

EDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune" Daily Except Saturdays. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 18. 31-39 N. Fir St. ROBERT W. KUHIL, Editor. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oreg., under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, one year, \$5.00; Daily, six months, \$3.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00. By Carrier in Medford, Astoria, Seaside, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Beach and on Highways. Daily, one year, \$6.00; Daily, six months, \$3.50; Daily, one month, \$1.25. All terms, cash in advance.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry. A number of citizens have been enjoying rides in the new 1934 auto the past week. They are now as disgusted with their old bus, as a member of the Young Radical club of the University of Oregon, is with the government that pays for his education.

The Gervais Star, a Marion county sheet, has started a campaign to see who can write the best song about the candidacy of Sam Browne for governor. All the gubernatorial aspirants are singing their own variation of the soul stirring Methodist hymn: "I Will Save You."

Noblest Thought and Best Idea of the Past Week: "Let's not make ourselves bigger jackasses than we really are."—U. S. Senator M. M. Neely of West Virginia.

Lucky fishermen Sunday caught the limit of unlucky fish. Betty Parker, girl friend of Clyde Barrow, Texas bandit, denies she smokes cigars. Miss Parker does not deny she has been running around with a bandit.

The hole being chewed out by the Oil Stewart steam shovel, on the site of the new gas silo, continues to attract wide attention and comment. It is regarded by many as a very poor hole, in comparison with the one they think they are in, and will never get out of.

R-R-R-VENGE!! (SF. Call Bulletin) The dime novel is saturated with the pioneer spirit of America. It portrays the struggles, exploits, trials, dangers, feasts of hardships and daily lives of the American pioneers from the days of the Puritans to the death of Custer. And it breathes the spirit which for two and a half centuries shaped the conquest and development of the continent north of the Rio Grande. It is literature intensely nationalistic and patriotic, in character designed to stimulate adventure, self-reliance and achievement; to exalt the feats of the pioneer women and men who settled the country.

John Porter of Long creek announces his candidacy for county commissioner. Citing his business ability, John says he is the owner of a sawmill, a threshing machine, a stonion and a reeoner, and hasn't gone broke yet.—(Canyon City Eagle). Credit should be given for possessing something besides the desire to run for office.

A person by the name of John B. Mudd, a denizen of New York City, has written to the editor of the Lit. Dig. in part as follows: "Are all red-blooded Americans gone? Is masculinity dead? Have we definitely and forever forfeited our right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

Well, then, what are we going to do about the issue of pear salad? Pear salad and all the other insipid, patience-wrecking, nerve-shredding dishes that are being served daily in millions of restaurants, hotels and homes, undermining our family life, jumping the divorce rates, sapping the vitality of the nation? Why, I repeat, are we going to do about it? And, further along the gentleman, as you might say, continues: "Don't think that we are intolerant. Except for pear salad, which every right-thinking American recognizes must be eradicated at the earliest possible moment, we have as yet placed no other dishes on our black list."

It is not known what all Mr. Mudd, but it is suspected he sells oranges.

Sentence Suspended—Maurice Putney was given a 10 days' suspended sentence when he appeared in city police court this morning to answer charges of reckless driving. He entered a guilty plea. Putney was arrested Sunday.

It's Hard to Understand!

The Oregon Journal must be "akeered" that the state sales tax will win. For its latest argument against the measure shows a complete victory of fear over intelligence. There is only one answer to such a hysterical and absurd outburst, as was contained in its leading editorial on Sunday, namely: that the opponents of the emergency sales tax are getting desperate. For the Journal is terrified by the prospect of sales tax DELINQUENCY,—or pretends to be. It maintains that if the measure passes:

"One big group whose property will be subject to seizure and sale without hearing in court... will be the food producers out on the farms of Oregon." In other words the Journal has the effrontery to maintain, that the farmer who sells his "food products" to the grocery store in the city, will stand to lose everything from his "cook stove to his home," if he fails to pay his sales tax.

We dislike to accuse the Journal of willful and malicious misrepresentation, and yet the only alternative is to accuse that paper of complete and abysmal ignorance.

For it SHOULD know—as everyone who has taken the time to read the terms of the sales tax KNOWS—that the food producer "out on the farm", who sells his potatoes or eggs, or butter, or apples, or WHAT NOT, to grocery in town PAYS NO SALES TAX! The retailer pays the tax, and ONLY the retailer. The only way the farmer CAN pay a sales tax on anything he produces, is to become a house-to-house peddler, or move to town and open a retail store, for HIMSELF.

Then how in the name of common sense can he ever become delinquent on a tax he never has to pay!

SERIOUSLY we are surprised at our esteemed Portland contemporary. It has a perfect right to oppose the sales tax, if it doesn't believe in it. There is no such thing as a popular tax. Against any tax, there are perfectly legitimate objections, particularly from those who have to pay them.

BUT, there is no excuse for any self respecting newspaper, to resort to such tactics, as the Journal resorts to in this Sunday editorial, to gain its political ends. It is unworthy of a great metropolitan newspaper, which whatever its faults, in the past, we have always regarded as fair and square in its methods, however mistaken it may have been in its policies.

We read over the editorial several times, in a sincere effort to find that we, not it, was mistaken; that there was something beside the cheapest sort of demagoguery to justify its contention, which at first reading had been overlooked.

BUT THERE IT WAS IN BLACK AND WHITE,—double-caps, all about the horrors of delinquency under the sales tax, "your cook stove and your home subject to seizure and sale" AND THEN: the greatest sufferers of ALL the producers of food on the farms of this great state!

THE only explanation we can see, is that because of the steady growth of pro-sales tax sentiment, the official mouth piece of sales tax opposition has temporarily lost its head.

For not only is the farmer exempt from a sales tax on everything he sells for resale, but he is more favored by this measure than any other class in the state.

He pays no sales tax on his gas; he pays no tax as an "occasional seller"; he pays no tax on regular sales, unless they are in excess of \$50 per month; he pays no tax on rent, doctor's bills, insurance, sale of personal or real property (NO ONE DOES), and more than that, no tax on cattle or poultry feed purchased for his OWN USE.

And yet here is the Journal seriously attempting to persuade the farmer of this state, that the sales tax will hurt them more than anyone else; and if they don't pay their food product tax—a tax, we repeat, which they CAN'T pay for it's not levied against them—they stand to lose all their property from cook stove to home, the "last rag from the back and the last bite from the mouth!"

Where Pioneer Heroine Battled Savage Horde

Though the years have been many, the old-timers of southern Oregon still remember the valiance of pioneer motherhood when Indians roamed on paths of war, attacking pioneer families attempting to build homes in a new country. The story of the Harris family—today almost a tradition



(Photo by Peter Britt)

opened fire, wounding the daughter, while Mrs. Harris kept up a steady stream of bullets at the attackers, who sought safety behind trees. Between shots she attended her expiring husband and until nightfall held back the savages, who finally withdrew.

The next day volunteer soldiers brought the heroic woman to Jacksonville with her daughter. Though death has overtaken her many years ago, her name has never died, inscribed forever on the undimmed pages of Oregon history.

Wheat Delegates Talk Export Price ROME, April 9.—(AP)—Discussion of a minimum export price for wheat again occupied the attention of the delegates to the world wheat advisory commission today.

All countries now have been heard on the question. After the morning meeting, the delegates said informally that their study was progressing uniformly.

Confers Here—E. P. Anderson of San Francisco spent Sunday in Medford conferring with Contractor Bill von der Hellen. Mr. Anderson arrived here on the Shasta in the morning, and returned south on the evening train.

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.

WHY THE POLITICIANS RUN THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT

The administration of public health is subject to the whim of the politician in every burg in the land. From Hickville on the Hudson to Hot Dog City, California. With every election the political gang that wins immediately turns out the incumbents of the health department and puts in their place a public health officer who is as solid a patronage racket for the politicians as is the conduct of our prisons everywhere in this crooked country.

A woman whose husband works in a foundry asks whether fumes from coke are poisonous. At the foundry they have used heaters all through the plan this past winter, burning coke and having no pipe or flue connection to carry the fumes out of the work room. Her husband suffers constantly from splitting headache, and so do many other workmen employed there. The woman thinks it is against the law, but her husband says no, that state inspectors are around about once a month and if it was against the law the inspectors wouldn't allow it.

Naive, the dumb cattle are about these matters, the fellow capitalists. Now if the graft-ridden town where this condition exists were blessed with a plain unbehind health officer—something after the fashion of the one who has made Rochester, N. Y., famous—this good woman would never have thought of writing to me about the matter. She would have reported it to the local Dr. Goler, and he would have had stovepipes on those furnaces or stoves in short order or the owners of the plant would have found themselves in serious trouble.

Of course any such heaters, no matter what fuel is burned in them, must have stovepipes to carry the products of combustion out of the room. A coke fire, a coal fire, a kerosene or oil burner, a gas stove, or even a wood fire, may give off the deadly odorless carbon monoxide gas or fumes if there is a closed or insufficient draft or if there is any leak in the stovepipe or flue. It takes only a small pollution of the air of a shop or room with carbon monoxide to produce poisoning, and splitting headache is one common sign

of mild carbon monoxide poisoning. The reason why the health administration is left to the tender mercies of the politicians is obvious. Big business can't be bothered by a lot of fool laws and ordinances which interfere with business. For instance the manufacture and sale of gas heaters that have no stovepipe connection and no provision for this safety factor. The people wouldn't buy and use so many of the dangerous contraptions if the law or ordinance prohibited the pipeless kind. So the bootlicking health officers or commissioners hang on to their soft jobs as long as the boss likes the way they betray the health and the lives of the people in these minor matters.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Appendicitis is Pathology. Our hygiene class at school has taken up the study of appendicitis. Is operation the only cure for chronic appendicitis? Kindly send me articles and pamphlets concerning appendicitis.—Miss B. R. Answer—"Chronic appendicitis" is not a lesion or condition a doctor can diagnose. It is just a guess which affords an excuse for an exploratory operation—a look see. I have no such pamphlets. This is a health service. I cannot distribute morbid information or advice indiscriminately. There is enough the pupils should learn about simple hygiene, without branching off into pathology.

What diseases can be contracted by consumers of milk where sterilization of dairy equipment is not enforced? What diseases other than Tbc. that affect cows may be contracted by persons drinking the milk?—D. C. Answer—Certain diseases which the milk or other handlers of the milk or dairy equipment happen to have—for instance, typhoid fever, amebic dysentery, diphtheria, possibly streptococcal or septic sore throat or scarlet fever. From the cows may come not only tuberculosis but also septic sore throat or streptococcal infection of the udder, and undulant fever if the animals happen to have contagious abortion. Unless your doctor assures you the milk is pure, it is a wise precaution, I think, to boil it for five minutes, no matter if it purports to have been "pasteurized." (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 9.—In the manner of Arnold Bennett's journal: I like Kay Bruhn's term for the dilettante Lucius Beebe as "New York's most elegant and aristocratic" and "breakfast Col. F. said women and the Stock Exchange ruined more men than drugs and liquor. I inclined to agree.

At a dinner, sitting next to her, I found Mary Pickford of extraordinary charm, her conversational range wide and more than most actresses undervalued about the stability of the claue. Her emotions are typically Irish—in the clouds one day, the lowlands the next.

I finished Thomas Burke's "The Beauty of England." His darkling prose of Lincolnshire and Sussex was better stuff. I'm ever promising to write vignettes of people I see in apartment house halls, but always procrastinate. Sometimes I think I would muddle life even in Utopia.

Margaret Illington was not only a superb and adorable actress, but how thoughtful always. We had a mutual gastronomic weakness—potato bread. Wherever she found it in her travels she sent a loaf to me. Her way with every one. It will be difficult for her Eddie to take up life again without her.

I tried excitedly to dial on the wireless Meredith Wilson's suite called "O. O. McIntyre," broadcast from San Francisco. The work is in three movements. The first "Thingumbobs" she second, Andante, "Thoughts While Strolling," and the third "Local Boy Makes Good." Static prevented reception save for a few snatches, and I was highly flattered. But I never "get" anything I want on the radio.

This morning I told M. I would not indulge in a spirit of anger again. Last evening in Dunhill's I lost my temper and my voice became a thin squeak, like a rusty hinge. And I was hoarse for two hours. Jeanne Eagles once told me that when flung into a violent pet she had double vision for hours and the back of her neck throbbled like a frog's throat. Worry and anger, humanity's twin poisons.

Irvin Cobb dropped by to read some clippings in the easy chair. He was in calm, lethargic humor, and when finished said something inconsequential and barged out. There were people here and I begin to suspect he has reached the point of humming folk because the next time he will be funny. But little wonder! One story I've heard him tell of a Padiach character 50 times and each time funnier. Wisecracks die overnight but a good story never stales. E. D. Coblenz' yarn of the Chinese wood-chopper, for instance. Or Charite Russell's of matting the pumpkin vines. Or Mon-

lague Glase' of the Cockney doorman at Old Vic. Or Chic Sale's of the village hackman's new hack. How capricious the average mortal's amusement taste. At one of those continental type of music halls I saw a turn I liked tremendously—a grotesque girl dancing with a comic sense of lay rhythm. Something like Pugot at La Scala in Paris. I roared. No one else seemed to laugh and a lady suggesting Julia Hoyt eyed me through her lorgnette. The act laid an egg that night. Dawn Powell's "The Story of a Country Boy" establishes her in the top bracket of depictees of American life. Along with Sinclair Lewis, Charles O. Norris, Edna Ferber and Fannie Hurst.

Sunny days have a strolling urge. I like to saunter down Second avenue, the street pleasing me most in the Ghetto. Frequently I stumble upon a book. George Moore's "The Lake," for example. Reading equaledly but making no sense. I like the foreign amble, the dandies of the Yiddish stage who strut and tuxedoed head-walters who stand in doorways at sundown, like George Rector in the old days of Oliver at Tour d'Argent. And that quaint bureau de tabac under the eaves where they sell tiny candle-like volcans in hand-painted boxes and Voltaire's Candide in a yellow French paper book. I must take Hattie Belle Johnston there some time.

In the astonishing bizzerie of theatrical first nights nothing intrigues me like the shirt fronts of Bernard Gimble and Joe Moore, smooth, expensive of white, stiffly creppant. No matter how much they laugh, their shirt bosoms remain serene at the curtain drop. As though just taken out of the pink tissue of a French laundry. I never get beyond a smile and that drily at the theatre, yet my shirt fronts, after a play, suggest a concertina designed by the mad King of Bavaria. Most amusing of the seasonal hijinks is the Hepburn girl, snatching at publicity Garbo-like, hiding from reporters and sneaking on a liner via third class. Apropos de rein! (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

THIS headline flares from the front page: "France Fearful of Armed Revolt."

France, one of Europe's most conservative nations—the only country of major importance remaining on the gold standard. France, whose boat has been, until very recently, that the depression has left it relatively untouched. Yet armed revolt is feared. Can you imagine that?

THIS armed revolt, a Paris dispatch asserts, is being prepared by both "rightists" and "leftists." "Thousands of rifles are said to have been smuggled into France during the past few weeks—as if there weren't enough there already, France being probably the most heavily armed country on earth.

SILLY people in this country tell us we should forbid ownership of guns by our citizens. This flock of guns pouring over the borders into France shows us how useless such a prohibition would be.

As a matter of fact, forbidding ownership of guns in this country, would be exactly equivalent to concentrating possession of guns in the hands of criminals.

Honest citizens would observe the law, but criminals WOULDN'T. B'UT let's go back, for a moment, to France, and this statement that armed revolution is being prepared by both "rightists" and "leftists."

What is a "rightist"? What is a "leftist"? These are strange terms in this country. A "RIGHTIST" is an extreme conservative. A "leftist" is an extreme radical. A "centrist" is a middle-of-the-roader.

These terms arise out of the fact that in European legislative assemblies the conservative members sit on the right side of the hall, the radicals on the left side, and the middle-of-the-roadsers in the center. In this country, we mix 'em all up together.

THEY do many things differently in Europe. In most European countries, both monarchies and republics, the premier is the real head of the government, the president or the king being more or less of a figurehead.

When the legislative assembly, which corresponds to our congress, votes AGAINST the premier, he and his whole cabinet resign; the president or the king appoints a new premier and the premier chooses a new cabinet.

So, you see, they get a "new deal" rather often over there. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, the other day, vetoed the appropriation bill providing increases in veteran compensation and in "salaries" to public job-holders—"salaries," please note; no feeder at the public trough ever accepts anything so banal as wages. "Salaries" are dignified. Mere wages are not.

And the holder of a public job is frightfully touchy about his dignity. B'UT we stray from the subject. If we followed the European custom, President Roosevelt and his cabinet would have resigned after congress passed the appropriations bill over his veto, and we would then have had a NEW president and a new cabinet.

Would that have solved our problems? Most emphatically, it WOULDN'T. It would merely have precipitated us into a peck of NEW ones.

THE EUROPEAN system, revolutions and all, is all right for Europe, if Europe LIKES IT. The less we meddle with Europe's affairs, the better it will be for us. But for ourselves, we prefer our OWN SYSTEM.

BRAIN TRUST ACCUSER OFF TO EXPLAIN WORDS CHICAGO, April 9.—(AP)—Accompanied by his wife, Dr. William A. Wirt, Gary instructor, departed for Washington yesterday on the Capitol Limited, to appear before a special house investigating committee to explain his recent charges that certain members of the "brain trust" planned to ferment a revolution.

3 Midget Phones 10c Peasley Studio. Notice of Final Hearing. In the County Court of the State of Oregon in and for Jackson County, In the Matter of the Estate of R. R. Duncan, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that O. H. Bengtson, Administrator of the Estate of R. R. Duncan, deceased, has filed his First and Final Account of Administrator and petitioned for an order settling the estate, and that Thursday the 10th day of May, 1934, at 10:00 a. m. in the County Court Chambers, Medford, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place of hearing said petition.

All persons interested are notified to appear then and there to show cause, if any there be, why such account should not be approved, and the Administrator discharged and the Surety released. O. H. BENGTSON, Administrator of the Estate of R. R. Duncan, deceased.

Pioneer Scion



John Claire Monteth, baritone, as he will appear in concert at the Southern Oregon Normal School Tuesday, April 10, at 8:15.

His program, "The Oregon Trail and Indian Days," will be of interest to all pioneers and descendants of pioneers. It will also bring a real thrill to those who have not the good fortune to be of such descent. Mr. Monteth, as the grand-nephew of Marcus Whitman, has much to give that has never been written in any book and he tells it in a most fascinating manner.

His songs, sung with a full rich voice, are authentic Indian ceremonial songs. In addition he sings some of the Indian songs based on real tribal melodies composed by such well known men as Charles Wakefield Cadman.

Tickets for the recital are now on sale at the Toggery. The first good rain in two months falls, and the fruit and farm interests smile again.

McMurphy Here—George V. McMurphy of the Chet Crank Advertising agency was a business visitor in Medford today.

tactics in the house, rushing bills through before the representatives have a chance to object. He got 100 minor bills through the other day. (Copyright, 1934, by Paul Mallon)

Weather Strip Eliminates SMUDGE In the Home See BIG PINES LBR. CO. Phone 1.

To Foot Sufferers THANK YOU

For your most generous response to my announcement of a clinic for Foot Correction. Your response was so generous that Dr. Holloway was unable to care for all the patients, and he will return for two days only.

Tuesday and Wednesday April 10 and 11

In order to care for these patients. A limited number can be cared for in addition to those who already have appointments, so if you are suffering with bad feet, or from Lumbo, Sciatica, Pelvic disorders, or any of the other various disorders which come from bad feet, please phone for appointment early, as this is the last opportunity to see him before he returns to San Francisco.

PHONE 1433 for an appointment. A nominal fee will be charge for complete examination.

DR. E. J. CARPENTER Medford, Holly Theater Bldg. 2nd Floor



Many Years Have Gone!

Since the name Perl began to stand for fine funeral service in this area, many, many years have passed. And with each succeeding year, the experience gained has made our service better.

Those who have called upon us will attest the fact that the present Perl service is worthy of its heritage.

PERL FUNERAL HOME Morticians OFFICE OF COUNTY CORONER SIXTH AT OAKDALE - PHONE 47