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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

14-year-old girls are once more driving late model, high-powered autos in a manner to make a California tourist flinch.

It is now hinted Bruno Hauptmann, the convicted kidnaper and slayer of the Lindbergh baby, will be granted another reprieve, due to the belief of Governor Hoffman, of New Jersey that Bruno had accomplices in the dastardly crime. As long as the governor balks at being convinced of what everybody knows, there will be reprieves.

Considerable editorial squeamishness prevails among upstate scribes that the oncoming campaign will be distinguished by the ferocity and longevity of its mudslinging.

They urge the populace to employ the "measured phrase" and refrain from hate rousing epithets. The tears are groundless. The cursing and hating started too soon, and already the rank and file are weary of it. It is difficult for a layman to be rolled at "an entrenched marplot of Wall Street" from January until the second Tuesday in next November. The term, "four breaks of Russia" is cited as a sample of venom stirring invective. Even if the Soviet has the hallois, it is nothing to shoot a Democratic neighbor in the back about. Take your cue. Yesterday he was called "a varlet of the venal press." We don't know what a "varlet" is, or what "venal" means. The speaker, and most of his audience may have been in the same fix. Furthermore, if the political blather, to date, is a sample, no partisan will be mad enough next August to sit down in a rattlesnake nest.

Disgusted at the lack of house-filies to wail, one of the Older Girls yesterday searched her lawn for dandelions, also non-existent, to exterminate.

Eino Hemmilla, mgr. of a G. Hunt magic lantern shrine, is the bouncing father of a proud Shirley Temple. The Wednesday night Santa Claus gave him a vehicle, for which the new Papa provides the motive power.

CANODDLING.

(New York Sun)

The town of Ojibwa, Wisconsin, has a population of only 293. Despite that, President Roosevelt has approved a project there calling for the creation of navigation pools at a cost of \$16,760, an expenditure amounting to more than \$37 for each man, woman and child in the village. The WPA explains that the purpose of a navigation pool is to provide facilities for canoeing, rowing and fishing.

Agents are ripe in the rural areas from ascorbic grinders to books.

A new radio set has been evolved that can be used as a remedy for some forms of insanity, and several other ills. Friday evening, when all the sopranos in the Northwest start squealing, while you are trying to get the CBC-UCRW basketball game, would be a fine time to test one.

Prohibition leaders predict the nation will be dry again in five years, according to their present plans. Citizens who run around nights estimate if current conditions continue, the wild drinkers will produce temperance in three years less time.

ROMANCE RAMPANT:

An express step for a washout of the sun, he hidden for a day by murky clouds, but there is no variation in the regular appearance of Grover Phillips as he wades the mire or climbs the peaks of the Willow roads on his 18-mile journey to see the lady of his heart. We congratulate her—(Willows Jollymen).

Dairymen Plan to Go to Fountain Head—(Hillside Red Bluff (Calif.) News)—This is necessary as all the cows fail to put enough water in the milk.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, March 2.—The heat is still on, but to date no more earthquakes. If that lion is as fierce as the lamb is mild, there will be a blizzard hereabouts on April Fool's day.

Dear old Pasadena—where life begins at 751. We have had our fun with the Crown City in the past, but after a week in down town Los Angeles coming over here is like moving from the N. Y. subway to an ivory tower in Arcadia. How quiet and peaceful everything is, and beautiful too. True the movies are a trifle second-run. Walking up Colorado street to the hotel for example, we passed the Marx Brothers at the Opera, but at that we would prefer to see the Marxes for the THIRD time, to seeing Mae West, over at the Paramount in L. A. for the FIRST—her latest opus in our opinion being terrible.

And here there is always something worth while. A new play at the Community theatre for example called "Not For Children." It is by Elmer Rice and this is its first American showing. We speculated a bit before investing a dollar and a half, in a play we had heard nothing about and knew less. But the older girls at the hotel, panned it so unmercifully we decided it would be worth seeing. It was. In fact it proved to be one of the most extraordinary and amusing performances we have seen in many a long day.

But we don't blame the older girls exactly. Their favorite term of condemnation is "very modern." Not only that but it's incoherent, disjointed, long drawn out (the final curtain around eleven-thirty) and just plain goofy. But it is never dull and at times highly entertaining.

Our enjoyment was not lessened by a group of four elderly people sitting directly in front of us, fur-lined evening wraps, white ties, tails and all that sort of thing—to all appearances the creme de la creme, of Orange Grove avenue—who sat stiff as poker through all the four acts, never laughed, never commented, and judging by their BACKS, did nothing but raise and lower their eye brows, as a mute but eloquent testimonial of their moral disapproval. They were a stouart quartet however. When they went out to get some coffee in the lobby between the acts, we never expected to see them return. But they did—and at the final fade out, they got up their trappings and filed out in good order. How long Pasadena's Backbay will stand for this performance however remains to be seen.

But to one in no way responsible for the maintenance of the intellectual and moral integrity of the richest and most self righteous suburb in the world, the evening was altogether delightful. We don't know just what Mr. Rice's purpose was, or even whether or not he had a definite purpose, but we do know he dished out one of the most delicious satires on various phases of the contemporary American drama, that we have seen, since—well since Bernard Shaw did more or less the same thing for England.

The play starts out with a parody on a radio announcer, of the B. O. type, then before the curtain goes up a man and a woman (to give the masculine and feminine points of view) come out, take their seats at either side of the stage, and throughout the evening make their comments upon what goes on on the other side of the footlights. Later they take part in the stage scenes themselves, and then comment upon what they have done until there is not only a play within a play, but several plays mixed up with them, and everyone sympathizes with the stage manager himself who comes out before the footlights to announce that this is the "screwiest" performance he has ever had anything to do with; he doesn't know where he is at and wonders if anyone else does,—and if so would they please tell him.

Gaga as this may sound—and gaga as it is,—there is a vein of keen intelligence running through the entire phantasmagoria, some examples of beautiful dramatic writing, and as before indicated some side-splitting farce. There is a duologue between the male and female commentators for example, in the form of an apostrophe to the bed,—the stage being occupied by one of Simmonds best—which shocking at times in its allusions, nevertheless in poignancy of its satire and the depth of its philosophy, has almost a Shakespearean quality. There is also a duologue regarding God which is thought provoking, and impressive, and then for comic relief a perfectly ribald parody of drawing room melodrama is put on, during which all the characters walk over the prostrate form of the husband, whom friend wife has just put out of his misery by firing an automatic into his mid section. Finally "Not For Children" is the perfect title although a group of young people, two girls and two boys sat on our right, and would have been terribly insulted (the girls at least) if any one had suggested they had graduated from their teens.

From the ridiculous to the sublime,—a fellowship meeting was held the following night at the First Methodist church on Colorado street, the principal talks being given by a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic layman, Mr. Joseph Scott, and Rev. Holland F. Burr, who represented Protestantism. The folly of sectarian differences and the desirability of unity and cooperation between various branches of the Christian church were stressed, there was inspiring music, the auditorium was well filled, and a fine spirit of harmony and brotherhood prevailed. Like many meetings of this sort however, one departed with a certain sense of skepticism. Easy enough to secure harmony and good will among outstanding leaders of the various sects, but getting the same spirit aroused in the rank and file is quite another matter. True, Jew, Catholic and Protestant worship the same God, and in Paganism and Atheism face a common foe; but while the differences are relatively superficial, they can't be disregarded, when it comes to arriving at any practical and workable, non-denominational unity of action and effort. However the meeting was interesting, its purpose entirely laudable,—another indication of the many advantages Pasadena offers, in the realm of the mind and spirit,—the persistent pursuit of culture and knowledge.

Taking a walk this morning along Green street we were contacted by a bustling middle-aged woman who asked us to sign a petition praying that horse racing be prohibited in the county of Los Angeles. "It is not only wicked but is injuring business in Pasadena. All the merchants are complaining. The people instead of buying things they need go to the race track and throw away their money to the gamblers." We got out of that one very easily by explaining we had no vote in the county of Los Angeles. This is not the first evidence on this brief trip that the spirit of Prohibition is reviving all along the Pacific coast. Prohibiting horse racing is only the first step.

R. W. R.

NORTHWEST SEEN AS POWER EMPIRE

WASHINGTON, March 4.—(AP)—D. Ross, veteran superintendent of the Seattle, Wash. city light department, pictured the Pacific northwest today as a future power empire.

He foresees an era of low rates resulting from a vast distribution system linked to the Grand Coulee and Bonneville federal power projects and

existing public and private generating plants.

In an interview Ross, now a member of the federal securities and exchange commission, said he believed Grand Coulee and Bonneville without regard to state lines and for the benefit of the Pacific northwest as a whole.

Phone 542. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

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.

WHO WANTS A TIP ABOUT THE GRIP?

The common characteristic which distinguishes the disease or diseases we call the grip, is grippiness. The influenza, exhaustion, early and inexplicable weakening. But unfortunately another characteristic, almost as common, and more striking in the mind of the sufferer, is the excessive aching the victim feels in muscles, bones, and for which he desires quick relief.

There are on the market scores of remedies which bring quick relief to the aches or pains of grip. Unfortunately this is the one thing most "cold" and "grip" remedies do nothing else but. I say it is too bad for the health and safety of the sufferer with grip that such remedies are so freely available and are so insistently foisted on the public as harmless and even beneficial. I refer to the various caloric derivatives, remedies containing acetanilide (phenylacetamide), phenacetin (acetophenetidin), antipyrin, and similar pain killers.

These drugs numb the sense of pain, fatigue, anxiety or worry. At the same time they depress the heart and destroy red blood corpuscles. The latter effects are scarcely helpful when you are entering a battle.

Now I don't enjoy ache or pain any more than any other gink. But if I get a headache or pain in the back or limbs or a general malaise and aching all over, I prefer to try lying down in bed for a while, perhaps with a hot mustard foot bath, or anyway heat in one form or another, to see whether that will bring relief without resorting to anesthetic dope. And my heart is an A No. 1 organ.

If this is a bit personal, remember I am giving my personal opinion. Some good doctors may not agree entirely with my views. If your doctor tells you differently, pay no attention to me. Your doctor is probably a better doctor than I. Doc Brady ever could have been any way.

Now quinine is not so bad. I have not the slightest idea why quinine should be given to a person who is coming down with something "grippy," but it seems to hold its place in the treatment of the flu. From five to 15 grains of quinine daily, in the usual dose, and it should be taken for four or five days, but should be stopped if any buzzing, ringing or feeling of fullness or dullness in the ears or deafness occurs. Likewise quinine who buy dollar ties and ready made shirts will tell themselves go, blooey, blooey, in gallsies. But usually the guild is composed of tons of dressers. The late Reginald Vanderbilt was one. Not only was he especially designed but trimmings were pure gold and often jeweled. One pair in especial represented an outlay of \$300 complete. Actors, notably the matinee idol type, go in for the expensive creations that range from \$8 to \$15.

Now that most of the critical opinion has been spent, I feel I can wrap up with a bit of opinion without starting a row. That is about the Charlie Chaplin picture. The feeding machine scene near the beginning of Modern Times is the grandest dramatic laugh ever shown on the screen. But the rest, while not inspiring wrist watch glances, struck me as a so-so resume of the usual and slightly showy Chaplin formula. To my notion he caught the ethos of modern times for a little while and then let it go. Yet he is never dull. And is a genius with courage.

Perhaps the most thoroughly Peppian diary of this era was kept by the late Karl K. Kitchen, journalist, bon vivant, and world traveler. Since his college days he kept a daily and minute record of every action, including records of his love affairs, etc. But he fortified himself against eventual publication. It was always kept sealed in his executor's box, to be destroyed by his executor at death. Shortly before his passing a prominent magazine offered him a small fortune for the post mortem rights.

Neal O'Hara, scamping to a train for Boston and a bit late, inquired of a Grand Central red cap: "That train to Boston hasn't moved yet, has it?" The red cap replied: "No sir, but she's twirling."

(Copyright 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

nine should be stopped if any disturbance of vision is noticed. I don't believe I take quinine if I thought I was coming down with grip. I'd prefer to try the simple treatment above mentioned, or if that were not possible than I'd have medical advice. But you lay lighters have to pay a doctor for advice if you can get it free, and any druggist's devil or any little bystander will give you all the free advice you want.

The best tip I can give you is already given. Either keep beyond the five-foot range of person who insist on being about you when they have alleged "cold" or "grip," or if you must come within range wear a suitable mask or insist on the cri-carrier wearing one—that is ten layers of gauze having 2 threads to the inch mesh, over nose and mouth.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sleeping Prone

Small granddaughter has always slept on her face. I mean flat, face turned to one side. Now years ago I decided to try it myself. I am just 70, but this is the best trick I have learned in my whole life. Have not used a pillow nor slept in any other position since, and I enjoy dreamless, refreshing sleep every night, seldom have to get up as I did before. (Mrs. R. D. W.)

Answer.—Thank you. Our readers may try it and send in reports of their experience. Awkwardness about describing the position is avoided if you say prone. Lying on the back is supine.

Menace of the Road
I drive a car in my work on short trips daily, but week ends on long trips I have several times barely avoided going to sleep while driving. How can I avoid this drowsiness? (A. L. S.)

—Dont go on long drives. If you must, it is your duty to stop somewhere off the road and nap awhile in safety when you become so drowsy. Never drive in a closed car. Probably many inexplicable accidents are due to drivers being slightly overcome by carbon monoxide in the air of a closed car.

For years my mother used a skin lotion you gave her, which kept her skin soft and white. I think it contained tragantham. (Miss R. M.)
Ans.—Send stamped addressed envelope for monograph on Care of the Skin and Complexion. (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, Cal.

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Mrs. Mack Talks To E. P. Unit On Food March 6th

"Food at Forty" is the subject to be discussed by Mabel C. Mack, home demonstration agent, at the regular meeting of the Eagle Point extension unit, Friday, March 6. This meeting will be held in the sewing room at the high school and an invitation is given all interested.

There will be a covered dish luncheon and each one is asked to bring their own table service.

To give every mother an opportunity to attend these meetings, the unit has a nursery chairman to care for the small children. Each mother attending should plan the luncheon for her child. The nursery chairman will be at the schoolhouse to take the babies.

The meeting will start at 10 o'clock. POCATELLO, Idaho, March 4.—(AP) Abol, John Pierce, one of the four surviving members of the Idaho constitutional convention, died here today after a long illness, aged 77.

\$1.00 SPECIAL \$1.00
Hale, Olives, Pajamas
Rathbun, Sweets, Purses
Eithelwyn B. Hoffmann

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A SOUTHERN OREGON musician (a woman) addressed an audience of business men the other day on the subject of "Music Appreciation."

(And got away with it. Those hard-boiled business men set popped with interest all the way through and at the end admitted to themselves that they might have been missing a lot out of their lives.)

IT is a scientifically established fact," she began, "that people can live without knives and forks—live just as long, probably, as with them, for human fingers are perfectly adapted to the task of conveying food to human mouths.

"But knives and forks help civilized beings to get more enjoyment out of living than savages get."

PEOPLE can live without haircuts and shaves," too she continued, "and I'm told that you can even live without baths. But you could hardly call it living—just barely existing would be nearer the truth.

"And so it is with music. People CAN get along without it, but they miss an awful lot. With music, the lives of human beings are far richer and fuller and more enjoyable than without it."

MOST people tell me," she continued, "that they don't care for grand opera."

"Well, that's natural. They've probably never taken the trouble to gain an understanding of it, and without some understanding of grand opera you just can't care much for it."

"But once you get some understanding of opera, you're pretty sure to get some enjoyment out of it. And whatever enjoyment you get out of it will make your life fuller and better."

THERE'S a thought there worth considering.

The chances are you didn't care much for your first olive. But after you LEARNED TO LIKE OLIVES you had something NEW to enjoy that you didn't have before.

It's the same way with good music. Maybe you don't care so much for it at first, but after you've LEARNED to care for it you have something new to enjoy that you didn't have before.

AFTER all, you know, we have only one LIFE to live, and the more enjoyment we can get out of living it the better the bargain we make. If music helps us to get more enjoyment out of living the only life we have to live, it's certainly well worth while.

That's the point this musician was making in her talk, and she did a good job of it.



(Continued from Page One.)

dent Garner. It is an old hobby of his.

The case uppermost in his mind is supposed to be that of Andrew Mellon's Aluminum Company of America. In fact, Mr. Mellon's name was mentioned specifically when the tax subject was broached at that secret White House pow-wow.

A corporation now is taxed heavily on undivided surpluses only if it is trying to avoid dividend taxes. The trouble (as Mellon used to tell Garner) is that the treasury can never prove the avoidance. Consequently the tax is nullity.

The really good tax experts generally oppose taxes along this line. They know it is necessary for corporations to have surpluses to meet lean years. Such a tax now, however, might drive reserves out into expenditures for plant improvements, etc., thus aiding the general business situation.

Those who know Georgia politics best seem to agree that the self-made Talmadge tornado is running down. Unless it is wound up again by some unforeseen developments, the New Deal will not even need an umbrella for protection against it.

Indeed, the word is accredited on the inside that Talmadge may resign as a result of his latest state financial plight. His purpose would be thereby to generate new fury from the people.

The truth generally emerges eventually, even in Washington. Latest example: HOLC Head Faby, in a confidential report to the senate banking committee, broke down and agreed that HOLC was a substantial disturbance in the home mortgage market.

His unpublished report to the committee argues that the disturbance is rapidly disappearing now that HOLC is retiring.

This would never have been admitted when the HOLC bill was up for consideration.

Note.—The Faby report was made in opposition to the Borah bill proposing to reduce HOLC interest rates to 3 per cent.

There is no question that the ma-

majority of the interstate commerce commissioners realized their new rate reduction order was probably illegal. They thought it was a good policy and decided to try it anyway. That accounts for the circuitous language of the decision.

The old 1.6 cents rate plus the Pullman surcharge was certainly exorbitant. Whether the reduction was too drastic is open to debate.

You can bet your last dollar there will not be an unemployment census before the next election. The New Dealers have decided against it. The excuse will be offered that an accurate census would be difficult to obtain. It would be. A deeper reason, however, is that they have a feeling it would over-emphasize the problem in a campaign year.

Communications

Frankness Needed

To the Editor:
Below is a copy of a personal letter I received last week from Arthur H. Jenkins, well known editor of the Farm Journal, Philadelphia:

"Thanks very much for your letter and the clippings. There have been several competent studies of the Townsend Plan made lately, one of which is by the National Industrial Conference Board of New York. I feel sure you would be willing to send you a copy of this.

"The practical objections to the Townsend Plan are so many that it is hard to know where to start listing them. Probably the immediate breakdown of the plan would be when there was a general tax strike and refusal to pay the transaction tax to the government. Even before that, the operation of the law would have been tied up in the courts, and it is exceedingly unlikely a dollar would ever be paid out, even if the law were enacted, which is now impossible.

"I am mentioning this because you ask just where and how the law would break down. As a matter of fact, the law will be blocked not by arguments, but by ridicule. No argument can teach the deluded believers in the plan.

"Very truly yours

"Arthur H. Jenkins, Editor."

If more editors were frank about their opinions of the Townsend Plan, so many people might not be deluded and enthusiastic about this ridiculous political movement. Every editor of any standing is well educated enough in matters of political economy and finance to know full well, that the scheme is utterly impractical and unworkable; yet most of them are enigmatic and ambiguous and even advocate giving the plan a trial. All this leads to political hypocrisy and futile controversy.

Such editors as Arthur H. Jenkins, editor of the Farm Journal, and yourself Mr. Ruhl, are to be commended for openly and avowedly opposing such a popular but fallacious political move.

Thanking you for your kind attention, SYDNEY S. BARKER.
Eagle Point, Ore., Mar. 4, 1936.

Ye Poet's Corner

Death Marches On!

(By Fred Alton Haight)

The one-drink drivers and the one-drink pedestrians:
The two-drink drivers and the two-drink pedestrians:
The drunk drivers and the drunk pedestrians:
They have their own peculiar way of meeting once in almost every hour of every day.

Death, marches on!

The fast drivers: The "careful drivers,"
The "educated" drivers, the "competent" drivers:
The careless drivers, the reckless drivers:
The speed maniacs, the senseless drivers:
They hog the right of way on highway and street
To plough through every obstacle they meet.

Death marches on!

Ninety-three thousand killed in three years by motor cars
And a million injured to nurse their wounds and scars.
While those with power to stop the slaughter by
The only possible means refuse to raise a hand. Why?

Because thirty-two miles an hour is ridiculously slow
For such "expert" drivers as you and me, so.

Death marches on!

Christ Of Church

Tonight's Topic, Christian Church

Evangelist Benjamin B. Baird will speak tonight at the First Christian church, on the subject "The Christ of the Church." There will be two special musical numbers. The evangelist, D. E. Millard will pay a violin duet.

There will also be a vocal duet by Mr. and Mrs. Millard. They will sing one of Mr. Millard's own compositions, "Spend More Time With Jesus."

Those who have heard Evangelist Baird consider him one of the finest speakers to visit this community.

Services will be held every night, except Saturday, at 7:30. Friday night will be young people's night. The young people's choir will sing and there will be a social hour following the preaching service.