

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.
The proposed nation-wide drive to bring about a "return to the principles of the horse and buggy days." is a fine idea, after all the hum and bug days.

Paws and Maws want the council to put teeth in the curfew law. If this is done, it should be understood that the biting will start at home.

Garden truck is now far enough advanced to be stolen and blamed on transients.

J. Kort Hall, orchardist-fretter, tried some good cheer Tuesday, and found it disappointing.

Next Sunday is Mothers' Day, and even the wildest of the candidates can find nothing wrong with mothers.

Freddie Brennan accepted a position with the Cone Ice and Cold Storage company and has purchased a car—(El Camino (Chiff.) News)—What happens when Prosperity amites the seldom mentioned positionless.

A couple of co-eds called yesterday, and said they were looking for a location to start a Hotie Dogge Place.

A grand jury in session at Pittsburg, Pa., refused to indict Andrew Mellon, millionaire, charged with income tax evasion. Great has been the ado over the alleged cunningness of Mr. Mellon, and some would rather hang him than the district attorney.

Portland candidates for the legislature have found him an excellent subject, when they wanted the audience to howl. Andrew, however, could only have been indicted for having more money than he knows what to do with, and not liking Democrats.

The Chinese situation is once more getting to the point where it is impossible to make heads or pig-tails out of it.

VOICE OF THE PACK

Just exactly what is the objection, other than the break with tradition, to the use of brains in government—(Louisville Courier-Journal)—There is always the chance it will lead to some thinking.

Candidates are now reported in the field, crying "Wolf!" We cannot recall a campaign year, when about this stage of the proceedings, candidates did not start crying "Wolf!" Just why, with all the animal kingdom to pick from, is the wolf always used as a vermin to mention and no other? One of these campaigns a candidate with a little originality will arise, and cry, "Police Dog!" It looks like, in approaching a farmer, it would be more terrifying to say "rat," "weevil," and more appropriate to cry "Bull." In seeking votes among the women-folks, they could be scared quicker and better, by crying "Plea," or "Ear-wigs." It would be a change if in the fall, the candidates would not all cry the same animal, but select a few of the best carnivorous beasts, for personal crying, like they do their slogans. For instance: Rocky Mountain Goat. Vote for Me and Get a Key to the Bank. Maybe, if the Intelligent Voter: did not like the candidate personally, he would have nothing against his animal, and would vote for it instead of the candidate. This would catch the voter coming and going. The reason why the candidates are crying "Wolf" is because the voters are too polite to yell "Rats!" They should do more of it.

SO NICE! (Hoard's Dairy)
"Be Popular!"
"Surprise Your Friends!"
"Be the Life of the Party!"
"Learn to Judge Cows."
"Just imagine the fun you can have... While other smarties think they're being big stuff by speaking to the writer in French, you can talk with ease and aplomb... about the well-spread rump, 'capacious udders,' 'three testers,' etc.
"And if your I. Q. is above normal, you will receive a chomplum-plated diploma."
Candidate Ball Saturday, Oriental Gardens.

Not a Matter of Liking It

GENERAL MARTIN says he opposes the sales tax on theory, but if it is passed he will support it whole-heartedly. "Don't we all!" The Mail Tribune also opposes the sales tax ON THEORY. But Oregon doesn't face a theory, it faces a CONDITION. That condition is the complete collapse of the property tax structure,—the inadequacy of the income and intangible taxes. Passing an emergency sales tax, is the only way out of the mess.

It is the only way to prevent closing of many public schools. It is the only way to prevent increasing the expense of maintaining those schools, which are kept open. It is the only way, school teachers can be paid. It is the only way to reduce property taxes. Until business conditions materially improve, it is the only way to prevent virtual bankruptcy.

General Martin doesn't like it. We don't like it. No one likes it. But the question isn't what we LIKE—no taxes are liked—the question is what Oregon must do to prevent a major educational and financial disaster.

If General Martin had spent the past two years in Oregon, instead of in Washington, D. C., we have sufficient confidence in his good business judgment, and courageous leadership, to believe that he too would support the emergency sales tax. Not because he would like it, not because he would regard it as politically expedient, but because the best welfare of the state—under conditions which NOW prevail—DEMANDS it.

Wanted—Two Real Parties

IN selecting a new chairman of the Republican national committee, an up-state paper urges the party to recruit some new blood. It wants the old guard thrown out, and some "young fellows" enterprising and liberal, put in. That is a very natural view to take.

But we are not at all sure this will be done, nor are we so certain it would be good political strategy, if it were.

Age has a great deal to do with political convictions. We all start, in a sense as progressives—insurgents,—Liberals; we all end—or most of us—as Conservatives.

We fear that any man, enterprising and LIBERAL, placed in the position of national chairman, wouldn't last long. He would be forced, sooner or later, to be untrue to himself, or untrue to the party he had chosen to direct.

FOR the Republican party is essentially a conservative party. While temporarily under eclipse, we don't share the views of some, that it is no longer a great party. We believe it is, and we believe there is a genuine need in this country for such a party.

But in the direction of enterprise and liberalism it can't compete with the Democratic party, under the leadership of Roosevelt. It would be foolish to try to do so.

So our bet is the new G. O. P. chairman, while he MAY be young in years, will not be young in spirit. He will be conservative at heart, and anti-liberal in training. By nature he will regard the New Deal, as a dangerous step toward socialism; his belief will be that to fully recover, Uncle Sam doesn't need a major operation, but merely a tonic and a course of sun lamp treatments.

THERE are two sides to every question, this is the OTHER side to the New Deal question. The Republican party will—and we believe should—take that other side.

Therefore as majordomo of that party, the selection of a conservative business man type, rather than a representative young liberal type, would not only be more logical, but in the long run, probably more successful.

We need two parties in this country, and they should represent, as far as possible, diametrically opposing views. It would be, not only refreshing but beneficial to the country, to have a genuine Conservative party and a genuine Liberal party, instead of having—as we have had so long—two major parties with no essential differences but those between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

Some State Comments on Award of Pulitzer Medal

The Medford Mail Tribune has brought honor to the state of Oregon as well as to itself by its winning of the Pulitzer medal for "the most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during 1933." The Mail newspaper during 1933. The Mail newspaper during 1933. The Mail newspaper during 1933.

In one way this year's Pulitzer award is unique. As a rule it goes to some paper which has promoted a reform in the usual sense of the word "reform." The Medford feat was the exposure of bogus reformers, bringing a hysterical community back to its senses, restoring faith in the established procedure.

These are times when the easiest course, often for editors and politicians is to cater to public prejudices and suspicions. The Pulitzer award to the Mail Tribune is a warning to demagogues in and out of the business, that quackery has become a tiresome fashion.—Eugene Register Guard.

Selection of the Medford Mail Tribune as the winner of the Pulitzer prize for the "most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during 1933" by the advisory board of the Columbia school of journalism will be hailed with approbation by the newspaper editors of Oregon.

The discharge of such a service calls for moral courage of the highest type. It likewise demands sound editorial judgment. The Mail Tribune was fortunate in having both of these qualities in its editor. During the battle the Mail Tribune was condemned by hot-headed partisans. No doubt many of these persons, who criticized it so severely a year ago, have regained their sanity and are ready to admit their error. But there are others, still defiant, who peat with their venom.

There is no controversy over the soundness of this Pulitzer award. The Mail Tribune won the honor beyond question. For the outside world will never know, as Editor Ruhl knows, the courage that was required

and the sacrifice that was made to do its part in stimulating straight thinking and personal and political honesty at a time when passion and prejudice were running wild.

In taking its position against the Banks crowd, the Mail Tribune lived up to its responsibility. It discharged fully its duty in compliance with the best newspaper tradition.—Albany Democrat-Herald.

There isn't an ambitious editor who does not dream that his paper might sometime win the Pulitzer award for the most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper. So the heartiest congratulations of Oregon editors will go to Robert W. Ruhl, editor of the Medford Mail Tribune, latest recipient of the award. The editors will be made hopeful, too, for the Mail Tribune won the award in a line-of-duty fight brought to its door.—Eugene News.

Editors, like prophets are not without honor, save in their own bailiwicks, for Robert W. Ruhl of the Medford Mail Tribune has been awarded the Pulitzer prize for the "most distinguished and meritorious public service rendered by an American newspaper during 1933."

The occasion was the menace of revolt advocated by the "Good Government League" organized by Llewellyn A. Banks, published of a rival newspaper, the Medford News, who hurled defiance at the courts and threatened bloodshed. He secured a large following among the ignorant, jobless, and discontented—as every demagogue does.

The Mail Tribune is to be congratulated for winning a deserved honor, which will enhance the reputation of Oregon journalism throughout the nation.—Capital Journal (Salem).

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A LITTLE more today about the transient relief service. It is interesting, and because it deals with a problem that has been growing steadily in importance since the beginning of the depression, it is significant.

YOU may have gathered, from what has been said in this column before, that the transient relief service is trying to check DRIFTING—that is, constant movement of unemployed people from one place to another.

That is exactly what it is undertaking to do. In the past, the method has been to shoot transients on from one city to another, each trying to get rid of them as rapidly as possible. This new service is trying to keep them stationary in one place.

Not only that, but it is trying to get them back to the place where they started from. Its idea is that so far as possible each community should care for its own.

THE first requirement is a bath. Most of the applicants welcome this requirement, and are pleased beyond measure to get under a clean shower. But there are exceptions.

Every now and then some seeker for a meal and bed prefers to go hungry and sleepless rather than bathe.

A BATH, clean clothes, good food and a bed with clean sheets on it—these are the first steps toward doing something for those who call on the transient relief service for help.

It's a mighty good start, in this writer's judgment.

WOMEN are relatively scarce among the transients. But one came a while back to headquarters here in Southern Oregon.

She was hard-olled—and how! At cussing, she could give a mule skinner odds and make him look like a pale beginner. She couldn't see anything good in the world.

She was suspicious of everybody, down on the world and agin the government—and didn't care who knew it.

THE director, as usual, started in to find out where she came from. He got a few leads, and sent a few wires—but without result. She had given an assumed name like so many of the drifters, and he couldn't locate any relatives.

Finally, however, she softened a little under good treatment, and he asked her one day who she was and where she came from. She asked him why he wanted to know. He answered: "So I can get you a ticket and send you back home."

She said: "My God, do you mean you'd put me on the train and send me back?" He said he meant just that, and she broke down. "I've been trying for two years to get back," she said.

SO SHE was sent back where she came from, got a job shortly after her return, and has written back several times to tell how well she is getting along and how grateful she is for the help given her.

THE railroads, as you probably know, aren't hauling people so freely from place to place as they were.

A drifter at transient headquarters was discussing this one day. "Hoover opened up the freight trains," he said, "and I'm glad to say I voted for him the first time. But the next

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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NO MEDICINE CHEST IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF IODIN.

A glass-stoppered or rubber or composition corked bottle of tincture of Iodin is one of the indispensable items in any medicine or emergency chest. An ounce is enough. The universal indication for this is as a first aid disinfectant for all wounds, cuts, scratches, abrasions, bites, stings, the pure tincture of Iodin should be poured over or swabbed upon the raw or open surface just once. This bites and smarta severely for an instant, but the pain is quickly over and the Iodin actually seems to have a soothing after-effect. At least I find it so, when I apply it to a tender canker sore—for which it is good treatment, each sore being touched lightly with the tincture on a bit of cotton wound on a toothpick, once a day.

As a counter irritant for sprains, lameness, tendon swellings, painful joints, bunions, sore "glands" or lymphodes, one painting of the dry skin with tincture of Iodin is useful. The application of Iodin to the skin should not be repeated within a week, as a rule, for if too frequently applied it is likely to blister.

Recently many correspondents from widely separated places have assured me that ten or fifteen drops of tincture of Iodin in a half glassful of water, and a teaspoonful of the solution taken internally every hour or two is an excellent remedy for acute colic. Oh, well, cold to you, idiot. I have no personal knowledge of this. I do know that certain individuals with an idiosyncrasy or hyperthyroidism develop marked running at the nose and redness of the eyes and hoarseness when they get too much Iodin or iodide, a condition we call Iodism.

A drop, no matter if it is a little more or less, of tincture of Iodin in a drink of water is the right amount to take once a week throughout the year, or daily for a month every fourth month of the year—say January, April, July and October—as a suitable Iodin ration for men, women or children.

To prevent goitre and to maintain a good general metabolism; to prevent youngsters in their teens from moping and going listless; to prevent mature adults from going stale. And while you're taking your nip of Iodin, don't forget to give a nip also to the dog, cat, cow, horse, sheep, goldfish—each in proportion to his weight.

A drop of tincture of Iodin on the wet toothbrush will remove green stains from the teeth, and then a drop or two of aromatic spirits of ammonia on the wet toothbrush will heighten the bleaching effect. An

time I voted for this Roosevelt, and one of the first things he did was to put us off the rattlers."

They don't all like this business of stopping the drifting, you see.

WHAT will become of the transient relief service as times return to normal? Will it be dropped, along with many other emergency measures, or will it go on in some other form?

Here is something for you to think about: The director here quoted is of the opinion that it will drift gradually into a national identification bureau.

WHAT is a national identification bureau? Well, it is something practically all European nations have, but which we have kept away from so far. It is a sort of police bureau that keeps track of EVERYBODY.

When you move from one place to another, under this system, you are investigated by the police. No matter where you go, your movements are kept track of.

You are never entirely out from under the eye of the police.

DOESN'T sound very good to free and independent Americans, who have always been accustomed to doing exactly as they please and regarding what they do as nobody's business but their own, does it?

But a lot of people are getting the idea that this is the only way in which crime can be controlled.

Apparently, we have a lot of new things in store for us.

Theatrical producing seems to be the bitterest rivalry. Ziegfeld was constantly rowing with George White and Earl Carroll. The Shuberts and Klaw and Erlanger battled royally for years. Even the more docile Sam H. Harris and George M. Cohan quit speaking for a long stretch. And more recently Jed Harris canceled a liner reservation when he learned Max Gordon was aboard. The senescent of the entrepreneurs is likely Brook Pemberton. He travels alone—bowing to all but waiting with none.

Social regatta, no longer coalesce into the great leveling of the American scene. They have always suggested the high-nosed sniffs of star boarders in second-rate boarding houses, but lately they have become laughable. Dropping, for instance, Mrs. Gene Tunney because her husband happened to be a champion boxer. This year Philadelphia added to the hilarity by summarily booting Mrs. Ludlow Ogden Smith out of its library. This is a thrill! I think the same time Mrs. Smith, who is none other than Katharine Hepburn, was with loud beating of cymbals given the highest motion picture award for artistry in the land. One of New York's social leaders recently demanded her name be dropped. "It brings me too much circular advertising," she croaked.

In a Madison avenue shop one day I recognized in the saleswoman a person about whom there had been much newspaper bum-fuzz as a Social Reg-

ister in reduced circumstances. Her alertness was rather anguished and I felt depressingly low caste. In the cliché, an aisle manager loitered up within earshot and all of a sudden I felt desperately sorry. I purchased a trifle I did not need but so the overlord in the ledger-ruled trousers might hear, I said: "I've always wanted to be waited upon by a Social Registerite. This is a thrill!" I think the lady believed me, for she fairly beamed. Just a Boy Scout!

One of those old-fashioned and brightly-lit home-made candy parlors has opened on West 44th street. A distinguished Hercules, a ringer for Tommy Melghan, in a natty sport shirt and flannelia lassoes huge saffron strands of taffy on wall hooks in breathless one-man tugs of war until they are pulled cream white. Next day when I went back to the fascinating spot I noticed a window card "Boy Wanted." If there is a juvenile career topping that of assistant to a candy puller, I don't care to hear of it. My youth was—curse on the inventor of the mandolin!—entirely too mispent as it was. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

So-called "colorless" tincture of Iodin sometimes offered as a substitute for the brown liquid that stains, is not Iodin at all, and cannot serve the same purpose.

Tincture of Iodin in the United States is stronger than the tincture of Iodin in Canada, and the tincture made according to the British pharmacopoeia contains also potassium Iodid.

Many correspondents have inquired anxiously about the "Bran" label they find on a vial of Iodin. Labeling tincture of Iodin polsen is just an old Spanish custom. As long as you don't mistake it for cafe au lait or for beer or something it need not worry you at all. Even dramatic suicide bluffs are generally merely bluffs.

For the pocket or tourist's emergency kit a small vial of Iodin should be carried contained in a wooden, metal or other non-fragile case.

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 May 9, 1914. (It was Friday.) Radio knife operation is a success, but the patient dies.

"Oregon Federation of Patriotic Societies" of Portland is enjoined from putting "Yellow ticket on the ballot." 233,032 Republicans register in Oregon, 91,485 Democrats.

Exceptionally warm weather for this time of year, with the mercury at 85.4. Business and Professional Women, at regular meeting, listen to 28 candidates for office explain themselves.

Willow Springs tomato crop escapes frost damage. Rogue River to vote on school bonds May 17.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 9, 1914. Fourteen towns destroyed, hundreds killed by eruption of Mt. Etna in Italy. Sella-Photo circus parade to be held at 10 o'clock next Monday morning.

Revision of city charter makes progress. "The courthouse ring is defying the will of the people," declares a Same Valley resident in a letter to the editor.

Medford Rose society is formed with Mrs. Mary Reddy as president.

Ye Poet's Corner

The Home for You and I.

As I sit by my window—just dreaming I list to the tall pines sigh: And I dream of a home there among them— A home for just you and I.

Shrill screams the wind in the treetops, "How mighty am I!" is its cry: But snug and warm at their bases Rests the home for you and I.

As though through a haze in the distance, Indistinct, yet plain to my eye, It's there; though some may not see it— The home that's for just you and I.

Today is dark and raining, And clouds bedim the sky: Still through the trees is an outline Of the home for you and I.

But nothing dims the vision In my heart, that I've set high: To me, it's real and precious— The home that's for you and I.

Perhaps when the flowers are blooming, Or when leaves fall dead and dry, We shall realize my dream, and build The home for just you and I.

Mayhap when we have moved there, And again deep flowers shy, A third shall come to visit, In the home for you and I.

A tiny "third," most precious, Sent to us from on high, To bless forever and ever, The home for you and I.

And so—on and on forever, With hopes that never die— I dream of joys forthcoming, In the home for you and I.

—Mrs. Lawrence Wilson. Eagle Point, Oregon.

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