

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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An Emergency Exists

It is to be hoped the special session of the legislature will settle the liquor control problem first and then go on to other matters. For other matters can wait. Liquor control can't.

Taking advantage of the repeal of national prohibition, and the absence of effective regulation, speakeasies and booze dives are running full blast all over the state.

This condition must be corrected at the earliest possible moment. Only the legislature can do it.

THANKS to the foresight of Governor Meier, a special committee of representative citizens from all parts of the state, has a definite plan of liquor control, in readiness for the legislature's action.

It is a good plan. In fundamental features it conforms to the best thought in the country, regarding this important problem.

In the opinion of this newspaper, this plan, in its essentials SHOULD BE ACCEPTED, and its provisions incorporated into law, with an emergency provision attached.

Behind such action we are confident, would be the support of an overwhelming public opinion. And against subsequent evasions or violations of the provisions of the measure would at once be marshalled an aroused public opinion.

For the people of Oregon don't want any return of the saloon. They don't want, and don't intend to countenance, any uncontrolled competitive traffic in liquor, which would inevitably lead to a period of state wide debauchery and crime.

They want BETTER conditions morally and economically without prohibition than existed under it. They don't want and will refuse to have conditions which are WORSE.

It is a time for all right thinking people who understand this problem, the obvious dangers that prohibition repeal involves, and the necessity of an effective and enlightened system of control, to get together, and make their wishes known when the special session of the legislature opens, the first of next week.

The liquor lobby will be on hand with tremendous financial backing, and a corps of professional wire pullers, all set to do their stuff. Unless organization is met by organization, propaganda against the liquor control plan, met by propaganda FOR, the cause of real temperance in this state, will be smothered before it starts.

The German Elections

OF course the elections in Germany were fixed. Under a dictatorship elections are ALWAYS fixed. The figures that passed the Hitler censorship therefore mean nothing.

But it would be foolish for anyone to suppose that this overwhelming referendum in favor of the Nazi policies, regarding disarmament and the League of Nations, in any real sense, MISREPRESENTED public opinion in the Reich.

A free and fair election would not have brought out a vote of ten to one for Hitler,—such votes are unknown in any real democracy—but there is no question that the dictatorship would have been endorsed on this issue of foreign policy, and endorsed, overwhelmingly.

Even Hitler's political enemies, safely out of the country, and free to say what they think, admit that he is the spokesman for the country at the present time, and his policies and purposes are those of the German nation of today.

He expresses in language all can understand, the national will to regain Germany's place in the sun, to recover from the humiliation and defeat of the war, and again place the Fatherland on an equality with other world powers.

AND because this is true, these elections in spite of the strong-arm control over them, can be accepted as a true expression of the German national will, and as evidence that only a miracle of some sort, can prevent another European war.

For no matter what Hitler may say for world consumption, there is no doubt that he is determined to disregard the provisions of the Versailles treaty, secure a working union with Austria, and regain the Polish corridor.

None of these things can be done without a European conflict. So as long as Hitler remains in power, or as long as Hitler policies represent the German people, war in Europe is certain.

It can only be prevented by Hitler's overthrow, not from without but from within,—that is by the people of Germany themselves. Barring that outcome, Old Man Mars can regard the future in Europe with relish and enthusiasm.

NAVY MAN'S WIFE ASSAULT VICTIM, ACCUSES LAWYER

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—(AP)—Keith Carlin, 41, member of a prominent Virginia family, and an attorney in the internal revenue bureau, was at liberty today under a \$1000 bond on a charge of assaulting Mrs. Marue Fraser, 31, wife of a retired naval commander.

BLITZ BREWERY SAFE BLOWN BY AMATEURS

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 14.—(AP)—The main office of the Blitz-Weinhard brewery here was wrecked early today by explosive placed in the safe by amateur safe-crackers.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. SIGNED letters pertaining to personal ailments 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 one or two questions should be asked. Letters not conforming to instructions will not be answered.

FOOD IS FUEL, THOUGH FUEL IS NOT NECESSARILY FOOD

Young woman complains that since a fall she had a year ago she has had a strange craving for coal and has eaten a lot of it. We doctors call such perversion of appetite "pica," which at once suggests we don't know much about it. Infants commonly manifest a fondness for ashes, soil and the like when they are old enough to creep or totter about and gratify their odd taste. Young women with simple anemia often crave freak things such as sour pickles, vinegar, green fruit. Expectant mothers are quite likely to dole on raw starch, chalk or what have you. Here let me assure all of these that their odd craving has no particular significance and there is no serious harm in any of the things mentioned.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Painful Shoulder. Aching pain under or about right shoulder, arm tired, shoulder tired and painful. Would you advise seeing a doctor?—Miss B. J. D.

Removal of Tonsils. Daughter aged six years just over an illness caused by "infected glands" resulting from sore throat. Our doctor advises removal of the tonsils soon, and says he has removed as many as any one. But shouldn't we take her to a specialist for this?—Mrs. F. L. M.

Making Mother Behave. When a woman is pregnant does she have to taste everything she smells? There are two women in our neighborhood expecting to have babies, and mother thinks she must take each of them a little of everything we happen to be cooking, which she says she will not do. She says she is heartless because I say it is a mistake. —E. E. DEB.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—No class of professional people cling to their ancient superstitions and ornamentalia like those of the theater. It is no press agent fantasy that Ed Wynne still wears on opening nights the same pair of shoes he wore at his first premiere on Broadway.

THEY are now patched like a crazy quilt and would be spurred by a self-respecting ragman. Walter Catlett, somewhere in his trouping tarantula picked up an idiotic about discarding cigarette ends and olive pits. For 15 years he has slipped them in various pockets.

Some of life's super-embarassing moments are achieved in the darkness of movies. The other evening I occupied a seat on the aisle directly behind my wife at Music Hall. As the picture progressed I moved over two seats to make way for a gentleman and lady just arriving. The gentleman, obviously bored, broke out in a devil's tattoo with fingers on the back of my wife's chair. My wife did not know the seat change, and suddenly turning grabbed the stranger's wrist with "please, don't do that!" Discovering her mistake, she looked at me in a sinking blink of helpless supplication. I gave her a you-are-on-your-own look. And watched the screen.

At a private party the other evening it was interesting to watch young Alfred Vanderbilt, who acted as a sort of stooge for a perlor prestidigitator, who called himself The Great Maurice. And had uncanny wizardry along with a humorous Parisian-Ghetto accent. Such as calling the ace of spades "the great one of spades!" Young Vanderbilt, a studious young man, instead of preceding young ladies through windshields in high-powered roadsters or spinning polo ponies on a dime, turns to the evanescences of magic for relaxation.

I was always a pushover for touring magicians. The perfect type Kin Hubbard described as the sort "who would come up on the stage if the hypnotist asked him to!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

THE nearest of all cheaters of the seed is General John Pershing, a habit which he up in early Mississippi days and never abandoned. He carries a plug of natural leaf in a neat rubber compact, slices off a thin slice and many intimates are not conscious he's addicted to a custom now almost extinct.

One of the shrewd exponents of dog poker is Ogden Mills, former secretary of the treasury. He loves the game and despite his wealth "plays 'em tight." It's his favorite form of relaxing. He has one inflexible rule and that is not to play more than \$5000 limit. He prefers a dime limit and his winnings in every case are added to his favorite charity.

J. P. Morgan cares for few games, especially those of an outdoor sort. Officers found about \$3,000 under the wreckage of the safe. Valuable records were stolen throughout the office.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

"TERROR Rules in Havana." "Rebel Forces Give Up After Bloody Warfare." "Terrible Death Toll Counted."

Thus read the headlines over the news from Cuba.

SOUNDS like the reports from our own elections in New York, where Tammany was seeking to retain its hold on a great city, and from feud-torn Kentucky, doesn't it?

FROM Washington, following the news from Havana, comes this dispatch: "High government authorities anxiously reported news of violence in Cuba with a reiteration late today that intervention was not under consideration."

Common sense rules in Washington these days. All we would get out of intervention in Cuba would be MORE ILL WILL.

IT'S about time for us to quit being big brother to the world and devote ourselves to minding our OWN BUSINESS.

THIS dispatch comes from New York: "A pair of men's pants that hold their crease for six months or longer, and a complete suit of clothes which can be stretched out a foot from the body and then snapped back, were demonstrated today by their inventor, Percy Adamson."

A WAY with Percy, so far as this writer is concerned. He's a menace to business recovery.

If the crease in a pair of pants can be made to last six months, what is to become of the thousands of people who now gain their livelihood by PUTTING THE CREASE in men's pants?

All that would be left for them would be the breadline, and we have enough in the breadline already.

THE TECHNICIANS, a white book, were telling us about razor blades that would last four or five years—or perhaps it was ten—without resharpening.

If we had razor blades that would last that long, what would become of the men who make wages by making NEW razor blades?

Why, they would starve, of course. Either that or go on relief, and lose their self-respect.

A S FOR suits of clothes that can be stretched out a foot from the body and then snapped back, who wants them?

A suit of clothes that will look like a suit of clothes ought to be for about a year, and then can be replaced by a new and more modern-looking suit, is infinitely better.

FOR MAKING such suits of clothes, you see, gives employment to thousands of people, who spend their wages with the rest of us and thus create prosperity.

EVERY now and then somebody rises in his place and says: "If we only DIDN'T HAVE TO EAT, we could get ahead in the world."

Maybe. But how about the fellow who produces the things we eat? What would become of him?

HE WOULD go on the breadline, of course. There would be nowhere else left for him.

IT'S ALL very well to talk about pants that will hold their crease for six months, and razor blades that will hold their edge for years, and people who don't have to eat.

But mere talking about such things is enough. We don't want the REALITY.

WHAT we really want, and NEED, are products that will last long enough to give fair value for the money spent, and then can be discarded and replaced with other products, whose manufacture will give employment at good wages to those who need employment.

Mr. Barnes Answers Critics. To the Editor: Under our proposal a non-resident owner of real estate would not be directly relieved of any taxes by our measure. Only resident home owners occupying the property would have an exemption or tax credit. Increased prosperity and a more general collection of taxes because of the relief

Call for School Warrants. Notice is hereby given that school warrants of Crater Lake District No. 33 will be redeemed, warrants No. 89 to 106 inclusive. Interest expires after November 10, 1933.

MR. BESSIE POOL, School Clerk, Suite Falls, Ore.

Mr. Livittor's secret hobby is a Russian game similar to Anagrams. It is based on the idea of taking one word and juggling it until you get several. The White House suspects he has been playing a diplomatic variation of that game in his official negotiations with Mr. Roosevelt.

Communications

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News Behind The News. (Continued from page one) If they are successful Woodin will probably let them work on the budget. The rumors that Henry Morgenthau, Jr., will succeed Woodin are still kicking around, but so far are without substantial confirmation.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune of 40 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 14, 1923. (It was Wednesday) A downpour of rain falls upon the city and valley.

William A. Gates is named chairman of the Grand Jury.

Five more transient families appeal to the county court for gas and funds. Sheriff Terrill says he hears that "hoboes have the news that Jackson county is the softest spot on the coast for mooching." A member of the Red Cross presents calls the sheriff "a non-humanitarian."

Dinner to be given to the football team at the Hotel Medford as a reward for victory over Ashland, Armitistice day. Coach Callison from on idea of claiming the state championship and seeking a title game, with "let's wait until we've got something. Any Portland team would eat us alive now."

Pavements are made slippery by a wet fog.

"Do Your Christmas Shopping Early" signs appear.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 14, 1913. (It was Friday.)

Man who slew his lawyer carried to gallows in state prison at Salem, and faints as noose is placed over his head.

Leonard Carpenter was in from his ranch for a few hours. He is a hustling orchardist of the valley.

Students of the high school, in a long petition being circulated have asked the school board to remove the ban on a student body to govern the athletics of the school. Unless their demands are granted the funeral services and burial of the Medford high school "spirit" will be held Monday, a parade on Main street with "pall bearers" carrying a coffin containing the "spirit" being in the lead and all wearing mourning. Towards this end "death notices" have been printed, and will be distributed as part of the protest campaign.

If a gasoline tax was raised for the purpose of exempting office buildings in Portland from taxation we would rightly protest the tax. So when we consider this sales tax proposal we must consider the purpose back of it, which is to exempt shelter from taxation.

J. C. BARNES, Medford, Nov. 14.

Back in America



Mrs. Ganna Walska, shown on her arrival in New York from Paris, denied coming to the United States to be a witness for her former husband, Harold F. McCormick, in the \$1,500,000 breach of promise action brought against him by Mrs. Rhoda Tanner Doubleday, New York divorcee.

Be correctly corseted in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann

Why Liquid Laxatives are Back in Favor. The public is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that the properly prepared liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. A child is easily given the right dose. And mild liquid laxatives do not irritate the kidneys.

Doctors are generally agreed that senna is the best laxative for everybody. Senna is a natural laxative. It does not drain the system like the cathartics that leave you so thirsty.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a liquid laxative which relies on senna for its laxative action. It has the average person's bowels as regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time.

You can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drugstore, ready for use. Member N. R. A.

Physical Ailments Relieved by Swedish Massage and corrective exercise. OSCAR S. NISSEN, P. T. 325 E. Main. Hrs. 2 to 5 p. m. Call 76 For FUEL OIL Any Kind—Any Amount Quick, Dependable Service VALLEY FUEL CO.

Ye Smudge Pot By Artbur Perry.

Say a word for the Fog-bowen "Iron Men"—those heroic souls who "sardined" themselves into ancient vehicles and wheeled away to Portland, through fog, and battling death, hitch-hikers and barn-sized freight trucks every foot of the way, to see a football game. A trip across the plains in '32, behind a pair of bulls, was a lark.

What could be worse than a public "speaking" class, and more public speakers? writes an Irate Older Girl. Well madam, they might think they were singers, instead of public speakers, and form male quartettes.

The weather continues too good to last, but as long as it lasts there is nothing that can be done about it.

SUCH HONESTY! (Press Dispatch) "I am for an income tax because I don't make enough to pay an income tax; I favor a good tax on beer and liquor because I don't drink and I likewise believe in a substantial inheritance tax because I won't leave anything and don't expect anything to be left to me," Representative Couey told the house ways and means committee in supporting a bill to increase the income tax."

It has been a long time since anybody in these parts was mad enough about the way his neighbors were acting, to write the governor a letter—and get no answer.

J. Wesley Bates, the barber, celebrated his birthday Sat., and 21 years of married life, Sun. It has been about that long since he last sharpened his razors.

Quite a number are overjoyed to think they can be handy in their mindless this Thanksgiving. The mischief has evidently been socially snubbed and overlooked while passing the bottle during what was playfully called Prohibition.

A lively wind from any direction, is badly needed to blow all the fallen leaves into a vacant lot. The leaves are every place but in a vacant lot.

The deficit of silos from this county continues, so this body politic is short two last years in the legislature. Some hold it would be no calamity if none were appointed, and others think the county should show a little originality and not have any until 2008. There are good points in both ideas. No matter who is delegated to serve the term, most anybody at home would be a better job. A number of vital matters, and the Rogue River fish bill, will be weighed by the legislature.

Dock Porter's grandson has reached the pull-a-girl's-hair stage, but as yet has had very poor luck making the lassie equal—which means to be the objective. The modern maid is not as helpless as the maids of Grandpaw's youth. They have schooled themselves to step on the aggressor's toes, and do.

The height of something was reached at Dorris, Calif., last Wednesday when a pair of newswreeds were shaved "at high noon." This is the first time the social felony has been committed in broad daylight, heretofore being confined exclusively to the night and darkness, and the leading streets. A daylight shave ought to be able to hoist itself on its own petard.

"The ghost of Medford high's championship football team" popped over Multnomah Stadium field. (Portland Journal.) But nobody remembers the 500,000 booklets distributed during the same year, glowingly and graphically telling how to bake a pear.

"Sim Cotter enlivened the Hebekeh Ladies' social hour with tales of horror he encountered on the fields of France."—(Cove Items). There's nothing like a gruesome tale, unless it be one about "my operation."

For Modern, Quick Fuel Oil Delivery Service, Phone 315, Eads Transfer.