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Ye Smudge Pot: Several have announced their willingness to be a candidate for royalty under the Huey Long plan to make every man a king

Taxes are once more coming to the fore as a cause of oratory. The chief taxes under fire are dog, hog, auto, income and property

V. Brophy and other prominent cowboys of the Butte Creek district met at the chafe Fri. wearing 10 gal. hats on the side of their heads

The city and county harvested some publicity at the legislature last week, being cited as a horrible example of free speech, being once too much that way

J. Wesley Bates, the tonsorialist has joined the ranks of the bridge fiends, and is reported more fustian at it than with a razor

The police are getting after citizens, for swigging the cup that makes them cheer, and drive fast on the wrong side of the road

F. Clark, the architect, reports the brightest outlook in four years, for extensive mail driving and slapping the sides of houses with paint brushes

A number of the Older Girls did not know when Easter came this year, so up jumps C. Strang, the pioneer pillist, and informs them it will be April 21. Mr. C. is being congratulated on his versatility, and knowing more than the opposite sex

Peoria Bill Gates of the Groceries is getting ready to take a triperteria. There has been an increase in optimism hereabouts, but there are still plenty of folks feeling sorry for themselves

J. Kurt Hall, the fretting horticulturist, is thinking some of flying down to Los Angeles, in what he once said would never amount to anything except as a county fair attraction

Del Getchell, the banker-poet, is armed with fresh poems to greet the coming of the gentle Spring. A professional poet was here last week, and thought a banker-farmer was a better combination than a banker-farmer

Malware continues abundant over hill and dale, and some feel all future rain should hold off until next June

J. Yamahita, the pioneer koppelist, lost a spirited argument with a locomotive at the 11th street crossing Thurs. pm., when the engineer ran into his auto. It is getting so our Nipponese are becoming Americanized and do not care what they run into

The earthquake that H. Flewler, the demon baker ran into in southern California, is reported as doing as well as could be expected

The flu, and its victims, continue to rage

Next Saturday is Ground Hog Day, when the weather for the next six weeks will be determined. The occasion will be observed without the banks closing, or the barbers staying home

Dad Dalley created a sensation last week by appearing with a \$20 coin dangling from his watch chain. As yet Mr. Dalley has not been ordered to hold up his hands as high as he can

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW for the States' Banquet next Tuesday evening at First M. E. church. Phone 1473-W or 1149 for your reservations

Use Mail Tribune want ads

Editorial Correspondence

EUGENE, Oregon, Jan. 25.—Up here for the regular winter "Oregon Press conference." Thanks to the S. P. schedule, arrived at the one hour in the 24, when science tells us human vitality is at the lowest ebb,—i. e., 3:45 a. m.

It didn't sound that way as we staggered out of the sleeper. As the rain stopped and silence enveloped the car fairly hummed from behind each green curtain with nasal obligatos that reminded one of the municipal wood yard in full cry for a free dinner

Strange how universal the snoring habit is, particularly among males. We used to think it was a Pullman peculiarity but after some years of experience we have decided it is practically a universal accomplishment. Personally we shall be grateful when the Pullman company abandons the open curtain-car arrangement, for more or less sound proof compartments. We admit that NOISE is not what is disturbing, proved by the simple fact that when a greater noise made by the train drowns out the adenoidal symphony, one finds no difficulty in falling off to sleep. It is the peculiarly arresting quality of a knock in the nasal cylinders, that makes somnambulatory relaxation so extremely difficult. However we didn't take the train to sleep but to get to our destination, without having to drive a car in the dark or getting the editorial spinal vertebrae dislocated by a ride in a motor bus, Rosey will understand. It should be one of his greatest talking points,—at least with those who can soon qualify for a Townsend old age pension.

Not that we would praise the present S. P. schedule as far as travel to Eugene is concerned. Not only is human vitality lowest at 3:40 a. m., but it is a most unfortunate time of the night to arrive anywhere. There is only one proper term for it,—the zero hour. For it is too late to go to bed and too early to get up. It is simply nothing at all, as far as time is concerned. Deciding thus, ye editor went to bed.

There is one peculiar feature about press conferences. One might think that when newspaper men get together there would be news. But there never is,—or almost never. The news boys like to get together, they like to talk shop, they like to josh and eat en masse, but we have yet to attend a press conference, a report of which would really interest anyone outside of the journalistic fraternity. The present writer has attended very few press conferences, yet his average is probably as high as the average in the southern part of the state. He always attends them with the vague idea he would find copy, but to date he never has. Strange, isn't it? Perhaps the answer lies in the fact that when professional and business men get together, for a reunion, their real desire is to get away from business, not become even more enmeshed in it.

Browsing around this university we have discovered that Medford boys up here are making good in a big way. Messers Colvig and Phipps, are regarded as outstanding undergraduates in the School of Journalism, and the faculty predict bright futures for both of them. Phipps is one of the busiest men on the campus and we understand Colvig is sure fire for Phi Beta Kappa. There are a couple of Medford Freshmen who are also reported to be extremely promising.

In conclusion we are wondering about the weather down home. Can it be that the Willamette Valley has it over sunny southern Oregon on climate or is this "spring weather" universal over the state? Blue sky and sunshine—balmy enough for flannels and shorts—all today, and a clear sky as evening approaches. Somehow it doesn't make sense.

Perhaps something of interest will develop in the press conference later on,—it has only started,—but if not we shall run up to Salem and see if anything is stirring there. We see the House today passed a memorial endorsing the famous Townsend plan. But that isn't news. That's politics.

—R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

PALM BEACH, Jan. 26.—It is a part of the lazy life here daily to watch the panoramas of the beaches, providing such a kaleidoscope of vivid and shifting types. A veritable rainbow in robes and pajamas, it is amusing how few actually go into the water.

Like myself, the majority are on the beach porch loafers or squatters in the sun. Usually trim Apollon, the life guards here are a little on the paunch and bald side. But they are being paid to acquire a tan that costs in \$40 a day hotels can hope to achieve.

Indeed there are unfortunate with pigmentary lapses who remain all season and gather nothing more in the way of a tan than a baby pink glow. Al Johnson and Rudolf Priml, last time I was here, were burned blackest. Johnson could have gone on in a mammy song without rehearsal.

So far this year I have not even seen a Florence Mills shading. Newcomers are of course, spotted for their tans. The tily whites are regarded as interlopers. They don't belong. So they bluster and peep, annoy themselves with perfumed oils until they gain the inner circle.

Among permanent residents of Palm Beach is a Broadway swash-buckler who made spending history along the street. He is Byron Chandler who for several years was the reigning "millionaire kid." A sobriquet bestowed by gossamer along the way that is white. Today he lives happily with his young and attractive wife on a skit of lake front and in a bowered hacienda called "The Plantation." A gentleman whose life has turned to raising flowers instead of yolknothead.

We breakfasted this morning in the open and on the lee side of a fragrant and clustery red poinsettia bush. Aside from the half of a local grapefruit that refused to cry "Fore!" it was a grand repast. Especially apple jelly, a yum yum I had not tasted since days in Ohio.

The scars of depression still show in both business and residential districts of Palm Beach. Vast mansions whose yards are becoming tangles of weeds and several smart one-storyed shopping blocks with scarily a tenant. Yet the suffocating grandeur that is the Palm Beach trade mark cannot be diminished.

Thou sluggard went to the ant today. During a beach loll to while the endless tedium I began covering ants with trickles of sand. One in especial I tried to tire out. Always it wiggled valiantly to the top. And the useless industry of the ant was contagious. I went smack up into my hotel room and executed a bit of useless industry myself—almost finishing a magazine piece.

All my life I've been raising blood blisters opening and shutting umbrellas. All my life I have! But until one has had a digit hung up in one of these monstrous beach parasols, one doesn't know pinching. The rest were mere tweaks. They must have heard me on the widest flung key. In fact I think someone yelled goody, goody from the Bahamas.

I have heard much talk among the toll-notters that Florida is making earnest but unobtrusive efforts to wangle the movie industry from California. Expectation ran high when Upton Sinclair seemed a pat gubernatorial bet. Now Florida expects to use tax bait—that is no tax at all plus the no inheritance tax here. They are going to offer free sites and even free studios. They believe Florida's greatest need is this industry. Or so the palmer goes.

The hive of gift festooned branch brokerage offices that so seethed with excitement are also part of the evaporation. Not a handful is left. And they just sit and loom. Often the vacationer made his season's expense in a single turn of the market. Those days are gone—likely forever.

One of the dogs has a custom of approaching me after nocturnal absences in a belly-wise crawl and reaching my feet turns on his back in abject supplication with pitiable yelps.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SPRITLY YOUTH H AGAIN REMARKS

A while ago a 64 1/2-year-old youngster took time off from his tennis to tell us here how he keeps his teeth:



Every morning while shaving he holds in his mouth some sodium perborate solution (heaping teaspoonful of the perborate in a glassful of water) and keeps swishing it about using a fresh mouthful of the warm solution every two or three times while shaving.

Sodium perborate, as told here in '27, is one of the best remedies for preservation and treatment of Vincent's angina, so-called "trench mouth." The young colleague who uses it to keep his mouth and teeth clean, as described, has no use for tooth brushes. He has conducted careful tests on the mouth of many persons, and the tests have shown that the use of perborate as mouthwash is more effective than tooth-brushing; persons who brushed their teeth always had more bacterial colonies on the culture plate than did those who used the perborate solution as a mouthwash.

This same alert young colleague now submits some more practical suggestions, which I am glad to pass along to our readers.

1. Gargling (swishing) with 1-2 percent solution of sodium perborate in the mouth, under local anesthetic, is effective. It may leave an unpleasant scar on the wrist. With a large gauge needle the thick fluid may be removed and about 15 drops of urethane and quinine injected into the sac, and a moderate compression applied by means of suitable dressing for a few days. One such treatment is usually curative.

2. Tuberculous cervical lymph nodes or "glands in the neck" (formerly called "scrofula"), which we commonly operate on, respond better to X-ray.

3. Cancer of lip or tongue more successfully treated with radium or X-ray without any surgery. Surgical intervention only when lymph nodes in neck are involved.

4. Gastric or duodenal ulcer now a medical problem.

5. No need to operate on hydrocele. Aspirate fluid and inject into sac fifteen drops urethane and quinine, no pain at all, and from six to eight in-

jections at intervals of a few days or week will cure most cases. These are only a few of the many excellent practical suggestions contributed by this extraordinary doctor. I call him extraordinary, not because he still plays tennis at an age when many men are doddering, but because he is capable of recognizing the superiority of newfangled methods over those which he was taught to use and has used for many years.

What all the loud-mouthed American surgeon? He is to much of a hide-bound, self-contained, half-baked bumptious little nincompoop to comprehend that all progress did not cease when he got his certificate from the American College of Surgery.

It is refreshing to find a real doctor carrying on amid all the commotion caused by the horde of F. A. C. S. charlatans elbowing and pushing their way to the front seats and the front pages.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Nitroglycerin Dad, 67, but working every day as a manager, subject to angina attacks. When he inquired for glyceryl trinitrate tablets the druggist said they were too potent. (H. R. H.)

Answer—Glyceryl trinitrate, formerly known as nitroglycerin, is potent all right. But not poisonous. It is a common practice for persons subject to anginal attacks to carry a vial of the tablets, and to dissolve one in the mouth whenever an attack impends, or, better, to take a tablet whenever any distress is felt at all. There is no harm done by this.

I saw a suggestion in your column that hydrocele may be cured without operation. As I have the condition I should be grateful. (G. G.)

Ans.—Physicians skilled in modern technique are successfully treating hydrocele by injections. I caution you to make certain that your doctor is one of standing before you submit to his treatment.

Nervous Why in the world do you never tell us how to control nerves? I am almost a nervous wreck and I live in fear. (Mrs. R. P.)

Ans.—That's just it. Send 10 cents in coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Chronic Nervous Impaction." (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.

Sweet Potatoes in South Dakota. SUEARFISH, S. D.—(UP)—Mrs. Merle Johnson has proven to Spearfish valley farmers that sweet potatoes can be grown in this locality. After importing a group of plants from Texas, Mrs. Johnson this year harvested five bushels. She plans to get 500 plants from Arkansas and have a big crop. Spearfish valley is noted as a truck garden area.

PLAN TO MEET four native state folks at the First M. E. church States' Banquet next Tuesday evening at 8:30. Tickets 65c. Call 1473-W or 1149.

STARTS Today ROXY 20¢ ANYTIME 10¢ Continuous Shows Sunday 1:30 to 11

Warner BAXTER in GRAND CANARY with MADGE EVANS MARJORIE RAMBEAU ZITA JOHANN • H. B. WARNER

PLUS—Spotlight "Marine Marvels" — News Oswald Cartoon, "Happy Pilgrims"

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

HERE is a prediction: The Townsend plan, calling for a \$200 a month pension for everybody over 60 and requiring the \$200 to be all spent within the month received, WON'T get into law.

THE Townsend plan would cost two million dollars a month, or 24 billion dollars a year—which would be roughly equivalent to paying off the present national debt every year.

The Townsend plan pensions would take HALF the present national income—Miss Perkins, secretary of labor, says the national income in 1933 was less than 40 billion dollars—which means that 50 per cent of the nation's earnings would be turned over to about 8 per cent of the population.

Such a scheme could only mean national ruin.

RESPONSIBILITY is a sobering thing. It is all right to get together in a CROWD and demand something that is obviously impossible and that nobody really expects to get, but when somebody has to assume direct responsibility it is another matter entirely.

It is this writer's judgment that if SOLE RESPONSIBILITY for enacting the Townsend plan into law and levying the taxes necessary to pay it were placed upon the individual shoulders of the MOST RADICAL member of the present congress, giving him dictatorial power to say whether or not it should be attempted, he would vote against it.

TAKING direct responsibility for almost certain national ruin is too grave a step for even the members of the present congress, with all their jittery fears of what the voters back home will do if they don't support the Townsend plan.

So it is a safe assumption that the Townsend plan will fall of enactment into law.

HERE is another prediction: Some form of old age pension WILL be enacted into law by the present congress, and if the sums required to support it are within the reasonable power of the earning population of the country to pay, it will NOT bankrupt the nation. Instead, it will provide security for those beyond their earning years, and it may actually ADD to the prosperity and general welfare of the nation as a whole.

A REASONABLE old age pension is economically sound, because the aged must be supported, and from the standpoint of the welfare of the nation as a whole it makes little difference whether they are supported by private charity, by the contributions of relatives or by an old age pension from public funds. The money has to come from SOMEWHERE, anyway, and it might as well come from taxes.

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 27, 1925 (It Was Tuesday)

Bill to permit used autos to operate in state without license plates is held unconstitutional.

SALEM, Jan. 27.—Those who have quit working crossword puzzles because of the news that five people are in the state insane asylum, driven there by the crossword craze, may go back to their puzzles and finish them up because the story is branded as absolute fiction, made up out of whole cloth and printed in the face of denial by state hospital officials.

Prohibition enforcement in Oregon branded a "fizzle, farce, and fraud," in speech by Lane county colon.

Coolidge administration orders the blue stripe out of all U. S. mail bags, as an "economy move that will save \$49,000 per year."

Business and Professional Women of city held banquet to celebrate their first anniversary.

Republicans announce their annual Lincoln Day banquet, February 12, and invite the general public and Democrats, if any, to attend. Balmey spring-like weather prevails in the valley. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY January 27, 1915 (It Was Wednesday)

President Wilson in special message "urges America to open doors for all oppressed peoples of the earth." Wheat sells at \$1.35 per bushel in Portland. Giant picture of Crater Lake to be exhibited at San Francisco fair.

Both French and German reports claim victory on western front; Austrian soldiers mutiny when ordered to battle front in Serbia; Turks form army for invasion of Egypt, and capture of the Suez canal.

Sontag and Evans California outlaws to exhibit "The Folly of a Life of Crime" at the It: Jack London's "The Valley of the Moon" at the Star, and "Samson (not a biblical subject)" at the Park.

Bill presented in legislature to have the proposed Pacific highway pass through Gold Hill.

Last Sunday we were honored by the company of Mrs. Mary E. Yockey and her daughter, Miss Helen, and Miss Ethel Curry, all of Medford. Miss Helen is the main guy in the office of the Medford Publishing company that publishes that live paper, the Mail Tribune. They came out on the Pacific & Eastern so as to take dinner at the Sunnyside and have a good time generally.

A Good Deed. MARSHFIELD, Ore.—(UP)—The outstanding "act of friendship" entered in a nation-wide contest among some 1,000 competing Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks lodges was won by the Marshfield lodge. Caring for a destitute, careworn mother with eight children, one of them newly-born, was the deed that won national honor.

Predicts CCC Increase PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 26.—(AP)—C. J. Buck, regional forester, believes the strength of the CCC personnel will be considerably increased this year, and may be doubled.

Oregon Printer Drowns NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—(AP)—Martin Trumbly, printer, of Crowell, Ore., and member of the crew of the ill-fated steamer Mohawk, was listed among the dead from the disaster today.

Here is the Picture that we advertised for last Sunday, but didn't arrive due to bad weather!

Advertisement for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in 'The Gay Divorcee' at the Studio Theatre. Includes text: 'The same FRED ASTAIRE who made this glittering girl spree the stage musical triumph of our dizzy decade! "/>

STUDIO THEATRE STARTING TODAY FOR 4 BIG DAYS!