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Inexcusable!

"Like any woman I sympathize with his wife and little son. If as a member of the board of pardons, my husband felt justified in helping to save Hauptmann's life, I realize what happiness it would bring to Mrs. Hauptmann and the baby."

Thus is Mrs. Lillie Hoffman, wife of the New Jersey governor, quoted to explain her effort and the effort of her husband, to save the kidnapper and the murderer of the Lindbergh baby, from the electric chair.

An excellent example of the sort of maudlin sentimentality that is chiefly responsible for the fact, that less than 20% of the murderers in this country are ever punished as the law provides, and the United States leads the world in violent crime.

Sympathy for the Hauptmann baby and family, but not a word of sympathy for the Lindbergh family and baby!

The kidnapping and slaying of the Lindbergh child occurred so long ago, and the execution of Hauptmann is so imminent, how typically American that in certain quarters public sympathy should be concentrated upon the criminal about to expiate his crime; rather than upon the unfortunate victims of his unscrupulous greed and brutality. Only another demonstration of how the law's delay, acting upon human nature, not as we wish it were but as it is, works to defeat punishment as a crime deterrent, and adds fuel to the flames of lawlessness and violence.

BUT even more amazing than this exhibition of maudlin sentimentality, is the spectacle presented by the chief executive of a great state like New Jersey, deliberately injecting an element of doubt, into a case like this, without a scintilla—without even a suggestion—of evidence to support it.

According to press reports Governor Hoffman is being severely criticized for such action. He should be. In fact if the reports are correct, his conduct is utterly inexcusable, and provides ample ground for his impeachment.

Not only was Hauptmann found guilty after a fair trial, but his conviction was upheld by the state court of appeals, and by the Supreme Court of the United States.

As chief executive of the state in which the crime was committed, Governor Hoffman's sworn duty was to see the law was carried out. Only new evidence raising reasonable doubt of Hoffman's guilt, justifying the belief that this conviction represented a miscarriage of justice, would justify Governor Hoffman, or any other responsible person—demonstrating any special sympathy for the convicted man, or doing anything by word or act, that would arouse the slightest doubt, as to the justice of the court's action.

But now the New Jersey governor admits he has no such evidence, has heard of none, and yet at the same time his wife is quoted as saying:

"You can't help feeling sorry for the innocent victims of such a tragedy as the Hauptmann case."

Innocent victims indeed! But how about the innocent victims in that home in New Jersey that cold February night, a few years ago!

The entire performance of the governor of New Jersey and his family, we repeat, is inexcusable; and if politics provides the only explanation, then such conduct is only the more reprehensible.



(Continued From Page One.)

did not dare to let such a vital gathering go unobserved.

The fundamental background of business excitement about such a supposedly unrepresentative gathering was apparently this:

A substantial number of small industrialists are supposed to have accepted eagerly Mr. Berry's invitation. They were the ones who were helped by the old NRA. Contrary to the general impression now, there were some in that category. For instance, a small shoe manufacturer might have been able to get minimum wage exemptions because his workers did not live under city standards or had gardens of their own. The big city manufacturer could not get such exemptions. Thus, the NRA in such particular instances was a boon to some small manufacturers.

The big manufacturer could not afford to let the Berry convention reach an agreement which would be presented to congress as a recommendation of the small fellows.

The great government palaces constructed lately on Constitution avenue are already proving inadequate to house the New Deal.

One new bureau, the motor carrier division of the interstate commerce commission, is preparing to move from the temple provided for the entire commission. It has only 150 employees but expects to have 500 to 600, and the space provided for it is too small.

Adequate accommodations have been rented for it where you would least expect. The whole building of the negro Masonic temple has been leased in another section of the city.

With Prof. Tugwell in the old Welsh mansion, the McLean mansion and under the hotel roof, government where Kate Smith came to fame, out-of-town visitors will have to look for the New Deal in some very strange places.

Despite legal delays, the suit now pending is expected to pass on most of the New Deal particular instances was a boon to some small manufacturers.

The latest proposed cure-all is "re-distribution of income," under government supervision, "with a planned scarcity." At present most incomes are too puny to be worth distributing, or make a worthy distribution.

THESE CHANGING TIMES. The gambling that we all know about goes on anyway, and is practically the only thing left that doesn't pay a tax. It is either that or allow the sanctimonious ones who merely shut their eyes to the facts, to still rule the roost, and forbid mention of the fact that people do gamble. Maybe it is the old rule that these same persons that a female pedal exerciser were attached to limbs, never legs. How time flies.

Reveler Union Head. PORTLAND, Dec. 11.—(AP)—The Portland Central Labor council re-elected Phil Brady, president; G. O. Hunter, vice-president; and Orest Anderson, secretary-treasurer, last night.

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.

A medical textbook which has gone through many editions and enjoyed wide popularity among physicians is Bell's Pathology.



In the 1930 edition of this work (there was an edition issued last year, I believe) appears the following quaint bit of medical hocus-pocus: "Colds—Many colds are communicable diseases that develop merely from contact with an infected person; but others originate following exposure to cold. A sudden cooling of the body such as occurs if one sits in a draft to cool, causes anemia of the mucous membranes of the respiratory tract and a subsequent inflammation."

That's the grand old medical tradition—for which neither Dr. Bell nor any other medical authority can cite any scientific evidence or even any convincing clinical evidence. It is fairly well established by scientific observation that a kind of blanching of the lining of the nose occurs as a reflex response to sudden cooling of the surface of the body, by draft, cold water or otherwise. But the "subsequent inflammation" which this distinguished author so nonchalantly contributed to the theory is wholly hypothetical and all the distinguished old gentlemen who devote their leisure to writing medical books cannot put the idea over by merely making such bald assertions. That era of medicine is past. Unfortunately that it endured so long.

In the conventional manner medical textbooks and Bell proceed with his funny etiology.

Severe chilling of the body lowers the resistance to infection, and often seems to be the direct cause of pneumonia.

Here again the eminent authority is all wet. He would make a pathetic figure if he should perpetrate anything like that on the witness stand and the opposing attorney knew his algebra. Apart from the well established and demonstrable state of immunity, which essentially involves infection as a premise, no one has scientifically proved or even obtained evidence of any weight to support the traditional fancy that cold in any way affects one's susceptibility to disease—and I mean cold in precisely the sense that Dr. Bell implies. That is, ordinary every day

constant companion in the gingham and pigtail days when she was just another freckled red-head in a country town. And Hollywood and triumph were as remote as Kamchatka.

Kidding or something has almost shorn Brooklyn of that rhy lingo called Brooklynese, the argot that pronounces Cuba Cuber and oysters straws. No one knows the etymology of such patter. It just took root. Topography is the only ground for the idea with its vaudeville poem:

Little Gottl Molphy, she sottenly is a hold. She lives on Tolty-second street right next to Tholty Thold.

She reads the Evening Jolny and she reads the Evening World. I certainly do love Gottl when her dolly hair is coiled.

Now that the tumult and shouting have died down a bit for Billy Rose and his name plays prominently on the great electric organ in town, Panny Brice is entitled to a bow. Quite unconsciously she had much to do with the spectacular upshot of this 1935 pint-sized Barnum, Rose adores his willowy comeliness wife, but since their marriage has been given to flurries of private sulking over the general destination, "Panny Brice's husband." He often told friends in petulant moments he was going to get away from that tag and he has done so with a bang.

Agricultural note: Dwight Deere Weenans, who has plowed up Broadway theatrically and spectacularly, is a member of the famous John Deere farm implement family.

Now that Dorothy Stone's dancing husband, Charles Collins, has been attired to a film studio, the migration of the Stone family to Hollywood is complete. All the rolling Stones—Fred, Carol and Paula—are on the west coast and under contract. Probably no film are so closely knit as those of the Stone family. They are born trouper, but so paradoxically demonstrated that when separated their long distance and telegraphic bills exceed that of almost any American family.

It takes one of those hard-boiled truckers from his high perch to deflate a passenger. One today in 39th street called to a precisely dressed B. I. A. A. "Hey, Jack, gotta match!" The blade did not even cut him a glance, so he jockeyed up and whispered in falsetto: "You know what? Mama said, Outback, about chocolate Sundays, you little devil you!"

Not all celebrities are owners of pedigreed kyo-dogs. Any number own just plain dogs. Ginger Rogers for instance, is greatly attached to a "Twee" mongrel of assorted lineage that goes by the name of Rover. Rover is old and toothless now and was her

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—The hold-up artists who terrorize small shopkeepers in the more crowded sections are really boys. Sophisticated-looking youths of the alert type so often head office boys in Wall Street. They are togged out in Broadway "extravagant" style and bristle with wise-talk.

Usually they are hopped up with drugs. They choose the congested districts because if there is an alarm they are able to escape more easily in the mass confusion. More so than taking it on the lam down a deserted street. Mostly they are from 18 to 21.

Recently two entered a smart upper Broadway shop. One inquired disarmingly: "Is my wife here?" A clerk in spirit of jest replied: "Is she a blonde?" "Yes, she's a blonde and this is a stick-up. In the back room all of you or get plugged." In eight minutes they emptied the till and escaped.

It's their very innocent and juvenile appearance that shows the victims off guard. And through such unexpected brands they have executed some amazing coups that skilled crooks might have fumbled. What is more, they are dangerous. When trapped they begin shooting.

Elsie Maxwell's talent for making Gold Coast adults play childish games has also publicized her extravagantly on both continents. And as was quite natural, she followed the parade of society entertainers in the night clubs. Hers is a strange adventure in human anatomy—mixing the gold and druggs and transmitting it into a high glitter of gaudy. Just her presence seems to inspire people to don paper hats, blow horns and otherwise cut off restraint.

Not all celebrities are owners of pedigreed kyo-dogs. Any number own just plain dogs. Ginger Rogers for instance, is greatly attached to a "Twee" mongrel of assorted lineage that goes by the name of Rover. Rover is old and toothless now and was her

ECZEMA itching. For quick relief from the fiery torment and to control the incessant itching, use Resinol. It helps nature heal skin, irritated skin. Get a jar today. Resinol

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

WHEN you start on a trip, at the Christmas season or at other times, which do you do—take the train, or take your car?

The answer is as simple as anything can be. You go by car because it is cheaper.

At average prices of gasoline, and without counting depreciation—which goes on anyway, whether you drive your car or not—an automobile can be driven for about the cost of ONE railroad fare, plus Pullman.

Several people travel in an automobile as cheaply as one.

WHATEVER is said of the cost of railroad passenger fares must be with equal truth of the cost of railroad freights. They are HIGH.

WHY is railroad service, both passenger and freight, so costly? Again the answer is simple. It is because of the paralyzing hand of government regulation, plus HIGH TAXES.

The combination of these has pushed the cost of railroad service higher than the traffic will bear.

THE operating managers of the railroads know this, and it worries them nearly frantic. They would like to reduce rates to a point that would get business, but they can't. Government regulation imposes upon them costs that they can't get out from under.

SO FAR, trucks and buses, because they provide a relatively new form of transportation, have escaped destructively costly government regulation, but the handwriting is on the wall.

The railroads, hampered and held back by the cost of regulation, have demanded, logically enough, that the same handicaps that are imposed upon them shall be imposed upon their competitors, and legislation is already in the making to bring this about.

When this legislation becomes fully effective, truck and bus rates will begin to go up.

THE point is this: We thought we were smart when we began to regulate the railroads severely. We had the hazy idea, without any experience to back it up, that regulation of the railroads by the government would bring the cost of railroad service down to the point where we could all afford to use it extensively.

Hard experience has taught us that the exact opposite is true.

A LOT of nitwits, who pose as shining reformers, are shouting for government regulation or outright government ownership and operation of practically EVERYTHING.

If we listen to them, and permit the paralyzing hand of government—which means political—regulation to be laid upon all of our industries, we shall be in a sad way, for the ultimate result will be that the cost of EVERYTHING WE BUY will be tremendously increased.

Communications

Let City Water Pay Taxes. To the Editor: I want to answer Mr. Pipes' communication in regard to lowering of water rates, and will start out by stating that I am against it, for the following reasons:

We have a wonderful water system and water that absolutely cannot be beat anywhere. Strangers come in here and they just drink and drink and they want to stay where they can have such excellent water. Yes, the water rate is high, but damn it, it's worth it. Have any of you heard that remark?

Now my proposition is this, and I got it from E. M. Wilson, who is a public accountant and one of our city-meayers: Keep the water rate where it is and sell as much of it as we can to surrounding territory, making certain necessary restrictions outside of city limits, but getting as much revenue from our water system as we can—make it a paying proposition. Then concentrate our

entire efforts on reducing our entire bonded indebtedness, using the water department money for that purpose, cut our city expenditures down to the very bone and get out of debt. Then we will find that we can make the revenue from our water system pay the entire operating expenses of the city and we can advertise to the world that Medford is a city that has no city taxes.

This will boom our town as nothing else on earth can; people will flock in here, buy property, build homes, patronize our business and everything is lovely and the goose hangs high.

E. M. Wilson gave me this idea a couple of years ago, and showed me figures that proved the truth of it. And it is not a new idea, because many other towns in the U. S. A. have propositions that are paying their taxes, and the fact is seen in our newspapers quite often. It is only a case of putting public-spirited men in office who are sold on that idea and who can forget their own personal interests for the public good.

Get your paper and other Medford papers sold on this idea. Get the figures from E. M. Wilson, and get the public sold on it.

Here's to Medford, the city that will have no taxes.

GEO. IVERSON, Medford, December 10.

Ekwall to Leave. PORTLAND, Dec. 11.—(AP)—Congressman W. A. Ekwall and his family will leave Saturday by automobile for Washington, D. C., for the next congressional session which starts in January.

If the GIFT is lasting, the SENTIMENT is lasting



As a token of Esteem, Love or Remembrance nothing can take the place of a beautiful piece of jewelry: an article of Sterling Silver or a good Watch. And the very finest of these ideal gifts can now be bought in Medford at our large new store on North Central avenue...

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Oh So! says FRANK WATANABE by ED HOLDEN

The First Sons of the land Franklin J., and John Roosevelt have sign the pledge for safe auto driving! Mrs. Roosevelt says she feeling sure them two Sons are driving very safely now. Now allbody are joyful for happiness because them boys are going be good!

When a President Son agree to be good it are something to yelp about alright—in fact 1st page stuff. It remind me about a joke I hearing. Two ladies was talking over back-side of fence—

1st Lady: "Do you heard from your son Dannie?" 2nd Lady: "Indeed have—and do you believe it, he are getting out next month!"

1st Lady: "Oh I thought he were sent up for 10 year." 2nd Lady: "He were—but he getting out after serving only 8—on account good behavior."

1st Lady: "Oh, I always knew Dannie was a good boy." Oh So!

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