

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-27 N. Fir St. Phone 18

Subscription Rates: Daily, one year, \$1.00; Daily, six months, \$0.75; Daily, one month, \$0.25

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 4, 1917

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Ye Smudge Pot: From the looks of things, visitors to the Portland Rose Festival this year, will be able to see roses and riots.

The Governor, bound for the 'Frisco fiesta, advocates use of pitchforks for farmers to repel any inland invasion of agitators.

The Anti-Saloon league is swinging into action in this state, and plans local option campaigns.

The President continues firm for his supreme court pack plan, despite Congressional and public sentiment against it.

Vivian Joe Beach, the J'ville watch-fixer called yesterday to protest against this paper calling him "Viv" when he should be called "Viv".

FROM AN IRATE LADY (American Mercury): "Sir: Have you read with utmost disgust the hateful, spiteful, sarcastic, destructive editorials in your December issue."

The high school graduates launch into the world tomorrow night, armed with diplomas. There will be no 70 mph. traveling down the road to success.

Hermie Offenbacher of the Applegate came to town Wed. for a Moline mower nut. He looked every place but in a drugstore for one.

Royal Brown, the Eagle Point sage, when a boy rode a racehorse in early day that belonged to Uncle John Griffin's folks.

G. Hunt, the magic lantern big shot, is still staying home, and mowing his lawn, and setting a bad example with his unexpected burst of energy.

N. B.—MR. GETCHELL: "But a difficulty arose when the program was completed. The audience, apparently, didn't want to go home."

For Greater Satisfaction: BUY NOLDE & HORN'S HOSIERY at Eitelwyn B. Hoffmann's S & H Green Stamps.

Deposits of placer gold are formed by rain washing specks of the precious metal off the veins where it occurs "in place."

Use Mail Tribunes want ads.

"Be It Ever So Humble"

It is just one thing after another for Mayor Rossi of San Francisco. First it was the longshoremen's strike; then the anti-vice crusade; then Mayor Carson delivered his broadside against the bug control at the state line; and this was followed by the hotel strike—which in spite of the Fiesta, still appears to be going strong.

And yesterday some parties unknown tore down the Hitler flag, in the Fiesta decorations, and international complications loom.

What a life! THE mayor took the only stand he could take, as head of a great American and cosmopolitan city.

Every nation recognized by this country, has the right to be represented in the world flag display, and that right must be protected and sustained.

This didn't please the powerful Maritime Federation of the Pacific. A vote was called on the question of whether or not the organization will withdraw from the \$35,000,000 bridge celebration, and to the mayor's ultimatum Z. R. Brown, the federation's secretary declared: "labor is going to have something to say about that!"

No doubt labor will, and another flock of flies will be imbedded in Hiz Honor's ointment.

CERTAINLY the chief executive of San Francisco has his work cut out for him during these parlous times. No wonder he is under the care of a doctor a good share of the time.

To get by in the Golden Gate city hall, these days, requires a hide like a rhinoceros, a jaw like Mussolini's, and a sub-machine gun for a watch charm.

Whatever Hiz Honor is paid, it isn't half enough for the punishment he must take.

It's an ill wind that blows no one good however. Successful or unsuccessful, one net result of the Fiesta is certain.

MAYOR ROSSI of San Francisco need never again fear a broadside from Joe Carson of Portland, regarding the inequities and injustices of that bug border control.

The mayor of Portland will return a chastened and forgiving man. After observing what his colleague in California has to suffer, he will come back to the quiet and peaceful shades of the Rose City, and never again complain about the high handed arrogance of California officialdom.

It would be too much like kicking a man when he is down. With the opening of the Golden Gate bridge, the Carson-California feud, and the Oregon inferiority complex, ENDS.

Unless all signs fail, the entire Oregon delegation will return, appreciating their blessings as never before, and as they pass over the Siskiyou joining in the harmony of that sweet refrain, "Home, SWEET Home!"

Why the German Flag?

THE question arises why did organized labor in San Francisco pick on the German flag?

All the nations were represented. This means the flag of Fascist Italy was there, and of course Soviet Russia.

Why was Mussolini spared, and Stalin? Here are two foes of democracy, and exponents of absolutism supported by terror and force.

Through the country at large there is as much feeling against Communism, as there is against Fascism or Nazism,—then why were Mussolini's and Stalin's flags allowed to fly, and Hitler's torn down?

WE can think of a number of answers, the chief one being, that organized labor fears and hates Fascism,—as the bird does the snake,—it has no such fear of Communism.

Another point: There is no essential difference between German and Italian Fascism, but in San Francisco the mayor is of Italian blood and the Italian colony, while not very much larger than the German, is far better organized, and more powerful financially and politically.

Had the Italian flag been torn down there WOULD have been trouble,—something far more serious than a mild rebuke from the City Hall.

Moreover Mussolini, accepted the Italian flag — Hitler didn't,—he insisted with characteristic flamboyance, that the Nazis have a flag of their own. Therefore the Swastika emblem of Der Fuehrer was far more infuriating than the traditional flag of modern Italy, because the former was entirely fascist and the latter was not.

So the demonstrators were more logical, and far more prudent, in selecting the German emblem, rather than the Italian.

AS for the red flag of Russia,—those who feel strongly against Stalin and his dictatorship of the proletariat, are not disposed toward flag waving or flag tearing. They feel strongly but they are largely of the property owning class,—rural and metropolitan. The "bourgeoisie" if you please, and therefore constrained—not emotional,—essentially staid.

Those who really hate Bolshevism, as labor hates Fascism—because they FEAR it—because its victory would spell their destruction — are largely comfortably placed in the upper brackets, and don't engage in street demonstrations, or other phases of "direct action."

Finally while organized labor has always been essentially conservative and has repeatedly gone on record against Communism—(and the rank and file of labor is against it today)—were this country ever unfortunate enough to be faced by the grim necessity of choosing BETWEEN Fascism and Communism,—there is no doubt where labor would go. It would go against Fascism with every resource at its command, and would reluctantly perhaps but no less certainly, embrace Communism, as the lesser of two evils—under such circumstances regarding it as the only hope of survival of their class.

LOOKING many years into the future, this represents a certain danger, as far as the survival of a capitalistic society is concerned. But in the opinion of this column, so remote, that only those who see things under the bed every night need waste any sleep over it.

Artificial light, it has been found, stimulates the growth of peacans. Use of night lights lengthens the time during which late can be formed by the tree.

Beef cattle raisers should select a type smooth in conformation and blocky in build, advises F. W. Bell, animal husbandry expert at Kansas State college.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 268 E. Camino, Beverly, Calif.

WORK OR PLAY STRAIGHTENS THE NATIONAL "NERVES"

Drugs are important factors of the Yankee "nervous" complex: Never before have children in their teens and adult motorists subjected to such enticement to use drugs as they encounter every-where in this country today.

Little by little the old taboos against depraving the morals of youth have given way before powerful propaganda in behalf of alcohol and tobacco. The effects of tobacco and alcohol has become almost submerged by the plausible pseudo-scientific teachings of the propagandists. Under this tutelage and example children in their teens commonly acquire the habit of using drugs first because they have been taught that it is smart to do so, then because they discover it relieves consciousness of inferiority, and presently adopting it to inhibit the instinctive urge to do something—to fight or to run away.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Potential Diabetes: Relative suffered exposure and fright in recent flood. Doctor says he is now verging on diabetes. What advice can you offer? (Mrs. B. E. M.) Answer—He should get superabundance of vitamin B—the poor man's insulin. Send stamped envelope for monograph on diabetes.

Had success training my baby. Bought pretty pall for 5 cents in store and baby early learned to bring the pall to me at proper time. (Mrs. L. N.) Answer—Thank you. It is an excellent suggestion for amateur mothers, who should have the "Brady Baby Book"—for copy send self-addressed envelope and 10 cent coin.

Impetuous Hit: Moot court case at university law school involves question of shoe dye poisoning. Any evidence you can give me against absorption of dye on through skin. (O. M. K.) Answer—There is no scientific evidence that unbroken skin absorbs anything. Whenever such poisoning occurs the reasonable inference is that the poison has been absorbed by inhalation of the volatile fumes. I am prepared to subject my skin to any properly controlled test of this question if the opposition can be induced to come out into the open and settle the controversy in such a manner. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady M. D. 268 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

In the afternoon. From all accounts Peggy is going to lead a cloistered life from hence. She is putting her private home on the market and is reported to have made arrangements with European dealers to sell her jewels, valued at several hundred thousand. No one, save her family, knows Peggy's age exactly, but a checkup of her career is convincing that she is at least edging the early 40's. And no one was Broadway's No. 1 Glamour Girl so long.

Speaking of eclipses, the writing word seems to discuss Henry L. Mencken almost completely in the past tense. As though his rapier had turned to rust and his days were spent on a Baltimore porch, rocking. While this is all exaggeration, the truth is that the once fiery filibuster has grown suddenly passive. Many say that the re-election of Roosevelt, whom he fought so bitterly, soured Mencken on the whole business of public utterance. He discusses affairs now only with intimates in the privacy of his home and over a glass of his favorite brew.

Thingumbobs: W. W. Hawkins has joined the cigaret quitters. . . F. P. A. is free landing. . . Jack Pearl is a student of medieval history. . . Purser Villier of the Normandie speaks nine languages fluently. . . Arthur

NEW YORK Daily by Day by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 27.—There is one game for which Neysa McMen, who sponsors most of the new ones, has no zest. It was thought up by her husband, John Baragwanath who usually has as an ally for its perpetration Arthur Samuels. It is called "Fun With Food."

And may only be played at the dinner table where such gooey vizards as roast beef with brown gravy and ice cream with hot chocolate sauce are served. Sometimes a meringue-capped pudding may be employed as a prize for the chief figure in the game must be a rather pompous person.

Baragwanath and Samuels pilot the conversation into higher levels—speaking learnedly on high blown topics. One, say Baragwanath, will in the heat of conversation allow the back of his hand to dip in the gravy and then unconsciously, talking all the while, rub his hand across his nose. His face is soon a smear.

In the meanwhile Samuels has not been idle. He appears to be absorbed in the talk and is contemplatively, softly rubbing his hand over his cheeks, a hand dripping with ice cream and chocolate sauce. By this time the pompous onlooker is in a bewildering dither and Mrs. McMen has run shrieking from the room.

The Candid Camera Craze is getting out of bounds. The parks are filled with them sneaking up on young lovers for a shot, and anyone of the slightest headlin importance last night's night club is fairly besieged. I am told that many of the cameras haven't even films. Carrying them gives the inquisitive, snooping type more latitude in attacking his nose where it does not belong. Before burlesque got its deadening bliff, the front rows were sprinkled with the close-up fiends, although the management usually gave them the bum's rush when discovered. The Candid Cameraists are far more brazen than the Autograph Pest and their scavenging is usually for nudity or anything that might be turned into the suggestive.

Peggy Joyce's crack-up in the sledge accident at St. Moritz, which cost the life of her fiancé, was far more serious than most people imagined. After being in a Swiss hospital many weeks she went to London and hobbled about her room on crutches for many more. It was her first interlude in night outting in 20 years. For Peggy has during her headlined career been a gay creature of the night scene, never failing to visit from one to five clubs an evening. She has rarely turned in before dawn and has breakfasted regularly at 2

Murray, the dance man, has made the largest of all fortunes out of the art of Tarpischor. . . E. B. White, who writes much of the whimsy for The New Yorker, has resigned to try life on a farm for a while. I never go to a fire without thinking of the rebuff of my first reporting days in New York. With my police card jauntily in my hat I walked casually through the lines on West 28th street and was given a shove by a cop that unroofed my hat and clattered my teeth. Lifting myself up haughtily, I approached him and announced with much grandeur: "I happen to be a newspaperman." To which he replied: "Happen is the word, buddy." (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

WALLY (we read) may dye her hair blue in order to match her eyes and the color of the wedding gown she will wear next week. That is at least a comfortingly frivolous note in a world that has too many serious problems.

WANETA BECKLEY, 14-year-old Louisville, Kentucky, girl, wins the national championship and \$500 by correctly spelling "plebeian."

If you think she didn't earn it, spring that word on a dozen of your best-educated friends and see how many of them make the grade.

Or even try spelling it yourself without checking down on it again as here printed.

(If you want to play a game with yourself, you might see just how SURE you are, without looking it up in the dictionary, that the word here printed is really spelled correctly.)

THE President, a "high administrative official" asserts, will stand pat on his original supreme court packing bill.

There is no indication, this official says, that Roosevelt will permit his court packing bill to be withdrawn or changed, despite the fact that the government has won 12 important cases and lost none before the high tribunal this year.

WHY is the President so firm in his announced determination to go through with his court packing scheme?

Well, for one thing, he can't afford to have it suspected that he WILL compromise until he is READY to compromise. That would weaken his hand badly.

For another, he CAN'T AFFORD to compromise, for a compromise would be politically equivalent to a defeat and a defeat would destroy the impression in congress that he is impervious to invective. If congress ever gets that idea, there will be trouble ahead for the New Deal.

So the President has to go ahead with his court scheme.

BUNT, outspoken Governor Martin, speaking in Roseburg and naming Harry Bridges, warns Oregon to beware of labor "racketeers" who may bring another economic setback similar to that started by the "Wall Street crooks" in 1929. (The quoted words are Governor Martin's own.)

He adds: "When our good laboring men allow men like Bridges to lead them, it is time for good people to get together and knock Bridges and these racketeers out."

BRIDGES made a speech up in Seattle the other night in which he aligned himself DEFINITELY as a communist. So we know where he

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