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Why Sinclair Was Beaten

EVERYONE interested in contemporary politics should read "I, Candidate for Governor, and How I Got Licked" by Upton Sinclair.
It is a record of a fanatical idealist and an honest man, caught up in the machine of practical and unscrupulous politics, and, going down to defeat with the flags of his idealism and personal integrity, nailed to the masthead, still flying.

ALTHOUGH the volume was started only a few days after Sinclair's defeat, the bitterness and poor sportsmanship which marked the Epic candidate's first reaction to Merriam's triumph is entirely lacking.
The author does not attribute his defeat to robbery and corruption. He cites one incident of irregularity at the polls, which may be brought up for grand jury action, but no emphasis is placed on this incident of the campaign.

This was his statement made to a group of reporters, who called at his home, following his return from Washington, that he had told Mr. Hopkins, the Federal Relief Administrator, that:

"If I am elected, half the unemployed of the United States will come to California from other states and he (Hopkins) will have to take care of them."

The remark, explains the author, was made with a smile. It was merely a part of his "sales talk" to the relief administrator, and as the Federal Government was taking care of idle men where they were, it would have to take care of them in California.

THE newspaper boys however, said nothing about this phase of the problem. They played up the fact that the Epic candidate admitted that if he were elected half the unemployed in the country would flock to California and there would be 5,000,000 bums and hoboes for the harassed golden state to feed. That statement in Sinclair's opinion is what defeated him.

Well, Upton ought to know. And one can plainly see that this admission was a serious political blunder. It threw a scare into the entire state. It not only increased the alarm of what might be termed the Chamber of Commerce element,—but it alienated thousands of Sinclair's own supporters, particularly the working people, who saw in such an influx, the loss of their own jobs.

But in our opinion this blunder would not have been fatal, and in all likelihood Sinclair would have been elected if he had not been so confirmed in his idealism, or so honest in his tactics. In short if he had been a better politician,—if he had played the game, as his chief opponents played it,—unscrupulously, ruthlessly, with only one end in view, to get the votes.

WE have in mind, especially Sinclair's attitude toward the Townsend Old Age Pension bill. This proposal started in Southern California and was extremely popular there. It was spreading like a prairie fire during the gubernatorial campaign. It appealed strongly to the people who would naturally oppose an old fashioned political time-server like Merriam and favor the democratic ticket under an extremist like Sinclair.

For years the Epic candidate had been an advocate of old age pensions. His platform favored immediate action along this line. Any experienced politician in his shoes, would have quickly seen the handwriting on the wall, endorsed this plan, and thereby secured a tremendous bloc of votes which would have cinched his election.

But Sinclair isn't an experienced politician,—in fact he is no politician at all,—as practically every page of this book shows. He refused to endorse the Townsend plan simply because he didn't believe it would work,—didn't believe in a sales tax to finance relief,—and therefore at the outset, in our belief, lost his big chance.

He not only lost votes. He immediately took on another formidable opponent. The Townsend people held a mass meeting in the Hollywood bowl and adopted this resolution:
" We must repudiate Sinclair at the polls on November 6th.
A vote AGAINST Sinclair is a vote FOR the Townsend plan."

So Dr. Townsend and his followers flocked to the standard of Merriam.

Here is the author's brief comment:
"Acting Governor Merriam got the extra votes which he needed and now is Governor, and the grin is on his face and on the faces of the politicians who worked for him and of all the big business gentlemen who put up the millions of dollars. The poor deluded people can take their petitions to congress and to President Roosevelt and cherish their dream of \$200 a month until they die!"

Yes it is a most interesting and illuminating book giving perhaps the clearest insight into the technique and psychology of practical American politics, that has been written during the present decade.

We don't know how many converts it will make for Sinclair's Epic plan—probably not many—but we do know it will make him many friends. It will convince thousands that Upton Sinclair, whatever his foibles and eccentricities, his impractical dreams and congenial prejudices, is, in his way, an exceptional man,—honest, sincere, disinterested, incorruptible,—a man who has done and should continue to do, great good in this confused and troubled world.

Not we fear as a governor, not as an office holder or executive, but as a fearless and persistent crusader, in pamphlet and on the platform, for those humanitarian reforms and democratic principles in which he believes.

News Behind The News
(Continued from page one)

pickings of light from the blinds of its third floor treasury offices have brightened Pennsylvania Avenue a mighty, long after most people have gone to bed.
The best thing any man can have are the things and man can have.
Nelson notes no men kick and pull at the same time.

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. Due 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, 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

YANKEE HUSTLE AND NERVE

Two fairly common serious illnesses, masquerade as "nervous exhaustion" in many instances. These are incipient pulmonary tuberculosis and exophthalmic goiter. Quite frequently minor ills of diverse character are neglected or maltreated as "weak nerves" or "some such thing." In America it is a general affliction that we are so notoriously, under such a terrific strain or high tension that it is only to be expected that something should "snap" when we carry our tremendous responsibilities, business cares, domestic difficulties beyond the breaking point. Moreover, this convenient "out" comes in right handy when we envisage imminent scandal or imprisonment for our misdeeds. In such a quandary, one inquires only enough ready lack to go away for a complete rest or a long spree, or if the matter is felonious, then to enter a sanitarium within the jurisdiction of the court.

The truth is that Yankee "hustle" is a cheap pose. We hustle only to beat the other fellow to the best seat or to undersell him or to steal the shirt off him.
We Americans are the world's champions in the distance. Probably no other civilized people live as actively as we do. Certainly the characteristic Yankee propensity is to dodge honest work, real work. The snobs in this country are the class who have by hook or crook gained possession of enough money to support them without visible work. Even the worker, when he has a holiday, strives to dress and appear a snob, or at any rate as much unlike a worker as possible. He, too, enjoys the superiority feeling for an afternoon.
We sit at desks, sit in the car or on the train, sit at the movies, sit at the radio, sit at the football game and the big parade. We even sit in church. No wonder we succumb to sit-a-concise. Frankly, it is difficult to conceive how or when a Yankee uses his brain or nerves enough to break or even near anything done. But how we resent the implied haw-haw when the physiologists assure us the functioning of brain or nerves requires no more energy and produces no more exhaustion than does the functioning of the kidneys or stomach.

How you take all this, my friend or enemy, depends mainly on which kind of nervous you are. Class A neurotics have something really the matter, say one of the conditions above mentioned, but rarely is it anything wrong with brain or nerves. They are perhaps more irritable, peevish and unstable than well folk, but invade naturally, are, whether the trouble is pinkeye or pickled liver. Class A neurotics deceive themselves or are deceived by their quick doctors, that they have "nervous" trouble. Class B neurotics are genuine moochers, using their "bad nerves" as a means of escape from the trials and tribulations of life, which they shove onto the shoulders of their relatives, friends and associates. Class B neurotics practice nervous imposition, and find it pretty soft.
High tension, eh? Come off it, imposters. The right word is inaction. Let George do it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Natural Food.
Last year I gave my son, now aged 2 1/2 years, 10 drops of Haliver oil (concentrate). Is there anything better I can give him this year?—Mrs. M. L.
Answer—Yes, fresh eggs, plenty of milk, cream, butter, cheese, strained vegetables, ripe bananas. Babies over a year of age do not need cod liver oil. They do thrive on sunshine on naked skin, or ultraviolet from lamp.
Mr. Wisecare Remarks.
Some time ago you wrote that iodine, when taken as a liquid or tablets, could not be absorbed by the system; now suddenly you recommend it for acute anemia. . . .—White Collar.
Answer—You are in error in both assumptions.
The Chiropractor.
I am a girl aged 18 years. I applied for a position in a doctor's office. He had me write my name on a slip of paper, which he put in a machine. When he took it out he said it showed I had kidney trouble in both kidneys. I said I was perfectly well and had only come to get the job. Then he asked if we used aluminum ware, and I said we had used it for years at our house, and he said that was the cause of my kidney trouble. . . .—M. P.
Answer—Maybe if you had given the old swindler the laugh you'd have won the position. He was testing your general gullibility. Charlatans who work that machine diagnosis racket want only hard-boiled employees.

Maybe It's Rheumatism.
I know you do not admit there is such a thing as rheumatism, but I'm all but crippled. . . .—E. W. B.
Answer—Send 10 cents and stamped addressed envelope for booklet "The Ills Called Rheumatism." (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send their direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Barbara Hutton Mdvani has become a conspicuous figure of the smart cafes. While her polo playing husband is in Indo-China, she is squired by her young cousin the baby faced Donohue boy. To the society chit-chatters she is "Babs" and her gaily toilette she appears here and there is described minutely and with gusto. She is still a bit pouty over some of the journalistic b's for her marriage to the play-boy prince, but it does not prevent her from going places.

I went on a wild goose chase today to find an old linen house "somewhere on Franklin street." It was said to represent an old-fashioned long gone, was without telephone, used counter tills and had carriers that went zinging along on wires. An hour's walk failed to reveal it. A great disappointment.

Down town New York knows little of that last Bronx outpost known as Grand Concourse. It sprang up, mushroom-like, in the past eight years, and is the widest boulevard of all. Once flanked by rocky cliffs, goats and a scrubby pear-tree here and there, it is now ramparted with big family hotels and apartment houses. No snooty signs: "Children and dogs not allowed" greet the eye. There is instead a melody of living. In fairer weather families sit in the courts at sundown. Everybody has a car, a pretentious limousine, but a sturdy sort of car, all that is packed every week-end with luncheons for picnic spreads on the countryside. There are part little shops, too, with styles as fresh as those to the south.

A young poet, forwarding some of his printed verse, expresses the material indifference to his calling. "Writing these sonnets does not butter parsnips," he says, and adds: "But who wants buttered parsnips anyway?" (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Eugene O'Neill continues the great playwrighting enigma to the Radio. At stated intervals he sends the theaters a hit, but refuses to indulge in the adulation that is his. He is probably not known by sight, a dozen men in the stage world. The only critic to know him with any degree of intimacy is George Jean Nathan. At the few rehearsals he attends he never lifts his voice. In his formative days he would occasionally visit Luchow's, but even those contacts were abandoned.

Charles MacArthur is another playwright somehow known as the blithe spirit in the theatrical world, yet is rarely seen. He seldom attends a first night or frequents the hangouts of theatrical folk. When not in Hollywood he divides his time between the Long Island studios and his country place at Nyack. This has been one hotel to another. This has been one place at Nyack. When he tires of this he is likely to board a tramp steamer for any old where.

I have heard, too, of a confirmed Broadwayite who has no anchorage. A bachelor, he moves west to work from one hotel to another. This has been one hotel to another. This has been one place at Nyack. When he tires of this he is likely to board a tramp steamer for any old where.

The Humane society advises at this time of the year that all dogs bear some sort of identification mark as to their ownership.
The dog should be worth, at least, the price of a 15-cent collar to its owner, and on this collar should be put the name and address of the owner so that if the dog is hurt, lost or strays the owner can be found, the society urges.

The Humane society has on hand many fine animals that have the earmarks of good training, but so far have been unable to find their owners.
These dogs can be seen any day between the hours of 8:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. at the Humane society's shelter on the Third Park road.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE biennial report of the state highway commission, just made public in Salem, contains this interesting statement:
"All highway construction from state funds and for highway betterment work would have to be abandoned if highway revenues are reduced even 10 per cent."

BUT that isn't all. The report continues:
"A reduction of even 10 per cent, if enacted into law, would place the state in a position where it would be unable to match federal funds allotted to it on the co-operative basis."

That is to say, the state would not only be unable to do any construction and betterment work on its own account but would also be unable to take advantage of federal match money.
And if revenues were cut MORE than 10 per cent, the report adds, maintenance and necessary bond retirement would be affected.

THE conclusion seems to be reasonable plain: Let's NOT CUT highway revenues.
We want the roads, we NEED them, and under the plan we're now following we're paying for them as we go, instead of saddling ourselves with a heavy burden of debt.

HERE are some interesting figures from the report:
Present state revenues for highway purposes amount to approximately \$7,875,000 a year, of which the bulk comes from gasoline taxes. Motor transportation fees, which means the fees paid in by the commercial bus and truck concerns, amount to about a half million a year.
Fines, incidentally, amount to about \$200,000 a year. That is, when you do something you shouldn't and get fined for it you're helping to pay for the state's road system.

(Don't, however, let that fact lead you into doing something you should not just to help out the state highway program. There are better ways of helping out.)
SO MUCH for the income. Here are some interesting facts as to the outgo:
The present annual charge for bond interest and principal is about \$3,300,000. The annual cost of maintaining the state's primary highways is about \$2,100,000, and of the secondary highways about \$500,000.

That is to say, interest and principal payments on the debt we owe amount to more than the cost of maintaining all our primary and secondary roads.
CRYING over spilled milk is pretty largely a waste of time, with the POSSIBLE EXCEPTION that if you cry enough you may not spill the milk the next time.

With this thought in mind, it is at least worth recalling that if we had paid for our roads as we went along—which we could easily have done—we wouldn't now have to be putting out the bulk of our highway revenues for interest and principal on debt.

RUNNING into debt is a lot of fun while we are doing the RUNNING IN, but not so much fun when we have to tackle the hard job of PAYING OUT.
The New Deal, it is just as well to bear in mind, is now in the stage of running into debt, so everybody is for it.

It won't be so popular when we reach the stage of PAYING OUT.

Communications

As to Paralysis Serum.
To the Editor:
The most insistent claim for vivisection is that if animals were not used, it would be necessary to use children. Nevertheless, recently there have been in the papers many articles announcing that Dr. Kolmer of Philadelphia, and Drs. Park and Brodie of New York had made experiments on children with infantile paralysis vaccine. Now, in your issue of December 28, it is said:

"The Philadelphia vaccine results on 25 children were reported by John A. Kolmer, M. D., of Temple University. None had infantile paralysis. But they were poor subjects for the vaccine tests because most of them were convalescing from other diseases."

But Dr. W. L. Aycock, director of research of the Harvard infantile paralysis commission, is reported to have said in the Boston "Transcript," August 18, 1934: "There are still serious obstacles in the way of applying vaccination against infantile paralysis to children. We cannot be sure that the vaccine won't do some harm to children."

And in the New York "Times," August 20, 1934, Dr. Aycock is reported to have said under the subtitle "Danger in Vaccination": "To vaccinate everybody when less than one in a thousand needs to be protected would not seem to be justified in the absence of guarantees of safety. There is as yet no guarantee of safety."

The fact that the vaccine has been self-injected into adult humans is no indisputable proof. Most adults are immune, and it is possible to test this immunity beforehand. It does

Saar Steel Baron



Dr. Hermann Roehling, steel baron of the Saar valley, was particularly anxious that Germany win the plebiscite with France over the border territory. Roehling (above) was ruled out of France for destroying French mines during the war, and the decision also affected his status in the Saar. (Associated Press Photo)

not follow that the vaccine would be equally safe for a non-immune child. "Vaccination of all children against infantile paralysis would be too hazardous."
Dr. Morris Fishbein, secretary of the American Medical Association, is reported to have said in the Philadelphia "Record," August 20, 1934: "Development of the vaccine is still in the stages of experimentation and by no means ready for routine administration."

SUE M. FARRELL, President, Vivisection Investigation League New York City, January 8.

Opposes Townsend Plan.
To the Editor:
I read Mr. Iverson's and Mr. Maassen's comments in the Tribune. I too attended the Townsend meeting, and I heard no argument against the pension bill, as there was no argument. In order to have an argument or debate, there must be some one presenting an affirmative and some one presenting a negative side. There was neither. "Farmer Bill" didn't even get a courteous reception. He was heckled and booed, and he wasn't allowed to make his statements without interruption.

I leave the figures to mathematicians, though few of them agree on the amount necessary to pay the pension, but some figure it as approximately one-half the income of the United States to be given to, I think, about nine per cent of the population, the aged; or those over 60. Age never has been tolerant of youth and if this vast sum of money is given to the aged—well, money is power, youth will be dependent on the generosity of age. We need the conservative element of age to help balance the radicalism of youth; but the vigorous, outgoing thoughts and activities of youth must not be shackled by the opinions of the aged, and this is what usually happens when age holds the purse strings.

We can't straighten out our difficulties by passing laws to make things easy. We can't get away from the struggle for existence, John Adams, in a letter to his wife, said: "I am melancholy for the public and anxious for my family, for God's sake make your children hardy, active and industrious; for strength, activity, and industry will be their only resource and independence. I will tell them I studied and labored to provide a free constitution and government for them to solace themselves under, and if they do not prefer this to ample fortune, to ease and elegance, they are not my children."

Abigail Adams did just that in training her children and she had the distinction of being the wife of a president, the mother of a president and the grandmother of Chas. Francis Adams, who made the reputation of being the most brilliant diplomat ever sent out from Washington.

CHARITY B. SANDER
Medford, January 16.

ALL MAN LIKED PEARS, SAYS EASTERN WOMAN BUT HE DIED ANYWAY

Medford and curative powers of the Rogue River Valley pear, are set forth in a letter, received by the Pinnacle Parking Co. of this city from a woman residing in Rock Falls, Ill., who purchased some of the pears, and headed the appeal on the wrapper, for comment from consumers.

The letter, with name deleted, is as follows:
"Dear Sir:
"As you would like a comment on your pears, all I can say is the ones I bought were surely appreciated. My husband was sick so I bought 25c worth, and he was eating them. He would say, 'O, Parris, the juice in this is simply wonderful.' I am truly thankful I bought them. I bought 25c worth more, but he was too bad to eat them. He passed away December 31.

"P. S. Please send me recipe booklet and health hints."

Many colors and styles of BEDJACKETS & SPOULDERETTES Now on sale at Elizabeth B. Hoffmann's. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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 16, 1925
(It was Friday)
Dorothy Ellison, 16, San Francisco "party girl" who slew her mother when she protested her "wild night life," faces life imprisonment, but shows no remorse for shocking crime.

Eleven snare drums, to be used by the newly formed American Legion corps, arrive and are issued to members.
Economists predict "1925 will be most prosperous year in American history."

Higher water in the Table Rock district drowns out thousands of digger squirrels.
Basketball at high pitch in all rural communities and attendance is large.

Move launched for more truck gardening in valley.
W. H. Gore is fined \$5 for parking his car over hour on Main street. "Others should take heed," city police warn.

Twenty Years Ago Today
January 16, 1915
(It was Saturday)
At a Baptist church social, a male quartet sings, "Voices Are Calling You, Brother, Calling You to Medford Once More."

Director Ralph G. Bardwell of the Drama League compliments Prof. A. J. Hanby for forming "Shakespearean Study Club."

Autoists warned to place their new license plates "where they can be seen, and not on the rear axle, where they become covered with mud and unreadable." Motorist nabbed for using 1910 New Mexico plates on new auto.

At a special election held in the Agate district, irrigation was defeated.
Annual banquet of Commercial club is held. W. H. Gore is main talker and urged "that everybody work for irrigation and sugar beets—as the main aims of 1915."

Russians take offensive on Polish front, and force Germans to retreat.
"All slot machines are turned toward the wall" as result of Prosecutor Kelly's edict. "These contraptions must depart."

Meteorological Report

Jan. 16, 1935
Forecasts
Medford and vicinity: Showers or snow flurries tonight and Thursday, little change in temperature.

Oregon: Snow cast and showers or snow flurries west portion tonight and Thursday; heavy snows in mountains; little change in temperature.
Local Data
Temperature a year ago today: Highest 49; lowest 33.

Total monthly precipitation, 1.73 inches. Excess for the month, 0.27 inches.
Total precipitation since September 1, 1934, 10.14 inches. Excess for the season, 1.23 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 91 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 80 per cent.
Tomorrow: Sunrise, 7:36 a. m., sunset, 5:07 p. m.

Observations Taken at 5 A. M., 130 Meridian Time

Table with columns: CITY, High Temp, Low Temp, Precipitation, Weather. Rows include Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, etc.

Belated Autoists Still Buying Tags

Belated autoists continue to visit the sheriff's office daily to procure temporary license stickers and close to \$800 have been issued to date. State police have started a roundup of dilatory motorists. Several cases of this nature are pending in justice court.

A majority of the motorists have purchased their plates, more so than in the last five years, officials report.

CREOMULSION
Your own doctor is authorized to cheerfully refund you money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion BRONCHIAL TROUBLE

Dreamland Dance!
TONIGHT
Duty Moore and Her Orchestra
Men 35c Ladies 10c