

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

A deputy state real estate commissioner in a speech at Albany Monday predicted the Willamette Valley, now with a population of 800,000 "will be occupied by more than a million people in the next few years."

Government ownership of railroads is now hinted as the cure for the financial ills of the railroads. Hatful parliamentarians allege it is time to pass the Roosevelt boy with a yen for spending, will be appointed assistant engineer of the "Twentieth Century Limited" on the Chicago-New York run.

It is vigorously denied there is any cahootery between the state, the chiefs and Portland labor ears, appearances to the contrary, notwithstanding. No pickets are around the farm—not even on the front yard fence.

SELF-APPRAISAL. (Klamath Falls News) "Klamath Falls, Ore. (To the Editor)—The peak of my hump, but shapely, form being full of everything else but brains, I have a few problems in mind that are difficult for me to solve and it seems to me there should be an answer and I would appreciate it if some good mathematician would help me in my quandary."

Most of the candidates are "on the lam." Several have nailed their pictures on phone poles to be shot at—and missed.

A number of update co-eds visited these parts over the week-end. The leader reported they had "to get back to Eugene—or burst!"

The esteemed Salem Capital-Journal editorially inquires: "Should the Funnies Be Punished?" The editor answers: No! With the argument that they are chiefly continuity stories of kissing and killing, felonies, and first degree manslaughter. It's a battle in many homes between parents and progeny to see who gets to the comic section first. In the better regulated households domestic peace is maintained by the clarion cry: "First on the funnies, when Dad gets through!" Biscuits have been known to burn while the bride checks up on Orphan Annie. The Funnies may not be artistic and humorous, but they are popular and profitable. Try and laugh those two virtues off.

The Elks have installed a public address system. In preliminary tests, it woke up everybody, including the temple locust, while the brother wanted on the phone snoozed on.

Word from Tokyo speaks of "the North China puppet." This is the first time the word "puppet" has been used in this state to describe anything except a power company lawyer.

"In their eagerness to have the budget balanced, people are willing to do almost anything except take their feet out of the trough." (Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press)—OUCH!

The C. Wig Ashpole boy has notions to be both a cowboy and a sailor, and has suits suitable for both callings. Monday he showed up in the pants of the navy, and the hat of the range. "I got to go off before he ropes me," observed Mr. Ashpole, the old cow-hand.

HOOD RIVER, April 13.—(AP)—Crushed to death against rocks when a jack slipped from under his truck, the body of George Kamenau, Barrett fruit grower, was found yesterday by motorists.

Editorial Correspondence

BEVERLY HILLS, California, April 11.—This country can be saved, only by a return of prosperity,—genuine and general prosperity.

Prosperity can be returned only if confidence, that is BUSINESS confidence, is restored.

Business confidence can be restored, only if all attempts to reform business practice is abandoned.

Therefore President Roosevelt must abandon his program of reform, if the country is to be saved from disaster.

The above is what is called a syllogism. Perhaps there is a flaw in it somewhere,—we hope there is—but the nearer Uncle Sam approaches the precipice, the stronger our fears, there ISN'T!

And if there isn't,—then what? Merely this: Our second Roosevelt, like our first, makes his political exit, as a defeated and disillusioned Don Quixote.

Many people have forgotten T. R. the Bull Moose, but this column hasn't. And as a Bull Moose, Theodore the 1st, ran for President on the most enlightened and progressive platform, a major party in this country has ever adopted. But while T. R. received a large popular vote he only carried two or three states. And his defeat ended the Progressive party and the progressive movement.

T. R. was a great liberal and a great fighter, but he was also a very practical man and knew when he had had enough. That defeat of 1912 convinced him he had been fighting windmills, and he had no stomach for the role of Don Quixote. So he quit, threw down his lance of social and economic reform, and REJOINED the G. O. P. That lance lay there where it had fallen until two decades later, Franklin D. Roosevelt picked it up.

And now where are we? Pretty much where we started from. Theodore Roosevelt believed in the capitalistic system,—(everyone did in his day)—but he also believed it needed reform. And his idea of reform came as truly under the general heading of "a fairer distribution of wealth," as his distant kinsman's New Deal program did,—and does.

Only T. R. called it the "SQUARE deal." What he wanted was less power financial and political for the FEW, more for the MANY,—and the platform on which he ran against Taft and Wilson, was a clear cut and militant demand for just THAT.

But business in this country, particularly Big Business, had no more use for T. R. and his program THEN, than it has for F. D. R. and his program NOW. Had T. R. won in 1912, business confidence would have been so shattered, that with the opening of the world war, undoubtedly one of the worst depressions in American history, would have been the result.

Why? Because T. R. was wrong? No he wasn't wrong, he was right. Just as F. D. R. today, is ESSENTIALLY right. But this country is a business man's country, and reform—any reform worthy of the name,—means at least a temporary reduction of profits, during the period of readjustment. And business refuses to submit to that. At least without a knock down and drag out fight. And such a fight means war,—and such a war means the destruction of business confidence.

Q. E. D. I So what? It's too early to say with any finality. But this is a blue Monday,—for the first time in two weeks the sun is on a strike,—and we never should have eaten that second piece of strawberry shortcake, anyway.

So our guess is Big Business is going to win this second bout with a Roosevelt, just as it did the first. There can be no enduring prosperity without business confidence.

And any reform program which threatens to materially reduce profits,—eliminate the gambling chance of EXCESSIVE profits—destroys business confidence.

So when business confidence goes, and prosperity with it, the popular demand for a return of both is so insistent and overwhelming that no individual or party can stand against it. In short unless business becomes wise enough to see the need of its own reform, from the standpoint of its OWN self interest, there is apt to be no reform.

For business therefore it is a race between enlightenment and destruction,—which to express it mildly, is extremely un-fortunate! R. W. R.

The Capital Parade

Continued from page one

states and cities, the government will ask them to borrow money from the public. And, instead of being non-interest bearing, the proposed bonds will carry a reasonable rate of interest guaranteed by the federal treasury. Then the president plans to sweeten the public works pot for the states and cities, not by letting them borrow money without interest, but by promising to pay the interest on all money they borrow.

Thus will be created the new class of securities—state and municipal bonds whose holders will receive federal dollars in interest, and state and municipal dollars in principal payments. So far as is known, no such division of responsibility for the carrying charges on public debt has ever before been tried out.

The period of the proposed bonds is limited to fifty years under the terms of the draft bill. And while the intention is to sell the bonds finally to the public, it is expected that during the time of emergency, when the projects are getting under way and the pump is just being primed, the bonds will be taken up by the reconstruction finance corporation. As in the past, the RFC's astute chairman, Jesse H. Jones, will be permitted to resell the bonds, which he should have little trouble in doing in view of the federal interest guarantee.

In effect, what is contemplated is not an increase in the federal debt, but its equivalent, an increase in the annual fixed charges of the government. Just how far the increase will go is difficult to predict.

In the first place, a great many states and municipalities have reached their borrowing limit, interest guarantee or no interest guarantee. And, in the second, hotted down to its essentials, the new scheme does not offer the states and cities much better terms than the old PWA loan and grant program. Indeed, budget

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.

WHAT IS NEUROSIS? Fifteen or twenty years ago Class B neurotics, who were more numerous and much bolder about it than they are today, regularly took revenge on me by forwarding clippings from an alleged health column conducted by an eminent specialist in a great metropolitan paper. It seemed this big shot fairly oozed sympathy and kindness and



nothing much else, but how his readers admired him and loved him for it! By contrast my mean little wisecracks and hard-boiled attitude stood out painfully. Honestly, I blushed many a secret blush, but I reckon I was born that way. Well, the great metropolitan health column specialist didn't last long—I dunno whether his supply of sympathy became exhausted or whether the customers grew tired of it. In fact the great metropolitan paper that carried his column has passed into history too. Just natural death, both of 'em. When I get mine I'll probably be murdered. Ha, and there's a title for a murder mystery—The Pasteurized Milk Puzzle.

As I have eviscerated so often it gets on some people's nerves, there's no such state as "neurasthenia" recognized in pathology and no such thing as nerve or nervous energy recognized in physiology, hence all bla about nerve strain, nervous exhaustion, weak nerves or nervous breakdown is sheer bla, whether it is uttered casually by Mrs. Summey or "scientifically" by the great Poo-hah of the A.M.A.

What ails all the misguided folk who believe they have weak nerves, neurasthenia or nervous exhaustion? Well, a good many things. You may as well ask what ails all the valetudinarians who are not ill enough to require medical or hospital care.

Haldane and Priestley, in their book on "Respiration," Yale University Press, 1935, suggest that many neurasthenics have a moderate state of asphyxia, anoxia, deficient oxygenation of blood and tissues, and they think the complaint of many such patients that they cannot expand the chest and breathe or cannot get enough air is quite rational and not just a notion or an imaginary symptom.

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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—This is a story with a happy ending.

It concerns Lucia, who lives on Long Island and will be 15 on her next birthday. I can show you her house, and perhaps even arrange an introduction, if you are interested.

Lucia wanted to become a dancer. At 14 years she dreamed of swirling gracefully to soft music in a circle of flame-colored light.

But when she was 14 she was cut down by infantile paralysis. . . . The doctors said it was one of those things. . . . Maybe she would grow out of it in time. . . . Meanwhile, there must be care and attention and long, long years of rest. . . . You know, wheel chairs, and nurses, etc.

It wasn't so bad after she got used to it. People were kind and she had friends who told her stories about little girls who became famous dancers. They came to sit with her in the sunshine and they brought her flowers, and after a while three years went by and she was 14, almost 15. . . . "When I get well, I'm going to do

thus and so," she would say. . . . "When I get well, I shall do this and that and the other." . . . Most of the conversation and all of her plans were predicated on that simple little qualifying statement: When I get well. . . .

And she believed it, though the doctors were careful not to be over-enthusiastic. . . . Among the callers who came to sit by her side in the sun, on cheerful days, was an old Italian who served as a handy-man around one of New York's big pet shops. . . .

And one day he brought her a kitten, with a bow of ribbon around its neck. . . . "It's easy for me to get kittens. . . . I have them at my store. . . . I hope you like it?" . . . He didn't tell her that he had saved a few pennies from his earnings every week over a period of months to buy the kitten for her. . . . She crowed with pleasure. . . .

She kept it with her when she wheeled herself in the sun, and she carried it with her on those infrequent occasions when some one came down by lock her for long rides in an automobile. . . . And so she had it with her that slippery day when they were riding out through Long Island and the car crashed into another car with such violence that the windshield was broken and she was thrown clear. . . .

Two hours later, doctors were amputating her left leg just below the knee. . . . And when she came out of the ether the first thing she asked for was her kitten. . . . Miraculously, it was all right, that it was unharmed. . . . "Oh," she cried, "and he's all right? You're sure? You're sure?" . . . And when they assured her again and promised to bring it to the hos-

pital she closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened them. "Really," she said, "I've never been so happy in my life." I told you this was a story with a happy ending.

The New York world's fair crowd is aiming at 50,000,000 admissions as the first year's gate. Sounds silly until you recall that the movies have 85,000,000 admissions every week.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

CONSIDER France. She built a line of mighty underground forts (the Maginot line) along the German frontier. These great fortifications, modern in every respect, costing staggering sums of money, would protect her front door against any possible assault, she believed. Behind them, she felt secure.

NOW, with Spain practically in the hands of Italy, which is Germany's ally, France faces the possibility of invasion by way of her unprotected BACK DOOR.

CONSIDER France again. A dozen years ago, she was all-powerful in Europe. Her people were united. Her armies were the mightiest on earth. Her finances were sound. Security seemed within her grasp.

THE armies of France are mighty still. But her government is weak. Ministries rise, stagger along for a few weeks and FALL. Her people are torn with discord. Her finances are shaky. When France speaks, her voice is no longer the voice of command. It is the voice of entreaty.

WHY this change? For years, in France, the sound doctrine that if you spend more than you take in you will go broke has been ignored, and France has gone merrily on spending more than her income.

In France, the demagogic politicians have taught class to hate class. L I STEN again: France has sought something for nothing, by the simple and pleasant process of passing a law, ignoring the plain truth that wealth arises only out of production and production arises only out of work.

Germany, realistic, has WORKED and SAVED and DENIED HERSELF to the end that she might become strong. Germany, rising like a dark thundercloud, again menaces France from across the Rhine.

The doctrine of something for nothing HASN'T HELPED FRANCE.

Communications

The State Milk Law. To the Editor: It looks as if people are beginning to regard the state milk law as a nuisance as the government's potato law. This much-ado about sanitation and "safe milk for babies" was the smoko screen behind which lobbyists again worked to steal from the people.

For years before the milk law was passed, the many small dairies I know of from two to eight or ten cows had a bacteria count month after month for raw milk of 100,000 CC. The large dairies, strongly urging the public to buy their highly advertised PASTEURIZED milk for safety's sake, had thousands. One, with its ads blazoned all over the daily page, had a count of 22,000 CC. (The dead ones weren't counted, nor removed.) If the dairy ran short, it bought milk wherever it could get it, regardless of dirt. But the old man and his wife, or the man with children scattered through the schools, were either forced out of business or forced in debt to fix their barns, according to the idea of someone who question ever sat under a heater, shoveled manure, or sterilized milk utensils.

Why was the law passed? It gave lobbyists another opportunity to steal WITHIN the law. SOME one did not want the people to have milk with from four to five and a half per cent cream in it, when the cows had been bred up to that standard. The cows wouldn't listen, but the people could be MADE to. Three per cent milk was good enough for them. Injustices? A third or more of the cream removed, BY LAW, from the natural milk; the 3 per cent milk sold to the consumer at from two to three times what the producer gets for the same milk with ALL the cream in it; being forced to pay extra for the cream that should be in the milk; undernourished children crying for milk the producer is not allowed to GIVE him, even if it is skimmed blue.

Whenever the "common" people bombard their representatives in the legislature for the repeal of the hated milk law, their voice will be heeded. Let THEM do a little lobbying. "Slightly" the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood; so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife."

MRS. ELLA H. LEONARD, Rt. 2, Medford, Ore. April 11, 1938.

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 13, 1928. (It was Friday) Stranded tourists beseech county court for gasoline to get to Washington, and are advised to go to work in the orchards and get own funds.

Vivian Coss and Nina Hoehne win scholastic honors for high school graduates. Citizens warned to look out for poisoned rum.

Local men buy Holcomb Springs and develop them. Grange formed at Talent. Depot at Seven Oaks is torn down by the Espee.

Oregon Democrats stage family fuss over Al Smith for president.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 13, 1918. (It was Saturday) Oregon is the first state in the

union to reach its Liberty Loan bond quota. German drive halted in Flanders, with American troops assisting.

Herbert Alford arrives on a fur-tough from Fort Columbia for a visit with his parents. 22 inches of rain fell last night over city and valley.

Burglars who attempted to enter the home of Dr. E. H. Porter on South Oakdale are frightened away by screams of the womenfolk. Ulrich's store in Jacksonville is broken into.

Card of Thanks We wish to thank our many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy during our recent bereavement. Mrs. Sadie Applegate. Mrs. Bertha Gucho. Mrs. Marie Larson.

Phone 268, Odella Osborne West or Rosalie Leslie for a spring permanent. Hadley's Salon of Beauty.



Chevrolet JINGLES

You know successful men are usually known, By the make and age of the car they own. The poor social climber buys out of his class, Runs into trouble keeping out of the mass. Now isn't it better and more worth while, To buy a car priced within YOUR pile? Keep within your means, then when you pay, Your good judgment will dictate a new Chevrolet! Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 No. Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Just a Reminder of the Easter Specials at the Band Box. Dresses as low as \$1.98. Topper Coats as low as \$2.98. Hats as low as \$1.00. Shoes as low as \$1.95. Little Girls' Dresses, Hats and Shoes for Easter!

MEDFORD LIONS CLUB Present A MIRTHQUAKE OF FUN "HIT IT UP" 250 Prominent Medford People in the Cast. Proceeds Go To Charity! 250 High School Auditorium TUES.-WED., APRIL 19-20 Don't Miss This John B. Rogers Production . . . Seats reserved beginning 10 a. m. Monday, April 18th at the Chamber of Commerce!

Where there is LIFE, there's ACME. Western Wholesalers, Inc 1723 No. Riverside. Advertisement for ACME beer featuring a cartoon illustration of a man with a beer bottle and a woman with a beer bottle.