

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Nudge Pot logo.

Democrats are feeling their oats, funny, and postoffices.

Repeat of prohibition comes Tues and was greeted calmly, not as many becoming perturbed as expected, or wanted to.

H. Flewler, the demon baker has a new red auto truck, which he assaulted immediately with a monkey-wrench.

The legislature passed the Sales Tax, causing a great commotion. There are several things the matter with a Sales Tax. It will work, it provides funds, it is fair, it is sensible, it is sane, and what is more important, it can not be ducked.

Don S. Casebolt, 18, put a razor to his face for the first time last week, exterminating a fuzzy area. He is our secretary-janitor. Secretary Casebolt is afraid to go into a barber shop for a shave, as well he may be.

Sam Sandry of R. River, towned Fri. and was associated with Shorby Morris of T-Rock, G-Hill, and S-Valley, who filled him full of statistics regarding the terrible times the horny-handed tillers are having.

The higher elevations are white with snow, and a very good excuse for the outdoor girls to put on their skiing outfits, which do not fit with any accuracy.

The 15th millipost whizzed by Samuel Richardson on the 29th inst. Samuel is employed by the Portland Oregonian, in a minor capacity, and has just started to wake up socially.

Old T. Waterman, who wears no hat, is still bothered by some misery in his shoulder and can hardly get a knife up to his mouth to eat.

The people were liked last Thurs. by the announcement of the president, that he intended to place bankers in charge of the money, and take their advice. This is about as foolish as having a doctor saw off a leg.

Things are looking brighter around here, but it will be another year before anybody goes in very strong for champagne.

Dock Robinson is back from the metropolis, and is again the leading whirlwind of the social whirl.

No new moves have been made lately in the service station crane.

Tommy Swain is still in hiding, but Fletch Fish, the boom day tenor, claims he saw his coat-tails whip around a corner, either last Mon. or Wed.

Citizens have started asking for calendars, and not getting them, as the year is on its last limbs. There has been a famine of calendars since the Depression, and what is saved by economy, is lost in good-will. The Bates boys have just won back the customers they lost in 1923, when they abolished heat, and saved a cord of wood in a spasm of efficiency.

Other arrangements have been made, with the plans for another revolution. This is a severe blow to justice, but means fewer dirty dishes in the kitchen sinks.

Bogus buckwheat pancakes are being passed on the unsuspecting. It is not known whether the discrepancy is due to a lack of buckwheat, or because it is too high to put in pancakes.

Several have started to elucidate like they were going to run for something in the spring.

Conversion of the tendons from the rear legs of slaughtered cattle into strings for tennis rackets is providing a new source of revenue for Tulare, Cal., packing houses.

If your Fuel Oil Tank is in an inconvenient location Ph. 315, Eds for CAREFUL Oil delivery.

A Merry Christmas "For All"

"One hundred sheep, 10,000 dozen oranges, several carloads of fuel and trucks of second-hand clothing have been donated to the Sunshine Division in Portland."—Press dispatch.

Medford has its own "Sunshine Division" for Christmas. It is, and has been for many years, in charge of the local Elks lodge. There is no more worthy movement in the city, or one more in harmony with the genuine Christmas spirit.

Donations are now in order for this real COMMUNITY Christmas tree, which is designed to provide every destitute and deserving family, in Jackson county with good things to eat, and useful things to wear,—make Christmas cheer a UNIVERSAL thing throughout Southern Oregon, in spite of the continued depression.

IF you have more than you can eat, more than you can wear, or some loose change that you can spare; here is a glorious opportunity to gladden some cheerless home, brighten the eyes of some underprivileged children, on Christmas morning. No matter how modest the offering, it will be used and greatly appreciated.

And there will be no expense involved. Just send what you can to the Elks lodge, it will be put in an attractive package, and distributed, by the lodge, free of charge.

Can you think of any better, more practical way to thoroughly enjoy YOUR Christmas this year!

It's Up To You—and You!

THE Knox liquor control plan has passed both houses, and in all likelihood, without radical change, will immediately become law.

The result is an outstanding victory for enlightened regulation of the liquor traffic, under the new federal repeal dispensation.

The state is given a monopoly of the liquor business, and therefore its absolute control. The provisions of the measure, render the return of the saloon or anything approaching it impossible. It also outlaws the bootlegger, the moonshiner, the speakeasy and the night club,—as far as hard liquor is concerned.

And without hard liquor, none of these agencies of evil and corruption, can endure.

MORE important than the provisions of this bill, however, will be the way in which it is administered, and the support of public opinion which it enjoys.

Governor Meier has made an excellent record in his exercise of the appointive power. We have every confidence, he will name three outstanding citizens of the state,—persons of the highest character and integrity—as members of the commission.

They in turn, can be depended upon to appoint an administrator, who will not only be incorruptible, but impervious to any political manipulation.

With such a set-up—which appears practically certain,—the only thing remaining will be the support of public opinion.

Bound To Come

THE surprising thing about the collapse of the "ideal romance" of Doug and Mary is not that it has occurred, but that it did not occur long ago.

Here were two outstanding movie stars, married and CONTINUING to be stars. As Mary rather pathetically observes, the real trouble started when they put on The Taming of the Shrew,—she was given a minor part and the robustious Doug stole the show!

A career behind the footlights—or the Klieg lights for that matter—puts something in the blood that is seldom if ever eradicated. As long as the career is continued it is NEVER eradicated.

In such a life there is no satisfactory substitute to public acclaim—the cheers of the crowd. Everything is subordinated to that including a happy home and a bouncing family.

HAD Mary Pickford followed the example of Mrs. Jack Barrymore and retired from the stage, to devote herself to her home and her husband's career this perfect romance might have continued,—or at least not have been definitely shattered. Or if Doug had retired and agreed to be her manager—or a theatrical Squaw Man, as it were, there might have been a similar outcome. But she had another idea and so did Doug. They were to be dual stars, neither was to be a satellite.

A beautiful idea, but it didn't work. It couldn't work. It was "agin" nature—human nature.

The marvel we repeat is NOT that it ended, but that it lasted so long—that it did is a great tribute to the really deep attachment and affection, that must have existed between these two outstanding favorites of the old fashioned silent screen.

Communications

Complains About Milk Ruling To the Editor: This week I attempted to sell my milk by starting a retail route. At once the milk inspector, Mr. Austin, took action against me. Though I phoned him last Friday evening that I wanted to start a route and wished him to make the usual inspection for a permit, yet he never showed up until Monday. He seemed satisfied when he looked things over, but unknown to me swore out a warrant for my arrest for not having a permit to retail milk because I had sold a few quarts the day before to get a market while waiting for him to get around. I already had a producer's permit to sell milk. As he had failed to put up a "grade sheet" Monday I brought pressure to bear to get him out again the next day, but he has me arrested again. Imagine my surprise when he graded me down from "A" to "B" and ordered me to put "B" on all bottle caps because he didn't like the type of partition I had in front of the cows. He admitted my milk was "A" grade, according to "A" grade requirements, which were printed in the Mail Tribune on December 7th. This was built by orders of U. S. Milk Inspector Miller at the time the present city ordinance was adopted in 1930. Mr. Leach and Mr. Austin have pronounced it O. K.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ON THE GREEN AND OUT OF THE RED.

This country may have its national sports—but has no national game. As spectacles and diversions for honest working people, baseball, hockey and football are fine sports. They take the spectator out of doors, where he gets whatever he wants. He gets a bundled or coddled or fashionably dressed person can get from the air and the sunshine. Aside from the advantage of fresh air and sunshine, these popular sports are no better for the mental and physical health of the on-looker than are the movies or other indoor shows. Secretary folk who imagine they get any health benefit from attending baseball or football games deceive themselves. Even when the game is a good one and the spectator becomes excited about it, there is precious little good to health in such vicarious outlet of emotion. The behavior of the excited spectator or fan, his yelling and his wild antics, is akin to the hysterics of an ordinary neurotic who feels an instinctive, if not, feeble impulse to fight or to run away and attempts to compromise by just screaming or raising a hub for a while. It is a poor substitute.

Golf is not altogether bad for the sedentary individual who wishes to keep his balance. Unfortunately, golf is a rich man's game. Takes plenty of time and plenty of jack to play the game consistently, even if it be only for a short, short summer season in the north. Down south where the golf bug can pursue the pill the year around, the game is still more expensive, indeed it is beyond the reach of the average good man with a family to support. He can indulge in it only on occasional holidays or very early in the morning at the expense of his sleep rather perhaps.

I give you a game that has every health advantage and no health drawback that I know of, a game that may be played on any vacant lot, or in your village park or on your private green; a game that fascinates you the more the longer you play it; a game that promotes pleasant social intercourse; a game in which young or old, men or women, may excel; the game of lawn bowls. It is infinitely more scientific than any bowling. It affords every opportunity for team work, for the development of special teams whose members acquire specialized skill so that one member complements the part of another, and all together win in contests with other teams. There is a number of times. Up to March, 1931, I sold "A" grade milk produced in this same barn under Mr. Austin's inspection.

When he forces me to put "B" on the milk caps he leads the public to think that my milk is of inferior quality, which will prevent its sale. He has already admitted to several people that my milk is of "A" grade quality. Can anyone explain why he has reversed previous inspection decisions unless he wishes to prevent me from selling my milk? My place is open for public inspection at any and all times.

J. L. KERSHAW, Medford, Dec. 8, Route 4.

To the Editor: There seems to be an almost nationwide belief that the negligence on the part of the state to mete out revenge (called justice) for the crimes committed against it, is the chief reason for lynching. The papers everywhere, the state legislature and the president, hold to this hypothesis. Against the array of all these authorities, only a "nut" could hold otherwise. As such a person, to him the belief is so much hokey.

"Vengeance is sweet. The main reason that instead of lynching activities is the pleasure derived from inflicting pain—the gratification of sadistic tendencies. This being true, the move to give the savage idea of justice (an eye for an eye) swift and sure application as a cure for kidnapping and high crimes, is doomed to failure. The scientific approach to the problem lies in the direction of modification of the social environment with a view of bringing about social justice. This is rapidly approaching realization. Perhaps in another few thousand years it will be a reality. That the amount of crime is so small compared with the enormity of social injustice, speaks volumes for the goodness of man, is humble opinion of R. HEGNER, Gold Hill, Dec. 7.

EAT CHEESE, THIS IS CHEESE WEEK

Cooperation from all citizens in Medford was urged yesterday in promoting the sale of cheese, as the week has been designated National Cheese Week.

It was pointed out by the Chamber of Commerce that the dairy industry is a very important one in this community with practically 4,000 people dependent upon it for a livelihood, and an increase in the sale of cheese during the week will be of benefit to the dairymen.

During the past week many governors throughout the United States have been urging their citizens to support National Cheese Week, and local residents are requested to see that Medford does its part in this important program.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—In the hall-fellow circles they are called the "cut-in boys." Highly polished, correctly attired fellows who are found at the choice cafes with their companions. Many are black sheep who have drifted into this form of polite racketeering.

Unlike the go-rilla, they do not carry bats, and their conversation has a drawing-room hooty-hooty.

Because of this veneer they are able to scrape up acquaintance easily, especially after a few drinks. At a lull in conversation, one begins to toy idly with a pair of dice. A confederate chances along and banter: "Shoot a quarter!" In no time at all a small stake crap game is in full rattle. The come-on is invariably drawn in. The polished gentleman and his lady finally suggest that all repair to their apartment where they will be undisturbed.

So smooth is the innocent jockeying, the sucker does not realize the whole thing was planned for him. The rascals know all about him, even to his Bradstreet rating. His loss often runs as high as \$10,000. If he wetches on checks, there's sinister phoning. And he pays. The "cut-in boys" get their divvy.

My rub with confidence men is limited to a single experience—a card shark on the ocean liners with whom I crossed one winter. Among the greyhounds he was known by the fruity tag of "Apples," but on the passenger list he was "T. Roberts LaVerne, and wife." He occupied a deck chair next mine but, although the captain warned me, he did not make gambling suggestion. His negligence made me feel quite worldly.

Bill Hamilton's London taxicab, replete with meter, luggage rack and enormous headroom, is the latest step in the vehicular flow. He called it along The Strand recently for a ride from the Savoy to the theater and found it the only one in which he had ever worn a high hat comfortably. So he bargained with the driver—paid the \$40 price and brought it home.

No vaudeville bill ever attained the eminence of that appearing at the Palace during the scorching summer of 1931. It was literally dazzling with potential stars. All such good performers, they were held over for a record eight weeks. Lou Holtz was master of ceremonies and William Caxton, now biggest star in the constellation, had a lesser spot on the program. Kate Smith was there. Also Lyda Robert and Harold Arlen, who wrote that radio monotony, "Stormy Weather."

Thumabobs: Kent Cooper never reads novels. Mrs. Merlin Aylesworth aids her husband by seeing a new movie every day. Ray V. Den and Bud Kelland are golf cronies. Mae West and Mary Pickford are chummy. Rita Weisman's husband, Mickey Marks, is marketing a shampoo. Gloria Swanson is to make a comeback picture based on the life of French Bernhardt. Bas Woon is in Paris doing research. Max Baer likes maple syrup on finnan haddock. Lucius Beebe is Park Row's most expert gourmet. Marcel Proust always described the symptoms of his illness at dinner parties. Irvin Cobb is spending Xmas with the Mike Hoggas in Houston.

Ted Woodyard, who runs a flock of West Virginia weeklies, spend much time in New York and on a recent visit was encouraged at a dinner for

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY December 10, 1923 (It was Monday) Cold wave sweeps the coast, damaging fruit in California.

Governor Pierce denounces cigarettes and cigarette ads in church talk. Business is improving, view of Secretary Herbert Hoover.

Heaviest fog of year blankets the valley, and auto wrecks are numerous. Mayor Baker of Portland speaks to Rotary club.

"Unity for scenic beauty campaign" urged by Crater Lake head. Presentation of Medford Kiwanis with a charter is "brilliant affair."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY December 10, 1913 (It was Wednesday) Col. Carl Y. Tengwald apt to be re-instated as first lieutenant in "Sleepy Seventh," on grounds that Captain Vance had no authority to reduce him to a private for "telling the company they would soon be sent to Mexico," thus scaring a number of soldiers so bad they took to the hills.

"A Daughter of the Underworld" at It: "Janet of the Dunes" at the Star; "Oh, You Kid" at the Isis; Mae Emerald, "quick change artist" at the Page.

Three days mail from the east delayed by blizzard in Colorado. Sixty-five men now employed at Gold Hill cement plant.

Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," defeats Frankie Barrieux, with kidney punches at Los Angeles. Gale Hits Astoria

him to live here permanently. In refusing, he sighed: "Even small towns are getting too swift for me. I'm actually thinking of moving further up the creek."

Windsor, Mo. Star: "The Odessa Democrat corrects Will Rogers in his statement that O. O. McIntyre was born and reared in Ohio, saying he was born at Plattsburg, Mo. Why in the world didn't the Odessa Democrat leave good enough alone?"

Someone tells me that on an excursion from Princeton to Broadway Prof. Einstein was attracted by the lights of a flea circus. In a whimsical moment he decided to drop in, but thought better of it. He might have innocently blockaded Broadway, for barkers have a custom of herding celebrities within.

It was perhaps just as well Prof. Einstein did not succumb to his whim. One look at that wild and flowing mop of hair and even Gustave, the best trained of fleas, might have sighed: "Sorry, comrades, but this is where I leave you!" (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Auto glass, plate and shatter-proof Brill Metal Works.



MARION DAVIES IN

Peg O' My Heart

WITH ONSLOW STEVENS, J. FARRELL MACDONALD, JULIETTE COMPTON

EXTRA The Mate to "THREE LITTLE PIGS" Walter Dixney's Silly Symphony in Technicolor "LULLABY LAND"

Also Pitts and Todd Comedy Pathe News

A GREAT PROGRAM WATCH! Startling Announcement COMING SOON

15 STUDIO 15 ANYTIME THEATRE ANYTIME

Announcement Extraordinary JOHNNY ROBINSON AND HIS FAMOUS DANCE and RADIO BAND

12 MUSICIANS 12 ENTERTAINERS APPEARING AT THE FAIRGROUNDS TUESDAY, December 12

Dancing 9:30 to 1 PRICES THAT PLEASE MEN 40c LADIES 15c

15 ROXY 15 ANYTIME THEATRE ANYTIME

Starts TODAY Continuous Shows Sun. 1:45-11:00

ONLY SHE knew ... What their God had feet of clay! To her alone he unburdened his heart ... heavy with the weight of other men's worship ... and in her understanding, he found the courage to go on.

THE EAGLE & THE HAWK

with MARCH CARY GRANT CAROLE LOMBARD JACK OAKIE

Also—Screen Souvenirs POOCH THE PUT CARTOON NEWS