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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

LITTLE GREEN TENTS

THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS, WHERE THE SOLDIERS SLEEP, AND THE SUNBEAMS PLAY AND THE WOMEN WEEP, ARE COVERED WITH FLOWERS TODAY; AND BETWEEN THE TENTS WALK THE WEARY FEW, WHO WERE YOUNG AND STALWART IN SIXTY-TWO WHEN THEY WENT TO THE WAR AWAY.

THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS ARE BUILT OF SOD, AND THEY ARE NOT LONG, AND THEY ARE NOT BROAD, BUT THE SOLDIERS HAVE LOTS OF ROOM; AND THE SOD IS PART OF THE LAND THEY SAVED, WHEN THE FLAG OF THE ENEMY DARKLY WAVED, THE SYMBOL OF DOLE AND DOOM.

THE LITTLE GREEN TENT IS A THING DIVINE; THE LITTLE GREEN TENT IS A COUNTRY'S SHRINE, WHERE PATRIOTS KNEEL AND PRAY; AND THE BRAVE MEN LEFT, SO OLD, SO FEW, WERE YOUNG AND STALWART IN SIXTY-TWO WHEN THEY WENT TO THH WAR AWAY. .Walt Mason.)

* * *

The style these days is to proclaim to the world: "I would not care to be in J. Pierpont Morgan's shoes," what with the senate inquiring, and a lawyer loaded to the hilt with questions about his doings in the financial world. The place to be is in Mr. Morgan's pants, coat and vest—the pockets of which bulge with round yellow and long green, and other ill-gotten gains.

* * *

Summer is here, and everybody is rejoicing, but the major woodshed proprietors, who favor a 13 months year, with every month December. The late winter was ideal for them—in fact, it often looked like it was of their own manufacture.

* * *

Dewey Hill, the Prospect hired man and all-around athletic leader of the tall timber, towned yesterday to let a dentist fix his teeth, instead of doing it himself. Six of his chompers have been busy aching, all at the same time, for the past six (6) weeks, and begin to discommode him slightly. Last winter Mr. Hill busted three ribs trying to throw the school professor, to discover he was not a wrestler. The ordinary run of ailments that afflict mankind are generally ignored by him, as he is too busy playing first base, center on the basketball team, pitching horseshoes, coming to grips with larger citizens, tripping the light fantastic, milking 7 cows, feeding pigs, plowing, plumbing, doing housework, keeping books, acting as postmaster, ex-officio, showing easterners how to catch a fish, mowing lawns, cutting wood, doctoring dogs, nurse maid to $10,000 worth of foxes, capturing wildcats with his bare hands, dehorning bulls, rescuing high school girls from the bear, looking handsome, and other duties all in the day's work too numerous to mention.

* * *

Conditions that used to howl, have now started to hum.

* * *

HORRORS OF ONONOMY

(Cong. Record)

Here we are, at a time when we are cutting down the compensation of ex-service men. The man who lost a leg or was wounded in actual battle is having his compensation reduced 20 percent. The compensation paid in other cases of disability in action, in line of battle, is likewise diminished or eliminated altogether. Yet, in the face of that, we are going to take one of the most efficient army officers in the whole army, so I am told, elevate him at a very young age to the highest position to which he can aspire, and allow him to hold it for 4 years and then retire into private life at $800 a month. If there is any consistency in that policy, I am unable to follow it.

* * *

TENDER-HEARTED EX-BANKER VISITS—(Humboldt Standard.) Why he is an ex-banker.

* * *

Many diatribes formerly directed at the cold to make it hotter, will soon be aimed at the heat to make it cooler.

* * *

Printed at request of G. A. R. members:

"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours;
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers;
And true lovers' knots, I weep;
The boy and girl are bound by a kiss;
But there never was a bond, my friends, like this:
We have drunk from the same canteen."

Memorial Day

THE great need in the country today is more men who would rather be right than be successful. That is more men true to their convictions, men who are willing to fight for their ideals, and regardless of their personal fortunes, keep on fighting until the cause in which they believe, wins.

It is men of this stamp who are being honored today—Memorial Day. The veterans of the Civil war were militant and uncompromising idealists. They fought for two principles,—the principle of human liberty, stamping out slavery; and the principle of permanent and orderly constitutional government—preserving the union.

* * * * *

THEY left their homes, their fields and their work shops, and marched to war—and for over four long years, they kept on marching, until the cause in which they believed had won. Neither suffering nor death deterred them. They kept on—and on,—defeats and reverses only strengthened their determination, until the final victory had been won, and they returned to their various states, in a permanent union, dedicated for all time to human freedom.

They saved the union, and the country needs men of that same stamp now, ready whenever the need arises, to save the government in which they believe, again.

As Quincy Scott, excellent Oregonian cartoonist points out:

"The sacrifices of the dead have no present power to preserve a nation except as they inspire the continuing devotion of the living."

Let the People Know

WE TRUST that before the July election, some of the vociferous opponents of the sales tax, will tell the people what they propose to do if the tax is defeated.

We have yet to hear of any practical substitute plan—in fact of any plan whatever.

It is easy to tear things down. It is particularly easy to oppose a tax—any tax.

* * * * *

BUT Oregon faces a condition, not a theory. That condition is a depleted treasury due to the collapse of the property tax. The only hope of balancing state and county budgets, as things now stand, is the passage of the sales tax—a tax easy to apply, that can be collected painlessly 100 per cent.

If the sales tax is defeated, that last hope is gone. Then a special session of the legislature must be called at considerable expense to the people, and some other way out of the dilemma, found.

* * * * *

WHAT IS that other way? Increased income taxes, with incomes at the vanishing point? Increased gas taxes with gas already bearing more than its share? Nuisance taxes, polls taxes? What DO the opponents of the sales tax propose?

For if they have their way, some new taxes must be adopted, or general bankruptcy can't be avoided.

Before the people of Oregon decide to follow the anti-sales tax leadership, they should certainly have a clear and explicit answer to the question:

"In lieu of the sales tax what DO you who oppose it, propose?"

Senator Couzens

SENATOR COUZENS' appointment to the U. S. delegation at the London economic conference, is a break for J. P. Morgan.

The Michigan senator was the master mind on the senate committee, and the chief support for Investigator Pecora, in his probing of the ways of high finance.

President Roosevelt however has no love for the House of Morgan, and is determined to break the control of big private bankers, over national and international affairs. So it is pretty certain no stuffed shirt will take the place of Henry Ford's one time partner. It is doubtful, however, if ANYONE available will be as effective as Couzens.

* * * * *

FOR Couzens is a rare bird. One of the wealthiest members of the senate, many times a millionaire, he knows the intricacies of high finance, and at the same time, has no sympathy with either the plutocratic or the Tory type.

In fact he fits into Roosevelt's new deal like a hand in a glove. He knows the old days are over, never to return, and he is sincere in his efforts to have the new deal, distribute to the common man, a better hand.

* * * * *

THE best index to Couzens' character is that for years he has consistently worked for increased income taxes in the higher brackets, though such increases would take money out of his own pocket. There are plenty of demagogues and proletarians in the senate, eager to "soak the rich," but as far as we know the Michigan senator is the only member willing to increase the burden on the class to which he belongs.

Not that Couzens is either a radical or a saint. He hardly qualifies as an idealist—or if so he is a very practical one. But he is a thorough-going Liberal, with a conservative and plutocratic background.

Very rare in the past. But we predict, not so rare in the future.

GAS REFUNDS IN CASH URGED FOR FARMERS

SALEM, May 30—(AP)—Payment of gasoline refunds to farmers out of fuels tax receipts before such money is credited to the general fund was proposed by Secretary of State Hal E. Hoss in a letter sent to State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman.

"In view of the hardship that is worked on the farmer because of his inability to deposit or cash his state warrant for gasoline tax refunds, I am desirous of doing everything in my power to be helpful to him," Hoss' letter read.

Coach Jimmy Phelan's backfield at Washington next season will be comprised only of football men who can pass and kick as well as carry the ball, he announced to candidates seeking these varsity positions.

KLAMATH ALFALFA SOUGHT BY SALEM

SALEM, May 30—(AP)—Negotiations to purchase large tonnage of alfalfa from the Klamath basin were effected at a meeting of the Salem Dairy Cooperative association here last night.

Most of the dairymen expressed a preference for alfalfa to feed crops grown in the Willamette valley this spring to replace the crops frozen last winter.

"Hobby shops" have caught the fancy of Londoners who like to build things, materials for making toys, radios and small furniture being sold.

Belgium is the leading export market for American passenger automobiles, while Japan is the chief truck market.

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

PASTEUR'S COLD CHICKEN NO LONGER SERVES FOR HASH.

Some of the trick medical or health authorities are caught on the wrong side of the "cold" controversy, and in their desperation they don't mind handing the public a mess of hash in lieu of an honest argument. When they begin making hash of Pasteur's cold chicken, it is time to show them up.

I have before me three recent examples of this. One is a popular article written by a gentleman who purports to be a medical authority; another is a public health bulletin composed by a former health commissioner; the third is a bit of news service copy by a bright young woman who handles the health publicity for a "charity" organization.

All cite Pasteur's famous experiment with the hens and anthrax, and all imply that this experiment proved that exposure to cold may produce disease. The ex-health commissioner draws a conclusion that would astonish Pasteur, for he says the great scientist found that a chicken had marked immunity to anthrax, but that this immunity could be overcome by standing the chicken in cold water.

Of course Pasteur scarcely knew what immunity meant; they had not conceived that idea in his time. Pasteur never found that chickens had immunity of any kind. This is just one of those convenient "scientific" observations which modern self-styled "authorities" draw from their own inner consciousness.

Any intelligent person who cares to read the life of Pasteur may see for himself that these trick authorities are either ignorant or dishonest. I suspect hat the medical gentleman first made the dishonest deduction from Pasteur's experiments, and the ex-health commissioner and the bright young woman publicist borrowed the idea from him.

What Pasteur really proved was that he could produce anthrax in hens by inoculating them with the anthrax germ. Physicians and others did not believe this could be done. Pasteur inoculated hens with the anthrax germs, but the hens did not develop the disease. Fowls have a higher natural body temperature than sheep, cattle or man. Pasteur conceived the idea that if he could bring the body temperature of the hen down to that of the sheep or man, the hen might prove as susceptible to anthrax as are sheep and men. Fowl naturally never have anthrax. So he immersed a hen in cold water for hours, until the hen's temperature was brought down to that of mammals. Then he was able to inoculate the hen with anthrax.

Some of the old-timers, however, insisted the mere chilling of the hens had caused the disease which Pasteur produced by inoculation with anthrax germs. So Pasteur immersed a number of hens in cold water till their temperature was brought down to that of mammals (98), then, instead of inoculating them, he took them out of the water, dried them and let them warm up again to their natural body temperature. None of these hens became sick or died.

The important difference between Pasteur's experiment and every day exposure to cold and wet such as you and I and every live person experience, is that ordinary exposure does not appreciably alter our natural body temperature.

So don't let the trick medical or health "authorities" mislead you about that. There is no scientific evidence that every-day exposure to cold or wet lowers any immunity anyone may have against any known disease.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Science Makes Rapid Strides.

In a recent article you recommended a solution of one ounce of iron-and-ammonium-citrate in four ounces of water, with the addition of one grain of copper sulphate, to be taken in doses of one or two teaspoonfuls after food, thrice daily, in cases of primary anemia where the hemoglobin or red coloring matter is low. But in previous articles you have assured us that iron in the green leafy vegetables is best for the body. Is this another of the changes of mind you are always making?—A. M. B.

Answer—I suggested the remedy for anemia because I believe it may do good and can do no harm. For well persons the green leafy vegetables, egg yolk, dried beans, dried peas, oatmeal, lean beef, and unmilled (entire) wheat, are good sources of food iron.

Physical Examination at Fair Cost

Please tell me where I can get a good physical examination (a thorough one) at moderate cost.—Miss E. J. C.

Answer—Your own physician.

Temporary Teeth.

My 5-year-old daughter's lower front tooth is decayed. If I have it pulled will another tooth come in later?—Mrs. S. C.

Answer—Your dentist can tell. Generally the front teeth of a child of that age are temporary, and permanent teeth will be cut later.

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Old Timer Shows How Oregonian Has Changed It's Attitude on Mob Law

To the Editor:

You appear to be a bit annoyed by the attitude of the upstate papers, particularly the Oregonian, toward the "late unpleasantness" in this county. Perhaps your contemporaries up north take for granted that since Medford has become more famous, its inhabitants have left behind the rough-and-tumble life of pioneer days, with beefsteak for food and redeye for drink; that they are milder, softer, more peaceful and have drifted into a sort of milk-toast, silking, never-sweat stage of development.

On the other hand, their advice to have peace at any price may be nothing but pure jealousy. Those college towns in Willamette valley, Portland included, seem to be well supplied with professors but they are short on congressmen, and these latter are more important than the former. There is Corvallis with not a single specimen and this fact must be annoying to Editor Ingalls. Salem, the capital, has barely got one, and Portland, the metropolis, has but one, and that only a few years. Eugene, the home of U. of O., had none up to a few weeks ago. When they had to borrow one from Medford and then locked him up in the calaboose the neighbors would not steal him and but few have the privilege of seeing.

Here is Medford with a population of some 11,000; boasts of more congressmen than New York, Pennsylvania, or even Washington, D. C. Now there is something to feel chesty about, but perhaps Medford feels it has too many congressmen and would be happier with less. Maybe the "101's" or the C. of C. could arrange some kind of a trade or swap, especially with Portland, and ship them a lot of congressmen for something they are long on, even if you had to pay freight on the stuff. Many of these C. C. C.'s are experienced campaigners and perhaps Chief Counsel for Defense Lonergan could make use of them in his campaign for governor. They could show the webfooters and all the rest how to "break down law and order," as it is done in Jackson county.

The case of the Oregonian is rather puzzling, especially to some of us old timers who have seen that paper grow from a small four-page sheet to its present size and importance, and the paper that took the Mail Tribune to task back in February for coming down from the former dignified position to the level of Banks' style of journalism, and if they now recommend to forget and forgive perjurers, burglars and rioters, then the present writers½ or at least some of them, have completely abandoned the high standard and character Marvey Scott gave the paper, and also forgotten what the Oregonian did to the Oregon Journal back in the nineties.

If they look over their old files they will find that the Journal, as soon as established, began carping and abusing its older competitor in the "tall tower.' (The Oregonian moved into its new hove at Sixth and Alder in 1894, the Journal was housed in a low frame building on Yamhill street). This racket kept up steadily for some two and one-half years, but was entirely ignored by Scott. Then all at once he got off his stoli of dignity and attacked not only the Journal but its financial backers, with the result that the carping ceased. It is absolutely unthinkable that Harvey Scott would have occupied a dignified editorial chair in Medford the last few years or been one of the leading citizens (as he would have been) and taken a daily barrage of mud slinging; no, not for a minute. He was not built that way; but a strong advocate of law-obedience and order, opposed to fake and demagoguery of all kinds. One illustration will show what metal he was made of: When the radical elements in the coast towns were yelling the "Chinese must go,' Scott opposed it, but mobs drove the Orientals out af Tacoma and some other towns, and there was uneasiness in Portland. When some came running upstairs at the southeast corner of Front and Stark streets (where the paper was published) and told Scott a mob was starting to drive the Chinamen out of town, he is reported to have said: "Is that so?" but calmly took his old Indian war rifle, went down the street and single handed defied the mob, which gradually dispersed thus saving Portland from the odium of being a mob town. How could such a man or the paper he edits approve of the doings in Jackson county, or say let us drop and forget it?

Their modern writers must be ill informed unless there is a political side to it. It has been reported, and not denied, that Chief of Defense Counsel Frank Lonergan wants to be governor and his co-worker, Enright, help in the campaign; also that said attorney also is in the good graces of th eOregonian. If that is so, would not the entire defense staff join in with the Banks or Pehl followers and attempt to poison and influence enough voters in the state, and especially the labor vote of Portland, to make a go of it, and if successful, how long would the main agitator stay in the pen?

If the Oregonian is a party to a plan of putting barristers in office who wax fat and rich by defending criminals and murderers, defeating and defying the law and making court proceedings a farce, than that said old conservative paper is beginning to decay and ceases in its influence and usefulness. We can easily recall other great papers which caved in after the master minds that created them had passed on.

OLT TIMER (Name on File).
Medford, May 30.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 31—I dropped in to watch Will Rogers broadcast several weeks ago. A group of his admirers the night before had been discussing the secret of his greatness. I sometimes have thought — off the radio, of course — it is his disarming grin. For Rogers can say what he pleases and rarely offend. That grin does the trick.

O. O. McIntyre

His mind seems totally unprepared for the blurts that he delivers—jocose, satiric or engaging child-like. More than any person I know he has rocketed through life doing as he pleases. Before the mike, as on the stage or screen, he is twitchy with nervousness and always faltering.

If there are times when he passes margin of restraint, he can immediately by a grin reduce it to mere clowning. No one could possibly remain angry with Rogers. Mark Twain had that same unpredictable gusto. So did Bill Nye. And other humorists who bluff to hide a sentimentalism.

In writing as well as speaking he has no time for glueing together split infinities or chopping prepositions off sentences. Before one has chance to point a finger he strips them down to laughter. Along with Ring Lardner he makes literature of illiteracy.

Another strong favorite of mine in primitive phrasing has been Jimmy Durante. Yet he never acquired that undefinable finesse of Rogers. One can listen to Rogers for two hours—as many have — and not become cloyed. But ten minutes are plenty for Durante. His chief difficulty, I believe, is, he still thinks he is in a saloon. And it was rowdiness that killed the saloon!

A young man of 23 does occasional copying. He is a collegiate and stickler for precise English. Now and then after completing his chore he leaves a sheet of paper in the typewriter expressing some dainty satire. This morning I found this: "I have typed the articles you left and am looking forward to an evening of Bacon's essays."

This same youth has ambitions to be a poet. He has a twin brother who has realized such an ideal with sonnets, landing in the Atlantic Monthly and Harper's Bazaar. So far as he knows there have never been twin poets. He also argues poets are best in the autumn and points to Keat's ode to Autumn as a triumph of his theory.

Park Avenue, suddenly siphoning to splendor from a mean, shabby railroad street, was known 60 years ago as "Livery Stable Row." Nearly all stables of the town huddled on either side of the tracks in middle of the roadway. In 1879 an editorial in a comparison declared: "It is as unthinkable as Park Avenue without the filth of its roaming chickens, goats and pigs."

Older New Yorkers say the least changed section is around Gramercy Park, now more than 100 years old. The double house of grotesque architecture that was Samuel J. Tilden's home remains and is the National Arts Club. A tenant is Isaac Marcosson. The Edwin Booth home, now The Players is another building whose facade is unchanged. Too, Gramercy is one of the few spots where spreading trees at the curb are edged in sleepy whisper. Tenement children are brought over by teachers for their first glimpse of trees.

As a frequent idler in the dusk around Gramercy I have noticed how the usually hurrying New Yorker, coming suddenly upon the idyllic area, diminuendoes to a pensive saunter. Gramercy is a haven for strollers with dogs, pipes and children. The most engaging people are those with nothing to do. Among them emotions vibrate naturally. A grizzled settler with a spiculous chin leaning against the tall iron fence of the private park the other evening called friendly like: "Bub, that off dog could use a set of roller skates." A prod for the stubborn Sealyham. I might have been passing Cooney Schreck's, back home.

That night, too, a drenching shower sent me scampering into the porched areaway of a private home in Gramercy. I stood an hour as solitary as Thoreau at Walden. Not a soul passed nor a taxi. Finally I pulled the bell. And who should answer but Mark Dwyer, with whom I played as a boy in Missouri and had not seen in 30 years. And did we go into a dance!

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Communications

V. F. W. Thankful

To the Editor:

On behalf of the members of Crater Lake Post 1833, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States and Auxiliary, we wish to thank the people of Medford and vicinity for their generous support of our 12th annual Buddy Poppy sale.

Times are hard and many gave till it hurt but it is for a good cause and the people of Medford have lived up to their reputation of being a good and generous people.

I. D. Canfield, Commander.
Julia H. Canfield, Pres. Auxiliary.

Phone Charles A. Wing Agency about rates on Hail Insurance.

Hail Insurance being written by Charles A. Wing Agency.

Gilda Weds Again

Gilda Gray, who popularized the shimmy dance on Broadway a few years ago, became a bride for a third time. She was married in New York to Hector B. De Saa, 24, former attache of the Venezuelan legation in Havana. (Associated Press Photo)

MEDFORD TENNIS TEAM TRIUMPHS IN ASHLAND TILT

ASHLAND, May 30.—(Spl.)—Medford tennis players walked away with 10 out of 13 matches played in the Ashland junior chamber of commerce tennis tournament played here Sunday. H. G. Wilson is Medford manager of tennis teams and Howard Woodson is Ashland manager.

Men's singles were played as follows: Carter Boggs, Medford, vs. Dick Joy, Ashland, score 6-1, 6-1 Medford; Kramer Deuel, Medford vs. Alan Prescott, Ashland, 7-5, 6-2, Medford; Harry Bristlen, Medford, vs. Howard Woodson, Ashland, 6-1, 6-1; Wilsie Pruitt, Medford, vs. Stuart Henson, Medford, 6-4, 6-8, 6-4; Leo Glascock, Medford, vs. Claude Hines, Ashland, 6-1, 6-4, Medford; John Reddy, Medford, vs. Hendrick Baughman, Ashland, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3, Medford; Floyd Parson, Medford, vs. Wade Hanson, Ashland, 6-1, 6-0, Medford; Lee Van Ausdale, Medford, vs. Bob Cadzow, 6-1, 6-4, Medford.

Women's doubles were won by Ashland with Jeane Ferguson and Jane Schmidt, Medford, playing June Aikins and Mary Beatty, Ashland, score 6-4, 6-2.

Women's singles were also won by Ashland with Jeane Ferguson, Medford, playing Mary Beatty with a score of 6-1, 6-4.

Prescott and Woodson of Ashland won from Pruitt and Parsons of Medford with a score of 9-7, 6-4, 3-6, in the men's doubles match. Medford won the other double matches with Wilson and Glascock winning from Hines and Hanson with score of 6-1, 6-4 and Boggs and Deuel winning from Joy and Baughman, 6-1, 6-1.

MISSING AIRWOMAN MAKES SAFE LANDING

NEW YORK, May 30.—(AP)—Miss Helen Ritchey of McKeesport, Pa., an entrant in the postponed all-women air race around the Metropolitain area, who had been reported missing in the Alleghanies, made a safe landing at Bethlehem, Pa., after crossing the mountains, race officials were notified today.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
May 30, 1923.
(It was Wednesday)

The nation joins in paying tribute to its soldier dead, with appropriate local exercises.

Ward Beeney, a graduate of this year's class of the high school, and one of the best and most popular athletes who ever wore the local colors, will leave for his old home in Nebraska about the middle of June.

Charles M. Russell, the "Cowboy Artist of Montana," pays Dr. C. T. Sweeney a visit.

Gerald Hartsock of the Jackson school, wins first prize dental essay of $25.

Water problems to be threshed out by commission soon.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 30, 1913.
(It was Friday)

With the Seventh Company, O. N. G. in full dress uniform as escort, the veterans of the Civil War marched to the cemetery this afternoon. There were thirty old soldiers in line and as many members of the Women's Relief Corps.

Portland business man mysteriously disappears.

Portland business man mysteriously disappears.

Military ball at Nat is well attended, and sets new social precedent here.

At the Isis: "The Tool of Fear"; a two-reel Lubin special.

OREGON TO GET $313,981 GRANT.

SALEM, May 30—(AP)—An initial grant of $313,981 will be made to Oregon under the federal emergency relief act, Harry L. Hopkins, federal emergency relief administrator, advised Governor Julius L. Meier.

The grant was based upon an incomplete report of public relief expenditures from all sources in Oregon during the first three months of this year.

The funds will be handled by the state relief commission of which Raymond Wilcox of Portland is chairman.

Exports of cotton remnants from the United States in 1932 amounted to 8,604,056 pounds, an increase of 360,000 pounds over 1932.

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