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An Opportunity for the Journal

THE Portland Journal, as a great champion of popular rule, and the upholding of democratic principles, should start a drive for the reform of the state grange with which it is so intimately associated.

A local grange member, for example, informs us that on any political question, the official grange publication, allows only one side to be presented. In the matter of a state sales tax, which the organization opposes, no communications favoring the tax are allowed in its columns,—while all favorable comments ARE.

From the same source we are informed, that no individual grange, the membership of which by popular vote may be unanimous for a certain political measure, can publicly endorse such a measure, if the legislative committee of the state organization is opposed.

In other words, individual granges have no freedom of action, in political matters. The legislative committee having opposed any sales tax, the endorsement of the sales tax by several local granges, both here and elsewhere in the state, is a violation of the organization's rules, and therefore out of order.

WE can't believe that such "gag rules" are approved by the Portland Journal, or even by grange members who believe in fundamental democratic principles,—free speech, a free press, and open covenants openly arrived at. No one questions a majority should rule, but in every self governing unit that principle should ALSO be upheld. Moreover in every democratic institution, minority rights are protected, particularly in the direction of the right to make their sentiments publicly known.

That these principles adopted by the grange are not favored by the Journal, is clearly demonstrated by that paper's policy regarding communications on the sales tax. The Journal is bitterly opposed to such a tax but it refuses to exclude from its columns, communications favoring it.

In today's issue for example, the Journal prints the following communication favoring the sales tax:

Portland, Jan. 24.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your editorial of January 19, regarding your Salem correspondent, he should have been told by the tax collector that he could pay his school tax separately and without paying his other tax; but he should have been told at the same time that by paying his school tax his property was by no means exempt from tax sale by the sheriff at the specified time, as indicated on the back of the tax statements. If any other part of his tax remains delinquent. So, while it would benefit the schools of the state to some degree, it would not benefit the taxpayer very much, and the public should know the facts. If the proposed sales tax is defeated there will be a general property-tax strike; simply because we, as home owners, are unemployed, are at the end of our tether, and helpless, and the sales tax plan offers a way to divide the load and require all to do their part.

That's the proper spirit. It follows a fundamental principle of American journalism, which opens its columns to all expressions of opinion made in good faith and observing certain rules, whether or not they are in harmony with the editorial policy of the paper concerned.

We are quite sincere in our contention that the Portland Journal could not only render a service to the state, but to the state grange, by using its unquestioned influence to secure the liberalization of the regulations and by-laws of that influential organization.

Believe It Or Not

ACCORDING to press report from abroad, a British scientist claims to have discovered a sure-cure for fog. It seems London fogs have been worse than usual this winter. Spurred on by this condition, the scientist aforementioned claims he has developed some mysterious and potent ray, that will dispel fog over an area of 400 square miles.

We hope he is right, but from what we know of fog, seriously doubt it. However in this age of scientific miracles, it takes a brave, and rather foolhardy individual, to dogmatically question ANYTHING.

IF HE IS right, and some method HAS been developed to dispel fog over such an area, then the one great obstacle to safe and successful air transportation has been removed, for all time. Fog is aviation's nemesis. It is the only thing that prevents all humanity, day in day out, taking to the air. It remains the chief cause of practically all serious airplane accidents.

INCIDENTALLY there is hardly any price Medford and the Rogue River valley could not afford to pay for such a machine.

Dispel the fog that is filling the valley at the present moment for example, and the sun would shine, the sky would be blue and cloudless, everyone would be enjoying a perfect winter day. Fog on the floor of the valley always means perfect weather in the higher foothills.

Of course for eastern readers that "perfect winter day" should be explained. A perfect winter day in the Rogue River valley doesn't mean sparkling snow drifts and sleigh bells. It means, golf sticks and motor rips,—it means the early Fall or late Spring. It means all around the best weather that Nature can produce.

Perfect a fog dispelling machine, and Medford would be the greatest winter resort in Christendom.

So keep up your good work, Mr. Man—whoever you are. Do what you claim and here in Southern Oregon you certainly will have a customer!

BODIES OF CHINESE FLOAT DOWN RIVER

SHANGHAI, Jan. 29.—(AP)— Corpses floated among cakes of ice down the Yellow River today, said dispatches from Hopen and Honan, while vernacular newspapers declared uncounted thousands of persons

Suits cleaned and pressed, \$30. Dresses 75c up. Tel. 833-J. Economy cleaning, 1728 No. Riverside. Phone 342. What will haul away your

What's Roy's doing in the amusement field, following his quick but

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAT.

I mean philosophy and not fooling. You can compound your own psychology when you will have learned something about the anatomy, physiology and pathology of fat. Indeed I am only a lowbrow medical student, but there is always a crazy notion rolling around in the back of my head, to wit, that a fair elementary course in anatomy and physiology in the grammar or high school, with a term of Pathology the last year of high school, would be a long step in advance in education.

In the last set-to I had just demolished the conventional theory of capillary vessels and lymphatic vessels, pointing out that so far as I have been able to see, both capillary blood "vessels" and lymphatic "vessels" are in reality just spaces between cells and fibres of the tissue. A bold assertion which any physician is welcome to challenge if he can show me an isolated capillary or an isolated lymphatic vessel—I had called along with great assurance up to that point, and then suddenly found myself in an embarrassing predicament—how was I to get the lymph from these mere spaces or channels between cells and fibres into the rugged and uncompromising receptaculum chylae which, I am scarcely prepared to deny, conveys the lymph and chyle (emulsified fat absorbed from the intestine) directly into the blood stream, the chyle receptacle emptying into the internal jugular vein in the left side of the neck.

Oh, well, let's not get all in a stew over it. What's the dif, whether there are lymph vessels or not? Personally I'd never say a word about such trifles were it not for the annoying habit of certain bombastic "authorities" who bolster up their funny teachings by referring to capillary or lymphatic "vessels" as if they knew all about such elementary matters. Suffice that the oil or fat food is emulsified in the intestine, absorbed through the lacteals and villi, which are minute finger-like projections of the mucous membrane well designed to suck in the milk-white emulsified fat or chyle. The chyle enters the receptaculum chylae and is conveyed through the thoracic duct, a tube half as large around as a lead pencil, to mix with the lymph in the duct and be emptied into the left internal jugular vein in the neck. It mixes with the blood and is carried in the vein to the right side of the heart, pumped from there into the lungs, back to left side of heart, and then out through the arteries to the whole body. Such cells or tissues as need

not unexpected exit from Music Hall, he will have the best wishes of newspapermen. No other producer has been so wholeheartedly accepted into the guild. He not only was an ever-ready poker player but no newspaperman ever fell by the way that Roxy wasn't first to help brush him off, adjust his tie and walk with him toward the sunny side.

There is always suspended animation about Fifth avenue around midnight when I often walk with my dog. Even riders on occasional bus tops seem to have lost their voices. Last night the cathedral flickered faintly luminous from a moon slipping through a fretful scurry of clouds. The only sound to break the thick silence was a thin rattle of organ hums trembling down the nave and far off, like a voice in a cloud, the echo of prayer. One wanted to tip toe on.

Few personalities in the passing parade change so little as the Ohio-born Howard Chandler Christy. For 25 years he has looked exactly the same. He arises early and works steadily until 4 p. m. when he relaxes for a few companions and tea. His only vice is a battered pipe he will never desert. At one period in his artistic career, Christy was stricken blind. But today he does not even wear glasses.

Bagatelles: Jacob Ruppert is said to have more private pensions than any other New York millionaire. Hal Skelley goes places in his own plane. Kenyon Nicholson is off to visit his foster uncle, Meredith Nicholson, minister to Paraguay. Roy Howard once delivered a 3 m. newspaper route. Andren Mellon's favorite breakfast dish is hominy. George Middleton, the playwright, has a dog that grows when he is writing "angry stuff" on his typewriter. George Lamarr was once a football star at Brown.

From a news item: "His Bovey neighborhood once knew him as a tough. But he had cut down his booze to pint a day and averaged only a flat fight a week." "The Bovey's dash of lavender! (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

BRUCE BATES DIES OF SELF-INFLICTED WOUND

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(AP)—Bruce Bates, 47, member of a CCC camp at Benson park, Columbia River highway, died in the Veteran's hospital here today from a self-inflicted bullet wound in the head.

Lieut. Sidney Jenkins said Bates had been drinking and had been ordered to bed. He was heard to shout "Good-bye," and a pistol shot followed the words. His widow and another live here.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

A HEADLINE, which you probably saw—most of us aren't missing such headlines these days—says: "Upward Trend in Business Cheers U. S."

You bet it cheers U. S.! Something like that is what we've been waiting for a long time.

THE story under the headline refers to the weekly Dun & Bradstreet trade review. It says: "Virtually all of the reports received this week, regardless of the section of the country, emphasized the strength which the upward trend has now attained."

That is to say, business is improving ALL OVER the country—not just in a few favored spots.

SOUNDS good, but is intangible and indefinite—makes you feel good, but provides nothing you can get your teeth into. Here, however, is something TANGIBLE AND DEFINITE: General Motors corporation, the largest builder of motor cars in the country, reports net earnings of \$83,214,000 in 1933, which compares of a DEFICIT of more than \$63,000,000 in 1932.

That is to say, putting it in language that all of us understand, General Motors LOST 63 millions in 1932, but MADE 83 millions in 1933. That's quite a difference.

ANOTHER straw in the wind, gleaned from the financial pages: Bethlehem Steel Corporation, one of the country's industrial giants, SHOWED A PROFIT in the last quarter—a quarter, you know, is a three-month period—for the first time in several years.

Get that, for it is important. For several years, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation has been LOSING MONEY. In the last three months of 1933, it MADE MONEY.

THE WIRES, as these words are written, are chattering out this bit of news: "The Northern Pacific Railway had net operating income for 1933 of \$5,975,973, as compared to \$1,990,389 in 1932. December 1933 net operating income was \$998,823, compared to \$500,618 in December, 1932."

Nearly three times as much profit, you see, in 1933, as in 1932.

THESE are big corporations, and narrow-minded, prejudiced persons will be inclined to say: "Oh, yes, the big fellows are beginning to make money again, but how about us little fellows? Where do we get off?"

Let's be sensible, even where big business is concerned. General Motors, Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Northern Pacific Railway, to be sure, are big concerns. But, because they are big, they provide a lot of jobs. They can't GO ON providing jobs unless they make a profit.

If jobs are to be plentiful and wages good, big concerns must show a profit. Otherwise, they will have NOTHING TO PAY WAGES WITH.

YOU have just read that in 1933 General Motors Corporation made \$3 million dollars.

That looks like a lot of money, and it IS a lot of money. If you or I could make that much, we'd certainly be sitting pretty. Unless we stop to think, it looks like TOO MUCH money for anybody to be allowed to make hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars are invested in the business of General Motors Corporation. This money has been invested by thousands of people all over the country.

When these \$3 millions of earnings are divided up among all the owners of General Motors common stock, they amount to \$1.72 a share. General Motors stock, on Saturday, sold on the New York exchange for a trifle over \$39 a share.

So, you see, at the current price of the stock, these \$3 millions of earnings amount to a little less than five per cent return.

That certainly isn't exorbitant.

Of a far spring of summer sun, Days that swiftly ran Into the gold of autumn: winter came With frost flowers wreathed their epitaph, As only winter can.

Now they are memory The future is concealed Today seems but an interval. A pause for benediction till The new day is revealed.

A lark is singing in the mist: It does not dim his joy at all: All days are good and in their peace He is secure and sings Across the interval.

HAZEL SLOANEK Medford, January 27, 1934.

Constipated 30 Years Aided by Old Remedy

"For thirty years I had constipation. Scouring food from stomach checked me. Since taking Adiana, I am a new person. Constipation is a thing of the past."—Alice Burns, Health Drug Store and Medford Pharmacy.

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 January 29, 1924. (It was Tuesday)

Kiwanis club speaker declares, "It is time to quit baiting the railroads, and fight for something worth while."

Movement started to build a road from Butte Falls to Prospect, "through the virgin timber of the scenic area."

Jacksonville sues Jackson County for money it lost in failure of Bank of Jacksonville.

"Toggery Bill" Incorporated, and Walter D. Hess becomes a partner.

Al Piche buys interest in Medford Hardware company.

Jackson county Democrats adopt the "Teapot" as the emblem of the party and are greatly impressed by the Teapot Dome scandal.

City gives free site for a glove factory.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY January 29, 1914. (It was Thursday)

Mayor of Portland arrested for causing firemen to work more than eight hours contrary to state law. Generally predicted eight-hour law "will ruin everybody."

Family row in which the wife is charged with jabbing the husband in the neck with a pitchfork is aired before Prosecutor E. E. Kelly. Husband charges that wife sent water-melons and pie to a local attorney, and wife charges that husband hit the oldest boy over the head with a pick-handle, when he declined to say his prayers. Prosecutor Kelly voices the opinion that "your husband has lived with you for 20 years, and is entitled to the sympathy of the community." The family is advised "to return to the creek and stay there."

Corvallis high defeats Medford at basketball, 32 to 3, at Nat.

Right of state to assess license law for autos is upheld.

Basco Musical company decides to stay another week at the Page, and citizens flock to their performances.

MR. JESSE BYNUM, R. 1, Box 506.

Ye Poet's Corner

Crater Lake.

Up in the silent hills here lies A lake as blue as the limpid skies; A lake whose setting awakes anew The heart of nature in review.

The verdant cliffs around her stand, White rock and tree link hand in hand; All ready are they to guard from harm Her beauty and her wondrous charm.

The fleecy clouds while floating by, The happy birds while winging high, Are mirrored in her depths so blue, While tints are seen of varying hue.

But through the sunset lights so pale, There comes lake as with a veil, The misty amethyst and gold, E'er the twilight seems to fold.

Then peeping o'er the rugged cliffs, The silvery moon her tuxter lifts; While myriad stars go twinkling down, Reflected as a gorgeous crown.

No ripple moves this lake so calm; The silence seems to cast a balm; Blue sky above, blue lake below, As secretly her waters flow.

And standing round so high and aeer, The old majestic mountain tops appear, Surrounding grandeur such as ne'er can fade, The Land of Beauty on parade.

NAN L. FORSYTH, Winchester, Virginia. (The author above is a relative of Will C. Steel, "father of Crater Lake," and sent a copy of the poem to him after a visit to the great natural wonder.)

Today the white mists came And veiled the countryside To where I stood, and yesterday The sweet, cool winds were there And fields were free and wide.

Familiar scenes were hid from me The road into the town, The friendly path, the rocky slope And at its feet the little grove Of oak trees gnarled and brown.

The mist which fell in drops of rain Lay on the clover at my feet, And hung like crystal on the stems Of broken weeds; and on the blades Of vivid new-green wheat.

Sunlight had not come today To glid the grey, and find The raindrops flashing hues, A softness held as of farewell Or days now left behind.

Surfacing Green Springs—The state highway department is surfacing 1.6 miles of the Greensprings route from Summit ranch east. P. P. Whitmore, resident engineer, said Saturday, according to the Ashland Daily Tidings. The work has been already started and will be completed in a week. The work is being done by A. S. Wallace, who has the contract for stockpiling crushed rock. The sector will be closed in the spring.

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