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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The optimistic section of the state press, blithely and bravely and naively contends, "the promises of demagogues will not hold water."

The main trouble with a demagogue is his windiness, not his inability to become water-logged.

The Republican national committee is mad at the radio chains, because they refused to broadcast their anti-New Deal radio playlet, "Liberty at the Crossroads."

Judging solely from extracts from the playlet published in the current press, they shouldn't be.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN (Red Bluff News) (Pendleton East Oregonian)

Last week a Mr. Mauritz saw a coyote start across the ice on Washington lake near Palouse Junction.

He drew his pistol, and fired at the animal. The ball glanced on the ice and struck a Chinaman half a mile distant in the shoulder, inflicting a painful wound.—(50 Yrs. Ago Col.)

Astronomers compute the distance to the latest batch of newly discovered stars at 1,000,000,000,000,000 miles. The figures look like the treasury deficit for next year, or the speedometer of a veteran 4d.

The governor of New Jersey has granted a 30-day reprieve to Bruno Hauptmann, the alien criminal, and convicted slayer and kidnaper of the Lindbergh babe. The governor professes doubt, relative to the guilt of the German carpenter, where there is none. Possession by Hauptmann of large quantities of the ransom money, and unexplained, without the aid of other damning testimony, should be convincing enough to satisfy even a politician drunk with publicity. With such support no wonder the vile murderer sneers from his prison cell at the grief of the parents of his victim, while the rabble sympathizes. The New Jersey governor is the perfect flower of the primary election system that so often elevates weaklings to high places.

A campaign to encourage home building under the federal housing act has been launched here. If it don't quit raining pretty soon, some government money will be needed to launch an ark.

J. Curtis Barnes, the economist, is horrified at the news that J. Pierpont Morgan made money lending money to the Allies during the Great War. Pierp, being a financier, it should not be horrifying. Like J. Curtis, et al. when in a deal he allows as how he will not come out the little end of the horn. Mr. Barnes was not horrified the slightest by income tax statistics showing that Constance Bennett, a film queen and no great shakes as an actress, drew down \$148,000 last year as her pay. It should at least leave him agape.

We insist on the most detailed inspection of railroad equipment, but we don't care what kind of an automobile is driven on the highways.—(San Bernardino (Cal.) Sun)

The iron horse versus the mechanical mess.

Towns are the least useful of all the many actions of the human mouth. They are good for nothing except getting the yawner unpopulated with people who may be talking to him, singing at him or reading their own poems to him.

Yawns originate somewhere below the Adam's apple and proceed in a generally northern direction until they shoot out past the teeth, thus straining the jaws apart and marring the facial contour or even the handsome person.

Yawns do not give any adequate warning of their impending arrival. They sneak up the throat stealthily and then rush out into the open where all may see.—(Exchange)

Paid student guides are provided University of Texas students at Austin, Tex., to explain extensive development in recent years of the school's physical properties.

Editorial Correspondence

EN ROUTE TO EUGENE via S. P., Jan. 16.—Water, water everywhere, but no floods—at least none visible from a car window. In fact considering the fact that it has been raining now ever since the year one,—one is surprised to find so much terra firma visible. Cow creek showed more change than the Rogue or the Umpqua—the Cow over its banks in many places and waves of surging caramel-colored water slushing over the rocks and against the tree trunks in the forest. But high waters in the mountains represent no immediate danger. If floods come they come in the valleys lower down.

In some places the highway was under water, but not deep enough to interfere with motor traffic. South of Cottage Grove a car had gone into the ditch and been abandoned, presenting rather a forlorn picture with the rain still coming down. In many fields small lakes had formed and here and there the fence posts were struggling hard to keep their heads above water. All in all a nice day,—to ride in a train and sleep! South of Roseburg there was a brief stop where crews of men were shoveling away the last of a small slide. Not a very good place for a slide, with the Umpqua rushing toward the sea on one side, and almost perpendicular cliffs of stone and gravel rising high on the other. But in less than a minute the Shasta started again on its dignified and determined way toward Portland.

To paraphrase O. O. McIntyre how is this: "Thoughts while DOZING": To-wit:—One thing the recent Supreme Court decision on the AAA has demonstrated no fear of any dictatorship in the United States, Nazi, Fascist, proletariat or what have you!

Of course there has been criticism of the Supreme Court in some instances, and suggestions its power be curbed, in certain radical quarters, but the country as a whole has taken this decision, in a remarkable spirit of acquiescence and good humor. From the president of the country to the man in the street, there has been a disposition to accept this majority opinion of the highest court in the land as FINAL, and instead of condemning its action, or suggesting the system of checks and balances it represents be fundamentally changed, that ways and means be adopted to bring about improvement of agriculture in some way which the court will approve. If that should be impossible, then at most, secure what is wanted through a constitutional amendment.

As long as this is the temper of the American government and the American people, any suggestion of dictatorship becomes in theory what it has always been in fact, simply RIDICULOUS.

A traveling man on the train from Chicago, also a member of the American Legion, is the first war veteran we have seen in many a moon who not only opposes the payment of a cash bonus at this time, but believes if the congress passes one, President Roosevelt will veto it. He based his view of White House action on his knowledge of what the president said when he vetoed the former bonus and doesn't believe he can go back on his pledge at that time, with conditions justifying such action more pronounced than they were before. As to the loss of votes if Roosevelt should take such action, the man from Chicago opined, he would make more votes than he would lose.—"It's too late now for him to get the bonus vote anyway,—and he will secure the votes of thousands who believe with the country in its present condition financially, no bonus to any minority, increasing the country's debt by another two billion dollars should be granted." He proved to be a very level headed, well informed and interesting person,—but our own guess is that whether the president vetoes the bonus bill or doesn't, the measure will pass this time. "Votes is votes" and it's only ten months until election. R. W. R.

Republican Leader Explains Why Townsend Plan Wouldn't Work

By Nicholas Roosevelt For the National Republican Builders, Inc.

The Republicans will be guilty of betraying the public trust if they fail to stress repeatedly the impossibility of putting the Townsend plan into effect.

Unfortunately the Townsend idea, child of the American passion for getting something for nothing, is sweeping the country. Nurtured in the hot-house atmosphere of Southern California with its vast population of parasites, panhandlers and ne'er-do-wells, it is being carefully spread by tactics worthy of the anti-legend.

The appeal of the Townsend plan is enormous. To millions of persons over sixty it offers the hope of an old age spent in luxurious idleness. To other millions it means being relieved of the care of the old folks. And—worst of all—to millions of youngsters it means the prospect of being supported in comfort by their grandparents, with never a need to work for a living.

Let not the self-respecting delude themselves that this movement has no strength. Let not the intelligent take refuge in the knowledge that the plan is unworkable.

Already the cynics and the weaklings among our politicians are succumbing to the organized pressure of Townsend groups. Even some of the braver among them complain that they are unable to answer the Townsendites effectively.

The Townsend plan is a delusion and a snare. It raises false hopes in the hearts of good men and women. It holds forth a promise which cannot possibly be fulfilled. It encourages adults to resort to the wishful thinking of children. It is, in fact, the product of the old children game of "Let's pretend." It pretends that there is money enough in the country to put the plan into effect.

Worse still, it holds out the glittering lure of a false ideal. It assumes that the great mass of men and women over sixty would be content to live in absolute idleness, spending every cent of their Townsend pension each month. It assumes that a lifetime habit of work and occupation can be discarded at the age of sixty.

It is based on the unworkable of the post-war notions fostered by self-styled intellectuals—that it were blessed to loan to produce. The Townsend plan, even if it were desirable, could only be put into effect if all adults under sixty would do two hours' work where they now do one, and could earn two dollars for every one which they now earn.

The reason for this is that the Townsend plan would cost about \$24,000,000,000 a year—or six times the normal annual cost of the American government. This sum is equivalent to a third of the total national income of the United States. It could only be made available for

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.

ELECTROPLATING THE NASAL MEMBRANE.

Any one who suffers from hyper-sensitive or vasomotor rhinitis, hay fever or nasal allergy (peculiar sensitivity to one or another foreign substance, which excites profuse watering, running at nose, sneezing, stuffiness, etc.) naturally knows how futile or how feeble ordinary local remedies are. One subject to hyperesthetic rhinitis (machine gun sneeze) or nasal allergy knows, too, that the trouble ceases abruptly and as inexplicably as it comes on. Credulous folk, or those who accept the "catching cold" notion because it is an old tradition and some eminent old-timers in medicine seem to accept it, are not interested in this discussion, for they can conjure up draft dampness or sudden change to account for anything that happens, and being so credulous they naturally have great faith in any remedy or treatment whose use coincides with the termination of the vasomotor upset or the allergic reaction. Indeed, these mysterious nasal disturbances, which probably constitute 10 per cent or more of all nasal troubles, lead to a great deal of wrong interpretation of common ailments by laymen and physicians, and likewise to much futile or harmful treatment.

I am only a common door-to-door doctor trying to live without honest work. I apply that imposing term "hyperesthetic rhinitis" to I-don't-know-what condition without a blush. I don't know a thing about it. I don't believe anybody does. So there you are. No charge. Take it or leave it unwrapped until I come again.

But I'm telling you about hay fever and nasal allergy and when we discuss these conditions my face is not so red.

This is not the time to conjecture why you go all bleary and suffer so much discomfort over a few grains of pollen in the air, while I inhale the same pollen and keep a clear dry eye and a clean nose throughout the pollinating season. Now can we hook traffic here to be bicker about the reasons why you take rye bread with sang froid while I sneeze and snort and snuffle and run upon ingesting or even smelling the least crumb of it—no I don't dislike the taste of it.

My purpose in bringing up these unpleasant thoughts is merely to mention that a newly developed method of treatment is giving remarkable relief in such cases, not only immediate relief of the annoying symptoms, but improvement over a considerable period, perhaps for the whole season in hay fever cases. The new method is called ionization or iontophoresis. A kind of electroplating of the nasal mucous

membranes, as the technic is distinguished by Dr. Lewis J. Silvers, whose pioneer achievements in surgical diathermy have been described here. Briefly, as Dr. Silvers explains it, ions or electrified particles of zinc, for example, from a very weak zinc solution, are carried into the sinuses by the gentle, carefully controlled electric current, and the irritable columnar epithelium of the surface of the mucous membrane is changed to squamous or more scale-like epithelium which is no longer sensitive to extraneous substances.

Seems to be an ideal way to get the medicine where it is needed, without disturbing the rest of the system.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Infra-Red Means Heat. Please give your opinion of infra-red ray treatment for lameness and stiffness following a sprain or strain.

—G. M. Answer—It is helpful, especially if combined with massage, passive exercise, and finally active exercise. Ordinary bath-room heater (electric glow in cone reflector) is as good as any fancy gadget for infra-red ray treatment.

Stage Fright. Something in your column once about how to relieve or prevent nervousness when called upon for a public address. Three weeks from tonight I must give an address.

—D. L. Answer—Think how many millions of others have suffered the same dread and yet went through with it all right. Think of the way the people in the audience sympathize with you, if they have ever had any experience like that.

And for a week or two beforehand take a pill, tablet or capsule of one grain of quinine bisulphate, three times daily, after food. This quinine treatment is also helpful for students who are jittery about upcoming examinations. The quinine gently decreases reflex action and inhibits abnormal tension and so calms undue anxiety, without affecting the higher brain centers at all.

Salts. For the past few months I have been taking a tablespoonful of epsom salts once a week. This has cleared up my complexion. I think, but mother says it is injurious.

—E. M. Answer—Mother is right. Is your trouble acne (blackheads and pimples)? If so, send stamped addressed envelope for monograph on that subject. Is your trouble constipation? Subject is your trouble constipation? (do not send loose stamps) and ask for booklet "The Constipation Habit." (Copyright, 1936, 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, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Thoughts while strolling: Dandy model for a bored man about town: William R. H. I. e. a. n. d. e. r. Stewart. Peggy Fear's long strides. William Lyon Phelps is the only critic who reviews all shows at matinees. The newest literary dresser—Thomas Wolfe.

Sixth shell name: Carmelita Geraghty. Vivian Samuels and Mary Pickford bear a resemblance. Roy McCordell's owlish expression. And a wise old bird. Harold Ross makes a cigarette vanish in furious quick puffs. Almost like Cardini. Jo Davidson suggests the left Smith Brother gone continental.

All a novelist has to do to win me is to begin something like this: "A lurch and the Orient Express was off into the foggy night!" What became of Courtney Burr? Someone is going to star Stella Adler in a crack play and lead the life of Riley. Helen Hayes triumphs again.

A grown up cartoon Henry: Joe Laurie, Jr. Not long ago Cubans were the town's biggest spenders. Memorable Crosby cartoon: A dejected Skipper on a curb with an empty dog collar muttering: "I bet God ain't treatin' him any better than I did!" Cole Porter in a periwig would be a ringer for Samuel Peppy.

Add tiresome chestnuts: Stories of the ill-omened Hope diamond. Those dapper, swarthy boys with big blondes and big cigars in the chop houses. Tom Yawkey fits a mental picture of a rich young sportsman. And if anybody looks more the capitalist than Charles Schwab, I've never seen him.

Few actors in a new role faced the tough assignment of George Jessel in what turned out a much-talked-about night club experiment a few weeks ago. White Jessel has always been nimble on his banquet feet. His wandering from table-to-table intimacy was something else again. A thoroughgoing Broadwayite, primed to swap sallies at Lindy's, he was on the other side of Park avenue and up to his white tie in swells. A minky monocled crowd out to cheer Elsa Maxwell, top drawer, clownlike billed high over Jessel. He started off patently scared stiff and has turned a sickly white as a founder's belly. A dismal beginning, but he soon had the ermined elegantes eating smack out of his hand. It was magnificent going against heavy odds.

Rube Goldberg has added still another talent to his surprising string—radio broadcasting. His versatility includes cartooning, sports writing, vaudeville acting, movie shorts, magazine articles, after-dinner speaking and lecturing. Goldberg was the first cartoonist to sport an automobile and first to buy a guide to acquire a town house in the metropolis.

A favorite sentimental Broadway legend concerns the last days of Charles Dillingham. Almost throughout his theatrical career he maintained an apartment at the Astor. It was more his home than his upper East Side mansion or Palm Beach villa and was in the center of the world he loved. His cronies lunched there and his Globe theater was only a few steps away. When, almost overnight, he lost everything he decided he would have to give up his hotel quarters. His faithful valet was that very evening packing and the distressed producer had informed the hotel of his intention. A bellboy brought a note. It read: "This memorandum is to notify you that you cannot move your things from this hotel. This is your home as long as you live and anything you wish is yours. Any other procedure would wound us deeply.—The Management."

Not many couples in the metropolis give as many formal dinners as the Frank Vance Storrs. Scarcely an evening they are not dining and host to spreads for from a half dozen to twenty guests. Their dining-out patronage is reputedly largest in the city, averaging around \$50,000 yearly. The Storrs fortune was incubated in control of theater programs and the advertising therein.

David Wark Griffith, someone tells me, was in triumphant days a most generous luncheon host. He liked a dozen or more around. So did Victor Herbert. Lillian Russell was known for her elaborate breakfasts to sisters of the stage.

An article on cooking: "There are 100 versions of apple pie."

Out yonder we had only three—open faced, cross-barred and kivered. (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Find Two Bodies In Plane Wreck

FRESNO, Cal., Jan. 17.—(AP)—The bodies of R. M. Talbot, amateur pilot, and Roscoe Howard, trucking company official, were found in their wrecked airplane in Pacheco pass, 125 miles northwest today.

Cocooner John M. Lisle said he was notified by Al Bacon, an employe of Talbot, that the bodies had been located.

Bacon said the men's plane apparently crashed into a mountain side while returning here from San Francisco.

Bring your Watches and Clocks to Graves Jewelry Repair Shop, New location 21 South Riverside.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OFF the rolling Madras hills, where they tried to grow wheat under dry farming conditions and it would not work, and down into the pleasant Little Hay Creek valley, where they grow hay and it does work. The hay is fed in winter to fat-backed cattle that in summer are grazed in the hills.

BACK in the dry farming wheat district, which didn't pan out, the homes are shacks, surrounded by every evidence of poverty. Here in the grass and cattle district, which DID pan out, the farm homes give every evidence of comfortable living.

The first is an example of what happens when land isn't put to the right use. The second is an example of what happens when it is.

THIS Madras dry farming fizzle is a sample of the many mistakes we've made in the West, and because of these mistakes the Tugwells and the Wallaces and the rest of the half-Socialist crew cry aloud about the evils of PRIVATE farming and point dramatically to Europe, where they say the land is so much more intelligently used.

Wait a minute! The American West is new and raw—only a couple of generations from the wilderness and the savage Europe is very, very old indeed. Over there, they've had time to make all the mistakes in the book, and to learn how to RECTIFY their mistakes. Here we're just beginning.

When we've had as much time for trial and error as Europe, we, too, will know better how to handle our land.

A COYOTE crosses the road, his tail cocked over his back and a grin on his face, and pauses to watch. He hasn't a care on his shrewd coyote mind, which tells him that dressed-up dudes in fast-moving cars can't shoot straight enough to cause him any harm.

But stop the car and his nonchalance would vanish and he would fade into the distance.

If you cherish the notion that animals can't think, just watch a coyote some time.

OVER the Wapinitia cut-off, and as one approaches the backbone of the Cascades, the rain that has been persistent at the lower levels changes to snow.

At Government Camp, the skiers are hard at it—hundreds and hundreds of them, in spite of the fact that the day is about as lousy as days can be: half rain and half snow and a shrewd wind that drives the mixture of rain and snow down the back of your neck, no matter what you do.

Question: Why will people in such numbers leave their comfortable homes in the city and head out into the snowy hills on a day like this?

BESIDE the road, here at Government Camp, is a ski shop owned and operated, the sign says, by Hjalmar Hvam.

Well, a boy with a name like that ought to know his skies.

LATER. The mystery as to why people will leave their homes in the city and

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY January 17, 1926. (It was Sunday.)

Gov. Hartley of Washington vetoes old age pension bill, on the grounds "it coddles youth, and makes them dependent on the state."

Sen. Norris of Nebraska accuses President Coolidge of using "party coercion."

Sen. Sheppard of Texas scores congressmen "who talk dry, and get drunk."

Medford high defeats Merlin, 75 to 9. Don Herriot and Archie Laing ran wild in the first half.

Charleston dance contest at the Craterian ends in a draw between three contestants. Great interest shown by audience.

Force of men start laying tracks connecting street car line with Jacksonville railroad, which has been electrified.

Union Oil company to establish plant here.

Rainfall for the season is shy 50 percent.

C. W. Meadows of this city, on a coon hunt, kills eight coons, all in one tree.

Many California towns threatened with flood waters.

Democratic chieftains study program for "a New Freedom, and a fuller life."

COQUILLE, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—A school brought 21 persons, including women and children, from Bandon to Coquille when the flood waters of the Coquille river sent several feet of water racing over the Bandon-Coquille highway. The water continued to drop slightly today but the road remained impassable in places.

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 17.—(AP)—The total of 1936 automobile license plates distributed reached 215,184 Thursday noon, compared to 196,428 on the same date last year, the secretary of state reported.

Mail applications totaled 95,338. The Portland office issued 83,687 sets of plates.

An erroneous story is being circulated about the supreme court appointing a press agent. The duties of the court press contact man are purely non-political and non-interpretative. He handles no publicity and merely finds standing room in the court for newsmen. He was appointed somewhat reluctantly by the court after repeated requests from newsmen. . . . The 1937 budget for the secret service is being increased to provide three times as many employes at headquarters (22) and twice as many in the field (254).

The cost of the secret service is being increased from \$508,826 to \$725,374. Its duties are to detect counterfeiting and protect the president. . . . An ex-Washington legal contact man, Adolph Barta, has been sent out as assistant to Republican Western Campaign Director Spangler. . . . The treasury is going to throw away more than twice as many things next year. Its allowance for waste baskets is being increased from \$1,300 a year to \$4,000.

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