

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

A High member of the New Deal cabinet has laid down for foreign consumption an "agenda" for the world based on "law and order."

Inasmuch, as it is June and summer, the temperature, and left things come to 90 degrees, and left many aghast at the conduct of the weather.

"Then I told the boy friend to speak or forever hold his peace—and he held his peace." (Chico, Cal., Enterprise). Short, sad story.

Oratory in the state is now devoted chiefly to "the Bonneville Dam kilowatt hour." No speech on Bonneville Dam power should be longer than a kilowatt hour.

JAILED CIVIC PRIDE (Shadows). "In short, support all inmate activities. What this prison needs is more—no less—means for the inmates to express themselves, regardless of whether they do it with a baseball, a typewriter, a tuba, or a right cross to the button. GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK!" (State Prison Mag.)

The first grasshopper of the season showed up last week. A vital cog in turkey production, and the fishing industry, the first grasshopper gets no publicity, like the first robin of spring, who has been around all winter.

Premature celebrations of the Fourth of July have started, with the fracturing of city ordinances, prohibiting the discharge of firecrackers, skyrockets, and other noise-making devices, by persons unable to control their patriotism until the nation's natal day.

A movie queen is legally balking at paying an artist for a portrait on the grounds, the depicted thighs originally belonged not to the actress, but to the wife of the artist.

Collegianlike cheering squads are used to rouse the Chinese hinterland for war. They can be that aggravating. (Boston, Mich., Press). As mayhap, you have noticed.

Sunday baseball is unable to compete with Sunday fishing reports show. Maybe, if the team manager would half down the spectator, before he caught a foul ball, business would pick up.

THE MORE ABUNDANT GYP (Hayward, Cal., Journal). "You just can't down some guys. An Oakland mail truck driver holding down a steady job, with an interest in two restaurants, was still on the payroll of a government charity receiving a regular charity check. Police found all these things out in a few hours. Charity experts didn't know about it until told by police. Which makes checking up on racketeers a job in itself. People do not mind, are glad to help worthy charities. They hate to be bilked by smart alecks."

A commission will be named by the President to study British labor laws. For the benefit of Madame Perkins, secretary of labor, a commission should be named to find out what the British Minister of Labor does, when a British John L. Lewis starts telling him what to do.

Lambeth Palace has been the residence of the archbishops of Canterbury for six and a half centuries.

The Democrats Blunder

SENATOR CHARLES L. McNARY is a smart man. For many months now, as Republican leader, he has been lying low, and letting nature take its course. Cooperating amiably with the opposition, he even refused to lose his temper when he became (with a large army of others) persona non grata at the White House,—talking that in his stride, as politically speaking he does everything else. Some staunch Republicans even complained about Charley's suave inactivity,—and wondered if some more aggressive and vitriolic member of the G.O.P. should not take his place.

But Charley was not asleep at the switch,—not on your tynpote. Like the shrewd strategist that he is, he was merely waiting for the opposition, to become self confident, let down its guard, and—whang!—give him an opening. It was a long wait. But last week, our senior senator's patience was rewarded. The Senate Democrats, after a hard fight, defeated the Hatch and Austin amendments to the \$3,723,000,000 relief measure, which briefly would have prevented them using that money, directly or indirectly to feather their own political nest.

As the Senate Republican leader well says,— "The implication is clear that a portion of these relief funds WILL be used for political purposes thereby depriving those in need of relief, from a free exercise of their opinions. . . . In taking this action the Democratic majority made a major mistake."

No question of it! And the Republican party will be wise if it follows his advice and DOES make this action a major issue in the congressional and presidential campaigns.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is extremely adroit and resourceful but we venture to predict, he will find it difficult to squirm out of the dilemma in which this vote in the Senate places him.

The people of this country FAVOR relief. They want those in need cared for, and they are convinced if it is done, as it SHOULD be done, the government must do it.

But they don't want politics,—ANY politics, mixed in it! And they won't tolerate, for long, any party that insists, politics SHALL be mixed in it.

As has been previously stated in this column, as long as there is government money to spend,—millions and billions of it,—divorcing that expenditure COMPLETELY from politics is a physical impossibility. No matter what party might be in power, there would undoubtedly be SOME political manipulation,—some serious abuses,—particularly, in the so-called precinct districts.

But it is ONE thing for a party to grant the impossibility of controlling ALL its administrative subordinates, but pledging itself to work unceasingly AGAINST mixing relief with partisan politics,—

And it is quite ANOTHER thing for a party to formally refuse to make such a pledge, and to go on record as favoring, the exploitation of the suffering of the people for its own selfish benefit, in—let us say—homeopathic doses.

NO that's a bit TOO thick! In the matter of mixing politics in relief a party must be, either for or against it. It can't be partly one way, and partly the other,—and get away with it.

By this action in the Senate the Democratic party has put itself ON RECORD as FOR it—by refusing to support action the only purpose of which—and the only possible result of which—would be to prevent it. A major political mistake, is right!

Freedom for What?

WHAT IS freedom of speech anyway? If you deny the right of a man to mount the court house steps and incite the populace to storm the county jail, are you denying the right of free speech?

If you deny the right of a man, with a billion dollars of the people's money to spend, to climb on a soap box, and tell the people whose lives literally depend upon getting some of it, HOW they should vote,—

Are you denying the right of free speech? The Senate Democrats answered the second question in the affirmative. They maintained, for example, that an amendment to the lending-spending bill to keep Harry Hopkins, WPA head and his administrative assistants from playing politics, would be an infringement of this fundamental right.

Once more one is inclined to observe: "Politics, oh politics—what crimes are committed in thy name!"

IN both of the above instances, prohibition would not be denial of free speech,—it would be denial of the ABUSE of free speech.

In this department of freedom,—of personal liberty,—as in all others,—the very life and perpetuation of democracy depends upon, restriction wherever such liberty becomes licentious,—where the exercise of personal freedom, threatens the WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE AS A WHOLE.

Denial of free speech in the first instance would protect the people from armed revolution,—riots, disorders, perhaps bloodshed.

Denial of free speech in the second place would protect the people from corruption, from the establishment of a permanent oligarchy, maintained by money, taken from the taxpayers to feed the hungry and clothe the suffering—NOT to build up a political party or to purchase votes.

The apologists for the Senate majority are going to be hard pressed to convince the people, that any sincere effort to divorce politics from relief expenditures is an attack on the Bill of Rights, or in any way contrary to the true spirit of a free Democracy.

Converts Buy Radio. PRINCE ALBERT, Sask.—(UPI)—Using their own money, inmates of Prince Albert penitentiary have bought a microphone and a loud-speaker to bring the news and entertainment of radio to their cells. The prisoners devised a subscription plan for purchase of the apparatus.

ALBANY, Ore., June 5.—(AP)—L. H. Truelove varied an old adage when he tried to lead a bull by water. Now he is in the general hospital with a broken leg and severe bruises when the bull refused to drink out of a farm trough and attacked him.

Washington Irving's acquaintance with John Jacob Astor, New York millionaire, prompted him in 1834 to write "Astoria," history of the fur-trading settlement founded by Astor in Oregon.

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 AILS J. SPRATT AND HIS WIFE. Why, oh why, asks many a plump or skinny one, as the case may be, why is it that one person can eat as much as he likes and everything he likes and yet never takes on excess weight, while another literally piles it on in spite of constant care to avoid fattening things and eat forever going half starved? The conventional answer to this question has generally been a vague allusion to differences of constitution. I say nothing about that, for the reason that I believe the newer knowledge of nutrition warrants a more rational explanation of the tendency complained of.

First, where precisely does a state of normal nutrition end and obesity begin? How many excess pounds or inches may an individual carry without being regarded as ill of obesity? Goah, I would rather not answer that. Even men who weigh or measure half as much again as they should are a bit resentful if you imply they are ailing with obesity, and women, thank goodness, simply won't tolerate such candor. They may be a bit overweight, too stout, to plump, have a "high waist" or a "high diaphragm," but they never suffer from obesity—until they can find nothing ready-made to wear. Nevertheless obesity begins somewhere, even if the dividing line between health and obesity is a wide or movable one. For that matter, who can say where arteriosclerosis begins? Surely the disease has been developing for a considerable time before we can demonstrate loss of elasticity in the artery.

It is my belief that individuals who eat what they like and as much as they like yet do not put on superfluous flesh happen to be well nourished, whereas those who decline in vitality and vigor and accumulate excess flesh notwithstanding fitful "dieting" and constant efforts or at least intentions to consume less food happen to be poorly nourished. Chiefly the nutritional efficiency concerned is insufficient intake of minerals and insufficient intake of vitamins. The minerals most commonly lacking in the diet are calcium and phosphorus; the vitamins most commonly lacking are vitamins B, D and C.

A great many persons who are overweight and inclined to accumulate superfluous flesh and who are subject to spells or periods of inordinate craving for sweets or carbohydrate food of one kind or another—sometimes it is potatoes, sometimes candy, sometimes bread or a cereal product—have observed that after a reasonable period of supplementing their ordinary diet with daily rations of minerals and the vitamins mentioned, they begin to be satisfied with less food than they formerly ate. They acquire a new strength—the strength to push back from the table before the dessert is served, for example, in short, they feel reasonably comfortable and content after a fair meal, without the excess carbohydrate.

I do not offer this as the explanation for all leanness and fatness, but a merely practical observation by many stout persons who have reduced successfully, and I believe it is a rational one.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Special Observation. My problem is how to obtain the services of a specialist without accepting charity or paying a small fortune. In this instance I ask you to recommend a cardiologist. (Mrs. J. S. S.)

Answer—I suppose you mean a specialist who can make and interpret electro-cardiography? I can't conceive what anyone would want such a specialist for, at any price. Better leave such highly technical problems to the judgment of your physician.

Imagination. Can you say that Neurosthenia is just imagination? If so, look in your dictionary and see what Webster says about it. (C.M.P.)

Answer—I fear we do not understand each other. In the new booklet No. 15 "Nerves and Nutrition" I offer scientific advice and information on "Class A" neurotics who deceive themselves, and ordinary folk whose nerves are weak or irritable because they don't know how else to account for it. Send 20 cents coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address, for a copy of "Nerves and Nutrition." Write to Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Some time ago you told about a remarkable remedy for myasthenia. I lost the clipping, and my sister has myasthenia now. (Mrs. C. L. P.)

Answer—The remedy is prostigmin, and only a physician can safely administer it. Myasthenia is pathological muscular weakness, characteristic expression exaggeration of the Sazui Pitts mask. After a dose of prostigmin the patient can smile for a while. (Copyright 1938, John P. Dille Co.)

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—Years ago a hard-boiled editor who is now in Washington fixed me with a baleful eye and said: "Mister Tucker, people like to read about a lot of things, but the things they like best are food and money. They may not think this is true, but it is true. They are always interested in food and money. Remember that."

It's a long time ago, and today comes a note from him, saying: "I'll be in your town 'Thursday and I'm not interested in chorax girls or looking out of skyscraper windows. Just lead me to a nice, quiet place where the emphasis is on the dinner."

Well, I ought to give him a big build-up and then take him to the noisiest honky-tonk in town and get him ill on greasy, poorly prepared hot-dogs.

But I won't. I'm going to take him to what in this correspondent's opinion is the most gratifying restaurant in all New York to date. It's a Swedish restaurant, where there are no pony choruses, no comedians, no scintillating stars of the theatrical world, no giggling debutantes getting their noses tickled with champagne.

The only thing in the world to recommend it is (1) its food, and (2) its service.

You drift in, say, about 8 o'clock. And you give your hat to a Viking's daughter, and then a nice person in a perfectly casual way says, "Good evening," and leads you to a comfortable table. And you sit down. You sit down in a chair that is actually comfortable.

Then, when if the passing thought that a few hours' absence might be acceptable prods your attention, you get up—unhurriedly of course—and wander over to a sea of complex, undefinable, nameless, but tasty dishes. There are perhaps two hundred of these to choose from, and so you make a careful circumference of the table, piling your plate with far more than you really desire, and back to your nice comfortable chair you go, there to munch and taste and toy with them until the main dinner course comes.

The dinner? This is a simple but elegantly prepared dinner of your own choice of meats and vegetables. . . . But, alas, you have gorged on so many more omelettes that putting away a duck, or a veal, or a portion of sugar Virginia ham, is quite out of the question. But you touch a steak with your knife and it falls open. It is so delicious and tender it melts in your mouth.

So you quite contentedly sit there and make a nice pig of yourself. You keep on until it is past the point of being funny. Of course, there is much that you can not possibly make way with in a party, too and this is especially true in Swedish restaurants. For there, or so it has seemed to me, a man's capacity is always exceeded by his longings. He may dine until he can't find room for another mushroom, but his palate is still willing. That's what the Swedish restaurants do for you and that's what I have in mind for that gruff-voiced ex-army officer of an editor who always used to address me as "Mister Tucker."

On the Radio Chains. STATIONS. Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, Portland, 1490; KFI, 450; Los Angeles, KGA, 1470; Spokane, KGO, 290; San Francisco, KGW, 420; Portland, KJR, 970; Seattle, KXN, 1050; Los Angeles, KOA, 830; Denver, KOIN, 940; Portland, KOMO, 926; Seattle, KPO, 680; San Francisco, KSL, 1130; Salt Lake.

Monday. 5:00—Radio Theater, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Poetic Allegory, KPO, KFI; News, KGO; Bay State Artillery Co. Anniv., KEX. 5:30—Tales of Great Rivers, KPO, KFI; Frances B. Sayer, KGO. 5:45—Martin's Music, KGO, Orphan Annie, KGA. 6:00—News, KGA, King's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; Magnolia Blossoms, KEX. 6:30—Burns & Allen, KPO, KFI, KGW; Eddie Cantor, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Forum, KGO, KGA. 7:00—Amos & Andy, KPO, KFI, KGW; Jack Pulton, KSL; Scattergood Baines, KOIN, KXN, Dance Orch., KEX; Concert Hall, KGO. 7:15—Lum & Abner, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Uncle Ezra, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO. 7:30—Burns & Allen, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Symphony, KEX, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sanderson's Orch., KGO, KFI, KGW. 8:00—Night Show, KXN, KOIN; Passing Parade, KPO, KFI, KGW; Henderson's Orch., KOA; King's Jesters, KGO. 8:30—Voy Pop, KPO, KFI, KGW; Thompson's Orch., KGO; Pryor's Orch., KXN. 9:00—Hasthorns House, KPO, KFI, KGW; Gluskin's Orch., KXN, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO. 9:15—Unit, Program, KGO. 9:30—Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KGO; Martin's Music, KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunderson's Orch., KEX. 10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crossroads, KGO; String Trio, KSL. 10:15—Sports Graphic, KPO, KFI, White Press, KXN, KSL, KOIN, Crossroads, KGA. 10:30—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI, Beverly, KGO, KGA. 11:00—Five Star Final, KGO; Trumbauer's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Organ, KGA; Pryor's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KGA.

Tuesday. 8:00—Heidt's Brigadiers, KPO, KFI, KGW; Vox Pop, KOA; Maurice's Orch., KXN, Organ, KGO, KGA, KEX. 8:30—Goodman's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Jambooree, KGO, KGA. 9:00—Ripley, KPO, KFI, KGW; White's Orch., KXN. 9:30—Hollywood Gossp, KPO, KFI, KGW; Kelsey's Orch., KGO; Ray Heatherton, KSL; Silhouette, KXN, KOIN; Sports, KGA. 7:00—Amos & Andy, KPO, KFI, KGW; Jack Pulton, KSL; Scattergood Baines, KXN, KOIN; Ted Fio Ritta's Orch., KEX; Concert Hall, KGO. 7:15—Screen Scoops, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Vocal Varieties, KPO, KFI, KGW; Ted Fio Ritta's Orch., KGO. 7:30—Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Breeser's Orch., KGO, KGA. 8:00—Martin's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Al Pearce, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Valley's Orch., KGO; News, KEX. 8:15—Walker's Amateur Hour, KGO; Martin's Orch., KOA; Valley's Orch., KEX. 8:30—Al Jolson, KXN, KSL; King's Orch., KGO; Saunderson's Orch., KEX. 9:00—Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KXN, KOIN. 9:30—Old Memory Box, KJR; King's Orch., KOIN; Dance Orch., KSL. 9:45—Leo & Ken, KJR; Noone's Orch., KSL; King's Jesters, KFI. 10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Martin's Orch., KJR; News, KXN. 10:15—Martin's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX; Viennese Echoes, KPO, KFI, KGW; Art of Conversation, KXN, KOIN, KSL. 10:30—Dreiske's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX. 11:00—Trumbauer's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Five Star Final, KGO; Organ, KGA; Pryor's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KGA.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE headless, pitiful body of little Peter Levine is recovered from the lake where brutal kidnaper-murderers had thrown it.

Two days later, another boy is kidnapped in Florida, and as these words are written his father, after paying the ransom, is waiting fearfully and hoping frantically that his son will be returned.

MEANWHILE, we're spending more billions for boondoggling and CUTTING DOWN on the appropriations for the G-men.

CONGRESSMAN Jerry O'Connell of MONTANA, is presented again from making a speech in Jersey City, where Mayor Hague is the big boss. (And also Democratic national committee man.)

That is bad, and this writer, who believes that everybody who has anything on his chest should be given the opportunity to get it off, deploras it.

Freedom of speech is a basic human right that is worth fighting for—even dying for, if there is no other way out of it.

BUT, even when one feels that way about it, it would be just a little interesting to know what burning message Congressman O'Connell of MONTANA had for the people of Jersey City, which is in New Jersey.

And one can't help wondering why he just HAD to get up on a soap box and deliver his message by word of mouth, instead of buying a half page in one of the newspapers and getting it to the public that way.

Or even having it printed as a gutter and delivered by hand to the waiting Jersey City populace.

IT is hard to escape the conclusion that this O'Connell, who appears to be a windy demagogue of a familiar and quite common type, merely saw in the Jersey City situation the opportunity to grab a few cheap headlines.

This writer finds it hard to get all worked up over cattle like that.

FIVE FACE JUDGE ON DRUNKENNESS COUNTS

Five Medford men charged with drunkenness appeared before City Judge Allen D. Curry Saturday and this morning and received varying punishment.

Donald J. Spencer, 29, pleaded not guilty and his trial was set for this afternoon.

Clarence LeRoy Sullivan, 34, was released to appear June 11, as was Walter Krug, 47.

William Shannon, 51, was fined \$10, and James Baker, 51, was released on \$10 bail.

The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One.) were all of one sort. A Massachusetts boy, he moved west young, and made his name in Montana by fighting the Anaconda Copper company. The grateful farmers and miners sent him to the senate where he made his name by advocating public ownership of power, by exposing the larger squallors of the Harding era, by fighting relentlessly against the whole financial and industrial interest in the country.

In 1924, he ran for the vice-presidency on old Bob La Follette's progressive ticket. And, in 1932, he gave the Roosevelt candidacy its liberal coloring, by rounding up the independent northwest for the personable governor of New York.

Probably the break came because the dominating characteristics of Wheeler's nature are suspicion, pride and a passion for honest government. From the very start, the President offended his pride by failing to ask his advice. Worse still, the President permitted Attorney General Homer S. Cummings to lavish justice department on the Montana political machine of his friend and Wheeler's mortal enemy, the lawyer-lobbyist, J. Bruce Kreymer.

When the court bill was disclosed, Wheeler was angry, and he disliked the personal governmental methods of the President. The court bill aroused all his suspicion. He charged to the attack. The members of the court bill opposition promptly named him their official leader; the name was done with ceremony at a dinner at the house of Senator Tydings of Maryland, attended by all the men who gathered round Wheeler on the floor the other day.

At a little speech which deserves to be recalled again, he looked around the well-appointed table, into the faces of the men whom he had always fought before. He said that he was glad to lead them in the court fight, but he warned them that, when the fight was over, their way would part again. Thus far, Wheeler's warning has not come true, and therein lies the enigma of his future.

One cannot help asking, what next? In considering Wheeler's past and present, here is a man of great abilities, a tough, practical politician. He is hated by the chieftain of his party as no other man is. He has changed his friends; get in fundamental opinion, he still has far more in common with his old associates than with his new. There is a trace of the rouge elephant in Wheeler. And there are capacities to make him leader of the herd, if he can choose which herd.

Standard Oil to erect new service station at Sixth street and West Main street. Sweeping dirt from sidewalks into streets is prohibited by new police ruling.

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Flight o' Time

TEN YEARS AGO. June 8, 1928. (It was Wednesday).

"Southern Cross" hops off for flight for Australia from Suva, where forced down by high winds on Pacific flight.

Will Rogers, famous humorist, in plane crash near Las Vegas, N. M., lands on head but unhurt.

Herbert Hoover wins four Texas delegates in election.

Mrs. Maude Holmes and Mrs. T. W. Miles plan to spend the summer at Edgewood park.

Standard Oil to erect new service station at Sixth street and West Main street.