

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Candidates have started acting the fool, and some of them are not acting.
8000 men are chasing No. 1 Bandit John Dillinger, with scant success through the northern Minnesota brush.

The esteemed Portland Journal is editorially disgusted with vice conditions in "wildcat" towns near the Grand Coulee dam in Washington state.

Citizens are getting so, if asked for a match by a stranger, they don't give him a dime, from force of habit.

Living costs have increased 1.3 per cent—if it can be called living.

Clarification of the good-for-nothing continues to the detriment of the worthy poor.

An Idaho native has been sentenced to three years in state prison for stealing a prize rooster. If he had stolen a million dollars, he would have had a better lawyer.

Miss Phernye Sparrow reported to the police that a youth, appearing cat followed her to the front door of her nest in Awning Arms.

As a result of the Depression, a number have signed a pledge not to resist Opportunity the next time it comes along.

SOLOON SHOWS BRINGING UP (Cont. Record.)
I do that because no matter what the lady says to me I have to smile and bear it, because I am a gentleman and I cannot talk back. I never say anything unkind to a lady. They can say anything they want to me, but I always smile. Unfortunately, sometimes, when we are fighting a bill that a lady wants we cannot yield to them. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Norton. Will the gentleman yield?
Mr. Blanton. Oh, I yield to my good friend, because I am her friend, and the gentleman knows it. I am going to try to kill her bill, but I shall be pleased to yield to her.

Mrs. Norton. The gentleman knows that in the end he will probably vote for it.

Reports from the rural areas indicate that back-of-the-barn is giving the street corner a battle, as a forum for telling campaign lies. The change of venue has many advantages, and enables a campaign liar to charge a county official with everything but electricity, at a safe distance from the courthouse. Nobody ever thought of the rear of a stable, as a broadcasting center before. The next budget committee should set aside funds for the erection of a barn on the courthouse lawn. This would enable a citizen to pay his taxes, and have a barn handy to get behind and tell how he was robbed, and all about the corruption he discovered in the office he is seeking. It would also relieve the congestion on the street corner, and in the course of time grow into a Lyng-Center. It would also save the time and gasoline now expended in running from barn to barn. On the other hand, the courthouse barn would be close to the true facts and figures, and the accused could yank his ass out of the court house and rub his nose in his own lie, instead of waiting for a chance to catch him while snoring around the courthouse. Science has proven that the farther the barn from the courthouse, the bigger the lie. In other words distance inflates falsehoods. A lie told behind a Prospect barn has a greater bust measurement than one whispered behind a Jacksonville barn. A courthouse barn would not stop the lying—it would just centralize it. There will be chronic liars as long as there are chronic believers of lies.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist's column by Edelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Ridiculous!

THE police of the country are seeing things. Every holdup man that gets away—and plenty of them do—is John Dillinger or looks like him. No matter where the crime occurs, the police claim it was committed by Dillinger or a member of his gang. The Dillinger obsession is becoming ridiculous. Yesterday, just when the warden of the Ohio state penitentiary was proudly announcing that the doors had been double-locked to prevent the notorious and ubiquitous Dillinger from breaking in and rescuing his imprisoned pals, three convicts, in no way connected with John, proceeded to break OUT.

They didn't do the job with a wooden pistol but they could have done so. The one pistol they had was never fired. They merely waved it about, locked up one group of guards, disarmed another, walked down a ladder and went their way rejoicing.

THE same day in Chicago, three city policemen, fully armed in a police car, saw another car crash through a stop light. They started in pursuit and finally discovered the car at a filling station. The policemen got out and approached the car, whereupon they were covered by a machine gun and not only forced to hold up their hands but forced to give up their guns. The four yeggs escaped, and the policemen are positive one of them was Dillinger and surmise two others were Dillinger's pals, Baby Face Nelson and John the Fox. AGAIN, not a shot was fired!

WHY give our police, GUNS, and arm our prison guards? If a showdown comes there appears to be an unwritten law not to use them.

To a man up a tree it looks as though the country needs a few more town marshals like the late Wyatt Earp, and not so many flat-footed and wooden headed policemen. No one denies there is a war on in this country, in which organized crime and disorganized society. But a war, between one side shoots to kill and the other side doesn't shoot at all can only end in one way.

FAR be it from us to advocate bloodshed. In fact that is precisely what we are not doing. UNLESS there is some disposition to fight fire with fire, on the part of the mid-west constabulary, bloodshed will steadily increase, and the shedding of it will ALL be on the part of the innocent and law-abiding citizenry.

A new spirit and a little new blood is needed in law enforcement circles—particularly in our larger cities. Prison guards are not paid to back down in front of wooden pistols, nor are city police paid to meekly stand by while gangsters disarm them. Such travesties on an honored and useful profession should be promptly relegated to pursuits where courage and prompt action are not so imperative.

We need a little more of the Canadian mounted police spirit in this country, if this war against crime is ever to be won. The sooner we have it, the sooner the bloodshed will stop and the tiresome "shooting" will be over.

The Tax Crisis

IT is already apparent that, despite the 3 percent rebate and installment payments provided by the legislature and the federal loans on homes and farms, tax delinquency is to be heavy this year. The first four counties reporting show heavy delinquencies.

Of Columbia county's total tax of \$700,000, but \$216,392 had been paid at the date of the first delinquency. Curry county had only \$17,843 or 9.7% paid on a roll of \$97,993. Hood River had \$137,382 paid on a roll of \$407,745, but of this 25 taxpayers paid \$90,923, leaving only \$46,458 or 14.6% paid by all others.

All of which indicates that our property tax system is on the verge of collapse, and can no longer alone support the governments which depend upon it for revenues. Unless taxes in substantial amounts are gathered from other sources, many of our schools must close and other public activities decay or cease.

Excluding utilities, which are not delinquent, over half the property on Oregon tax rolls was delinquent last November. Over 154,000 taxpayers, 80,000 were delinquent, many of them for two or three years. Unless relief is had, many of the farmers and other property owners will be foreclosed and driven into the army of the unemployed.

For emergency relief, the sales tax offers the only way out, as taxation has come to consume about all the income from property, some of which because of high taxation has become a liability. The sales tax has solved the crisis in other states and will provide the way out in Oregon if adopted. It will bring in \$4,000,000 a year to keep open the schools and relieve property of that amount of taxation.—Geo. Putnam in Salem Capital Journal.

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 HYGIENE OF SWIMMING.

A correspondent writes that he has been a life guard and a pool manager for several years and has rescued a number of victims and has seen many others rescued. Once in a while such a rescued person claims to have suffered leg cramps. The correspondent has never seen or heard of a case of stomach cramps, however. He has questioned many other life guards about this and none of them has observed such a case, either. He says the Red Cross pamphlet No. 1005 states that cramps are due to eating just before swimming. The only ill effect he has observed from swimming immediately after eating is nausea or upset stomach, and in such instances invariably the individual has just eaten a breakfast of sausage and pancakes, or a big highly seasoned hamburger sandwich or "hot dog."

The Red Cross pamphlet is probably written by some nice old gentleman of some social prominence, or else by some bright but inexperienced young chap who is the protégé of some social leader who has a big nose in the organization. At any rate the notion that any evil comes from enjoying a swim immediately after a meal is without foundation in fact. Mere common sense, if not stomach sense tells you to avoid any unnecessary effort of any kind immediately after a big gorge. But unless you are an invalid—in which case your own doctor is your best adviser—there is no reason why you shouldn't go right in after breakfast after lunch or after dinner.

As the correspondent's observations and inquiries indicate, the occurrence of cramps of any kind is a questionable inference. It is an inference—more commonly made to explain otherwise inexplicable drowning of a good swimmer. Any one who attempts a hard or long effort in very cold water is certain to tire more quickly than he would in warmer water, and when complete exhaustion comes there may be a sensation of cramping in the powerless muscles. However, this is not a cause of drowning. Cramps just don't happen except in morbid imagination.

No room here to discuss the various disease conditions or accidents which may cause sudden drowning of a good swimmer. Suffice it that these cases are frequently ascribed to "cramps."

Friend used snuff for years, but gave it up a while ago. He claims it seemed to clear his head. He is a professional singer. He thinks he will resume using snuff. Please tell me whether it is injurious.—E. P.
Answer—According to recent magazine article there is still several million dollars spent for snuff each year in the United States. Most users chew a small cud of it, but a few sniff it in the traditional way. Its effect, however, used, is the same as chewing or smoking. (Copyright, 1934, John P. Dille Co.)

Dr. 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 30.—The palaver turned to coincidence. And I related this. During the Chicago World's Fair my father registered at the Great Northern from his home town, Pittsburg, Mo. He noticed immediately above his signature that of "E. C. Hall, Plattsburg," a gentleman my father knew.

In his room, he phoned to Mr. Hall. A voice he did not recognize said he was Mr. Hall. Father explained who he was and exchanged salutations of the day. He did not recall knowing an H. B. McIntyre. "You are E. C. Hall, the lawyer from Plattsburg?" my father inquired.

The response was affirmative. My father explained again who he was. Still there was indication so my father inquired: "Let me get this right, you are E. C. Hall, the lawyer from Plattsburg in Clinton county?" The gentleman replied he was and would come to my father's room.

They met and were perfect strangers. The comedy of error had resulted from the fact that not only had the state of Missouri been mentioned. The bewildered gentleman was E. C. Hall, a lawyer from Plattsburg, which is in Clinton county, New York. A further coincidence, as I recall, was that both had been mayors of their cities.

At the Garden in Cincinnati, a rendezvous for visiting ball teams and vaudeville folk, there was a blundering good humored bus-boy, the crowd at our newspaper table called, somewhat cruelly, "Stewp," a shortening of Stupid. Despite giggles and his complexities of syntax, he never forgot to be courteous, won a place in our affections and, as bus-boys do, passed out of our ken. In Cologne, 20 years later, I arrived by motor one night at the Dome hotel. It seemed to my wife and me we were attended with unusual graciousness all the next day and until the next noon. The manager, in a cutaway, escorted us to the car on departing, presenting a beautiful bouquet. To freshen the flowers later we stopped at a roadside inn for water. My wife noticed then a card attached. It read: "A joyous journey is the wish of Mr. McIntyre's old American friend—Stewp."

Arnold Bennett, during a seasonal stay at Barbizon, used to do much bicycling in the cool glades of Fontainebleau. One warm afternoon after a long spin he dismounted and stretched out in a green arcadia to

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

IF YOU are a regular subscriber of this newspaper, your way of life is probably pretty well settled. You may lack many of the comforts of life, and even some of the necessities—we ordinary people are getting used to that after four years of depression. But at least you know pretty well where you are going to sleep tonight, and what you are going to do tomorrow, including what you are going to eat and where you are going to get it.

SO THIS question becomes pertinent. How much do you know, if any, about the life of the transients who have become an important class of the population in these years of hard times and scarce employment? If you don't know as much as you'd like to, it will pay you to go down some representative street and talk to the transient relief service of FEPA—which means Federal Emergency Relief Administration.

You will learn plenty that is interesting. "WHAT kind of people do you deal with mostly?" this writer asked the Southern Oregon director of transient relief, yesterday. "All kinds," he answered. "We have men with college degrees, including master's and doctor's degrees. We have business men, clerks, government workers, skilled laborers, common laborers."

"As a matter of fact, we deal here in the transient relief bureau with just about an average cross-section of life. We could take the people who come to us and start an average community, with about all the ordinary businesses, professions, arts and trades represented."

"Misfortune in this depression has been an individual matter—not a matter of class."

"WE DEAL, of course, pretty largely with the wreckage—with the flotsam on the stream of life. That is apparent from our name—transient relief service. The people who come to us have been shaken loose, in some way or other, by some shock or other, from the ordinary, settled ways of living."

"But when you come to know their problems, you find that they are just common, average human beings after all. "Our job is to help them back to a settled way of living, and it is an interesting job. After some time spent at it, I think it is an important job—more important than a lot of people realize."

THERE is a lot of talk going around to the effect that those on relief, transient or otherwise, don't really want to work, but prefer to draw their rations from the government, without effort or responsibility. This director doesn't take much stock in this talk.

"Ninety per cent of those who come to us," he says, "genuinely want to work and earn their own way in the world. They don't want relief. They want JOBS. They want to know again that they are earning their own way in the world."

"The job of reabsorbing these transients into industry isn't going to be half as big as a lot of people try to tell us it will be."

"WHAT trade, profession, or business is most numerously represented among those who come to us," this writer asked. "I don't think I can answer that," the director answered with a grin, "because I don't really know. "There aren't many editors, however," he added.

THAT'S simple enough. Editors can't find time to be transients—although a lot of them would like to be. There's always too much to be done around a newspaper—although what there is to be done isn't always profitable.

"I REALLY think," the director says, "that cooks are about as numerous as anybody coming to us. "I don't know just why that should be, and I don't even know positively that it is true. But a lot of cooks do come to us here in the transient relief. "I reckon one reason is that cooks are temperamental. They are ARTISTS, with the true artistic temperament. When something goes wrong."

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This safe, all-vegetable, non-toxic medicine has been used by a family doctor during their trying "forty" years. MR keeps them regular—year after year. "I don't need any more medicine," says the doctor. "I'm feeling like a young man."
D. A. V. Planning Another Dance
The D. A. V. will hold an old-fashioned barn dance Tuesday, May 1, at the D. A. V. employment headquarters, 35 South Riverside.

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
April 30, 1924.
(It was Wednesday)
City plans a new water system, and objections pour in to council.

Many of them, possibly most, in all probability, have seen moments when throwing up the job and going out vagabonding, with no responsibilities—no meals to prepare, no dishes to wash—would have seemed like heaven. But they evidently restrain themselves at these moments, for the cooks, referred to aren't of the housewife kind. There are practically no housewives among the transients.

THE wine cellar of a Jacksonville citizen is padlocked by the sheriff. Orchardists taking out hail insurance. The fishing in Rogue river "was never poorer, and a disgrace to recreation seekers," sportsmen report.

"Too many people on wheels" is warning by President Coolidge. "The American people are running wild and money mad," declares Methodist bishop in address at Atlanta, Ga. "The nation is living in a fool's paradise, and sad will be the awakening," the cleric further forecasts.

STEAMER "Siberia," with 392 aboard wrecked off Formosa. Portland I. W. W.'s hoot name of Rockefeller.

Attorney Gus Newbury and Mrs. Newbury, and Mrs. August Paulsen, wife of the Spokane millionaire property owner and mining man, had a narrow escape from death or serious injury, when the front spindle of the automobile driven by Attorney Newbury broke, at the approach of a bridge near Ray Gold, and a plunge down a 10-foot embankment narrowly averted.

Plans for the 1914 county fair started. ISAAC HOUSEHOLDER DIES IN RESEDA, CAL. Word was received here yesterday of the death in Reseda, Cal., of Isaac Householder, long time resident of Jackson county, who made his home in Medford for a number of years. Mr. Householder died in the southern city yesterday.

He will be remembered here as a happy and loving friend to the many persons he knew during the 30 years he lived in the valley. He is survived by the following sons and daughters: Ralph of Talent, Ethel of Reseda, Charles of Santa Monica, Nina Dusenberry of Gold Hill, Iva Mason of St. Helens and Mae Forbes of Eagle Point.

Notice of Final Settlement. In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County. In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred J. Weeks, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed her Final Account in the above entitled matter, and the above entitled Court has fixed May 31st, 1934, at 10:00 o'clock A. M., in the County Court Room, in the Court House in Medford, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account, and for the settlement thereof.

City Warrants Called for Payment. Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand in the General Fund of the City of Medford for the redemption of Warrants No. 2285 to 2278 Inc. Interest on the above Warrants will cease after May 2, 1934. Dated this 30th day of April, 1934. GUS H. SAMUELS, City Treasurer.

In Ashland Today—Mrs. R. T. Turner is spending today in Ashland, having made the trip by train this morning.

Holder of Bond Certificates of Medford Lodge No. 1168. B. P. O. E. Funds are on deposit with the Trust Department of the First National Bank of Medford for payment of interest due May 1st on bond certificates of Medford Lodge No. 1168, B. P. O. E. Holders of said Bond Certificates are requested to present them for interest payment.



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