

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Clark Wood, the eminent and venerable paragon of Weston, Ore., last week divulged how he does it. Solitude and 30 minutes of concentration is required for the mental hatching of a good paragraph.

The weatherman performed nobly Sunday, and is now as popular as Nels Eddy, the film baritone, with all owners of Easter bonnets.

President Compton applauded often during the speech, but the response and audience was practically nil. (Roseburg Times)—Love's Labor Lost.

The city council of Klamath Falls passed the first reading of an ordinance prohibiting beauty shop operators from advertising their prices, either by signs, or other means of advertising.

Dewey Hill, the Prospect hillbilly athlete, cracked through the first baseball practice of the season Sunday.

An irate but anonymous chef indicts you for a "slur on strawberry shortcake." We spoke of the shortage of strawberries in the strawberry shortcake, and the aroused cook demands to know "Just what would you do?"

Widespread interest is being manifested in the photograph showing Messrs. B. Harder, O. Arnsperger, and J. Boyle consorting with pick and shovel.

210 architects seem to draw the best plans for the new state capitol. It is not up to a vote of the people, so all the entrants are qualified architects, and able to draw.

The ice man now has his prongs in the seat of the woodman's pants. And he gasped libelously, in 1933 form.

President Roosevelt will leave the first ball in the opening of the American league season today. Many recall when Herbert Hoover performed this function, and went home after the first lining to plot against the people.

THE GREAT WHACK-UP. Let us turn bottoms up and drink to the health. Of those who advocate sharing the wealth.

A dandy, good scheme; a boon to the nation. And I'm strongly for it with this reservation: That it be allowed to pick a "Sharee" Like Mellon or Morgan or Ford or John D.

But if I'm expected to cast in my lot. And share with a guy who has less than I've got. The whole scheme is crooked; there's no justice in it.

—(Corvallis) Gazette-Times. Knox Hats \$2.50 to \$12.75. ETHEL WYN B. HOFFMANN

The Baltimore Speech

It all depends upon what you expect. We—and many others no doubt—expected one of President Roosevelt's stirring challenging and inspiring political speeches, when he addressed the Young Democrats of Baltimore last night.

It was announced to the formal opening of the 1936 campaign on the part of the President. It was awaited with intense interest and high expectation on the part of the country. After the President's aggressive and militant speech the first of the year, on the state of the union; followed by his exuberant flaying of the Liberty League, and the forces of entrenched greed at the Jackson Day dinner, we were all primed for something along the same line, when the President squared-off before the microphone, after that hip-hoorah torch light procession, put on by Maryland's Democratic Youth.

BUT the address proved to be nothing of the sort. As a result we—and we think many others,—were disappointed. We kept waiting for that characteristic F. D. R. PUNCH, that resounding battle-cries of the Happy Warrior,—and it never came. As a result in spite of that eloquent and fervent appeal to the vision and idealism of youth, with which the President closed his remarks, there was with us,—and we believe with many others a vague feeling, that the opportunity offered had somehow been muffed.

IN fact, in the usual acceptance of the term, it was not a political speech at all. It certainly was not the type of talk, that usually marks the opening gun in a presidential campaign, by the leader of one of the two great opposing parties. It might almost have been the welcoming address of a college President, to the incoming Freshman class. Excellently phrased, effective, and charmingly delivered, directed exclusively to youth, and inspirational to youth, but as far as the country, and the important issues are concerned, lacking in SUBSTANCE,—or so it seemed to the present writer.

WE can think of two probable explanations. First, that the President decided it desirable to open the campaign slowly, not start a major offensive now, nor at the outset, give his opponents anything to shoot at. His address was to the Young Democrats, therefore, an appeal not to partisanship, but to the youth of both parties, not on specific controversial issues, but on general ideals and broad purposes, would be to gain the maximum benefit of such an opportunity.

The second, that, the fault,—if any,—did not rest with the President nor with his speech,—but with those who listened to it,—particularly those who having been fed on raw meat highly seasoned, from the White House, were in a mood to be satisfied with nothing else.

The President gave a good speech to the Youth of America. In general terms he clearly outlined his purposes and the purposes of his party, to make this country, a true land of peace and plenty, not for the privileged few but for all, not in sporadic periods of booms on one hand, and depressions on the other, but a more abundant life for the men, women and children of the world's greatest Democracy, as a permanent condition.

It was a temperate and kindly talk, as befitted the leader of a great nation to the young. Far from scoring Big Business, he called on Big Business to assist in this great work; far from appealing to class prejudice, he envisioned a country, where general well being would be so advanced, that no class feeling would exist. He urged security for the aged, more opportunities of education for the young, scorned a large permanent unemployment, envisioned serviceable work for all.

Then what justification for criticism and complaint? Well, as far as this paper is concerned there is none. It WAS a good speech,—with everything the President said we heartily agree.

But frankly we expected him to say more. We expected him to be more specific. And—we might as well admit it,—we expected him to take another whack at his carping critics, and chase those sharpshooters of "predatory wealth" once more, in full flight down the track.

That is why, as far as we are concerned, the net reaction to the Baltimore broadcast was one of disappointment. Whether Explanation No. 1 or No. 2, or a combination of both gives the true answer, we shall leave for someone wiser than we to decide.

natural relation to South American armaments. If we ever get mixed up with the southern lads, we would have to play the role of big brother, which is even more difficult than good neighbor, at times. Just to make matters more complicated, Guatemala also has come forward with a plan for mutual assistance pact and establishment of a permanent court of justice for this hemisphere.

You can imagine what the senate would do to that embarrassing idea. The current official family here like the Latin, but not enough to enter any mutual assistance pact with them beyond mere consultation. And it distinctly does not like peace courts after what the senate did to the last one. This one would be worse because we would have to make advance commitments, such as probably a promise to refer to third parties the disputes which might arise with Pan-America over our defense measures in the Pacific.

Another unbright idea is the suggestion of certain other Latin American nations that diplomatic procedure prevail on the conference agenda committee. This would mean that if that ever happened, we would have one vote, the same as the tiniest nation. Furthermore, a majority would not be on our side in deciding many subjects to be discussed at the conference, as the suggestions have indicated.

Consequently, subjects for discussion will be selected by unanimous consent, or Mr. Roosevelt will move his interest to another neighborhood. Suave Mr. Sumner Welles, assistant secretary of state, has been designated unofficially as neighborhood mediator. He is making an effort to quiet everyone down. However, his experiences so far have convinced many a topnotcher here, if not Mr. Welles himself, that "the policy of the good neighbor" may turn out to be just another good phrase.

Our armament limitations have always been dependent solely on activities in the eastern and western ends of this hemisphere. (England, Europe, Japan). It has no

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.

KNOWLEDGE FROM EXPERIMENT

A reader sends a letter of thanks for something in this column that convinced a relative that it is better to go to the doctor, even to submit to an "exploratory operation" in case of possible cancer of the stomach, than it is to do nothing but worry about it. Well, of course I don't know, but I believe I'd rather have the doctor take a surgical look-see than just drift along, if I were the patient with the suspected stomach. If it proved to be a cancer, it might still be operable; if it proved to be advanced beyond hope of cure by surgery, well, I'd have had my chance anyway; and if it proved to be a benign, non-cancerous condition, then, by jimmie, I'd be darn glad I had been opened by mistake.

The reader goes on to philosophize a bit: "Why is the word experimental such a bugbear in the lay mind? My own brother lost confidence in his doctor because he heard him say he'd like to take some delicate looking children into his home and experiment with their diet. The doctor has no children of his own, and I thought it fine of him, but alas! he used that word experiment. He didn't get the children. The mother said she had rather raise them on corn bread and molasses than have some doctor experiment on them. The doctor meant to give them sunbaths and more adequate looking children into his home and experiment with their diet. The doctor has no children of his own, and I thought it fine of him, but alas! he used that word experiment. He didn't get the children. The mother said she had rather raise them on corn bread and molasses than have some doctor experiment on them."

Not just ordinary ignorance, but the kind a great many people have who consider themselves quite intelligent, even well educated. The kind acquire from their general reading, Health ignorance. Ignorance—or misinformation in physiology, ignorance or maleducation in hygiene. Benightedness, prejudice, errors and false ideas propagated by our great American nostrum and quack literature.

I'm as hardballed as a doctor can be about such a matter. I began experimenting on patients when I began practicing in the hospital, and I kept right on experimenting every day of my professional life. A doctor who doesn't experiment is altogether too good to be true. Nearly every bit of useful medical knowledge we have was gained through experiment. If a doctor doesn't experiment he ought to get out of a liberal profession and seek a job as helper for a mechanic. You can't name a doctor who is worthy of anybody's confidence who doesn't experiment constantly.

A quack or a mail-order crook or a shortcut healer of one kind or another bears this lettered handwork: "Cling—Dyng—Prag—Repp."

Those versed in the town's goings on say the most indefatigable party attender is the glossy Count Nast, the publisher. In turn he carries some of the most notable celebrity round-ups at his Park avenue penthouse. Aside from attending three or four tea each afternoon, he is invariably host or guest daily at luncheon or dinner, a confirmed first nighter and rarely misses the premiere of a supper club. On the thirder side of 50, he's what stylists ticket a sartorial natural, an expert dancer and with it all an uncannily shrewd man of business.

Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser and other fictional disciples of despair have found inspiration visiting the Jersey marshes, where bleakness attains a windblown desolation and a bloodhound melancholy that banishes all cheer. Seen in the shabby get-up of the wild, soggy and mud-strewn stretches of seaweed and sere in their sweep of emptiness. And there is a damp sticky aroma that reeks the thought with suggestions of hobgoblins, vultures and shivery thingsamajigs.

Mystery story specialists generally agree the all time high in this field has been achieved by William Collins with "The Moonstone." I have put off reading it as one so often postponed an expected treat. But marooned somewhat during the elevator strike, I salvaged it from its niche. Goodish, as Arnold Bennett might say, yet I found myself cocking an off ear to a yodler on the radio in the next room. Oppenheim's "The Great Impersonation" and Arthur Rochester's "A Scrap of Paper" are two of a dozen heating it all hollow. And for sheer excitement no book touches "Everything Is Thunder." And if your reading has grown tedious, pick up "Huckleberry Finn" again. A grand evening. I promise you.

Journalizing in Percy Hammond's and Clark Gable's Cadiz, O. as reported in our weekly Republic. "Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Birney of Malvern, visited C. C. Dickerson of Cadiz township, who has been ill following a fall, over Sunday." (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.)

Weather. Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday, but overcast on the coast, gentle northwest wind off the coast; no change in temperature. Oregon: Fair tonight and Wednesday, but cloudy near the coast; cooler northeast tonight; gentle northwest wind off the coast.

Two elderly Franklin counts, Kew. women decided their homes to the county in return for cars for the remainder of their lives.

Two of the celebrity look-alikes are Frank Scully, who conceals the fun for the invalid books, and Dudley Nichols, whose movie script won the recent Academy award. Not only is their resemblance startling, but they are boon buddies in their rounds of Hollywood.

Sticklers for brevity will find something to applaud in a wanner post 437 Pearl street, where a tailor was

Comment

on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THIS writer sat the other day in a conference of business men, the subject under discussion being certain phases of community development and progress which must be given serious consideration if the community is to go forward as it should.

You know how these conferences are—a lot of hard-driven, overworked citizens who have torn themselves away from their own affairs because of the need to take upon somebody's shoulders the responsibility for the community's progress and welfare. (At least, that's the way we editorial writers speak of it when we're feeling long-faced and solemn and in the mood to preach a little).

IT WAS a luncheon conference, and they had rhubarb pie for dessert, and that reminded somebody that back in his younger days he had to go out about this time of the year and dig asafetida root to make asafetida tea to thin out the blood, which was supposed to have become too thick and gummy during the long months of winter.

That started another one off, and he recalled that in his early days back in Illinois the kids wore asafetida in little cloth bags suspended around their necks in order to ward off diphtheria, measles, etc., and in addition some of them wore in these bags a certain variety of golden-colored spider that when dried was held to be peculiarly potent in scaring away disease.

(The dried spider business, by the way, was a new one, nobody in the crowd ever having heard of it).

THE asafetida yarn rang a bell in another memory. "When I was a kid in country school," he chuckled, "the boy who sat in front of me wore one of these asafetida bags on a string tied around his neck, and one day, working with great care, I cut the string, and the bag fell down his shirt and came out of the leg of his overalls without his noticing it."

"I picked up the bag, and as I went up in front the next time to write I dropped it on the stove. Boy, you should have seen that room empty out when the asafetida got good and hot!"

THE subject changed. Somebody remembered Vince Snelling, who came over from Lakeview to the opening of the White Pelican hotel at Klamath Falls. Vince got up at the opening banquet to make a speech. "I've wondered and wondered," he said, "why they named a beautiful hotel like this after a dirty old bird like the pelican, but when I got my bill tonight I understood."

FRANK Light also came over from Lakeview on that memorable night of the opening of the White Pelican, and someone at this serious conference already mentioned recalled a story about him when he used to run the Lakeview hotel. Frank went out one day and rang the dinner bell, as a sign to the boarders that dinner was ready, and as the bell's notes rang out on the soft evening air a nearby dog began to howl in tones of excruciating agony.

Frank turned upon the dog. "Shut up!" he said scornfully to the mournful animal. "You don't have to eat this dinner!"

DARN it! This column is getting too long. It must be clear down the page already, without making much more than a start on the good stuff developed at the serious conference already spoken of.

But you can get an idea from what has been here disclosed of the weighty matters that are discussed at important gatherings of this sort.

FARM LOAN MEET SCHEDULED HERE

PORTLAND, April 14.—(P)—A series of round table conferences of Oregon farmers who are stockholders in national farm loan associations will start at Pendleton on April 29 and continue throughout the state for a month. E. B. Ehrhardt, president of the Spokane Land bank, said today. Dates of other meetings include: May 26, Klamath Falls; May 27, Medford; May 29, Eugene and Roseburg.

Ehrhardt said "all questions and problems of general interest affecting this cooperative mortgage system will be talked over; member-borrowers will be given a full explanation of the program for decentralizing the land bank's operations and revitalizing the principle of farmer ownership and control by rebuilding the system around the local association."

La Paz, Bolivia, expects to see the basin in which it stands crowned by more than a million eucalyptus trees, planting of which already has begun. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Calles Exiled



The "iron man" of Mexico and that country's former president Plutarco Elias Calles, and three other former officials were suddenly arrested at Mexico City and sent into exile by airplane. Calles is shown here on a visit last year to Honolulu. Not even the ginger flour he brought about his shoulderless stern appearance. (Associated Press Photo)

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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 April 14, 1926 (It was Wednesday) I. L. Patterson of Salem, enters Republican race for governor. Final rites to be held today for Luther Burbank, "plant wizard," who passed away at his Santa Rosa, Cal., home.

Contract let for plumbing in new Terminal hotel at Eighth and Central. Medford high wins first in typing contests for schools of county. Police order transient loafers from street corners.

Supreme court holds parents liable for auto accidents when minor driving auto. City zoning ordinance upheld by high court.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 14, 1916 American ultimatum to Germany on U-boat warfare to be issued in next 24 hours. Profits filed against keeping of poultry yards in residential areas. Gold Hill school wins county "spelling bee."

May 5th to be proclaimed as "clean-up" day by mayor. Patty Arbuckle at the Page in "The Broadway Stars"; Lillian Gish at the Page in "Jordan Is a Hard Road."

Commercial club launches campaign for establishment of sawmill and box factory here.

Communications

It Makes Him Laugh. To the Editor: Your editorial of today: "Disension Within" is funny; it makes me laugh.

Dr. Townsend "the crusading idealist" and Earl Clements "the self-seeking materialist," break, so there will be more breaks in the Townsend ranks and this eventually will break the Townsend movement. It looks like your wish was father to the thought.

Is there any similar disension in the Republican party? Is there any disension between Senator Borah and Herbert Hoover? If so, will that disrupt or kill the Republican party? Are President Roosevelt and Alfred Smith in harmonious accord as to the principles that should govern in the Democratic party? If they are not will the differences between them smash the Democratic party?

Were there any disensions in the ranks of the abolitionist party previous to Abraham Lincoln's election to the presidency? To say, or even to intimate, that disension in the Townsend ranks will disintegrate or kill the Townsend party looks to me like so much bunk!

W. W. TRUAX, Medford, Ore., April 13, 1936. Trap the Yellow Jackets. To the Editor: Now and especially for the next six weeks is the proper time to trap the yellow jackets.

The best and cheapest way I know of is: After taking the fish out of a salmon can, remove all the lid, fill it up half full of fresh water and set it outside, where it will not be tipped over by anything like dogs, chickens, etc., and in a few days make an inspection of the cans and take out the drowned yellow jackets, because when there are so many drowned ones, the next ones will be able to walk over the dead ones and not drown.

You know the yellow jacket queens are the only ones wintered over and they begin to come out now. Just think what it means to kill one yellow jacket queen now. Please everybody do that all over the country for the good of all. PAUL E. SANDOZ, Trail, Ore.

April 13, 1936. TIRES ON TIME. TERMS AS LOW AS 37¢ PER WEEK. FIRESTONE AUTO SUPPLY & SERVICE STORES.

GREEN PINE SLAB WOOD \$4.00 Big DOUBLE LOAD For Direct Mill Deliveries First come, first served! Phone 7 Now TIMBER PRODUCTS CO. END OF NORTH CENTRAL AVENUE