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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Investigation shows it was a Mandate (Mandy to you), and Not Property, that was reported just around a local corner.

New grass is coming up. All things considered, heretofore, there is no reason why it should not be knee-high.

NO TAX IS A GOOD TAX
(Oakland, Ore., Tribune)
We have been asked what we think of the sales tax.

"Owing to ill-health, I am going to a warmer climate"—(Want ad, Coast paper.)

Marvin Squirrel, 31, ran 800-yards down a rail fence yesterday in 2:14 1/2. Mary was feeling fine and springy.

"LEGISLATURE HAS PREROGATIVES"—(Salem Capital-Journal.)

C. Hoover of Jville towned Tues. Mr. Hoover said he was alarmed about the situation in Germany.

An Oakland, Calif., co-ed was arrested for driving a car with 12 girl passengers originally designed to tote eight. Probably 18 boys escaped when the auto stopped.

There were more bridge parties yesterday, than if it had been election day, and every vote needed to save the nation, county, state, and city.

The fight between the governor and state treasurer has ceased as quick as it started—if not quicker. No words can describe the contempt for such a lack on the part of our duly elected, qualified, and acting officials of combative endurance.

A Thüringian dog arrived here last week, and people who had the honor of gawking at the dog, think he came from Lithuania. He seems to wish he had remained in his native land.

ECONOMY TEARS LOOSE
(Cong. Record)
The country demands economy.

Fleeth Fish, the boom day Beau Brummel and tenor, has arrived at the stage where he makes fun of his own mistakes. This is the lowest form of wise-cracking, and worse than the target.

Considerable fretting is going on about the situation, and the oratorical cavity, like the old fashioned saloon, has been kept open 24 hours per day, discarding the budget.

Yesterday alone we voted an additional appropriation of more than \$1,000,000.

Nevertheless animal pictures are all the rage, and every now and then some actor gets mauled for the morning papers.

This lion takes a part in the latest animal feature, which if we recall correctly, is called King Kong. Buster Crabbe takes the lead, and the waitress in question is authority for the statement the lions are scared to death of him.

"I don't care what they say about the King of Beasts, I tell you lions are most awful cowardly. They may be fierce in the jungle, but they are just scared stiff in a movie studio. All the lights and noise and people running about just terrifies 'em. All they want is to get back where they are safe in a cage."

Whoever gets the 1933 prize as leading movie star, there is no question about who the movie people themselves would vote for TODAY. None other than Mae West—the tough girl from New York city, a sort of cross between the late Lillian Russell and Texas Guinan.

Everyone in movieland is simply "cray about her." They repeat her wise cracks, speculate on what she will be doing

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, California, Jan. 30.—Back to our old stamping ground—Pasadena—where there is less destitution and more digitalis, than anywhere else in the world.

More rain in the valley and more snow in the hills, with 2000 motorists at Arrowhead Lake snowed in, over the week end. Met many of them coming back over the Foothills boulevard yesterday—toboggans and snow shoes strapped on top, glimpses of mittens and woolen caps within, snow packed along the running board, carefully preserved to show the old folks at home.

Our stay in Hollywood, except for the last day or two wasn't much of a lark,—but it wasn't the fault of the Christie hotel where we stayed. R. J. Matheson, the proprietor and manager, seems to take a personal interest in all his guests,—he certainly did in the Medford party, which was still pursued by germs and forced to spend many days shut-up, indoors. He and Mrs. Matheson were continually bustling about trying to contribute to the party's pleasure and comfort.

One feature of their hotel deserves a word of praise—namely their breakfast system. No service charge for breakfasts served in the rooms, and excellent breakfasts they are, prices so low they knock your eye out. For example—bacon and eggs, coffee, toast and marmalade, for twenty-five cents,—and quality of the highest. We don't believe there is a hotel in the country that can equal that.

Unless Medford and Jackson county have lost their sense of humor entirely—which Heaven forbid—this latest "sensational", the formation of a Good Government League, must have tickled the risibilities of the entire valley. A good government league, designed for the purpose of disregarding all decisions of the courts of law, until further notice, and demanding the resignation of important officials of the government, because some self appointed dictator SAYS so. If that is a GOOD government league, what would a BAD government league be called!

Those who still wonder about Technocracy, may find the last word in a recent analysis by Walter Lippman, who declares Technocracy bears the same relation to the depression, that Syngism and Insullism did to the late and lamented reign of synergetic prosperity. The Kruger match swindle had values behind it; so did the Insull wildcat exploitation. But the methods of both were doomed to bring disaster. There are values behind Technocracy. But the methods of the leading Technocrats, doom it to disaster and disillusion for those who fail to see the fallacies of their fundamental assumptions.

We were interested in Victor Bursell's reasons for favoring an expensive audit of the county records. No longer a watch dog of the county treasury, and convinced a majority of the people want an audit, he urges the county court to order it. Such an audit he is convinced will show the people, that for years and years, our various county courts have been honest and public spirited,—have not been above mistakes of course, but have made no serious ones—and have certainly been guilty of no irregularities—in spite of the constant political hullabaloo about corruption and graft.

That is—and has been—our idea exactly. We believe such an audit would be a waste of the tax payers' money, as far as any revelations are concerned, BUT as long as a majority of them want it—and they have to pay the bills,—by all means let them have it.

The result can only demonstrate once more, that this mud-slinging has had but one purpose in mind,—to put the mud-slingers IN office, and put the victims of it OUT.

In our tour of the Hollywood movie lots we neglected to state that we narrowly missed eating luncheon with a lion—a real live African lion, too. While we were browsing about No 8 stage, a hurry call for visitors and idle extras to come to the restaurant was issued,—they were to be "background" for His Nibs the King of Beasts. They put a napkin around his neck, "sat" him up in a chair, and he was waited on by the only waitress who would take such a dangerous and unremunerative job. She fed him chops, at the end of an ordinary table fork, and the lion presented her with a dollar tip. We saw the waitress afterward, and while we hate to spoil a good press agent's story, the truth must be told. . . .

"FRAID of that lion" said she "your grandmother! If he ain't 60 years old then I'm Pola Negri. Why he wouldn't hurt a flea. He purred just like a house cat, and had no more 'git up and git' than a Teddy bear full of sawdust. He took the meat as though it bored him stiff, and just swallowed cause that saved work—was the easiest way. All he wanted was to have his back scratched. Don't believe what you hear about these lions on the lot. I'd rather feed Leo than Luby's chow dog any day!"

Nevertheless animal pictures are all the rage, and every now and then some actor gets mauled for the morning papers. This lion takes a part in the latest animal feature, which if we recall correctly, is called King Kong. Buster Crabbe takes the lead, and the waitress in question is authority for the statement the lions are scared to death of him. "I don't care what they say about the King of Beasts, I tell you lions are most awful cowardly. They may be fierce in the jungle, but they are just scared stiff in a movie studio. All the lights and noise and people running about just terrifies 'em. All they want is to get back where they are safe in a cage."

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next, and follow her around in droves when she appears on the lot.

We think we know why—at least one of the reasons, and we imagine the chief one. She is entirely NEW. She represents the complete antithesis of what has been all the rage—the Garbo-Dietrich, and the Norma Shearer-Joan Crawford types—the exotic, flat chested, inarticulate importations—the vital, collegiate, ultra modern typical AMERICAN girls.

There is nothing flat chested about Mae, nothing inarticulate, and she is as old fashioned physically—as mid-Victorian—as Della Fox and her sweet caporal playmates.

She has hips and she doesn't care who knows it. She has a bust and doesn't care who knows that. In fact she doesn't care who knows ANYTHING as far as she is concerned.

She is just herself to all people and all the time. Tough, it is true, but an honest sort of toughness,—and brighter than chain lightning.

She wrote those two lines in "Night After Night" which saved the piece from being just another night club film. A bit naughty perhaps, but good.

"Gracious goodness, Mae, where did you get that diamond bracelet!"

"Gracious goodness yourself, girlie—goodness had nothing to do with it!"

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Well,—it saves a lot of time!"

So don't be surprised if the next big success in the movie world is Mae West. (And we didn't get a dime for this press notice either!)

R. W. R.

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. Only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR HAS BLIND SPOT

This part of the narrative of a level-headed young woman who sought to have her tonsils removed in the modern way:

"I decided call upon Dr. [redacted] (an assistant instructor in a medical school and one of a huddle of ambitious doctors who seek business under the name of a clinic).

"He told me that he had undoubtedly removed more tonsils by the diathermy method than any physician in [redacted] and he put the whole thing down as a huge advertising scheme by the manufacturers of the machine. He warned me that I was in constant danger of hemorrhage if I chose that method and that I would be the victim of foul breath, etc., etc., and urged me that the only thing to do was to enter his department in the hospital and let him cut them out—which I did not do.

The young woman goes on to tell how she found a physician who made no bones about giving her the diathermy treatment and how grateful she feels toward me for having brought this modern method to the attention of the public. She adds that in the past winter she sent several young persons who were under her tutelage to the physician who so successfully removed her tonsils and they have found the method uniformly satisfactory.

Now, let's see about the assistant professor's blind spot. In the first place he is connected with a medical school that sanctions almost any cheap trick the ambitious young doctor on the teaching staff may find necessary to get some business. The "clinic" racket is only one of the tricks.

The assistant professor, with true quackery instincts, boasts to the patient that he has removed more tonsils by the diathermy method than any other physician in the state. Yet he asserts that the method is merely a big advertising scheme and that the victim is in constant danger of hemorrhage. No doubt he learned these sad things by sad experience.

But being an assistant professor he had to carry on with the worthless, dangerous method until he could boast he had employed it in many cases.

Struggling young medical school instructors and hangers-on at clinics have to resort to every expedient to get enough paying practice to live on. In many cases the privation and want such doctors are compelled to endure for years and years are pathetic, and even then they are never sure that they will gain a substantial practice as "eminent specialists" in the end.

Once more it is necessary to state that in qualified hands the diathermy method of tonsil extirpation is the SAFEST method we have. The danger of hemorrhage is infinitely greater with the standard guillotine and cautery than with diathermy. In fact hemorrhage is almost unknown when the diathermy method is used by a competent physician.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Maybe We Can Do Something.
People for debate by our class. Is time on earth predetermined so that that is nothing we can do about it? I maintain that premature death is a result of accident or carelessness, or from disease which some day will be prevented. . . . T. E. K.

Answer—Do not believe in such a doctrine—the victims of shock, asphyxia, carbon monoxide gasing, poisoning, submerison, or hemorrhage would be out of luck.

Keeps the Doctor Away.
Kindly tell me what medicinal qualities garlic has. It has been recommended to me for asthma. . . . Mrs. L. M.

Answer—So far as I know it has no medicinal qualities. Like onion it tends to stimulate increased secretion of acid in the stomach.

Tularaemia.
Can tularaemia be caught from rabbits if there is no break in the skin of the person? Will ordinary disinfectants such as — kill the germ? Is there any danger of catching the disease from hunting clothes or from implements several days after a hunt? What precautions are best?—G. H. R.

Answer—Tularaemia is usually contracted by infection entering through some cut, scratch or puncture of the skin of the person skinning, dressing or preparing the rabbit for cooking. Domestic rabbits are not infected, only wild rabbits. Any rabbit that fails to try to get away may be regarded with suspicion. The liver of the infected animal shows many little whitish spots. Handlers of such game should wear heavy rubber gloves. Hot water and soap is best disinfectant. Any abrasion or wound of skin should be immediately disinfected with iodine. Thorough cooking kills the germ of the disease. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Communications
Tariff No Remedy

To the Editor:
Protection is no friend of the plain people of the United States, and yet it is the plain people, who, by their support, keep protection in force as a national policy. For decades they have been fed on propaganda in support of protection. They have done no thinking on the subject, they have read nothing except political buncombe. Have you ever tried to argue with the average protectionist, Mr. Editor? It reminds one of Huckleberry Finn's complaint: "I see it warn't no use wasting words—you can't learn a nigger to argue. So I quit." Mr. Editor, you can't learn a protectionist to argue.

If you push a protectionist into a corner, he invariably falls back on the (to him) unanswerable argument: Protection is necessary if the American standard of living is to be maintained. It is worth while, in these tragic times, agitated as they are by the most selfish and stupid tariff rivalries, to examine into this argument. Let me quote the most disinterested and the most able American tariff authority, Prof. F. W. Taussig:

"For years and years it has been dinned into the ears of the American people that high wages are the result of protection, or at least dependent on protection; that the maintenance of a high standard of living depends on the barrier against competing laborers of lower price, and that the

grangers, approving the votes of those members and declaring that the Orange leadership against the sales tax does not represent the sentiments of farmers generally. The pretense that farmers are united against the sales tax is political buncombe. Some farmers are against it. Others are for it. So with people of all classes. It is a controverted question. Why pretend that sentiment is all one way?"

They talk now of perpetuating the state property tax, in full or in part. But the property taxpayers are groaning already. Property tax delinquency runs up to 70 per cent in some counties. Owners of property cannot pay more, and many of them do not intend to pay more, state tax or no state tax. We have in effect a taxpayers' strike.

Let the legislature, if it can, find ways to economy that will render unnecessary any new revenues from taxes. If it cannot do that—and every economy it proposes is hotly opposed by somebody—there is no practicable source to which it can turn other than the general sales tax, which would exempt the staple necessities of the poor, bear heavily on no individual and be readily and certainly collectible.—Oregonian.

A SEAT in the CABINET?

Women, who urge scholarly, practical Frances Perkins as "first woman in the cabinet," argue she would be the logical person for the labor secretary's post even if she were a man.

Appointed industrial commissioner of New York state and city in January, 1929, by Franklin D. Roosevelt, she administers affairs of the largest labor market in the nation.

Her brown eyes carry, and kindle, enthusiasm, her well-groomed figure moves with, and inspires, energy as she directs a department dealing with 1,500 to 3,000 callers daily; publishing statistics second only in volume to the federal labor department, and administering welfare laws.

"Advanced social and labor legislation has been the making of the democratic party in New York," Miss Perkins recently said.

In private life she is Mrs. Paul C. Wilson. Her husband is a sociologist and statistician.

Continued failures of interior banks still arouse no apprehension in New York except insofar as they may lead to renewed hoarding. The failures are explained in high quarters as due to a new joint policy of the R. F. C. and the federal reserve to let nature take its course, instead of trying to save everything in sight.

It is ironic that several of the more recent victims had their portfolios packed with defaulted foreign bonds—especially South Americans. These bonds were unloaded on their present holders by the large New York correspondents. New York itself has relatively few of them.

Several large trust companies are paying undiminished dividends in spite of unrunken earnings because of future prospects. These companies have estate trusts lined up which they are counting on as a definite source of income within the next five or ten years. Life expectancy tables bear them out. Quite a few estates are still worth plenty to administrators, even after the last three years.

U. S. Steel directors are concerned that a large amount of the corporation's preferred stock is held by charitable and other institutions. Discontinuance of the dividend would bring unhappy repercussions.

The split in technocratic ranks which threw Howard Scott out of the Columbia group has been brewing for some time. Scott's personality has grated on his collaborators. Matters came to a head when Scott was billed for a nation-wide radio hookup and converted a swell opportunity into a terrible flop.

The two most respected advocates of technocracy—Bassett Jones and F. L. Ackerman—were among the seceders. Their findings, under a new name, will get attention in high quarters. There may be a big row as to who owns the energy survey charts already completed. Scott has small chance of carrying his point.

At ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S all winter coats now 1/2 price and less.

Guaranteed Income For Life! GEO. HENSELMAN Extra Life Insurance Co. Medford Bldg.

Doan's Pills A Diuretic for the Kidneys

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson Count, History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 49 and 10 Year Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
February 2, 1923.
(It was Friday)
Nab trio for violation of prohibition laws. Arrests held vital to suppression of liquor traffic.

Giant jailer in county jail, knocks out prisoner, who hit him over head with a window weight, in effort to escape.

Company formed here to make incubators for entire Pacific coast.

Rogue River anglers aroused, and demand justice from the legislature.

Retail merchants and farmers confer.

Backbone of the cold spell broken. Colored slide to be shown at the theaters, so people will know what the new Armory will look like.

West Main street residents complain of speeders.

W. O. T. U. of nation objects to calling C. O. Dawes, "Hell Maria."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
February 2, 1913.
(It was Sunday)
The Rogue River fish bill forced into a committee.

The ground hog fails to see his shadow.

State legislature introduces bills to curb demon rum.

Local politics aflame over naming of a market master.

Jackson county socialist party adopts resolution condemning high rents and taxes.

Ed M. White of Gilman writes a letter to the editor regarding school supervision.

RED CROSS LISTS WILL BE SCANNED BY RELIEF HEADS

At a meeting of the county court, Hamilton Patton, general manager of relief work, and Red Cross directors, held Monday afternoon. It was directed that the relief lists of the county commissary, and the Red Cross lists, be checked against each other, to determine if there were any duplications. The Red Cross list has been seven years in the making, and covers the entire country.

It was also agreed that the Red Cross would have a share in the county relief fund of \$8000, and that hereafter no Red Cross regulations would be questioned.

County Judge Fehl assured the Red Cross directors, that as soon as the present relief and unemployment passed, the commissary would be abandoned, and that efforts were now underway to provide county employment. He said he had taken personal notes from many, to pay back their commissary supplies, when they were able financially to do so.

It was admitted there might be some abuses, but that this was bound to happen, and that the many should not be punished for the acts of the few.

It also developed at the meeting, that all government supplies and funds would be under the direct supervision of the Red Cross, as the regulation has been designated to have charge of all federal relief work, in the various counties, and that all Refinance Corporation money would be likewise controlled.

It was further agreed that the Red Cross and county agency would cooperate. Directors of the Red Cross present were C. E. Butcher, C. M. Kidd, J. C. Mann and J. C. Thompson, and Miss Lillian Roberts, Red Cross aide.

COCHRAN LEADS BILLIARDS FIELD

CHICAGO, Feb. 1.—(AP)—Welker Cochran of 182 bakline fame, led the field in the stretch run of the 1933 world's three-cushion billiard championship today, but Johnny Layton, the flaming red head from Sedalia, Mo., was just starting one of his great dashes.

Layton, all but out of the race high two early defeats, rushed back into title contention position last night by defeating young Jay Borman of Vallejo, Cal., in one of the most dramatic duels of the tournament, 50 to 49 in 54 innings.

Have to Get Up at Night? Deal Promptly with Bladder Irregularities

Are you bothered with bladder irregularities; burning, scanty or too frequent passage and getting up at night? Head promptly these symptoms. They may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Recommended for 50 years. Sold everywhere.

Guaranteed Income For Life! GEO. HENSELMAN Extra Life Insurance Co. Medford Bldg.

Doan's Pills A Diuretic for the Kidneys

KMED Broadcast Schedule

- 8:00—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune.
8:35—Musical Clock.
9:15—A Peppery Parade.
9:30—Shopping Guide.
9:50—Friendship Circle.
9:50—Today.
9:45—The Wet Program.
10:00—U. S. Feather Forecast.
10:00—Fashion Parade.
10:15—Morning Melody.
10:30—Morning Comments.
10:45—Popular Vocalists.
11:00—Quartettes Parade.
11:15—Musical Music.
11:30—Song and Comedy.
12:00—Mid-day Review.
12:15—Popularties.
12:30—News Flashes, Mail Tribune.
12:30—in the Garden of Melody.
1:00—Dreaming the Waits Away.
1:45—Victor Symphony Orchestra.
2:00—Dance Matinee.
3:00—Songs for Everyday.
3:30—KMGD Program Review.
3:35—Music from Yesterday.
4:00—Judge Rutherford, Lecturer.
4:15—Across the Sea to Hawaii.
4:30—Masterworks.
5:00—Popular Parade.
5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune.