

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Editorial Correspondence

New York City, N.Y., June 13—With the city reservoirs over 90 per cent full Francis Cardinal Spellman of the New York Catholic Archdiocese terminates his appeal for daily prayers for rain as follows:

"It is evident that God in His goodness and mercy has designed to answer the prayers of His humble servants by granting sufficient and wholesome rain."

"There was no reference by Cardinal Spellman to the services of the Harvard rainmaker, who, with a reported loss of 82 million gallons for the day, took off once more in his airplane to 'seed the clouds.'"

Tonight the subject for "Town Meeting" will be "When Are We Too Old to Work?"

We never heard of any of the speakers on the program and regard the subject as silly anyway. In fact, "Town Meeting" since it went on a half hour instead of an hour schedule, has been deteriorating rapidly. If we were in Mr. Denny's shoes we would declare a long vacation and during the breathing spell try to get a sponsor who would agree to purchase at least 60 minutes time. No subject of importance can be debated satisfactorily in 30 minutes, particularly when so much of the time is taken up with bell ringing, commercials and irrelevant announcements.

The summer evening band concerts have started over in Central park. The bass drummer of the band could testify as to when one is too old to work. His name is Gus Holmecke, and he played in Sousa's band at the Chicago World Fair in 1893. (The undersigned was there!) Gus is exactly 80 years old and according to the band leader never misses a note or a nod, with either drumstick or cymbals. However, according to Gus, if he had been a cornet or a piano player he would have been washed up long ago. (Also if he had been a ditch-digger.) How long a person should work depends not only upon the nature, health and temperament of the individual, but the nature of the work.

Here is another age note: Archibald Crossley, president of Crossley, Inc., national public opinion research organization, graduated at Princeton yesterday at the age of 53. Mr. Crossley left Princeton in 1917 after three years of study, to go to work. Now having made "a competence," he returned and at last has A.B. to hang on the wall, and a record of being the oldest man ever to graduate at the famous New Jersey university.

An even more unusual case is that of William E. Haskell, assistant to the president of the New York Herald-Tribune. Haskell went to Worcester Academy but never graduated from that institution, or any other, with the exception of "Alcoholics Anonymous." However, he did—after much wandering—make a place and a name for himself. So, following the suggestion of certain alumni the trustees of Worcester invited Haskell to attend an alumni luncheon whereupon the alumni president presented him with a diploma as of the class of 1905, declaring Mr. H. a man "truly educated in the most complete and cosmopolitan sense of the word." So-o there is more than one way to skin a cat and secure a sheepskin, at three-score and five!

And now a note on youth and the unemployment problem. A few weeks ago the following want-ad appeared in a New York newspaper:

MOVIE DOUBLES WANTED.
Should be steel-workers or used to heights and resemble Paul Douglas or Richard Basehart (whoever HE is!) 20th Century Fox seeks 2 men of above description for motion-pictures now being made in New York. Contact casting department 20th Century Fox Columbia 5-3320 immediately. FOUR HUNDRED young men applied for the job!

Only two were engaged.
They were paid \$50 a day (WHEN they worked) \$110 on Sundays. The job lasted two weeks and consisted, among other things, in crawling out on a 14-inch ledge on the 15th floor of the Guarantee Trust company, 128 Broadway, around 200 feet above the sidewalk, walking along this ledge, looking down and waving a hand at the crowds below. One young man, they say, looked like Basehart, the other like Douglas. One of these days this film, no doubt, will be shown in Medford, although the title has not been announced as yet—or much of the plot. The latter is built around the sensational suicide of a young man named Warde who jumped from the 17th floor of the Gotham Hotel, 5th Avenue and 35th street, after sitting on the ledge for 12 to 14 hours, and resisting all pleas NOT to jump—this was back in July, 1938.

All we can say is we would much prefer to have the job of the Harvard "Rain-Maker" at 100 bucks per diem!

—R.W.R.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

HERE'S one from Washington:

"Two primitive Brazilian tribes—reported today (by the Smithsonian Institution) to have been contacted by white men for the first time—still jealously guard the 'military secrets' of a forgotten civilization."

Their military secrets are their bows and arrows!

THAT starts an interesting train of thought.

You know, in that long-forgotten time when man was young (and crude) the bow and arrow must have been pretty hot stuff. Until some primeval physicist first bent a springy stick and laced its ends together with a string, man has been compelled to deal with his enemies, animal

and human, at close quarters.

At best, he could strike from no farther away than he could throw a stone or heave a spear.

Came then the bow and arrow, and the possessor of that terrible weapon could stand off at a distance and if he were a good marksman pepper his opponent with arrows until he looked like a fretful porcupine.

Put yourself in the position of the enemy of such a super-person armed with such a super-weapon. You could be struck at but you couldn't strike back. Your name would simply have been mud.

CAN you blame the ancestors of these Amazonian tribes, when they held this mighty weapon in their hands and saw its disastrous effect on their enemies, for thinking they had the world by the tail with a down hill pull?

You can imagine what must have been their first thought. They must have said to themselves: "Boy, this is IT! As long as WE ALONE possess this potent thing, we're hunkydory. But if we ever let our enemies get the hang of it we'll be up the creek without a raft. WE MUST GUARD OUR LIVES. If anybody else ever gets it, the jig's up."

YOU probably know what happened—even though it was a long, long time ago. The boys kept it hush-hush. They turned pale when anybody even mentioned bows and arrows. I expect their teeth chattered most of the time even when they were asleep.

Then—

I hate to think of it—

But I IMAGINE that one fateful day their Big Chief called in his secretary and told him to arrange a news conference pronto and when the reporters gathered to hear what was cooking he told them in a hushed voice that his tribal secret service had just SHOT AN ARROW FROM WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN A BOW!

You can imagine the consternation.

THE moral?

I suppose there isn't any moral. But even as far back as that must have been it was demonstrated that human beings can't keep a secret.

We've been learning that to our cost with regard to the atom bomb.

ONE other thought, in closing.

These primeval savages down in the Brazilian forests haven't got very far in the world. YOU CAN'T GET VERY FAR IN THE WORLD WHEN YOU MAKE A GREAT DISCOVERY AND ARE SO CONSTITUTED THAT ALL YOU CAN DO IS TO SIT TIGHT AND HUG YOUR SECRET TO YOUR BOSSOM.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"It took me two years to make it, and now we find out he's allergic to wool!"

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.

DIVERS KINDS OF DOCTORS



Dr. Brady

Dentist writes that he believes patients who wish to become dentists should be required to take a regular medical course leading to the degree M. D. (Doctor of Medicine) and then two years of further study leading to the degree D. D. S. (Doctor of Dental Surgery) or the degree D. M. D. (Doctor of Dental Medicine). This, the dentist thinks, would place the dentist in the same position as the M. D. who specializes in a particular branch of medicine or surgery.

I think so too. I have advocated that very reform on many occasions, and invariably I get an angry reaction from the dentists. It is notable, however, that at Harvard Dental School and in some other school in Baltimore or Philadelphia students who desire to become dentists must now obtain the M. D. degree and then take whatever special or technical instruction they require to qualify to practice dentistry—which, after all, is a special branch of medicine or surgery and not a science or art apart.

If dentists were so trained they would indeed command full recognition by their colleagues, the physicians and surgeons. Since the dentists broke away from the parent profession a little over a century ago they have not shared as fully as they should in the advantages and the responsibilities of the medical profession. But that's the way most of the old timers in dentistry like it. That's the reason why they insist on maintaining separate dental schools. These facts annoy and anger the dentists, or at least the old timers, whenever I allude to them, but I don't give a good—good health is all I care about.

Even though they may not say much about it for publication leaders in the dental profession generally agree that it would be a boon to health, personal health, everybody's health, if dentistry were reestablished by the parent profession.

For that matter, isn't it time that some sort of restriction or regulation was imposed upon the trade use of the title "Doctor?" I mean for the protection of the public, the layman who seeks a physician, the customer or prospective patron who, all too often, must select a physician without any assurance of the standing of the one he selects.

If a visitor, traveler or stranger in the community requires a doctor and consults the person who holds himself or herself out as Dr. Doe, the chances are about even that Doe will be a dentist, an adjuster, a manipulator, a spectacle fitter, a hair dresser, a food expert, a podiatrist or else a practicing physician. Generally this confusion is merely absurd and annoying, but sometimes it is tragic. The pity of it is that so many people who should know better assume that "the law" permits no one to call himself "Doctor" unless he is fully qualified to do so. In Yarn-keeland "the law" gives phony "doctors" virtually unlimited freedom to exploit popular credulity.

Not that reputable, licensed dentists haven't the same legal right to use the title "Doctor" that licensed physicians have.

Finally, I confidently believe that within the next three decades all prospective dentists will graduate in medicine before they begin whatever postgraduate courses they may require to practice in their chosen special-

field. That reform will place all practitioners of medicine or surgery on an even plane—which will be a fine thing for the public.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Temporary Teeth

Do you think filling cavities in the first teeth of children is necessary, since the second set comes in any way? (Mrs. I. W.)

Answer—Just as necessary as prompt filling of cavities in the permanent teeth. Decay or premature removal of the primary teeth impairs the development of jaw and face and even, sound permanent teeth.

Is there any such thing as "nervous heart"? (G. M.)

Answer—That is one of Doctor Quibble's phony diagnoses—and his customers like it.

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The Grange

Butte Falls Grange

Butte Falls H.E.C. met at the home of Mrs. John Henshaw June 14. Co-hostesses were Mrs. Elga Abbott and Mrs. Clay Conley. The table was decorated with a centerpiece of columbine.

The committee on magazine subscription sales reported \$14.87 cleared. The committee for sale of pop at the Sunday baseball games reported \$15.28 cleared and \$4.00 was reported from sale of cakes at the last Grange meeting.

Upper Rogue Grange

Upper Rogue Grange met in regular session June 15 with Overseer Ed Huston presiding in absence of Master Herb Carlson who is attending state grange convention at Ontario. Master Paul Force of Eagle Point Grange was escorted to the Master's station.

The annual strawberry festival was in full swing with plenty of the famous Dunsforth strawberries and ice cream furnished by Eagle Point Grange. Granges represented included Eagle Point, Sams Valley, Lake Creek and Shady Cove. George Lower of the Medford News was also introduced.

Eagle Point Grange is putting on a turkey dinner in their hall on Sunday, June 25. Next square dance will be July 9 instead of July 2 owing to the July fourth holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boothby and Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Boothby are on the refreshment committee for next regular meeting, July 6.

FIVE BODIES FOUND

Dublin, Ireland, June 17—(U.P.) The bodies of five crewmen killed in the crash of a British Royal Air Force weather plane were found today on wooded 2,000-foot Croaghnaun mountain on McHill island off the west coast of Ireland.

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Pickin' Pears

News, Gossip, Comment From Camp White

By L. J. "Tick" Malarkey

Don Ivie comes to Camp White early each morning with a load of dairy products from Jorgensen's dairy. Don has lived in Medford since 1936, coming here from Roseburg. Before that he spent some years in Salem during his early boyhood.

He spent 16 months in France and Germany as a foot soldier in General Clark's 83rd infantry division. The war was good to Don, he came out of it without a scratch. Married now, he and Mrs. Ivie have one youngster. Due to the fact that he goes to work at 5:30 a.m. this ex-infantry man has long afternoons on his hands.

Right now Little and Big Butte creek, as well as the Applegate, have his favorite streams and his trout takes have been excellent.

When they were handing out service pins over at Post 15 of the American Legion the other night, four of Camp White's personnel were on the list. Honored were Roy W. Anderson, executive officer, 30 years; Paul A. Hatton, domiciliary manager, 25 years; "Ty" Teorey, arts, crafts and hoppy shop, 20 years, and John L. Kelly, chief of special services, five years. The first three mentioned are veterans of the Old War and Kelly, a kid from World War Two.

Beginning this week, a desk will be placed at the entrance of the Administration building and two volunteer workers will be supplied with all information about the domiciliary. They will have pamphlets, as well as copies of Domiciliary News, Camp White paper, to distribute to anyone who wants to take a copy home. They will also have answers for all questions.

Two volunteer members will act as guides to take the public throughout the facility.

It is hoped by the management that this service will better acquaint the public with the station.

Back in New York the guy used to aspire to be a heavy-weight boxer.

Out here on the plains of Camp White in the Valley of the Rogues he has ambitions to become a photographer—and he is working at it. Bought himself a camera and is taking snaps of everything and anything, with good results, too.

His name is Walter Gray. The fact that the first picture he took, when developed, showed nothing but the old boxer's thumb is of no consequence. He kept trying and is getting good. During the first war Walter was with the merchant marine for awhile, and then transferred in to the army. This second trip he made with the engineers and when they found his age was over 45, the kid from New York found himself doing MP duty at at camp in New Jersey.

Anyway, Walter Gray is a "retread." Enjoyed good health until about a year ago, when arthritis hit him, and now he now recuperates with his camera. He plans a trip home to New York to visit his mother early this fall and then will return to Camp White.

"Thumbs," the boys now call him since his first picture was snapped.

For weeks we have intended to say a word or two about Mary DeBerry, president of the VFW auxiliary. Mary is out this way frequently and is tireless in her efforts to help make life better for the Bamboos, Greyheads and Kids. We watched Mrs. DeBerry on Poppy day in May stand at the corner near the United States National bank and sell poppies from eight in the morning until dark at night.

Ola DeBerry, Mary's husband, is a Greyhead from World War I. He served with the 54th infantry, fifth division, a rugged outfit. Today he has a cabinet shop in Medford.

Four children came along. Leon slugged it out in the south Pacific with the Japs. After his discharge from the army he joined the Marine corps and is a corporal now. Int