

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Lawyers and religion are mixing fiercely in the Almee Scamper McPherson lawsuit...

"It took three men to carry the collection to a counting room last night, Gilles Knight, temple business manager, said."

The collection plate tonnage, it should be explained, is due to the congregation depositing cash and ornamental jewelry, even unto gold teeth, to protect the priests of the Lord."

The visit of the 30th infantry caused a number of World War veterans to fear, if a recruiting office had been handy, they would have enlisted again."

The wives of bowlers entertained with a buffet supper Monday night. This diplomacy may, or may not, get the lawn mowed."

TRICKS IN ALL TRADES. (Oakland (Cal.) Tribune)

"It often happens that when a radio trouble-shooter is unable to locate the source of the interference he must blame something to maintain his 'professional' dignity, so he says that a vacuum cleaner in the next apartment, or a heating pad across the hall, or an X-ray down the street—and it is too bad, but people will have these annoying appliances and he departs, and everybody is happy except the radio owner, who is still troubled with noise in his radio."

The Portland police, the first of the week, were called upon to quiet the tantrum of a young man, whose mother had left home and taken the automobile key with her. Condemnances are due the young man for the maternal neglect, but the mystery is how she got hold of the key in the first place.

Authorities of several states, pre-empted by a rising tide of agitation are seeking a palliative to curb agitators. It is difficult to beat an old-fashioned stone-walled and steel-barred penitentiary, as a palliative for agitators. It even beats sending them back to their native lands.

"We were wondering who could fill Mr. Jenkins' shoes. Assuredly there weren't many who could. Now it develops that he will fill them himself. We'll have another fine Jubilee." (Baker Democrat-Iberian) — Self-solving problem.

"Human rights" have been sustained once more by the assessing of a \$50 fine against a teacher, who feloniously and heinously paddled a 11-year-old boy. The defendant's pocketbook was hit harder than the boy, who was warned by the court to behave, and mind his teacher. In the days of "rugged individualism" the father would have paid the fine, and paddled the boy again.

"It is an amazing thing that there still exist people who are silly enough to buy the bootlegger's product when good liquor is available at such reasonable prices." (Astoria Astorian-Budget)—It's no sillier than the people, who still think they can make better beer at home than Mr. Schlitz can brew in Milwaukee.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

A Parable

A GREAT many years ago we spent a month on a small cattle ranch near the Spanish Peaks, south of Colorado Springs. Our host was "Duke" Jones, "drug store" cowboy, who had been disappointed in love, and was living alone with a prize English bulldog, known as Mike.

Mike was about as useful, on a cattle ranch, as a tap dancer in a coal mine. He was a pedigreed show dog, that had been presented to the Duke, by an eastern "dude,"—had a slobbery undershot jaw, bow-legs, watery eyes, but an EXTREMELY peaceable and affectionate disposition.

The Duke, however, was devoted to Mike, and perhaps because of his frustrated romance, showered the battered old pup, with sweet nothings, baby talk, and the most UN-cowboy-like affection. And Mike was devoted to the Duke, dogging his footsteps all about the place, and whenever opportunity offered, licking his boots, and face and hands. (But when the Duke rode out on the range, Mike had to be shut up, for he was extremely limited in wind, and powers of locomotion.)

ONE afternoon we were sitting on the porch, when there was a sudden commotion behind the woodpile, and out jumped a jackrabbit, with old Mike directly on his tail. Away they went across the alfalfa field. The rabbit was obviously more surprised than alarmed,—no doubt had never glimpsed anything as novel and grotesque as Mike in full flight—and as he proceeded gracefully across the field, seemed to look back at his pursuer, at the apex of each hop, in somewhat amused speculation.

NOT so with Mike. His blood was up, like Toggery Bill he was deadly in earnest and in spite of hell and highwater, he was plunging forward (he thought) to the kill. Because of the nature of the two beasts and the character of the terrain, Mr. Jack Rabbit, still under wraps, gained at every hop; while poor old Mike, putting everything he had into every lunge, was sorely in need of Ethyl gas, a supercharger, and a pusher.

WE settled down with a chuckle to enjoy the comic tableau in slow motion, but not so our host. The Duke jumped up at once, grabbed a rope from a nearby peg, and started after the rapidly receding pair, yelling at the top of his lungs "Hey Mike! hey Mike!—stop!—hey Mike!—you blankety blank, etc., etc.," meanwhile swinging the lariat rather impotently around his head.

Seeing it was no use, the Duke retreated slowly backward to the porch his eyes still on the chase, and mumbled half to himself, "Can't do a thing, can't do a thing, he's got his mind set on that rabbit, and it'll kill him, it'll kill him! But can't do a thing!"

Then he turned to us, and in a voice that (believe it or not) CHOKED, said: "If I could only rope him, when he gets chasin' somethin', that's the only thing that'll save him. But he's the damndest fool dog when he gets his mind made up, and this 'll be the end of him."

WELL it wasn't the end of him, but it was a close squeak. The Duke knew something we didn't know,—that at the far end of the alfalfa field there was an open (and empty) irrigation ditch, which Brer Rabbit could take in his stride, but which bow-legged Mike couldn't.

The sound of the Duke's voice, had done what Mike's asthmatic yelp, and painful contortions had failed to do,—Mr. Rabbit quit fooling, slipped into high and disappeared over the hedge, while Mike—miles in the rear—continued in full cry and then,—suddenly vanished.

THE Duke brought him back, covered with mud and muck; still breathing but out for the count. The next morning Mike appeared about as fit, as usual—which isn't saying much—but the Duke wrote us later, that he had never been the same dog since,—instead of chasing jackrabbits, jackrabbits were chasing him!

That is a true story. It really happened APPROXIMATELY as related, some 35 years ago. So what?

WE'LL use it as a make-shift parable, boys and girls. Label the Duke, "ardent Roosevelt supporter"; the rabbit, "the Supreme Court issue", the open irrigation ditch "public opinion", and Mike "F. D. R."—and there is a moral in it somewhere, isn't there?

At least we know one ardent Roosevelt supporter, who,—as he sees the president persist doggedly in his determination to catch that Supreme Court rabbit,—feels just about as emotionally wrought up as the Duke—the old softy!—and seeing that open irrigation ditch ahead, prays to High Heaven—he (or someone) had a rope and could use it!

The Great "He-Man"

THE man who murdered his wife in a jealous rage at Santa Cruz seems to be in enough trouble without the misfortune of a lawyer who defends him by asserting that "he did what any red-blooded man would have done under the circumstances."

To pump bullets into the body of a defenseless woman, on the mistaken assumption that she had been caught in infidelity, is a sign of red-bloodedness if red-bloodedness means uncontrolled savagery.

The phrase had been sufficiently discredited even before Attorney Sanford Smith of Santa Cruz applied it to the defense of his client. Those Mississippi lynchers who tortured one of their two negro victims with blow-torches probably gathered first in some bar-room and told each other how red-blooded they were. There's no lack of red-bloodedness in the Fascist butchers of Europe. Contemplating instances of brutality far and near, we suspect that it is time to stop using "red-blooded" as a term of praise.

There's a break for news readers in the story published on the same day, also from Santa Cruz, of the Mountain View man who risked his life in the boiling surf to save a pet cocker spaniel. That's the kind of red-bloodedness the world needs.—San Francisco News.

To Plant Clams

HONOLULU—(UP)—The territorial board of agriculture and forestry has decided that steps shall be taken to see to it that the islands never run short of fresh clams or other shellfish native to the waters here. The board has decided to begin with propagation of clams.

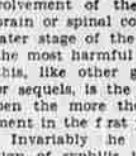
Personal Health Service

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, Calif.

THE NATURE AND COURSE OF SYPHILIS

The popular notion that syphilis is "blood poison" probably grew out of the exploitation of that term by quacks and nostrum mongers of bygone times. Syphilis is not a blood poison, but a bacterial infection. It is a contagious constitutional disease, running a course of years and at one time or another likely to affect any part of the body. Skin rashes, eruptions or lesions which may occur in the course of the disease are among the least harmful manifestations. Involvement of the nervous system, brain or spinal cord, in the third or later stage of the disease is perhaps the most harmful manifestation, and this, like other grave complications or sequelae, is the less likely to happen the more thorough the treatment in the first year of the disease. Invariably the beginning of first signs of syphilis is the development of a hard sore, called chancre, at the point of inoculation or infection. Whether the infection occurs through innocent casual contact or through immoral relations. A period of incubation elapses between the moment of inoculation or infection and the development of the chancre, usually three to five weeks. During this incubation period, however, the germs (called spirochetes, genus Treponema pallidum) are too few in numbers to cause any evident reaction, but as they multiply they induce local irritation, and the chancre appears.



This primary sore, the first stage of syphilis, is usually a single painless sore, resembling an obstinate "cold sore," and it persists from four to six weeks before it heals, perhaps leaving a hardened spot for months. A week after the chancre first appears lymph nodes nearby become painlessly enlarged, and within two or three weeks lymph nodes throughout the body are so enlarged—a week or two before the secondary stage of syphilis, the skin eruption (if any), sores in mouth, general malaise and fever resembling the onset of mild "grip."

Positive diagnosis of the primary sore is obviously of great importance, for on this diagnosis must hinge the success or failure of treatment. Ill-advised self-treatment of the "cold sore" may so change its character as to render diagnosis difficult or impossible. There is a much better chance of an accurate diagnosis in the first stage if the patient seeks medical advice at the very beginning. Microscopic examination may reveal the specific spirochete or

lacyeration. My first baby, born 14 months ago, I am 21. Recently had appendicitis. Doctor then noticed lacyeration of cervix. Read article recently which said this may cause cancer.—(Mrs. J. L. G.) Answer—Every woman who bears a child has more or less lacyeration of the cervix. As a rule natural healing occurs and there is never any untoward effect. Sometimes complications interfere with immediate natural healing and then there may be more or less trouble until the injury is surgically repaired. Hay Fever and Asthma. What suggestions have you for a poor geek who gets severe hay fever and asthma about the last week of May each year?—(C. G.) Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for monographs on subject. Tomorrow—The Contagious Stage of Syphilis. 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.

NEW YORK Day by Day

by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 22.—The Universal Order of Fred Smiths continues to grow. There are, for instance, more than 50 Fred Smiths in the metropolitan area, none of whom had ever seen the other until on sudden inspiration they got together and held a mammoth banquet this winter.



The order started this winter. One morning Fred Smith, an ex-Troy, Ohio, advertising man, invited three Fred Smiths at random out of the phone book, called them and asked if they'd join him at the Commodore for lunch. All came and thus so simply was the idea launched.

Then came the national roundup for a banquet. The Fred Smiths range from a filling station attendant to a headmaster of an exclusive boys' school in New England. And since the banquet for 50 in New York, the country-wide membership is one thousand and expanding weekly.

The Smythes and the Schmitzes are barred, but there was a notable exception at the banquet. He was Smith Frederick, who backed into the banquet hall, leapt out of his lap with his back to the table and did everything backwards. Next to the Fred Smiths the John Joneses are in profusion.

I just wangled a giggle via the radio. An accordion player referred to his instrument as a "stomach steinway."

John Chapman, the most searching of the columnists, recently dug up some interesting data about Mansfield Hall, the last of the all-theatrical hotels in the 40's. For years it was the rendezvous of troopers, but

A Case of "Nerves"

GROWING girls and many women often are sufferers from female irregularities, periodic pains and nervousness due to functional disturbances. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a beneficial tonic at such times. It stimulates the appetite and increases the intake of food—directly giving strength to the body. Hear what Mrs. Sam Full of No. 10, Crestline St., Spokane, Wash., said: "I was in a weakened, dragged-out condition. Everything was on my nerves and could not do anything without becoming tired. I tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a tonic and it truly saved my life. I am now well and happy."

Buy new, take, 30c; liquid, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

In the past few years both here and abroad, there is no record of a mid-city begging on the streets in the metropolis. And seldom are they involved in lawlessness.

It is one of the newspaper shop legends that after one works for a score of years in the journalism trade he is instantly marked by the indefinable brand of his calling. Yet I do not believe any endeavor leaves such little impress. Among long established newspapermen I know there are those who look like actors, chorus men, bankers, artists, small shop-keepers, and even gangsters. And I have never known a person who upon wanting to see some newspaperman and having him pointed out was not surprised. Always a different sort of person from what was expected. Except Lucius Beebe, of course. One expects to see a fashion plate and does.

Battery Park, overlooking the harbor, always has its scatter of leather-complexioned, squint-eyed men who look out to sea. No matter how cold the wind blows they are on the benches watching the gulls rise, drift and wheel and the tiny dots that become first bright funnels and then gradually full-sized ships nearing port. They are the seamen who through economic conditions are no longer able to breast the waves.

The annual dog show in New York illustrates the trend of the metropolitan mind toward the pedigreed pooch. For three days each winter it brings an audience that pays \$30,000 daily at \$2 a head to see the benched bow-wows in Madison Square Garden. The limousine display at night of arrivals is the finest to be seen, exceeding that of opening night at the Metropolitan opera.

Thingumbobos: Toscanini is returning to America for a tour because of homesickness. Bruce Barton divides his time between New York and Phoenix, Arizona, where his daughter is making a remarkable comeback from an accident injury. The first Mrs. Jimmy Walker plans to open a perfume shop in Miami. Grover Whalen has the fattest distillery executive job—\$90,000 a year. The Sidney R. Kents are on a tour to Australia.

A beghumid flunkie at one of the avenue hotel entrances rushed to an arriving taxi. A stewed fare stepped out, dotted at the splendor of the uniform and got back in the cab mumbled: "Thash trouble with this world, getting too pretty."

Editorial Comment

From a village of minor importance, Medford has grown in two decades to be the largest and most thriving of southern Oregon communities.

In spite of this rapid growth, the construction has been modern, slightly and happily planned. The streets are well laid out and much paving has been done. The residential districts are ideally located and generally well segregated from the business sections. The natural growth of trees has been utilized to good advantage in the home area beautification—both on home grounds and along the streets of the home area. A garden club, long active, has played a major part in the home beautiful program. The effect is a city that has a big business and industrial volume but is slightly and alluring to the sense of beauty. A civic center, with architectural harmony and the landscaping of the grounds, is part of the plan on which the city has been developed.

Medford has already been described on this page as definitely and emphatically air-minded. That fine city built the first airport in Oregon. That was in 1922, and it comprises 280 acres and is located but three miles from the city. The total cost of the facilities is \$190,000. The number of men employed at the port is 21, three of the United States army, four of the department of commerce, always radio, teletype and directional range beacon, five in the United States weather bureau, six from

the United Airlines, two from the city of Medford, and one in the post-office department.

Approximately \$171,000 has been obtained in WPA funds, and at the present time 75 men are working on a project at the airport. When this is completed, in a few weeks, the main runway will be 3500 feet long and 200 feet wide, the cross runway 2800 feet long and 200 feet wide. Adequate warming-up aprons, flood-lighting system and spotlights around the field are included in this project.

Two years ago the Medford port was selected by the 31st bombing squadron of Hamilton field, California, as the base for spring maneuvers, and approximately 125 officers and men camped there for ten days. Medford is a city of progressive, alert and cultured people.—Oregon Journal.

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 21, 1927 (It was Sunday) Crime wave in Portland continues unabated. Loan office and poker game robbed by bandit pair.

Summerlike weather prevails over Rogue River valley. Julius Wolf of Ashland returns from a vacation trip to Los Angeles. Citizens urged to burn all trash at once ere dry weather starts.

Governor Ritchie of Maryland in speech declares "class prejudice will be downfall of American democracy."

Eggs sell at 15 cents per dozen in city.

E. E. Ash's new house is about finished.—(Trail Items).

State files suit for its share of the O-C tax refund money.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 21, 1917 (It was Sunday) Shortage of eggs keep prices up in valley. There is a shortage of production owing to the high price of grain. Price is 30 cents per dozen in trade, 26 cents cash.

Children to be admitted to Red Cross benefit show at Page by presenting a nice, sound potato at ticket window. The potatoes will be sold for the Red Cross. Manager George Hunt offers a prize for the largest spud presented.

Greater Medford club plans farewell party for members of Company 7 before they go to Fort Stevens for training.

Corbin Edgell has returned from a business trip to Denver, Colo.

Pierce battle again rages along the French front on Western front.

Insist On Delicious Lost River BUTTER

NEW FORMALS JUST ARRIVED FOR GRADUATION. The loveliest for the price that we have ever seen. \$495 to \$1750. THE BAND BOX. "The Store That Saves You Money"

A COMPLETELY NEW EDITION OF THE FAMOUS HOTEL ON UNION SQUARE. RATES START AT \$2.50. HOTEL Plaza SAN FRANCISCO. Harry Stockbird, MANAGER.

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