

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
 Daily Except Saturday
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 13
 15-37-39 N. 9th St.
 ROBERT W. HULL, Editor
 An Independent Newspaper
 Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.
 SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail—In Advance
 Daily, one year, \$5.00
 Daily, six months, \$3.00
 Daily, one month, \$1.00
 By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highway.
 Daily, one year, \$5.00
 Daily, six months, \$3.25
 Daily, one month, \$1.00
 All terms, cash in advance.
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 Official paper of Jackson County.
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 MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Good Work, Governor!

GOVERNOR MEIER is to be commended for ordering an investigation of charges of perjury in the recent trial of L. A. Banks, held in Lane county.

It is essentially a state matter. The immediate trial was of chief concern to Jackson county, where the crime was committed; but whether trials are, or are not, properly and honestly conducted, is a matter of vital concern to the entire state.

WHAT we call civilization is after all only a veneer. The only thing that prevents civilization from collapsing into barbarism, is our laws and our courts,—enforcement of the former, respect for the latter.

The main purpose of our courts is to determine the truth, for only on the basis of truth can true justice ever be obtained.

That is why the law provides that every witness in a case, must testify under oath—must solemnly swear, before taking the stand to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

If that oath by common consent is to be disregarded,—if laws against perjury are to be treated as mere scraps of paper,—if deliberately violating that oath, and deliberately telling lies on the witness stand, are to be winked at and condoned,—then we might as well burn up our law books, close our courts and return to the tooth and claw of the jungle.

THIS is, we repeat, a state concern. It is vital to every right thinking and law abiding citizen of this state, that the courts be cleaned of perjury, that the laws against perjury be enforced as rigidly and fairly as all other laws are enforced; that violators of the law be punished, and respect for the law and the courts be maintained.

In taking this action Governor Meier has announced to the people of this state, that under his administration, every effort will be made to put meaning and vitality into the oath of a witness in the courts of this state,—that where there is any valid reason to believe perjury has been committed no stone will be left unturned to bring the guilty to justice.

His prompt and courageous action should have far reaching results. It may well result in legal and judicial reforms in this state, which will spread over the entire country.

The Sales Tax Again

A COMMUNICATION printed today in another column from W. B. Crause, who opposes the proposed sales tax, shows how desirable it is for people to know what the Oregon tax is before they criticize it.

It is plain to see, for example, that Mr. Crause assumes that the sales tax will mean the levying of a small SEPARATE tax on every bar of soap, loaf of bread, or pair of shoes which the individual buys,—particularly the working man.

Such is NOT the case. The sales tax is solely on the retail merchant's GROSS sales. It becomes then, one of his costs of doing business and is not a tax on the consumer, except in so far as the dealer's prices may be increased to cover this tax.

If the dealer, in an effort to increase sales, in competition with other dealers, absorbs this tax, the consumer escapes entirely. If he passes the tax on,—which our correspondent assumes will be done but on which point many experts are not so certain,—then at the most the consumer must pay 2 cents more on every dollar purchase,—less than the price of a postage stamp. It is hardly reasonable to assume, as Mr. Crause does, that such a small amount will compel any person to deprive himself and family of the "necessities of life,"—if without the tax he would have had the money to pay for them.

ANOTHER point our correspondent appears to overlook is the fact that this sales tax is to be devoted to a reduction of the property tax. Until the property tax is reduced, rents can't come down, and property owners can't escape from the tax burden that is literally crushing them.

Mr. Crause stresses the plight of the working man who must pay the tax but can't, like the dealer, pass it on to anyone else. True. But if the "working man" owns his own home he will get his relief in the reduction of his property tax. If he doesn't—if he is a renter,—then he will—or should—get his relief in reduced rents.

The point is the tax on real property must be reduced, and the only way it can be reduced in Oregon, under PRESENT CONDITIONS, is through the passage of this sales tax.

NOR does our correspondent understand the sales tax as it applies to the fruit industry. To quote:

"The fruit grower sells his fruit at the buyer's option over the auction block. Has he any chance of collecting his tax from the consumer? No."

But the individual fruit grower is EXEMPT from this sales tax just as is the farmer who sells to the wholesaler. He should have no chance to collect from the consumer, for HE HAS NO SALES TAX TO PAY. In fact this Oregon sales tax is "made" for the man who earns his living from the soil—from first to last he is favored and benefitted.

SO we might go on, for there are several other errors in the communication, but space prevents dealing with all of them.

We are glad to have received Mr. Crause's letter, for this is a very important issue, and the more people taking an active interest in it, the better. Nor do we doubt our correspondent is perfectly honest and sincere in his opposition to a sales tax—many will agree with him. There is a strong, deep seated, and to us rather mysterious PREJUDICE against such a tax—ANY sales tax.

But we are also sure that if Mr. Crause will study over the provisions of this Oregon sales tax carefully, many of his objections will disappear; that if he reviews the entire tax set-up in this state, and the necessity of tapping new revenue sources, more of them will disappear. We believe many people opposed to a sales tax on principle, will decide to vote for this one (it will only be in force for three years) as the best way out of a bad financial mess,—the best hope of successfully surviving the immediate emergency.

AS has been frequently pointed out in this column, in the matter of taxes, Oregon faces a condition, not a theory. It is an extremely serious condition. The sales tax is not a perfect tax. No tax is. It is calculated to raise \$3,000,000 a

year in Oregon, and of course, SOMEONE must pay that \$3,000,000.

But in our judgment, the sales tax as framed, represents the best way of solving our tax problem that has been proposed to date—and as matters stand the ONLY WAY.

For if the sales tax is defeated, the only way out will be to call a special session of the legislature at considerable expense to the taxpayers—tresh over the entire tax situation again—and as far as we can see, with slight prospect of any better solution,—in fact with slight prospect of any solution AS GOOD!

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.

DON'T GIVE ANYBODY YOUR EARS. KEEP 'EM.

Infections of the nasal sinuses in childhood are primary causes of mastoiditis and of acute abscesses in the middle ear (the portion of the ear within the ear drum). Loss of hearing is a common consequence of such attacks.

Even in acute otitis media (middle ear inflammation) a good family physician will send or take the patient to a specialist whenever there is a reasonable chance of any particular benefit from the specialist's counsel. In any case, the wise patient, having found a good physician, relies on the physician to suggest such counsel when or if it offers any chance of betterment for the patient.

These wisecracks who go straight to their own self-contained specialist of their own choosing and scorn to take treatment or advice from the general practitioner, pay a fancy price for comparatively unsatisfactory results. They forget that, after all, the ear is part of the general system.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
 Bad Habit.
 Kindly send the name of the preparation you recommend for curing constipation.—F. H. A.
 Answer—I know of no such preparation. I have no cure for constipation. If you have the habit I may be able to tell you how to correct the bad habit. Send a dime, a stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for booklet "The Constipation Habit."
 No Leakage.
 Please send information on leakage of the heart.—Mrs. C. H. H.
 Answer—No, this is only a health column. If you tell me you have leakage of the heart I may be able to send you some helpful advice.
 Calcium Carbonate.
 1. Are calcium carbonate tablets taken continuously harmful? 2. Are magnesium tablets taken continuously to the stomach harmful? 3. Are calcium carbonate tablets flavored with cinnamon as good as plain calcium carbonate tablets?—A. G.
 Answer—Calcium carbonate, plain or flavored with cinnamon, is a good anti-acid, preferable to soda, magnesia and other alkalis, when a remedy for acidity, heartburn, waterbrash, etc., is required.
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boasted stationery for fiction stories. Today they are the two biggest depositors in the same institution. Lots of run, that kind of a joke!

Will Rogers attended an uppity luncheon at which the piece de resistance was Eggs Florentine. Rogers gazed contemptuously and finally forking up his rich crust of spinach and creamy yellow goo that suggested a gorgeous Italian sunset, nudged Amos Carter and whispered: "Don't say anything 's eggs."

The late Francis Patrick Murphy was one of New York's most engaging after dinner speakers. With narrowed eye and lifted finger he could sweep an audience into tears or laughter at will. Although the world thought his efforts extemporaneous, he confessed to intimates he rehearsed every speech with gestures repeatedly before a full length mirror in lieu of delivering it in public.

Shortly before his passing, Mr. Murphy received a scrawled post card from an old mentor in the Maine woods he had known many years. It read: "I'm coming down to New York shortly for a capital operation. I'm going to have about five pounds of dried maple syrup cut out of my whiskers."

There's a fool farm Squire Earl Mauck used to tell that starts off along a lonely road in the West Virginia hills. Suddenly there darted

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
 By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 6—No man at two different periods of life so acquired two directly antithetical reputations as Bob Davis. As Robert H. Davis he was for years a magazine editor, rarely grooving out of his routine—a worn path from his editorial desk to his apartment.

An editor, a discoverer of writers, he rarely wrote a line.

About nine years ago he became a writer, and in that time has written nine books and hundreds of newspaper columns. At the moment he is off for a long caprice in far away Iceland.

Born in a Nebraska whistle stop, the son of a minister, his early life was spent in Carson City. It was there he piloted Bob Fitzsimmons and gave him the nick-name "Baby Robert." As an amateur photographer, his collection of snapshots of celebrities will some day go to the Metropolitan.

At 64, he is a twitch of enthusiasm, a raconteur par excellence with the implicit expression of banking for a trust with the gang behind the barn. The other evening I asked where was the most interesting place he had ever been. "The most interesting place is where I am," he said.

Bob Davis was telling of a wiry Celt sliding up to Jim Corbett, in the first flush of his championship, in one of the New York bars. He wanted to know whatever became of this person and that out in San Francisco. His queries became so persistent that when his back was turned someone dumped an entire bottle of fiery tobacco in his beer. He downed it. While everybody looking on, beading in perspiration, expected him to burst into flame, he wiped his hand across his mouth and inquired: "Jim, whatever became of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey?"

Sax Rohmer and P. G. Wodehouse were fellow clerks, at two pounds a week, in a London counting house after their graduation from college. They were dismissed the same day for using up the bank's expensive eu-

out of the roadside bushes a bewhiskered veteran, flapping his arms and screaming: "Catch me, I'm rattlesnake bit!"

Ogden Reid, newspaper publisher, is the last surviving colonist—at least visible on the arterial horizon—to wear the 1900 model, 3 inch turn over with rounded points. No figure in the New York surrah so suggests a Prime Minister for a Conservative Party, a tight-sitter who maintains the status quo, as Mr. Reid.

And a head copy boy in an editorial room, glistening at a rather fuzzy-wuzzy new reporter on the staff, observed: "He looks to me like a Shubert road show of Heywood Brown!"

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Communications

Opposes Truck Tax.

To the Editor:
 If you see fit, please publish the following communication:
 I have noticed of late two articles in regard to the new auto license and truck transportation act, which law, in my estimation, is the most unfair and vicious legislation yet enacted.

To practically exempt pleasure vehicles from taxation and at the same time double it up on the work vehicles is decidedly unfair and un-American. No class needs relief from excessive auto tax so badly as the small farmer does; yet if he happens to be thrifty enough to own a small truck to be used occasionally for his own hauling, he pays four to five times as much as the pleasure vehicle.

If he is forced by economy and thrift to choose a passenger car chassis with a pick-up body on it, he is forced to pay practically four times as much license as if he had chosen a sedan and cluttered up the highway with a trailer.

This is unfair class legislation and should be opposed by everyone believing in fair play and honor, whether the gainer or loser.

R. E. FOSS.
 Talent, June 6.

Opposed to Sales Tax.

To the Editor:
 We are opposed to the sales tax for the following reasons, and would be glad if you would publish this:
 Such a tax produces revenue without destroying values, except the wages of the working man who cannot add the tax, but must pay it. It will bring relief to farmers and small home owners, but the amount of relief will react on them in the increased taxation for which they get no recompense.

It will bring relief to the business man by greatly reducing his personal property tax, who pays his taxes at the present time, and the public will have an added burden placed upon it to further help him out. Why not let him bear his share?

It will restore values to real and personal property, at the expense of the people, who must lose as the other side prospers.

It will not confiscate property. It depends what kind of property you mean. It certainly confiscates the money of the people who pay the tax, and who have no means of recouping themselves like the business man who can add the tax to his goods.


It cannot sell a farm or confiscate a home. This probably would be so, provided the home or farm was not taxed at all, but sales tax takes

the auction block. Has he any chance of collecting his tax from the consumer. No. I have had personal experience with this tax and have seen its destructive effect and I sincerely hope that it will not pass.


W. B. CRAUSE.
 Medford, June 6.

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When Better Automobiles Are Built, Better Will Build Them

Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Perry.

133 wet candidates have shown up to date, as prospective delegates to the Oregon state convention for the repeal of the prohibition laws. Ten or 12 years ago, when a wet candidate was needed, they were all running for office with the slogan: "I stand for the strict enforcement of the Volstead Act."

All the high school graduates called forth yesterday am. looking for a grinsstone upon which to place their noses, while boiling for pancakes.

Ferdinand Pecora, the New York lawyer asking J. Pierpont Morgan questions before a group of senators, to the great annoyance of Pierp., is doing a very good job, and in a manner that indicates J. C. Barnes of this city must be coaching him.

It is quite a mystery why the guilty snail on feeling from anything so slow as justice.

The season of warm evenings has arrived. Who will be the first bright young athlete to dive 16 feet head-first into a foot of water, and cause a great commotion around the old swimming hole.

PIONEER AWAKENING
 (Pendleton East Oregonian)
 On last Friday the water rose in the river and threatened the breakwater. A party went out in a boat to remove some obstructions in the channel when the boat upset. O. W. Foley and another received a watery bath and came near falling more seriously but were rescued. The boat washed a mile or two down the stream and was badly wrecked. A series of religious meetings have been held this week at the Baptist church.

Arguments on the proposed Sales Tax, are the order of the day. Many on both sides are not handicapped by any knowledge of the subject, and therefore argue brilliantly. Some contend it will hurt the farmer, and some say it will help the farmer, and some say it will neither wound nor aid the farmer. In any event, the Sales Tax ends the long drought of nothing to cuss or discuss.

A couple of the major stars are changing their positions in the heavens. A decrepit 4d collides with a house sat., that was being moved down the road. The planets will manage to ease by each other, astronomers say.

The Dubb Watson boy is heading a coterie of kids with a club in a hay mow, and they sneak off to Bear creek for a swim, when their Maws are not looking.

The Portland papers report that the demand for gooseberries is not "strong." The gooseberry is a product that even an English sparrow will not eat, and it is readily understood by the layman why the demand for gooseberries is not "strong."

Donald Casebolt, our enterprising, courteous, wide-awake, handsome, energetic young secretary and janitor reports the loss of his girl, so his face is as long as his arm.

Tom Waterman, the Vermont refugee, and Vic Beckman looked at each other 42 mins. Mon. without blinking, while seemingly playing chess and thinking.

"The reported case of tonsillitis in this vicinity proved to be a flivver"—(Salmon Bar Items.) What's another insult to Mr. Ford?

One of the Older Girls is slowly recovering from a new pair of shoes.

250 people gathered at the ball park Sunday. It was the largest assemblage of folks in two years without a speech setting forth the 250 different ways in which the county is being robbed, by everybody but the speaker.

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)

EVERYBODY buys postage stamps, and every time he buys a three-cent stamp he thinks a little indignantly of the good old days when he used to pay only two.

It isn't good politics to have too many people thinking indignantly of the good old days.