

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS ED. JONES, PRESIDENT

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

It rained copiously and at great length the night of the 14th and even the gloomiest farmer did not allege he had struck dry dust with the opening job of his trusty spade.

O. Patrick, the laundryman, has recovered from a bruised digit, which he caught in a wringer.

Green grass is noticeable on the hillsides, and is reported to be greener on the other side.

E. Ulrich, the prospect cowboy, towed Wed, and violated the city ordinance against parking an auto where the notion hits the driver.

The indignation of the mayor of Portland ament the California border inspection was not shared locally, inasmuch as there are too many north-while things to get mad about.

Peoria Bill Gates will run back to Boston, Mass., in June, to make a speech to a grocer's convention there.

Philander McIntyre, 101, towed Fri, and rapped his cane on the shin of an upstart who reckoned he was as young as ever.

The Monday night wrestling matches are once more showing some life, with customers throwing war dept. chairs, and grapplers sitting in the customers' laps.

The fishing season was inaugurated Thurs, and conditions were abominable, reprehensible, and etc. Piscatorial enthusiasts were requested.

The banks report they have more spondulicks than a year ago, with the people showing a disposition to use their vaults, instead of henhouses, tea pots, fruit jars, and the hollow fence post back of the barn.

Several have stubborn colds. Conventory asthmatics in not taking a pill in many instances causes the cold to be obdurate, say the docks.

The H. Flewler building at Main and Central is beginning to look more like something every day.

Olen Arapiger has been re-elected CotC, prey, and, for another year will sit on the left hand of the governor when he comes to town.

The hi school band has returned from Corvallis, where one member won the bass drum championship, and can now be called a percussionist.

Hermie Offenbacher towed Sat, and invited your court, to come out and eat fried chicken. The fried chicken can be reached by crossing a suspension bridge over the Applegate. This is more of a feat than using a tight wire to get on the other side of Niagara Falls.

Old Sol came out the end of the week, and the next civic outbreak will probably be straw hat day.

F. Luy of Antelope towed Fri, wearing his Sunday boots.

The Elks eat has a bum eye, and is quite languid due to same, plus feline spring fever.

The Rotarians and Craters will run up to Portland Mon, eve to boost the pear blossoms, and see Bonville dam and a ball game. The Craters will wear their Daniel Boone get-up.

The oldest Dock Hayes was apprehended Sat, in traffic, aboard a gasoline propelled middle-car. He cut quite a swath and frightened pedestrians.

TILLAMOOK, April 17.—(AP)—The Tillamook county court considered today plans to establish a 50-watt naval reserve radio station here to train operators and as an emergency in the event of failure of wire communication.

We Dote on Extremes

"WHAT fools we mortals be," Like a band of crazy sheep we rush to one extreme, stop short, look around in dumb amazement; and then rush in exactly the opposite direction.

To illustrate. A little over a week ago, the survivors of that group of willful men—and one woman—who voted against America's entrance into the world war, held a dinner in Washington, D. C., and congratulated themselves on their courage and their wisdom.

The occasion was marked by several speeches in congress, the gist of them being represented by the following condensation:

"We now do honor to those true patriots, who placed the welfare of their country above the militaristic and specious propaganda of the international bankers. They would have kept us out of that war, which instead of making the world safe for democracy, destroyed democracy. The lesson was learned at great cost but the lesson is clear. If a similar situation should ever again occur, the answer will be 'no'—not a man, not a gun, not a dollar, will this country provide, to fight a war on foreign soil—let Europe fight its own battles, except in case of armed invasion this country will fight none."

That speech delivered 20 years ago today, would have subjected the speaker to disgrace and ostracism, if not confinement in a concentration camp, and court martial.

But today, cheers and applause greet the orator—the doctrine of isolation and pacifism, is universally popular,—the 100% patriot of two decades ago, is the discredited and forgotten man.

So we go, from one extreme to the other. And neither is lasting because neither is based upon the realities or common sense.

BUT at the time so few people can see it. There were precious few 20 years ago, who did not condemn that little group of senators and congressmen, who had the courage to stand by their convictions and vote "no" to the declaration of war against Germany.

They were universally condemned as pro-Germans and traitors; clapping them in prison would have been generally approved.

Yet they were merely exercising the rights of free speech and independent action, in a democracy. Believing them wrong was no justification for denying them their rights.

WE venture to say at the present time, 99 out of 100 people, would not only approve but enthusiastically acclaim, that hypothetical anti-war speech above. In any assemblage today, nothing is more sure-fire for a hearty hand, than to condemn our participation in the world war, and direct or indirect participation, in another one.

Nevertheless if such a situation as confronted this country in 1917 should arise again, there is no doubt, (in our mind at least) that the action then taken would be repeated.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but it is difficult for any thinking person, to maintain today, that had America kept out of that war, autocratic Germany had won, the democracies of England and France destroyed, that the situation of this country or the world, would be better than it is today. As we view it, it would be far worse. The wrong was not in that war, it was in the nature of the peace that followed it.

IT is undoubtedly true that during the present generation at least, the United States will never be drawn into another European war. But let it be assumed another European war breaks out, that Soviet Russia wins, that as a result of that victory, the Trotsky principle of world-revolution prevails, and the conquering Reds, proceed to establish a dictatorship of the proletariat in Mexico.

What then? Will this country be so averse to waging war on foreign soil, preventing Soviet Russia gaining a foothold, the other side of the Rio Grande?

An improbable outcome, we admit. But no more improbable today, than the destruction of democracy, and the establishment of one-man dictatorships from the Siberian coast to the North sea, was 20 years ago!

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases, and in this volatile and undisciplined country with the world in the condition it is today, practically ANYTHING is possible.

And whatever happens, "we the people" can be depended upon to go from one extreme to the other, like a cataleptic pendulum.

Such a quality is disquieting at times, but it is no doubt a law of nature. Consolation may be found, perhaps, in the picture of the skater, who rushes far to the right on one leg, then far to the left on the other, but the graph of his progress, is FORWARD!

The End of Baseball

THE Congressional Record is a much maligned publication. It is generally regarded as dry and verbose, largely a propaganda sheet for the publicity seeking politicians, and a waste of the taxpayers' money.

Quite the reverse is true. At a time like this, it is one of the newest and most interesting periodicals in circulation, and to anyone wishing to keep up with current events in the political field, it is indispensable.

We are indebted to a subscriber for sending us the following cut-out from the publication, which we regard as worthy of publication, giving as it does the anti-administration view on the Supreme Court proposal in graphic and pungent form:

Mr. Bridges, Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the Record an article written by Robert Quillen and published in the Dallas Morning News of March 28, 1937. The article is of particular interest inasmuch as we are at the present time engaged in a controversy relative to the Supreme Court.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows: THE SAD FABLE OF A BASEBALL GAME THAT ENDED IN BASEBALL (By Robert Quillen)

The home team was playing the last crucial game of the season. The stands were packed with frenzied, yelling, sweating fans. Above the unceasing din of partisan enthusiasm rose the shrill cries of vendors—ice-cold drinks, cigars, cigarettes, and candy. The sun blazed from a cloudless sky.

A man stood in the batter's box with a bat on his shoulder. On the ground at his feet was a flat square mat variously known as the home base, the rubber, and the plate. The batter waited. Facing him from the pitcher's box was the town's idol—a pitcher who had broken all records and seemed unbeatable; a hero unopposed by fans and undaunted in the pinches.

The pitcher tied himself in a graceful knot, uncoiled like a steel spring, and a white flash exploded in the catcher's mit. "Ball one," said the umpire. The pitcher's eyes hardened. He had heard that verdict nine times in succession and he was tired of it. Grimly he wound up again, and again the white streak flashed. "Ball two," said the umpire. Once more the pitcher tried. "Ball three," the umpire said. It was too much. The pitcher held the ball and turned to face the bleachers, holding up his hand for silence. "There's no sense in going on with this," he cried. "Judging by the decisions already made against me, I see no reason to believe that any future pitch of mine will be called a strike. We can't hope to win this game until we get a new umpire."

"You ain't puttin' 'em over the plate," yelled an opposition fan. "I don't claim to be doing that," said the pitcher. "I only say that I can't win this game without strikes and this umpire calls it a ball if it isn't over. He is living in the past and judging by rules that were made a century ago. I demand a new umpire."

"Why not change the rules instead of the ump?" demanded the fan. "There isn't time for that," said the pitcher. "This is an emergency. And, anyway, the fans might not approve the change. Give me a young umpire who will call it a strike when I say it is."

So a new ump came in and the game was won, but it killed baseball. Each pitcher appointed an umpire who suited him and the fans seemed to lose faith in their decisions.

What they're talking about when they imply a patient has it. If I were indisposed and some doctor told me I had just a "cold" I'd have no further truck with him, for I honestly believe even the ailing patient can make that bad guess as well as any blooming quack can. Further I insist it is a guess in one hundred percent of cases. And finally I suggest diffidently but entirely for your own good that if you are not too dumb you ought to realize yourself how you have been bamboozled when the illness develops sufficiently so that anybody can see it is the measles, the meningitis or the flu. Trouble is, that by the time the nature of the illness becomes obvious, you're too sick to remember how bad the quack's first guess was, or to question his glib explanation that it has "turned" into pneumonia or "developed into" diphtheria.

For generations the medical profession has gotten away with murder in this fashion, and wisecracking laymen are accessories to it when they plead the cause of quackery against plain common sense.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Second Hand Tobacco Smoke Can one have ill effects from inhaling tobacco smoke in a room where others are smoking cigarettes, pipes or cigars? I seem to get a headache from even a slight exposure to tobacco smoke. Is this just psychologic? (E. T.)

Answer—A young infant may be seriously poisoned in that way. Adults who happen to be hypersensitive may suffer much the same symptoms from inhaling tobacco smoke second hand that a non-smoker is likely to suffer from the first indulgence in tobacco.

Basement Apartment We have a year old baby. Would a basement apartment be unhealthful to move into? (Mrs. A.)

Answer—If enough sunlight and ventilation makes it cheerful and comfortable it is as healthful as an upper floor apartment would be.

Frail Child Boy 3 years, 4 months old, 3 feet tall, weighs 28 pounds. Pulse is 112 to 120. Is that too fast? Would his heart beating too fast account for him feeling tired all the time? (Mrs. T. M. B.)

Answer—Yes, that is too fast, but the child's weakness accounts for the rapid heart action. He should weigh 35 pounds. Have a doctor examine him and advise you about his nutrition and care.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I have been thinking of that dreadful misty night I arrived in Paris and the pink-cheeked page boy in the tambourine cap took you out for an airing, and despite the warning took off your leash—and in your bewilderment you bolted. When he returned white-faced, holding the empty harness, it was the nearest I ever came to fainting. Poor dear Billy lost in a fog in a strange city. For four frantic hours I searched and finally found you surrounded by a group of chattering, gesticulating Frenchmen at the Coty corner of the Place Vendome. How you literally bounded into my arms with what seemed a human shriek of joy when you saw me, and licked at my hands and face with your warm, wet tongue. Then you sank into a fit of exhaustion. All the rest of the night you did not move. I know, for I could not sleep.

Because you were deaf and so dependent, I suppose, you entwined our hearts more than the average dog. And left such an enormous gap. Mankind in its feeble gropings is always, for excellent reasons I firmly believe, puzzled by Death. You now know what some day all of us must learn. That is: What is on the other side? For if dogs haven't souls, neither has man, and the end is extinction. So I believe.

I like to imagine you romping through lush Elysian fields, jumping high like a rabbit, stopping now and then quizzically to look back and listen for familiar voices and footsteps. For certainly you will no longer be deaf in your Valhalla. Maybe all this is foolish, hope and maybe again it is not. What seems once intricate often becomes quite simple. With a twiddle of the dial we fill our room with the music of a Berlin band. So who knows what greater wonders are

of that.

A patient little sigh, twitch of your nubbins tail, and it was all over. For several nights I walked the streets trying to get hold of myself. I wanted you back then as I do now.

I'd meet Terrence, the cop, who used to tiele you behind the ear. John, the waiter, doorman, and others who knew you, and they'd inquire: "Where's Billy?" I'd have to shake my head and go rubbing on. They looked at me strangely and then somehow they understood. They no longer ask, but they miss you.

Your mistress packed most of your playthings, your harness, leashes, blankets and your water bowl. "Pour le chien" that we got at Rouen, and sent them to the homeless flogs at the High-Alway. You were never self. I'm sure you would approve of that.

NEW YORK, April 17.—A letter to Dog Heaven: Dear Billy—I came across your badly chewed but favorite ball in a closet today and put it away quickly with a slight choke. It has been more than a year now since you went away and we miss you as much as ever.

I think it was largely because after great suffering you faced the Last Terror with such magnificent valour that I am so glad you are no longer here.

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wrought in the twinkling of an eye? I do not profess to know. I only know I believe and none of the cynics have yet been able to shake that belief the slightest.

You will recall Ben Ali Haggins' dog Nimble that Ben Ali so thoughtfully gave us during the last few months of your earthly stay. You grieved at one another at first and once or twice forgot mutual manners and the fur flew. But in a short time you were trotting off together, tugging for the same sniffs of fascinating odors. Because you were old established we kept Nimble in the back at night, but after you left he came in to occupy your bed and indulge your privileges. Like you, he is a thorough and thoughtful gentleman. He like you, has never misplaced our confidence although he's a terrible fraidy cat about being left alone.

For a time Nimble missed you, too, and when going out for an airing would suddenly stop, look back, and whimper. He did not understand, I cannot say Nimble has taken your place in my heart. No dog ever will.

But he eased the ache. The cloud is that some day he, too, must go and again wrench our hearts. We do give our hearts to dogs to tear.

Nimble, just as you, indeed as all dogs, has a distinct personality. You'd grin—remember how you used to grin?—at the way he flie into a fury at a big dog. He positively screamed when he saw a mastiff the other day. And him weighing 14 pounds. You were choosy about food. He'd eat even spinach with vinegar.

Nimble is not the cracker-jack "buggy rider" you were either. You were always on the window seat smudging up the pane with your damp nose and missing nothing. Especially the bright lights of Broadway. Nimble is on the floor stretched out and fast asleep in a couple of blocks. The sway of the car seems to act like a lull in the arm or something. That's about all. I know you continue to be the same brave spirit in the transition. So au revoir and we will be seeing you (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Confers Here—Simeri Jarvi, district ranger of the Rogue River national forest at Butte Falls, conferred yesterday with executives at forest headquarters in the federal building.

Communications The Mail Tribune is glad to publish letters from its readers, but finds it necessary to require that such communications be signed by the writer thereof, and do not exceed 400 words.

Where writers request and have a legitimate reason for anonymity, their names will not be published with their letters, but it is necessary that the names be known to the newspaper.

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