

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Tomorrow is 1934. Ho-hum! Another year, another dollar!

The coming generation will have no trouble losing its touzils.

Edd Brown is about over a wild rumor, and a cut hand.

The masses have ceased discussing money, European trade, international law, and are tackling a subject they know something about, viz: the tariff.

A quartet of Ashlanders headed by Atty Billy Briggs invaded the city Fri. They said they travelled in droves for protection.

Justice Wm. Colman comes to another milestone tonight at 12m. He was here when the water was turned into Bear creek for the 1st time.

Cash registers have cooled off since the Yule ruah. Merchants sold so much goods they will have to buy new stocks.

Gold is being mined, but a way is needed so it could be procured without working, and all at one lick. Several are figuring on plans to this end, but as yet have found no way that will work, any better than they do.

Evidence is in possession of your corr. that will eradicate the Fitch Fish scalled mussache, in the twink of an eye, or sooner.

F. DeSouza will be inaugurated as postmaster this week. He is a newspaperman who escaped while he still had strength.

The wind blew right smart a couple of days last week, forcing the T. Bybee windmill to do some work.

A year ago this week the waisting of county beans and gasoline got underway, economy was inflicted, home-grown anarchists flourished on every corner, and everybody claimed he came over on the Mayflower, or his grandpaw fought in the Revolutionary war. Indignants came from all points to be indignant here.

H. Rosenberg has returned from N.Y. and reports Broadway is still intact, but people are blind with their trucking.

Good progress was made last week towards making Oregon dry again, as several were tight in public places, and made extra fancy nuisances out of themselves. The people don't think any more of drunken walking, than they do drunken driving.

The V. Brophy dog is still a canine dute, and the rugged stockman fears the animal will get kicked by a cow. As a matter of fact, Mr. Brophy is apt to punch kick for a cow the first chance he gets.

The New Deal whiskey has improved. The labels look more like the real thing, but as yet the same can not be said regarding the contents.

There will be an election in the spring, and signs indicate there will not be as many cull candidates as the last time. The Sales Tax will be the main issue. Two objections are registered against the Sales Tax, (a) it is sensible, (b) there is no way getting out of it.

Minor aches invest a number of citizens.

The Dr. bb team has started another drive for victory, and the combined weight of the squad is less than 1 1/2 weight of a standing guard in the good old days. A kid graduates when 18 these times, is cast into the cruel world, and nearly starves to death before he has a chance to vote for president. A number of 14 year old boys are vigorously grasping subjects for 20 yr. olds. It is argued the schools should take more time, and graduate fewer mental proclitics. This would delay racing through college.

To the Old Year!

WELL another year has rolled around! Probably if a plebiscite could be held, 1933 would be voted the worst in the memory of living man and its only printable epitaph would be, "may we never see another like it!"

Which only shows how we humans exaggerate. 1933 wasn't so good, but as far as this country was concerned, it might have been a lot worse. Its first three months undoubtedly marked the nadir of the depression, but its last three months as certainly marked the most cheering period in the past four years.

The year seemed worse than it really was, because it marked the fourth straight year of unrelieved depression. Such things are cumulative. As time goes on the powers of resistance start to decline, nerves which had held up for three years of strain, begin to crack. And as usual those who hold to the myth that a change of political administration would mark an immediate transformation, are due to a rude awakening.

BUT, all in all, it is our belief that Old Man 1933 did a pretty good job. He didn't exactly round that over-advertised corner, behind which prosperity lurked for so long, but he did stop the down hill slide, and for the first time since 1929, DEFINITELY start the old bus climbing in the other direction.

EVEN more important, 1933 demonstrated to its own citizens and to the entire world that America can TAKE it!

When we gain the proper historical perspective, we have a pious idea, that the past year will be written down, as one of the most glorious and inspiring in our national history.

We are not speaking now of the splendid leadership that this country enjoyed—important as that was,—we are speaking of the way the PEOPLE AS A WHOLE,—the men and women in the RANKS,—behaved, under the stress and strain of the fourth year, to so many, a period of actual want, sufering and discouragement.

How gallantly and uncomplainingly they did, as a people, TAKE IT! In general what good cheer,—what sound horse sense—they exhibited. Scores who had had fortunes, lost them; thousands accustomed to steady jobs and decent security, lost both—millions were suddenly thrown into the hopper of idleness and destitution,—and yet all highest to lowest, kept a stiff upper lip, did the best they could, and patiently waited for the tide to turn.

And the tide has turned,—near the close of his turbulent reign, Old Man 1933 demonstrated that beyond all doubt. It is as certain as anything in this life can be, that in a material sense at least this pink and purging infant which is to be born tomorrow, will be a "better man" than his expiring predecessor.

But only in a material sense. For spiritually, morally, in soundness of heart, courage, integrity—in short the things that go to make up real CHARACTER—this youngster may equal but he will never surpass the record made by his badly battered and financially djscredited, Papa!

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 30.—The editor of the Cincinnati Post, where my journalistic pin feathers sprouted, has invited me to come out and sit in the managing editor's chair for a few days.

The bid followed my blurt in a reminiscent letter to him that this job was once a fixed ambition. It is a graciousness was flattering and is consigned to my ditty box of appreciations. Yet it came too late.

The parade has passed. Instead of swinging the shiny baton in drum-major's fashion, I'm the fellow bringing up the rear, with chalked face and baggy pantaloons, waving at the kiddies and balancing a feather on my nose.

Memory of managing editors is clearly etched. They hurried into the picture at 7 a. m. with a glow, scared the daylight out of a cub or so and began to speed things up to breakneck tactics. It was bucky, bucky until they slipped over to Foucault's for a tall one at 4 p. m.

There isn't a managing editor worthy of the name who would change places with a king. In large cities they are often squeezed out in middle years and tossed aside like orange peels. But no class of executives have drunk so deeply of life's enormous excitement.

My efforts to be a managing editor was a rainbow chase tinged with personal tragedy. Time after time I clutched at the fabled pot of gold—and missed! Always they sent another boy. On at least six different occasions it seemed certain I was the guy. But when I twiddled in with a carefully rehearsed manner a whirlwind from outside was occupying the throne.

But hope is perpetual in the 30's and I'd get up, hot and unbuttoned, brush myself off and with anticipatory gleam be ready for the next crack-up. Once alyly I even had cards printed proclaiming the title. No one, save my wife, considered me eligible I now realize, and in my futile enthusiasm I did not see how it could be otherwise. Even today, when such an elevation is a bit empty, I am inclined to think they were overlooking a bet. Such is the obstinacy of an utterly foolish fixation.

Thus the tug is almost irresistible to return for a few days' joust with that job I could never land. What fun to swing off an Elm street car, take the stairs four at a time, haul my coat to Clinton, the coal-room boy, and zoom to the managing editor's slot in the copy desk! I'd enjoy sensing that sudden momentary calm in every editorial shop when His Nibs, the M. E., walks through and becomes a hub in the cycle of imagination spinning around a copy desk.

There'd be a stop for a moment in the telegraph room to exchange snide sniffs with Chief Operator Sobell. He had seen scores of managing edi-

tors come and go. Scholl's acerbities were only half mumbled through the electric applier of dots and dashes, his sentences so stinging the ends took care of themselves. He had the contempt of permanency for constant change. A peek into the dark of the photographic room for a whiff of those vinegary smells, too.

I'd like to stand at the water cooler, twirling a sheet of copy paper into a drinking horn. In that delightfully relaxing let-up as newswires with muzzin shouts race in all directions with an extra. Soon we would know "if we beat the opposition." Also pop in to see Bushnell, his face in perpetual pucker, scratching out tomorrow's cartoon. Maybe "Bush" and I would have time to send off a green copy boy to Eddie Craig in the composing room for a "bucket of editorial." And indulge heartless laughter as he teiled back in back-breaking agony with a load of linotype slugs.

Wonder if Gerdes is still there. At noon there was a cut through an alley to Papa Gerdes' highly mirrored cage. A bald grey-poly Teuton, he exploded his welcomes like a bottle of pop but was our friend when funds were low—which was precisely every Monday.

It would be grand to dash off one more 8-column streamer in 48 pm. Chetsham Bold with a three deck drop—"Drug Crazed Slayer Trapped in Burning House!" I'd like to hear the fluted soprano uptake of Sue, the telephone girl's "All rightie." The clump of the outraged subscriber. . . . The puckish old-timer who didn't know what all of us knew: This was his last week. . . . Ah, the newspaper game. What made it fascinate us so! (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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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.

THE SCOUNDRELS WHO PEDDLE THE CRI.



Children are notoriously susceptible to cri. Gowen, I've defined it often enough. Mature or elderly adults are notably less likely to catch what-ever is going around. To my mind there is nothing strange about that. The explanation is that children are more intimate, careless and gregarious than older folk.

Notwithstanding the periodic laborious bulletins to the newspapers by the Johns-Hopkins expedition, no one knows any more about "the common cold" than ever. For that matter, no one can define or describe "the common cold." In fact "the common cold" is so vague a conception that the doctors who use it as a diagnostic makeshift are quite safe, for no one can tell at the onset what the alleged "cold" is going to be. Thus it is easy to stall along on the fake diagnosis of a "cold" until the actual nature of the illness becomes manifest.

As long as the big shots in the public health world persist in the fiction of "the common cold," not only this diagnostic skullduggery but also the vicious practice of peddling respiratory infections through the community is encouraged and given respectability.

Most public health authorities or health officers, when pressed, will reluctantly admit that people ought to be careful about sneezing and coughing all over the environment when they have "colds." But tell me the name of any health officer who has ever warned the public about the peril in the conversational spray of the scoundrels who purports to have a "cold." In addition I have to offer a reward of ten dollars for proof that any health officer or health authority of standing has ever dared to deny that there is the same peril in conversational spray as there is in the spray of the uncovered cough or sneeze.

There is just this difference between being coughed on and being talked to, by a person who has the cri (any common respiratory infection which may masquerade at first as a "cold"). The effective range of cough spray is ten to twelve feet, whereas the effective range of conversational spray is less than five feet.

It is more difficult to keep beyond the conversational spray range of the cough spray range, because coughing in itself is, like sneezing, ground for suspicion that the scoundrel has something catching. But conversational is not a suspicious sign, and so

ready for the market in the valley this season, these birds being raised in Jackson county, a far greater number than heretofore raised. The estimate of birds raised in the Umpqua section is 120,000, poultry raising having been carried on there for over a quarter of a century.

From the entire southern Oregon territory, Roseburg to Ashland inclusive, the express company have handled about 800,000 pounds, the Southern Pacific no load refrigerators about 300,000 pounds and there has been some truck movement, the exact figures not being available.

Export Wheat. PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 30.—(AP)—The emergency export corporation did not enter the market today for soft white wheat for foreign shipment. It was the third consecutive day without a quotation by the corporation.

For QUICK Fuel Oil Delivery Service, Phone 313, Eads Transfer.

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 31, 1923 (It was Sunday) Nineteen-twenty-three was a good year for most people, with 1924 promising to see a new era of prosperity.

The Page theater is destroyed by fire, at a loss of \$100,000, with tragedy stalking the ruins.

Mme. Palova, world's greatest dancer, at the Artnoy January 12. Freezing weather over coast area.

Local Democrats "unearth a conspiracy in the courthouse" at Jacksonville. Everybody laughs at wild charges.

New auto licenses show up on a few local autos, and war to be waged against laggards.

J. Warren Kerrigan, in a "Man's Man" at the Rialto, is expected to take place of Rudolfo Valentino.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY December 31, 1913 (It was Wednesday) City to welcome New Year with a grand ball at the Nat. a Swedish Yule-fest at Smith's hall, and general hilarity. Watch services will be held in all the churches.

Frank Farrell was in from the ranch this morning. A chill wind, with promise of snow, is the weather prediction for New Years.

Leach Crisis is favorite over Bud Anderson, "pride of Medford," in return bout at Los Angeles tomorrow.

Petitions circulated in rural districts "protesting against the infliction of the unjust auto license fee." Speaker at the Nat declares, "Motorists will revolt like the Revolutionary fathers did against the tea tax."

ed home, the committee received a telegram demanding \$65 expense money and witness fees to which he was entitled.

It appears that while he had millions in 1929, he can use carfare now.

The way old time saloons are springing up in some wet states is getting to be embarrassing for the White House because the Democratic platform pledged abolition of the saloon. Yet liquor now is supposed to be a state problem in which Mr. Roosevelt cannot interfere.

Saloons in nearby Baltimore are far different from the old-timers. At least half the male patrons in the best ones are accompanied by their wives or girl friends, which creates quite a different atmosphere.

A champion of the down-trodden farmers who is coming to Washington to meet Secretary Wallace is a Mr. Robin Hood, secretary of the American Institute of Cooperation.

Although it has been officially denied, Mr. Roosevelt will ask congress a for about \$400,000,000 more capital for the Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Everyone welcome at the charity ball Thursday evening at the K. P. hall, corner 5th and Grape. Good music, turkey sandwiches, and prizes for high scores in cards. All for 30c. Under auspices of Catholic Charity Club.

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Today & Mon. 15c ROXY 15c THEATRE. We are saying HAPPY NEW YEAR with this Joyous Comedy—Mad wags, funny gags, tunes, beauty. INTERNATIONAL HOUSE. A Paramount Picture Fun on the American Plan WITH PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE W. C. FIELDS STUDY VALLEE RUDY ERWIN GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN Col. STOOPNAGLE and BUDD SARI MARITZA CAB CALLOWAY and his ORCHESTRA BELA LUGOSI BABY ROSEMARIE and the GIRLS IN CELLOPHANE

15c STUDIO 15c ANYTIME THEATRE ANYTIME. We Wish You A Happy New Year. Starting Today With Continuous Shows Today and Tomorrow and runs for

4 BIG HAPPY DAYS Marie DRESSLER and Wallace BEERY

TUGBOAT ANNIE with ROBERT YOUNG MAUREN O'SULLIVAN

"NERTSERY RHYMES" Cartoon, "BOSCOE'S NIGHTMARE"—News

TURK SHIPMENTS FROM JACKSON CO. SET NEW RECORD. While it will be some days before exact figures are available, tabulations to date show over half a million pounds of dressed turkeys were shipped from Jackson county during the holidays, showing very clearly that the poultry industry is making rapid strides and that poultry growing can be successfully carried on in this section, which will soon produce as much poultry as the Umpqua section. It is estimated 35,000 turkeys were

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year HOLY Showing One Week Now Playing FOOTLIGHT PARADE Continuous Today and Monday See Our New Year's Fun Frolic Tonight—"Midnight" Stunts—Hats—Horns—Serpentine No Extra Charge—Come in and have Fun

NEW YEAR'S BALL, Monday evening at Central Point Grange Hall. Good music. Everybody welcome.