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Ye Smudge Pot

Dr. Alexis Carrel, Nobel prize winner, claims "Mankind is breaking down." This should be interesting, if not cheering news. Millions who are "broken" are not, but rapidly getting that way.
The hitting by the area board of the Townsend forces of Oregon of a home of self-starting political opportunists, is a matter of deep regret among voters past 21 and not yet 60.

The life of a party strayed down town late last night wearing a lamphade. He was a big success, and the owner of the lamphade tried to act like she was not mad.

"BORAH PREPARES FOR ANOTHER BLOW"—(Hittite Red Bull News)—Crude but accurate description of a speech.

Farmers said one-fourth of the Texas county wheat crop had blown away, leaving but 25 per cent of the crop.—(Press Dispatch).—Higher mathematics down on the farm.

Oratorical construction of a railroad to the coast has been resumed, and will continue as long as the lead pencils hold out.

It is to be hoped the proposed WPA history of Jackson county does not fall to record two classical happenings. They are worthy of mention. One was the time an Applegate hunter shinned up a sapling to escape being shot for a deer, and was knocked from his perch for a bear, and suffering from a shoulder wound. The other historic occasion occurred when hysterical ruled, and the Truth was embattled. A citizen, advised that blatant demagogues were lying to him, from every stump and platform, replied with blistering logic: "Sure, I know they're lying, but I'm tired of believing the truth, and want to hear no more of it!"

Both were masterpieces of their kind and should be preserved for the future.

ON A FROSTY MORN (Soon to Be)
Come all you smudgers and I'll sing to you
A story about the Bear Creek smudging crew

On a frosty night with a torch in your hand
You've got to go some to be a smudging man.
The thermometer hangs on an old pear tree.
Everything safe while at thirty-three.
But when it drops down just two degrees lower
You'll hear Lowry call at the bunk house door:

"Come on, boys, you've got to hurry. Come on, boys, you cannot wait. Come on, boys, you've got to hurry. The thermometer is now at 28."

Turn on your light with an awful groan.
You can tell there's something doing, by Lowry's face.
Put on clothes that you cannot sell, 'cause you've got to get ready for to burn that oil.

"Look at your thermometer as you go. Light every other pot in every other row. And when you've made the circuit Double back to No. 4. And if it's still freezing, light up some more."

"Come on, boys, you'll have in hurry. Come on, boys, lose no time. Come on, boys, you'll have to hurry. The thermometer's now at 29."

Buckingham's Ice Cream, Candy & Pastry Specials, The Great 290 & Cecil.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN DIEGO, Calif., March 23.—After regular exercise at Soboba, we didn't relish the idea of spending five hours on a bus with no outdoor activity. But while the outdoors was lacking there was plenty of activity. In fact that Hemet bus running to Riverside was better muscular exercise than the late President Coolidge's electric horse. How that old rattle-trap flew over that winding narrow road up hill and down dale, with the five or six passengers rattling around within like so many dice in a box.

The driver had all the advantage for he sat on a front seat and had the wheel to hang onto. We forgave him however when he informed us as we approached Riverside that he had to speed up a bit to catch the San Diego bus—having been delayed ten minutes at Gilman Springs. As it was we missed the connection at the Riverside station but flagged the outgoing S. D. bus just after entering the outskirts of the city.

When we first sighted the San Diego bus we thought war had been declared. It was a small low-slung conveyance and packed full of marines in their white caps and blue uniforms striped with red. In fact as the door swung open we couldn't see an inch of space within. But the new driver was accommodating also. He pulled out a leather camp chair arrangement and hung it somehow between the two front seats, upon which ye editor perched for four solid hours—not so solid either for there was a great deal of hot air and bottled beer, mixed in that voyage.

However we will say this for the U. S. Marines—or at least the detachment on that particular trip. They drank a great deal of beer, and jabbered pretty continuously, but there was no rough stuff in word or action, nothing said or done that could have offended the most delicate sensibilities. In fact to borrow one of their favorite terms they were a "swell" bunch of kids, and a credit to the service in every way.

Perhaps they had been slightly chastened by defeat, and a night and day motor trip from Denver, Colorado. For we quickly learned they were the members of the basketball squad from the Marine base in San Diego who had been put out of the national tournament at Denver in the second round. Not surprised they were beaten for they looked more like a football squad—the huskiest bunch of six-footers one would care to see, whereas basketball these days takes finesse and speed.

Thanks to them we had a close-up of the air base at March Field, and also the marine base here in San Diego where they debouched. The two were rather similar. Most attractive buildings, clean, well cared for, attractive, fine grounds with well kept lawns and gardens, certainly no one can say Uncle Sam doesn't take good care of the men in the army and navy. We had quite a talk with one of the marines, a guard on the team, with a delicious sense of humor and a charming southern accent. We kept thinking how perfectly he would fit the role of Owen Wister's "Virginian." He said he liked the service "fine", plenty to do, good training and they treated you well. He was making a special study of radio and television on the side and hoped to get transferred to some special research department later on.

The date of our arrival here was rather fortunate for the following morning we had the opportunity to take a run to Pt. Loma and see the fleet come in. The ships had been ordered out on some sort of secret maneuver, joining the other part of the squadron from San Pedro, and as thirty or thirty-five of them—battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats and one airplane carrier—came swinging in to the harbor it was—to a confirmed landlubber at least—a most thrilling and impressive sight!

And here we might as well make a confession—and a damaging one. Instead of gazing at that array of power and majesty and might steaming into port with such precision and self confidence, and thinking what a waste of money and men—all of this for war and destruction and death—when if we were just sane, universal peace would reign—ye editor found himself with difficulty restraining an overpowering impulse to take off his hat to cheer! Of course that surprising experience with the marines the night before may have had something to do with it. We don't know.

But we do know this: that impulse, represents an elemental biological something, in the human race, which has existed pretty close to 300,000 years, and which we fear does represent the greatest single obstacle to securing a permanent and workable plan for world peace. In plain English that something is this: man is instinctively a fighting animal—Irish or not Irish—he LIKES to fight. And if for some reason or other he can't fight, then he likes to watch a fight. That instinct is stronger in some than in others, stronger in youth than any time thereafter, but no matter how civilized we THINK we have become, it exists, to a greater or less extent in all—till death.

Of course—as long as we have hit on this subject we might as well finish it—the answer to that is to secure what the late Henry James termed a moral substitute for war. That is instead of fighting our fellow men with guns and gas, divert the combative instinct against such universal enemies as disease, fires, floods and the like.

But would Ye Editor or any charter member of the bald-headed club—standing on Pt. Loma or anywhere else, feel his pulses throb, something suddenly quicken within him, if he should sight just an imposing array of maritime tonnage as we saw this morning going out to sea to fight—well say the fungus bugus infesting the nearby lobster beds? Perhaps so. But we DOUBT IT!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 25.—The two gentlemen who express New York's most pronounced ubiquitousness are Julius Glaser and Tippy Grey.

In almost any part of the world—the South Sea, Singapore or the Arctic Circle—one is almost certain to see one or the other.

Glaser is a super salesman for a jewelry house. A lot of the bandbox fellow of meticulous shins. A thrower of magnificent parties who tip-toes about shushing noisy guests. A first nighter and almost invariably the first person to greet an arriving bigwig from Hollywood or Europe.

Example of his omnipresence: I know a gentleman who will wear he saw Glaser at the same moment in two different trains pulling out of Albuquerque in opposite directions. Tippy Grey might easily be termed man-about-the-globe. He bobs up in the most unexpected places.

A fellow of varied talents, Grey has written several musical reviews for the Polite Bergers in Paris. He is an outstanding bob sledder at Seratua and has won trophies for sailing at St. Moritz. The last time I saw him he was moseying out of a neighborhood movie in the deep Bronx.

George White continues to display his almost childish zest for selling seats in the box office at his own show. He has been doing it for years and what was once thought a publicity stunt is now another of the theater's traditions. He rarely misses the evening or matinee rush. It's his way of relaxing. Whereas others play bridge or golf, he gives his customers the O. O.

I've often thought the country-jakes of the small town games was the one in Indiana who knew as Tallhot James Whitcomb Riley immortalized it. He had an early sweet-heart living there, whom he used to visit. One of his poems carried the line: "The little town of Tallhot was good enough for me." After this was published the 128 outraged citizens petitioned Washington for a change of name. This was done and, as I recall, it now Hamilton Station. Incidentally, Tallhot is in the adjoining county from Bennett's Crossing, where Richard Bennett, the actor, and father of the famous Bennett girls, was born. Tom Geraghty's shuttle stop in Indiana is called Rush.

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, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

INHUMANITY IN THE NAME OF AMERICA
A press dispatch recently described an atrocity perpetrated upon striking relief workers by "county officers." Pity strikers were encamped in the county courthouse. A 17-year-old girl among them was discovered to have diphtheria.



able to comprehend the simple facts, first, that disease germs do not survive many minutes in the air or light, and must be quickly transferred from person to person in one way or another in order to produce the disease in the second person. No amount of sterilizing or disinfecting of the walls, floors or furniture or articles in the sickroom or the house where a person has been ill of infectious disease can prevent spread of the disease. Of course no antiseptic, disinfectant or germicide which is not dangerously poisonous or fatal to human beings will destroy disease germs in the body of a living person. Therefore, the crime of these "officers" is a revolting one and if there is still a sense of decency in that corner of a country the Nazis involved in it will be punished for their offense.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Healthful Beverage.
Please state which is the most healthful beverage, pure orange juice, pure tomato juice or pure milk. —(G. A. J.)

Answer—In particular circumstances one might be more essential than the others. They are all healthful, wholesome.

Lead Poisoning.
My sons have a lead solder moiding act which they use a great deal. Is there any danger of lead poisoning from the fumes of the melting lead? —(Mrs. R. V.)

Answer—Yes. Better give them instead a plastic or clay moiding outfit and some instruction by a good kindergarten teacher. This will both amuse and develop artistic talent. Parents of pre-school children would do well to visit kindergartens in progressive schools and get ideas on entertainment and education of the children between two and six years of age.

Come Back.
A few months ago you had several extremely interesting articles on physiological rejuvenescence. I was so busy at the time... —(Mrs. M. G.)

Answer—Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your correct address, for booklet "The Regenerative Regimen." (Copyright, 1936, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THE Brick Store, as stated in these chronicles yesterday, was merchant, banker, broker and business adviser for the whole great Klamath country.

It edged into the banking business in the simplest manner imaginable. Its customers sold their crops or their cattle or their sheep or their products of whatever kind and brought the money to the Brick Store for safe keeping.

Then, when occasion arose to pay out money, they scribbled on any scrap of paper that came handy an order on the Brick Store and signed it, and this scrap of paper passed as a check and was paid when presented.

IN the papers found the other day in tearing down the old structure appears a typical "check" of this sort. It reads:

(85) Klamath Falls, July 3, 1894.
The Brick Store.
Gents: Please pay Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ five (\$5) dollars for me and much oblige.

O. C. APPLIGATE.
This pioneer forerunner of a bank check was written on the back of an envelope addressed to Captain Appligate. It did the work as well as a fancy printed check would have done.

IN those days, among stockmen and farmers generally, sales were apt to be made in the fall and purchases in the spring.

When a stockman started out to buy a dozen head of cattle, or a hundred, or a thousand (whatever his requirements happened to be) he didn't first, as must now be done, come in and arrange a credit at the bank and sign a note. He just started out and bought what he

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wanted where he found it and wrote a check. When the check came in, it was paid out of his balance, if he had one, and if his balance was exhausted it was paid anyway and charged up against him as an overdraft.

These overdrafts were paid and the account adjusted whenever sales were made and money came in. The Brick Store KNEW ITS CUSTOMERS. (This custom, it is perhaps well to explain here, was common at that time in livestock communities, even where more formal banks existed. Stockmen and farmers seldom thought of arranging a loan beforehand and signing a note. They just wrote checks and later settled for the overdrafts. It was only with the advent of tighter banking laws and less permanent populations that the custom died out.)

IN this connection, W. A. (Bill) Delsell some years ago told this writer an amusing story.

Shortly after the adoption of Oregon's first state banking law, a spruce young examiner appeared at the Brick Store to go over its banking business. After a half day spent on the books, he showed up before the owners practically foaming at the mouth.

"Do you know the fix you're in?" he demanded. "You've got a long line of loans out, and the only assets I can find are a big list of overdrafts! If you don't get out and get these overdrafts converted into bankable notes, you're as good as looking into the penitentiary doors right now!"

"The funny part of it," Bill added with a chuckle, "was that every one of those overdrafts was as good as gold."

Again, you see, the Brick Store knew its customers.

ONE more tale related the other day to this writer:

"One of the Brick Store's big accounts (a man known over the whole east of the mountains country) ran on for several years, and finally was figured up for settlement. The owners looked over the figures and one of them shook his head. 'I don't think that's correct,' he said. 'We owe him money instead of him owing us!'"

"So they figured it again, over and over, and it finally turned out that they DID owe him money—\$10,000, which was promptly paid, to the great surprise of the customer, who hadn't kept track of it himself, and was astonished to learn that he had so much coming."

THEY were ahead, capable business men, those proprietors of the old Brick Store, and they were out to make money for themselves. But they were HONEST.

Meteorological Report

March 25, 1936
Forecasts
Medford and vicinity: Unsettled tonight and Thursday with freezing temperatures.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 58; lowest, 39.
Total monthly precipitation, .06 of an inch; deficiency for the month, 1.29 inches. Total precipitation since September 1, 1935, 76.40 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 70 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 78 per cent.
Sunrise tomorrow, 6:04 a. m. Sunset tomorrow, 6:29 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 120th Meridian Time

Table with columns: CITY, High Temp., Low Temp., Precipitation, Wind, Clouds. Rows include Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Kureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roseburg, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

Midget Photos Inc. PEASLEYS

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 25, 1926
(It was Thursday)
Republicans to hold convention in Nat. March 30.

Smudging record for valley set, with nine straight nights of firing, and another frost predicted for tonight. Smudge oil supply running low, and special shipment is sought from the south.

Trio of local youths nabbed as bootleggers.
Rogue River Civic Club plans a picnic for end of week.

Coach Prink Callison of high school says: "Al Melvin is the most promising basketball player in state high school circles." Melvin was a substitute the past season.

Resolution mailed to fish commission by sportsmen demands "adjudication of Rogue river conditions for the betterment of mankind and fishing."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 25, 1916
(It was Saturday)
Prosecutor E. E. Kelly addresses the "Political Science" club at the public library.

Mrs. R. F. Antle entertains the Wednesday Bridge club.

H. W. Bingham gave a luncheon at the Country Club Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Clark.

Mrs. Bert Thieroff and Mrs. Howard Hill entertained at the Thieroff home Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. R. P. Caulfield, nee Ruth Merrick, who left Thursday for her home at Oregon City.

City police declare war on reckless jitney drivers.

News Behind The News

(Continued from Page One.)

mind was that a good neighbor attends to his own business, rather than to the business of the neighborhood. At least, this is the firmly established intention of all his foreign advisers here.

There was one period of 48 hours recently when the British really got excited about war prospects. This was when Lloyd declined to insure against war at any price. Today they give 10 to 1 against war within six months.

The inside on Lloyd's temporary timidity is that the youthful British foreign minister, Anthony Eden, became unduly alarmed for that period of time. When he returned from his Paris trip about that time, he is supposed to have passed word down the line that war was so near he could "almost hear the guns rattle."

What frightened him was the information he received from French officials in Paris. They told him they were going to drive the Germans out of the Rhine. The French wanted to know whether Britain would help. Despite his personal alarm, Eden handled the situation very well. He got the French to agree to a conference later in London, thus affording them time to cool off.

The vague suggestions for a peace disarmament, and economic conference have fallen into cold water here. Not a single official of the state department would willingly become a member of the American delegation to such a conference.

The naval conference in London was an international headache. The world economic conference earlier was a bigger headache. Both problems thrown together with peace would just about cause the greatest of all international headaches.

Furthermore, the idea of having such a conference in May is very, very bad. After May comes November. No new international ideas will get very far here until after the election.

It will be denied officially, but the

Golden Rain

Don't scratch! Apply this soothing ointment freely and get quick relief—as I do! Resinol

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Big DOUBLE LOAD

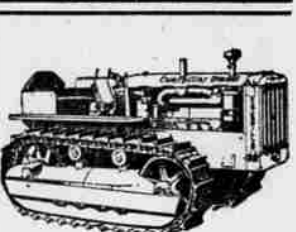
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state department had a little private understanding with Paraguay before recognition was granted. At least it had an understanding with Colonel Franco, the military revolutionist with a fascist complex who is now the government of Paraguay. Col. Franco was the only Latin American government holding out against the Roosevelt pan-American peace conference. He said: "No recognition, no Paraguay, no peace conference. He got his recognition by promising to accept the peace conference invitation. But he had to make his promise first. The state department took no chances.

FASTER service! PORTLAND 1 1/2 hrs. SEATTLE 2 3/4 hrs. SAN FRANCISCO 2 3/4 hrs. LOS ANGELES 4 1/2 hrs.

New faster morning and evening planes to California; also to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle. Now you can leave at 3:12 p. m., and arrive in Portland before dinner. Or leave after lunch and be in Southern California in early evening! Twin-engined planes. Heated cabins. Stewardesses. Tickets: Municipal Airport Tel. 241 Hotels; Travel Bureau; Telegraph Offices

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BEGINS TOMORROW

THURSDAY March 26th

Golden Rain



The story of Iris Lanning and the detour she took to happiness—via New York. An absorbing romance.

IN THE MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE