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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Democratic nabobs from upstate were in our midst Monday, warning the faithful that Republican swings were busy plotting to nail the hide of Democracy to the barn door next November. This is not the reprehensible impudence, and lowdown crassness the visiting orators intimate. It has been the vogue since the founding of the republic. It was charged the "vested interests" are putting up the spongelocks for the fiendish unholy purpose, and the people were advised, if they know what is good for them, to rip the wires off the "vested interests." The further allegation was made: "No wonder Oregon was the forgotten state... No matter how Oregon was treated it was counted upon to vote Republican." This indicates the Republican party is now blamed for the shortcomings of the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

Students of the St. Helena, Ore., high school are on a strike, and it seems to be a severe case of spring fever, aggravated by parental indifference, and the notion of the school board that it is running the schools. If and when a School Strike Defense Fund dance is proposed, a course in junction to prohibit should be waiting.

NTH DEGREE NEUTRALITY (Oregon Voter)

If we resided in his district, and he and Mott were the major party nominees, we would vote for Mott—which is not saying much for Stringer, and is not saying much for Mott.

People continue to manifest great interest in the finding of lamb's tongues, trilliums, and the old-fashioned \$20 gold pieces.

EATS BEEFSTEAK AFTER 30 YEARS (Pat. Med. Ad.)—It wasn't a very tough one.

Nelson Eddy, the film baritone, is coming to the G. Hunt magic lantern show soon, causing feminine hearts, city and country, to go pitty-pat, and jump around as they have not done in some time.

"There might be cause for worry over the national debt if there was any likelihood that it would ever be paid. This country has been in debt ever since Columbus borrowed money to discover it."—(Thomson (Ga.) Times)—Another fond fear squelched.

A wagon with a creaking whiffletree became embroiled in the Main Street traffic yesterday, and was enered at by 400 auto horns.

F. Bybee, the Jville seer, has a flock of sheep in his meadow. They have not yet acted like a bunch of humans.

The report that a political bee was buzzing, turned out to be a political humbug bumbling.

Sturdy citizens of the nation, imitating Walter Johnson, famed pitcher of another day, who threw double across the Hapsburg neck recently, have started seeing how far they can throw one, and getting their names in the papers. An Idahoan heaved one 458 feet. What does it profit a man to throw a dollar 458 feet, and not be there to put his foot on it, when it lands.

HAPPY ENDING ITEM (Muddy Creek (Ore.) Items)

Robert C. Jones, principal of Muddy Creek school, was the victim of a practical joker one night last week. He was informed over the phone that his fiancée, Miss Madeline Lindberg, primary teacher, had been injured. He rushed to her home only to find that she was quite all right and ready for a pleasant evening.

These are the days when the long-legged forwards of championship basketball teams are lauded like they had departed this vale of tears, or were nominated for the legislature.

The song of the lawn-mower and the rusting of its motive power is again heard in the residential areas.

John Nowe. Are you a member of Ernest B. Hoffmann's HOFFMANN CLUB?

Buckingham's Ice Cream, Candy & Party Specials, 120 West 230 S. & 4th

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 9.—War in Europe within two weeks! This was the somewhat startling prediction of a Dr. Frederick Roman over in Pasadena last night. The doctor's subject was "How to Make Democracy Secure." Rather a large order, but not too large for the self confident speaker and well known conductor of the Roman Forum. And the prediction was also made this country will be involved in this war, just as it was in the last one. All in all, rather a depressing evening.

Judging by the applause and fervent "amens" with which Dr. Roman's remarks were greeted by the congregation at the Methodist church he is a very popular speaker in Pasadena. It would hardly be fair to term him a cross between the late Billy Sunday and the late Huey Long, for he is no pulpit thumper, but certain features of the Sunday-Long political programs, have been appropriated by Dr. Roman. He apparently believes in a redistribution of wealth, the return of national prohibition and also war against the cigarette. He was particularly incensed over the report that Mrs. Kahn, congresswoman from California, and Mrs. Greenway from Arizona (the speaker insisted upon identifying her with New England) at a recent costume ball in Washington, D. C., appeared as CIGARETTE girls. He sees nothing short of the downfall of the republic when such goings-on are sanctioned, within hailing distance of the White House!

In short there can be no security for American Democracy, until the 18th amendment is reinstated, women stop smoking, and 15,000 people in this country allowed a net income of over \$200,000 a year, are reduced to a maximum income of around \$10,000, etc., etc. J. P. Morgan also came in for some pretty severe sarcasm.

On one count however we agreed with the speaker. He deplored public apathy and indifference, regarding the pressing political, economic and social problems of the day, and closed by maintaining, the form of our government was not nearly as important as the attitude of the people toward it. The only hope for our Democracy lies in an aroused organized and aggressive citizenship—unless in some way the people of this country are awakened to the necessity of asserting themselves and through the ballot box and a more enlightened public opinion, CONTROLLING THEIR OWN AFFAIRS, this free Democracy will go the way of others, and the people will have only themselves to blame. That, we believe, is entirely correct. But such a desirable consummation would, we believe, retard not advance the effort to again inculcate morals by mandatory statute.

Just as we were boarding the car for Los Angeles, ran into Phil Lounsbury, former circulation manager of the Mail Tribune, who had also spent the day in Pasadena and was returning to his present home in Culver City. He had come over in his car, but the machine had broken down. Phil is now salesman for a bakery company, and reports business excellent. His wife is employed by Ham Patton, who a few years ago established a Home Loan company in Pasadena, which accounted for his week end visit. This business too Phil reported as flourishing. In fact Phil maintains conditions in this part of California are improving by leaps and bounds and the pendulum that swung away from Roosevelt he now believes is swinging back to him. Like all ex-Medfordites Phil wanted to learn all the latest news. He said he recently saw Heine Fluhrer and Max Peirce who flew down in Heine's plane. No doubt Heine came down here to buy a new chicken hound!

According to the newspapers, the Dionne quintuplets are still packing them in the aisles. Ran into a clever woman yesterday, who had just seen the film the day before, and agreed with us, that just a few changes, would have made the Country Doctor a really great picture. She expressed it somewhat as follows:

"A little less humor in CERTAIN portions and a little more humor in OTHERS, would have made all the difference in the world. It was a mistake, for example, to have Jean Herscholt, as the doctor, take this extraordinary occasion with sentimental seriousness,—tell the dumfounded and uncomprehending father, to go to his wife and tell her, how DELIGHTED he was,—(to have a DOZEN children when the day before he had only SEVEN!) No doctor with sense, much less a sense of humor, would have treated such an event, in this conventional and stereotyped fashion. Whatever he would have said, would have been said with a SMILE. This heavy handed treatment made the entire affair slightly ludicrous, not real or appealing. On the other hand, connecting the event with the ancient cliché of inebriety, went too far in the other direction,—and made what should have been dramatic and impressive, just farce,—and decidedly clumsy farce! However the quint is were just too adorable, and before they close in Los Angeles I am certainly going to see them again."

Speaking of ex-Medfordites, had the pleasure recently of dining with the Ben Sheldons and their most attractive children,—Barbara, David and Abbot—certainly three eloquent testimonials to the health giving properties of the California climate! No ex-Medfordites follow events in Medford and southern Oregon more closely than Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, nor with keener interest. Which is natural for Ben represented Jackson county in the state legislature for two or three terms, and still has extensive property interests in the valley.

After several days of cold damp fog, the sun is shining again but we are planning to leave it and take an excursion up in the mountains near San Jacinto and see if we can't find a golf ball.

Congratulations to Gene Thorndike on being made manager of the First National. Even heartier congratulations to the First National!

R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 11.—A distinguished observer of public reaction to foibles declared at Town Hall that no doo-dad of personal adornment was so provocative as the bang.

The demi-monde of France recognized this for years. So much so the bang is the professional badge of the giglette. In America, of course, the bang does not suffer from such a stigma. But that it has distinguished those who affect it is certain. A Helen Morgan without her wistly tassel is unthinkable. And this applies in similar fashion to Irene Bonhoefer.

Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins touched off a bang craze not so long ago so devastating that in one of the largest five and ten-cent stores there was not a sales girl without a bang. Too, Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young added to the furore.



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. Only 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.

B & M CLUB HAS NO BOUNCERS

In the Bread and Milk Club of a Monday you never notice any powerful gents moving about by themselves eyeing guests who may be a bit gayer or more boisterous than the rest. Where there is no booze there are no bouncers.



If you are subject to "indigestion," "biliousness," "autointoxication," "uncomfortable fullness and dullness after eating, and other complaints too glibly to mention here where everybody can read, send a stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for By-Laws of the Bread and Milk Club. If the rules and regulations strike you as being desirable for a gink in your condition, why, come on in. All it costs is a reasonable amount of will power. As a member you must subsist on an exclusive bread and milk ration each Monday—meals at three-hour intervals from rising in the morning to retiring at night, and a meal once in the night if you like. A meal is a glass of milk with a cracker or a thin slice of bread or toast, the bread to be nibbled and masticated slowly, the milk to be sipped and swallowed slowly.

The whole thing is just a scheme to teach you the health value of temperance. In the B. & M. Club we recognize three grades of milk, namely, Certified Milk, Grade A Raw from tuberculin-tested herds, and just milk which you yourself make safe by scalding—that is, boiling it for one minute only. We do NOT recognize pasteurized milk. If you're sick, the by-laws of the B. & M. say, keep out. If you're just scared, come on in. That means we do not welcome invalids—unless they come with a reference from their own physician. The club caters rather to amateurs who have collected only a few minor symptoms, slight functional disturbances, the makings of organic maladies. Mondays members give their metabolism a chance to catch up. If an arbitrary 100 be taken as the level or degree of perfect health, the great majority of us who consider ourselves well run along somewhere between 70 and 85. Go on a binge or indulge in an orgy of dissipation and your vitality line drops to 50 or lower for a while. If some intercurrent illness. There used to be a stereotyper in East Liverpool, O., who carried a buckeye in his pocket to ward off rheumatism. One winter he lost it and came to the newspaper shop in distress. He did not know where to find another. In two days' time he was in bed with muscular rheumatism. Another buckeye and he was well.

The ghostly mannequin House in Central Park South, the new petticoat lane and promenade for stage and radio folk, continues its depression group. An oyster white modernistic mirage of sleeping towers, it was nearing finishing touches when everything went black. Rain and melting snow now leak through its vast interior and nothing is untouched by decay. Only one other deserted apic sheds a thicker gloom and that is the unfinished structure on West End avenue at 72nd street. Both suggest "hants." Boo!

A winding line in this column followed a seasonal hike to California nine years ago. It read: "Broadway will never take to the cafeteria like Los Angeles." Today the cafeteria predominates in the city's low-priced eating places. Even large hotels, seeing enormous dining rooms empty and patrons flocking to lunchrooms nearby, have installed self-serving niches under different names and in two instances the intake is larger than that of the hotels. Such important names as Jule Bacher, Comie Nast and Theodore Dreiser are occasionally cafeteria-conscious.

Then we have an over-abundance of those Frenchified piano box places with cutely tricked up silver, blood red or anony fronts bearing such partnerships as Estelle and Leon, Armand and Yvonne, etc. A strolling guitarist or accordionist in velvet blouse and laced pants plays softly. The food is served showily from blue flamed pots and pans. You next table neighbor may be Phillip Merivale. Or Helen Hayes. Or other big-gitties escaping the rabble, dear, dear, in high-priced luxury.

A movie director in Brooklyn working on a short with Ernest Thruax sent a hurried call to the Lamb for six bald-headed men. A scout went immediately to the card room and conveyed the message in almost a whisper. Instantly six actors snatched off their toupees.

Building presidential aspirants who have their eyes on 1940 should consult Congressman Delaney of Brooklyn. He has dug up the theory that it will be a bad year of a continuation of 20-year cycles which have struck down white occupants since 1840. President Harrison was elected in 1840 and died in office, and the same thing happened to Lincoln, elected in 1860; Garfield, in 1880; McKinley, in 1900, and Harding in 1920.

Both come from the tobacco country. The idea, of course, was to impress congress with what a fine program Mr. Roosevelt had by citing frightful alternatives.

Note—Executive branch of the government went equally far in developing pressure on the senate side, while house representatives sought to force

Head for the U.S. GRANT Exposition. Plan to stay awhile when you visit the New Exposition... There's much to see in San Diego. RATES \$2 to \$350. Garage, COFFEE SHOP.

News Behind The News. (Continued from Page One.) Both come from the tobacco country. The idea, of course, was to impress congress with what a fine program Mr. Roosevelt had by citing frightful alternatives. Note—Executive branch of the government went equally far in developing pressure on the senate side, while house representatives sought to force

Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

GERMANY (which now is Hitler) sends troops to the Rhine.

Immediately, all Europe begins to hum like a nest of angry hornets. France and Belgium cancel all army leaves, and France begins to pour war strength garrisons into her great ring of steel and concrete fortifications along the German frontier.

In London, which is farther from the immediate center of trouble, parliament hums with activity and argument.

TWO days ago, Ethiopia held the spotlight on the world's war stage. Today Ethiopia is FORGOTTEN; as if it never existed.

Thus swiftly can great events change in this modern world, where communications have become instantaneous.

WHY all the excitement?

Well, it's this way: Suppose you and your neighbors had had a fight, and you had been LICKED, and a line had been drawn between your house and theirs and you had been told to STAY AWAY from that line or else! Suppose, while you were healing up your wounds and getting back your strength, you DID stay away from the line, quite carefully.

During this time, you see, there would be PEACE, because your neighbors would have what they wanted, and you would be too weak to do anything about it.

THEN, with your wounds healed and your strength pretty well back, suppose you strode suddenly and dramatically out of your house some day, roaring threats and beating your chest, and walked truculently up to the forbidden line and thumbed your nose at your hitherto victorious and uppity neighbors, and called them names, and then placed a chip on your shoulder and pointed ostentatiously to it, and by pantomime dared them to come out and knock it off.

What would happen?

Why, there would probably be a ruckus in that neighborhood, unless somebody backed down.

ALL this is exactly what has happened in Europe. Germany, beaten in the world war, was humbly told to stay away from the Rhine, and during the years when she was weak and helpless, licking her wounds and getting madder and madder every day, she DID stay away from the Rhine. She HAD to.

Now her wounds are healed, she has got back the gun and the club that were taken away from her. Her strength has so far returned that she feels able to take care of herself in a ruckus state.

So Germany (which now is Hitler) beats on her knife, seizes her gun, walks over to the forbidden line, says to her onlooking and formerly victorious neighbors:

"Well, you ————!!!!"; here

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 11, 1926 (It was Thursday) Medford high to play Grant high of Port and tonight in state basketball tournament at Salem. Entire city is agog over athletic event.

Shrine ceremonial to be held at Ashland Saturday. Ted Thye throws Al Karasick two out of three falls in Portland wrestling match.

Secretary of Treasury Mellon subject of bitter attack in congress for denunciation of "Democratic raids on treasury." Senator Stanfield's bill for grant Oregon counties refund on O.-C. lands taxes to be given a hearing in senate.

Price of eggs increases over nation. Judge W. N. Gatens scores "hypocrisy of politicians who talk dry and drink wet."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 11, 1916 (It was Saturday) Steel for the street car tracks across the Main street crossing of the Espee arrives and force of men installing same, in the presence of a constant crowd of 100.

Harvey Richardson of Agate was through here last week in the interest of his telephone line. He was all "wrought up" over a case in Virginia where a man was fined for digging his potatoes on Sunday.—(Table Rock Tablets).

City police plan war on reckless jitney drivers. William S. Hart in "The Disciple," at the Page: "The Broken Handle of the Silver Dagger," at the Star.

General Pershing ready to lead American troops across Mexican border in pursuit of Bandit Villa. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

WASHINGTON, March 11. — (P) — Senator McNary (R-Ore.) has introduced a bill to authorize a war department preliminary examination of the Salmon river in Oregon, with a view to control of floods.

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Dealers In— INVESTMENT SECURITIES California Oregon Power Co. Preferreds Jackson County Building and Loan BOUGHT — SOLD — QUOTED

Spring Adrienne Returned today from a six weeks' buying trip to the style centers of the Pacific Coast. Adrienne made personal selections from the cream of all the best manufacturer's lines in the United States. You are cordially invited to inspect Adrienne's stock, which you will find to be the most complete, the very latest in style and the best in quality! Now is the time to make your Easter Selections at Adrienne's "Where you pay the same and dress better."