

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. W. St. Phone 15

Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance \$3.00

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Why Not!

THE Portland Journal approves of abolishing the state tax commission. Well it might as well be abolished, if the Journal's political principles are to be carried out in this state.

In fact the ENTIRE STATE GOVERNMENT might as well be abolished, including the legislature, the office of governor, secretary of state, and if the Journal is willing, the office of state treasurer, even though it might deprive its political favorite Rufus Holman, of a job.

UNDER present conditions, which the Journal is partly responsible for, and which it strongly approves, Oregon has no further use for representative government.

We elect a man for governor, who as chief executive is supposed to run the affairs of the state, but we refuse to let him run them.

We elect representatives to the legislature to legislate, to pass laws to determine policies, but after they have determined them, we proceed to undo all they have done.

We select a tax commission to formulate definite taxation policies,—delegate them with that power,—but when this has been done, we proceed to repudiate the act at the first opportunity.

We also select a budget committee, with the power to outline expenses, eliminate duplications and extravagances, place the financial affairs of the state on a business basis, but after they have functioned, we—at least the Journal does—charge the committee with curtailing neither waste nor graft, maintain "it is a department without an excuse for existence, and should be abolished."

SO ON all down the line. We are supposed to live under a representative government, but we don't, and as long as the Journal has its way, we never will.

Theoretically we give these various delegates certain powers, but actually we don't allow them to exercise those powers.

At every opportunity we either hamstring representative government or repudiate it.

WHY continue the farce! Why keep on electing men to office, why delegate to them certain powers, and then promptly withdraw that authority, and refuse to let them exercise those powers.

It's a waste of time and money. We should either retain representative government, SUPPORT AND MAINTAIN IT; as our forefathers intended; or admit that representative government is another thing that the depression has broken down, and frankly go over to Fascism or the dictatorship of the proletariat.

The Demagogue Journal

SO WHILE, on this line of reasoning, we see no objection to the Journal's program of turning the rascals out, we nevertheless refuse to subscribe to the Journal's justification for its course.

It favors eliminating the state tax commission for example, because as the Salem Capital Press states:

"Instead of evolving scientific ways of equalizing the tax burden as it claimed it was going to do, it has busied itself finding new subterranean ways of raising money for the tax spenders, and in schemes to place the entire burden on the poor instead of the rich via such proposals as the sales tax."

The sales tax again! Now the Journal KNOWS that charge isn't true, or if it doesn't then it knows NOTHING about the state tax commission, or the tax situation in this state.

The members of the state tax commission are all honest and honorable men. The idea that they spent their time trying to soak the poor man is so utterly absurd and unfounded, that we are amazed that a paper of the Journal's standing would be so unfair and shameless as even to COUNTENANCE it. They are and always have been, working night and day, to devise the best and fairest tax system that can be devised.

TRUE they favored the sales tax. So did Governor Meier. So did BOTH houses of the legislature. So did practically every student of the state's tax problem, solely interested in the best method of meeting the present crisis in state finances, rather than in what was POPULAR or might secure votes.

Seven other states in the country faced by the same situation, all passed the sales tax. We have yet to hear of ONE of them where the tax has not been a success, has not done what MUST be done,—secure sufficient cash, in the earliest possible time, to run the government and ward off bankruptcy and repudiation.

Of course the Journal fought it, because it knew,—as did everyone else,—that the tax would not be popular and with the proper appeal to class prejudice and the usual arts of demagoguery, it could easily be beaten. It was a field day for the demagogues and the rabble rousing press and politicians.

The Journal called the sales tax wicked in principle and vicious in practice. Yet if the Journal is honest and sincere in this statement, how does it justify its fulsome praises for the Roosevelt agricultural relief bill; its failure ever to criticize, much less condemn, the state gas tax, or the highway program financed largely by it? These are sales taxes. If the PRINCIPLE is wrong how can its application ever be right?

IT condemned the state sales tax also because the consumer has to pay. But who pays the GAS tax! Certainly not John D. Rockefeller. The consumer pays it. Who pays the federal processing tax on wheat—as perfect a sales tax as anyone could wish to see,—the consumer again,—the "poor devil" who has to buy a loaf of bread.

Who pays the cotton tax, the pork tax, the meat tax—all the other SALES taxes of the New Deal! The consumer—every man or woman, buying cotton cloth or a slice of ham.

But apparently that's all right according to the Journal. In fact it's the perfect fruition of genius, the apogee of patriotism. Sales taxes put into effect by a democratic administration to meet the present acute emergency in federal finances are fine and dandy, but when a Republican administration in the state of Oregon tries to do THE SAME THING, on a broader, fairer scale and for the SAME reason— "It's a wicked, diabolical plot by Holms entrenched wealth and

venal politicians to benefit the rich and pauperize the poor!" Oh shades of Kingfish Huey! Oh journalistic "liberalism," what crimes are committed in thy name!

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and systems not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady on a stamped self-addressed envelope. 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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NO REASON WHY A WOMAN MAY NOT SWIM

A distinguished physician, Dr. Claudia Moshier, for some years medical adviser of women in Stanford University, has one of those "queer notions" I am subject to, but she has it in a comparatively mild form.

In her fine little book, "Personal Hygiene for Women," published by Stanford University Press, (and an ideal \$1.50 gift for any girl, I should think), Dr. Moshier says:

"The importance of bathing is also overlooked, especially at the menstrual period. Why should a woman alter all her habits of life so sharply at the time of menstruation? This alone is sufficient to account for many of her symptoms. At the time of her menstrual period she needs more rather than less bathing, provided . . ."

Here I deeply regret to say the author uses a lot of weasel words that suck the significance out of the wholesome and sane view already expressed. Perhaps her purpose was to let the old fogies down gently. Or it may be that her publishers decided the Doctor's teaching was too startling and she'd have to add on a few hundred words to save down the old parties who have the most to say if not much to do in Medicine today. Publishers are like that. If you have any clear ideas to impart to the public you had better be your own publisher and take all the blame or censure yourself.

Why should a woman change her habits of life so sharply at the time of her menstrual period? No reason that an intelligent person can express in unequivocal language. And why should she change her whole attitude and her philosophy or her way of thinking at this time?

The woman at this time may bathe, Dr. Moshier says, provided care is taken to prevent chilling of the surface, and provided she gradually accustoms herself, without fear or worry in regard to consequences, to rational bathing at this as well as other times.

That's too bad. I have recommended Dr. Moshier's book to a great many young women who sought essential knowledge and sound advice on the subject, and I'd regret to

marked with a sign saying "log-cabin" and at another point "sunken boat." But we could find neither. So we decided to turn right, and keep going. We did so, and after about an hour and a half more furious canoeing, we rounded a point of land only to encounter two more girls in another silver canoe. The woods were full of them. So boldly we bawled across the water to find what lake we were on. Our line of march showed Lac Des Isles, Lac Croix, Lac St. Denis, Lac Margot, and Lac Something-or-other-that-I-forget.

Since we had gone thru three lakes already, we reflected, we must now be on Lac Des Isles. It is always a good thing to check one's position, just for luck. So we holliered over to find out. It took us quite a while to get this figured out, but finally we did. We had been paddling around a rather large island for the better part of the day, and were now within a half a mile of where we'd started, and the girls were the same. We'd been before, only they looked different because when they went home for lunch they'd changed their costumes.

The one who lived on the rim of the lake, for one of them did, could speak no English, and the one that could speak English didn't know a darn thing about the lake. But between the two we finally made out the direction we were supposed to take (almost directly opposite of the one we had taken) and started out, all over again. We invited the two girls along as guides but they declined.

We finally found the first portage, accompanied by two of the log cabin mentioned on the map, although they were on the wrong portage. This first portage was about half a mile long, and we hoisted the canoe onto our shoulders and carried it, coming back for the other stuff. The other end of the trail embraced one end of a large though narrow lake, which must have been Lac Croix. The map indicated a right turn at this point, so we made a left one, and soon found the next portage.

After making this one, by carrying the canoe right-side-up, with our supplies in it, we again launched on a lake, which looked nothing like any on the map, just as the sun went down. We had two more lakes to cross and three more portages before we were to camp at a McGill outpost.

The first part of the trip, six miles, must needs be accomplished with the Dodge, and Eddie Greer drove us over, to return for us in two days. Our starting point was to be an old saw mill on Lac Des Isles, a lake about twice or three times the size of Diamond Lake. As we left the pier, two girls in a silver canoe came out onto the water across from us, and started out. Being in good condition from our mountain climbing, we put on the heat and flashed past them in a lather of foam. In a short time we were out of sight around the first bend of the rim of the lake. And there we made our first mistake.

We took it. We could see a big arm of the lake off to our right, but the map said left and we went left. We paddled for an interminable time, at last coming to a long narrow strip of water which had no place on the map. But we went thru it anyway, and then tried to guess our direction. Don and I almost getting into a fight about which way to turn. The map was very clear on this point, showing along our intended route were scattered various markers, such as stars, asterisks, and pot-holes of an original kind that I have not seen before.

At one part, it was very definitely for some minutes, we finally discovered a break in the trees, which proved to be a small, deep creek. Fearing lest we be forced to spend the night out in the open, we pushed on thru it, and eventually emerged upon another lake, the size of which we were unable, naturally, to discover in that ink void. Anyway, we started out. If we got within fifty feet of the shore we could see the line of dead white driftwood which lined it, and thus kept from getting lost at sea.

It must have been two hours that we pursued this foolish pastime in the vain hope of finding the camp. At last we came to another break in the trees, not nearly so well defined, but still a line of grey against a background of jet. We edged our decrepit and decrepit craft into this, an inch at a time, ascertaining our position every minute or so by the use of matches. The passage was only about a hundred yards long, but it took us at least twenty minutes to encompass the journey, carrying off sunken rocks one minute only to throw ourselves against an overhanging slip of driftwood the next. It was a decidedly eerie feeling. Not a star overhead, not a thing on either side but a stony sort of black, only a hazy grey in front to show the way we were to go, and no sound save the dip-purgle-splur of our paddles. Don was in the front, and I was in the back, but we had to light matches to see if we had not reversed directions in the dark. At last long we came to the next lake, but the impenetrable black was too much for us and we decided to crawl out to the bank and hole up for the night.

Even this could not be accomplished without a great deal of effort, since the slightest move off center was apt to upset us, and since the bank was tightly rimmed with a ten foot high pile of driftwood. We at last found, at the mouth of the connecting stream, however, a clearing a few yards square, and attempted to land a reconnoitering party. Don was it. We lit more matches so as to be able to doze off in the dark, and then he got out, and soon announced that the place would do. I followed him out by stepping from the canoe to a rock to the bottom of the lake, some few feet away.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Purely personal piffle: I judge small town savings and have to know a person a long time to look them smack in the eye. I have been bitten 20 times by dogs, but always accidentally during frolics. My happiest years have been after 40. I have never been a pall bearer.

I played poker with the same crowd and never won at a single session. The greatest example of theatricals I have seen was Gilda Gray. Stevenson gave the best advice to writers with: "Oh, Lord, teach us what not to say." The only housekeeping job I do worth a hoot is dusting.

Toupees on those little stands in a hair-dresser's window make me chuckle. My favorite perfume is Mistinguon. On four different newspapers I have worked with a different Harry Martin. Loretta Young is my newest crush in the films.

Vina Delmar has written the most realistic descriptions of Bronx walk-up flat life. Grenville Kleiser is the only writer I know to use the word "oliose." Will Mahoney, an Irishman, gives the best imitation of a Scottish accent. Donning a stiff bosomed shirt always makes me lose my temper.

I hand letters I suspect are unpleasant to my wife to read first. There is no more fun than listening to Sid Solomon discuss New York's forgotten fencers. Frank Munsey, when alive, always struck me as the loneliest man in New York. I shoo flies out the window instead of killing them.

I rode in the same compartment from Paris to Antwerp once with the famous spy, Matt Hari. The place that fascinated me more than any other during childhood was the Cincinnati zoo. The first place I lived in New York was a boarding house at 319 West 72nd street. Norman Kerry had the most devil-may-care mustache in the movies. The most affable employee meeting the public are filling station attendants. Walking up spiral stairs, I think of the guillotine. The name Fritz suggests coper and Eileen, moonlight. Robert Quillen has the best size-up of small town.

I have not tasted 32 beer. Richard Harding Davis is my reportorial hero and Charles R. Barnes, though not nationally known, is to me the most gifted columnist. I've never failed to get a smile out of Ted Cook and Bugs Baer. And never longed for a little piece of my own in the country. For graceful phrasing few excel John Anderson, dramatic critic. Add fascinating aroma: The smell of a country weekly shop. The best beans ever eaten were, and why not?, at Soissons, France.

Two books I'm always vowing to read but never have are Gautier's "Mlle. De Maupin" and Galsin's "New Grub Street." The greatest druggery is rewriting a magazine article that failed to click. No sense of peace like a country lane after a summer rain. I frequently dream of a rivulet of wheat flowing from my hip. I visited M. Quard during his last days. Of all readers the only one calling regularly was the attendant in a New York poolroom. Dr. East Liverpool, O. I knew a red-headed German named Isaac Cohen. Isabel Ross is becoming a foremost novelist.

Given a headline clipping from any established paper in cities of more than 50,000 I immediately identify the publication. I do a swell match trick and am kind to birds. I saw a smart alec, drunk, walk from one post to another on a ship rail during a violent storm. My wife dances like a six-month-old baby. Bustling streets like Nassau in New York and Essex, off the Strand in London are more fascinating than wide, precise boulevards. Every ship shoving off gives me eerie intimation of mortality.

Marriages such as the Lutton-Midway alliance suffer a fine rage. The only time I really suffered from heat was August 2, 1933. The greatest change of New York in 20 years is to see men and women bicycling and roller skating along Fifth avenue. I once named a New York roof garden "The Hurricane Deck."

William Allen White's famous "What's the Matter with Kansas?" struck me as unusually dull reading. But his editorial on the accidental death of his daughter, "I like to eat chipped dried beef to be thirty all day, and I used to cry out loud when they whipped 'Uncle Tom.'" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Fight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY September 3, 1923. (It was Sunday) A prisoner hits the county jailer over the head with a window weight in an effort to escape, but is slammed so hard back into his cell that medical aid is required for him.

Ralph Woodford's auto is stolen from its parking place on Grange Street. Miss Dora Herman of Grants Pass and George A. Gates of this city are married at Grants Pass. The newlyweds left on an auto trip south.

City is informed that unless fire fighting facilities are bettered the insurance rates will be raised. Forest fire on Blackwell Hill quickly extinguished.

County court requested to fire special prohibition enforcement agent on the grounds that "he is busier playing politics than catching bootleggers" and that \$800 per month is too much for his services.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY September 3, 1913. (It was Wednesday) Pine paved highway over the Skiyous is dream of C. C. Beekman, pioneer Jacksonville banker. He urges all to vote for the Good Roads bonds September 9.

"King Seal," owned by Tom Taylor, wins the first heat of the 2:14 trot at Vancouver, B. C., but in the second heat gets a gravel in his hoof, and is forced to retire. "King Seal" took first and fourth money.

Annual harvest festival to be held at Rogue River, under the auspices of the Improvement club. "In the Sultan's Power" at the Star. This picture is in two reels and features Capt. Jack Bonavita, world famous lion tamer, and C. Livingston Higgins International birdman; "As the Tooth Came Out," John Bunny comedy at the Isis; "Vipers of the Home," at the Ugo.

KMED Broadcast Schedule

- Sunday, Sept. 3, 1933 10:00 to 10:15—Judge Rutherford, lecturer. 10:15—News digest, Tribune. 10:30—Morning melody. Monday, Sept. 4, 1933 8:00—Breakfast news. 8:05—Musical clock. 8:15—A Peerless Parade. 8:30—Shopping guide. 9:00—Friendship circle hour. 9:30—Morning melody. 10:00—U. S. weather forecast. 10:00—Musical notes. 10:30—Vignettes. 11:00—Kay White. 11:05—The Grants Pass Hour. 11:20—Martial music. 11:30—Song and comedy. 12:00—Mid-day review. 12:15—Radio personalities. 12:30—In a Garden of Melody. 1:00—Varieties. 1:30—Mrs. Mack, county home demonstration agent. 2:00—Classified audition of the air. 3:00—Songs for everyday. 3:30—KMED program review. 3:35—Music of old. 4:30—Cocktail of music. 4:30—Popular parade. 5:00—Popular parade. 5:45—News digest. 6:00—Medford Theatre Guide. 6:15—Sports and fishing flashes by Al Piche. 6:20—KMED forum. 6:30—Si and Elmer. 6:45—A tour of San Francisco. 6:50—Interlude. 7:00—Modernities. 7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.

Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 698

Notice to Land Owners of the Medford Irrigation District. Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1933, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., the Board of Directors of Medford Irrigation District, acting as a Board of Equalization, will meet in the office of the Medford Irrigation District, Jackson County Court House, Medford, Oregon, for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the district assessment and apportionment of taxes for the year 1934. Such assessment list, as approved and adopted by the Board of Directors is now on file in the office of the district where it is open for inspection by all persons interested.

By order of the Board of Directors, MEDFORD IRRIGATION DISTRICT O. Arnsperger, Secretary.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, PROSPERITY OSCAR S. NISSEN, P.T. Physical Treatments, Swedish Massage Corrective Exercises Hours 2-8 p. m. Free Consultation 328 E. Main, Medford

BENEFIT DANCE! - Tonight - FAIRGROUNDS BENEFIT OF THE MEDFORD BASEBALL TEAM MEN 35c DINTY MOORE'S LITTLE GIANTS LADIES 10c BENEFIT DANCE!