

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Phone 15.
21-21 1/2 N. W. 5th St.
ROBERT W. RUBEL, Editor.
An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1919.
Subscription Rates:
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year, \$12.00
Daily, six months, \$7.00
Daily, three months, \$4.00
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Daily, one year, \$12.00
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Official Paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1919.
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Ferry.

Festive Anti-Communist Day orators thundering against the rising war spirit among the nations and peoples, charged "the world has a heart full of murder." They forgot to mention the world, also, has a lung full of 4-minute speeches.

"During the morning there was a steady demand for coarse yarns." (Oakland (Calif.) Tribune) — The Mae West-Ford variety.

The football experts now have next Saturday's games fixed out to a dot, and will only miss the final score by the usual 17 touchdowns.

Mental gymnastics are now the order of the day among the 33rd degree politicians of the state. The legislature, in special session, passed a Sales Tax to provide funds for Old Age Pensions. Then with characteristic feckless buck-passing left the final decision up to a vote of the people. Now the politicians are confronted with the delicate job of having the Sales Tax, while pretending to love the Old Age Pension plan. Only those with minds built on the general lines of a pretzel, will be able to twist out of the dilemma.

A St. Louis woman has started suit for \$7500 paid for a mink coat on the grounds it is not a mink coat. No details are given, but her suspicions were probably roused when it started shedding tom-cat hairs.

There is one nice thing about the snuff-tusers. Unlike tobacco-chewers and pipe-smokers they never write letters to editors demanding the abolishment of the cigarette.

FAIR ENOUGH ITEM.
(Del Norte Triplicite)
Well the painter who took the top section of a painter's extension ladder from the rear of Moseley's place, please return same to M. P. Kelly. Either return it, or come and get the lower half, as either section by itself is worthless.

The "disappearing headlights" on the 1936 model autos are neat and nifty. The police issue an ultimatum to the general effect that motorists driving now without headlights at night, had better disappear.

The gentle rain of Tuesday removed the frost from the ground, and a poem about rain from Del Geschell, the banker-poet.

"A church seat may not be as soft as a sedan's, but you don't have to be prepared to dive out the window." —(Slater (Kan.) News)—A great and wholesome truth.

An upstate professional wrestler, who is going east to grapple in his youth walked 14 miles daily to get to and from school. This is the best argument yet for bus transportation to schools and it will be interesting to note how the bus riders turn out when they grow up.

THE LAWYERS RELAX.
(Salem Statesman)
Whiskey and women were worse than usual at the special session if that were possible. With the important bills handled by only a few committees the rest of the gang had plenty of time for partying. There were many young females around who should have been home with their mamma. After adjournment the night was noisy in the hotels.

Many think the state capitol hill should be "more flexible." Just as many think, if it was "more flexible" it would still bend the wrong way.

The government is "confronted with the problem of what to do with alien agitators, fomenting strikes," press dispatches say. If it wouldn't make the "alien agitators" too mad, the government might experiment on sending them home.

The C. Strang boy-windoo has been removed from the Main Stem landscape. It was a pioneer landmark out of which all the Strang boys tried to fall in their infancy.

Rudolph Ganz, famous pianist and conductor, says: "Prodigies are usually born too soon, at least five years before their 'time'."

Ernest Schelling, the well known pianist, was a child prodigy. He made his debut when he was 4 1/2 years old.

Sales Tax and Pensions

THE Mail Tribune favors the sales tax, as the best method of raising money for public purposes, under conditions which now prevail.
For the third time an Oregon state legislature has come to the same conclusion.

At the recent special session all possible sources of revenue for state old age pensions were canvassed, and a majority in both houses decided a sales tax was the only answer.

THE Mail Tribune also favors a reasonable old age pension,—by reasonable we mean one that is financially feasible, on one hand; and will keep the aged and infirm, from want and suffering on the other.

Believing in a state sales tax, and a state old age pension, naturally this paper favors the action of the state legislature in combining the two so that Oregon may join with the federal government, in securing this form of social security for the people of this state.

WHETHER or not a sales tax to finance old age pensions, can be passed remains to be seen. An election for this purpose has been called for January 1936.

Twice in the past a state sales tax has been defeated. Perhaps when the people see clearly that in no other way can funds for old age pensions be provided, a majority in favor can be secured.

Pride of opinion, however, on the part of those organized formerly against such a tax, will be a serious obstacle to overcome. Moreover as we see it public psychology is such, that the imposition of any added tax of any nature, and for any purpose, will have a hard row to hoe.

HOWEVER there is only one thing to do in such a situation. Those who believe the elderly and infirm in this state should be properly provided for and the time has come to STOP this hypocritical business of favoring old age pensions, on one hand, and failing to provide funds for their payment on the other; have no consistent course to pursue but to do all they can to secure the enactment of the proposed legislation.

This much is CERTAIN. If the sales tax is beaten for the third time the people of Oregon who deserve old age pensions, will not get them,—at least not in any form at all adequate to their minimum needs.

Mark Twain on War

GOING the rounds of many newspapers are the remarks that Mark Twain made many years ago about war. What Mark Twain said generations ago is just as applicable today with all the war talk being heard. He said:

There has never been a just one, never an honorable one—on the part of the instigator of the war.

I can see a million years ahead, and this rule will never change in so many as half a dozen instances.

The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for the war. The pulpit will, warily and cautiously, object—at first; the great, big, dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war, and will say earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable, and there is no necessity for it."

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity.

Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their secret hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so.

And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry, and shout itself hoarse and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth; and presently such mouths will cease to open.

Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

Before the great shouting begins and while there's still an anti-war audience, read Mark Twain's paragraphs again. Cut 'em out, read 'em to your children and when the shouting and tumult beats a din in your ears—try and read 'em again! And remember—Mark Twain told you so.—E. T. L.

CCC FOREMAN IN FLAMING DEATH

RIPLEY, W. Va., Nov. 12.—(AP)—A placid evening's walk terminated in a flaming death from a tree limb last night for J. Milton Gunnoc, 45-year old war veteran and CCC camp foreman.
State troopers said he had been slain, James Elliott, a farmer, found Gunnoc's blazing body hanging from a tree.
"The flames were up around the neck when I got there," said Elliott in describing the scene. "The body was so badly burned it couldn't be recognized. Either oil or gasoline had been poured over the clothing and set afire."
Officers said their first investigation failed to disclose how Gunnoc's body reached the Elliott farm nor could they learn of any motive for the slaying.
Friends said Gunnoc left the CCC camp about six o'clock last evening but did not say where he was going. He is survived by his widow.

8 CHILDREN BURN TO DEATH ON FARM

ALEXIS, N. C., Nov. 12.—(AP)—The eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Cunningham, farm couple, were burned to death early today when flames swept their two-story dwelling on the Stroupe farm near here.
The ages of the children ranged from a few months to 22 years.
Cunningham was burned in an effort to warn his children of a blaze, which was discovered about 1:30 a. m. His wife escaped unharmed.
The bodies were recovered later but most of them had been charred beyond recognition.

LET LINFIELD LIBRARY CONTRACT ON NOV. 29

MCMINNVILLE, Ore., Nov. 12.—The contract for the \$65,000 PWA library for Linfield college will be let November 29, city officials said today.
Bids will be opened November 22 on \$18,000 city bonds voted for purchase of a site for the library.

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. Reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 285 E. 1st Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

PARASITIC INFESTATION IN HAITI

In the A. Jour. of Public Health for August, 1935, Camille Therioson, M.D., says that examination of 4,439 peasants in the Revere Froide, Carrefour and Degand districts of the island of Haiti in 1935 showed that 30 per cent had hookworm. Hookworm infestation makes the host anemic, listless, languid, lazy, more or less indifferent. It has caused a good deal of the shiftlessness and lack of industry and ambition which many of our southern negroes sickly and lazy and whites "no account." In this country hookworm infestation is gradually being eradicated by education of the ignorant people about primitive sanitation, the proper disposal of excreta and simple personal cleanliness, and by curative medical treatment of all persons who are found to harbor hookworms, whether they are as yet seriously anemic and broken in health or not.

Hookworm infestation in childhood seriously retards growth and development. The worms lodge in the duodenum and climb to the mucous membrane by means of hook-like sucking blood and eating the epithelium and probably injecting a poisonous excretion into the host's blood. The adult worms are one-half inch long, the diameter of a wire hairpin, rather larger than common pin worms or seat worms, hooked at one end. The eggs are microscopic. They pass from the body in the dejecta. The eggs hatch into larvae in the soil, if the soil is warm, and moist. The larvae in the soil may penetrate the skin of the feet or of one who goes barefoot or gets the feet wet and muddy, or the skin of the hands and arms of laborers. In penetrating the skin the hookworm larvae produce considerable irritation and itching—called ground itch, dew itch—especially between the toes, with an outbreak of papules or pustules or severe dermatitis. Several weeks after penetration of the skin the larvae reach the duodenum, where they lodge, fastened to the mucous membrane, and feed on business as adult hookworms. Their route is by way of the blood stream through the veins back to the heart, thence to the lungs, thence working their way up into the throat, where they are swallowed.

This is the usual history of hookworm disease. The hookworms do not multiply in the body.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Light and Dark Eggs
Please tell me whether there is any difference in food value between eggs with white shell and eggs with brown shell. (L. A.)
Answer—There is no difference.

Vitamins and Vision
Want to thank you for article you wrote several months ago on vitamins for eye trouble. I had all the trouble you mentioned. Now my eyes are clear again. I attribute this, as well as greatly improved health, to the vitamin ration I have taken steadily since you suggested it. It certainly has given me new eyes. (J. B.)

Answer—Vitamin A and vitamin G are perhaps the important ones, in respect to vision. Send ten cents coin and 3-cent stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Building Vitality" which gives detailed information on vitamins.

Hard Master
Girls working for company are forced to stand all day folding sheets. We might have stools to sit on and work as well, but the man in charge will not allow a girl to sit down. . . . Is this Russia. . . . (A worker)

Answer—Bring it to the attention of your union. If you are too dumb to have your organization, perhaps a complaint to your state labor department would help.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 285 E. 1st Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—There is usually an item of interest in that brave little quarterly edited by Andre Simon, most famous of the living gourmets. It is issued for a circle of notable eaters' banded together into what is called The Wine and Food Society.

In a current issue, for instance, this Simon is writing of the difficulty of putting over Bordeaux wines. He says that in England there are signs that claret is slowly coming back, but the demand is not great enough in the United States to keep all the vineyards going. Some are closing.

Then he adds: "Vineyards are being uprooted which will never produce claret again. Many famous chateaux are deserted and for sale. Even proud Haut-Brion, the jewel of the Graves country, has been bought by an American financier, Mr. Clarence Dillon, to build a residence."

On top of this, Oil Boog's luxurious and ill-fated restaurant, opening recently, had hoped to make its stock of rare wines the chief appeal. But the demand was slight. Commisateurs declare it will take another decade for America to lose its speak-easy taste for raw gin and cut whiskey.

Established first-nighters breathed easier when Joan Crawford and Paul Henreid swung back over the Santa Fe trail. Quite innocently, the young honeymooners had made arriving at a premiere something of a football scrimmage. So much so that such amiable critics as Burne Mantle, Gilbert Gabriel and John Mason Brown spoke right out in print. Wherever the couple was to appear the lobby and sidewalk outside filled with milling, jostling throngs which, at the outsiders' cry: "Here they come!" massed into a flying charge that sent milk, monocles and top hats better-skitter.

So far as I observe, the only barmaid left in town—there were a number for a while—is an Amazonian lady who does the drink dispensing at a salty little cafe called "Hamburger Mary's" in the East 80's. She has a stunning fire comment, performs miracles of pouring, and, like most sensible and expert bartenders, does not drink.

The first barmaid I ever saw were the famous Kitty and Collie at the Savoy in London. I would sit at a nearby table for an hour, apparently engaged in reading, just to hear their Cockney chatter. They were once children of the Bobo sidewalk and knew London from one end to the other. Kitty a golden blonde, suggesting Sophie Tucker, and Collie

prematurely white haired with the wild frizz of Eva Tangany. Every Monday night they went to the Palladium to see Laddie Cliff, their mutual idol.

There was a foggy, drizzling morning when a bleary, disheveled customer approached Kitty and Collie for a pick-me-up. While it was being fashioned, frapper, creme de menthe with a float of brandy, and gentlemen how it would put you smack on your feet? Where was I? Don't tell me, I know. While it was being fashioned the forlorn hang-over put his elbows on the bar, held his head and groaned. "You must feel terrible!" soothed Kitty. He moaned: "My head aches so my hat hurts."

One of the glib-tongued Broadway characters Damon Runyan frequently fictionalized a riddled victim of gangster bullets in the Dutch Schultz massacre. But Runyan reveals he was far removed from the biological perquisites that make up the assassin. He was, instead, a harmless runner of inglorious errands, a jester who mouthed his wit in the underworld argot and strutted in a suspender-snapping bravado that he was "in the know." Every chief mobman has his clown.

She was one of those buoyant creatures clinging rapturously to his elderly arm and cooing ecstatically over avenue window displays. Before a further spread of chincheba she stood suddenly transfixed and gurgled: "Pur me, Daddy, please!" And the old boy was beginning to look moosey-moosey. too.
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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TWO related items in the news: Makale, mud hut city of Ethiopia, falls to the invading Italian forces without a struggle, its defenders deserting it and leaving it to the attackers.

Frequent rainstorms continue in Ethiopia, although this is supposed to be the dry season, rendering the trails morasses of mud. Mules again are the Italian army's lifeline to the bases of supplies and progress is slow. Motor trucks sink hub-deep in the mud and many have been abandoned. Mules are heavily loaded and many have died.

THE weather, you see, at least for the present, is continuing to fight on the side of the Ethiopians.

HAILE SELASSIE'S armies, please note, abandon Makale without a struggle, as they have abandoned other points, falling back and WAITING. Their plan, apparently, is to continue to wait until conditions are favorable to them.

The conditions they are waiting for include both weather and rough country.

THIS writer, incidentally, without any reason for it, is strongly on the side of the Ethiopians (although that insignificant fact means nothing to them) and hopes they catch both weather and conditions just right and rub Mussolini's nose in the mud—which is highly improbable.

It's hard to keep from sympathizing with the under dog, isn't it?

NOTE this dispatch from Corvallis, which is the seat of Oregon's agricultural college: "Crop damage caused by the unseasonable cold in Oregon may reach as high as a million dollars, if estimates of department of agriculture experts are borne out, but growers will not absorb the total loss. Higher prices for shortened crops will do much to balance the damage."

THAT is another way of saying that it isn't so much a crop loss as a CONSUMER loss, for the consumer will bear the burden in the form of higher prices for what he eats.

In these days, there is much talk of getting rich by limiting production and raising prices. If we are to think straight, we mustn't lose sight of the fundamental fact that things which aren't produced can't be consumed.

In the long run, prosperity consists in having a LOT of things to consume.

THIS dispatch comes from Chicago: "A noted jewelry designer and connoisseur of rare gems, Leo Murlin, burst of this city, classified women today as 'diamond types,' 'emerald types,' 'ruby types,' or those who should wear amethysts, turquoise and other stones."

Just how does he classify the men who BUY those stones for the women?

SALEM TO SPEND ON WATER PLANT

SALEM, Nov. 12.—(AP)—Cost of the proposed improvement of the Salem water system will be \$733,490, Engineer R. E. Koon reported to the city council last night.

The program, calling for a ten million gallon reservoir, a 100,000 gallon water tower, 25 miles of new pipe and 255 fire hydrants, would provide for the city until its population exceeds 50,000, Koon reported.

Salem recently purchased the water system from the Oregon-Washington Water Service corporation at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000.

SALEM POST OFFICE PLANNING STARTED

SALEM, Nov. 12.—(AP)—The federal government took initial action in construction of the new \$280,000 post office here by sending Harry Bennett, senior architect of the treasury department to Salem yesterday to gather data.

The building will be built on the same block as the present building, which will be torn down.

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Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
November 13, 1925
(It was Friday)
Heavy fog blankets the valley. Autolots warned to go slow.

Connie Conrad, star kicker of the football team, has a boil on his kicking foot.

Recent rains cheer Sams Valley farmers.

Jay Upton of Bend announces he will make the race for governor.

The mercury drops to 29 degrees last night.

Charles Roussom is recovering from a severe blow on the head, sustained while working in the lumber mill.

Local postoffice will be closed all day Christmas. People urged to mail packages early.

Twenty Years Ago Today
November 13, 1915
(It was Saturday)
Five young men who "swiped a keg of beer" from the R. L. Darling wagon are fined \$25 and returned by the police judge.

Ladies of the Colony club are daily sewing for the Red Cross.

The Nullo Bridge club meets with Mrs. L. A. Slade at her Central Point home.

"E. W. Carlson was seen grading some land the first of the week."—Table Rock Tablets.

Booker T. Washington, famed negro educator, passes at Tuskegee, Ala.

Medford and Ashland football squads battle to a scoreless tie. There was more arguing than playing, the spectators taking part in the former with great zest.

Prosecutor E. F. Kelly adjudicates a dispute at Central Point caused by a small boy refusing to fill the wood box, as a punishment for fighting during recess. The report says the prosecutor "objurgated" the lad to habits of obedience.

News Behind The News

(Continued From Page One.)

The loan background is that the treasury has been thinking about it for years, but doubts whether it could be won without congressional authority. No commitments were made.

Finesse used by the Japanese in recouping Shanghai is the admiration of all who appreciate the astute deception required in diplomacy. The Japanese remembered what Mussolini forgot in Ethiopia—a good excuse.

First, the Japanese were outraged because the Chinese had failed to advise them that a monetary move was under consideration. This shock was sufficient pretense for landing sailors. But a shock cannot last forever, so a Japanese sailor was found murdered in Shanghai.

There are diplomatic insiders here phlegmatic enough to suggest that the Japanese sailor was murdered by a Japanese bullet. In fact, that obvious suggestion has reached diplomatic quarters here in the form of a report.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calumel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just stays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks pink.

Laxatives are evil make-shifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Calumel pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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Stay on Main Highway (San Pablo Avenue) directly to 20th Street
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Silly Question? Yes and No.
Just about as silly as the man who thinks he is saving money by not spending money to keep his home or business property in repair and up-to-date.
The dollar paid out for material and labor in keeping a piece of real estate productive or saleable or liveable is not a DOLLAR SPENT. More often it is a dollar which has a returnable worth of about 200 percent.
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