

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon"
Reads The Mail Tribune

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NEWSPAPER

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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History

from the files of the Mail

Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago

10 YEARS AGO TODAY

February 19, 1940

(It Was Monday)

Derby school population in-

creased with two new pupils,

Yvonne and Burt Guernsey.

Bill Littrell is president of

riding club at high school.

Calvin Clark residence, 1820

North Riverside avenue, dam-

aged by flames.

F.E.W. Smith, long time resi-

dent of Jackson county, dies.

Charles Cowan, Wagner creek

district, celebrates 71st birthday

with surprise party at school-

house.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

February 19, 1930

(It Was Wednesday)

Washington school site, West

Main and Oakdale, selected as

site for new courthouse; people

to vote on proposal at primary.

Central Point asks land from

county for new mill site.

Oregon intangible tax law ob-

ject of many suits in state.

City threatens to raze ruined

Page theater unless some action

is taken at once by the owners.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY

February 19, 1916

(It Was Friday)

Forty dollars per head paid

to Mrs. H. D. Kubi, Applegate,

for 25 head of cattle.

A. S. Rosenbaum marks ninth

anniversary as Southern Pacific

agent in Medford.

Jay Gore and George Gates,

both of Medford, to be initiated

into fraternities at University

of Oregon.

NOT AFRAID OF JINX

Omaha, Neb. (U.P.)—Friday

the 13th means nothing to Mr. and

Mrs. Harold A. Olson. They were

married on Friday the 13th and

then posed for a wedding photo-

graph standing under a wedding

ladder further to show their con-

tempt for any jinx.

FLIGHT PROVES FITNESS

Bad Axe, Mich. (U.P.)—When

Will McGee, 74, visited a doctor

for the first time in his life, he

was offered an airplane ride. Mc-

Gee accepted and Dr. W. J. Her-

rington found him in "tip-top

shape."

Editorial Correspondence

New York City, N. Y., Feb. 12.—We still favor shipping John L. Lewis to the North Pole and forcing him to stay there for 10 years at hard labor. He might choose his type of hard labor but his term would be shortened if it consisted of shoveling coal to keep the igloos in the village at an average temperature of 68.

The best thing about the movie "The Third Man" was the news reel which showed John L. roaring into a microphone a la the M.G.M. lion while the audience hissed. It was no half-hearted hissing either, but a blast as if from the "snake pit." We are sorry John L. couldn't have been there to hear it.

The next best thing about this three-starred movie—which in spite of the underdog's judgment is still playing to capacity audiences—was the ending. Instead of the moss-covered fade out with the boy and girl clenching, the boy stood relaxed on the side of the road, smoking a cigarette, and the girl with head in air, and eyes straight ahead, stalked by him. That was "the end."

Continuing the movie theme we have about decided the more stars there are in a movie these days, the worse the story. And vice versa. We were snowed in yesterday so dropped into the nearest movie house and for the first time saw an old film called "Champion"—the story of a So-and-So prizefighter, his rise to fame and his descent therefrom. Not a star in the cast. But one of the best movies—honest, realistic, convincing—we have seen in years. And our guess is one of the cheapest to produce and therefore one of the most profitable.

Hollywood should learn something from this, but we doubt if Hollywood does.

The weather here continues "unusual." Sunday we spent in the country with "the family." I still sore at the weatherman because of no snow and therefore his Christmas skills still in the attic. R. wanting to go barefoot after his Sunday school play "Indian"—footprints and all that sort of thing in the bare but water-soaked earth. J. celebrating the summer day by dressing up in her Little Boy costume, including a toy sheep under one arm and "crook" with pink ribbons and paper flowers. "The baby," refusing to wear a sweater and as usual getting his way. (Tremendous will-power, a direct inheritance, of course, from his grandpappy.)

Well, anyway, it added up to a sunny "May day" in February. The next day—SNOW!

Snow and sleet today also!

Last evening dined at a friend's house over on the East river—very unusual—dining out. Alighting from the taxi in the street, Grandpappy executed an involuntary "Sonja Heine" on one leg and landed on left elbow and his posterior bumper. The taxi man was the only person alarmed by the exhibition, probably because he feared a damage suit, the other members of the party being greatly amused, while the taxi man gave first aid. No bones broken or other injuries as yet apparent, but a sore-ahem!—elbow this morning.

So there is the persistent weather pattern for this season—summer on city, winter the next, then back to summer again. And still the city water reservoirs are half empty.

As has so often happened before, meeting people for the first time and ones habitat named as "Medford, Oregon,"—the inevitable comment:

"Oh Medford, OREGON, that is where those WONDERFUL Christmas pears come from!"

In spite of the weather—rain, snow and sleet plus a small hurricane—got over to Madison Square Garden without having to issue an S.O.S. for the coast guard. It was tough going, however, and everyone including the bus driver was in bad humor. Our objective was to see the small fry exhibit their prize poodles at the annual Westminster Dog Show.

We arrived just in time. The boys and girls were in the north ring and the judge—who looked rather like an undertaker in conventional black—was starting on the first dog, a miniature Pinscher, who refused to stand still and kept jumping at his young master's mid-section. This we learned later was as fatal as wearing a yachting cap at the Horse Show. Dogs must stand at attention when being judged or out they go. Out as far as being in the finals, that is.

The young owner—and handler—was not as put out as one might expect but after running the pup up and down in a perfunctory way, let him jump into his arms for good and fondling him affectionately took his place at the head of the waiting line, realizing he was out of the contest but not letting the dog down because of that.

Judging for adults was going on in the other ring, but the competition there was nothing compared to that in this adolescent group—here they were playing for blood and for keeps. We won't attempt to name all the breeds, they ranged all the way from an old wheezy English bulldog of the feminine gender, barely able to toddle, to a large and loose jointed "Pyrenees," a new breed to this department—they resemble the polar bears over at Central Park—an albino—type of St. Bernard.

This judging must have taken nearly two hours and during all that time I got busy, and every little gal also—trying feverishly to get their charges in form for the judicial test. This consisted largely of spreading the poodle's legs at the proper angle, lifting his muzzle in the air, as if he—or she—smelled a pheasant on the wing, and pulling the tail upright. There was also frenzied combing of coats and "brushes"—like a junior high freshman having mama prink him for his first "prom." Now and then when doggie became especially restive, or kept the prop for more than half a minute there was the reward from junior's pocket of a piece of dog-biscuit.

The final winner was a 14-year-old girl with a brindle Great Dane several times as large as she, who quite obviously (we mean the Dane) had been in dog shows before, for he stood at attention practically all the time, legs planted firmly, muzzle up, ears tilted, and but for the tail the "Junior Miss" would have had nothing to do at all. As it was that tail proved a problem, and also a relief—a medium for keeping the attractive little blonde busy, which was a good thing, for she was as nervous as her charge was self-possessed.

In spite of the weather there was a good crowd on hand and naturally many parents were watching from the boxes,—quite as naturally furnishing hearty if somewhat isolated applause, when their flesh and blood performed.

It all reminded our correspondent somewhat of the 4-H contests in Medford, the editorial sympathies, as usual, being concentrated on the losers rather than enthusiasm for the winners,—in this case literally the under-dogs.

The fat little girl with that under-shot and overfed—as well as rheumatic and asthmatic ball dog being especially appealing. How she did try to get her charge to run instead of stumble-bum-walk, and keep her head up instead of a few inches off the carpet. And the girl was so patient and kind,—and so outclassed. It was hard to figure out how her parents could have let their daughter in for such a humiliating ordeal,—but of course, the dog had to have some rating to get into the show, and perhaps the little gal insisted upon showing her darling.

Downstairs over 2,500 dogs were tightly chained in open stalls, and bellowing it or not, a majority of them sleeping. (It was mid-afternoon.) So were some of the owners,—or handlers,—one photogenic blonde, covered by a fur lap-robe was snoring prettily, with a brood of Sealyham puppies—cuter than kittens—the other side, some doing likewise, others awake and looking somewhat lost and perplexed. Only one dog was barking while we were there—that was a young Setter who seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown.—R.W.R.

Subscribers

To report improper or non-delivery of the Mail Tribune phone 2-5141 before 4:45 p. m. daily and 10:30 a. m. Sunday.

If regular delivery arrives shortly after you call, please notify office, thus eliminating special messenger service.

Cave Junction To Have State Bank In 60 Days

Cave Junction, Feb. 18.—A state bank to be known as the Illinois Valley State Bank will be established at Cave Junction within about 60 days, S. Clifford Sparks, who will manage the new institution, announced.

The new bank will have a capital of \$40,000, surplus of \$5,000 and a guaranty fund of \$15,000 subscribed wholly by residents of Illinois Valley.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although under certain circumstances the use of pen name or initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters, with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 100 words.

Ski Trail Closes

To the Editor: The ski season at Sky Trail has ended until next December.

Hundreds of skiers thanked us for the Sky Trail ski condition report in your paper this winter. We wish to pass on to you their appreciation plus a sincere thank you of our own.

We hope to have a telephone installed this summer so that snow conditions next winter can be reported much easier to all concerned.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd M. Presley,
Sky Trail,
Ashland, Pa.

Crosstown

by Roland Coe



Your Health and Its Care

By DR. WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.
Readers should address inquiries to: Dr. William Brady,
265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

YOUR BREATHING AFFECTS YOUR CIRCULATION

In a talk about the diaphragm recently I said the effect of belly breathing on the function of respiration and oxygenation of the body.

The diaphragm contracts and flattens down, draws or sucks air into the lungs, it presses downward upon the stomach, liver, spleen, gall-sac, small intestine, colon and all other structures in the abdomen, including the arteries, veins and lymphatic spaces or channels. Valves in the veins of upper and lower extremities, head and neck (there are few or none in the veins in the trunk) prevent backflow of the blood under the increased pressure. Therefore the squeezing of the abdominal contents by the contraction of the diaphragm at each intake of air in natural breathing adds positive pressure in the abdomen to the negative pressure upon the veins within the chest cavity during inspiration.

Among the organs squeezed at each contraction, descent or flattening of the diaphragm in natural (belly) breathing, are the liver and gall-bladder, and of course the entire bile apparatus. People with chronic or recurring cholecystitis (inflammation of gall bladder), cholangitis (bile duct inflammation) or cholelithiasis (tendency to or presence of biliary calculi, gallstones) should devote more time and attention to regular performance of the belly breathing exercise and less to the vain search for magic medicines which "dissolve" gallstones and funny diets which exclude "mucus-forming" foods and purify the "toxic" bile—if you are gullible enough to take the hokum of the charlatans seriously.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
No Such Thing
Do you have a booklet on nervous exhaustion or weak nerves? (L. H.)
Answer—There is no such thing. Send 23c in coin together with stamped, self-addressed envelope and ask for booklet: "Nerves and Nutrition."
Piles
Because of your articles, I had injection treatment for piles five years ago with complete success. (Mrs. W. E.)
Answer—You and thousands of others. Treatment is effective, painless and you may continue with your work while under treatment. It is stupid to suffer from piles.
Coffee and Salt
Is coffee fattening and will heavy use of salt cause hardening of the arteries? (S. S.)
Answer—Coffee without sugar or cream is not fattening—at least you won't get fat from drinking it. Cause of hardening of the arteries still under investigation. Cause against salt is not very clear, but heavy use of salt harmful in any case.
Med-Wetter
Daughter, a bedwetter. Nothing wrong physically. What can we do? (Mrs. W. M.)
Answer—Send stamped self-addressed envelope and ask for pamphlet: "THE BED-WETTING HABIT." (Copyright 1950 by John F. Dille Co.)

Persons whose feet, ankles or legs swell more or less on long standing or sitting benefit considerably by regular practice of belly breathing as the exercise is described in How to Breathe—for the booklet send twenty-five cents and stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Because the belly breathing exercise does not come in capsule form and cannot be had in semi-weekly "shots" at the "clinic" of your favorite quack "specialist," most of you poor

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

In the vast National Guard armory in Washington, somewhat more than 5,000 Democrats from all over the United States and its territories sat down to a Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner that cost ONE HUNDRED dollars per plate.

They listened to the president of the United States outline his plans to keep his party in power for another two years.

It ought to be explained that it isn't a Lucullan feast. They ate broiled fillet mignon steak. It isn't the broiled steak that they have come from every state and territory that files the American flag.

At any drive-in in their home towns, these leaders of the democratic party could get a better fillet mignon than they got in Washington and they would pay not to exceed three bucks for it.

It would be better, because it would be individually cooked and served sizzling hot. Those thousands of steaks in Washington must have been badly cooled off by the time the eaters sank teeth into them.

It wasn't their appetites for food they were catering to.

WHY, then, do they willingly pay 100 smackers for it, plus traveling expenses to Washington and back?

The answer is simple.

Five thousand dinners at \$100 per will raise a half million dollars for the party war chest, and it will be worth \$100 per to every person who attends (other than reporters) to keep the party in power.

That's the long and the short of it.

THERE was a time when republican big shots and would-be big shots would cheerfully have paid \$100 per plate for a similar dinner for a similar purpose. If the republicans had been in power as long as the democrats have been in power this time, they would be holding dinners like that now.

They might even be willing to pay \$500 per plate. I wouldn't know. STAYING IN POWER is immensely important to all politicians and after all it wouldn't make much difference, considering what you had already spent for travel cost and incidentals, whether you paid \$100 or \$500 per plate.

The big thing is to be among those present.

WHAT I'm getting at is this:

The republicans aren't in power.

They are OUT OF POWER.

They got out of power because they lost touch with the people and when they lost touch with the average run of people they were thrown out. They can get back into power only by getting back into touch with the common run of people and regaining the confidence of such people.

They can't do that now by getting together at \$100-per-plate dinners.

HOW can the republicans get back? Here is my idea of it: They must get back into the mental attitudes, and the mental philosophies of the men who founded the republican party and they must get back the FIGHTING SINCERITY of the party's founders who put Lincoln into the presidency to end the evil of human slavery.

THOSE men back in those grave and critical years of the late 1850's thought of themselves as a part of the common

A Nichols' Worth of—

Comment On This and That

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS
United Press Feature Writer

Washington, Feb. 18.—(U.P.) In Britain it's against the law to lug a voter to the polls in a motor car on election day. But there is nothing in the books that keeps a ward-heeler from carrying the folks, piggy-back, horse-back, or on a tandem bicycle big enough to swing an election.

These facts were brought to light today in a booklet put out by the British information services. The British are having an election February 23.

I asked Charlie Campbell, head of the B. I. S. in Washington, about the no-car rule. It's an old one, he said, and goes back to the poor-vs-rich days. It was figured, Charlie said, that the rich man with a car could haul more people to the polls than a man who had only a horse and a buggy.

The folks in Washington may sympathize with certain people in Britain, who can't vote, either. No casting of aspersions hereabouts—where residents of the district of Columbia are voteless—but in Britain the only people who can't cast a ballot are peers, lunatics or—except in Scotland—convicted felons.

That takes a bit of explaining, particularly about the peers. A peer can't vote while he's a peer. His son, if he's 21, can vote until the old man dies. Then the son can't, if he's the eldest, because he himself becomes a peer.

In Washington, if we maintain legal residence elsewhere, we can cast absentee ballots, but we can't vote by proxy. In Britain a body can.

Charlie explained it like this: Say a man expects to be out of his voting territory on election day, or takes down sick, he can deputize an uncle or a cousin to vote for him. He writes to the registrar, who sends him a bunch of papers to be signed and notarized. It's all very legal.

NOTES NOT LABELED
A candidate in Britain, Charlie Campbell says, never knows exactly how he won or lost. He can't even tell how he did in his own precinct.

run of the people of that day. The common run of people then wanted to end slavery.

They thought of themselves as under-dogs. It seemed to them that ALL THE POWER was back of the institution of human slavery. They were out to put a stop to that or die in the attempt.

Feeling that way, they WON. AS for me, personally, I think the dangers of big government, kept in power too long, willing to bankrupt the nation, if need be, in order to STAY IN POWER, are as great a threat to the liberties of the common people, over the long years, as was human slavery back in the 1850's.

All down through history, the liberties of the common people have been endangered whenever too much power has been held in too few hands too long.

So I'm going to stay a republican, because that is the only way in which I can effectively express by opposition to our present tendencies in government.

White Sands, N.M., Feb. 18.—(U.P.)—A V-2 rocket reached a speed of 3,500 miles an hour and a height of 92 miles here.

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