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Ye Smudge Pot. Repeal of Prohibition, more or less glorified as a revenue producer, failed to include a provision making it illegal for a portion of the thirsty to drink good liquor.

NICHOLS, Ga., Dec. 25.—(AP)—Against bullets, dynamite and tear gas, an armed negro held a log smokehouse for three and a half hours today as officers sought to arrest him for fighting.

NO MONEY FOR A MINER. (Western Mine Exchange) The brothers, next morning, resumed work on the stringer of quartz and before night again had made itself known they had annexed \$1800 worth of the yellow metal.

After a steady diet of Mae West stories for nine months, local bon vivants were greatly refreshed with one this week about a Swedish.

"Dr. Albright, the dentist, is able to be in his office for the first time since his auto wreck, and is still painful." (Gazette Items)—Naturally!

The short-lived oratorical rumpus between Messrs. Richberg and Johnson over what the latter was going to say in forthcoming articles in the Sat. Eve Post, ended with General Johnson the victor. He stopped all further argument with the crisp observation: "Mr. Richberg is troubled with ants in the pants of his conscience. For some time the ants have prevailed, it was unkind to criticize any notion bearing the Democratic stamp of approval. After the exciting preliminary spitting, Messrs. Richberg and Johnson became reconciled as swiftly and easily, and in about the same degree as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Their alleged peeve was good advertising as long as it lasted."

An automobile was driven across the Willamette river yesterday for the first time in history, it is believed.—(This day in 1924 Oregonian)—Still a neat trick.

YE EDITOR'S MAIL. The mail did not yield much today. Some preacher sent a long piece, in which he bewails the church was going to the bow-wows. He does not know anything about it either way and is just seeking publicity. A California school reports that not all the wheat raised is reported. It does not know anything about it and is looking for a notice. A firm in Chicago reports that it has found that not one farm out of six has running water in the house. It is just guessing—looking for a chance to get mentioned. An insurance company wants us to print a long piece telling about its help to borrowers. The borrowers will pay interest and what's the use of advertising the company? A statesman at Washington sends us a long speech about the Philippines, but wants a notice. A Kansas statesman who wants an office asks for a notice, but says it is too poor to pay for it. He ought to stay out of politics and go into some business where he could make a living. A dry organization sends a full page giving the wets high and a wet organization sends a page giving the dries high.—(Abilene (Kan.) Advertiser).

See Mail Tribune want ads.

A Momentous Message

NOT for many years, has a message to congress been awaited with such keen public interest as the forthcoming message from President Roosevelt to the legislative branch of his government.

What will the President say? What stand will he take on this question and that? Business men would like to know. Republicans would like to know. Democrats would like to know. Everyone would like to know.

But according to press reports from Washington, no one knows—everyone is in the dark, and it is apparently the President's intention to keep them in the dark, until the message has been delivered.

SUCH a course is wise. More than that it is imperative. For while both domestic and world affairs, appear at the moment to be in a state of suspended animation, under the surface of dead calm, tremendous forces are stirring.

At any time now, until the opening of congress, there may be a vital change in the status quo. It is probably not far from the mark to say, that on many issues, President Roosevelt has not himself decided which course to pursue, and will not, until the last moment. Obviously to be committed to any concrete policy, through premature announcement, would not only be embarrassing, to the chief executive but might be fatal to some objective he has in mind.

So until the opportune time comes President Roosevelt on matters of state, is keeping his own counsel.

This is one of the most surprising qualities of our democratic Roosevelt. Superficially he is the most amiable and engaging of men,—full of banter, playful persiflage, a great favorite with the press boys,—but this is entirely a convenient camouflage and used as such.

Beneath it all, his keen mind is analyzing, dissecting, balancing, and pointing steadily toward a definite goal. More than that while no President ever had more advisers, it is doubtful if any President ever depended so entirely upon himself, to arrive at definite conclusions.

SUCH an unusual combination is extremely valuable in the White House at the present time.

A man of less personal charm and tact might be gradually isolated; a man of less courage and self reliance, might be hopelessly mired in the bogs of indecision.

Once again it is plain that some kind Fate, guides this country's course, putting at the head of the government, the precise type of man, that the nature of the crisis demands.

Quo Vadis?

ONE of the most perplexing problems facing the country in the last half of the Roosevelt administration, will be the matter of relief.

There are two definite and opposing schools of thought in this direction. One school favors the gradual abandonment of all so-called, work relief, and going over completely to a direct dole. The chief argument in favor of such action is the lowered cost. No informed person denies that the direct dole would cost the government far less money than the working relief system.

The other school opposes the dole on two main grounds: first that it would establish a large permanently dependent class, based upon the assumption the government owes every man a living regardless of what he may do or not do in return; second that the dole would be demoralizing, destructive of self respect on the part of the beneficiaries, and by removing a vast majority of the unemployed from the labor market, would raise the wages of labor employed, far above what actual business conditions would justify.

THIS issue would be an excellent subject for the High School debating team. For no matter which side might be taken, a good case could be made for it.

Throughout the country at large there seems to be a general impression that under the present system there is no dole. This is not true. Technically the dole system has not been adopted, but actually there are today more unemployed on DIRECT, than on indirect relief. And direct relief, giving the needy enough to live on without requiring any services in return, is to all intents and purposes a dole.

This present system costs the country approximately \$2,000,000,000 a year. Were a direct dole adopted it is estimated the cost would be not more than \$1,500,000,000—a saving of half a billion dollars.

To turn in the other direction, cutting down on direct relief and increasing work relief, would increase costs all the way from \$2,300,000,000 to the colossal sum of six billion dollars, depending upon the precise program followed.

To transfer 1,300,000 persons now on direct relief to work relief would boost the total cost to \$2,300,000,000. Now instead of giving these unemployed just enough to live on, and as some propose, giving them say a living wage of \$55 a month, would increase the total cost to about \$4,000,000,000.

To keep these same workers on a \$55 per month basis, and provide a vast public works program, so as to stimulate the purchase of raw materials and benefit the basic goods industry, would cost from six billion dollars to \$6,500,000,000.

And so on and so forth. Which is the best and wisest course to pursue? This is only one of the questions the President will eventually have to decide. We wonder how many people would like to be in his shoes, and have the responsibility of such a decision!

News Behind The News. (Continued from page one)

SO. OREGON HIGHWAYS KEPT FREE OF SNOW

GRANTS PASS, Dec. 28.—(AP)—Southern Oregon main highways were clear for traffic, the state highway maintenance office reported here this morning. Plows cleared the Pacific highway north to Canyonville of snow a foot deep at the summit passes last night, half of which fell during the night.

Plows were busy this morning on the Blakely route, on the Green-springs highway, Hayes Hill sector of the Redwood highway, and on the road to the Oregon Claves, being kept open for visitors for the first time this winter.

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 filled and written in ink. Defecting to one 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, 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

A FINE BIG CONCERNING DEFICIENCY.

Every one knows what happens if an individual gets all the fresh air and pure water he needs but no food; or all the good food he needs but no water.



Most people know that an individual who is deprived of fresh food, compelled to live on dried, salted, canned or stored provisions for many weeks or months, is likely to suffer from scurvy. A limited number of persons thru the south now have a vague idea that poor folk who have to subsist largely upon a monotonous diet of corn meal or white bread, molasses, salt or smoked meat, tea and staple groceries, develop pellagra. That comprises the sum of common knowledge of deficiency.

Certain well defined health impairments are universally recognized as deficiency diseases. Among them are scurvy, beriberi, rickets, pellagra, rickets or rachitis, due to deprivation of vitamin D; beriberi, polyneuritis or multiple neuritis, due to deprivation of vitamin B; pellagra due to deprivation of vitamin G; and xerophthalmia due to deprivation of vitamin A.

But having named these clearly defined deficiency diseases we have by no means surveyed the field of nutritional deficiency. We have merely observed the more familiar features. Besides these salient points there are a far greater number of ill-defined functional disturbances or vague states of poor health or weakness which we are just beginning to recognize as manifestations of a partial vitamin deficiency. Indeed, the views of most authorities on nutrition indicate that most persons who subsist largely on refined food suffer from hypovitaminosis of one type or another—hypovitaminosis is meaning disease or health impairment from insufficient vitamin to maintain optimal or perfect health.

To the casual reader it will seem absurd at first, and also to the physician who is not thoroughly familiar with this branch of physiology, but we must now regard everyday obesity as a deficiency state, in the sense that hypovitaminosis has so much to do with the overeating which puts the victim in such plight. This has been proved clinically in thousands of cases, for when obese individuals

get an adequate ration of vitamins they find they are comfortable with much less food than they have been accustomed to take, and hence reduction becomes easy, and moreover they experience distinct improvement in general health and vigor while they are reducing and after the excess fuel store has been used up. There is but one answer to this, and the answer is an optimal ration of vitamins.

Such a ration of vitamins is practically impossible to obtain where the main part of the food is refined. That is, it is difficult to provide the essential amounts of the various vitamins in their natural form, in food. For a normal person who has always had the right food a little care to include certain unrefined, undenatured items in the bill of fare will insure at least an essential vitamin ration. But the obese individual has long had a vitamin deficiency, and hence it is necessary to supplement his diet with vitamins in order to correct that deficiency.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Cuts, Burns, Bites, Sores, Sunburn. Having followed your suggestions many times with excellent results, I beg to inquire what formula you would consider best for first aid or home treatment of burns, scalds, cuts, stings, sunburn, etc? (R. H. P.) Answer—At our house we have used for many years Ol' Doc Salve, as I call it. Had it put up in one-ounce collapsible tubes, and in a shotgun formula, but very satisfactory. Glad to mail detailed instructions on receipt of your request and 3 cent stamped envelope bearing your address.

Circumcision. My husband has implicit faith in whatever you say. . . our boy baby circumcised. (Mrs. M. A.) Answer—I should advise circumcision only when it is necessary for cleanliness or to relieve obstruction. Fry or Coddle.

Appreciate it if you would kindly send me a little argument on fried one type or another—hypovitaminosis is meaning disease or health impairment from insufficient vitamin to maintain optimal or perfect health.

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there's the Englishman who thought the julep a salami! And New Yorkers are not so far from Ramezes II as might be imagined. In a short taxi spin one may be taken back 3,200 years. The Egyptian room in the Metropolitan Museum of Art is a first rate substitute for a trip to Luxor. Thebes and the alley of the Tombs of Kings. Sculpture, pottery, murals and indeed one of the royal tombs, like Tut's, may be seen at 5th avenue and 82d street.

The Lindy hop, born in the ball-rooms of Harlem, is becoming a part of the dance program, especially among the debutantes. Those who have accomplished the intricate steps—more difficult than the Charleston—are always called upon to do their stuff. The Lindy hop is a bar-baric throw-back to the derelives of the jungle. It starts in a mild swaying and kicking and reaches a furious crescendo of abandon in Harlem. It is said, many of the better exponents are those hopped up by smoking the reefer, a drug that has the wild stimulation of hashish. Some grate until they fall into a swoon. Not many dancing teachers can teach it because of its strange rhythm. Lindy hoppers of the Black Belt are in constant demand at private parties. Among white amateurs who have mastered it are Henry Bell and Edmond O'Brien.

Radio City has a special elevator.

for musicians who bring their instruments to take part in broadcasts. Charlie Hughes tells of Jascha Heifetz, with his fiddle, stepping into one for the lally. The operator reminded him that the lift down the hall was for musicians. "But I'm Jascha Heifetz!" said the fiddler. To which the elevator man responded in withering scorn: "Even if you are Rubinoff himself you'll ride in that end elevator."

"The Bowers' watter lingo for hash. "Sweep the floor!" is no deterrent for the hardy appetites of the quarter. Neither is "Sour Moo" for butter-milk. But a lunch wagon for the husky midnight workers, the freight handlers and stevedores in the middle of roaring West Street seems to overstress the lingual looseness with the command "Grease a burn!" That's buttered toast. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

DON FISHER, chief ranger at the lava beds national monument, in Northern California, has been spending the past summer and fall scouring the lava beds for relics of the Modoc Indian war.

The government, for the first time since the lava beds were set aside as a national monument, is beginning to display some interest in them, and it is probable that an appropriation may be secured soon for buildings.

If Don has his way, one of the first buildings will be a museum, and it is for this museum that he is collecting relics.

THE Modoc Indian war, as most school children know, was fought in this wild, rough lava bed country in the winter of 1873, and in the intervening 60 years this region has been practically deserted. Not even curio hunters have ranged over it with any degree of persistence.

For that reason, Don's finds have been peculiarly interesting.

HE HAS a sackful of empty carbine shells, for example, which in themselves are not particularly exciting, but if you have any imagination at all you will get a thrill out of the manner of their finding.

Most of them, he says, he discovered in little heaps around old rock fortifications, just as they were thrown from the guns of the fighters back in those hectic days of '73.

ONE especially interesting find is an old pipe, which was lying on a sheltered little shelf in the lava, and two or three feet away from it was a little heap of empty shells.

The pipe is weathered and checked, but is still in a good state of preservation. The stem, of hard rubber, is bitten and chewed and scored by clamping teeth. It obviously belonged to somebody who didn't get in to the settlement any too often, for the stem has been whittled down and retitted repeatedly, until only a little stub of it is left.

The scorings, it is easy to believe, were made by the grinding of teeth in sudden excitement, as when a heavy bullet whizzes too close to one's ear, or spats viciously on a rock beside one's head.

IF YOU'LL take the holders off your imagination, you can recreate the scene that must have occurred.

The owner of the pipe—a white man, presumably, since the Indians used smoking chiefly for ceremonial purposes, rather than for casual solace—must have lain behind that rock all day, watching the progress of the fight and taking a shot whenever a target offered, the empty

shells piling up beside him as the shooting proceeded.

From time to time he took a smoke to quiet his nerves, and between smokes he laid his pipe up on the rocky shelf.

Why did he leave it? And HOW did he leave it—alive, or dead? Did things just get too hot for him, so that he went away from there in a hurry? Or did some bullet find its mark?

TWO bullets are in Don's collection—one smooth and unmarred, having fallen, spent, probably, into the water, for it was found down on the flat, where then was a lake. The other is smashed and flattened, torn by the rough lava.

A number of unfired cartridges were found, and in one of them the bullet is scored and roughened. Was it scored and roughened, before firing, by some savage warrior, so that when it found human flesh it would tear and rend the more?

Such things, we are told, were done.

MAJOR HARDEN, the only surviving regular of the lava beds fight, tells in his memoirs that when the Indians surrendered they were armed chiefly with rusty old muskets, although much of their fighting was done with breech-loading carbines taken, along with their ammunition, from dead soldiers.

This leads to the conclusion that before they surrendered, they cached the more modern weapons in caves in the lava, hoping to come back to them later. If so, they probably cached much other equipment at the same time.

THESE caches, if they could be found, would provide a wealth of historical material for the proposed lava beds museum. A Mr. Fitzhugh, of Alturas, has believed for years that these caches were made and thinks he knows just about where to find them if he could only find time enough to take a good look. So far, however, he hasn't found the time.

Here's hoping he gets a little time on his hands one of these days for a search.

THE lava beds national monument has been almost wholly ignored, even since it was set aside as a monument. But it has distinct possibilities as a tourist attraction, because of its historical background.

The Modoc Indian war got into the school histories, and nearly everybody in the country who went through the grade schools knows something about it. If Don can get his museum, and enough material to fill it, it will attract thousands of people.

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 28, 1924.

Heavy damages from floods threaten as backbone of cold spell breaks in state and thaw sets in.

Farmers' week is designated from January 19 to 24, and will be observed in Jackson county.

Medford Legion post to organize 20-piece drum corps.

Kid McCoy, former world champion prizefighter, charged with murder of his sweetheart, is found guilty of manslaughter by a jury with nine women members.

NEW VIEWS OF CRATER LAKE will be published in the New Year's edition of the Mail Tribune.

Russians claim great victory in

Poland; Germans deny it; comparative quiet on the western front.

City debt of Ashland is reduced \$40,000 during past year, treasurer reports.

Grand ball for benefit of Associated Charities to be held at Nat tonight.

"Rattlesnake Jim," who is walking around the world in his bare feet, will hold forth at Haymarket square tonight with Swiss jodeling and Sioux Indian war dances.

Page theater orchestra will furnish the music for the New Year's eve celebration at the Hotel Medford.

SALE DRASTIC REDUCTION ON LOUNGING PAJAMAS AND ROBES Clearance Sale on all Winter Stock BAND BOX AND SHOE BOX The Store that Saves you Money

DANCE 9 till 2 Saturday Night to the rhythm of So. Ore. Hottest Dance Band Jacksonville

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS "The Bundling Hit" AUTO GLASS Fender, Body & Radiator Repair General Sheet Metal Light Structural Iron BRILL METAL WORKS 169 E. 8th St. Phone 418

Insist on Northland Skis. SKI-ING TIME IS HERE THE KING OF WINTER SPORTS. With the nearby hills blanketed in snow it's going to be a skiing winter—and they're priced so we can all have a pair. \$1.10 to \$14.00. NORTHLAND TOBOGGAN—Another thrill for young America. The Northland toboggan beats them all down the hill, is made of the best of material and will really "take it." SKI WAX—We carry every kind of ski wax for every kind of snow. SKI HARNESS—We have the famous Haug harness, used by professionals, and also other makes, ski poles and all accessories to skiing. HUBBARD BROS., INC. 335 E. Main St. Phone 231

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