

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 16
55-27-29 N. E. St.

Subscription Rates
Daily, one year \$5.00
Daily, six months \$2.75
Daily, one month .50

Member of the Associated Press
Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations

Advertising Representatives
M. S. WOODS & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Mudge Pot

It is with some amazement that the general public reads that with all the laws enacted by busy legislators, covering everything from fire hydrant nuts to cruelty to zebras, there is no law covering roadhouses that sprang up like candidates for governor and sheriff after prohibition was repealed.

The first prize for camp meeting fervor goes to the Arlington Bulletin, which in an editorial rapture over the scoreless tie played by OSC against the Trojans remarked:
"at first thought you may say, 'Oh, it was only another football game' but we think it was a little more than that."

NO NRA CODE FOR GYPS. (Press Dispatch)
MT. CLEMENS, Mich., Nov. 1.—(UP)—Kind and sympathetic neighbors went to the aid today of a farmer and his wife who have been welfare dependants for several months.

It looks like Dr. Duffy's Malt Whiskey might hustle Dr. Taylor's Flu Pills, as a cold cure this winter.
Prohibition agents in Texas have finally located a brewery after a 17 months' hunt. It is easy to understand how a rum runner could escape, but it looks like most anybody could overtake a brewery.

The power trust has paid its taxes without making a speech, or throwing a fit. None of the Salem commission, bureau, politicians, or professional friends of the farmer, as yet, have attacked the validity of the payment or its constitutionality.

"All of the animals, excepting Man, know that the principal business of life is to enjoy it."—(Samuel Butler Essays)—On the other hand, Man is the only man that can survive his own greed.
All the banks, and Gitsa Shimoda, 10, report themselves in good financial condition for the close of business October 31. The Shimoda reserve is now \$44.11, which is very good for a good little boy.

The spirit of the times is exemplified in Marlor county. A bride and groom are charged with stealing 30 tons of onions before a shivaree gang could get hold of them. They went direct from the preacher to the warehouse, where they proceeded to blight their troth.
Many of the local males are cropping out in new plumage, but as yet the prospect is not caused any 100 cent hair overcoat, which is the last thing several dudes remember after the 1929 crash.

SOMETHING TO FIGHT ABOUT!

The United Daughters of the Confederacy in Texas oppose the presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by a Houston dramatic club on the ground that the book is untrue to the south. A club promoter of the play says "We'll give it just the same," but the U. D. C. state president replies "they won't give it just the same." But why not just the same, in toto and without let or hindrance? Surely, a Texas audience should not be denied the powerful scene of Little Eva's ascension to heaven, the touching pictures of Uncle Tom and Leinecia, Eliza crossing the ice (Texas see little ice, anyway) and all the rest of the compelling dramatic story? The Civil War having been officially ended at Appomattox in the long, long ago, why not the innocent indulgence now?—(Kansas City Star).

The Forgotten Man?

WE never print anonymous communications. Yesterday we printed two communications, unsigned, but placed the writers' names at their request on file. This is as far as we ever go. When circumstances justify, we are glad to withhold names, but the identity of the writer must be known, and to parties legitimately interested, will be revealed, upon request.

Today we received a communication GENUINELY anonymous, without an address and signed with a fictitious name. As is usually the case, the writer had a reason. The communication was intemperate and abusive. Among other things it claimed this community is only interested in "blah, buncombe and booze", good moral citizens have no chance, and while the hum-dingers dance and howl, the poor common people starve,—or words to that effect.

This communication, with one of the others, furnishes us with a fitting text for today's discourse. The "other one" was an appeal for help from a young man without work and a wife and two little children to support. The paper was scarcely off the press, before the office phone started to ring, and it has been ringing, off and on, ever since.

THE appeal was so obviously genuine that the entire community wants to help. Food, clothing and fuel have poured in and the young man has already been offered a steady job at good wages, by one of our largest manufacturing concerns.

Only interested in blah, buncombe and booze, INDEED! Indifferent to the fate of the common man!

There is no community in the entire country, more sound at heart, more genuinely INTERESTED in the welfare of its people, regardless of their station in life, than this community in which we live.

FOR years Jackson county has led the state in all forms of humanitarian effort,—county health, education, Christmas seals, and ever since the depression started, general relief. No deserving person in need, could be more certain of aid and sympathetic help, than right here in Southern Oregon.

There has been an organized effort to discourage the influx of floaters and professional bums, trying to graft on this community, but only because this action was necessary to better care for the deserving and our OWN. Innumerable times, however, even strangers, obviously in distress through no fault of their own, have been given kind words and helped on their way.

But the PROOF of the pudding is in the EATING. Here is a specific case of someone NO ONE KNOWS who is in trouble, and actually the entire town has turned out, to give practical aid and help. While the above has been written the present writer has had four phone calls, offering (1) an order on a grocery store for \$5; (2) a week's job, around a man's house, chopping wood and cleaning up; (3) a ton of coal; (4) a basket of children's clothes. In each and every case the donors wanted no publicity,—did not wish their identity known. They just wanted to help, that's all!

JUST WANTED TO HELP! Someone in distress,—ANYONE—everyone wants to give. And there lies that anonymous communication—Medford "is only interested in blah, buncombe and booze, the moral righteous citizen has no chance." Need MORE be said!

Would You Refuse to Help?

WITH such a spirit prevailing, how can there be any doubt about the success of the community chest?

Well there will be no doubt if the basic idea of the community chest can be successfully SOLD. It is really a matter of salesmanship,—to make the purpose of the community chest, clear to all,—rather than mere aggressive solicitation.

For if the people of this community clearly understand what the community chest really means,—what it is for, what it will do,—the public response will be as spontaneous and hearty, as this response to this one anonymous appeal.

In this particular case a job will be secured. But jobs CAN'T be secured for all—or any material proportion,—of those who need them. There are not enough to go around. That is why we have a local—and national—emergency.

For the great majority, without work, and with families and little children to support, food, clothing and shelter must be provided, and the community chest will have to provide them. Letters to newspapers may help in one instance, but not in all of them. And the job before this community is to give relief to ALL!

THIS is precisely what the community chest will do. Putting the chest over the top means that it will be done—failure to put it over means it will NOT be done.

With the community chest functioning, under its efficient and capable leadership, cases like this anonymous one, which has met with such gratifying response, will be promptly attended to. Those who contribute to it can know that their money will be used to relieve suffering in just as direct and PERSONAL a way, as if they individually attended to it.

If this truth can be put over so the people can see it, then, we repeat, there is no doubt about the success of the community chest drive, when it starts this coming Tuesday.

Only those who would refuse such an appeal as was printed in this paper yesterday, would be justified in refusing an appeal to contribute their share to the community chest.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THIS headline flares on the front pages: "Roosevelt Attacked by Republican National Committee."

Is the honeymoon nearing its end?

READING farther, we note that the reason the Republican national committee has broken its long silence is because, it says, the President has broken his campaign pledges.

THERE may have been a time when a campaign pledge was regarded as something to be sacredly kept. But in these days it is commonly understood to be something to catch votes with.

IN ROOSEVELT'S case, however, the charge that he has failed to keep his campaign promise is sadly out of place.

He promised a NEW DEAL, and if what has happened since the fourth day of last March isn't a new deal, WHAT IS IT?

HERE is the real significance in the Republican national committee's attack: It has been waiting patiently for the moment when it might be safe to offer criticism of any sort of President Roosevelt and his policies.

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND CARDIOVASCULAR DEGENERATION.

In earlier talks we neatly disposed of meat eating, overeating in general, and alcoholism as factors of CVD. We are certain meat eating has nothing to do with it. We have our doubts about general overeating, inclining rather to the belief that it is the inactivity, the neglect of daily exercise in such cases that is hard on the arteries and the heart and the whole metabolism. When it comes to alcoholic indulgence, there we frankly admit we don't know—or at least I don't. Of late years some excellent physicians have questioned whether alcoholism in itself is a cause of heart and artery disease. I suspect the actual factor in many cases ascribed to alcoholism is syphilis—which disease alcoholism notoriously promotes.



Next we come to tobacco. Here again there is no absolute knowledge. The question of the role of tobacco in the causation of disease is one of opinion. We have some knowledge of the effects of tobacco, to be sure. For instance, we know that smoking raises the blood pressure, and for this reason most physicians prohibit smoking when the patient has some disease in which the blood pressure is elevated much above normal. If tobacco increases blood pressure it puts a strain on the circulation.

Records of the senior classes at Yale college for a period of eight years showed that non-smoking men were distinctly taller and heavier than smoking men, and the non-smokers had greater vital capacity. We have all known or heard of individuals who have attained a hearty old age, who boast that they have smoked hard all their lives and that they began using tobacco in childhood. Likewise we have all known children who became tobacco addicts in their teens yet grew up to a vigorous and apparently healthy adulthood. Notwithstanding these oddities, I believe that the intemperate use of tobacco is an important cause of cardiovascular degeneration. Any indulgence in tobacco by a minor is intemperate. And an adult who has to resort to tobacco in the course of the day's work, play or pastime is an addict. These are merely my arbitrary definitions. I can't honestly say I believe intemperate smoking (chewing or snuffing) by adults is harmful. When I say intemperate I mean the individual can and does wait till the hour of relaxation after dinner or in the evening to enjoy tobacco.

It seems that the pipe smoker, as a rule, has the tobacco habit, whereas the tobacco habit is more likely to have the clear smoker or cigaret smoker. One does occasionally meet a pipe smoker who smokes to excess, but certainly it is much easier to go to excess in smoking either cigars or cigarettes.

Evidently it believes that moment has arrived. DON'T take this criticism too seriously. The Democrats are IN. The Republicans are OUT. It is the business of the Republicans to GET BACK IN, as being in is the aim and object of all politics.

This criticism of the President is merely part of the strategy of getting back in. IF YOU want a good laugh, here it is: BRAZIL HOLDS UP PAYMENT of the installment now due on her debt to France.

THIS, as of course you have noted, occurs just after France has announced that she will not pay the installment due on her debt to the United States.

Brazil, you see, reasons that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

A 17-YEAR-OLD youth in the mountains of Arkansas, blinded by jealous rage, kills his sweetheart, his brother and a rival for his sweetheart's affections.

Poor boy! At 17, he hadn't yet learned that it is possible to be disappointed in love and get over it.

THE Greek courts refuse to return Samuel Insull, fallen power magnate, to the United States for trial on charges in connection with the collapse of his public utilities structure.

Whereupon he announces: "Greek judges are ideal. I am more than satisfied, and intend to stay the remainder of my life in Greece as my own country."

Spectators in court cheered this statement. American investors who put their lifetime savings into Insull's securities will wonder why the Greeks cheer.

SAMUEL INSULL, by the way, operated in what was then known as the NEW ERA, when speculation-made millions, big and little, really believed we had reached a time when prices would always go up and NEVER could go down.

Prices DID go down. IT'S just as well to remember that New Eras, New Deals, new ideas, new schemes generally, can't in themselves create lasting prosperity. Only hard work and sound business methods can do that.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—Thoughts while strolling: Great title for a dramatic critic's forthcoming book, "I Saw the Theatre Die." Clarence Mackay plumps up. As have several others reported stung in the market. Sid Solomon's choke o'lar. Eugene O'Neill is one native New Yorker anyway.



Westbrook Pegler seems the most talked about columnist of the moment. Hope for the theatre so long as Joan Golden remains on the battle front. Percy Hammond's Ohio town sounds like a sudden bee sting—Caddy. That's a grand new crook term for money—"fur".

One word description of John N. Garner—quintessence. Bud Fisher in a Fedora is a ringer for Jimmy Walker. Until last night I had not read Browning's "A Grammarian's Funeral." And what delicious satire. May-belle Manning's new Park Avenue gown shows—all in white. K. O. B's daughter, Betsy, of the Pollies, is a cute trick.

Joe Cook, an Evanville, Ind. boy, who made good in the city. Odd to see a sign on Altman's, so long a hold-out. And why do public buildings flaunt those carved Latin inscriptions only a handful understand? A wrench to see the Plaza clubhouse abandoned. Will the Lamba be next?

Ring Lardner's two boys down from Harvard. One of my favorite people—Rob Wagner. Young Will Hearst is becoming quite a speaker. What became of Arthur West? Never saw Oliver Herford north of Gramercy Park. The third time I've come to the wrong hotel to see the same fellow. Plenty nit-wit.

Owny Madden, paroled gangster, is a connoisseur of fine pigeons of every description. Feeding, mating and studying them are his relaxations and he has flocks scattered in various rooms about New Jersey, Brooklyn and Long Island. Lonely folk so often turn to pigeons somehow.

Speaking of pigeons, Earl Carroll in his seasonal play had planned in a certain scene to have a flock of them, brightly dyed in the manner on Mme. Brada, of the circus, released from the balcony to whirl a rainbow flutter

to the stage. The pigeons were secured—from Owen Madden I hear—but at rehearsal a dozen refused to return to cages. Efforts to corral them proved futile. Three hours before opening night curtain they were there. As a last desperate measure, Carroll secured a marksman with an air rifle and the last was brought tumbling down 15 minutes before doors were thrown open.

The sportsman Anthony J. Drexel was the only dandy to wear a white derby at the races around New York this season. In every detail of correct dress he is a stickler for accuracy. To the opera, he wears an Iverness, and his walking sticks and cuff links invariably blend with his ensemble.

American's best dressed newspaperman since Richard Harding Davis is Phil Sims, long an European correspondent and now writing from Washington. Twenty years ago he was wearing a white-lined Iverness and concertina hat to opening nights as far mid-west as Cincinnati. Later when he blossomed as smart as paint on

Likely no one has suffered more from an exploding match packet than Leon Errol, the comedian. In neglecting to tuck in the flap before striking a light, he received a severe hand-burn. An infection set in that jumped from one part of his anatomy to another and was 18 months in running its course. There are hospital records of two arm amputations from this dangerous type of burn. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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