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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Well wishers of higher education in Oregon, fear agitation against compulsory military drill as "Old Oregon" will bring "detrimental publicity." It is argued in some caustic circles that collegians lacking the physical gumption to march with a rifle, are too weary to dance. They favor a no-drill, no-waive edict.

The esteemed "Oregon Voter," has unearthed an upstate candidate for congress, addicted to Scripture quoting, who shouts louder and hawls easier, than Cong. Pierce.

"GEESE ON WING AND PROGRESS BRING FORTH SHY FLOWERS." — (Salem Statesman Midline). With the aid of the Sun, and the approval of Mother Nature.

MOAN IN THE WILDERNESS (Hoffo, Emerald)
I am a sports editor who can not even express his own opinions on his own sports page. No controversial word is to be used which has not first seen the editor's blue pen.

Former President Hoover, in his latest speech, voices disapproval of relief, and if he keeps on talking the Republican party is going to need it from him.

FIVE MODEL A Ford roadsters—all models, good and bad condition. Pick one out that suits you. Hook Motor Co.—(Bend Bulletin). Likely deeds of conveyance.

Pictures of the Alameda, Calif., high school student strikers adorn the newspapers. They reveal youth with a grim purpose, and a firm determination to be photographed in the front row.

"Following the local talent play, the actors run to their homes." —(Calif. Canyon Jottings). Discretion again gets the best of valor.

1936 MODEL NERO (American Guardian)
Being constitutionally opposed to all cruel and unusual punishment, all we can say is that people who claim that what was good enough for the Founding Fathers is good enough for them should be compelled to live on the delicious Virginia hams that used to hang in George Washington's smoke-house.

Males are busy in front yards, making the womenfolk madder, than if they were mountaineers.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. who won fame and fortune turning hand-springs in the movies has at least been wed to a lady of British nobility. He received hundreds of messages of congratulations, that should have been sent to his former wife, Mary Pickford.

There are wars and rumors of war throughout the world. Europe recounts to the clank of swords, and in Clatsop county, Oregon, is heard the sickening thud of baseball bats on human heads.

ESSAY ON EDITORS. (Mid-West Farm Advance)
"I don't know how newspapers came to be in the world. I don't think God does either. He ain't got nothin' to say 'bout them, and the editor ain't in the Bible. I think the editor is one of the missing links you hear about, and stayed into the brush until after the flood, then stepped out and wrote it up, and has been there ever since. I never saw a dead one, and never heard of one getting licked. Our paper is a mighty fine 'un. The editor goes without underclothes all winter, don't wear no box, and he ain't paid his subscription in five years and don't expect to."

Deafness of the valley will meet next Sat. They plan to discuss their problems, and go to the fountain-head to solve it.

The streets are now impromptu skating rinks, and all juveniles on roller skates have so far avoided autos, bicycles, and the rare old-fashioned walker.

Be correctly corrected in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 7.—"Extrem! Extrem!" The news boys are running all over the streets with papers plastered with double line banners "Nazi troops occupy the Rhineland; War threatens Europe!" It's just another cry of "wolf, wolf" as far as the people are concerned. Many crans their necks to read the headlines. Few buy. When and if another war in Europe breaks out it will probably come in some such fashion—waging war first, declaring war afterward. But in all probability it will be started by airplanes not by troops on the ground. This much is certain and has been for a long time. Unless the nations of Europe somehow check their hatreds, they will be destroyed by them. It's only a question of time.

And speaking of hatreds—that is the disease from which the agitators over in Pershing Square are suffering. How they talk,—talk,—talk,—the talk "goes round and round and comes out"—NOWHERE! But the basis of it all is hatred of something,—in general terms hatred of those more fortunate than they. The more we see of these windjammers, the less patience we have with them. "The government's all wrong,—the system is all wrong,—everything is all wrong,"—and how they love to prate about it, bandying about such terms as the machine age, unearned increment, the exploiting class, the dictatorship of the plutocrats and what have you!

Half of them don't know the meaning of the terms they use. And their complaint when boiled down to the essentials merely demonstrates they possess, in an exaggerated form, the traits they accuse that crowd over in the Biltmore across the street of possessing. How they love to shake their unwashed fists at the Biltmore. Yet if we were in real distress we would take our chance with the white collar boys over in the Biltmore, rather than these alleged champions of the downtrodden under the palms in Pershing Square. For sheer selfishness, avarice, cupid-ity, intolerance, the passion for profit and power, these soap box agitators, would make the late Jay Gould, look like Mahatma Gandhi. They are a bad lot. Not all of them,—some are mere freaks, nuts, harmless cranks, who like to hear themselves talk. But the professional agitators among them,—they are no better than criminals at heart,—they want trouble, are trying to stir up trouble, with one dominant purpose, so they can get theirs while the getting is good,—that's all. They curse out the pirates and crooks of Wall Street; and their own motives are predacious and their methods unprincipled. A good drama could be built up on this theme. Stalin was an underworld agitator and gangster, before he became the dictator of all Russia.

Many years ago there was a game popular in England called Beaver. We are a bit hazy on the details but if we remember correctly it consisted in picking out whiskered gentlemen along the right of way, and yelling Beaver. The one getting the most beavers, won a glass of beer or SOMETHING.

That wouldn't work in Los Angeles today for whiskers are coming back. Last night at the Biltmore we saw Lionel Barrymore, sporting a set of whiskers, closely resembling those of the late King George. He looked very well too in his white tie and tails,—the awards were being made for 1935 by the Academy of Moving Pictures. In Hollywood whiskers are almost as frequently encountered as wire-haired fox terriers—which is bad news for the safety razor industry. No, Beaver wouldn't do.

We have thought of a substitute however. Walk up Broadway in Los Angeles anytime between eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon and when you see a civilized face,—not attractive, intelligent or refined—just CIVILIZED, call out "Beaver." The person getting the most Beavers gets the coca cola. A score over three in three hours would be a record breaker!

Shoes for \$1.98, socks ten cents a dozen, dresses for \$2.10—those are the signs you see on upper Broadway, and if these don't lure you perhaps the phonograph record enumerating the bargains, or the super salesman waving his arms, and inviting you in, will. It is hard to walk along this section of Broadway without running into such merchandise for a large section of the sidewalk is occupied by the retailers' stalls. And the city is people who can't afford to waste any pennies are buying them. The shoes are made of paper, the socks of sweepings, the dresses of shoddy—in reality the most extravagant, expensive line of merchandise anyone could buy. But how the poor saps fall for them! Just another phase of one of the greatest sports in this metropolis—the flim-flam game.

No doubt about it—if one sticks around Los Angeles long enough he has a chance of seeing most of the celebrities of the world. George Bernard Shaw and Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia university were here yesterday. Thanks to a newspaper tip we got our first glimpse of the former but missed out on the latter. After considerable pulling and hauling we got a clear view of the famous Irish wit and dramatist as he descended from his Pullman at the Santa Fe station, and hurried to a waiting taxi cab. Ruddy faced, lean, white whiskered, followed by a flock of black porters like a big game hunter on a South African safari, G. B. S. reminded one of a venerable Billy goat in rather a bad humor. Just when or how the newspaper boys got a word with him remains a mystery. We have a pious idea they fell back upon the morgue and their vivid imaginations, for he had come and was gone before one could say Jack Robinson. At that it was hard pickings. The most extended report we found in the afternoon papers merely repeated what Shaw had said about the U. S. constitution, and that Dr. Butler wouldn't do very well as a dealer in second hand motor cars,—the idea being the president of Columbia still put his faith in a Constitution that was outmoded. Vince Barnett, the film comedian and professional "ribber" was on hand, but missed out also. Now we learn from the Sunday morning Times that Vince later cornered Shaw and Mrs. Shaw in the Biltmore dining room, and posing as Timothy Glutspiegel, reporter for a Hollywood film paper, had a brisk but not very illuminating tete-a-tete with the Maestro.

Bette Davis won the 1933 prize for her work in "Dangerous" and Elizabeth Bergner for far better work in "Escape Me Never" only got honorable mention. Well, so it goes. Miss Davis is far better looking in real life, than on the screen, her face is less petulant and drawn, a most engaging smile and a beautiful head of auburn hair. Perhaps the winning of the prize had something to do with it.

P. S. Incidentally L. Barrymore's whiskers were not real, but a part of his movie make-up, he brought with him from the studio to the banquet. R. W. R.

Grants Pass Has Boom In Building
GRANTS PASS, Ore., March 10.—(AP)—Building permits here this year are far in excess of those for the corresponding period last year, the city engineer said today. New residences were the principal item.

Start Marshfield Deck
MARSHFIELD, Ore., March 10.—(AP)—Marshfield saw the first of its long-sought dock construction work underway today. Initial activity was confined to repairs of floating docks but construction of the new wharf, made possible under a \$10,000 WPA loan and grant is scheduled to start within a few days.

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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 (using 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 LESSON IN LESSENING
Let us suppose you have a job of dwindling lessening, (reduction to you, dumbly) to do. The question is, how shall you proceed?

First of all, it is the bulk or size of the body, not the weight you wish to shrink. Frankly no one cares much about the poundage. You crave only girth control. It is just as well that this is so. Any one who checks body weight rather than measurements is likely to be misled, especially by trice scales of the spring type. Only a balance beam gives a reasonably accurate check on weight; and that must balance perfectly when the gauge is at zero. Besides, the actual weight of a normal person varies two or three pounds at different times in the day and from day to day even at the same time of day. Little advantage in any circumstances, in measuring weight oftener than once a week.

The custom of taking an "ideal" or "normal" body weight according to age and height is still more misleading, for after all such an arbitrary "perfect" is only the general average obtained from weighing thousands of individuals. It does not allow for differences in type of build, nor for differences in the skeletal structure—the size of the bones, the relative length of trunk and limb, the depth of chest or the breadth of bony pelvis. These differences of foundation, or ground plan must be considered in determining the form and size of the body.

Where most overwise individuals fall in attempts to dwindle is in the haste with which they try to achieve the purpose. It is possible, of course by radical means, to shrink in bulk quite rapidly, perhaps with such rapidity as to startle and alarm your friends—and their alarm is likely to be well founded. Such rapid melting away of superfluous flesh is rarely safe and never actually healthful. I think a sound lessening regimen should first of all tend to improve general health. If it does not do so, it is probably not scientifically suited to your individual requirements. Sound, healthful, and in the long run, successful dwindling usually is a gradual, almost imperceptible process of, say, an inch a month, a pound a week, and your friends no-

Make 'em Breathe
If a person is overcome by gas and is not breathing and no pulse can be felt, how can you tell for certain whether he is dead? . . . (Mrs. T. O. V.)

Answer—Don't worry about that. Make him breathe for an hour anyway. Meanwhile a doctor will arrive to take over the responsibility. How to make him breathe? Send ten cents and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Resuscitation" which tells you how—and every man, woman and child should be prepared to do so in any emergency.

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, March 10.—The dollar debate has given New York hotels and shops a British and continental clientele they have never enjoyed before.

Every incoming liner brings a large quota of shoppers to take advantage of a currency favor that creates a saving for foreign buyers.

Such trade is largely in the luxury division—high priced dresses, makers, tailors, de luxe hotels, and restaurants. Never in the history of the metropolis has so many dukes, duchesses, princesses and counts as it has this winter.

The society page accounts of public dinners reads like a Monday morning guest list of a Maybelle Gilman Corey Sunday night soiree at Le Paris Hotel. Five ultra hotels have had to add to their French speaking staffs of assistant managers. And a 12 o'clock dining is a part of the new order.

This influx of tourist spenders has naturally marked the town with an acquired pleasantness reminiscent of Mayfair and the Plaza Vendome. Especially is it pronounced at tea time when tea rooms so long deserted for the intimate bars are filled again. And tea is actually drunk.

The shadowy chop suey restaurants with their private booths, caches of the clandestine, have had tough going since fire swept like flames in dry grass through one of them, leaving eight dead and more than a score injured recently. A searchlight of publicity was turned on the inflammable hangings and tinder box structure of a number. And the human sacrifice may not be in vain. They're being made safer.

The dean of American columnists is Jack Epper, of the Cleveland Press. He is about the only one, too, whose entire career is coupled with his first columnar job. His "Most Anything" was launched 36 years ago, and thus Epper has the oldest column running in one paper under one name, done by the same person.

There was a Cartoonists Table at Churchill's, where such lunners as

News Behind The News
(Continued from Page One)
foundland also means the establishment of a British naval base there.

Comment on the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS

If you are of the school that thinks the rich pay all the taxes, and that you are therefore not interested in rising costs of government, you should consider these figures:

In 1920, indirect taxes provided only 27 1/2 per cent of the revenue of the federal government. In 1935, which was last year, indirect taxes accounted for 61 1/2 per cent of the federal government's revenue.

At this point, you may ask: "Just what are indirect taxes?" They are the taxes you pay WITHOUT KNOWING IT—such as taxes on cigarettes, theater tickets, automobiles, etc.

These taxes are added to the price of the article, and you pay every time you buy.

(Direct taxes, of course, are those you know all about paying—such as income and property taxes. They are painful in the extreme, and we complain bitterly about them. We know just how much they cost, and just what we'd do with the money if we didn't have to pay it to the tax collector.)

INDIRECT taxes, on the other hand, are comparatively painless. Every time you buy a package of cigarettes, you pay six cents to the government, but it doesn't hurt you much, because it is only six cents, and besides you think of it as a part of the price of cigarettes.

Every time you buy a new automobile, you contribute something like \$100 to government (more or less, depending on the price of your car) but you don't realize you are paying it, thinking of it as a part of the price of the car. It is the same with gasoline taxes.

CIGARETTE taxes, gasoline taxes, theater and other amusement ticket taxes, automobile taxes, etc., are a definite tax, levied by government and added to the price of the article. You can compute all of them, if you'll take the trouble.

By in a larger sense, ALL taxes are added to the price of what you buy, because they are a part of the cost of doing business and MUST be added to the selling price or those who are engaged in business will go broke.

The higher the taxes the higher prices must be, and the higher prices are the less our money will buy.

A LOT of us, whose direct taxes are not too terribly burdensome, fall into the habit of thinking of money spent by government as money taken from heaven that does everybody good and costs nobody anything.

That isn't true. Taxes enter into the cost of everything we buy, and if taxes are too high PRICES will be too high.

If prices are too high, wages can't go far enough.

Travel By Plane Increasing Fast
WASHINGTON, March 10.—(AP)—A gain of 50 per cent in the number of passengers carried on commercial airways in 1935 over 1934 was reported today by the commerce department.

The 1935 total was 806,791 against 531,970 in 1934, including passengers carried on domestic airways and their Canadian and Latin American extensions. Pounds of air express jumped from 3,449,615 to 5,811,737. Miles flown went to 63,540,233 from 48,786,551.

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

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
March 10, 1926
(it was Wednesday)
Bobby Strang, three-year-old son of Robert Strang, makes a hit as a model for children's clothes at the fashion show at the Crater Inn.

Under new drawings for state basketball tournament, Medford will play Grant high of Portland in the first game tomorrow night.

Senator Stanfield's O.-C. tax refund bill receives favorable support in congress.

Snowfall at Crater Lake is 2 1/2 feet—half of last year.

City dog catcher starts his duties.

Clouds thwart first heavy frost of season.

Judge E. E. Kelly writes a letter to the editor marveling at the "luck" of Salem in drawing soft spots in the state basketball tournament.

Twenty years ago today
March 10, 1916
(it was Friday)
Ashland defeats Medford, 18 to 16, to win the southern Oregon title. Crater star shot of the victors, threw the ball the length of the Nat floor to score.

Mexican and American forces join in pursuit of Bandit Villa, following raid on New Mexico town.

Fight at Fort Vaux in the Verdun sector, between French and Germans, bloodiest of the great war.

Charlie Chaplin in "The Rounders," at the Star; Dorothy Gish in "My Favorite Fool," at the Page.

Fishing in Rogue river now the "poorest in the memory of living man," fishermen report.

The Colony club members have been busy all week sewing bandages for Belgians.

Ye Poet's Corner
My Dad
He was just an old-timer.
Lived up in the hills.
With his pick and shovel.
Hunting gold in the hills.
Gum boots pulled high.
To keep his feet dry.
And he whistled a tune.
To the birds and the sky.
His rocker rocked.
To the tune of his song.
His hands were thin.
But his arms were strong.
And in his heart.
He did no wrong.
He was loved by all.
Who heard his song.
Now that he's gone, I feel
So sad; I realize how
I loved my dad.
—Mrs. E. Rogers.

DALLAS DEBATERS WIN NORTHWESTERN TITLE

DALLAS, Ore., March 10.—(AP) Two Dallas high school debate team returned home today from Tacoma, Wash., with the northwest high school debate championship safely tucked away.

Dallas defeated both negative and affirmative teams of Stadium high school of Tacoma 5 to 3. Members of the Dallas squad are Jeanne Hartman and Ivan Ickes, affirmative; Marjorie Waters and Albert Klassen, negative.

TRAIN CUTS LEGS OFF TRANSIENT AT BAKER
PAIN IN YOUR SHOULDER?
Use Tysmol for Relief

BAKER, March 10.—(AP)—A transient giving the name of William Ackerman of Detroit was fatally injured by an east-bound freight train on the Union Pacific tracks here late Monday afternoon. He died in a local hospital.

Ackerman's legs were severed just below the knees. He also suffered a skull fracture and jaw fracture. No one witnessed the accident, but two men saw the transient along the track just before the train approached, indicating the man attempted to board one of the freight cars.

Logger Killed
ASTORIA, Ore., March 10.—(AP)—A falling tree crushed and fatally injured Louis Johnson, 55, logger at the Markham & Callow camp near Seaside.

YOU CAN KNOCK OUT JACK FROST
save your fruit crop from freezing by installing heaters in your orchard
THE IDEAL FUEL IS
DIAMOND BRIQUETS
Best for Furnace-Heater-Kitchen Range-Fireplace Grate and Orchard Heaters

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