

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

People have started paying their taxes again, and find same not as painful as reported.
H. Flewler, the demon baker, did not agree with something he ate Fri. and was not himself.
Aged 4ds have started shedding their rear fenders.

Dewey Hill, the Prospect hillbilly, towed Fri. and was looking like seven miles of new road.
One day last week a wratch took a side of bacon from C. Wig Ashpole.

Next Saturday will be the 17th of Owney Patton, and the sons of Erin will be shamrocks wearing.
The state saloon opened Fri., without a free lunch, fight, or singing of "Sweet Adeline."

Ev. Reames made a speech at Portland. He did not cuss the Republicans, but was cheered just the same by the Democrats present.
One of the cheer leaders of the 1933 revolution, is now staying with a California sheriff.

Farmers report if the present weather holds out, they will be having in April.
The masses continue to run out of money, and blame Hoover for it.

The mayor of Klamath Falls started running for governor last week, and reports that everything is run wrong.
The Rogue Showmen, G. Fabrick, president, due to the lack of snow have been unable to function on their skills this year, but will remain intact for next winter's snow.

They were struck below the belt by the weather. Fishing is coming to the front, and the first salmon has been caught. The piscatorial enthusiasts are ready for a hard but busy season.
Once upon a time there was a funeral. Friends of the departed were called upon to say a few kind words for the departed. There was a great silence. Finally a fisherman bobbed up and said: "If nobody cares to say anything about the deceased, I would like to talk about catching a steelhead in the Rogue."

Hootch and haste caused a 1934 auto to hug a phone pole Thurs. evng, the occupants not breaking anything.
Bowling shows an increase as the lawns need mowing.

E. Ulrich, the Elk Ckr. stockman who was kicked in the nose by a board, reports the member improved.
Horticulturists are getting ready for their annual ruckus with Jackson Frost. He is more aggravating than the French government.

The ha. bc. 5 arose in its might Fri. night and smote Ash, causing many to remark the barn should be painted again. The Vern Van Dyke boy saved the evening by whisking the apple through the fishnet, and was not as tired as he seemed.
The home-guards beared long shots, which are not ethical, but count as much as the deliberate ones. After the battle, Ashlanders registered disgust, and their brother lunch clubbers here manifested animation and the haw-haws rippled unfeelingly.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., March 6.—At last a movie worth talking about. That makes two since leaving Medford,—a batting average of about 4 percent. The first one was "Six of a Kind" with Charley Ruggles and Mary Boland; the second is "It Happened One Night", with Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. Sounds risque, but isn't. Clean as a mountain spring (almost), very funny and excellently done. We have always regarded Miss Colbert as a victim of poor casting. In this she has something worthy of her charm and talent. No milk baths and she only has to raise her skirt above her knee ONCE. She is the spoiled daughter of a very rich man who runs away to find her husband, the marriage having been annulled. A \$10,000 reward is offered for her capture and she runs into a Clark Gable, a star reporter, on a motor bus, who recognizes her and keeps her prisoner for his big story, and to regain the job he had lost. The complications are many and highly diverting. We have never been a Gable fan, but old "lop ears" does noble in this. In fact he demonstrates a true and sure comic touch, which we didn't suppose he had. To our mind by all odds the best thing he has done since he graduated from gangster roles into the S. A. class.

If we were running a movie studio we would concentrate on these light smart comedies. It seems to us the technique in this department has been perfected far above that in all others. "It Happened One Night" compares favorably with "Private Lives" and "This Is the Night." Perhaps there could be higher praise, but not from the skipper of THIS department. Best shot: Clark Gable "strong arming" this man Karns to lay-off the heiress.

W. B. Edwards, formerly an architect in Medford, is appraiser of the tax department for the city of Pasadena. He designed several homes on the hospital hill including the late Dr. Conroy's, and often visits Medford where he has many friends. He has a son at O. S. C., and regards Oregon as the best summer vacation land in the United States.
We met him quite by accident when we went to the city hall here to find out a few facts concerning the sales tax. We wished to clear up two things: first, the statement heard in Oregon that the people of California never voted for a sales tax; and second, that contrary to report, the sales tax is unpopular down here and at the first opportunity will be repealed.

Had quite a long talk with Mr. Edwards. Here follows the gist of his remarks:
"The people of California voted for a sales tax by a large majority. Neither the grange nor organized labor in this state made an active campaign against it. The grange in this state is NOT a political factor—except where some issue directly involving agriculture or horticulture, is involved. It adheres to its policy of being non-political. It is however very effective in securing legislation safe-guarding and advancing its SPECIAL interests.

"Organized labor did not favor the sales tax, but has never campaigned as an organization against it. No tax is popular. But there is and has been less opposition to the sales tax than any tax ever adopted in this state. But for the sales tax schools would have been closed, and property tax delinquency advanced to alarming proportions. The sales tax promises to raise nearly \$100,000,000 in the biennium, and has literally saved the state from financial collapse. There is no evidence that it will be repealed. In all likelihood, the sales tax will be accepted as a permanent element in the tax structure, of the state."

Mr. Edwards regards the sales tax as fair, as any tax could be. It exempts no one, but levies the tax in exact proportion to what the individual can afford to spend. But its greatest value is the ease with which it is collected—the fact that there is no delinquency—it is the only 100 percent tax known. And finally in actual practice while it raises a huge sum, it is painless.

Football has become very popular in Russia—not the American game but soccer. Recently when the champion soccer team of Russia met the champion team of Turkey, the captain of the Russian team pranced on the field with a huge bunch of roses in his hand. Circling the stadium with the crowds cheering and followed by his stalwart men, he led the way to the opposing team's bench and with a deep bow presented the Turkish captain with the bouquet.
That was taken by Maurice Hindus, author of "Civilization Uprooted", "Red Bread" and other studies of modern Soviet Russia, as the introduction to his talk on "Russia Today" at the Community theatre this afternoon. It seemed to us a very pleasing and effective way of impressing his audience with the fact that Russia and the Russian people, are DIFFERENT—basically and temperamentally different. The theatre was well filled with a typical Pasadena audience, which means an audience of older people—well dressed, serious minded, and listed among the double AA's in Bradstreet. In other words it was such an audience that any Bolshevik in good standing, could have blown up with a bomb, left them writhing in their death agonies, and never felt a qualm,—in fact would have been honored by the commissar of the local soviet, as having done his good deed for that day.

We have read "Red Bread" and "Civilization Uprooted", so we know Mr. Hindus, born in Russia and educated in this country, knows what he is talking about and has a very readable literary style. But we DIDN'T know he was also an orator—in fact a public speaker of quite unusual magnetism and power. The latter fact, however, was clearly demonstrated when these elderly gentlemen in their well tailored black clothes, gloves and shiny canes, tottered into their limousines when the lecture was over and agreed that the talk was "very interesting."

Just how Mr. Hindus does this, we haven't yet figured out. What he really said about Russia was DYNAMITE to all the cherished traditions—and the incomes—of these venerable representatives of this successful—at least successful until recently—capitalistic system. For he maintained the Russian experiment is succeeding—not for the people of this country or any other—but the Russian masses in Russia. He predicted that if—and it is rather a big if—if there is no war between Russia and Japan,—in another 10 years the Russian people will have created a new deal—which will permanently demonstrate that a new social order can provide material and spiritual well being for over 100,000,000 people, without any private business, any profit system, any unemployment, or any war!

That is a pretty big order—but as far as we could judge the

audience swallowed it—and liked the taste. We know one member of the audience who literally foams at the mouth when anyone mentions radicals or Reds in Russia or here,—and yet came away from this talk beaming and declaring the young man was perfectly delightful.

What is the answer? Well the only one we can present now is this: A young man with some reputation in the literary world, magnetism, and a lively and picturesque style, can say almost anything he likes and get away with it in Pasadena. In fact we don't believe Pasadena audiences as a whole think things THROUGH—or want to. It may be merely a matter of age. There is a period when the brain however active superficially, is no longer sensitive to new impressions—that is RADICALLY new ones. To us the reaction of that audience today is simply incomprehensible except on the assumption that a great majority liked to listen to Hindus, but refused to THINK about what he said, or try to determine the real significance of his message.

For the young man was obviously SYMPATHETIC with a program that destroys private property and denies God. His hearers not only believe in both, but couldn't live without them. Yet never a murmur of disbelief or protest! R. W. R.

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.

A NICE COOL WAS WASHINGTON LADY.
Writing from Washington, D. C., in February, the lady says:
I've taken sun baths whenever it was possible ever since you wrote about them two years ago, and I haven't suffered with crabs since I began sun bathing. All my life I have suffered in more or less severity from September until May. I think it is remarkable for one who had no immunity to build up immunity on about five hours' sunshine a week.

The hours spent in absorbing the ultraviolet need not be idle ones. I always have sewing or letter writing to do when I'm taking a sun bath. I'm taking one now. The temperature outside is 20 degrees, but out of the wind the sun is wonderfully bright and warm and as I sit here in it, under my open window I'm perspiring.
I wish I had known the value of sunshine ten years ago, for continued "crabs"—as I called them before I learned about crabs—have greatly impaired my hearing.

There is reason to believe that influence of the ultraviolet rays of sunlight on the naked skin enables the body to store up something akin to Vitamin D and perhaps Vitamin A—if these are not one and the same thing. And there is reason to believe these vitamins are essential in the development and maintenance of normal immunity against respiratory infections.
For years I have been teaching that the less clothing or covering anybody wears or uses at any time or in any circumstance, with due regard for personal comfort, the better for health. The old fogies in medicine, public health and science have unanimously rejected this teaching as one of my strange notions. But the growth of immunity to near-nudism, is evidence I think, that my notion is not so strange or unscientific as some of my colleagues or competitors in health promotion would have the unthinking public believe.

Note that this nice cool sensible and comparatively healthy Washington lady takes her sunbath in or under an open window when the temperature outdoors is 12 below freezing.
In various institutions throughout the world, notably the Rollier Hospital in Switzerland and the Adam Hospital at Ferrisburg, N. Y., children with various forms of tuberculosis take their sun baths naked all winter, play in the snow wearing only shoes and breechcloth, or lie or sit in the sun uncovered, yet their fine tanned skin feels warm to your touch and they themselves, feel perfectly comfortable.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Some Children Are Not.
I'd like to get in touch with the party who wants to adopt a girl baby. I have corresponded for many years with parties who have babies for adoption and those who wish to adopt them. These babies are all from strictly religious homes. P. W. J.
Answer—I find it is impossible to serve as go-between in any adoption scheme. People who desire to adopt babies should keep in touch with the physicians in their community.

First Lesson Not Yet Learned.
I have the, and a week ago had a hemorrhage of perhaps 2 ounces, and some streaking of sputum for four days afterward. Doctor said I must remain flat in bed until three days after streaking disappears. Do you think calcium lactate... How long do you think I should stay... Was in a sanatorium for a year two years ago. Have been negative 2 1/2 years. T. K. B.
Answer—Yours is an extraordinary case. Evidently you are of higher than average intelligence, for you use the correct abbreviation for tuberculosis. Yet you spent a whole year in a sanatorium without learning the first rule for recovery, namely, to have a good doctor and follow only his advice about everything.

Mole on Eyelid.
One doctor advised against removal of a mole on my lower eyelid, but it is increasing in size and becoming sore. Have had similar moles on face and hands removed by diathermy and it has proved quite satisfactory.—Mrs. E. M. R.
Answer—No reason why the one on the eyelid should not be removed in the same competent way.

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

Communications

Answering Mr. Taylor.
To the Editor:
Your issue of March 3 contained a communication by a Mr. P. W. Taylor, a stranger to me. Inasmuch as Mr. Taylor's remarks bear slightly upon the sales tax issue, I will answer that portion of his letter.

The cost of educating a pupil in our city schools, Mr. Taylor states, is \$80 per year. Therefore, he concludes that \$480 per year is borne by my neighbors in educating six pupils. Were this true, my children would leave school at once.
First, Mr. Taylor bases his deductions on false premises. To illustrate: When one purchases a ticket to ride to Portland on the train, that one contributes to the funds to pay the railroad's taxes, upkeep of equipment, dividends, salaries, etc., of the railroad company. The same is true whenever you make a purchase from your grocer, light company, meat market or other vendor. How would any storekeeper stay in business if he had no customers? His sales are the source of his money to pay taxes, live, own a home, have a car and continue in business. Then tell me that I pay no taxes? The cry of the world today is for markets for products. As a matter of fact, I pay taxes on property in two school districts in the Rogue River valley and have no children in school in either district.

Second: Looking at it from Mr. Taylor's viewpoint in order to pay sufficient school tax to meet the yearly expense of educating in the Medford schools, six pupils, I would have to own property with assessed valuation of \$39,817.50. Or, if the sales tax should be passed, I would have to make purchases of \$32,000 per year on which sales tax is charged.
I do not know if Mr. Taylor is married or has children. If so, I congratulate him and hope for the sake of all who do have children, that the sales tax grant may never pass. If every voter could know what tactics were pursued to choke the sales tax bill down the throat of the legislature, there would be no necessity for

further consideration to accomplish its defeat. Imagine our legislature's refusing the people the right to vote on it, after the voters emphatically turning it down, 4 to 1. The legislature did this by refusing to permit the referendum clause to be incorporated in the bill. Gaggling the public? Yes, as far as the law-making bodies are concerned, but we still have a bit of voice in self-government and will reiterate our former mandate to the "big boys" and the "little boys," too. Just a plain case of the rich adding more burdens onto the poor.
Watch the results on MAY 18. Medford, Oregon.

At the opening of tariff hearings in the house, Chairman Doughton unthinkingly invited former Congressman Crisp of Georgia to sit with the committee. Crisp happens now to be an adviser to sugar interests. He politely and wisely declined.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 10.—While every corner of my home is treasured, the den where my desk is holds my most pronounced affection. It is not a surprising room and its bitter moments far outweigh its joys. In it I have floundered with lassitude and lethargy throughout entire night's hammering out dull columns.

No matter in what part of the house I try to be comfortable, I'm irresistibly drawn to the den or when we put on company manners, "the study." About the walls are strung pictures of dogs, gone and living. Silvered frames of my mother, Dad and Will Hogg. A copy biggely-pledged.

Caricatures by Webster, Briggs, De Beck, Roth, Crayons by Flagg and Christy. In a corner a cavernous full length chair with a bright drop light, a refuge from those sudden overwhelming of despair and sanctuary for the blissful stretch. In the chair I have wept and gripped the arms tight when the wind blew hard.

A man came today to buy my home for a fair price. When he left I wandered about, bidding a figurative farewell to this room and that. As always, my circumsolutions ended in the study. I dropped in the chair and sent this telegram: "I must have been crazy. Diaregard agreement to sell."

I believe there is no happier man among my friends than Frank Case. His famous Algonquin had not escaped the hotel blight. Little remained but tradition. He had prospered in an honorable business but with prohibition found himself being shouldered out. I have not his word for it but I imagine he was fevered by the bedevilment of collapse and ready to quit when repeal came. Today restaurant receipts that dwindled to \$200 a day have ballooned to \$1,500. For the first time in a decade entrance ropes are put at lunch and dinner. Rooms are filled. The same thing has happened to the Biltmore, Ritz, Roosevelt, etc.

The hurdy gurdy, that city jonnell of Spring, is grinding out Fritz Scheff's "Kiss Me Again" beneath my window. He has pangs of his calling. Yet I tossed him only a nickel. How niggardly mankind at times. One of these days I'm going to give an old organ grinder a \$5 bill if it kills me.

We left the theatre the other night in gallant sortie, flushed with the warm excitement of watching the berthing of a hit. Even Gilbert Gabel, Percy Hammond and George Jean Nathan remained until final curtain. The stage was still alive, having things to say and saying them magnificently. In our exuberant trudge we decided to turn back at the corner and congratulate the star, whom we knew, in his dressing room. In a faded dressing gown, his greasy paint unremoved, he received us, an indigo of woe. In a certain scene, due to a dresser's carelessness he had worn but one snow-white spat. "The critics will pounce on it," he wailed. They didn't wonder if they saw? I didn't. What irony to have a play ruined by a thing so useless as a spat!

Boy To Watery Grave.
ALBANY, Ore., March 10.—(AP)—Falling from a small boat in which he had been playing, Jean Williams, 7 years old, drowned in the Willamette river here Friday. The boat was about 15 feet from the bank. The child could not swim. Another young boy, playing in another boat, could not reach the youngster before he sank.

Card of Thanks.
To the friends for the many kindnesses shown to my father, John L. Garrett, and me during his recent illness and death, I wish to extend my sincere and heartfelt appreciation and thanks.
Eddie Garrett Small.

WHY is ambergris worth so much? Well, one reason is that a little of it goes a long way, and in addition it is scarce. Things that are scarce and hard to get are apt to be valuable.

Another reason is that perfumes, in the making of which ambergris is used, sell at exceedingly high prices. Hence high prices can be paid for the raw materials entering into the making of perfumes.

WHY are perfumes high priced? The answer to that is interesting, and contains a lot of human nature. Nearly everybody, you see, will cheerfully pay high prices for luxuries, no matter how bitterly he may complain about the price of NECESSITIES.

People are funny, aren't they?
North Bend Bank Opens.
MARSHFIELD, March 10.—(AP)—Deposits considerably exceeded withdrawals on the opening day of the new North Bend National Bank Friday. It was said today by C. P. Kiefer, cashier, the bank opened after reorganization plans had been approved by the comptroller of currency. The city had been without banking facilities since Jan. 11, 1932.

WINDOW GLASS.—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

Ore and Bullion Purchased.
WILDBERG BROS. SMELTING & REFINING CO.
Ore and Bullion Purchased.
Ore and Bullion Purchased.

AUTO GLASS.
Fender, Body & Radiator Repair.
General Sheet Metal.
Light Structural Iron.
BRILE METAL WORKS.
109 E. 8th St. Phone 113.

Also "Strange As It Seems" Pictorial—News.
PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING.

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.
March 11, 1924.
(It was Wednesday)
William G. McAdoo, Democratic chieftain, denounces the Teapot Dome scandal. He is then charged with being mixed up in it as a lawyer, by "slandering G. O. P. character assassins."

Local radio owners organize to "combat broadcast monopolists." Mann's store holds spring opening. Five candidates all declared "for strict enforcement of the Prohibition law, and protection of the home."

Check shows 605 autos travel Jville highway in eight hours. The Bootlegger, operated by the "hustling, energetic, wide-awake, and well known Strang Brothers" erects an electric sign, "which will enhance Main street."

Fluhermen feel the "urge of spring" and bees are busy. Amos W. Walker and Chief of Police Hittson file for sheriff.

The weather bureau will loan the valley an observer for the frost season. Constable Rankin Estes leaves for Seattle to bring back a "check forging wretch."

Fruit crop for season is forecast at 2000 cars. M. G. M. FILES APPEAL ON RASPUTIN VERDICT.

LONDON, Eng., March 10.—(AP)—An appeal was filed on behalf of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Co., Ltd., today against the 25,000 pounds (normally \$125,000) damages awarded Princess Irena Youssouloff in her libel suit because of the film, "Rasputin and the Empress."

The judgment was awarded last week. Counsel for the Russian princess has announced she would file similar suits in all other countries in which the film appeared.

Chelan Feels Quake.
CHELAN, March 10.—(AP)—Two distinct earth shocks were felt here this morning, the first at 8 o'clock. The first shock which was of several seconds duration, rattled dishes, swung pictures on walls and spread alarm among workmen in the Chelan power plant. Residents in all parts of Chelan valley felt the tremors.

Card of Thanks.
We desire to express our thanks and appreciation to our many friends for their kindness and also the beautiful floral offerings during the illness and death of our husband and father.
Mrs. H. A. Hanscom and family.

REMODEL INTELLIGENTLY SEE BIG PINES LUMBER CO. DEPENDABLE BUILDING ADVICE.

STARTS TODAY 15c ROXY 15c Continuous Shows Today 1:30 to 11 p.m.

SHE CHANGED HIS MIND! He thought he loved one girl... until her sister... fiery... gay... and impish... captivated his heart with her carefree spirit... and made him change his mind.

Janet GAYNOR Warner BAXTER PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING.