

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Another Railroad to Coast

FOR sheer vitality we believe the project of a railroad from the Rogue River valley to the coast, holds some sort of a record.

To our personal knowledge such a railroad has been seriously contemplated for at least a quarter of a century. Surveys have been made, hearings have been held, delegations from the coast have travelled inland; delegations from inland have travelled to the coast. And yet barring the Grants Pass spur line which operated only a few years, nothing to date has been done.

NOW comes an entirely new project, but with the same fundamental purpose in mind. The "Gold Coast" Railroad company of Port Orford has applied to the interstate commerce commission for permission to construct a railroad from that port, down the coast to Rogue river and Gold Beach, then east along the Rogue connecting with the S. P. at Leland just north of Grants Pass.

According to press dispatches the new railroad is not connected in any way with any railroad now operating, and an application for RFC financing is made.

Such a project would go through one of the most remote and least developed sections of the entire state, and undoubtedly a region with great natural resources, particularly in timber and minerals.

We would like to see the railroad built. It would help all southern Oregon. But with construction depending upon government financial aid, we don't expect it will be. With well established lines operating in thickly settled parts of the country, failing to make expenses, we fear the RFC will be loath to divert any of its funds, to entirely new construction through an untailored wilderness.

MOREOVER if a railroad to the coast WERE built we would greatly prefer one that would connect the Pacific ocean with the Great Northern rather than the Southern Pacific, so southern Oregon could not only have a direct connection with tidewater but with the East. A little brisk railroad competition in southern Oregon would also be a very salutary thing.

However this latest application demonstrates how impossible it is to keep the idea of a railroad to the coast down. Scooped in one direction it proceeds to bob up in another.

Everyone knows drops of water will wear away a stone. It would appear only natural therefore that where an effort is so persistent, sooner or later an East and West transportation outlet for the Rogue River valley, WILL become a reality.—something which is greatly to be desired.

Keep the Syndicalism Law

THE Mail Tribune opposed that feature of the state criminal syndicalism law which made mere membership in the Communist party, a crime. We feel any citizen of the state, has a perfect right to belong to any political party or organization he—or she—wishes.

But openly advocating violence and revolution, either by word of mouth or printed tract, we regard as an entirely different matter.

In other words we have no particular quarrel with the person who honestly believes the only cure for our economic and social ills, is to follow the course of Soviet Russia. We don't agree with that view, but we would willingly fight for the right of the individual to hold it.

But to believe in this communistic solution as the inevitable outcome is one thing; to believe in its immediate attainment by violence and bloodshed, is quite ANOTHER.

WE have seen a good deal of communism the past few years, both in California and this state. And we have come to the definite conclusion that these communistic leaders and agitators, are a little better than criminals and gangsters. They talk a lot of piffle about being concerned with the welfare of the common man and the betterment of society. But in reality this is merely a subterfuge. All they are REALLY interested in is inciting a revolution of violence, so they may themselves gain control and political power.

These men are shrewd, resourceful and ruthless. They know just what they want and intend to get it. The only practical way to combat them therefore is to meet fire with fire,—force with force,—to put them down before they can get a good start.

THE present criminal syndicalism law, we are convinced, is an effective and perfectly proper weapon for the state to use in this direction. Let those who advocate radical change, thru peaceful means, all the free speech and free assembly they desire. Let those who wish revolution via the ballot, have full rein, to air their views on any occasion, or ANYWHERE.

But when the paid emissaries of Moscow bob up to advocate armed revolution, the overthrow of this government by violence, and a program of sabotage, boring from within and incendiary propaganda which can only result in bloodshed and destruction,—

Tell them quietly but firmly, either dry up along that line, or go to jail!

We are convinced it's the only way. An attitude of lenience and indifference, will only be taken by the real REDS as a sign of weakness, which they will proceed in every way to take advantage of.

We are convinced the situation is serious. We are also convinced that until the conditions change materially, the criminal syndicalism law, as modified at the last session of the legislature is something for Oregon to retain, NOT to repeal.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

This paragraph in the news is interesting:

"Clay Williams, chairman of the industrial recovery board, predicted today that price fixing would be eliminated from the new NRA"

A fixer of prices, over any considerable period of time, the law

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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.

MEDICINE MAKES STEADY PROGRESS

Everyone has heard the quip about the doctor who instructed the insomnia patient to eschew all food after 6 p.m. A month later the patient returned, still complaining that she couldn't sleep. The doctor noted she was rather undernourished and prescribed a bedtime lunch as supplementary nourishment. At that the lady expostulated. Only a month ago the doctor had cautioned her against eating at night. Yes, es perhaps, but medicine is making rapid strides these days.

Formerly doctors restricted the amount of protein or albuminous food in the diet of the patient with Bright's disease, on the slender theory that the kidney impairment somehow made the patient incapable of utilizing such food. This conception of the treatment spared the kidney but ignored the welfare of the patient. With increasing knowledge of the processes of metabolism physicians came to take a more rational view of the management of nephritis, which involved more careful consideration of the needs of the patient.

They recognized that protein or albuminous material that is utilized in the body for repair of wear and tear—the principle purpose of nitrogenous food material—is not broken down into end-products and therefore cannot increase the burden on the kidneys, for the function of the kidneys is concerned only with the excretion of the end-products of metabolism or combustion. In actual practice today, giving the chronic nephritis patient, an adequate amount of meat, fowl, fish, eggs, cheese, milk, peas, beans, nuts and other nitrogenous items which were formerly excluded or restricted, we see victims of chronic Bright's disease living comfortably for many years.

Consequently, scientific dietary restrictions, prescribed or voluntary, tended to hasten depletion of the normal body proteins and produce chronic inanition. That, of course, retards all recovery.

The discarded theory of the cause and treatment of nephritis was based on conjecture or hypothesis alone. Conjecture, just thinking, is essential in all progress, but pure theory without scientific control or actual tests by methods of precision, may lead us far astray. First an explorer (Epstein) observed that his patients with nephritis were given liberal amounts of albuminous or proteid foods notwithstanding the heavy albuminuria, they fared much better. Then came the practical method of measuring the amount of protein in the blood, and by means of this

increases in ability of his customers to PAY, he will lose customers. It isn't good for any business to lose customers.

ALL of which brings us back to the only theory of prosperity that really holds water, which is this: Prosperity exists when all classes of the population are able to exchange their goods and services on a fair and equal basis.

Price really has nothing to do with it.

CHINESE bandits murder two American missionaries, and our state department, we read, will urge strongly that the Chinese government—or what passes for a government over there—capture and execute the bandits.

Good enough. But wouldn't it be a good idea to put our own house in order by capturing and executing a few more of the bandits who are murdering and slaying HERE AT HOME?

THIS writer, who is a hopeless individualist, and therefore badly out of tune with a lot of modern political ideas, can't get away from the notion that if government paid a little more attention to such fundamental duties of government as catching and punishing criminals and a little less to running everybody's business, or TRYING TO, we'd all be better off.

THIS question keeps sticking up its head: If government eventually runs EVERYBODY'S business, as a lot of people seem to think it should, what will be left for US to do?

Here is the short, brutal answer: Nothing much, except to TAKE ORDERS from some government official or other.

FOURS HURT Rabbit Season. POMEROY, Ohio.—(UP)—Red and gray foxes, both in large numbers have preyed on rabbits in this area, so heavily this season that bunnies for hunting are scarce, according to nimrods.

Cleveland Fund \$3,226,147.38. CLEVELAND, (UP)—Cleveland's community fund this year raised \$3,226,147.38, with total number of donors, 438,964, far in excess of the number of donors last year.

Plane Used in Fox Hunt. KENTON, Ohio.—(UP)—An airplane circled the lines and gave the marchers signals when the second annual fox drive and turkey shoot sponsored at Big Springs, O., near here, was held.

NOT so good for anybody? you say. "How about the fellow who has raised his prices?" No, it isn't even good for him, for

As a fixer of prices, over any considerable period of time, the law

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 15.—This is one of those swollen, gray drizzly days when I'd like to sit in a dark corner sulking while the people coax me to write a column. But who cares about my moods? Just a machine, that's what I am. A gadget of Fate. A biological spinning wheel if you ask me.

Maybe I can work myself up to a good cry. What's happened lately? What hasn't happened for the love of Aunt Het? And yet they expect me to be out there pitching. Not even out for a good old fashioned noogie. Not I, no, sir. I have to be always merry and bright.

Full of the Old Ned and getting off things. Laugh, clown, laugh. It must be fun to be a columnist. Yeah. A fine bed of roses, I'm in. All I want is to sit here and think morbid thoughts. Maybe I ought to be psycho-analyzed. I can't sleep much after 11 a. m. any more.

For 20 years I've been enduring the grind. And now comes these frustration spells. Perhaps I had an unhappy childhood. Or maybe it was the thimble-tracks of grandma's. I might have known de-winging those flies would bring me to a no good end.

What I need is a cloister. Just an iron cot, tin-cup and chair. O, well, they might throw in a hair shirt by Suika. I have the swamp miseries. The trouble with people is they live too long. This late in life I have got to re-establish my ego. If I had any loyal friends they'd be dropping in and telling me how good I am. But no, they are probably over at the Waldorf bar regaling that honey about the Pullman conductor and the deaf lady from Altoona or singing Cole Porter's rihald "Miss Sonia Fitch." A fine lot in a crisis. When the crash came, they were swilling side cars.

Note to my biographer: To the end I kidded myself a fellow could have devoted friends no matter what happened. Just a push-over for sentiment. So what? Well with all the gaudy about, I sit hugging my wind-swept letters longing for a pinch of even a dry smile. Ten millions in this lunatic city and not one who cares. Not one to bring back faith. Not one to join me in what looks like a swell nervous break-down.

Don't worry, that's not a tear. It's eye strain. Get from sitting hours staring into an unfathomable void. Other people can fathom a void and go on to Sid Solomon's Casino and wind up at Leon and Eddie's but not I. Anytime a void sees me down front on the side it becomes nasty to handle. Right away it does. Lucky stuff like Frank Sullivan and Corey Ford wouldn't have to fathom a void. A void would jump right into



their laps and purr. And begin to sing void-de-do-do!

Still drizzling. They couldn't turn on a little sunshine this day I'm finking things so. No, they must think up something fancy in the way of a clinging mistral. And I'm supposed to skip to my typewriter, it's, ja, and tap out airy nothings—frosy stuff. Let them keep on and I'll give them froth. They'll find my lips bubbling. Most of my life I've been silent and self effacing. I'm entitled to at least one set of gibbers. To scream, beat my head against the wall, ring bells and yank fire whistles.

The trouble is I'm introspective. Too much living to one's self, too many books, too many walks in the gloaming. What business of mine why that is which or which why is why? That's fun. I'm going to play that again—why which is which or which why is why. I'm beginning to joke. Stick around, I might come out of it. And if I do, I'm a case. But it's only a flash of the old frivolity. I'm back in the saddle riding herd on we again. I'll sing that lonely cow-boy lament. "Get along, little doggie, get . . ." That's enough of that. Either my voice is changing or I'm growing weaker.

No place like a shaded room and ghostly white thoughts. There's an arrangement in black and white, Toots! Shaded room, ghostly thoughts. If Julian Green were writing this he would put in an ear splitting shriek. But I'm not that crazy yet. Just a bit touched. You know, nuts to you!

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From the Editor of The American Boy

During the coming year, the boys of America will get a half-fare rate to adventure and fun! THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, the nation's leading magazine for boys, formerly \$2.00 a year, now costs \$1.00. A three-year subscription, previously \$2.50, costs only \$2.00.

Griffith, Ogden Ellis, editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, brings boys the hearty assurance that the new prices will in no way affect the editorial contents of the magazine. It will be as large, as beautifully printed, as full of high-spirited adventure as ever.

"THE AMERICAN BOY'S" leadership has been no accident," Mr. Ellis states. "We publish the magazine on the firm belief that boys deserve a magazine as good as any publication for grown-ups. So we use the best illustrators obtainable—well-known artists who work for the biggest magazines. We send our staff writers all over the country digging up the interesting facts of science, interviewing world-famous explorers, talking to coaches and athletes.

"We encourage and assist our writers to go everywhere for material—to Haiti, Africa, the South Seas, China—and bring back adventures for American boys. We hire experts on hobbies and boy problems to advise boys and young men. These steps account for our position as the quality magazine for boys, and we shall continue to take them."

Twelve issues of fun and excitement for \$1.00! Three years for \$2.00! Spread the news among your friends—and send your own subscription direct to THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Service on your subscription will start with the issue you specify.—Adv.

ALBANIA mobilizes her army to subdue Albanian rebels.

ROGUE RIVER valley is warmest spot in state, as freezing temperatures sweep Willamette valley.

Governor Pierce asks resignation of member of fish commission, because fish commissioner is alleged to have purchased liquor.

Council votes \$13,500 for purchase of new fire department pumper.

Postoffice warns people many Christmas packages are insecurely wrapped for mailing.

Twenty years ago today December 16, 1914. (It was Tuesday) Carcasses of 15 reindeer arrive from Alaska, and go on sale in local meat markets.

Twenty years ago today December 16, 1914. (It was Wednesday) Great battle raging between Russia and German armies near Warsaw; hull comes to western front; four English vessels sunk by mines in North Sea.

Members of the fire department are wearing a snow, which will be presented as a Christmas gift to Miss Clara Woods of the Medford National bank.

All high school dances have been called off until further notice, as a result of a recent rumup at a class dance, held in the hall over Daniels for Duds. The trouble followed the invasion of a freshman dance by upper classmen. The local lodge occupying the hall seeks damages for a number of spears broken during the disturbance.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gates have arrived from Peoria, Ill., and will soon be at home on Geneva. Mr. Gates will enter the business of C. E. (Pop) Gates. Peoria papers print accounts of Mr. Gates' departure, and regret his leaving. Mr. Gates is described as a "clear-eyed, clear-thinking business hustler."

Mercury drops to 17 degrees above zero, and city has coldest night in two years.

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 December 16, 1924. (It was Tuesday) Carcasses of 15 reindeer arrive from Alaska, and go on sale in local meat markets.

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STARTS TODAY FOR 3 BIG DAYS
Continuous Shows Today 1:45 P. M. to 11:00 P. M.
THE MELODY MASTERPIECE OF THE SCREEN!
"DOWN TO THEIR LAST YACHT"
Produced by Lou Brock, creator of "Flying Down to Rio"
Be the first to hum and whistle its gay and enchanting tunes!
with MARY BOLAND, POLLY MORAN, NED SPARKS, SIDNEY FOX
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STARTS TODAY ROXY
A Refreshing and Distinctive Drama of Youth Today
Margaret Sullavan with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
IN LITTLE MAN WHAT NOW?
ALSO—Headliner, "ALL ON DECK"
OSWALD CARTOON, "WAX WORKS" — NEWS