

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Press dispatches the past week have duly noted that irate indignants have threatened to shoot county judges, because of the alleged inefficiency of their relief aims. It may puzzle the layman to figure out where the victims of the economic distress procured cartridges for violent deeds, though unable to provide his own beans. The type probably gets his ammunition the same way he got gasoline to travel to a hairdressing.

Reckless auto drivers, who to date this year have killed and maimed 35,000 people, chiefly pedestrians, would occasionally crash head-on into an auto truck, or other object liable to put a permanent wave in a front fender, the public would have more faith in the genuineness of his recklessness. The safety experts, studying causes and seeking cures for the mounting toll, should observe the care and caution and modest speed with which a speed idiot approaches and passes a motorized barn on the highway. Abundant statistics do not state how many times, if any, the reckless driver has been unable to see an auto truck.

The City Beautiful Committee better start praying for a tornado to remove the campaign headquarters signs of both major parties.

The Gleemen will invade Yreka next week, where they will emit classical numbers, and plain but popular musical racket.

The management of the Moonlight dance hall wants it distinctly understood that the management reserves the right to refuse admittance to any lady it thinks proper—(Kiskiel (Colo.) Ledger)—Social ultimatum.

Here lies the body of young Willie Pink. Who used the street for a skating rink.

Kingfish Levinaky, a heavyweight prizefighter of no great prominence, and more famous for his dumbness than skill with his dukes has sent a telegram to that other Kingfish—Ben Huey Long of Louisiana—inviting him to act as his second in a coming fight encounter. The clouting Kingfish is looking for publicity, and the Louisiana Kingfish loves the same thing—except when he is patted in the eye in a gent's washroom. Huey is mentioned for the presidency, in a vague sort of way, and therein lies a danger. If the invitation of the pugilistic Kingfish is accepted, a portion of the American people, in their present state of giddiness, might grasp the notion that Kingfishes were better than one, and run Levinaky for the vice-presidency.

"BANKERS WILLING TO LEND EAR, GIVE TIME"—(Del Norte Triplicate Herald)—The bankers know that your interest is their interest.

LAMENT FOR TODAY. Our dog has some puppies and also has fleas. The kids' shoes are worn, socks out at the knees. The cow has gone dry, the roof's sprung a leak. And our wages just will not last out a whole week. The coal bin is empty, the light bulb is due. And the river won't run like it did when 'twas new.

The doctor won't come any more when we call. Don't know when we paid him his bill—if at all. The county nor state won't help, so they say. Though I'd willingly work two full hours each day. I guess it is useless, so I'll just sit and read.

For it's plain to be seen that I'm doing my best.—(Found by TRG.)

A new paved highway running through the heart of the smelter has been named "Uncle Remus" highway in honor of the fictional negro character.

Oregon's New Deal Starts

GOVERNOR-ELECT MARTIN is not wasting any time. Late yesterday he launched his 10-year development plan, by appointing a commission of nine men to draw up a preliminary program, for state development and expansion. This is a prompt fulfillment of one of the principal pledges of his campaign.

Even more important than the action itself, is the personnel of the commission. One can go over the list with a fine toothed comb and fail to find a single time-serving politician among them. Not one person in a thousand, has the slightest idea whether these men are Democrats or Republicans. But everyone knows they are men of outstanding ability in their respective lines.

Here is the list:

- Ormond R. Bean, city commissioner, Portland.
Guy Boyington, county judge, Astoria.
C. J. Buck, regional forester, U. S. forest service, Portland.
D. C. Henney, consulting engineer, Portland.
Ed W. Miller, manager Coast Highway association, Marshfield.
Jameson Parker, American Institute of Architects, Portland.
Philip A. Parsons, department of sociology, University of Oregon, Eugene.
William A. Schoenfeld, dean of agriculture, Oregon State college, Corvallis.
E. C. Van Petten, Ontario.

C. J. Buck, D. C. Henney, Philip A. Parsons and Dean Schoenfeld are particularly well and favorably known in Medford and Southern Oregon. They are all experts in their fields, and their selection makes it certain that the state's fruit, irrigation, timber and relief problems, will be attacked with intelligence and thorough understanding.

During the campaign this paper frequently stated that the election of General Martin would give this state what it sorely needs, a New Deal. This first official action by our new governor, is a perfect example of what we meant.

How Long Is Huey?

ELECTIONS may come and elections may go, but this man Huey Long appears to go on forever.

When the congress is in session he acts as senator from Louisiana and when it isn't, he acts as governor. Between whiles he takes train loads of college boys and girls to football games at state expense.

We can't imagine any thinking person agreeing with Huey Long or approving of him, but neither can we imagine anyone denying that he is a force in this country, that sooner or later must be reckoned with.

Unscrupulous, unprincipled, completely selfish and completely ruthless, he nevertheless, is a power. A dynamo of physical energy, a master of mob psychology, he is not only the actual dictator of a great state, the boss of a great city; but he is unquestionably the outstanding political PERSONALITY in the country, today.

As far as we are aware, no one either in Louisiana or in Washington has crossed swords with Huey, and not received decidedly the worst of it.

Innumerable and formidable efforts to "get" the Kingfish have been made, but each and everyone has failed. Politically speaking the man appears to lead a charmed life. If he has an Achilles heel, no one has been able to find it. It is no secret that he has official Washington buffaloes. From high to low, no one wishes to cross swords with him. His world seems divided between those who worship him and those who fear him. To date no "Lil David" has arisen to challenge this Goliath, and one wonders if there ever will be.

Probably there will. Huey Long is essentially the product of the depression. When that passes (if it ever does) no doubt Huey will pass with it.

But in the meantime Huey promises to make more of a stir and stench in this harassed world of ours, than any other political figure of this generation.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—All New York's men about town seem to have gone suddenly rural. They are deserting their duplexes and pent-

houses for cabins in the clearing, real back country places with stone chimneys, enormous fire places and early American furnishings.

Even that eternal gadabout Cholly Klotek-bocker, is off the main road in a C. O. N. E. C. I. U. woods in a refurbishment that features a red barn and dove cote. Westbrook Pegler has an all-stone house with winding walks edged in whitewashed rock. And well with an old oaken bucket.

Heywood Brown's country haven has a private lake and capacious drawing room of hand-hewn timbers. Gilbert Gabriel and John Anderson, the critics, have salvaged broad-beamed old timers and floored them up with Priscilla touches. As has Charles Hanson Towne? George Selles is squirting it in Jersey.

H. T. Webster has a honey of an old colonial at Shinnon Point and up a wild wander of lane in Westchester a pair of carriage lamps bespeak the Herb Roth abode. Verne Porter, Obie Winter and Art Kuderer add architectural upshots to the Maryland horizon. And Percy Crosby has his Virginia plantation.

A substitute of the weak diseasemaking saloma is to collect celebrities for the seasonal showings and make the display of frocks secondary. A psychology that has paid profits. Indeed, the mannikins are about for those who want to see but not conspicuously. They do not parade in usual fashion. Invitations read: "Cocktails, music, gossip." And there may be a listing of several names, such as an actor, a novelist or movie star, who will be present.

One of the better known advertising agencies is that to which Bruce Bevan is attached. There are few who have not heard of it, yet at a

lunch the other day six out of seven could not reel it off precisely. The official title—the telephone book, please—is Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, Inc. Turn away quickly and repeat it.

The most unusual and likely the most intellectual journalist to grace Park Row was William Bolitho, whose career ended so tragically during a flu epidemic in France in '31. He was a product of Fleet street and the greatest juggler of words and phrases international newspapering has produced. His column in the World made every columnist feel hopelessly high school. His wife Sybil was a lady of great erudition and together they wrote in rural France. Her recent novel, "My Shadow as I Pass," is really a biography of the strange genius of letters who was her husband.

The three mile trip of Harlem Speedway has become a Lover's Lane for young couples motoring. They park along the Seine-like balustrade skirting the river. The background is a sheer rise of forested cliffs including the famous Coogan's Bluff. There is engaging frankness about the love making. They are, like the Romeo and Julietts of the bus-tops, unashamed of their lingering clinches. In a crowded city where else is there to go?

Broadway's prosperous amusement hinky-dinky of the moment is a sports palace in the 50's. With garishly lit facade, it becomes to passers-by the inside abracadabra—a flea circus, chess and checkers for all comers, rifle shooting, photo studio, numerologists and handwriting experts. From noon until midnight it is packed with a cat-schnepz patronage. Recently it absorbed a big corner room next door and further expansion is probable. It has the hoax pocus of the old street carnival along the supposedly most sophisticated strip in the world. And "they eat it up."

Heywood Brown devotes a column to flabbergast over one of his essays being included in "Beacon Lights of Literature" collings that included Shakespeare and Milton. One of mine was there, too, for goodness sake. And they haven't let me out alone any further than the corner since. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Many streets in Greenwich Village, New York City, have houses dating from colonial days.

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.

TREMORS SO IT CAN HARDLY APPEAR BLASE
Whenever I try to play ball, as it comes my turn at bat, I begin trembling all over. If I get into a friendly sparring match my knees begin to shake (not with fear) and my hands get heavy and tremble so that I can hardly box. The prospect of an interview with my dentist, the pastor or my employer starts me trembling, and especially my hands shake so that I can hardly roll a cigarette. But I am not a tobacco hog. Can you tell me how to overcome this nervousness so that I could enjoy sports and meet people unemotionally?—J. E.



One of the best antidotes for such "emotional excitement" is exercise. One of the best exercises is a brisk walk or, for sound young persons, a run. Or some equivalent for such exercises and with a few friends or alone to wholesome exercise. Take baseball. The correspondent doesn't say, but we may fairly assume he refers to a contest, a game of one team against another. Perhaps even a game before spectators. Worst of all a professional game. No one who consciously or unconsciously craves a smoke or rolls a cigar and begins to eat it or begins the operation of filling a pipe in such circumstances is normal. Such an individual is obviously weak, defective, effeminate, lacking in self-confidence. What neurotics of that sort need is exercise, all right, but exercise without the element of competition or show-off. A game of one old cat or three old cats with a few friends or other individuals of similar plight. No spectators. No score keeping. Nothing serious about it. Just playing around for fun. The idea is that such wholesome exercise without attendant light or flight emotion serves to counterbalance the effects of the daily life of the neurotic or "nervous" person. That life is a lie. The neurotic always wishes to deceive the world, his friends or family, or himself. So a brief interval of honest play or hard work is good for the liar's soul and body. The ignorant young man—I say ignorant, though his letter indicates he is well educated above the eyebrows—needs to evade such games of baseball or boxing matches as he does and take up hiking or skating or hunting or fishing or anything or whatever activity he can engage in regularly and without contest or competition or audience. The trembling he describes is per-

fectly natural. It does not indicate fear, necessarily. It may just as well point danger to the opponent, for it is as likely as not warning of attack and fight. The machine is idling and eager to go—to use the released energy either to clear away the obstacle or to escape or avoid it. Fight or flight. In civilized life it is usually better to try to get around the obstacle, to resort to flight, or else to use a good substitute. I said walking or running is the best substitute. Sawing wood or doing the washing or mowing the lawn or shoveling the sidewalk or building a playhouse for the children or painting your dog's law loose from the neighbor's dog is good by way of occasional diversion, but you can always find walking to do, anywhere at any time, in any weather, and if you really want to recover what you think is "divine control" you had better do it every day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Mind the Rules, Please. Nine out of 10 complaints about Dr. Brady's failure to answer letters arise from the correspondent's own fault. The rules require that a correctly addressed 3-cent stamped envelope be enclosed if the reader wishes a reply by mail. Where this is not done, Dr. Brady cannot send an answer. Then, too, every day a number of letters are returned to Dr. Brady by the postoffice, because correspondents have given incorrect addresses or have moved. These erratic ones are the loudest and most indignant complainants. Candy. Is it true that it has been found that eating too much candy can cause a cold or sore throat?—Miss E. A. Answer—Don't know what you mean by a "cold," but I can assure you candy doesn't cause sore throats. Details. Father must have tonials removed but doctors say he can't take them. I remember reading an article of yours about a freezing method. I think... details of cost and general description of the method, also names of three or four doctors who can remove tonials that way, and who are reliable get reasonable. —K. H. Answer—Send a stamped envelope bearing your address or your father's and I'll give you the name of a physician skilled in diathermy extraction of the tonials. This is practically painless, requires no ether, involves no risk to life, no hospitalization, just from 6 to a dozen weekly visits to the doctor's office, at no more inconvenience than visits to the dentist's office to have a bad tooth treated. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.) Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

continue to fight for the same principles enunciated in this campaign." He added, as his own opinion, that the Republican party should remain as the conservative one of the two-party system, and predicted failure of the paternalistic and socialistic policies of the New Deal.

"When these policies do finally fail," he asserted, "the Republican party will be the only party ready to carry on."

IS HE right? Or is he utterly and stubbornly wrong? Will the New Deal, which has radicalized the Democratic party, fall ultimately, and after its failure will the country turn to the conservative Republican party for salvation? Who can answer these questions?

NOBODY, of course, can answer them with any assurance that his answer will be right. But we can get some interesting SUGGESTIONS as to the answer by turning to England.

England, you will remember, turned radical—"liberal" isn't quite the word; it does not go far enough—a few years ago and undertook to LEGISLATE prosperity.

She put her unemployed on a dole, and her government undertook to tell practically all business how to run.

IT DIDN'T work. The ancient laws of supply and demand and survival of the fittest and reward for effort proved STRONGER than the new laws that commanded prosperity.

So England changed back and so

OUR QUERY, "To dam or not to dam?" is answered near the town. By Luman, The Worker, Who dammed with his own hands For six feet of water, In lakelet, crystal clear In which he soon will plant Two Hundred Thousand Trout. Why not do likewise, Every one who can? Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank (Deposits Insured) P. S. Who will be the next one? To dam where waters run? To stop the damming, And go to damming?

For Backache, Kidney And Bladder Trouble
Stop Getting Up Nights
Here's one good way to flush harmful waste from kidneys and stop bladder irritation that often causes scanty, burning and smarting passage. Ask your druggist for a 35-cent box of Good Medical Haarlem Oil Capsules—a splendid safe and harmless diuretic and stimulant for weak kidneys and irritated bladder. Besides getting up nights, some symptoms of kidney trouble are backaches, puffy eyes, leg cramps, and moist palms. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL—It's the genuine medicine for weak kidneys—right from Haarlem in Holland.

Flight 'o Time

Medford girl walking alone, in the dusk, is struck on head by unknown assailant on South Holly street. Fine fishing reported in Rogue river near Ray Gold dam. Autolaters warned that practice of racing on West Main street "will not be tolerated."

Safe of Martin D. Bowers of Gold Hill is cracked Sunday, and police are hot on trail of ruggers. The postoffice reports considerable "early mailing of Christmas packages."

Cloudy weather continues but with no rain, muchly desired by farmers. Sams Valley is first community of county to complete its quota in the Red Cross drive for funds.

Twenty Years Ago Today
November 15, 1914 (It was Sunday) Campaign launched for the establishment of irrigation system in valley.

Ashland votes on bonds for improvement of Lithia Springs. Coach orders all football players of high school to be in bed by 9 o'clock to "present strong front to Ashland team next Saturday."

Christian church congregation to celebrate 30th anniversary of establishment of church here. Artillery duel raring on Belgian front; Russians capture Cracon then burn the city.

Back Hunter, Meet Mr. Stanley
To the Editor: All too often, the efforts of publicity agents go by unobserved. They deserve more notice. Let's not over-

look Tom Stanley, secretary, Shasta-Cascade Wonderland association, in behalf of buck hunters. The figures selected by Mr. Stanley prove that the average buck killed cost \$259.12, exactly. And figures do not lie. Thus the average buck killer spends at least \$200 more than he possesses, and \$2,500,000 in new money was poured into this section. Fine work, yesiree, boys, bring on the laurel wreath for Tommy. JOHN H. HECKNER. Brownaboro, Ore., Nov. 14.

Airport at Cape Blanco. To the Editor: With improvements in airplanes, and resulting increase in aviation, there is now within the reach of mankind a great air network of aviation. Many are giving it earnest consideration, and exploring possible air routes. The most westerly point in the United States is in Oregon, at Cape Blanco. It is 100 miles further west than either Seattle or San Francisco. The government now maintains a lighthouse at this point, and it would be an ideal airport site. A large tract could be put to such use at little expense. The coast highway, extending from Canada to Mexico, is near by, and could be used by the government as a military road. Well located airports are of great importance to aviation, and this was shown in the late aeroplane contest in the flights from England to Australia and by the Kingfisher-Smith flight across the Pacific. With such a fine site at Cape Blanco, for an airport terminal, the people of Oregon should endeavor to have one established there, as aviation is the coming means for transportation of passengers, mail and express.

CORNELIUS O'DONOVAN, 433 Worcester Bldg., Portland, Ore., November 11, 1934.

under the new government of Premier Pierre-Rene Flandin. He is closely linked up with the big French aviation companies. The January plebiscite to let the inhabitants of the Saar territory decide whether they want to remain under league control or return to Germany is not going to be postponed. The French wanted a postponement until after Hitler passed into oblivion. Paris has just received word that Hitler was about to play a trump card. He had intended to sit back and raise no outcry at France's proposal for a postponement. If the league granted the postponement Hitler then intended to declare that by permitting the postponement France had violated the Versailles treaty, which Germany therefore considered null and void in its entirety. Herr Hitler isn't going to be given that opportunity now. This little diplomatic biplay hasn't yet seen its way into the European press. It's one of those behind-the-scenes activities that find their way to governments by diplomatic grapevine.

News Behind The News
(Continue from page one)

PLAN THOROUGHLY BEFORE BUILDING
BIG PINES LBR. Co.
DEPENDABLE BUILDING ADVICE
Phone 1
No. 11

Turkey Growers Attention!
Receiving Date.. Monday, Nov. 19
PRICE 19c or better
Cash On Delivery at Meat Packing Plant Ashland, Ore.
Geo. High, Phone 409-R

LADIES ATTENTION!
SPECIAL MANUFACTURERS INTRODUCTORY OFFER
3 Days - Thursday - Friday - Saturday
NOVEMBER 15-16-17
ALL 4 PIECES FOR ONLY 98c
JUST ONE DEAL TO A CUSTOMER

One Box Joyce Gaynor Face Powder.
One Bottle Joyce Gaynor Perfume.
One Genuine Rock Crystal Lariat style necklace Rhodium finest diamond cut 18 inches.
One Pair Ladies Hose. Chardonize special Chiffon Weight, 300 needle, fine gauge, self pivot top, cradle sole, curved heel, seamless. First quality.

Above 4 pieces, one deal to a customer. Three days only for 98c

This Makes a Fine Christmas Gift

MAIL ORDERS
Add 10c for Mailing

Farmers and Fruitgrowers Bank
(Deposits Insured)

Who will be the next one? To dam where waters run? To stop the damming, And go to damming?

HEATH'S DRUG STORE

Ladies' Rest Room—Medford Bldg. Phone 884

REPORT ON COOK ESTATE IS FILED

A report on the sale of personal property in the estate of Jessie May Cook was filed yesterday in probate court by Mary Chisholm of Gold Hill, administratrix of the estate. Deceased was found dead at her home in the Beagle district about a year ago, under circumstances that indicated suicide. The report shows that the personal property, at a sale, brought \$2245, and confirmation of the sale is asked. The report states that all personal property of the estate has been sold, with the exception of a quantity of kerosene, "which was stolen," ten cords of firewood, which the appraisers did not list as an "asset of the estate," and a milk cow.

Parking Houses Raised Pay
ST. LOUIS (UP)—Recent salary increases granted by major parking houses have added \$80,000 to employees' incomes for 1935. Approximately 1,200 workers are affected.

Nose Worth \$21,200
SPOKANE, Wash. (UP)—Thomas Foley values his nose highly. He sued a dairy for \$21,200 damages for a scar on his nose sustained in a crash with the dairy's delivery truck.

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