

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Ferry.
Giddy co-eds of many colleges, who last week formed, while in a slurring mood, "The Gold Star Mothers of Future Wars," paid high compliment to themselves. Far more apt is the type, to be the most persistent dancers with the Second Lieutenants of Future Wars.

Enforcement of the smoke ordinance of the city of Portland, threatened to drive from the metropolitan midst, the largest furniture factory in the land, and a \$1,000,000 per year payroll. Who can recall, when the establishment of a sawmill in the north end of this burg, would fill the air with fine sawdust, and make the growing of roses impossible.

Opposition has developed to bartenders asking a youth in, in order to avoid serving a minor, and for legal protection. This brings up a ticklish issue. There have been white-coated bartenders, so youthful appearing, patrons were tempted to ask when they would be out of high school.

It begins to look like March would go out like a lion, or in good imitation, thereof. Conditions are favorable for the ruination of the potato crop, to the point, where there won't be enough refrigerator cars to haul it to market next fall.

"LEPERS ARE STRICKEN WITH DREAD MALARIA" (Hedline Eugene News). The lesser evil stressed.

Steps are underway to make "the Townsend Old Age Pension plan" perfect. As now constructed, all candidates seeking office, as supporters of the plan can't be elected.

The president thinks that there have been too many Roosevelts in the navy department. And, curiously enough, some think the same thing about the White House. (Boston Transcript). The dirtiest dig of last week.

An Oregonian paragrapher attributes the proposal to add 15 letters to the alphabet to an Oregon professor, when it was the brain product of the resident of another state thinks of a fool notion first, he should be given credit.

A 14-year old Salem boy shot and killed a 13-year old boy in a trivial dispute over a bicycle. The sermon for parents is contained in this one brief sentence of the press dispatch: "Both boys were carrying .22 rifles at the time of the tragedy."

OF MY COUNTRYMEN! (Congressional Record)
As against all of this, the price of cheese dropped 3 cents in January. "Have the constitution." "We are flooded with imports." "Labor is being pauperized." "The red flag of Moscow is supplanting the Stars and Stripes." "Free trade is here." "We are bankrupt." "Our liberty is gone." So is your old man. (Applause).

An auto with three headlights was mistaken for a playful bolt of lightning last night by highway travelers.

Starting political meddling by the Governor of New Jersey, a week of life remains for Bruno Hauptmann, convicted kidnapper and slayer of the Lindbergh babe. The guilt of the alien criminal, who sneaked into America, to continue his evil ways, has been established beyond reasonable doubt. Nevertheless, agitation in his behalf has been so clever, and the chief executive so weak, the foul murderer has received one reprieve, and may get another. It is all a travesty on American justice. It is also not complimentary to the primary election system, by which a political walking rose to a high executive office.

Factory style workmanship thoroughly guaranteed. Your watch or jewelry repairing receives my personal attention. Fred W. Johnson.
2 PHOTOS 10c. Peasey's Studio.

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 writing 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.

LONGSOME BUSINESS ACKNOWLEDGING THE CORN

Letter bearing a feminine signature: "I am glad to see that as you grow older you grow milder, less sarcastic, and you acknowledge that you make a mistake once in a while, the same as the rest of us."
Can't resist the impulse to deny the allegation. If I admit less sarcastic it must be because the editors keep closer watch over my stuff nowadays.

"I see that you have lately acknowledged that some rupture cases can be cured by wearing a felt filled truss. I know by experience that a good truss cured a bad case of rupture in a member of my own family. Now I am hoping that you will some time find out that olive oil rubbed on the skin can be absorbed."

Tut, tut, Ma'am, that's carrying the mellowing too far. I acknowledge that I was wrong in my belief that nothing but radical operation would cure rupture (hernia, breach). Not until I saw hernias cured by ambulatory treatment—a series of weekly injections of medicine given by the physician in his office—could I change by opinion about that. In this column at least 15 years ago I said a cure of some small recent hernias might be achieved by suitable exercises taken while the hernia is carefully supported with the hand. The wearing of a well fitted supporter or truss or belt to prevent protrusion of the hernia always tends to promote cure. The wearing of a truss alone seldom cures hernia, however.

I do wish the editors would not over this copy long enough to let me ally across a wee bit of sarcasm concerning the notion that olive oil, or anything else, is absorbed through the skin.

Sarcasm, by the way, connotes intent to wound the feelings. If that be true, and I have Webster's word for it, then I plead not guilty, for I never divulge the identity of my respondent, no personal application can be drawn from what I say here and anyway I'll stand a great deal rather than hurt anybody's feelings. What some casual readers mistake for sarcasm is really scientific assurance. It is not sarcastic nor even irrelevant for me to say that in the light of modern science many of those queer notions are wrong. It would not matter, perhaps, if the wrong notion were harmless, but when it seems to be an impediment to good health or hygiene, then I feel it is my duty to brand it in unequivocal school.

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NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 24.—Johnny Horgan, probably the best known hotelier in the middle west, is duplicating his luck yonder.

Talk continues that well meaning friends are still trying to snap Henry L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan out of their year or so of seclusion. Today, even those who could afford him, would not take the chance of rickling boots or maybe worse for such display.

Once sat across desk from an overlord, with whom I also roomed, who had spells of ignoring me completely. Day after day I suffered acute humiliation from one I knew had even less ability than I. But I was young, just married and desperately afraid of losing my job.

Nothing is so destructive as swollen rage that finds no outlet. A question of right is the thing. A thunder storm brings out the sun. Mencken and Nathan with a toe to toe slugging might become buddies again.

Arthur William Brown, the illustrator, who introduced blue collared shirts and the canary yellow tie, appeared at a Dutch Treat luncheon recently with something else again. This time a shirt creation of enormous box car checks. "When Brownie decides to go gay," murmured Jim Flagg, "he doesn't fool around."

And the final relic of New York's hotelism, expressed in a cordial Mine Host, high ceiled rooms and an evening gathering in the lobby of "real ladies and gentlemen" is shortly to join the limbo of fading memories. The ancient Murray Hill is to be converted. The passing of the proprietor, Ben Bates, who kept it as was for sentimental reasons brought new ownership, new blood and new ideas. It was the only hotel I've ever known whose age increased its dignity.

Add radio gins! An announcer in introducing Nicholas Murray Butler said: "And now you will hear the address of the Honorable Nicholas Murray (pause)—Butler of Columbia University."

Tough life vignette: I dropped in with Henry Evans on one of his man-about-town bachelor friends in Beekman Place area the other afternoon. In real life he suggested those next day after a night out interludes that Ronald Colman might indulge on the screen. It was 4:30 and he was arrayed in a light tan whipcord dressing gown with a just so monogrammed pink muffer effect and patent leather Russian shoe boots. And sunk deep in a capacious leather chair. A labourer-ette at his right, hand holding a decanter, glasses, cigarettes and a lighter. "I am trying to remember," he explained in perplexity, "if I

had breakfast before rounding in this morning. At my age, you know, one has to guard against weight, and I feel hungry."

And then there's the uniformed footman who sat beside the Hartman, Vanderbilt, Astor et al chauffeur so stiffly in the Golden Era to worry about. He has completely vanished. His job was solely opening limousine doors, a symbol of either blue bloods at the opera or nouveau riche at first nights. He was likely the most unnecessary of blue ornaments. Today, even those who could afford him, would not take the chance of rickling boots or maybe worse for such display.

2 PHOTOS 10c. Peasey's Studio.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OVER in Klamath Falls, they're tearing down the old Brick Store. This old Brick Store, in its day, was so typical of conditions that existed in this western country of ours that some brief story of it, together with some of the sidelights accompanying its history and its methods, may be found of more than passing interest on this side of the mountains.

THE Brick Store, in its day, was more than a business establishment. It was an INSTITUTION. Its owners were merchants, bankers, brokers and business advisers for their community. Over their counters, they sold to the people of this area whatever was needed, and in addition they found markets for the country's products and acted as bankers in the financing of its varied enterprises.

ITS owners were men of shrewd, sound business judgment, and their first purpose was to make a fair profit for themselves out of their activities; but they were men of vision who realized that unless the country as a whole prospered they could not prosper. They were leaders in the affairs of their day, and their advice was widely sought and generally followed.

Many of the people in this southern Oregon country who today are comfortably well off owe their start to the sound advice and wise guidance their affairs received from the owners of the Brick Store.

Communities with leadership like that are fortunate.

IN tearing down the old Brick Store, several bundles of letters and postal cards were found. (It is interesting, incidentally, to note that postal cards predominated. People of that day were not prolific letter writers, and a postal card seemed to provide about the right space.) These old letters and postals tell a story of their own.

On May 14, 1897, John Shook wrote from Dairy: "If convenient, I wish you would send \$25, as he is expecting some money to pay his bills at Eugene. Send the money to Eugene, Oregon."

The money was sent. The Brick Store, you see, was more than just a store. It was banker as well as merchant for its community. Whatever the needs of its people were, it took care of them.

FROM Steel Swamp, down in California, on December 10, 1897, A. J. Jackson wrote to the Brick Store: "Please send 2 lbs. citron, 3 lbs. currants and obliges."

It was December 10, you see, and Christmas was just in the offing. One can imagine that there was fruit cake down in Steel Swamp that year.

FROM Royston, Oregon, dated in early December, 1896, came a postal card bearing this message: "Please send by return stage, if possible, a pair of boys' strong leather boots, full stock kip, size 2. Send price, and money will be sent by return stage."

"Boys' strong leather boots, size 2." Do you reckon the boy they were intended for had an inkling they were coming? And, if so, don't you reckon the days before Christmas were long beyond belief?

You'll know all about it if you happened to live back in the 90's and your heart bled for a pair of boots, size 2.

A LATER postcard, also from Royston, Oregon, follows. It reads: "The No. 2 boots proved to be too big. Will you please exchange them for a pair of No. 1's? Would like them with copper toes, if you have them."

POOR KID! His boots were too big, and had to be sent back, and he had to wait the CENTURIES and CENTURIES that must elapse before the new ones came.

This writer, at a tender age, became likewise the possessor of a pair of copper-toed boots, but, alas! when they came one was a No. 2 and the other a No. 1, and the town was a long, long way off, and the roads were hub-deep in mud. We protested earnestly, even fervently, that a boot of one size for one foot and of another size for the other was "the Baron of Jekyll Island," but way we liked boots; that, in fact, we could hardly bear to think of having them any other way.

But parents were firm, and the boots had to go back, and the time intervening between when they were sent back and the new ones finally arrived can only be calculated in terms of geologic periods.

When a small boy is waiting for something he wants very badly indeed, time walks with leaden feet.

THE point to be made here is that the Brick Store took back the No. 2 boots and returned the No. 1's, copper toes and all, and happiness

prevailed in Royston when the package arrived.

OBSERVING what goes on about us today, it's a little hard to realize that so short a time back as the late '90's a pair of copper-toed boots could bring so much joy. But they DID.

We hear a lot of talk about the world slipping backward toward the dark ages, instead of going forward steadily toward something better and constantly better, but if we are as smart as we ought to be we won't believe too much of it.

It has gone a long way since the '90's, and the little enough that ordinary people have now is BIG as compared with what they had then.

Communications

If They're Sincere
To the Editor:
I see by the papers that there is an organization being formed by college students called "The Veterans of Future Wars."

If they are sincere in forming this organization it works in line with the preparedness program of the United States, for in order to fight a future war you need to be prepared. We rushed into the last war without preparation and suffered an awful toll of life by so doing; so let us profit from this experience and be prepared.

I would suggest that the by-laws of the organization make it mandatory that each member of the organization join a national guard company, attend a reserve officers' training school or request the college they attend to establish compulsory military training. By so doing, each member will be able to enter the next war fully trained and able to give a good account of himself.

I. D. CAMPFIELD.
March 23, 1936.

Cause For Thanks

To the Editor:
Did you ever stop to think what the people here in Rogue river valley had to be thankful for, while at times the weather (especially the fog) is trying on our nerves—and is not just to our taste.

How far would your nerves take you—back in the flood area of the east tonight? Of your savings of a life-time—swept away in a moment—and probably some loved one along with it; maybe a father in his desperate efforts to save some loved one.

The damage done there will take years to repair. If it is ever done. Thousands without homes with nothing but water and destruction on all sides. As for those people who have been suffering from cold and severe weather conditions for the last four months—what do you suppose their feelings and thoughts for the future are tonight?

We should be more than thankful that we live in Rogue river valley, Oregon. And still we hear discontent talked on every side. At no time in history, has there ever been a miniature disaster recorded here and that is something that we should be proud of—don't you think so, I do.

P. J. KIRKPATRICK.
Star Route, Box 57.
March 23, 1936.

Warning To Congress

To the Editor:
In a letter received today from Dr. J. C. Evans, assistant superintendent of the state hospital at Salem, Ore., is stated that the two institutions, located at Pendleton and Salem, were growing at the rate of 100 patients per year. He adds that "insanity in this country is increasing and will continue so until society evolves a sensible workable plan wherein the source of supply of these unstable people can be cut off. Personally, I believe this can be brought about by suitable eugenic laws and by tightening up our lax marriage laws."

This seems to me to be a very intelligent and humane declaration on the part of Dr. Evans, who speaks from long study and experience of the subject.

However, this does not present every aspect of the situation, as it does not include the vast toll of suicide, the greater proportion of which is caused by the discouragement of the times. From Jackson County, Oregon, there have been old people sent to our state hospital, whose minds have failed because of lack of nutrition, and who have had their minds restored after receiving proper food and care. This statement was made by Commissioner Coleman, before a meeting of a Townsend club in Medford.

The senior citizens of America are determined to give the Townsend plan a fair trial, and they are equally determined to place men in congress who will no longer misrepresent them. Those who desire to form the personnel of our next congress, should ponder well the significance of these facts and read aught the decree of a people as it is blazoned across the political map of the United States.

ABRIEL BURTON POMEROY.
Exonerate Youth In Salem Tragedy
SALEM, March 24.—(AP)—Bud Erpsiding, 18, a bullet from whose rifle killed his companion Ralph Schwiegert, 14, Sunday afternoon, was released by the district attorney's office late yesterday. No charges were filed.

Erpsiding discharged his rifle when Schwiegert started to ride off on the town's bicycle. He said he meant to shoot over the other lad's head but

DETROIT STRIKE LEADERS JAILED



Ten participants in strike violence were arrested in Detroit, Mich., including several members of the Automotive Industrial Workers' Association strike committee. Several strikers are shown being taken to headquarters after police drove the crowd back after it had attempted to storm the gates of a plant in a demonstration. (Associated Press Photo)

Three autoists fined for leaving their cars parked in middle of street while they shopped.

Motorists warned they face arrest unless 1926 license plates are on cars by April 1.

Twenty million autos now operating in America.

Federal road is sought for building road from Roseburg to Diamond Lake.

Prince of Wales has carache and is prevented from attending national sleepless race.

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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 24, 1926
(It was Wednesday)
Mercury drops to 29.5 degrees and a heavy smudging occurs in valley orchards.

Fred K. Stelwer, candidate for U. S. Senate, visits city and valley.

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1-MINUTE SAFETY TALKS

By Don Herold



Some Los Angeles policemen recently broke a lot of traffic laws to see if it pays... by the clock. It doesn't.

They put on one of the wildest and most interesting automobile races ever staged anywhere. It was a 12-mile race between two cars over city streets THROUGH TRAFFIC.

One car ignored all traffic regulations—cheated, sneaked, took chances. The other car played fair—observed all rules, drove carefully.

The first car ran past stop lights, stole around street cars, ducked in and out of traffic lines. The first car completed the 12-

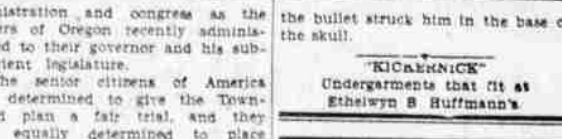
mile trip ONLY THREE MINUTES ahead of the car that drove carefully and observed all traffic regulations—a gain of only 15 seconds per mile.

This was a remarkable demonstration of how little it gets us to drive crazy.

The reckless driver has a nervous excitement which he mistakes for getting places quickly. He's just kidding himself.

Drive recklessly and illegally and endanger your own life and that of many other people, including children, and you gain a measly 15 seconds per mile. It's hardly worth while, is it?

JACKSON COUNTY AVERAGE CASH FARM INCOME 1926...1930



AVERAGE CASH FARM INCOME \$14,955,000.00
Q&C. EXTENSION SERVICE

ministration and congress as the voters of Oregon recently administered to their governor and his subsequent legislature.

The senior citizens of America are determined to give the Townsend plan a fair trial, and they are equally determined to place men in congress who will no longer misrepresent them. Those who desire to form the personnel of our next congress, should ponder well the significance of these facts and read aught the decree of a people as it is blazoned across the political map of the United States.

ABRIEL BURTON POMEROY.



(Continued from Page One.)

gible than a supernatural alliance behind the flood going democratic, and there was.

The true story seems to be that Mr. Roosevelt's publicity advisers became excited about the president vacillating while the flood was on. There was really not much that Mr. Roosevelt could do here except to have his picture taken inspecting the Potomac, which he did. Most routine details were cleared up that first day, but, by that time, the flood was worse and the publicity adviser insisted on a second and third delay.

During this time it was discovered that among the routine allotments made for WPA, Mr. Roosevelt had designated \$18,411,693 for flood work on February 29. Then, everyone thought that the vast amount of ice and snow which had accumulated during the severe winter would cause a flood when it melted within a few days. It didn't.

But when the unexpected flood came along more than two weeks later, the White House publicity man had an inspirational flash of genius. Acts of providence or of anyone else may provide excellent material in a campaign year. The adviser made the claim and stuck to it, although he has been subjected to heavy joshing by some of his closest friends.

Some of the most influential new dealers in the turned against the presidential tax program, as originally submitted. They contended that treasury authorities gave the matter insufficient consideration. Daily they are discovering additional flaws.

More than one has become nettled because the plan would not allow a corporation anything for debt retirement. This would mean that a corporation in bankruptcy could never get out, no matter how much it earned.

Most ineptest packing job around here lately was that performed on the senate expenditure committee for the WPA investigation. It was done ostensibly by Floor Leader Robinson, but vice-president Garner had a backstage hand in it. Arbitrarily, they added their two good, trusted pals, senators Barkley and Pittman, to the committee. This gives them a 5 to 2 committee majority. They needed that additional majority to see that the investigation does not become too inquisitive about WPA in a campaign year.

The boys reported they were undecided whether to start the inquiry the day after election, or whether to turn it into a bally-hoo to advertise the accomplishments of WPA. They will do the latter.

"KICKERICK"
Undergarments that fit as Ethelwyn B. Ruffmann's.

Does Casey Blush? Does Dolly Weep? "The GAY 90's" DON'T REGRET YOU MISSED IT TONITE Medford's Finest and Funniest Benefit Underprivileged Children Auspices Kiwanis Club Tickets at Heath's and West Side Pharmacy High School Auditorium, Mar. 24, 8:00 P. M.