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ROBERT W. RYAN, Editor

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Ye Smudge Pot

by Arthur Perry.

Nine towns in Greece claim to be the birthplace of Homer, poet, philosopher.

This is not many compared to the number of Oregon towns, that claim to be the "Gateway to Crater Lake."

A labor measure, calling for a five-day week, is now in course of consideration by the administration.

Advance information states its provisions will be elastic, and, as usual, bend the wrong way.

Bill McKinley drove to Union recently taking his alreidae dog (Mike) to a veterinary. Mike came home suffering from injuries that needed care.

The rural areas were flooded with antiolets Sunday, after a breath of country air, and a bite of fried spring chicken.

State Grange leaders have come out for blanket rates for the distribution of Bonneville Dam power.

This will protect the farm population from the power barons, and provide electrical illumination for reading what the next longshoremen's strike is doing to their pocket-books.

"CITY BAND BETTER STILL IN FIRST PROGRAM"—(Slakivoy News Herald)—The editor was extricated from the bass horn, shortly before noon.

Congress defeated Rep. Mott's bill for establishment of a naval air base at Tongue Point, near the mouth of the Columbia river, on the Oregon coast.

A sudden burst of economy thwarted proper defense from a foreign foe. In the November mandate, Oregon went as crazy and democratic as its sister states, and is entitled to as much political pork, pie and pap.

The esteemed Albany Democrat-Herald, in a column length editorial, advised radio announcers on the art of broadcasting. The splinters are advised to just put the word after another. In the word pictures, and a common fault is not mentioned. Listeners would like to know who won the wrestling match, instead of how close an orange came to hitting the announcer.

A SCRIBE CHECKS UP.—(Lakeview Examiner)

"Nineteen years ago this month we stood, along with a bunch of other more or less awkward youngsters, to receive a piece of imitation parchment on which were inscribed with heavy flourishes a lot of words which when read seemed to indicate that we had succeeded in acquiring enough academic knowledge to warrant graduation from high school."

An Illinois defendant baffles the court by a preference for two years in jail, to the same period on probation with his wife and her kin. The general idea seems to be a warden is more to put up with than a mother-in-law.

Mud continues to taint the classic Rogus, and fish without self-respect, continue to swim up it.

THE WONDER OF NATURE.

"Nests are essential! Both king and emperor penguins use their feet instead, holding the egg firmly on an instep and stroking about on the ice while brooding. Should they stumble they fall so stiffly that even then the egg stays put, and if you lift a king penguin up bodily the egg remains safe between feet and feet. Even more rigid is the start in life of the Atlantic fairy tern, which balances her egg on a smooth, slender branch and there stands astride it until a fledgling trapezoid breaks the shell and proves capable of hauling itself to safety when toppled from the clawed which is all it will ever know of a home."—(New York Herald-Tribune)

For Greater Satisfaction

Buy NOLDE & HORST HOSIERY

Ethelwyn R. Hoffmanns

B. & H. Green Stampers.

John D. Goes—Security Comes

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, Sr., died yesterday.

Today the Supreme Court upholds the Social Security Act. There is a bit of human drama for you,—a nice symbol if you please, of how the world moves on,—how one epoch closes and another begins,—as if some masterful scene shifter were back of it all.

JOHN D. was the last leaf on America's plutocratic tree. He was as successful, in gathering in the years, as he was in gathering in the shekels. In him the acquisitive instinct reached its fullest flower. Thanks to the unlimited natural wealth of this undeveloped country, he became the richest man in the world, and he lived to the greatest age of any of his contemporaries.

Of course there is Henry Ford with his billion, and J. P. Morgan the Second, with his millions. But they belong to another era.

Henry Ford has never been concerned with the accumulation of money, primarily; he has been concerned with motor cars, supplying the world, with cheap and practical transportation.

The present J. P. Morgan has not been as much concerned with increasing his wealth, as in preserving the wealth he has,—the wealth he inherited from J. P. the First, who was one of John D. Rockefeller's contemporaries. Neither of them belonged to the pioneer money grabbing school.

JOHN D. did. Some idea of what a life span of 98 years means, in the chart of human affairs, may be gained from the fact that when the Civil War broke out John D. had passed his 21st birthday. He was eligible for enlistment. He didn't enlist of course. He was not interested in fighting for his country, he was interested in getting money out of it.

With his death that era closes,—the era of "rugged individualism"; the era of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Morgans, Carnegies and the Rockefellers; the era of "may the best man win and the devil take the hindmost."

YES from the modern viewpoint, it was an era of selfishness, acquisitiveness and greed, but it was not so regarded at that time. By some it is not so regarded now. The sense of social responsibility, of conservation of our natural resources, the idea that democracy is not a free-for-all race, where only the strongest survive, but a cooperative partnership in which the greatest good for the greatest number, must be paramount,—had not yet been born.

John D. and his contemporaries, stacked the cards, and grabbed, more than what (from any enlightened viewpoint), rightfully belonged to them. But they didn't break the rules. For in that golden era, there WERE no rules. It was the lawlessness of the jungle, the rule of tooth and claw,—the rule of the survival of the fittest.

And they won, essentially, because they were the fittest. Because they were more able, more far-seeing, more aggressive and PARTICULARLY more ruthless than their fellows. To the victors belong the spoils, and they were the victors.

There were no anti-trust laws then, no corporation taxes, no income and no inheritance taxes, and of course no thought of bringing about better conditions for the masses, and a fairer distribution of wealth, through such legislation as the Social Security Act, now upheld, represents.

It is to the credit of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., however,—and to Carnegie as well,—that they did develop a certain sense of social responsibility. They never questioned their moral right to their billions; they did question their right, to hoard their wealth, and fail to distribute large portions of it, for the benefit of the people of the country, that, in the last analysis, made it possible. In this direction they stood head and shoulders above the Goulds, the Vanderbilts and the Morgans, who were unable to see above the archaic conception of a continuing plutocratic feudalism.

In fact Andrew Carnegie declared at one time, that he would regard it as a disgrace to die a rich man. In a strict sense he didn't escape this "disgrace," but in a general sense he did. So has Rockefeller. Both men gave away hundreds of millions, for the lasting benefit of the country and its people, and in comparison with what they might have had, died "poor" when the final summons came.

ALL credit to them.

And yet the principle they represented was wrong,—that the benefits of the natural resources of a country, should depend upon the benevolence—or the lack of benevolence—of half a dozen men who control them. This was the principle that the worthy Karl Marx harped upon,—that by its nature the profit system, eventually, sews the seeds of its own destruction. That it can't endure because it results in greater and greater wealth for the few; less and less for the many,—and sooner or later such a lop-sided and top heavy edifice FALLS of its own weight.

AS this Social Security Act—and other New Deal legislation, shows,—this country is now engaged in the important and difficult task of proving that the father of communism was wrong. Proving that democracy, through intelligent reform and readjustment, CAN be made to work, and by a fairer distribution of wealth imposed by law, individual freedom on one hand, and individual security, on the other, CAN be made to endure.

It's a TERRIFIC job. But we find, in this dramatic incident in our history,—John D. Rockefeller, departing from the scene as Social Security is ushered in—a hopeful sign.

JOHN D. was the last of his school,—and in many ways the best example of it,—simple in his tastes, unassuming, emotionally penurious but intellectually benevolent. The charges that can be—and will be—brought against him, are not personal, but properly apply to the system that produced him.

However,—as the last leaf flutters from that plutocratic tree,—a new day dawns. America's King Croesus, the last of his line is dead,—Long live the new king, the king of true democracy, regulated but just and free.

At least that is the way we are disposed to regard it,—that the death of John D. Rockefeller marks the definite end of an era, in this country, and the beginning of a better one,—not for the fortunate few, but for the rank and file. The end of an era, when our national well being was a matter of private charity, and the beginning of an era when the national well being IS inherent in a new social and economic order,—not largesse from the few from above, but a social and political responsibility for all!

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, Calif.

DIET AND DEGENERATION.

By overeating and drinking and avoiding exercise George Cheyne degenerated by the age of thirty years to a lethargic, listless 448-pound lump of flesh with only a feeble breath of life left in him. Then he began dieting on MILK and vegetables and, as soon as he got back a little better, he began to take exercise. He reduced his weight to 150 pounds.

lived to the age of 72 years (a long life for Cheyne's time) and being human left an essay on health and long life to tell others how to achieve regeneration.

MILK and milk products, such as cream, butter, cheese, buttermilk, sour milk, skim milk, acidophilus milk, condensed, evaporated and dried milk and various beverages or dishes in which one or another of these dairy products is the chief ingredient, constitute an important part of the corrective protective diet or regeneration regimen which nutrition authorities today recommend for the prevention or arrest of degenerative diseases. MILK, butter, eggs, cheese, and vegetables, especially the greens or leafy vegetables, which are good to eat raw, and fresh fruits in season are the essentials of the daily ration for any one who wants to preserve youth, maintain vite and enjoy longev-

Primitive races, according to Weston A. Price, D.D.S., distinguished for his researches in dental pathology, lose their natural immunity to tooth decay and to associated degenerations when they adopt modern refined foods such as white flour, sugar, polished rice and various canned foods. On this civilized diet they develop facial deformities, crooked teeth, narrow nostrils or nasal passages with insufficient breathing space. It is a common observation that adenoid obstruction of the nose accompanies the development of the jaw and teeth and rapid decay of teeth.

It becomes apparent that the diet which is best to promote development of sound teeth and keep the teeth free from caries is also best to promote vite, preserve youth and

prevent cardiovascular degeneration.

The next task in this series will give all the details of such a diet replete with vitamins, minerals, alkaline ash residue, roughage and everything—everything but calories. Not only the scientific investigators who have carried on extensive experimental study, but also practicing physicians, alert to the application of newer knowledge of nutrition, conclude that the diet of modern civilized man, consisting chiefly of refined or "denatured" foods, is an important factor of degenerative disease. Experience warrants the belief that restoration to the daily diet of an adequate proportion of correct, protective foods (that is, foods that have not been robbed of their minerals and vitamins) tends to reverse the degeneration and bring about regeneration.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Turpentine

Could any injury to health become apparent 18 months after one had taken two tablespoonfuls of turpentine internally?—A. L.

Answer—One of the ill effects from the use of turpentine is inflammation of kidneys. This might develop into a more definite nephritis or Bright's disease in that time.

Aluminum Chloride

You recommended a solution of one-half ounce of aluminum chloride in three ounces of water. Application to the arm pits for three successive days, for the control of perspiration. Would it be all right to use this regularly, provided one applies it only three days each week?—A. H.

Answer—Yes, as long as it does not set up an irritation.

Why, Doctor!

Our doctor just takes his clinical thermometer from its case, examines it a moment in a glass of water or runs cold water from the tap over it, then puts it in a patient's mouth. Could not infection be carried that way?—M. F.

Answer—Yes. Some physicians carry the thermometer in a strong germicidal solution. In any case it should be washed with soap and water or with alcohol or other germicidal or antiseptic solution.

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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.

of bath. The former secretary of President Wilson, white haired Joseph P. Tumulty, had presided and did not spare the sugar. So little did he refrain from an extravaganza of acclaim that as the guests left Grandland Rice, a big grogg, whispered to Arthur McKeogh: "Well, the shouting and tumulty dies!"

Coronation crowds are coming back humming "Let's Have a Tiddley at the Milk Bar." One hears it everywhere in England—on the radio and among the whistling errand boys and cabaret crooners. London, it seems, has all of a sudden taken up milk with the orange drink building craze in every available building erected in New York. Incidentally, a new American restaurant has sprung up in London next door to the old Palladium and is called "Ye Old Doughnut Dunkery."

Chicago gossip: Harry Laidler postcards that the jigaw puzzle was invented by a Scot butcher who inadvertently dropped a pound note in his mincing machine.

Churchill's famous old restaurant corner on Broadway at 49th street, leveled by the wreckers, is being grazed by a swanky movie house to be run on the two-a-day basis. For several years it has been deserted and was slowly becoming one of the familiar eye sores. Churchill's "cartoonist table" was once an important part of its way as the old Amen Corner in the 5th Avenue Hotel.

Bagatelles: Clare DeWiggins, the cartoonist, is gyping from the Golden Gate to Maine in an old trailer.

Michael Arlen has fallen for the moon-cake. . . . Hollywood's Dutch Treat club is called the Scotch Treat. . . . Alfred Lunt has a green and yellow checked shirt with collar to match that Lynn Fontaine will not let him wear. . . . Gene Aherne, the cartoonist, is building a Spanish castle with a patio in California. . . . Abel Green and his wife are on a two month's trip to California to look over the Variety interests on the coast.

From an editorial: "No one remembers exactly when the first big swing from right to left took place. So the Carter hung to that bell clapper in 'Hear' May, 1937."

(Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

NEW YORK, May 22.—There is to me something purposeful and noble about a upward flying candle flame skirting up ward in the wetting dusk of a church, cathedral or even a room. The most appealing popular song lyric of all time was: "Thru the Sycamores the Candle Lights are Gleaming."

The nearest I ever came to religious ecstasy was in stopping before the cathedral at Rouen one before the cathedral at Rouen one midnight, driving from Paris to Havre. Through a partly opened door a single candle flickered a pale yellow. Overhead the silver gray sky, stillness and a scatter of stars.

With me was a one-time actor, housed by the disillusionments of Broadway, who suddenly exclaimed: "All this makes me feel a bit floaty. There must be something in this church stuff after all." Nothing is more like life itself than a flaming candle.

Burning brightly at times and suggesting a plume of pomp. At other times sputtering darkly and filling the air with wails of despair. Gut-

ting sometimes into oblivion and at other times remembered as a promising beacon. Frequently lingering, frequently snuffed out.

When Death comes to membership of the Lambs and the toll has been heavy of late years—there is an especial bulletin board upon which the announcement is made. One of the legends of the club concerns Wilton Lackaye, who stopped before the latest posting one day and, turning way sighed: "It's always the wrong one."

Both the Lambs and Players are without caustic wit now that Lackaye, Oliver and Hereford have gone over the horizon.

The measure of the true artist has always struck me as being summed up by the incomparable painter, Corot. He played tag with success and sold his first painting at the age of 51. Felicitated by a friend upon the long-sought recognition, he murmured without enthusiasm: "It is nice to sell a picture for the first time, but my own collection is spoiled."

Authors frequently have some amusing and sometimes embarrassing experiences with autographed volumes. John Kendrick Bangs once sent a complimentary copy of his book, "The Houseboat on the Styx, to a well known critic. On the fly leaf he inscribed: "To Brammer Matthews, with the kind regards of the author—John Kendrick Bangs." A week or so later he was browsing about the Schulte book shop when he came upon the same volume lying on a marked-down table. Bangs, being the humorist he was, bought it, and under what he had written previously added: "With renewed kind regards of the author—John Kendrick Bangs." And returned the volume to Matthews. Someone tells me that H. G. Wells will no longer autograph his books because he came upon several in second hand shops.

I once came upon a nope-too opulent opus of mine called "White Light Nights" on an aprawl of two-for-a-quarter volumes on a second-hand sidewalk counter in Boston. It had been autographed tenderly and with affectionate sentiment to a valued friend. Naturally I bought it and turned away bewildered and just a little hurt. Nor could I hide a certain coolness the next time I met my friend. But the matter was cleared up at a later meeting. I mentioned in casual off-hand how I had bought an autographed book, and subscribing to the same sentiment, he told of a discharged servant purloining more than 100 of his autographed books and selling them to second-hand dealers. I'm certain mine was among the loot. At least it is more pleasant to think so.

It's sharply refreshing how New York fathers now and then don evening gowns and fare forth to flashy cafes with their gaily bedecked and attractive daughters. Only recently I saw Gurnee Munn, Eamond O'Brien and E. D. Coblenz indulging such companionship—dancing, laughing across the table tops and beaming with mutual pride. The same is true of many fathers who have the good sense to have a night out at intervals with collegiate sons. I do not mean nights of carousal—but evenings charged with gaiety of drifting from place to place, properly dinner jacketed and perhaps having a thin goblet of wine with dinner. Thus enjoying the father and son devoirs so notable among the well-bred classes of England. During a stay at Claridge's in Londone one winter there appeared a dressed formally for dinner nightly a father and son. Always they had one dash of port after coffee, lifting and coughing their glasses, so I might say afterward they shook hands and apparently went their separate ways. The head waiter told me the mother and wife had been killed tragically in an auto accident two years before. Not once had he known them to miss dinner together or fail to drink the toast to her. Few incidents in life touched me so profoundly.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE next time somebody tells you (or you read) that this is a TERRIBLE country, full of exploitation of common man, and ought to be MADE OVER after the pattern by which Europe has been made, consider these facts:

STEEL workers in Pittsburgh can buy a pound of bacon and a dozen eggs with the money they earn for only 38 minutes work.

To get the money to buy a pound of bacon and a dozen eggs Belgian steel workers have to labor SIX AND A HALF HOURS. German steel workers three and a half hours and English workers two hours.

FOR the equivalent of 14 minutes labor, the American steel worker can buy a pound of bread and a quart of milk.

In Belgium, an hour would be required to earn the money to buy the same things. In Germany 35 minutes and in England a little less than a half hour.

ENGLAND is the home of good roast beef.

But in England a steel worker requires about 20 minutes of labor to earn a pound of beef, while in Germany 38 minutes are required and in Belgium nearly two hours.

In this country, a steel worker can earn a pound of beef in 12 minutes.

IN THIS favored country, a steel worker can earn a pound of butter in 26 minutes. In Germany it requires two hours, in England al-

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

May 24, 1927

(It was Tuesday)

Lindbergh decorated by French government for Atlantic flying feat.

America rejoices and plans royal greeting for air hero, who plans to fly to London and Brussels. All get-rich-quick offers rejected.

State supreme court hands down decision holding Medford is entitled to county courthouse.

Mississippi flood dangers increase.

Copco to spend \$5,000,000 in Rogue River valley for power improvements.

Road to Diamond lake will not be opened until June 15.

Florists report there will be wealth of flowers for Decoration Day.

Roy Pruitt and son Willie leave on vacation trip to Oklahoma.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

May 24, 1917

Senator Harry Lane of Oregon, former mayor of Portland, long prominent in state affairs, dies at San Francisco of blood clot on brain.

German U-boat sinks liner Transylvania in Mediterranean with loss of 413 lives.

Excavation for sanitarium to be erected at Sixth and Ivy streets by Dr. E. H. Porter starts.

John C. Mann and Dr. E. G. Riddell endorsed for school directors by Greater Medford club.

Rogue river salmon now on the market.

Local woman sustains broken arm in midnight joy-ride.

Bill prohibiting trading with an enemy nation before congress.

Ye Poets Corner

J'ville High

(Dedicated to the Seniors of Jacksonville high by Freda Butcher)

Many a day has come and gone

And many a year sped by

Since you walked in those welcome doors

Or that good old J'ville HI.

With its green class vines all around it

And the bell you loved to hear—

Those will be your fondest memories

And the ones to be cherished so dear.

You should not trade all these memories

Of the happiest days of your life;

When you went to J'ville HI school,

Without worry, care, or strife.

When all of you have parted,

And each has gone his way;

May these memories be kept and thought of

As though it were yesterday.

The Sun's Woeing.

How grand is the earth in the morning

When the air is crisp and cold,

When the sun first kisses the flowers,

And they their petals unfold.

When the myriad forms of earth life,

That have hidden away for the night,

Are anxiously keeping their vigil;

For the very first rays of the light.

As a maiden responds to her lover,

So the bird to her mate's call,

So the earth life responds to the sun-light.

And the sun is a wooer to all.

—By Mary O. Carey

Communications

Scout Leader Appreciative

To the Editor:

I was fortunate enough to have occasion to read a copy of the Medford Mail Tribune as of last Tuesday and was so favorably impressed and appreciative of the editorial contained in it, entitled "A Great Opportunity," which had to do with the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Washington, D. C., this summer, I was unable to restrain my enthusiasm and as a result I am dropping this short note to you.

It is a source of genuine satisfaction to all of us in scouting—nationally, regionally, and locally—to know that we have the splendid support and interest such as indicated in this very fine article printed in your newspaper. Such words of support are invaluable to us!

There is no question but what the article you have printed so generously and kindly in your paper will be by its readers, help in placing the matter before Scout members and others interested all over your section of the coast, and of course will be extremely helpful to your local Scout personnel in the matter of their promotion of the Jamboree.

Again—please accept for the Medford Mail Tribune our sincere thanks and appreciation!

EDWARD L. CURTIS

Regional Scout Executive

Portland, May 22.

WOMAN'S AILMENTS

MANY women are troubled with monthly pains, headache, backache, or "heat flashes." All women who suffer from nervousness, irritability and the discomforts and ailments associated with menstrual disturbances, need a tonic like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which stimulates the appetite and this in turn increases the intake of food and builds up the body. Read what Mrs. B. Sommers of 2017 Paw C St., Tacoma, Wash., said: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done more for me than I can say. It has increased my appetite and is doing to relieve the pain which I have suffered with my monthly ailments."

See your druggist or write Dr. J. C. Rorer, Lowell, Mass.

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