

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official Paper of Jackson County

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1937

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A Nevada bartender has been nabbed for alleged persistent and consistent forgetting to put gin in the gin flasks, and kindred 35c concoctions. When a mixologist forgets to put in the water—that will be news.

With the return of "kept us out of war," as a public vote-getting slogan, the more adroit and demagogic candidates will niftily turn it to their own ends. They will promise the Old Folks a \$200 per month pension and to keep the boys out of China to help them spend it.

A number of Pacific Coast communities, beset by agitators are "waiting for the agitators to wear themselves out." This is a fine theory, but in practice the communities already wear out first.

Mr. Con DeVore, the butcher, emitted his most raucous guffaws at the joy of his top-hand, when a new boy arrived last Sat. for Martin Melkamp. Mr. DeVore should remember that when he became a Grandpa last spring, it was his custom for weeks, to leap so high in the air he could kiss his grandson five times before he landed.

VITRIOL FOR VIPERS (Corvallis Gazette-Times)

"Two young women have yonched this coin recently concerning the nocturnal activities of a degenerate viper whose only intelligence seems to be an ability to ride a bicycle."

The British government told the Duke of Kent, what lands to visit on his recent tour of Europe, with the Duchess. And both did as directed. Also a proposed call on the Duke of Windsor and his Duchess was quashed. In this country the equivalent would be to forbid the Roosevelt family members from oratorically wandering into any state not traditionally Democratic.

Signs prevail that the intolerant and infamous Ku-Klux-Klan, with nightgowns and fantastic flunbuberry, will ride again. There is already sufficient trouble brewing and ensuing. Let there be no informal necktie parties, causing the law to look for citizens with tar on their heels and hen-feathers in their ears.

What with worrying about China and the Chicago Cubs winning, and conscience-stricken citizens using our desk as a mourning bench for the way they voted last November, your corr. was unable to get much done yesterday pm. One repentant political sinner confessed he had strayed to vote for both Woodrow Wilson and the current incumbent of the White House, in moment of rapture, and swore to eternal addiction to common sense with a lead pencil when voting.

"Illinois now requires an open hearing on each parole, and the first one held is a pip. An embewzler says his father, now dead, was the real criminal."—(Detroit News)—What-a-Man!

AS OLD AS YOU FEEL (SF Examiner)

"A 9-pound, blue-eyed son was born early Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Small. Her husband is 3-year-old Thomas Cochran, a garage assistant."

"America going to war would present many lightning problems" observes a contemporary. Right off the bat, Young Democrat clubs would protest the lightning was hitting too many Republican 2nd lieutenants.

The pinball ban is becoming increasingly complicated, causing a number of cities to resent the loss of revenue from license. Ministers enter the reform war, and protest their operation. A bright lawyer may arise to proclaim the devices are cousins to the collection plate—you don't have to drop change into them—unless you want to.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 14.—San Francisco wouldn't be San Francisco without a strike. The hotel strike is over, but there is some sort of waterfront labor fuss, which no one seems to understand and no one pays any attention to. We gather it's another fracas between A. F. L. and C. I. O. but with the Chino-Jap war getting hotter every day, even the newspapers pass it up. We ran into one newspaper man who expressed an opinion that is probably shared by many others.

Said he: "As long as labor troubles are confined to internal squabbles between two factions of labor, and war between the two yellow races, you don't find your truly getting all hot and bothered. Let John L. Lewis roll in the gutter with Bill Green, and the heathen Chinese bite the ear off the Japanese schoolboy—the more damage they can do within their respective families, the less they can do to outsiders. More power to BOTH of 'em, I say!"

Too bad one of these news reels lads wasn't taking a shot of Market street between the Examiner building and the Palace hotel about 6 o'clock last evening. Crossing Market at that vesper hour, a gust of wind took off my editor's boating straw and started it down the pavement with a demonstration of free wheeling which has never been excellent outside the Studebaker assembly line. Not quite so free in his wheeling as editor started in pursuit, and the MOVING tableaux resulted. We haven't had time to pace off the distance covered, but would place it conservatively at three-quarters of a block. Fortunately there was no green light for Market street traffic, or ye editor might be in the casualty ward of the nearest hospital, cashing in on his accident insurance instead of embalming the incident in the archives of his newspaper.

Certainly the passers-by and the loafers including the news-boys got a thrill from the spectacle, one of the latter remarked as we finally puffed back to the curb: "Get hold of Slip Madigan, buddy, he's looking for a fast back, with fly-paper fingers."

"Well you got it," said another between chortles. The ol' grey mare BETTER 'an she used to be!"

Groups of other onlookers dispersed as we came along, smiles still lingering on their faces, and over our shoulder we glimpsed one fat woman, her arm loaded with bundles, still quizzically regarding the editorial back as it retreated.

We don't know just WHAT it is that so titillates the resiliencies of any crowd as the spectacle of a man, any man, chasing his hat, but the basic truth has never been denied. The astonishing feature of this performance was the durned hat seemed to be ALIVE—every time we got a finger within touching distance it sprouted out of reach like a puppy being pursued, or a clever and mischievous child eluding its papa.

Looking back on it now we wonder why we didn't quit—the straw hat season is over anyway, and the pesky headgear only cost a dollar. But some strange primitive impulse spurred us on—and on—our eyes glued to the revolving rim and at the same time taking in the general position of the street cars and autos in the background. As luck—or ill luck—would have it, the hat blew off at THE one street intersection and there it was, a clear field almost to the other, so it was in no sense an obstacle race until near the finish—our recollection being the nearest rear bumper was at least 10 feet away when the pursuit finally ended.

Well all's well that ends well, and as we finally accomplished what we set out to do and the hat, harring a streak of street car grease on one edge, appears as good as new, we took the horse laughs and muffled guffaws of the assembled multitude in good grace—if we DO say so. But we don't think much of the editorial wind—must cut down on the cigar allowance at once. There was a time we could jog 20 blocks at a far faster pace and have plenty of breath at the finish line to sing two or three verses of "White Wings"! Not now—not now that we too are a contestant for the \$100,000 cash prize offered by Old Gold.

Speaking of Old Gold—on the Overland, by actual count, there were over 50 people of both sexes smoking them. They outnumbered all other brands at least ten to one. Shows what a big league gambling chance will do to boost sales.

Of course gambling is wrong, and for the sake of the public morals SHOULD be discouraged—but as long as the law recognizes certain forms of it, we have never been able to follow those splitters of moral hairs who object to capitalizing the forms of gambling that are legal, for PUBLIC benefit, when they not only do nothing to oppose, but often encourage, the prevailing system which restricts the huge profits of gambling exclusively to private hands.

Sorry to see the practice of women smoking cigarettes on the street, so common in New York, has reached San Francisco. No logical reason perhaps why a woman shouldn't smoke in one place as well as another, but nevertheless we don't like it. As far as that is concerned, what has logic to do with morals anyway?

Banners on the evening papers proclaim: "U. S. puts embargo on arms to Orient." So the truth has at last dawned on Washington that a war is really going on between China and Japan! So far so good.

But we fear this action will have little effect on the Oriental war or the United States munition makers. No more munitions will be exported DIRECTLY to China or Japan from this country, but nothing will prevent such exportation anywhere else—to Canada or Mexico for example. And while technically reshipment to the Far East would be denied, in practice no power exists to prevent such action. Say what you will, where there are large profits to be made, homo sapiens is extremely ingenious, in MAKING them!

Communications

Satirical Suicide.

To the editor:

In his home at Ruch, on the morning of September 10, J. C. Reynolds, while reading an attack made on him by a lady poet in the columns of the Mail Tribune, suddenly collapsed and fell to the floor. He was immediately put to bed and two nurses summoned to look after him.

Reynolds who is a very old man, a native of Hell and has always expected to return to that country when his visit to Oregon was at an end. Being known to have a very tender heart, it is supposed the shock of the wrathful poem so affected that organ as to cause a momentary ataxia. In a couple of hours, his nurses seeing that he was feeling much better, relaxed their vigilance somewhat, not suspecting that the hostile poem had so affected his mind that he was even then entertaining thoughts of suicide.

This gave him an opportunity later in the day to slip out of the house, taking with him a bottle of strychnine containing enough poison to kill twenty-seven persons, and a shot-gun fully loaded.

Slowly and painfully he made his way to the top of a high cliff upon the edge of which he balanced himself. Then swallowing the strychnine, he shot himself, nine ducks.

The Tala house in Portland, Me., built in 1788 by George Tala, contains eight fireplaces and fine 18th century woodwork.

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, 385 El Camino, Beverly, Calif.

THE SPECIALIST OBSESSION

I received today this card from a reader who seems pretty meticulous: "Enjoyed your recent article about sun baths. A specialist told a friend of mine the cause of his break down in health was because he took sunbaths without covering his head, back of neck and upper part of spine, as sun rays were too strong for them. I think people generally do not understand this. The specialist said the head and upper part of spine are too sensitive. Yet I see mothers exposing babies on the beach sand with no protection, letting them to sizzle in the sun. Please warn people about this."



There are all kinds of specialists in the world. If the correspondent or anyone else can persuade any reputable physician to subscribe to any such nonsense as that, I'll warn people about it. But my advice to all mothers is that they should expose babies to the sun every day when there is any sunshine available for the best welfare of the babies, taking pains only to avoid sunburn and to keep the sun from shining on the baby's eyes. You know how uncomfortable it is to have direct sunlight glaring in your eyes. It is merely an old wives' superstition that sunlight on the head, neck and spine is more injurious than sunlight on any other part of the body. As long as the sunbath or exposure is reasonably comfortable, the only ill effect that is possible follows is sunburn, and everyone must use his own judgment as to how much sun the individual can stand without burning. For young infants or others not yet accustomed, exposures should be for only a few minutes at first, gradually lengthened day by day or week by week as tanning progresses and the skin becomes accustomed to exposure. Not only young infants but growing children and even grown-ups should enjoy daily exposure to sunshine wherever it is possible.

Another reader rings in another funny specialist. "I took your iodine ration 2 1/2 years ago. I was then 20, and had always been slender." It wasn't my iodine ration. Mine is iodine ration.

"After taking it for a month I started to gain weight, and gained steadily for nearly two years, gaining 40 pounds in that time. Dieting and exercise gave no help. Consult: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 385 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

What you think of 80 and 80's sodium phosphate, taking a tablespoonful every morning.—(H. C.) Answer—It is as good as any other brand, as far as I know. But I do not advise taking salts at all. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

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Autograph hunters are often pests to actors and actresses, but a strange reversal of form took place when the article was making their scene. All the players, from stars to extras, cameramen, electricians and property boys were after the limbers for autographs. One of Arthur William Brown's proudest possessions is a card of admittance reading: "Arthur William Brown, actor."

Employment agencies say the scuttling of domestic help is due largely to such help for families who live quietly and without show have been utterly spoiled working for big salaried actors, singers and radio stars. Such employers are lavish in entertaining and not particular in the details of housekeeping. They entertain in a big way and there is an abundance of liquor and caviar left for the servants' hall that need not be accounted for. Too, it is the custom of guests at such functions to tip lavishly. Also employers of such employees make frequent trips for several weeks and leave servants to their own devices. Such easy-going berths are naturally those domestic seek.

Bob Davis, just in from India and off again for Alaska, missed the first heavyweight championship since the Corbett-Fitzsimmons smack-up in 1907, when he failed to see the Farr-Louis set-to. Bob has watched all the gradations of the championship fight and he has come to the conclusion that they are just a mite too stiffified for a red meat eater.

An old settler from Oklahoma, bucking standardization, was explaining his viewpoint to Gene Crowley. "If Nature had seen anything in the idea," he drawled, "she wouldn't have made hippos and giraffes, snakes and elephants and the like." (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate)

The outcome was that John La Gatta, Arthur William Brown, McClelland Barclay, Peter Arno and Rubie Goldberg went to the coast and appeared in a scene with Jack Benny and Sandra Storme, England's most photographed model, all doing a drawing of her. They didn't make the boys dress like the old masters, although they framed them when they got there and made them believe for awhile they were to wear Prince Charming costumes, with lace and ruffles and such a de dah.

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first acting experience. He used to do a vaudeville turn at Hammerstein's and over the Percy Williams circuit.

Behind Washington Headlines

By H. R. Baukhage

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(Continued from Page One)

In the list there are a number of life insurance companies which received payments under the soil conservation agreement. One received over \$50,000 as a result of the conservation measures on farms of which

it was the "landlord" in Iowa. But all this is going to stop. At least Secretary of Agriculture Wallace has a program of his own-worked out, but which he won't reveal as yet, for getting rid of the appearance of rewarding the big fellow with such a lavish hand.

Of course, life insurance companies aren't in the business because they like farming, but they do lend money and they do make foreclosures. Whenever possible, they rent the farms which they have had to take over, and when they do so, the tenant conforms to the regulations of the soil conservation program. The checks go out from Washington. Naturally, the insurance company gets the landlord's share and the farmer gets the tenant's.

The Jones bill, which failed of passage last session, dealt with this matter. It limited the benefit payable to ten thousand regardless of the acreage involved, and scaled the other payments down.

But this solution doesn't suit Secretary Wallace.

With America facing the necessity of consuming another bumper cotton crop, every ingenious device which may increase its consumption is welcomed.

The triple A has already absorbed some 8500 bales in experiments for use in cotton fabric in the construction of highways.

Now they report consumption of 22,500 square yards as a backing for asphalt linings for irrigation ditches.

While the Chinese have plenty to worry about in the problem of keeping out Japanese opium, some of them are beginning to be concerned about their domestic crop.

While it is true that Chiang Kai-Shek has a six-year plan for reducing the poppy acreage in China, opium is a government monopoly and yields high return to the public treasury. Some fear that reduction of the supply might be slowed down in the face of the temptation for larger financial returns at a time when a struggling country needs funds for war, as well as peaceful pursuits.

How great a temptation it might be to keep up production of this valuable, if terrible product can be gauged when it is considered that Japan raised a loan in Europe, secured by tax-paid (state manufactured) opium futures on the products of their licensed factories in Kwang-Tung.

Notice the seven days menus you give for hyperacidic or peptic ulcer do not include cream. Would the addition of cream be harmful? Also how about the grain cereals in your menu?—(Mrs. E. A. P.)

Answer—Half milk and half cream would be o. k. After the first week or two you might cautiously try a whole grain cereal and see how it goes. The menus, along with much other practical information, will be found given in detail in booklet "Vitality and Vitality" for copy of which send ten cents coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address.

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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

September 15, 1927.

(It was Thursday.)

Greatest parade in history of city opens "Jubilee of Dreams Realized" celebration, with record crowd in attendance. Marshall Dana of Portland in address declares this section is "the valley of voltage."

Col. Lindbergh, national hero, to fly over city tomorrow about noon.

Indian summer prevails at Crater lake.

V. D. Miller of Ashland, who went into the hills to kill a deer with a bow and arrow, fails.

Isadora Duncan, famed dancer, hurled to her death in France when scarf becomes entangled in auto wheel.

New York truckmen strike, and delay delivery of valley fruit.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

September 15, 1907.

(It was Saturday.)

German U-boat reported off the Atlantic coast.

China likely to join allies in war on Germany.

Sugar factory to be built here if farmers will agree to plant 2,000 acres of sugar beets.

T. E. Daniels returns from Crater lake and reports he never saw the lake looking so blue.

Charles Ray in "The Clophopper" at the Page: "Her Torpedoed Love" at the Star.

Halo effects may be achieved in coiffures by tying a piece of cord around the head and pinning the hair around the cord.

Marco Polo's travels, once regarded as fanciful tales, have since been demonstrated as sound reporting.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Communications

Adams Scion Here.

To the Editor:

In your issue of September 10, your "Strange As It May Seem" column gave a sketch of the Adams family, and it says: "From no other family has come so many leaders in the various walks of life as from the Adams family."

Your readers may be interested to know that a son of that family lives not far from Medford. I refer to John Bailey Short of Lake Creek. John was born 50 years ago on the foot of Rocky Ann. If any reader of this note can tell me on just what ranch his father, John Wesley Short, lived I will be pleased to know.

Respectfully,

WM. M. CARLE

Lake Creek, Ore., Sept. 13, 1937.

The head of the Statue of Liberty was shown at the Paris exposition in 1878 before the statue had been assembled.

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THE FALL SENTENCE - "They Must Hang!"

EVERY Fall as the leaves begin to fall, the household holds court, and curtains are sentenced "To be Hung!"

BUT first, they should be cleansed safely. Women who know will tell you that we can launder even your finest curtains safely. We guarantee all the work we do.

Ask your neighbors.

Blankets, Curtains and Spreads are very special services with us. We have a suitable wash-day service for every family budget.

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MEDFORD OREGON

END OF N. CENTRAL

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