

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot: By Arthur Perry

The Governor delivered a message to the legislature yesterday, which sounded suspiciously like the opening gun of a campaign for re-election.

"DRIBBLES" IS RIGHT (Portland Journal): "America's richest girl," who fell heir to a \$10,000,000 share of her fortune Wednesday on her 21st birthday.

The six best dressed movie actresses have been selected, and public opinion returns a verdict, directing that they act, as well as they dress.

The state intends to grab the profits of liquor sales, for emergency relief, and more power to them. Then with state-control of football game receipts, and payment of delinquent taxes, via a slot-machine in the sheriff's office, there would be no use for red ink.

Dear Miss Chaffield: There are five boys trying to marry me and I am in love with one who is poor and uneducated and works with his hands.

Street widening with CWA funds is the order of the day, in the cities of the state. If this keeps up a fire-engine will be able to get by an auto bus unloading passengers.

An irate Englishman called the King a "parasite," while the King was making a speech, and nothing happened to him. People who know their Englishmen, express the belief, that in due course of time, the trait one will eat his word.

Though the moorings are nippy, and the evening the same, there is a marked decline in the number of fashionable males, loose without their hats. However, the bare-headed vogue is just as popular, as it ever was.

A census of the 1933 crop of boys, shows that their Paps plan making halfbacks out of everyone, or know the reason why, with but one exception. This is the Dub Watson kid, who will be whittled into a spectacular end.

The N. M. Hogan boy is now 22 months old, and has a tooth under way. His name is Michael, which is more like it, and jibes well with Hogan.

This Must Be Done!

WHATEVER the final liquor control plan adopted in this state—this much is certain: the people of the state should get back of that plan 100 per cent and support it.

Another fact should be clearly borne in mind. No matter WHAT that final plan may be, it will not in itself, ENTIRELY eliminate the bootlegger, and the moonshiner. In other words it will not eliminate the chiseler, or the crook.

For, whatever the market price of legal liquor may be,—whether it is sold in state stores, drug stores or saloons,—that price will include a heavy tax, and will therefore be materially higher than illegal liquor, which evades the tax.

Here is where the "New Deal" bootlegger will come in. He will have his ground-squirrel whiskey and his bath tub gin, at prices which will knock the thirsty consumers eye out. It will of course, be "just as good," as the legal liquor, at one-half or one-third the price. Why pay \$3 when you can get the same thing for \$1.

WHY INDEED! Why OBSERVE the law when you can make money by BREAKING it! Why buy legal liquor which is pure and wholesome, when you can buy illegal liquor which is neither, for half, or one-third the price!

The answer of course, is that buying legal liquor will be right, and buying illegal liquor wrong; buying the first will be supporting the LAW, and assisting the finances of the state; buying the second, will be breaking the law, and assisting the bootleggers to regain their foothold in politics, finance and the underworld.

LAW is only as strong as public opinion supporting them. Oregon is to have a new deal in this liquor business. Whatever that new deal is, unless it is supported by public opinion, it will fail. Unless the right thinking people not only get behind it but take the trouble to publicly condemn those who don't it can't succeed.

But if the people will DO, what, under this new dispensation is so clearly their DUTY,—get behind the new law, see that their friends and neighbors do likewise, and support the courts and law officers in running out those who DON'T.

Then, WHATEVER THE NEW SYSTEM happens to be, it will be a success. For it will have the law and public opinion behind it. And this success will be a glorious triumph for GOOD CITIZENSHIP!

Why the President Smiles

WE have an idea President Roosevelt is playing a deeper political game, than most of his critics suspect.

The aforesaid critics are calling Roosevelt an inflationist. They point to the resignations of Woodwin, Acheson and Sprague; the anti-inflation article in the last Saturday Evening Post by Barney Baruch, as evidence that the President is being deserted by the sound money men of his own party, and if he persists in his present course his party is due for a terrific disaster.

On the Republican side, it is reported ex-Secretary of the Treasury Mills is unlimbering his heavy guns, also against inflation, and with strong Wall Street backing is preparing to join the Democratic defection, with some withering sharp-shooting of his own.

Under such circumstances, the President's smiling indifference, as he continues to enjoy his vacation at Warm Springs, Georgia, is (to these critics) hard to understand. The man should be seared to death by this formidable uprising against his present monetary policy, from BOTH major parties. Can't he see the handwriting on the wall? Unless he turns a complete samersault on his monetary measures very soon, he is DOOMED, etc., etc.

MERBE so. But we have another idea. In the first place President Roosevelt undoubtedly knew about all these things, including the broadside from Professor Sprague and the anti-inflation blast from Barney Baruch, BEFORE they happened. There is no reason to doubt that he was equally informed regarding the preparations of his old college chum, Ogden Mills, to start the anti-Roosevelt ball a rolling.

Then why should he be so complacent? Why has he done nothing—but smile? Why didn't he start a back fire some time ago?

The answer, as we see it, is this: Things are developing not only as President Roosevelt expected, but as he WISHES them to develop.

For what is he getting? He is getting, several months before congress meets, a tremendous national, BI-PARTISAN movement against inflation and in favor of sound money. He is getting not only the leaders of his own party, but the leaders of the Republican party committed against what former President Hoover termed "confetti currency."

Well, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS AGAINST CONFETTI CURRENCY HIMSELF! He is against inflation,—at least any direct inflation, such as putting the currency printing presses to work. His gold purchase plan isn't inflation. No one knows just what it is,—but at the worst it is nothing more than a trial balloon in the direction of a commodity dollar. If it works toward raising commodity prices,—O. K. If it doesn't, it can be stopped by the stroke of a pen, and no harm will have been done. First, last and all the time, President Roosevelt is himself for SOUND MONEY.

THEREFORE isn't the President getting just what he wants? He isn't afraid of the "Baruchs" of his own party or the "Mills" of the opposing party. What he IS afraid of, is the next congress and particularly the wild-eyed inflationists and easy money fanatics, from the South, the Middle and the Far West, who will all be there.

But if things go on as at present what will Franklin D. have with which to meet these "monetary Bolsheviks" when the congress convenes? He will have a most formidable army of shock troops, taken from BOTH parties, and supported by an aroused public opinion, ready to fight at the drop of the hat, for sound money, and against any radical meddling with the currency.

Ergo and also Q. E. D.! That is precisely what the President wants.

WHY shouldn't Franklin D. enjoy himself and his vacation in the sunny south. Things are breaking "swell."

Aye, verily brethren, the politician who wishes to outwit Franklin D. will have to get up very early in the morning. He is about three jumps ahead of the best of them.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D. Signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and hygiene not to disseminate or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady to a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be airtight 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.

THIS BASAL METABOLISM THING.

I've been exercising admirable restraint over that impulse for a year or more and I can't be a gentleman any longer. It is high time to have a quiet chat with those among our readers who shall be or are now being subjected to basal metabolism tests. Those who have had the experience should charge it off as education or diversion. If you are a doctor, you should be able to listen in on this confabulation it is all right with us, provided they preserve decorum.

One woman writes: "I was very sick all last winter. Doctor thought it was my heart, but I was too weak to be taken to hospital for a basal test. . . . My physician was giving me heart medicine. . . . heart was too rapid, 125 or more to the minute. . . . This correspondent goes on to say that she has made remarkable gains since she began taking the iron and ammonium citrate I suggest here for a simple anemia. Probably the medicine did her no harm, but it is much more reasonable to assume that the medicine, rest and other things her physician prescribed actually produced the results she credits to the iron. I know human nature. But the point is that you to notice is that the woman had a rapid heart action and the doctor was uncertain whether there was some organic heart disease or whether the rapid heart (tachycardia is the medical term for it) was merely a feature of hyperthyroidism or masked exophthalmic goitre (Grave's or Basedow's disease, or, as some machine-made specialists call it, "toxic" goitre).

Here is another woman who complains: "I am 27 years old and have been under physician's care for two years. . . . I have had metabolism tests and found to be hyperthyroid. Also I have paroxysmal tachycardia (she means the heart action is rapid by spells). . . . headaches. . . . teeth X-rays O. K. but head X-rays showed slight sinus which is now cleared up. . . . but headaches continue. . . . Finally doctor ordered all medical stopped and nurse to give high colon irrigations. . . . Here, too, the heart action was rapid and the doctor wanted to determine whether organic heart disease or some general condition cause

diagnose corn belt, was given a celestolone lasting from 4 one afternoon until the same hour the next. Then his cronies escorted him to the Algonquin and, to be certain he remained there, sequestered the clothes he wore. But two hours later "Tark" appeared at the Lambs, merry and bright, in fur coat, high hat and bedouin slippers. When the room became a little too stuffy he doctored his great coat and revealed himself in an old-fashioned night gown.

During the Roman Holiday Roy Atwell complained to Turkington he had been unable to see "Havana," a hit at the Casino. As they moved in a devious but enchanting itinerary from this cafe to that he kept grumbling: "I want to go to Havana." It became so tiresome that one morning after a night of wassail and continued complaining Atwell awakened on a rolling boat—actually bound for the city of Havana. Without a soul!

Only one stage box in New York was ever denied the public. This was an upper tier at the New Amsterdam for A. L. Erlanger and friends. Erlanger finally abandoned the idea. But in the Ruellet opera house in Cleveland stage box A re-

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY: By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—Thoughts while strolling: They say Mencken and Nathan will tie up in a new magazine. . . . Who remembers when it was an oyster plant? Lily Pons has a skip in her walk like her name. . . . Lily Pons! What's become of Vincent Lopez? Hollywood studios clamor for Damon Runyon. . . . One of my favorite people—Fred Drake. He suggests a shrunk Sam Shipman. Dick Hyland's studio expression. And Tallulah Bankhead suggests a statue in chalk these days. What a queenly looking lady Mary Roberts Rhinehart is. Also Mrs. Dana Gibson.

Somewhere I'd like to see Owen Young leap frog over a fire plug. It would do him good. Colin Clive, the actor, is a startling ringer for Jimmy Walker. What will become of peep-holes in speakases? Those Rialto doctors at every opening—Wagner and Michel. . . . Fred C. Keller, a Xenia, O. boy, who made good in the city. Odd how minstrelsy is always sermed in a battered tureen. Eddie Duchin is the town's best blusher. That unroused detachment of Brock Pemberton. There's a giddyup to those jockey can hats the ladies wear, all right, all right!

One word description of Fred Allen—raspy. No person looks so unlike his photographs as Albert Wiggin. Louis Calhern and beautiful bride, Mary Pickford still excites the populace more than any other movie star. Forlorn old-timers around the Palace corner. What was it about variety that made us love it so?

Hoofing has recruited some of the best box office draws in the movies. Valentino, of course, was the most notable garniture. But there are also such feather-footed figures as Barbara Stanwyck, George Raft, Ginger Rogers, Ruby Keeler, James Cagney and Joan Crawford who began as fast steps—mostly in Broadway night clubs.

The original Algonquin crowd was not the moderns who glorified the Round Table. The first of the literary minded to make the West 44th street inn their luncheon place was headed by the youthful and irrepressible Booth Tarkington. In the very select circle, too, were George Ade, "Stuffy" Davis, Oct Wells, Harry Leon Wilson and the actor Roy Atwell.

There was a memorable night when Tarkington, zooming out of the in-

mained invisible from time the theater was built until torn down. It was for the political leader Mark Hanna and at death passed to his son.

Memory of the stern rebukes my doughnut dunking received in formative days has left an ineradicable scar. To this day when I duck into what Wilson Mimer called a tanker salon I have an uneasy feeling of being followed. And at the first dunk expect somebody to scream. "Don't do that!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

TWO AMERICANS, Lieutenant Commander Settle and Major Chester, rise in a balloon to a height of 11 miles above the earth's surface, and then descend safely, landing in a cranberry bog in New Jersey.

It is dark when they come down, so they climb out of the special gondola, wrap up in the fabric of the balloon and sleep peacefully through the night, while all over the world wires hum and radars crackle with surmises as to whether or not they are lost.

COMING BACK, successful, from a feat that arouses the interest of the world, their first need is for sleep. Their next imperative need is FOOD.

Human beings, you see, are just human beings, no matter how big or spectacular they may be.

YOU have read in the papers that Lieutenant Commander Settle and Major Chester soared up 11 miles into the STRATOSPHERE.

The stratosphere is the layer of thinner air that lies above the heavier ATMOSPHERE we breathe. It is too thin to breathe, which is why balloons that go up into it have to be equipped with special gondolas, in which oxygen can be released.

THIS thinner air, by the way, offers very much less resistance to moving bodies than our heavier air, which leads to the idea that in time to come we may navigate it with streamlined aircraft that will encounter VERY LITTLE resistance and so will be able to reach terrific speeds up to 500, 600 miles an hour, or perhaps much more.

Passengers traveling in such aircraft could leave San Francisco in the early morning, have lunch in New York, spend the afternoon seeing the sights, go to a show in the evening and be back on the Pacific Coast in time for work the next day.

SETTLE and Chester, we read, went up into the stratosphere to study the cosmic ray.

Radio rays, so far as we know, stick to the earth; following its surface and so finally coming back to their starting place. The cosmic ray, it is suspected, may travel out through space, intersecting other worlds in its path.

The time may come, you see, when we will be TALKING with other worlds.

Fantastic, of course, but 100 years ago the radio would have seemed fantastic.

AIRCRAFT can get up out of the heavier atmosphere and into the thinner stratosphere, where resistance is less.

Automobiles CANT. They have to stick to the surface of the earth, taking on whatever resistance the air offers—which is plenty.

It is air resistance that holds down

speed and INCREASES fuel consumption.

IF AUTOMOBILES are to increase their speed and at the same time DECREASE their consumption of fuel they must be made so as to slip through the air with less resistance. Streamlining is believed to be the answer to that. Engineers estimate that a properly streamlined automobile could be driven by a 25 horsepower engine at a speed in excess of 100 miles an hour, on far less fuel than is now required for much lower speeds.

That is why streamlining is the big thing in automobile design at the present moment.

It isn't just a fad, for the purpose of making new cars LOOK different.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY: November 24, 1923. (It was Monday.) City payroll for year amounts to \$35,100.

Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," passes through, and Court Hall fails to get to the depot in time to see him. Bud plans to fight in Vancouver, B. C., soon.

Col. F. L. TouVelle says that he ate a pumpkin pie made by Leslie McCully of Jacksonville, from Bailey Cannery canned pumpkin, and "it is fit for king to eat, and give praise." Anna Held, the famous actress, will be here December 4, at the Page.

Ashland defeats Medford high, 27 to 0. High disgust prevails among the local athletes.

Bill O'Hara is fined \$25 for killing two quail.

Fourteen Thanksgiving day dances are advertised.

The Medford Armory will be formally opened for public inspection next Tuesday.

Lloyd Williamson writes a letter to the editor on the "broken chain" football game which Salem won, Mr.

Williamson declares "the fact the chain broke when it counted most will give all sportsmen grounds to pause."

A wandering boy fools the police, the sheriff and the prohibition agents, and escapes in a stolen automobile.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 years ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY: November 24, 1923. (It was Saturday.) City to vote again on issuance of bonds for new high school.

Yale beats Harvard 13 to 0, causing great grief and despair around the University club.

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BIG DANCE Every Saturday Night Dreamland Medford's Most Popular Dance Pavilion 7-PIECE DANCE BAND Modern and Old-Time Tunes Men 35c Ladies A Dime

SATURDAY ONLY 15c ROXY 15c THEATRE CONGORILLA ONE AND ONLY TALKING PICTURE ENTIRELY MADE IN AFRICA Mr. & Mrs. MARTIN JOHNSON a FOX picture Ends Tonight "Whispering Shadow" Torchy Comedy Silly Symphony Cartoon

TODAY and Sat. 15c STUDIO 15 Attend Sat. Matinee Avoid the Rush WIERD! GHASTLY! UNCANNY! CREEPY! CHILLING! STRANGE! What's SCARFACE meant to gang pictures Z'WHITE ZOMBIE means to thrillers! BELA DRACULA LUGOSI Would you know a ZOMBIE if you saw one? Also CHARLIE CHASE in "His Silent Racket" MICKEY MOUSE CARTOON Pathe News

Dinty Moore's LITTLE GIANTS Playing at the Fairgrounds DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT MEN 35c LADIES 10c

Ye Olde and Time-Honored Turkey Trot DANCE IN YE HILARIOUS VILLAGE OF YE JAYVILLE YE TOWN OF YE WARMISH SOLES AND YE REVELRY TILL 2 Ye Local Chamber of Commerce Hath Ordained That Ye Cloakes and Bonnets Do Be Checked for Nothing . . . So Come All Ye! PRETTYE TUNES TO BE PLAYED