

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Multnomah county is considering prohibiting inmates of its poor farm from possession and use of whiskey. The inmates of a poor farm has not had enough luck. A salacious drink or two, in the twilight (if he can get it) might soften the tedium of drab institutional life—give just a touch of roteness to a day that is just live every other day.

Though the deer season, as prescribed by law is ended, it is recorded by the press that hunters are still tragically blasting away at illegal movements in the brush. As a nickel-nursing taxpayer I will cast my vote at this election for the special millage—(Letter in Oregon City Enterprise)—Diogenes, come gunning with your lantern!

Notice has been served the price of shoes will shortly be advanced, to produce \$100,000,000 more revenue in the shoe manufacturing industry next year. This is cheering news to stockmen, with five bars full of cow-hides, who have been unable the past few years, to pack suitcase hides across the street to net the price of a pair of shoes.

The Ethiopians are not coming up to pre-war publicity in their fighting with the Italians, now underway close to two months. The Ethiopian warriors and their workmates were press-agented as the dearest bunch of carefree batters on earth. Photographs of the male warriors showed them with their hair combed straight up, their whiskers curled, with a musket strapped across their back, and a murderous knife in each hand. The Ethiopian ladies were similarly well fitted, the better to bite the foe. All the Ethiopians wanted was a chance to get close enough to attack a knife neatly between the ribs of the hosts of Mussolini. To date, the Ethiopian platoon has not surged. The fierce tribesmen, in the language of the sport writers, are "on their bicycles."

The temperature moderated yesterday, until it was not much colder than an open-faced butcher-shop at high noon. The F. Perl boy took his folks to the G. Hunt magic lantern show Sunday. The latter did not show up, except to wend his laborious way through a forest of shapely feminine shanks. All the little boys want to be like the little girls who want to be like Shirley Temple. "Spanky" is the new boy-actor, who is both a boy and an actor.

The Methodist Board of Public Relations reports, "A decline in national intolerance." Politicians who vote against pet missions in fit ones of the rainbow, by snapping the suspenders, hold the threat to beat them at the polls, for their stand, just a temporary peevish. California editors are sermonizing, over their state treasury office employee who stole \$24,000 of public funds, and when arrested in Texas had \$19.75. Another place for some journalistic moralizing, concerns movie kings and queens, who during a long period of years, get \$7500 weekly for their dramatic doos, and come to the end of their rope without even \$19.75.

More and more as time goes on are we disposed to applaud the originator of the plan that put the Atlantic between America and Europe. (Ohio State Journal)—It also appears that the gent who put the Pacific between America and Asia, knew what he was doing. As the result of last Saturday's football games, far and near, scribbles added to writing up the victors. In the manner of a society editor describing a bride, have been compelled their time to change, and diplomatically infer, the team accidentally stepped on the train of the wedding gown, 50-yards from the altar.

S. Sumpster Smith

THEY make no better citizens than S. Sumpster Smith, and in his death, Medford and southern Oregon lose a most loyal and devoted son. For over a quarter of a century "Sump" as he was known to all his friends and associates, had been a resident of this city, and during all those years, there was never a worth while movement, looking to the betterment and development of his community, in which he did not take a leading and effective part.

Hard working, God fearing, conscientious, dependable, whether it was good roads, civic betterment, Red Cross, the Community Chest, Sump could always be depended upon, to give the best that was in him until the fight was won,—or if it was lost to take defeat in his stride, and go on with the same tireless industry and determination to other things.

SUMP SMITH in a sense was of the old school,—and WHAT a school that was,—we sometimes wonder how this world of ours, is going to get along without it, for the members of that school are passing fast. He didn't come to Oregon in the "covered wagon" but he was essentially of that rugged pioneer stock, strong, self-reliant, persistent, asking help or special favors from no one, hewing a place for himself and his family, by his own efforts alone.

Not only did he gain his place in this community, but he made himself felt, was known and respected throughout the town. Among the last to see him before his death were Senators McNary and Steiwer, who called here on other matters, and having heard of their old friend's serious illness, made it their first order of business, to see him and wish him well.

AND their devotion to him was DESERVED. For many years Sump had been the Republican state committeeman in this district; and if the Republican party ever had a more devoted disciple,—a man who would do more for his party and for himself ask less,—we certainly have never known or heard of him.

Sump came from Kansas, and was of staunch Civil War stock. Republicanism was something more to him than political partisanship, the feeling came close to his life long devotion to his church,—a religion, and a form of patriotism, as well. It was impossible for many of his associates to share his views, but it was EQUALLY impossible not to respect them. For there was such an integrity and sincerity about them,—they were such an integral part of the man.

NATURALLY such a devotion to a party, was appreciated by the leaders of that party, and Sump had many opportunities to gain political preferment for himself,—but he refused, preferring to be a plain worker in the ranks. He did secure places for others, and there will be many young men to mourn his passing, who owe their present place in life to what he did for them.

TO those who like the present writer were intimately associated with Sump, during practically all his life in Medford, his death comes as a deep personal loss. It is hard to visualize Medford, somehow, without him. And during all that time, while there were differences in viewpoint, as is only natural, there was never a break in a cherished friendship, nor from him no matter what the provocation, did there ever come a hasty or an unkind word.

Sump was no plaster saint. He was human,—very human. But from early childhood he had had to make his own way in this world, and to give the impression he was just another "lily-white" would really do him a great injustice. He was of sterner stuff than that.

But he did have no vices. At least none that could be discovered in a close association of twenty-four years. He never drank, he never cussed, he never dallied about—how could he when he was on the job practically speaking twenty-four hours every day. We were going to say he never smoked but will have to modify that.

Sump did smoke—a fat perfect,—once in every four years! Yes, when the presidential election came around, dear old Sump got out his box of cigars, and celebrated. For with Sump the quadrennial test of battle for the G. O. P. ranked with such important epochs in human life, as births, weddings, and the signing of peace treaties. So he celebrated, usually as the count of ballots started, by smoking a fat cigar.

We can see him now. It was the Hughes-Wilson election, and the New York World has just conceded the victory of the former. Sump had a plug hat on his head, was banging a wash boiler with a club, and puffing his campaign cigar, as he marched accompanied by the present writer, into the nearby Holland hotel cafe.

That was great and glorious victory—FOR 24 HOURS! Yes and what is this thing we call life, but 24 hours! and another 24 hours! At any rate that is where we are going to leave Sump, that is where we intend to keep him in our memory. Not a step further, not even a peep into the morning after.

"Bang bang" on the wash boiler, "puff puff" on the cigar. A great and glorious victory for the G. O. P., a great and glorious victory for S. SUMPSTER SMITH.

Ring down the curtain boys, tap a "30" on your copy! Perhaps no one else will understand, but we know Sump wherever he may be, whatever the nature of the place, to which his gallant, hard working, never quitting spirit has gone,—we know SUMP will!

Communications

Literatures and Radio English. To the Editor: Permit me to pass a verbal bouquet to the public libraries of Medford and Ashland through the Mail-Tribune. I would call attention especially to the courtesy and efficiency of the attendants. It is a real pleasure to meet them. And since libraries are a gauge of the general culture of the communi-

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.

UNDULANT FEVER AND SAFE MILK.

Scientifically it seems to be established by the work of Charles Carpenter in 1926, that Malta, Mediterranean or Gibraltar fever, is known in this country as undulant fever, is due to the same germ which causes contagious abortion of cattle. There is a blood test, analogous to the Widal test for typhoid fever, which will show definitely whether a cow harbors the infection. Efficient health administrations require that the dairy herd be tested in this way, and any cows that react must be slaughtered or isolated, before the milk is offered for sale in the fresh raw state. Less efficient health administrations restrict their efforts to compulsory pasteurization of all milk offered for sale. Par-boiling, known as pasteurizing, that is, heating the milk to 145 degrees F. for one-half hour and then cooling (the cooling is important) is a cheap way to kill any and all disease germs in any and all grades of milk. It costs money to produce and deliver pure clean fresh raw milk. One factor is the expense of the tuberculin test of the cows, and the expense of the blood test for contagious abortion (undulant fever) and the removal or slaughter of the animals that react. The health authorities who rely on pasteurizing believe the presence of such diseased animals in the herd, or of such disease germs in the milk, is insignificant if the milk is properly bar-boiled or pasteurized. You pay your money and take your choice. I'd rather have one quart of the fresh raw milk from a herd in which there are no animals with tuberculosis or contagious abortion, than two quarts of any par-boiled nondescript lactical fluid that ever came rimping down the street at 3.30 a.m.

There is something wrong about this undulant fever question. If contagious abortion of cattle and undulant fever of man is one and the same disease, the scientific authorities have apparently proved, and if contagious abortion is so widely prevalent in cattle throughout the country, as the blood tests apparently show, how come undulant fever is comparatively rare among young children, who are the chief consumers of milk and comparatively common among adults employed as butchers or farm or dairy workers? Adults are not great milk consumers as a rule.

The agitation for compulsory pasteurization of all milk as a measure of protection against undulant fever has not received much support from the medical profession at large. The physicians do not feel so certain that such a measure would control the disease.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. A Sustaining Beverage. Please give calories contained in eight-ounce glass of whole milk.—F. D. W. Answer—Milk yields 20 calories to the ounce; the milk bar when you want a refreshing, healthful, sustaining drink. If there is no such bar in your neighborhood, why not start one? Milk bars have proved popular in many cities.

Would it be within the bounds of ethics for you to tell me whether I should wear glasses constantly or leave them off when I feel comfortable without them, as I am supposed to have astigmatism and hyperphoric muscular imbalance.—M. P. M. Answer—Who cares about the ethics? I don't know whether you should wear glasses constantly or only for particular purposes. Better leave that to the judgment of your oculist.

Fits Your Pocket. Please reprint some time the corrective diet you gave about three years ago for persons who are getting prematurely old.—C. S. T. Answer—It is given in detail in a booklet "Rejuvenation Remedies." Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for a copy. (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.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—They were aroused, these two friends of mine, after midnight by the call from the hospital that they had been dreading for several days. The doctor, with professional air, telephoned of their mutual friend and mine: "He will be leaving shortly." They arrived through a musty-scented air of a hospital, as a leader as his sprits into the deserted corridor outside his room. Finally the nurse appeared, backed and whispered: "Be as cheerful as you can. He does not know." So they squared their shoulders and moved to the bedside.

The visitors were a lawyer and a movie executive. With the movie executive, the patient was to sail shortly for a vacation in Europe, a custom of many years. "I've brought a bottle of your favorite Pilsener," said the movie man. The patient in a flicker of wit brightness: "We might drink to our journey."

So glasses were brought, filled and the patient's hand held under the oxygen tent. He whispered "Prosit!" took a sip, struggled to smile and shortly after set forth on a journey alone. The patient was the late Karl Kitchen. The visitors, Watterston Rothacker and George Eichelberger.

One of the most grateful dog owners in the city is Mrs. Frank Belcher, wife of a well known Lamb. She was a passenger on the stranded "Dixie" and her Boston was in the ship's kennel when it was swept to sea by a mountainous wave. She, of course, mourned the pet as lost. But a dog who had become attached to the dog had taken it into his cabin as the storm progressed. After the rescue, he restored the bewildered pooch. A dog lover knows the wild joys of such an experience.

Thrift 1915: A Broadway producer has a cigaret vending machine in his office and when visitors ask for a smoke points to it. By inserting 15 cents they get a package.

Charles Rector, father of George, was the first New Yorker to own an imported car—a Metallurgique at that time priced at \$18,000. It was sold to him by an agent who was a high spending customer and there was really no cash outlay. The agent took it out in trade. In those days Rector had customers who were sent bills yearly on January 1. Diamond Jim was one. So was Flo Ziegfeld. Harry Thaw's bill was often more than \$25,000.

Elak Maxwell has probably garnered the all time high in personal exploitation with her friend Cole Porter selecting her as the target for his satirical musical opus, "Julius," already the outstanding musical vaudeville of the Strogan season. The burlesque Miss Maxwell is an excellent target, venally, traditionally, for such darts. Her rabby career has consisted in thinking up childish games for adults to play. Grown-ups in and on the fringe of society. She knows how to bring them together and jump them through hoops in a way that makes those soporific ditties of Ward McAllister and Harry Lehr, veriest amateurs.

The Andrew Carnegie mansion is private property of the late Mrs. Carnegie's last grandchild with large yards, gardens and high forbidding fence. Mrs. Carnegie returns from Scotland to live in it awhile each winter, but mostly it wears a shroud of gloom, relieved only by the sawtooth gleam from the top-storied servants' quarters.

The most tediously written short story, I am told, is Guy de Maupassant's "The Stolen Necklace" regarding a diamond necklace. The author re-wrote it six times, put it away two years and rewrote it seven times. O. Henry always said his better stories were those he worked over longest. William Allen White's most famous editorials have been done over time after time, laid away, then revised. On the other hand, a short story in the author's name escapes me—called "Skinner's Dress Suit," which many believe the best modern short story, was turned out in one draft, written in six hours and not a single change was made in the proof.

Member of my club: An excited jay walker rebuked at 44th street screamed back at the crowing cop: "You can't talk to me like I could be a citizen if you would!" (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate)

COCKTAIL PREXY FACES FINE, JAIL. PORTLAND, Nov. 5.—(AP)—Barney Periman, who made a determined effort to establish a "cocktail college" here, must pay a fine of \$500 and serve six months in jail if he is unsuccessful in obtaining a reversal of a circuit court ruling. Circuit Judge Jacob Kanster refused, yesterday, to recognize the "cocktail college" as an educational institution, and upheld the district court conviction. Two reputed members of the "faculty," however, were acquitted. They were: H. C. Jenkins and George Booth. The so-called college gave instructions in what it described as the "art of mixology." At 25 cents a lesson one could be instructed in the manner of mixing drinks, after which, what he did with them was his own business. The Oregon law forbids sale of mixed alcoholic drinks.

Comment on the Day's News

BY FRANK JENKINS. A FORMER Southerner, addressing a Southern Oregon service club the other day on the general subject of the South and the cotton crop, presented some facts that are worthy of thoughtful consideration, not only in the South, where cotton is king, but throughout the entire country,—because what is happening to cotton under government supervision is also happening or DUE to happen, to practically all basic crops coming under AAA.

HERE is what is happening to cotton: Under the fixed price policy, plus limitation of acreage, the price of American cotton has been pushed ABOVE the world price. As a result, OTHER COUNTRIES are selling the cotton this country formerly sold. Exports of American cotton have fallen off 43 per cent in the past year.

SOMEWHAT the same situation exists, or at least is beginning to appear, in the case of corn and hogs. Under the AAA policy of paying farmers NOT TO RAISE corn and hogs, the American price has been pushed above the world price. As a result of this policy, other corn and hog countries—Argentina being a notable example—are selling the corn and hogs we used to sell but aren't selling now because we haven't got them to sell.

Here on the Pacific coast, for about the first time in history, Argentine corn has appeared on our markets, selling in competition with corn from the Middle West.

RIGHT NOW it is PINE. The Southern cotton planter greatly prefers to sell his cotton to the government at a guaranteed price of 10 or 12 cents a pound to selling it on world markets at a lower price. The Western corn and hog grower would much rather be hired by the government NOT to raise corn and hogs than to take his own chances of raising them and then selling at a low price. You can't blame ANYBODY for taking advantage of a situation that offers so many PRESENT benefits.

But neither can we escape the conclusion that out of this situation a HEADACHE IS COMING. IT IS as if we all got together here in Medford and raised the price of everything we have to sell—including wages.

For a while it would be lovely. The higher prices would make fat profits for those in business and the higher wages would make fat living for those who work.

But human beings, you know, are peculiar. They insist on buying where they can buy the cheapest and selling where they can sell the highest. In the course of time, those who formerly bought here would buy elsewhere, because they would be able to buy cheaper elsewhere, and those who formerly sold elsewhere would sell HERE, because they would be able to sell higher.

That would ruin us. THAT is exactly what the United States is doing under its AAA policy.

No More Neuritis In Arms, Neck, Legs or Thighs. If you want to get rid of the agonizing pains of neuritis, neuralgia, sciatica or rheumatism, just apply Tyamol to the affected parts and see how quickly all misery will cease. Tyamol is a powerfully penetrating absorbent, soothing and healing in its action, which goes in through the pores and quickly reaches the burning, aching nerves. Those stubborn pains in the back of the neck, about the shoulder blade, face or head, in the forearm and fingers, or extending down the thigh to the toe tips, will soon disappear. Cramping of the muscles will stop and you will no longer be bothered with soreness, swelling, stiffness, numbness or tenderness of the joints and ligaments. Tyamol is not an ordinary liniment or salve, but a scientific new emollient that is entirely different from anything you have ever used. Don't suffer any longer. Get a supply of Tyamol at any good drug store. Always on hand at Strong's Drug Store.

Hotel Sandford. At the corner of Fifth Avenue and "A" Street—San Diego fine hotel with an unsurpassed location—Only one block from all Theatres and Stores.

NEW POPULAR PRICE RATES \$1.50 Up. Excellent food in the Hotel Sandford Grill. J. B. ZELLER, Manager.

No More Laxatives—No More Cathartics—and no Constipation when you take your little daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Take only as much as will lie on a dime in your stomach—two or three coffee bean sized doses—physiological attractiveness—45 cents. At Jarman Drugs and drug stores everywhere.

Medford National Bank. Charter No. 13721. Reserve District No. 12. REPORT OF CONDITION OF Medford National Bank of Medford, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business on November 1, 1935.

Table with 2 columns: Assets and Liabilities. Assets include Loans and discounts, Investments, and Other assets. Liabilities include Demand deposits, Time deposits, and Other liabilities.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF JACKSON, ss: I, Geo. T. Frey, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. GEO. T. FREY, Cashier. OCTAVIA B. WADDELL, Correct—Attest: C. W. Ashpole, G. M. Roberts, J. A. Perry, Directors.

Medford Fuel Co. PHONE 631. For Prompt FUEL OIL Service All Brands—Pump Service—Minimum Rates. NATIONAL UTAH COAL BODY-FIR MEDFORD FUEL CO. 111 1/2 N. CENTRAL.

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago. TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 5, 1925 (It Was Thursday) Coldest night of season noted at Eugene, Klamath Falls and Pendleton.

O.A.C. favored to defeat Oreg. next Saturday in annual football clash. California bootlegger is arrested in the Blaklyous, and 25 cases of Scotch, and a 1926 Packard seized.

Rufus C. Holman of Portland is organizing the "Sons and Daughters of Pioneers" throughout the state. Miners return to Gold Hill for the winter after a summer in the hills.

The home of J. U. Smith in the Sardinia Creek district, narrowly escaped destruction by fire last week, when the flues burned out in the cook stove and fireplace chimneys. Building brick and business good at Central Point.

Twenty Years Ago Today November 6, 1915 (It Was Friday) Great excitement in city over special election on Medynski re-bonding plan. Business men and attorneys write letters to editor on subject.

Secretary of Commercial club makes urgent plea for return of his map of Oregon, taken from his desk last week. Greater Medford club adopts plan for beautifying city.

Mrs. Ralph Barwell and little daughter, and Mrs. C. M. English return home from a six weeks visit in Minneapolis and other mid west points. Mrs. Edwin Janney entertained the Girls Bridge club at her home in Perrydale yesterday.

SEVENTH VICTIM OF GANGS FOUND

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The body of a man found in a shallow grave near Monticello, N. Y., apparently the victim of a gangland execution, was identified today by police as that of Charles "Chink" Sherman, once accused of stabbing Dutch Schultz in a Broadway night club.

Sherman, detectives said, long had been known as an enemy of Schultz, late kingpin of New York City's racketeers. Schultz and three of his mob were slain last month in a Newark tavern.

Sherman was the seventh victim of the new outbreak of gang warfare in the New York area. Sherman, about 40 years old, had been dead several hours when his body, stripped of all clothing, was found in a crude grave in an abandoned barn on the Monticello-Hurleyville highway.

Pals of Mr. Roosevelt have heard second-hand that Al Smith believes the country will go to, or in the general direction of, the bow-rows if the president is re-elected. But what Mr. Smith intends to do about it has not been reported.

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