of half billion dollars in federal taxes.

The mercury drops to 25.5 degrees—the coldest in several weeks. Medford high defeats Klamath Falls 39 to 13.

Raid by prohibition agents upon Sams Valley farm, nets man and mab. The University of Oregon defeats O. A. C. 32 to 17, for basketball championship of the northern division.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY February 13, 1916. (It was Sunday.) Team attached to transfer wagon, standing at depot, tries to run away but is stopped by quick action of the driver.

The Jackson County Tax Reduction league unable to get results, secretary reports. Franklin high basketball team of Portland to play Medford Wednesday.

"Fred Heath, our hustling merchant, paid me a year's subscription to the Mail Tribune on the 10th." (Eagle Point Eagle.) Large crowd attends the annual Lincoln day banquet at the Hotel Medford. Gov. Withycombe spoke.

Germans claim capture of two miles of British trenches, and the sinking of two Allied warships by mines in the North Sea. Kane's creek correspondent reports "many early gardens have been planted."

Both J. P. Morgan and Mrs. Roosevelt, in their definitions of the leisure class, neglected to mention the 11,000,000 unemployed.

FRANK VAN DYKE NEW PRESIDENT OF LINCOLN CLUB

county and city officials who were present. The meeting was opened with an invocation by the Rev. Joseph Knotts assisted by G. H. Pietzplace reported as chairman of the nominating committee. The officers recommended by the committee were elected.

The assemblage then listened to the radio address of Herbert Hoover, titular head of the Republican party, who spoke at a Lincoln banquet in Portland.

Billy Wilson, high school student, recited Lincoln's Gettysburg address and was commended by Mr. Van Dyke for his excellent delivery.

F. Kramer Deuel, candidate for the Republican nomination for district attorney of Jackson county, gave an address on behalf of the Junior Republican league, attacking the New Deal for its "waste and extravagance."

During the evening the gathering was entertained by Eleanor Curry, Oletha Olsen and Majorie Wymore, who sang three numbers.

C. E. Ingalls, Corvallis newspaper editor, was the principal speaker, giving an address on "Lincoln, the Rugged Individualist." Before giving his address, however, Mr. Ingalls directed several barbs at the Roosevelt administration.

"I regard Hoover as the best qualified man for the presidency this country has ever had," Mr. Ingalls said. "To be sure, the Democrats blame Hoover for the depression but we all know the depression was caused by the war the Democrats kept us out of."

Communications

Mall Tribune Polley Commended. I cannot refrain from writing to you to congratulate you on your editorial of January 10, "It Is Law and Men." One of your readers sent me the clipping and I was very glad to have it brought to my attention. It seems to me entirely true that these decisions are sometimes very largely a question of temperament which leads to certain interpretations of the law.

was also much gratified with your attitude on the primaries, and know that it must have been helpful in securing the good vote against the measure. I was very much surprised to find so little newspaper opposition to it, and that the newspapers did not analyze the bill and understand its importance from a standpoint of party control by small groups and party domination of the political life of the state by practically ruling out independent candidates. I was very much interested in this measure. It would have been highly advantageous to me, probably, to have had the September primaries this year, but I could not bring myself to support such a bill and I am thankful that the people of Oregon, through some combination of circumstance, saw fit to vote it down.

WALTER M. PIERCE, M. C., Washington, D. C., Feb. 7.

Ye Poet's Corner

Rain in Southern Oregon The mist hangs over the valley, The sky is hazy and blurred. No animal is seen, And nowhere flies a bird.

'Tis raining in the valley, The snowing in the hills. Heavy are the trees, And faster flows the rills.

The gloomy sky does frown, He knows not any sun, All warmth has vanished from us, Good weather here is done.

—Percy Maddux. Miner in Town—Walter Kieley, Sardinia creek miner, was a Medford visitor today.

DON'T STARVE TO END FAT!

Eat What You Want, No Need to Exercise, No Purgatives LOSE FAT—GAIN PEP Thousands who have reduced the Marmola way might well tell you that diets, exercises and drastic cathartics that drain the system are unnecessary. Simply take 4 Marmola tablets a day, containing a simple corrective for abnormal obesity prescribed by doctors the world over. Buy a package of Marmola. Start out once to get rid of burdensome fat. Marmola is put up by one of the best known medical laboratories in America. Since 1907, men and women have purchased more than 20 million packages. Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola, and you will find the day you discovered this marvelous reducing agent. Marmola is on sale by all dealers, from coast to coast, price \$1.



(Continued from Page One.)

ment. It was not right when the Budget was drawn up last fall. They assert Mr. Roosevelt is taking hold of this issue more enthusiastically than anything in new deal history. They promise a real effort, and not just a political effort to establish a better campaign front.

The change on the inside has come, they say, within the past week. What wrought it is clear. The bad reaction to farm and bonus taxes encouraged an economizing line of thought; but the growth of the London campaign must not be and has not been overlooked. Governor Landon's thrift record has struck a popular chord.

Nobody's word on the extent of the curtailment will be worth much, however, until the savings are laid down officially on the dotted line.