

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
12-21-22 N. W. 1st St.
Phone 11.
ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor.
An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily, one year.....\$5.00
Daily, six months.....\$3.00
Daily, one month.....\$.50
By Carrier, in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and Co.
Daily, one year.....\$5.00
Daily, six months.....\$3.00
Daily, one month.....\$.50
All terms, cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.
Official Paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it, or otherwise credited to this paper, and also to the local news published herein.
All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Office in New York, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Uptate opponents of the Sales Tax, in any form, and for any reason, protest the Sales Tax measure passed by the recent legislature, upon unique grounds, viz: It was passed at midnight. Therefore, it is listed as "midnight skullduggery." The Sales Tax is for the purpose of providing funds for the payment of Old Age Pensions. It seems the hour of the enactment of the measure is more vital than the years of the beneficiaries, who by unhappy stress of circumstances might be hungry at noon.

"Brilliant, battering, bruising Baxter crashed, crushed and capitulated to a touchdown and victory." (From account of a football game)—Where in a scribble gushes giddily and grandly.

Japan is once more subjugating China. It is all very complicated, and in due course of time journalists will again, as in previous subjugations, report they are unable "to make heads or tails" of the situation.

It is noted that the citizen who failed to pick up a hitch-hiker, mistake a man for a deer, or get lost in the mountains during the first storm of winter, has started auditing his gas-tank with a lighted match.

Last Sunday your corr reported that J. Korr Hall, the fretting horticulturist, was 68 years old. This was an error. Mr. Hall is 58 years old, acts like he was 48, and feels like he was 38.

"Hall, protesting vigorously, assumed a fighting attitude, as if he were going to let go with his left at the referee and swing at Cochran with his right." (Press Dispatch)—It's a good trick, even if he can't do it.

Eleanor Powell of the movies has come and gone, and most of the younger feminine set wish they had kept up their tap dance lessons.

RULES FOR WRITING.
"In writing I shall confine myself strictly to the truth except when it is attended with inconvenience. I shall witheringly rebuke all forms of crime except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest. I shall not make use of slang and slightly upon any occasion under any circumstances and shall never use profanity except when discussing taxes." (Mark Twain's Essays.)

Yesterday was Wednesday, the 13th. Not being Friday, nothing terrible happened.

Tom Bradley of the Lighthouse, who is sojourning in the southland, writes he will try and get home before Del Getchell, the banker-poet cracks down on him with another poem.

American aviators Monday ascended into the heavens 14 miles. This is regarded as a fair height for the price of anything one has to sell.

"FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS SHOOT EACH OTHER" (Walnut (Tex.) Vidette)—They must be.

The state capitol measure is now held invalid, because a clerk failed to read it on final passage, as required by the state constitution. The defect is held to be due to extensive legislative fiddling, and doing everything but what they were supposed to do. All the statements, at least reports, had successfully found their way home.

J. Wesley Bates, the tonsorial artist is having a busy week. He was married 23 years Tuesday, and encounters another birthday Saturday.

Mrs. Bacon had asked for \$200 a month for cosmetic and beauty parlor treatments.—(Oregonian)—The war on wrinkles costs a pretty penny.

THIRTY BEARS ITS HEAD.
In 1912 I bought an overcoat. I got it wet and it shrank to the size of my eldest son. He got it wet and it shrank to the size of my second eldest son. Well, sir, he got the coat soaking wet and it then fit the third boy. We are now waiting for a soaking rain to pass it along to Jimmy—age 9.—C. N. Collins.
—(Somerset (Md.) Tidings)

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

The Coast Football Decline

WHAT the present writer doesn't know about the fine points of modern football would no doubt fill the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Nevertheless, we hereby assert, with (as the political spell binders love to say) no hope of successful contradiction, that college football coaches on the coast, are asleep at the switch while middle west and eastern football is passing them by. That was indicated at the Rose Bowl last New Year's day, when Stanford with a marvelously powerful team, was bowled over by little Alabama, because "Alabam" had mastered the aerial game, and Stanford hadn't.

Illinois rated far from the top in the U. S. West, did the same thing at the start of the season against U. S. C. And last Saturday Southern Methodist took U. C. L. A.—until very recently rated first in the far west—to a cleaning by adopting the same tactics.

What universal is desired? Pacific Coast coaches appear to have developed into perfect Bourbons, satisfied to rest on their laurels of the past, unable to forget anything or learn anything.

The universal slogan is still power, power and more power. Power which nine times out of ten is helpless within the ten-yard line, however dazzling it may be in mid-field. Forward and lateral passes are used of course, but only as a last resort, not as the heart and sinew of the game.

Small wonder the coast always loses at the Rose Bowl. It will continue to lose, we predict, until the coaches wake up to the fact that the forward and lateral pass offense has entirely revolutionized the game.

Let some of the big boys in the college league come and look over the Medford High School team, and see what the local boys have done with forward and lateral passes. We believe they would learn a very valuable lesson.

Take a Bow, Perry

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

FOR nearly a quarter of a century Art Perry has been banging his weather beaten typewriter in the M. T. office, and throwing smouldering cigaret butts into the old cracker barrel that serves as his waste basket,—but whoever hereabouts ever accused him of producing literature, or running any risk of setting the world of letters on fire?

A. P. a member of the LITERATI! Absurd. Everyone in Southern Oregon knows Perry, the veteran skipper of the Smudge Pot, a column that is pretty good one day, and not so good the next; but neither he nor his column anything to write home about,—just another happy-go-lucky newspaper scribbler, whose waist band has been expanding rather alarmingly of late and whose hair has been getting pretty thin on top. He never took himself seriously so why should anyone else do so?

Just shows how true that quotation above from the gospel of Luke is, and how little we know about those we rub elbows with, on terms of the utmost familiarity, every day in the old home town.

FOR Perry, all this time, with his wise cracks and his cracks, not so wise; his quaint comments on human nature and the local scene, his characterizations of this local celebrity and that from Prospect to the Applegate, has been contributing to the bibliography of the great state of Oregon, and "Smudge Pot" now has a prominent and permanent place in the "History of Oregon Literature,"—a volume just off the press, the result of many years of study and research by Professor Powers, dean of the general extension division of the state system of higher education.

UNTIL a copy of the book has been received, we don't know just what extracts from the Smudge Pot have been selected, but we have a hunch, they deal largely with local types and human interest,—the more original and individual contributions of the skipper—rather than with general run of the columnist mill.

It is in this direction, at least, where Commodore Perry has been outstanding. Literature is not necessarily "fine writing" any more than humor is necessarily manufacturing "puns" and sprinkling them liberally with wise-cracks every day.

Literature is essentially drawing a true picture of contemporary life in words, and humor consists largely in the ability to maintain a proper sense of proportion, as the parade of life passes on, placing incidents and the actors in the drama of life, in the various niches where they belong.

THIS is what Perry has done. Anyone who should wish to secure a TRUE picture of the life, manners and customs of Southern Oregon during the past two or three decades, would find their material, not in this or the news columns of this paper, but in the Smudge Pot, where the creative and distillation processes have been going on.

Not that Smudge Pot should be taken as a model for literature, native humor, or a MODEL for anything else. That isn't it. The point is that in that department and that department alone, life as it has been lived in Southern Oregon has been amusingly and accurately observed and depicted,—true, typical and alive,—and that is why it has been, and why it deserves to be, preserved in the literary archives of this state.

IN addition, there has been from time to time, some shrewd observations on human nature, some effective punning of stuffed shirts, and some ironical comments upon the political scene, national, state and local, which have added materially to the vitality and value of the column.

So congratulations to A. P. for the recognition that has been so long delayed but has at last been tendered. We knew it all the time. Don't go prima donna on us, Arthur. Come forward to the footlights and take a bow!

STEIWER FEARFUL OF LUMBER DUTY SLASH

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 14.—(AP)—Senator Frederick Steiwer (R., Ore.) told the Portland Shipping club that the shipping industry "has a right to be fearful that President Roosevelt is making an agreement with Canada to reduce the import duty on lumber." He also assailed what he termed "theorists, brain trusters and academic philosophies."

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works. Phone 542. We'll haul away your junk. City Sanitary Service. GUNSMITH—Repairs for all makes of guns. Sims Bros., 28 N. Fir.

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 (writing 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.

THE FUEL VALUES OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES

In a handbook on "Food Values" by Edwin A. Locke, A. M., M. D., which the author prepared especially for medical students (one ounce) of Madeira contained 15.40 per cent alcohol yielding 32 calories. An ounce of fresh Tokay containing 11.19 per cent alcohol yielded 39 calories. A glassful (half pint, 8 ounces, 250 cc.) of American sweet cider containing 1.40 per cent alcohol yielded only 109 calories, while the same quantity of American hard cider (fermented) contained 5.17 per cent alcohol and yielded 130 calories. For comparison, milk yields about 20 calories to the ounce or 160 to glassful, sugar 30 calories to the lump or cube, 25 calories to the domino, 30 calories to the level teaspoonful, one slice of bread 80 calories.

Alcohol is computed solely on the basis of its function as a fuel. As Dr. Locke takes pains to point out, alcohol consumed in more than moderate quantities acts as a drug instead, and when taken to excess this action may negative entirely its action as a fuel food, or even interfere with the digestion and absorption of other foods. Further, one must bear in mind that the composition of alcoholic beverages varies greatly from time to time, and these figures are merely the average of analyses made by various authorities. Jamaica rum contained 69.61 per cent alcohol by weight, and a "shot" of it (50 cc. or about 1 1/2 ounces) yielded 245 calories. Pure French cognac contained 55.90 per cent alcohol and yielded 78 calories to the cordial glass (about 20 cc. or 3/4 oz.). California brandy contained 45.90 per cent alcohol and a cordial glass yielded 65 calories. Gin contained 30 per cent alcohol and a "shot" (50 cc.) yielded 116 calories. A dry Martini cocktail contained 21.30 per cent alcohol and the 75 cc. (2 1/2 ounce) glass yielded 131 calories. A cordial glass (20 cc. or little less than 3/4 ounce) of Benedictine contained 42.40 per cent alcohol and yielded 88 calories. American whiskey contained 43.00 per cent alcohol and a whiskey glassful (50 cc. or about 1 1/2 ounces) yielded 152 calories. European whiskey contained 39.00 per cent alcohol and the same quantity yielded 137 calories. California port wine contained 14.81 per cent alcohol and a sherry glassful (30 cc. or a bit over an ounce) yielded 38 calories. California white wine contained 9 per cent alcohol and a claret glassful (120 cc. or about 4 ounces) yielded 89 calories. European champagne sweet contained 5.50 per cent alcohol and a champagne glassful (135 cc. or a bit over 4 ounces) yielded 161 calories. American sweet champagne contained 6.27 per cent alcohol and 135 cc. yielded 132 calories. Dry champagne contained 10.42 per cent alcohol and yielded only 112 calories (most of the sugar converted into alcohol gas by fermentation).

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

When You Have Health Examination Will you kindly state the circumstances which in your good judgment warrant a periodic physical examination, for a woman in business. I am 34 years old, and so far as I know now in good health. (Miss P. M.) Answer.—Physical fatigue or so-called nervous exhaustion or brain-fag, any shortness of breath or moderate exertion, any sensation of heart hurry, and change in body weight, any difficulty or disturbance of digestion—such symptoms, often ignored or ascribed to "overwork," should warrant a medical examination in any case. A man or woman of sound business principles should have at least one health inventory annually, best by the same physician, a private physician, of course, not a mall-order "institution" or "clinic." Exercise for Weak Heart How about a fellow 51 years of age who has chronic myocardial weakness, doing your keep fit exercise? I seem to feel better when I take a fair amount of exercise. (A. C. E.) Answer.—Generally a fair amount of exercise daily is beneficial in such heart disease. You should have your physician's advice about the amount and kind of exercise to take, if any. Where there is decompensation and other exercise is for the time being not permitted. Belly Breathing is helpful to the heart. But the question of rest or exercise, or how much exercise, is always an individual one which only the doctor familiar with the patient's condition can intelligently consider.

Sweat What is the remedy you have so often recommended for control of disagreeable sweating in the armpits? (N. O. L.) Answer.—Mop the clean dried skin once over with a solution of one-half ounce of aluminum chloride in three ounces of water, and let dry before dressing. (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. 14.—Newspaper men are proud of the recent buck-rashy George Britt, a newspaper man himself, turned out about Frank Munsey. Others had tried to bring a measure of warmth to the job of immortalizing one of the strangest figures in the publishing business, but gave it up. Nowhere in his make-up could they find an essence of that divine fluid which, for want of a better name, is called printer's ink. All they could find was ice-water. He had no journalistic instincts, yet the biography title "Perry Years"—Perry Millons' capsule the story of his astonishing success.

The best description of Munsey came from Eleanor Glynn. The publisher was in Paris with Frank Crowninshield. One morning after several weeks of their stay, Crowninshield ran into Miss Glynn on the Champs Elysees. Munsey was not with him. "Where," asked Miss Glynn, "is our weary gray wolf?" Munsey was the loneliest and most pathetic of men. For a number of years I lived in the same hotel where he so long resided. Many times late at night I have seen him outside talking to the doorman, house detective or neighboring night-watch-

anybody. A millionaire starving for friendship! The brightly lit all-night barber-shop down the subway steps from the Palace on West 47th, where the machine gun riflers scooped two of Dutch Schultz's plug-uglies, has long been a haven of those worldlings whom Broadway brevetted as Big Shots. The sort who clench black cigars, sport silk monogrammed shirts, smell of barber lotions and are known as Hinky, Blipsey and Moe. The shop is in that block dubbed Malaria alley, one of the toughest fibers on the Tenderloin. Sudden Thought: The only difference between Broadway and Main street is that on Main street they know each other.

From Hawaii comes a sure-fire baldness cure—the root of the ginger flower, long used by Hawaiians as noted for luxuriant growths. My informant had an onion-skin pate, like Bald Jack Rose, but in six weeks there was a fuzz all over his head, and in three months—mirabile dictu!—he was getting regular weekly hair-cuts. The catch is—there's forever a catch in baldness cures—the bulbs are indigenous to a remote island and cannot be brought to the mainland. Gelett Burgess, who is a chronic discoverer of mass oddities, thinks there should be a Guild of Face Peel-

A Fine Blend of Kentucky STRAIGHT WHISKIES

Advertisement for Kentucky OAKS whisky, featuring a bottle image and text: "A Fine Blend of Kentucky STRAIGHT WHISKIES. KENTUCKY OAKS. Blended and Bottled by W. L. UELLER & SONS, Inc. Distillers, Louisville, Ky."

ers. He asked me to notice in the next restaurant I visited the number, chiefly men dining alone, who, while awaiting food, feel their faces. And sure enough at a Schraff's I counted six. And an ear lobe tigger, too. When H. T. Webster was in Nova Scotia recently he stopped at a wayside inn for a bite. During the meal a bewhiskered fellow attached himself and continued a running fire conversation not only to the waiting car but for a short ride on the running board. As he hopped off, he called out: "Lots of people around here criticize me for talkin' to strangers, but I keep right on doin' it." New York's literati is of a sudden steamed up over the writings of William Randolph Hearst as expressed in his hard-hitting editorials. F. P. A. in a paragraph panegyric declared: "I am struck with the excellence of it." The style has a disarming naïveté which all writers strive for but few achieve. I hazard a guess the staccato dash off is the fruitage of years of dashing off those hurried notations across pages of his newspapers and magazines, which form almost his sole editorial guidance.

Thingamabobs: There is an average of 50 marriages a day at "The Little Church Around the Corner." Rupert Hughes still writes in long hand. Chauncey Depew sent his barber \$100 every Christmas, but never tipped him. Lloyd George has a huge terror that only howls when Wagnerian music comes over the radio. Jimmy Walker's Burlington Arcade lounging robes are something new in splendor. Burton Rascoe is wealthiest of the book critics. I was listening to one of the brief radio sum-ups of the day's stock market this evening which ended "Cotton was quiet." And a lady across the room observed: "That's one thing about cotton. It never gets noisy." (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS
C. L. Jamison, secretary of the Oregon Cattle and Horse Raisers' association, speaking at the annual meeting of the Southern Oregon Livestock association the other night, told of the capture of Toby Skene, better known in Oregon, perhaps, as Flint Spragg. Skene, horse-thief and murderer, who had long eluded the officers of the law, was captured recently by Mr. Jamison and another man when, in search of food, he entered the house they were temporarily occupying. (The name of the man, who is a bad actor of long standing in the Eastern Oregon, Northern Nevada and Northern California country, is Toby Skene. His career was romanticized recently by one of the Portland papers under the name of Flint Spragg.)

FAT GIRLS GET THE GO-BY—SLIM GIRLS WIN MEN

Lee Fat The Easy Way—Without Starvation Diet, or Back-Breaking, Bending and Rolling Exercises. There's a reason why so many people find diets are hard and often times futile in reducing. The reason, doctors say, is often because a little gland is not working right. All the blood in your body goes through this tiny gland sixteen times every day. If it doesn't pour into the blood stream about one and one-half drops of vital fluid every 24 hours, many people take on ugly fat. This fluid helps Nature to "burn up" excess food and fatty tissue in much the same way as a good "draft" acts in a furnace. Now, physicians combat this condition by feeding the gland the substance it lacks—and millions of pounds of excess fat has been wiped out this way. Marmola's Prescription Tablets are based on the same scientific method used by doctors. So why not lose fat the easy way—without starvation diets or back-breaking, bending and rolling exercises? Start the Marmola treatment today that millions have used successfully to get rid of excess fat. The formula is in every box so you know just what you are taking. Don't wait—get Marmola today from druggists.

Now On Display The New 1936 CHRYSLER

with the famous CHRYSLER AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE The finest of all cars ever produced by Chrysler SEE IT! — RIDE IN IT! LANGE MOTOR CO. 38 North Riverside — Chrysler and Plymouth

It is a little unfortunate," Mr. Jamison said in modestly telling of the capture, "that this man has been made something of a romantic hero. He is nothing of the sort. He is just a plain horse-thief, who in the end became a common and not at all romantic murderer, shooting a man down in cold blood. There is nothing whatever about him to admire. "Instead, there is everything to detest. He is small and mean and common. The public, I think, ought to see him in his true light."

OUT of these romanticized stories of criminals, a lot of us get the idea that these individuals are some sort of supermen. They are nothing of the sort, Mr. Jamison says. They are just common crooks who either have something wrong with them mentally or are too lazy to try to earn an honest living and try to beat the game and get something for nothing by living a life of crime.

DO THEY get something for nothing? Do they live fascinatingly interesting lives? Neither, Mr. Jamison says. Skene

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 14, 1925.
(It was Sunday.)
Wholesale cutting of Christmas trees prohibited by forest service.

Central Point wins half of prizes awarded southern Oregon at Portland Livestock show.

Eugene Thomas recovers from an appendicitis operation.
Booting whiskey floods valley, police report, with no clues to the flooders.

Merchants report brisk Christmas trade.
Snow falls in the hills, with rain in the valley.

Turkey prices advance for Thanksgiving.
TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 14, 1915.

Teddy Roosevelt comes out for "adequate preparedness" as Republican campaign issue. Democrats favor "Our boys at home" as main plank next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. Gaddis return from visit to San Francisco fair.

Seeley Hall drives auto from Crescent City to Medford in 12 hours.
Rain badly needed in valley, no farmers can start fall plowing.

English walnut crop in valley not high returns.
Oregon apples to be given away at San Francisco fair tomorrow.

Valley turkey crop is lightest in years.

Large advertisement for Kentucky OAKS whisky, featuring a bottle image and text: "OLD KENTUCKY HOME BRAND Straight Bourbon From Sour Mash Aged in Oak A Quality Whiskey DISTILLED FOR EXACTING TASTES. 95¢ Pints CODE No. 186C \$1.85 Quarts CODE No. 186A"

Advertisement for Chrysler car, featuring a car image and text: "Now On Display The New 1936 CHRYSLER with the famous CHRYSLER AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE The finest of all cars ever produced by Chrysler SEE IT! — RIDE IN IT! LANGE MOTOR CO. 38 North Riverside — Chrysler and Plymouth"