

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune" Daily Except Saturday. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 21-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 14

ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor. An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879. SUBSCRIPTION RATES By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year, \$1.00; Daily, six months, \$0.75; Daily, one month, \$0.25

Official Paper of the City of Medford. Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOORE & COMPANY, Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS

Ye Smudge Pot

The creation of a Northwest Power Agency, for the marketing of electrical power generated at Bonneville dam has been recommended. It presages an "industrial awakening" and will also wake up the politicians.

A Missouri court has ruled the womenfolk have the same right as men to stand at the bar and drink liquor—if they want to, which many do. This decision brought forth sincere sarcasm from St. Louis bartenders.

Peoria Bill Gates, the energetic friend of the valley tomato, has started out to do the same thing for the onion, which, like the potato, will grow in these parts, unless planted. "Onion raising is a back-breaking task," states Mr. Gates.

Religion is now mixed in national politics. It is time to show a little Christianity, and start praying for both. Editorial compliments showed up on the weather, as compared to the upstate and Mid-West variety.

The formation of a "Left-Republican" wing is now threatened. Fears are felt this will result in the Get-Left Republican party. The First-Lady-of-the-Land in her daily column yesterday recounted a conversation she had with a New York City taxi-cab driver that left many of her readers filled with desire to vote for the taxi-cab driver.

BOUNCEPATRY. (Logan (Wyo.) Leader) It was decided that an operation would be necessary and Dr. Allen brought Mr. Anthony to Logan in his car. The jar of the car gave Mr. Anthony some relief and the possibilities are that an operation will not be necessary.

"CONGRESS THWARTS 'STOP-GAP' LEGISLATION"—(SF Chronicle) Nevertheless, it's still an excellent idea. One of the Older Girls writes, "The fact three chickens have roamed Main Street for a month, speaks well for the honesty of our people."

The esteemed Eugene News, in taking a mild editorial swing at a brigadier-general, who to a speech at Salem protested against the formation of a Communist incubator at "Old Oregon," declares the militarist in an "earnest search of the University campus for Communists might possibly find one person who could qualify as such, and two or three students who like to say they are Communists."

The Townsend Probe

AS an official investigation of the Townsend plan is ordered Representative Mell of Missouri, declares the worthy doctor to be "a charlatan and a quack, as a doctor of the ills which afflict our social structure."

Representative Celler of New York, claiming Dr. Townsend and his co-founder and secretary, R. E. Clements are making \$2000 a week from the movement, concludes that Dr. Townsend is "either a fool or a knave."

Such charges strike us as a bit premature. A man is assumed to be innocent until his guilt has been proved, and we believe it would be well not to impugn Dr. Townsend's motives or condemn his character, until evidence has been presented to support such accusations.

OUR own idea of Dr. Townsend,—as before stated in this column—has been that he is honest, well meaning, and just as much a victim of his own twisted economic theories, as thousands of his followers are,—and have been.

There is nothing new about it. The phenomenon is as old as human history and runs all the way from the dream of the ancient alchemist, through that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, and Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth to perpetual motion.

It listens well—they ALL listen well. But they just don't stand up under careful analysis,—they don't hold water,—and those who fall for them, eventually have only disappointment for their pains, bitter disillusion for their credulity.

THIS, in fact, is the serious—and the sad—feature of this entire Townsend business.

We are not worrying about the leaders, whether they are making fortunes out of their racket or not; nor about the self-seeking politicians and the hypocritical demagogues, who are USING this organization for their own selfish ends—when the Townsend plan is generally accepted as just another mirage on the desert of wishful thinking. THEY will not suffer,—they will land on their feet, and go on to other ways of gaining their various and sundry livelihoods.

But not so with the thousands and thousands of sincere and worthy men and women of advanced years who have accepted this alluring doctrine in good faith, and have become convinced that it is only a matter of a few months or perhaps a year, when their dreams will come true. Only sorrow and tragedy can be the result for them, and at a time of life when bitter disappointments are most difficult to withstand.

WE wish there were SOME way of rescuing them now,—showing them not in an atmosphere of hostility and contention, but in one of friendly reasoning and consideration, that this entire proposal is just one of those things that CAN'T be done. But we fear this is impossible. The proposal has passed from the mental to the emotional stage, it has long since ceased to be a matter of logic and come to be a matter of feeling,—intense, devout,—those who oppose it are accused of being either selfish or stupid; ONLY those who favor it, are credited with the vision to picture this new Promised Land.

Too bad! But as we see it Nature will have to take its course, the slow and painful process of ultimate enlightenment will have to go on.

This is the more deplorable for such a psychology only renders it more difficult to secure, what practically all right thinking people desire, a practical and feasible system of old age pensions, which will give the elderly and infirm, that security, freedom from suffering and want which they deserve; and which is the responsibility of modern civilization to provide. Were it not for the high and false hopes, aroused by the Townsend plan, there is little doubt Oregon today would have, at least an adequate system of old age pensions, a great step in advance would have been made, and in this state the problem would have been solved.

But the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was just too alluring, and that time honored fable of the dog that reached for the other bone, is repeated again.

So,—well—"Time marches on!"

Suspicious!

WE are too far away, and too unfamiliar with the facts, to pass final judgment on that sensational Liggett case in Minnesota, the first phase of which closed yesterday with the acquittal of Isadore (Kid Cann) Blumenfeld for the murder of the militant newspaper publisher, Walter Liggett. But from this distance it doesn't look good,—in fact it looks decidedly the reverse.

Entirely circumstantial of course, but we have always had our suspicions of defendants accused of murder, who upon acquittal, make such a terrific fuss over the jury that has freed them. Somehow it doesn't conform to the natural reactions of a person entirely innocent of a capital crime, whose arrest and trial had been a gross and complete miscarriage of justice!

Wouldn't such a person behave as if he had only received his just desserts, and walk out of the court room in a dignified and perhaps even a defiant manner? We think so.

But this Kid Cann.... ex-bootlegger, fixer and professional gunman, went to even greater extremes. Before the reading of the verdict had been completed, he started to weep on the shoulder of his lawyer, and his lawyer, did likewise on the shoulder of his client. At its conclusion he not only rushed forward to shake the hands of the jurors, but he kissed all the woman members, and then was swept out of the court room on the shoulders of his celebrating pals.

Yes an innocent man, by a combination of circumstances put on a hot spot, MIGHT do the same. But somehow, if Kid Cann were entirely innocent, we can't quite picture this as his normal reaction.

THE widow of the murdered editor, a pathetic figure in black, remarked the police had done nothing to aid the state, that her life had already been threatened, and gave herself about a month to live, should she try to continue the publication of her husband's paper.

Not an impartial witness. But Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Tribune is. Only a few hours before the verdict, he told a group of newspaper men in Chicago that not only Walter Liggett but Howard Ruliford, another Minneapolis publisher, had been killed with acquiescence of authorities in Minneapolis and Minnesota.

We don't believe a man of Colonel McCormick's standing and reputation would have made such a statement if he had no evidence to sustain it.

At any rate this much is CERTAIN; until the slayers of these two Minneapolis newspaper men, are apprehended, convicted and punished, to the full extent of the law, the authorities of that state will be under grave suspicion, and it will be difficult to avoid the conclusion, that there is today something extremely rotten in the state of Minnesota.

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.

UNDERWATER TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ARTHRITIS

For nearly 14 years Dr. Charles W. Lowman has been treating infantile paralysis with conspicuous success by underwater gymnastics. The more or less paralyzed patient is carried or helped into the water of a large pool, and the buoyancy of the water, which opposes gravity, seems to free the muscles and permit movements which are beyond the patient's power when not immersed. When desired the water is heated to a temperature of 98 or 99 degrees. That's precisely the internal temperature of the healthy body. Now a good many of you ninnies will think of course, the water has to be very warm so the patient won't take more rheumatism. Well, if you still think like that it is sheer waste of time for you to read things like this. You should go right back to the funny pictures and read 'em again — they're suited to your mentality.



In the pool may be hot enough to give the additional relaxing effect of hyperemia and to decrease muscle spasm. Both immersion and hyperemia combine to diminish pain on manipulation or passive movement in the water. Massage and passive movements or manipulation by a trained attendant under careful medical direction, are a valuable part of underwater therapy.

More recently, following the lead of Dr. Lowman, physicians have been adopting underwater treatment for other conditions than the disabilities remaining after poliomyelitis.

Underwater treatment of chronic arthritis proves particularly favorable. The water, I regret I must stop here to explain, is quite warm—the temperature of the pool is 98 or 99 degrees. That's precisely the internal temperature of the healthy body. Now a good many of you ninnies will think of course, the water has to be very warm so the patient won't take more rheumatism. Well, if you still think like that it is sheer waste of time for you to read things like this. You should go right back to the funny pictures and read 'em again — they're suited to your mentality.

The heat maintains continuous myo-permia during the treatment, aiding the buoyancy of the water in producing general relaxation, decreasing muscle spasm, and increasing the degree of motion of an affected joint without pain. It also brings more blood to the joint, stimulates nutrition of tissues, promotes removal of waste material (through lymph and circulation). The heat enables the

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—Sime Silverman's son, Syd, has become a sort of Man Nobody Knows in a world where life's major motif is personal three-sheeting. And in this shrinking obituaries has made his views felt in the theater, on the screen and on the radio. He's proved a surprise package. His father gave him Variety, the paper he founded several years before he passing. On sudden impulse ten minutes before going to press he went to the composing room and flew the boy's name at the masthead. It was in this way the next day the son learned of his proprietorship. Most people thought it a mere sentimental gesture—they were great. But Sime evidently had a premonition. The two were precise opposites. Sime rough and tumble with a flair for bombast. A hall fellow, a check snatcher and one of the best beloved rosters on Broadway.

The son, frail, shy, college bred seemed an incongruous successor. But Variety went right ahead, circulation increased and depression pay cuts were recently wiped out. Sime's faith was not misplaced. Young Silverman is happily married to the former Marie Saxon, dancer. So many who came newspapering rere and greatness, snooting and double dealing found Sime Silverman an anchor of strength and inspiration. He had been through the mill and knew how to take it—and come back for more. I remember writing him one day about a worry that seemed portentous. He wrote across the bottom: "Tuck this away

ELK'S CLUB DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT February 22nd ELK'S TEMPLE FOR ELKS AND INVITED GUESTS SEBASTIAN APOLLO'S MUSIC Admission \$1.00 Couple

and look at it six months from now and have a belly laugh." I did and did.

That was, of course, a variant of the small town philosopher—every village claims him—who stopped his whistling one dawn to yawn: "I've had lots of troubles in my time, but most of them never happened." Still a honey to remember when everything goes black.

Some analyst could write a magazine piece on the odd ways hunters for certain foods are destroyed. Laurence Stallings was once a lover of link sausage. On a battlefield one day he came upon a body. Clutched in a hand was a sausage the victim had been eating when killed. Stallings could never eat such meat again. Carot, the painter, loved wild game as food. One day a wounded wild duck fell on his farm, became domesticated and a great pet. Carot was never able to eat fowl of any kind.

On the grand boulevards near the Place Bastille I used to pass a epic boulangerie which displayed the most tempting cream puffs I ever beheld. They have been a favorite delicacy since the boyhood days of Mrs. Jenny's ice cream parlor. Somehow or other I was always in taxi or walking in a hurry when passing the place and never stopped. One Sunday morning I made a special trip to procure a batch for dinner. There was the same fresh display. Opening the door I tied a far-away bell. The proprietress appeared smiling. I bought a dozen but with no gusto, and on the way home dropped them in a refuse bin. Never after have I been able to eat cream puffs. The proprietress was heavily mustached!

Tableau: Legend has it that the most luxurious of night clubs, the House of Morgan, was erected by the devoted admirer of the starry-eyed Helen Morgan. And every night when she hops on the piano to sing he sits immobile in a darkened corner, listening to her lament, and when lights come on his eyes are always moist.

Talmudists: Sophie Tucker won the popularity vote conducted by a London newspaper for the best liked player America ever sent over... Paris, Mo., is to name a street for its local luminary, Martha Dean... Phil Baker, who used to be billed as "a bad boy from a good family," won't set foot out of his home now without his wife... Lawrence Tibbett would rather sing "Glorious Road" than any other song... Frank, of the Paris Ritz bar, is plotting a Park Avenue bistro.

From the Michigan Sagastuck: "Mc-

ARMY CONTINGENT TO EN CAMP HERE

Headquarters battery of the third field artillery brigade, Fort Lewis, Wash., will encamp in Medford, May 9, during a practice march that will include most of southern Oregon.

Maj. George R. Owens, commander of the Medford COC district, arranged today to accommodate the unit at the fairgrounds where COC headquarters detachment is stationed. The unit will also occupy a COC site during its stay at Crater Lake. The Jackson County Chamber of Commerce cooperated with Maj. Owens in making the arrangements.

Headquarters battery has a maximum enrollment of two officers and 60 men. It will start its practice march from Fort Lewis, May 5, traveling in ten transport motor trucks. It is a specialized communications unit and the purpose of the march is to test its mobility. It will be here a day and a night.

Advance plans for the march are being made by Herbert E. Robinson, staff sergeant, who was here today to confer with Maj. Owens and A. H. Banwell, manager of the chamber of commerce.

Feel sorry for Martha because she couldn't shop at ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S where Dresses, Coats and Hats are selling for \$1.00 to \$10.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

chest COLDS yield quicker to this direct VAPOR-POULTICE ACTION Just rub on VICKS VAPORUB ACTS TWO WAYS AT ONCE

SCHENLEY gives you top quality at low prices HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR FIFTY YEARS! SCHENLEY'S GOLDEN WEDDING BOURBON America's finest blend of straight whiskies \$1.10 PINT No. 260C \$2.15 QUART No. 260A It's ALL whiskey