

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

Counsel for the defense in the trial of B. Hauptmann, charged with the murder of the Lindbergh baby, seems to be both learned and suspicious. In his questioning of witnesses he intimates that most anybody in America but his client could be guilty.

The Yule greenery on the Main Stem, has now lasted longer than the campaign headquarters signs, and chances are the Ground Hog will see it, along with his shadow, on the 2nd inst.

Maybe education pays, but it wasn't the uneducated who got us into this mess.—(Mobile (Ala.) Register)—Most pertinent, pungent and palpitating Truth in a long time.

Thick-skinned Republicans, accidentally elected to the legislature, are preparing to journey to Salem, and endeavor to elect a Republican president of the Senate. They will not take the hint that their shriveling presence should be entirely ornamental, and not for the purpose of filling a position greatly desired by all Democrats.

ONE SHOULD SAY SO. ("Today" Magazine) When a man has just been asked to pay \$1.65 for an order of aspirin in a hotel that owes several million dollars to a couple of railroads, which, in turn, have borrowed other millions from the U. S., he is likely to be disposed to discuss deficits and debt structures, and the distribution of wealth and taxation.

The Chamber of Commerce Luncheon club will eat tomorrow, for the first time in several months.—(Red Bluff (Calif.) News)—Further signs that the depression has started to ease up a bit.

HIT-RUN VICTIM FOUND ON BEAVERTON HIGHWAY. PORTLAND, Jan. 9.—(AP)—Apparently the victim of a hit-and-run driver, the body of a man about 45 years old was found on a lonely stretch of the Beaverton highway today.

General Johnson's First Blast

WELL, at last the Republicans have something to smile about! For over two years the elephant's chin has been lower than his left hind foot. But with General Hugh ("Crack-down") Johnson's first blast against the Roosevelt administration in this week's Saturday Evening Post, that smile that has been on the face of the donkey so long promises to shift suddenly to the phiz of the largest pachyderm in political captivity.

Not that the General lambasts President Roosevelt personally. Far from it. At the outset of his article he is careful to state:

"The President does not need to be told that whatever my own judgment may be, I would, as an executive bow to his and fight for it with all I can give—but—removed from official life I feel free to think independently and say what I think openly. After all, it is only one man's thought."

And later on he pays this high tribute to his former chief:

"The President can make the lion lie down with the lamb and both be happy, and charm a canary out of a tree to sit on an eagle's back. I know, for figuratively, I have seen him do it, not once, but many times. Indeed I have never seen him fail to do it. He is the greatest conciliator and coordinator the world has ever seen."

But when some of the administration's policies are considered, particularly those outlined by Mr. Riebhorg and other members of the so-called "brain trust" regarding the banks and Big Business; and when the Roosevelt monetary policy and his failure to balance the budget are brought up, the General brings forth a horse of another color.

For example: "To demand that industry at once give employment to 10,000,000 men is a demand that it produce far more goods than it can sell, or increase its plant capacity when there is no market for its product. No responsible management can do this, and surely no such thing can be done in the threat and uncertainty that becloud the present economic horizon. To make this demand, and couple it, as Mr. Riebhorg recently did, with a threat that, unless industry does so employ these millions, the Government will, smacks of the modern caveman who wooed the object of his affection with the statement: 'Love me, ——— you, or I'll beat you to death.'"

Furthermore, the threat itself of the Government employing 10,000,000 men is absurd. When these idle had work, the American business turnover was about \$90,000,000,000. It is now about \$40,000,000,000. At the most that Government could do, it might employ 3,000,000 by spending \$3,000,000,000, but it is no gap of \$3,000,000,000 that is to be bridged. It is a gap of \$50,000,000,000. And that gap must be bridged if we are to have recovery. That can happen only by creating justified confidence in the political economy of the United States, and such ill-founded bulldozing will not create that confidence."

HOWEVER, in the main, the former Blue Eagle Chief, would:

Balance the budget, by a radical revision of the system of taxation, making every citizen of the country contribute something in this direction,—in other words he would have the country, even including its extraordinary relief expenditures, PAY AS IT GOES.

He would reform the NRA but not abandon it; he would deport all aliens on the relief rolls; he would have a complete census on unemployment determined, after the fashion of an army draft; he would secure a new and definite program, determining the EXACT rights of capital on one hand and labor on the other; and finally and perhaps most important he would abandon the attempt to "scare money out of the people by threats to its value," and try to "persuade money out of the people by creating confidence IN its value."

The former he calls the "fear plan" and he maintains it hasn't worked, and never WILL work. The latter he calls the "certain plan."

"I think it is about time to try the certain route. Everything is ripe for it. We have suffered long enough. For the latter purpose, one simple rule will serve. To balance the ordinary expenditures of Government with certain revenue. To borrow frankly in the orthodox manner for every necessary cent of extraordinary spending. This can be done if only interest and a prudent charge for amortization be provided by new revenue properly distributed on the law of diminishing returns, and then segregated to the debt account.

WELL, that's plain enough, and definite enough. For an expert analysis we must await more authoritative economic opinion, but to the present writer it sounds like good sense.

If President Roosevelt is as big a man as we believe him to be, he will neither criticize the General nor allow his political sharpshooters to do so. For this Johnson article, whatever its technical defects may be, certainly comes under the heading of what the President has always welcomed, "honest and constructive criticism." Republican leaders will find joy in it, because it is a criticism of certain policies of the administration from a vigorous, authoritative and non-partisan source; but no one can construe it as an attack upon Roosevelt, or any criticism of the main purposes of his New Deal.

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 replies or other notices sent unless accompanied by return address. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

RELAX, RESTLESS ONE, RELAX Have you ever heard of an honest working man or woman being unable to sleep or complaining of insomnia? If you have, you may be sure there was something seriously wrong. Some of the causes of insomnia are: 1. Nervousness. 2. Mental strain. 3. The sleeplessness of insomnia brought on by illness. 4. It never does. But illness often causes insomnia, and various moderate impairments of health to which it is difficult to give a definite name, commonly account for restlessness, disturbed sleep or poor sleep. But I do not wish to imply that impairment of health or illness is the only cause of insomnia or wakefulness. For we all know that any number of casual conditions may spoil one's sleep. Excessive heat, cold feet, over-taken late in the evening, a bad conscience, poor ventilation, too heavy covers, a miserable bed with sagging springs and a mattress a tramp would be ashamed to be found dead on—it is astonishing how frequently people who can afford halfway decent living conditions long after the sleep should have been junked, not inflicted on the poor. Frankly, it would be an excellent rule if the doctor were to insist on a critical inspection of the sleeping equipment and environment before he prescribes for insomnia.



Counting sheep and all that is one way to relax. No question that the person who is able to let go, settle down, compose himself and relax completely is a good sleeper and enjoys his sleep and is refreshed by it. But how to relax? Well, that's a foolish question, at least it seems foolish to me. But star doctors that I am have said a great deal about it, and some of the things they say are sound and helpful. Dr. Edmund Jacobson published an interesting and instructive book on "Progressive Relaxation" (University of Chicago Press) in 1929, in which he expounds the science of relaxing as part of the treatment of nervous ailments.

One good way to relax, I think, is by means of belly breathing. This tends to lower arterial tension, boosts the return circulation through the great veins back to the heart, warms your feet and soothes your conscience. I have here a stack of testimonials as thick as my hair—from readers who swear they find that B. B. exercise enables them to drop off to sleep better than anything else they have tried, and that they get out of bed some of them declare they drift into sweet slumber almost before they have finished the exercise. But remember, whatsoever, this is belly breathing, not chest breathing. Detailed instructions are given in the booklet "Art of Easy Breathing." For a copy send ten cents in coin and a three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address.

Here is another suggestion which has proved a good outlet for pent-up energy engendered by emotions; a good way to get in gear and let in the clutch and steady down that racing engine: Roll yourself half a dozen somersaults on the rug or mat when you are particularly upset, worried or irritated. I know of nothing better than half a dozen rolls to tide you over until you can get out and blow off steam in a brisk two-mile walk or even a good run if you're not too aged and feeble.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Many mothers will not allow children to eat pie. I have noticed many adults leave the pie crust — F. B. M. Answer—I have left all the crust I could, many a time, but not when I encounter Martha's pie. The obsession against pie crust as being "too rich" is all right for sedentary folks who are probably overnourished anyway. For healthy children or for honest working people it is silly to pass up good pie, for pie is the very best of food, and actual tests have proved that it digests as readily as any other food of equal nutritive value.

That Old Habit. What foods are best for one who is subject to constipation. — E. W. Answer—Any food one likes. Send dime and stamped addressed envelope for booklet "The Constipation Habit."

I saw an article of yours where it said good ventilation is necessary when anyone is painting. I have worked for years as a furniture finisher — D. S. S. Answer—"The solvents—turpentine, nitrobenzene, wood alcohol, kyanol, oil, used in various paints, enamels, lacquers, are quite poisonous when inhaled. Thorough ventilation is therefore necessary to protect the painter from the danger of poisoning. (Copyright, 1935, 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.

Is the Townsend Plan Possible? An Answer to Geo. Schumacher

By L. R. SHURTLEFF

As I was the author of an article published a few weeks ago in your paper, and as you have granted much space to Mr. George Schumacher to criticize that article, perhaps you will grant me a much smaller space for rebuttal. Let us begin at the beginning.

Mr. Schumacher's first sentence reads, "There can be no question that the spending of \$200 per month by every person over 60 years of age will stimulate business." Fine. That gives us a good start. We're agreed on that. The second paragraph says, "The pension will or can be paid in advance, but he follows with 'however, not in real money (only gold and silver is money)." Mr. Schumacher, when you get hold of any of that stuff called currency (not real money), if you will give it to your treasurer she will be obliged; she's saving it. It has never been proposed to inflate the currency to put the money into circulation.

Where the Money Comes From. Here are just three paragraphs left of the first installment and they deal with the 2 per cent tax proposed to care for the Townsend plan. Mr. Schumacher again bases his calculations on the income of this district which I have stated is not proposed. Here are the real facts and figures. The 35th statistical abstract of the U. S. government gives the figures for recorded sales during the depression year of 1933 as 1200 billion dollars. The income of the U. S. during the same year was approximately 45 billion. Then, if the income was but 45 billion, it was necessary for it to be turned over twenty-six and two-thirds times to produce the recorded sales of 1200 billion. Two per cent of 1200 billion would produce 24 billion, would it not? Now, in 1929, which we point to as the banner year, the national income was \$83 billion, and it must have been turned over about 16 times to produce the 1300 billions of recorded sales that it is credited with. With the Townsend plan in operation this high figure of recorded sales will be not only equaled but greatly exceeded.

Based on Sales Tax. The other statement reads: "I do not know if the Townsend people want to charge also 2 per cent for stock transactions." Most certainly Mr. Schumacher, why not? Wherein does a stock transaction or bond sale differ from any other business transaction? Are the stock and bond purchases "for speculative purposes," so sacred or necessary as to cause them to be immune or to exempt them from providing their proper share of a just tax? The only just tax ever invented is

a tax on an individual, a firm, or a group of persons, such tax being based on their ability to spend money and I see no reason to exempt Wall Street or the stock exchange from paying their just share. So, Mr. Schumacher, while I am not quite ready for the pension having yet a few more years to go, I have two sons, both of whom are high school graduates, who will, when the Townsend plan is put in operation, be able to secure employment at a fair wage remuneration instead of having to join the army at about \$18 per month and found of the CCC at \$30. So I thank you for your wish of "Good luck to the younger generation."

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—Much metropolitan war settles around Madison square at dusk. Even on chilliest evenings the benches are filled with those who have lost heart or don't care. The only show of life is in the chirp of the swarm of boot-blacks.

Some of the hardy veterans stuffing vagrant newspapers inside their clothing, are stretching and stretching under the star.

ed out for a nap before the lights prick surrounding buildings. Nobody appears to talk or show interest in passersby. Women you never see elsewhere, forlorn, unquestioning, are there.

Instead, all is grim, forbidding. Social workers have found the square one of the last stops of those who have zig-zagged down the social scale. They teeter there in the penumbra of indecision before shrugging their shoulders and moving eastward. To the bowery and oblivion.

Yorkville's Great White Way on East 86th street is brighter than ever with its almost solid two blocks of Bavarian fronted beer houses and waters in feathered Tyrolean hats and leather shorts. The German district was recently extravagantly publicized in connection with the visits of the Lindberghs, in respect to various platels. He sat in a corner sipping and meditating. And what must have been his thoughts!

France, unable to lure tourists thither, is sending not only her stage artists but shopkeepers. Two of the season's entertainers were Yvonne Printemps and Lucienne Boyer. At least a dozen French shops opened this winter in midtown and two famous Parisian dress makers are to make their bow with New York establishments this spring. Nearly all the perfumers are opening big branches here. And there's a plague of French restaurants.

The last hold-out of the old American guard in Paris who has not scurried home is the celebrated expatriate, E. Barry Wall. Long ago he turned the bulk of his fortune into francs and that is alone responsible for his remaining there. His cronies have departed. Even to Anthony Drekel, who came home recently to die.

Jimmy Walker's table, first on the right inside the dining room entrance of the Casino, often bears a reserved card. It is a coveted spot somehow and only given to the favored. Phil Plant felt his hair to Plant is off globe girdling it goes to those who meet the approval of the head-watter's practised eye. During the public storm around Walker he made it a point to drop in every midnight—all merry and bright. It was his way of registering nonchalance, and such is the New York civic consciousness it was effective.

With the great Otto Kahn mansion turned into a private school, almost the last of imposing mansions along what was once the avenue's Millionaire row have changed fronts or gone down. Only the Pickwick castle seems impregnable. Mrs. Kahn has withdrawn to the seclusion of a comparatively small apartment in Sutton Place. While the Kahn fortune—as whose wasn't?—was reduced, she is still rich. Her interests have never centered on the Four Hundred, but rather in the encouragement of writers and artists. Her husband and a painter's first wife. She attended but one year—at the Metropolitan.

Jack Dempsey's mighty right will stand him in good stead as front man at his new restaurant. Most customers, especially the young, feel with this girl, will want to shake hands with the champion. Thus, on a busy day, Dempsey must mix about 1000. Once the scowling terror, he has already become, just by rehearsing, a Sunny Jim. Harry Cooper also opened a bar-like Dempsey place several blocks away recently. Remember him—the Empire City Quartette?

What a spiteful human trait is jealousy! My appearance in something fifty in tailoring inspired Harry Silver to inquire: "Where's the hand that went with it?" (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Official Notice to All Milk Producers, Dispensers and Handlers for 1935 to sell, handle, serve, or dispense table milk or cream in Medford are now due at the City Recorder's office.

Any failure in this at once subjects violators to penalties prescribed in Ordinance No. 2541, Medford Health Department. (Paid Adv.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

WHEN we grow too many hogs, in these piping days of brain trusts and new deals, we first kill a lot of the pigs and then hire the farmer not to grow any more.

They did it differently back in the early days.

ALONG in the late '50s or early '60s, Lindsey Stansmore's father, then living in the Rogue River valley, found himself with more hogs on his hands than he could sell in the local markets then available.

So he gathered up 150 or 200 head—Lindsey doesn't remember just how many—and started out to drive them to the mines in Idaho!

IF YOU ever tried to drive even one hog ANYWHERE, you will understand the exclamation point after that last sentence. If you ever tried to drive a half dozen of the pesky brutes back through a hole in the fence through which they had just come, you will agree that there should be a dozen exclamation points instead of one to give even a faint idea in cold print of the job Lindsey's father tackled back in the beginnings of the Oregon country.

BUT those early pioneers never counted the size of the job if it HAD to be done. They just went out and did it.

Mr. Stansmore gathered his hogs together and started them out up the Rogue, figuring that as the shortest route to Idaho. There wasn't any road, and not much of a trail. Supplies for the men were put on pack mules, and the hogs were expected to live off the country and get fat enough to be sold as pork when the mines were reached.

YOU probably don't need to be told that it was no fun shepherding those hogs through the brush and trying to keep them headed in the general direction they should go.

To add to the general pleasure, there was a ruckus among the mules within the first week, and as a result most of the flour and sugar and coffee and salt that had been provided for the trip was lost. But that didn't stop them. The men of those days knew how to live off the country, as well as their animals.

So they went ahead—cussing a little, in all probability, over the loss, but otherwise paying not much attention to it.

THEY took the route of the old John Day road, and topped the summit somewhere up around Diamond lake, and dropped to the high desert on the other side.

Of the long trip from there to the mines in Idaho, it is not necessary to speak in detail here. If you've ever tried driving a bunch of hogs, you'll know all about its difficulties. If you've never tried it, words could not possibly picture for you its griefs, its hard labor and its soul-searing petty annoyances.

Ellis Parker Butler made himself famous with a story entitled "Pigs in Pigs." Maybe so, but when you're driving them they're more like ten thousand devils.

ANYWAY, they finally reached the mines, and when they got there they found the ore petering out, the mines leaving and NO MARKET FOR PORK.

Beat that for pure, concentrated hard luck, if you can.

STORM in the Siskiyou puts telegraph and telephone wires out of commission.

Gold strike at Jacksonville by A. B. Barhart gives hope that "long sought lost channel is found."

George Carpenter and W. H. Gore arrested by Talent policeman, and fined \$5 for speeding. The pair were on their way to a sugar beet meeting at Ashland.

Round trip fare of \$21.50 from Ashland to "Prison fair is announced by Espee.

"National Short Ballot League" to be formed in this county.

French capture more trenches in Soissons area; great battle on Polish front lulls.

Portland woman dies when car, truck hit. PENDLETON, Jan. 9.—(AP)—Mrs. Thelma Katz of Portland was killed and four other persons were badly injured Tuesday when a truck and a passenger car collided at the intersection of the Old Oregon trail and the Wallula cutoff near Umatilla.

The injured, brought to a hospital here, were Franklin Katz, son of the dead woman; her two half-brothers, Alex and Anthony Richardson, and James Butterick, Jr.

Medford Federal Savings and Loan Association. 126 East Main Street, Medford, Oregon. FINANCIAL STATEMENT December 31st, 1934. RESOURCES: Cash \$2,402.43, Real Estate Loans 57,511.49, Shares in Federal Home Loan Bank of Portland 1,300.00, Stock \$61,213.92, LIABILITIES: Incomplete Loans \$44,376.66, Advanced by Federal Home Loan Bank of Portland 15,000.00, Accounts Payable 60.00, Suspense Account 3.15, Undivided Profit 517.34, Total \$61,213.92. Safety for Your Investment Insured up to \$5,000 by Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation Washington, D. C.

Did they break down and cry? Or call upon the government to get them out of the hole they were in? They DID NOT. They took what came, as it came, and headed back to the Rogue River valley to make a new start, finally getting there after hardships that we now would think terrible.

THOSE men were RUGGED INDIVIDUALISTS—the breed that built this country from a raw wilderness into the greatest nation on earth. Instead of demanding that the government do everything for them, their creed was to help themselves.

It's politically popular these days to sneer at rugged individualism and say it should be done away with. This writer is just old-fashioned enough to believe that if we had more rugged individualists of that grand old type we'd get out of our present troubles a lot quicker.

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 January 9, 1925. (It was Friday.) Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes resigns; son of Kansas governor comes convict paid him \$1250 for pardon; and Hollywood troupe "shooting scenes in Rome" ordered home.

Slate expenses under Governor Walter M. Pierce show increase past year.

Robert Reid Hammond, Medford youth, is awarded \$20 and a medal for winning second prize in Better Home Lighting contest; Newman Billings won third prize, \$12.50 and a medal; Fred (Cocky Red) MacDonald, fourth prize, \$7.50 and a medal, and Darrel Huson won sixth prize, which consisted of a bronze medal.

Meeting held to consider plans for the annual Lincoln day banquet, February 12.

Wayne Munn, former Nebraska football star, defeats Strangler Lewis for heavyweight wrestling title.

High Espies officials praise Jackson county booklet issued by the county court.

Business men of city sign up for sugar beet acreage, and guess rumor that establishment of beet sugar factory is "scheme to foist irrigation on the farmer."

City to vote upon new charter tomorrow.

"National Short Ballot League" to be formed in this county.

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