

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

A complete failure called yesterday, and gave exhaustive advice on correcting all existing evils, and a few that have not yet arrived.

The Colorado gent who kicked the life out of his baby, and the Kansas shik who kidnaped and killed an aged couple to prevent arrest for forging a \$21 check, aided by bible-legged sheriffs, managed to keep a jump ahead of the mob bent on lynching them. The events at San Jose, Calif., and St. Joseph, Mo., and the speech of the president, apparently failed to deter the criminality of morons, but has made the sheriffa livelier.

It now appears that the rank and file don't know any more about making gin-fizzes, than they did home-brew.

In complimenting the law for catching, trying, sentencing, and landing two youthful bandits in the penitentiary in 20 hours, the state press gives no credit to the sad fact that the defendants were completely out of friends and money, and also were shy a lawyer—any kind of a lawyer.

The basketball season is just around the corner with Prosperity, and soon you will see the headline: LUCK LICKS LOCALS.

SHORT COURSE IN ACCOUNTING FOR WOMEN—(Adv.)—Even the women know there is no accounting for women.

A PIONEER DOUBTER (Pendleton East Oregonian)
Weston—There is some talk of building a Methodist church here. We remember that we gave our pile some years ago to build one here, but to please one or two individuals, was built at another place to the inconvenience of almost all. We think now they will have more trouble in raising the wherewithal to build.

The Douglas Fairbanks-Mary Pickford divorce threat has created as much local excitement as Chinese week, now at its dizzy height.

What the state needs is some farm leaders who will do more farming and less leading.

Spring weather is reported in the Applegate region, by a resident wearing two sweaters and an ankle-length North Dakota overcoat. Boosters should dress to fit their talk.

CALENDARS
It begins to look like the calendar shortage in 1934, would be more acute than in the year now dying, when there are not enough to supply the demand. Few if any, ever dreamed that the day would come when they would have to take their rifle and revolver and go out and hunt for a calendar, as they would a duck or a deer. Many can recall, when every December it was a battle to keep from being buried alive beneath a tidal wave of calendars. It's not like that any more.

We can well remember when our favorite railroad had a calendar for every month of the year. They were of a sufficient area to cover the north side of modest barn. It was tacked up by two members of the section crew, with the day ticket agent supervising the work. The next day the Vice-President of Calendars would show up from Frisco, throw a handful of Havana on the desk, with his calling card, and remark: "I see we've remembered you." It's just another custom the Depression has smacked between the horns, with the oak club of efficiency and economy.

The best bet for a calendar now, is Dr. James or Dr. Miles, and these two reliable have not had enough printed, so they must be treated from the drugist.

Thousands are calendarless, and no relief in sight. They will have to be their own calendar. They can listen for the laundry whistle welcoming 1934, and every day thereafter make a black mark on the kitchen wall, to reckon time, and the flight of the days. It won't make so much difference. They days are all pretty much alike, and so were the calendars.

They Better Stand by the Ship

THE United States Chamber of Commerce again raps the administration's New Deal, and predicts its failure unless the government returns to sound business principles. What ARE "sound business principles?" Apparently a return to the gold standard, abandonment of the NRA, in short a general retreat to the status quo ante.

None so blind as those who can't see! Would such action benefit the U. S. C. of C. and the conservative business interests it represents!

FAR FROM IT!
THE New Deal is not perfect. No product of the human mind is. It undoubtedly has faults. It may wink at Fascism, it may flirt at times with communism, it may do this and that and the other thing,—or it may not.

But the important thing is, IT IS ALL THE COUNTRY HAS TO PULL ITSELF OUT OF THE RUCK!

The Roosevelt administration is committed to it, and has over three more years to test it out, and if the thing is humanly possible make it a success.

What POSSIBLE good then can come from throwing a monkey-wrench into the works NOW, and seeking to overthrow it? Particularly what possible good could come to the United States Chamber of Commerce?

TO abandon the New Deal NOW, would plunge this country into the disaster of despair. It would turn America into a hopeless mass of confusion and revolutionary collapse.

For don't forget this. If the New Deal is scrapped and thrown overboard, before recovery is attained, the people of this country won't turn to the right, as the leaders of the U. S. C. of C. apparently assume. They will turn to the LEFT,—and how they will turn to it!

They won't cry for sound money, they will cry for printing press cash. They won't cry for a less generous distribution of the world's goods, they will cry for more,—and how MUCH more!

IN other words if what the United States Chamber of Commerce demands were granted—if in the midst of the storm still raging, the ONLY MECHANISM WE HAVE to keep that ship on an even keel, were discarded,—there would be such a crash and smash, that when the skies had cleared, organizations like the U. S. C. of C., wouldn't have as much as a water soaked membership card left!

That truth is so plain it is amazing that so many of the leading business men in this country can't see it.

AYE Brethren, it's no time to rock the boat! And it's no time to pester and belabor the skipper. For it's the only boat we have, and whatever the faults of that skipper, he has more than most of his critics have, a DEFINITE plan, in which he believes and which he is determined to see THROUGH.

Better trust him, brothers of the C. of C.,—not blindly, but without constructive criticism which is always helpful,—but trust him precisely as you would a captain of a ship in a storm, entitled to loyal support by both passengers and crew, and a fair chance, and a free hand, to bring that ship safely to port.

For change captains in the middle of the storm, ladies and gentlemen, and there is no other outcome,—at least no other outcome for the members of the United States Chamber of Commerce—nothing but the rocks!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Harry Evans is one of Manhattan's most persistent party goers. A buoyant, chubbish and dancy young bachelor, he is everywhere, usually squiring something new in lovely numbers.

At dinner he's superb with one of those speeches which, like orchestral music, is hearty rather than significant.

Evans is of an aristocratic Florida family. He started as a col-legiate ball player and began his metropolitan career as a movie critic on "Life." He also sponsors a successful magazine throw-away which circulates widely among patrons of chain groceries from coast to coast.

He is equally at home on the verandas of Southampton and theatrical gatherings that foliate in the penthouses. Sans mustache, he is a double for Ernest Trust and, as a host teller of southern dialect stories ranks with Irvin Cobb and the late Boseman Bulger.

His travesty of predicting a crisis, summoning a committee of technical experts, stimulating and cheering them on like a football coach is a masterful drawing room hilarity. Perhaps the best since Gilbert White's burlesque of a ring-master's antics with a tornado-struck circus.

Many mellow mansions once housing the illustrious have recently undergone the metamorphosis of the brownstones into the inevitably shabby by rooming house. No matter the devaluing, the charm of double-bayed windows, lacquered woodwork and blocked parquet flooring elings. On West 44th the old residence of Chauncey Depey flaunts "Rooms for Rent." Also the former residence of J. P. Morgan on West 55th.

One of the most indifferent of New York's sidewalk gulls is the chestnut vendor. His reason is from the first frost until robins bug at worms in the park. He has no gossamer. If you wish to buy, his wares in the charcoal braziers are before you. Never does he solicit. He merely stands, statue-like, sucking at sadness like a lollipop, in cast-off coat, cap and mittens, and waits.

Among the countermeasures recently—the depression has brought back the penny hucksters from German bands to sidewalk card writer—was a live fish-swallower. He performs a trick I've never seen before. From a bowl he selects a fish which he swallows with a gulp. Not a carrot im-

itation, but the real thing. Then he performs several third-rate card tricks and brings up the winning fish again. The squawmish turn away in quick pallor. Now and then someone screams.

It used to be that Ziegfeld's Polles brought out the swankiest list of first nighters. Now it is the "Gerahwin show." This is the designation for a production whose music is by the lantern-jawed George Gerahwin. More than the producer, stars or play itself, Gerahwin tunes are the attraction. And Gerahwin seldom attends.

In our guest book is Gerahwin's signature followed by a colophon in shape of a bar or so of his reigning composition "Nobody But You." That was 12 years ago when his name was little known compared to his world eminence today. A tall, pale fellow with a jutting jaw, he liked a small group around him while he improvised at the piano. He is an incurable dreamer and it is incomprehensible that those who see spelling-bound did not realize his potentialities. Yet I do not think anyone did.

Roscoe Pascock tells a story to do with J. T. Harahan, emir of the Illinois Central. He was sitting in his office when a burly fellow entered without knocking. "Me name's Casey," he bellowed. "I want a pass to St. Louis. I wur-ik in the yards." Harahan objected: "That's no way to ask for a pass. You should introduce yourself politely. Come in an hour and try again."

At the end of an hour, back came the caller. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yes Mr. Harahan?" "I am."

"Me name's Patrick Casey. I've been wur-ik in the yards." "Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?" "Yes can do for hell: I've got a job on the Wabash."

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disclose 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.

HOW A QUACK DOES HIS SPADE WORK

We heard a broadcast claiming that Medical Diathermy will cure most ailments due to rheumatism, gout, lumbago, etc. We were deeply interested because a member of our family has suffered for years with pains in legs. I sent a letter to the (let us call it) Health Building Institute explaining the case, and they sent a representative to demonstrate the machine. He explained that when applied to the affected part the machine produces an internal heat which induces the blood to circulate more actively in the veins. He diagnosed the case as simply due to poor circulation in the legs. Also he said that if it is not attended to scintilla may result or a collapse of the veins which may make amputation necessary. You well imagine, Dr. Brady, how we felt when we heard this. But he told us the condition is still curable, only we must decide quickly whether to rent or buy the machine. The price seems exorbitant but that would be a secondary consideration if it cures. (P. G.)

So far as the application of diathermy is concerned apparatus at least as efficient as such use requires may be bought outright for approximately the sum of this faked would soak the gullible people for a month's rental!

Notice how the quacks machinery works. First, the renegade physician or the trick "doctor" who has just come by the title as aristocratic gentlemen used to come by the title of "Colonel" down south, goes into a huddle with himself or another bird of his feather and adopts some such imposing name as "clinic," "institute," "certified medical specialists" or "national health builders." Then the impersonal firm or corporation buys some time on the air from gyp radio stations. If a thousand persons listen to the program" the chances are that one or two will be taken in and these hooked suckers must pay for the whole works if the racket is to be a going one.

Notice how the "representative" sent by the fakers threw a scare into the poor simple dupes. He made the aches in grandpa's legs pretty serious, and when they still hesitated to

hand over their looke change he shelled out in a hurry Gramp would be stamping around yelling for expensive new artificial limbs. . . . I should pay no particular attention to this inquiry were it not for the fact that I have promoted diathermy, both medical and surgical, with all the enthusiasm the method of treatment deserves. Now I wish to warn all readers against the machinations of charlatans who seek to exploit credulous laymen on the strength of the good name I have given this method of treatment. In many instances the application of diathermy by the physician will give grateful relief to pain and soreness in such cases as the correspondent mentions, but do not believe that diathermy can cure such illnesses. If it is used at all it is but a minor part of the treatment required to bring about recovery.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Acne and X-rays
In your helpful monograph on "Blackheads and Pimples" you mention the value of X-ray treatments in many cases. Must one go to a hospital for such treatments? S. R. L.

Answer.—No, your physician should give such treatment. One skin specialist, summarizing his experience, says "My statistics show that X-rays will permanently cure 87 per cent of unselected cases (of acne) in four months or less without injury to the skin. Without X-rays the percentage of cures drops below 50."

Freedom of the Hips
In enjoy the freedom and ease that comes with discarding of restricting garments, especially girdles and corsets. But many friends tell me my figure will spread and become unflattering about the hips if I go without adequate support. (Mrs. G. K.)

Ans.—By omitting the artificial supports you train your own muscles to support you, and nothing nester or more graceful in the way of girder, corset or corselet has been discovered. Well trained muscles keep the figure trim and resilient. The way to do is omit the support a little longer each day of the week, until you feel comfortable without it at all times. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE GRANGE

Enterprise Grange met December 8 with Master Eugene Moore in the chair and Mrs. Dorothy Steward, secretary in the absence of Adele Purrier, who is in California.

An interesting program was conducted by Lecturer Frank Jackson, consisting of songs and stories. Leonard Jackson recited "The Spell of the Yukon," by Robert Service, and Vivian Norman Barto "Reminiscences," a series of articles just recently published in the Medford Tribune about Indian scouting and warfare in the early seventies. Mrs. Barto is reading one chapter at each meeting.

Members of Enterprise Grange would like to meet Lem Wilson and would welcome his presence at the meeting when he could find time to attend. They are also looking forward to the pleasure of having A. H. Banwell, secretary of the Medford Chamber of Commerce, and the Medford Gleemen's visit.

James Morgan was obligated in the first and second degrees and Evelyn Binger and John Rose Palmer were given instructions in the third and fourth degrees by Master Moore.

It was decided not to have any more public dances at Enterprise Grange hall until the state legislature, now in session, had passed constructive legislation in regard to the sale and use of liquor.

Communications were read and balloting for state officers was held. Next meeting will be held December 22 at 6:30 p. m. that the members may attend the Christmas entertainment at the Winter school house afterward.

December 14 Sams Valley drill team will be at Enterprise Grange hall to put on third and fourth degree work for a class of new members. This is expected to be an impressive ceremony and every member is expected to be present.

December 10 Deputy State Master Arthur Brown met with Enterprise Grange and installed the new officers for the coming year. He was assisted by Brother and Sister Johnson from Rogue River Valley Grange, Josephine county.

Officers installed were: Worthy master, Frank Jackson; overseer, Roy Moore; lecturer, Dorothy Steward; steward, Leonard Jackson; chaplain, Ruth Blakeley; M. Moine; treasurer, Neva Moore; secretary, Arela Jackson; Ceres, Nola Aune; Pomona, Betty Hills; Flora, Emma Darland; lady assistant steward, Colista Johnson; gate keeper, Wayne Ray; executive committee member, Charles LeMoine.

Ballots were Mr. and Mrs. Sparks of Live Oak Grange, former president and lecturer of Enterprise; Mr. and Mrs. Lamb from Josephine county, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson from Rogue River Valley Grange.

Ladies of Enterprise Grange prepared dinner which members and visitors enjoyed at noon. Master Moore and Lecturer Jackson presided. Toasts were given and stories told and a general festive air of enjoyment throughout the meal, which comprised a very enjoyable day.

New H. E. club will meet at Dorothy Steward's December 13 at 3 p. m. It is hoped that every lady fourth degree member will be present as this meeting will close the chapter for charter members.

This is the former Margaret A. Flett of Racine, Wis., who was married to Lamont Du Pont in Wilmington, Del. It was the fourth marriage of Du Pont, head of the Du Pont interests. (Associated Press Photo)

Weds Lamont Du Pont

This is the former Margaret A. Flett of Racine, Wis., who was married to Lamont Du Pont in Wilmington, Del. It was the fourth marriage of Du Pont, head of the Du Pont interests. (Associated Press Photo)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.
AN AIRPLANE, apparently out of control, narrowly misses Buckingham palace, the residence of the king and queen of England.

Think what a sensation it would have caused if the plane had crashed into the palace, KILLING the king and queen.

Every newspaper in the world would have used up all its black type for headlines, and the air would fairly have crackled with radio messages.

YET the actual loss to the world through the death of the king and queen of England would be less than the loss by death of some hard-working, hard-headed business man upon whose ability as a good manager the jobs of some half a hundred people depend.

AIRPLANES are in the news today. Over the clicking wires comes this paragraph: "Braving a raging storm to get the mails through, two planes of the Transcontinental and Western Air Lines crashed in the snow-swept Allegheny mountains in Pennsylvania today, the pilots 'bailing out' safely."

"Bailing out," as of course you know, means jumping out with a parachute, which takes nerve and quick thinking.

Those without nerve and quick thinking don't last long as pilots.

NOTE that these planes braved a raging storm to GET THE MAILS THROUGH.

What a lot of heroism has been displayed in this country in the past couple of hundred years in getting the mails through! If the complete story of the heroism of the carriers of the mail could be told, it would be one of the most fascinating tales ever written.

THESE pilots braved a raging storm to get the mails through. That is nothing new in the annals of the postal service.

If you have crossed the wind-swept McKenzie pass, which threads its way across the Cascades over stark, bare lava fields, around the feet of great white snow peaks, you must have noted a modest little monument beside the road up on the summit.

It marks the spot where Tom Craig, CARRIER OF THE MAIL, gave up his life.

IT WAS Tom Craig's business to carry the mail across the mountains, in winter, on foot, and he faced a raging storm back in his day just as unhesitatingly as these pilots who crashed in Pennsylvania.

THESE planes that crashed were brought down by ice crustling on the wings under a falling temperature—one of the ever-present hazards of winter flying.

When Gene Burford, one of the pilots, trusting to his parachute, went over the side, he gathered in his arms all the mail he could hold and jumped first act was to deliver it to the nearest postoffice.

The politicians, who run the postoffice department aren't always a particularly edifying spectacle, but the men who do the actual job of carrying the mails are a grand lot and always have been.

Communications

Support of Knox Plan Endorsed To the Editor: Your editorial in your Sunday paper, urging the people to stand back of and honor the new Knox liquor control law expresses good citizenship principles. If the press of the various wet states take the same stand toward their liquor laws and keep everlastingly at it what a tremendous influence they would wield.

Since reading this most timely editorial I have been wondering to just what extent the influence of the Medford Mail Tribune, together with the other papers of the land, would have been on the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment had you adopted and urged upon the people the same high ideals as shown in the above mentioned editorial. Newspapers as well as individuals demand respect when they stand by the laws of the land. Stand by your high ideals and by so doing you may redeem yourself to some extent.

H. L. GILLETTE, Medford, Oregon, Dec. 12.

Ed. note: The Mail Tribune consistently urged the support of the 18th amendment, until it was plain that the people as a whole would not support it; then the Mail Tribune favored repeal instead of nullification.

Notice. Late appropriate presents for Christmas. Initial and personal stationery, printed or lithographic cards for men or women, with or without leather card cases, six lead pencils and ruler in leather case with coin pocket, name printed in gold on each pencil and case, all for \$1.00. Commercial Printing Dept. Mail Tribune, 28 N. Grape St.

Notice. Ladies, get the new contract bridge score cards, with instructions printed thereon, 10c for 25, at Commercial Printing Dept. Mail Tribune, 28 N. Grape St.

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 13, 1923. (It was Thursday.) Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McCaskey leave for San Diego, Cal., to spend the holidays.

A wandering Democratic orator lectures at the Nat. to a small crowd, on "High Taxes and Republican Misrule."

Two burglaries last night in Medford. Three autos with the keys left in them are missing.

Inclusion of Diamond lake in Crater Lake national park proposed and opposed.

California investigates charges of poonance against a local rancher.

Sheriff Terrill's bloodhound is hit by a speeder in front of the courthouse, but escapes with no injuries, "after being knocked the other side of town," according to the sheriff.

Ye Poet's Corner

Dippy Dope. Oh! Xmas now will soon arrive, And all the Medford stores will thrive As we buy toys for every kid, Then cry: Now see what Santa did!

And even tightwads, like myself, Will lay their meanness on the shelf And with glad smiles that are sublime Step in the stores and spend a dime.

As happy songs, and ringing bells, Vie with the noise of college yells, With calm content we'll hit the hay, And snore another night away.

W. L. HUFFMAN.

Evans Valley

EVANS VALLEY, Dec. 12.—(Spl.)—Al Baumen and Mr. Draham were prospecting for gold on Mrs. Catherine Law's ranch Wednesday.

William Steele of Bakerfield, Cal., is working at Mrs. Catharine Law's ranch, having arrived here Tuesday. He is living in John B. Palmer's house which has been empty for several months.

Harold Christopherson, who has been ill, had all his teeth pulled, and his health is now improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Purrier are in Pasadena, Cal., where they took Mrs. Purrier's former home.

George Martin, rural postman, was absent from his route Monday.

Christmas Cards. Time is getting short to get Christmas and New Year greeting cards. Order now. See the choice lists to select from at Mail Tribune Job Department. Prices reasonable.

HOLY Medford's Finest Theatre. Phone 255 2-MAJOR FEATURES BOTH MATINEE AND EVENING FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY 3-DAYS STARTING WED.-THURS.-FRI TODAY Beauty SOUL DEEP! *** reaching into your heart, into your being! All the mystery of life... in the tenderness of her smile... all the heart hunger of womankind... mirrored in the depths of her eyes! Matinee 25c Evening 35c Kiddies 10c Plus SHORT REELS dorothea WIECK her first American made picture CRADLE SONG ALSO—A MASTERPIECE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY— "BLACK BEAUTY" WITH—ESTHER RALSTON—ALEX KIRKLAND GAVIN GORDON—HALE HAMILTON