

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. Upstate agitatory elements are now gridding their joints, and clearing their throats, to battle the telephone company.

The good old stork visited the home of J. W. Madrell recently and left a 9 1/2 pound baby boy. (Lakeview Examiner)—The inconspicuous mother.

The weather is such that any citizen caught praising the climate, should have his nose rubbed in it.

A number of libelous stories, tracing the Democratic party, are in circulation hereabouts. One alleges the country needs "an ex-president more than it needs a nickel cigar."

PUTTING ON LA DOGGE. (Salmon Bar Items) At the supper Monday evening the table d'otote was a la carte, stewed rabbit a la mode, mashed potatoes, soup, dumplings, new creamery butter, bread, crackers, baked apples and extract of havy beef, all served a la bonne heure.

Farmers are busy fixing fences. There has been several unsuccessful attempts to lift themselves over same by snapping their suspenders.

Tomorrow is "All Folks" Day. The hat recently used to talk through and pass at Utopian club meetings, will be found on the corner, hiding a brick.

Theft of flowers—roots and blossoms—continues. In many instances the inefficient vandals fail to bring their shoes so break into the garage, and use the garden implement of the sleeping householder. None have put the shovel back where it belongs.

The "Lightning Part" is the latest hair-dressing style for the ladies. It enables them to part their hair, as crooked as they wear their hats. For some time, it has been suspected many of the hats had been hit by lightning.

The campaign has hardly started, but some of the politicians are showing evidence of being hoarse and buggy. (Savannah (Ga.) News)—Mostly the latter.

The snow everybody devoutly hoped for at Christmas time came yesterday.

Former President Hoover yesterday gave an unsolicited "tip to Republicans." Mr. Hoover has paid no attention to the tips of Republicans, that he be conspicuous by his silence for an indefinite period, but at least until next November.

LOOKING OUT FOR NO. 1. (Oregon Voter) For over a year he was the live wire president of the Yoncalla Townsend club, and built it up to 331 members before he resigned to run for the Democratic nomination for one of the two seats Douglas county has in the state house of representatives.

The extent of the damage to the pears by Sunday's chill has not been definitely determined. It was not as bad in the orchards, as on the street corners.

Juvenile gun-toters continue a problem to police and parents. If pecker with a broomhandle, but no firmness, the problem would be minimized. A kid can't shoot a woodpecker with a broomhandle, but he can pretend it is a horse, and ride home.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN DIEGO, Calif., March 29.—Here's an infallible—put it down in your note book. If March comes in like a lamb, but your last dollar it's going out like a lion. On the last day of February and the first day of March the ponies were running around the Santa Anita track in Pasadena, with their heels in dust clouds and their shoulders wet and flecked with foam. Now look at sun-kissed southern Cal., with an icy wind coming in off the fog banks, dark clouds with frosted edges, scurrying along the horizon, and the sailor boys on shore leave hurrying along with the collars of their reefers turned up over their ears. A month ago the beaches were black with people and thousands were seeking relief in the breakers. Today the beaches are deserted, and even the nudists are not averse to hovering around blazing camp fires in Zora gardens. "Nature doth her custom hold let shame say what it will."

We have met but one young man who resides in San Diego. His name is Dick but he is an only son and the family insist upon calling him Richard. He has his future settled. He is going to enter Annapolis. Not surprising. This is a navy town, and as the navy goes so goes San Diego. They still talk about that fateful day the Pacific fleet was ordered to leave this coast and go to the Atlantic via the Panama canal. Business here fell off a million dollars a month. How the place survived one seems to know. But it did. And now with Japan refusing to sign that naval treaty, they look forward to even brighter days. For the Pacific fleet will never again leave this coast, and if current rumor is correct, it will soon be built up to war time strength. No two ways about it. That will build up San Diego.

Don't blame Richard. Took a motor boat taxi drive around the bay this morning and thanks to a young lieutenant on board enjoyed a close-up of the cruiser Cincinnati. Everything clean and polished and ship shape. The under officers' quarters were of pent-house magnificence, far more luxurious than the quarters we once occupied on an Atlantic liner—but of course that was many years ago. Of the two services however, army or navy, we would certainly choose the latter. In peace time there is more to do and to see; and in war time,—well the romance and glamour and adventure of land conflict has pretty well disappeared, but if it ever existed in naval warfare it must still remain. And if disaster befalls,—who wouldn't prefer Davy Jones' CLEAN, cool locker to the barbed wire shambles in No Man's Land!

Passed a flock of U-boats packed close together under the wing of the mother ship. On the top of one a couple of blue-jackets were polishing a gun, which to our land lubber eyes at least, looked as large as some of the guns on the deck of the Cincinnati. Our companion assured us it could easily knock off the tower of the El Cortez hotel, which loomed high on the San Diego skyline. We don't believe we would ask for submarine service and wonder if anyone does. Probably. If for no other reason because the demand would not be so great, and promotion would be more rapid.

Yesterday had a talk with one of the city officials here who has a responsible position in the department of social welfare. He confirmed the opinion we had already formed, that the trouble with liquor control in California is this: there IS no control.

He is particularly worked up over the problem of the dance hall in San Diego and its environs, where not only beers and wines but hard liquors are served. He admitted conditions are rapidly becoming worse than they were in the days of the old saloon. For then there was some local control, now there is none or practically none. "It's a grand and glorious mess" was his concluding word, "and while some of us are working hard to bring about reforms, it's going to be a tough battle to get anywhere."

The immediate need in San Diego, he said, is to divorce the dance hall from hard liquor—more crime and misery results from this condition than anything else. This has been done, he said, in Long Beach and San Pedro—also navy towns. And the navy boys instead of protesting, prefer it. They like to dance, he added, and they don't like their fun spoiled by the rowdy, rough-neck element. Given a chance the American blue-jackets are a law-abiding, fun loving and very decent sort.

Regarding liquor control as a civic problem, hard liquors are sold practically everywhere, drug stores, cigar stores and what have you. This is not so bad, for consumption is not allowed on the premises. But consumption is allowed in the so-called "cocktail bars"—these have grown up like mushrooms, and the only difference between the old saloon and the modern cocktail bar lies in the fact, the customer must sit on a stool instead of putting his foot on the brass rail. That's all. That and such superficial differences as the fact the saw dust, screens, and undraped paintings have disappeared; to be replaced by soft carpets, indirect lighting and chromium fixtures. But whereas the old saloon was patronized almost exclusively by men, the cocktail bar is patronized by both sexes in about equal numbers.

On this trip we have been much interested in the liquor situation, and have talked with many Californians concerning it. With one exception they were all what might be termed Liberals—that is neither radical Wets nor radical Drys—the average run of common sense citizens—with no axe to grind one way or the other. And they have been UNANIMOUSLY opposed to the present situation in this state, and convinced that unless SOMETHING is done to correct it, it is only a question of time when the people as a whole will rise in protest and vote the state dry. Also without exception, and this includes the one political Dry, above noted—they favored a system for California, similar to the Oregon system of state liquor stores and state control. The one Dry, said he would prefer national prohibition, but he recognized this to be impossible and he believed what he termed the Canadian system, would be the most important step in the right direction.

Just as Oregon led the way in the direction of a gasoline tax, we are convinced, as a result of this trip, that Oregon has also led the way, (certainly on this coast), in the direction of the best system of state liquor control and administration.

R. W. R.

Communications

Cheer Up Townsendsites. To the Editor: Cheer up Townsend friends. Don't let a little thing like the investigation that is going on at Washington frighten you in the least. It doesn't make any difference which way it goes, it will make us thousands of votes.

If they find that some of the members have been doing wrong they will be put out of the organization mighty quick. You can't blame the whole organization for the acts of a few.

Because one banker is proven to be a crook, it would be folly to say that all bankers were crooks and they would have to shut up their doors.

If they do nothing else but advertise the Townsend plan to the world, that will put more people to studying about the plan and the

scheme that they are trying to work to defeat the Townsend plan. When they think that 25 million American citizens are going to lay down, just because they say so, they are very badly mistaken.

Stand firm and we win. P. J. KIRKPATRICK, Star Route Box 87, March 31, 1936.

Find Body Missing Man RAINIER, Ore., March 31.—(P)—Discovery of the body of J. E. Merrill, about 70, solved the mystery of his disappearance last September. A. M. and Earl Hanson made the discovery while cutting wood a mile north of Austin's store.

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NICOTINE POISONING

Pure nicotine is a colorless liquid with a disagreeable penetrating odor and a burning, caustic taste. On exposure to air it gradually turns brown. It appears to be a medicinal tradition that a very minute dose of pure nicotine (nicotine is old-fashioned spelling) is lethal. Witthaus stated in his 1902 textbook of Chemistry that two or three drops would cause death. If that dose is administered to a dog death ensues in from one to five minutes.



In cases of poisoning from tobacco itself death is slower, perhaps following some hours of extreme weakness, insensibility and feeble respiration or irregular breathing of the type known as Cheyne-Stokes.

A three-year-old child playing about the house found a bottle of nicotine intended for use as an insecticide on plants. He drank part of the brown liquid, was taken to a hospital less than a block away, and died there a few minutes later.

Symptoms of nicotine or tobacco poisoning, when there is time for symptoms to become manifest, are giddiness, depression, nausea, vomiting, muscular tremors, feeble, rapid irregular pulse, shallow breathing, coldness of skin, pallor, clammy perspiration, dilated pupils, sometimes convulsions.

Recent study of nicotine poisoning by Drs. F. E. Franke and J. E. Thomas of St. Louis, indicated that the most effective treatment for nicotine poisoning is artificial respiration. If this is started before circulation fails and kept up uninterruptedly till muscular paralysis has disappeared, and injection of epinephrin (adrenalin) into the heart wall.

Several cases of nicotine poisoning, tobacco poisoning, have been reported, due to the popular notion that tobacco is a good medicine for one thing or another. Thus children have been given enemas containing a decoction of tobacco and poisoned. A woman suffered a cut on the leg, applied a tobacco leave poultice, and suffered poisoning.

Besides the remedies mentioned, good emergency stimulants are hot strong coffee, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and external application of heat.

When giving coffee as an emergency stimulant to a person so weak and

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 31.—Jimmy Walker's lease of an 11-room duplex along a fashionable strip of the East 70's ends persistent speculation as to the permanency of his location. Rumors had him returning to England, occupying a ranch in California, and a d d calling him self to be himself.



He has attended two or three banquets for old times' sake, always with his wife by his side and sticking solely to the triple of milk and seiver. His cigar consumption is three a day.

There is little doubt he has improved physically. But almost the invariable observation of those who have seen him close up is: "He still looks tired." His attitude is shrinking, indeed winning, on the few occasions at the theater when spontaneous ovations developed.

His speeches that have been broadcast were unmistakably he 'has abandoned the left motif of his oratory—the wacracrack. A deadly seriousness has come into his voice and manner. One suspects he desires above all: To be let alone.

Park avenue's benign sidewalk book reader, a white-haired Mark Twainish fellow, has been around 4 o'clock in the 40's and 50's for several years. He moves slowly, his book before him and his lips in slight mumble. He stops reading only when he comes to crossings. Today I edged up and peeked. He was reading "Trp Stream," by Ludwig Lewisohn.

As one who can only read in bed after retiring for the night, the modus operandi of other readers interests me especially. The late John McE. Bowman, hotel man, eating alone read a volume of fiction. Charles Norris seldom takes his eyes from a book, crossing the continent. It's his way of catching up. The famous Lily Langtry liked to read Shakespeare walking about from room to room and declaiming at times. Ar-

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lucky today dares me to make a certain comment. I took the dare pledge in 1920. Before the lion's game in the Cincinnati zoo there stood a Willie off the pickle boat in white ducks and sailor hat with red band. Don Allen dared me to sneak up, clutch his leg and bark like a dog. I did Willie gave one horrible scream and turned. The next I knew they had trapped me up against a set of stone steps of the administration building and were pouring water over me. (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.)



(Continued from Page One.)

officially in a campaign speech, however, before long. The Republicans lost more than a research director when Bennett Gordon died. He was known only to the politicians because all his work was privately performed for them. But they will attest that, in the period when the Republican machine was missing on five cylinders he was the only one working.

A wealthy and exclusive Long Island fish and hunt club now has christened one of its streams "boondoggling branch." A CCG director asked the manager if there was any work he could do. The manager arranged to have 37 CCG-ers dig out the trout stream to give the fish more cruising area.

While Norman Davis was the nominal head of our delegation at the London naval conference, the real head was right here in Washington. The transatlantic telephone was used constantly by the state department and by Davis, much more extensively than during any other European party.

Shrewd congressional hawks of the Townsend movement are trying to pass the Clements resignation off as a personal misunderstanding between Dr. Townsend and his secretary-treasurer. They planted the current crop of stories to that effect.

Senatorial New Dealers have been glad to note that Mrs. Huey Long has been voting on their side. Also they think it is interesting that Huey's arch foe, Floor Leader Robinson, took up leadership of the fight for the flood control bill introduced by Huey's old sidekick, Senator Overton.

The prospect of relief appropriations was summed up accurately by a house leader in the shortest speech ever made in the house chamber on the other day: "We ought to cut the relief appropriation to a billion, but we don't dare."

Communications

Explosion Echoes. To the Editor: I see where Smudge Pot Perry has exploded again. He must have felt better after he got that off his chest in your paper March 27.

He wants to prosecute the slick agents for passing the hat and collecting a paltry couple of million dollars to finance the Townsend movement into law.

I'll wager dollars to donuts none of his dimes ever got into the hat. So why does those awful crocodile tears because the old folks throw away a few dimes so the greedy grasping politicians can't grab them, why don't you shed some tears on the new dealers, while they pass out millions of taxpayers' money teaching young women, 15 to 26 years, "kindergarten" stuff, how to receive callers, how to open the door when the bell rings, how to wait on table and salaam the "high hat" numbskull plutocrats that never earned a dollar in their lives?

I can hear the echo of your hurrahs—oh, wait, it's not a pension, it's an old age assistance. "If in need" when the relief board has dissected you and your whole family, his or her children's families, and assign all they possess to the county, then one can get a maximum of 50 cents a day, or enough to buy a soup bone and dunk their bread and slowly starve to death. Hurray, you old geezers, run along now. You have done your bit, saved, paid taxes to build the institutions to make it easy for a few to concentrate all the wealth, now we don't need you to run along and save your dimes and nickles. Mr. Roosevelt will pass out billions to make paupers of all those who work and create the wealth, while he is kidding himself he will be elected again. Hoover wrecked the treasury, but he has

At the same dinner I heard the squelch perfect for the careless book borrower. She cooed to another lady she was distressed over not being able to find a book the lady loaned her weeks before. She professed to have looked everywhere to no avail. After she had declared she could not think of another place to look, the owner observed just a shade wily: "There's always Brentano's."

A letter from a gentleman in K-m-

found out since he was only a "piker." Is his face red? Mr. Perry, please shed some real tears for Jas. per Bell. He will need some when he gets through with his investigation. J. E. BERRANG, March 31, 1936.

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 31, 1926. (It was Wednesday.) City auto park is mecca for transients, and police order two families to leave after a three weeks' stay. West Side Tennis club enlists members for season. County politics warm up, with chief interest in the primary race between

Senator Stanfield and Fred K. Sig-

wer.

Barbershops of city to open at 7:30 in morning after tomorrow.

Mayor Alenderfer and City Recorder Mose Alford return from official trip to Portland.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 31, 1916.

Mexican army of Bandit Villa is surprised by American force under Col. Dodd, and is repulsed after five-hour battle. Four Yankees wounded.

Talent Farmers club endorses irrigation.

Platinum and gold reported found in Foothills creek mine.

Gasoline prices soar, and senate will investigate.

French beaten back at Avocourt by German artillery; no event of importance on balance of western front.

Trainmen of nation demand an "eight-hour day."

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