

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The fear of many there would be nothing for people to talk about after the election, has so far been groundless, as the people are still talking about nothing but the election.

A 37-pound undressed turkey, with no gravel in its craw, and the butcher's hand off the scales, is reported from the north end of the county.

Most of the lead pencils busy the past month writing letters to the editor, have now procured employment building a railroad-to-the-coast.

On the envelope is the following stamped lettering by the postmaster in the city where the customer lived: "Removed, left no address."

All the measures on the state ballot were defeated. None were of any great importance, nor mattered a whit in the scheme of things.

The last ten (10) days have been tough ones to be a Republican, and graduate of the University of Minnesota, with a grown boy going to Medford high.

"USED CARS TO GO AS THEY STAND"—(Want ad Klamath Falls News)—The kind that "goes without saying."

H. P. Sheldon of the U.S. Biological survey, reports: "The owl is a fool, and you may quote me as saying so. The owl has been credited with wisdom mainly because of his silence; but like a lot of people he doesn't know anything to say."

A New York father has written a letter to the mayor of the world's largest city, protesting the teaching of hemistiching in the public schools to his "brisk 11-year-old son."

Republicans arrive by the V. Brophy straw article on the Crater Lake highway report. It makes them feel like the editor of the Literary Digest.

Three Oregon towns voted Prohibition and dry Tuesday. This gives intoxicated citizens some place to go and be noticed.

Next Friday is Friday the 13th, when it should be the Democrats time to have all the bad luck, or none at all.



The oft-mentioned possibility that Senate Leader Robinson might get the first court opening is now considered remote. If there are two vacancies within the next four years, they will

Why Not Labor Courts?

WE would like to see a new labor code set up in this country. Such a code would clearly define the rights of labor, of capital, and the rights of the people.

The right of collective bargaining for labor would be granted freely and without restriction. Capital, whether represented by Henry Ford, U. S. Steel, or any other large corporation, would be COMPELLED to grant the right of labor to organize, without interference from any source.

In return for this concession labor would abandon the right to strike.

That is to say, all major disputes between capital and labor, would have to be referred first to special labor courts,—non-partisan, non-political tribunals taking on something of the character of smaller but equally authoritative supreme courts.

The decision of these courts in all disputes between capital and labor would be final,—just as final and conclusive as the decisions of any civil or criminal court, are now.

For capital or labor to disregard the decisions of these courts, would involve the same penalties, and exercise of the police power, as the violation of any other judicial decisions.

If either side should believe the decisions unjust, legally or morally wrong, they would have the same recourse to taking their case before the bar of public opinion and securing a change in the law,—a change in the provisions of the labor code,—as any American citizen, or group of citizens, have now in controversies coming under the civil or criminal codes.

Under such a system, there would be no strikes such as the maritime walkout, which has paralyzed normal water traffic, not only on this coast but throughout the country. The entire controversy would automatically go before the proper labor court. There both sides would present their cases, and after the proper consideration, the decision would be handed down in conformity with the provisions of the code, and with due regard to the public welfare.

Both sides would have to abide by that decision. In this way the rights of the people,—which is of course the supreme consideration in any democratic government, would be protected.

If the ill effects of such a strike as this shipping walkout, could be confined to the principals concerned, there would be less demand for such a radical change in the traditional procedure. But they can't be. Not only do the longshoremen suffer in loss of wages, and the ship owners in loss of profits; but the people, who are in no way responsible for the conflict, suffer in countless ways.

There are orchardists here in the valley, for example, who because of this strike, may lose thousands of dollars which they can ill afford. With transportation paralyzed in the larger cities, there may be serious food shortages, the sick in hospitals may not be able to get the proper diet and care, babies may not be able to get milk, genuine and widespread suffering may result,—in some cases even death.

This isn't right. We are not sufficiently well informed to say which side is right or which is wrong, in this particular controversy, and from the standpoint of the country at large, can't see that it makes much difference. The right should be determined, not by direct action, but by judicial determination.

When a private citizen feels he has been wronged, or denied his just rights, he doesn't go up the highways and byways, with a shotgun demanding satisfaction,—or if he does he doesn't last very long.

We see no reason why capital or labor should be allowed to do so. Until there is a definite labor code, with proper judicial tribunals to interpret and enforce it, however, we can see little hope of preventing what are little more than periodic states of lawlessness, whenever capital and labor reach a deadlock, injurious to both and to the country.

There may be some catch in such a proposal. But if there is we don't know what it is. Labor courts to handle labor disputes appeal to us as highly desirable, not only from the standpoint of capital and labor but more important, for the promotion and protection of the public welfare.

Thoughts For November 11th!

NOVEMBER eleventh, the 15th anniversary of the close of the World War, will find almost 6 million persons under arms. Nations again are in a dizzying race to gain superiority in armaments. The words "the next war" have so frequently been repeated that they no longer carry the whiplash of horror.

And yet the last war is not yet paid for. Mars' ledger is still in the red. Many devastated villages have not been rebuilt, and will not be. Shrapnel-crippled men still hobble down the streets. In hospitals and sanitariums others cough and fight grimly on, some too terribly disfigured to be seen even by kindly visitors.

If peoples whose attitudes and desires were crystallized into decisions that led to the World War could have foreseen the result, would they have paid the price of peace whatever it might have been? Facing prospects of a war even more costly, more disastrous, will peoples today sacrifice that which is needed to make peace—not war—inevitable?

These are things to think on, November eleventh.—Rotarian Magazine.

probably go to Wagner and Frankfurter, and in that order.

Politics is a funny business. The insiders are now telling the yarn about the two friendly senators from mid-western states, one pro-Roosevelt, one Republican.

The Rooseveltian remembered that and was amazed to find that the Republican shortly thereafter issued a public statement in support of a man who was running against him. He wired his Republican friend, received no answer and finally reached him on the telephone. The conversation went like this:

Roosevelt Senator—"Say, why haven't you answered my wire about your endorsement of my opponent?" Republican Senator—"I'll tell you Senator, your opponent is making half a dozen talks a day for London. The Republican committee in your state has been raising the devil with me, and I gave that indorsement to your opponent in August, before you entered the race, and I cannot do any-

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.

Two cases of arthritis included by in the coat of synthetic vitamin D per thousand units or per day.

On theoretical ground physicians have feared the possibility of hypercalcemia (too much calcium in blood and tissues), deposits of calcium in the organs, or elevation of blood pressure from calcification or hardening of the arteries, from excessive doses of vitamin D.



Patients tolerate the massive doses of vitamin D better, and get on better in any case, if they receive the optimal daily rations of vitamin B in the form of wheat germ or dried yeast.

Remember this treatment was discovered by chance, is not specific, requires supervision of the physician, and does not take the place of or interfere with other standard measures.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Why Neck You said you had never heard of brain surgery being applied to wry neck.

Answer—I never have. Surgical treatment may be applied to the contracted muscle, or to the vertebral distortion, or to removal of a cervical rib, but I know of no brain surgery for wry neck (torticollis).

Friend applies tincture of iron to his tonsils twice a week. It is steadily shrinking his tonsils. Is it injurious or would you advise me to try it?

Answer—It is harmless to use. May tend to shrink simply enlarged tonsils. Cannot cure infected tonsils. Paint tonsils or wash them every alternate day with mixture of equal parts of tincture of iron, glycerin and water.

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.

be made Zimmerman appear a surprisingly dumb ox. As witty as Wolfe was in his writing, he was at his best as an after dinner speaker. There he would skin the guest of honor alive and make him like it.

Comment of the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

WELL, the landslide came, and those of us who stood in its path were overwhelmed—completely and utterly.

Nothing just like it ever happened before.

There is Al Smith's famous remark of a couple of years ago, for example: "You can't expect the public to shoot Santa Claus."

The public DIDN'T shoot Santa Claus. It wants to see what he has in his bag. It may shoot him later, but the bag still holds out too many hopes.

THE future of the country is wholly in the hands of President Roosevelt. He has unlimited power to do exactly as he wants.

THIS is our country. Its future means everything to all of us—conservatives and liberals alike. We want to see it prosperous and happy. It can't be prosperous and happy unless we ALL help to make it so.

For a long time (four years, at the

very least) the nation's welfare will be in the hands of President Roosevelt and his New Deal followers. They will have an opportunity unexampled in history to test out their theories. If those of us who haven't believed in the New Deal theories are wise, we will hope for the success of the experiments that have been embarked upon.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 6, 1926 Reptable land in Sams Valley district in high demand.

School grounds at Riverdale put in shape.

O. C. Boggs and family move to new home on Siskiyou Heights.

Route of county road into Fern valley changed.

Applegate stockmen start annual roundup.

Table Rock district to seek herd law.

A load of hay weighing 4,910 lbs. is hauled in one load from the Nealon Bros. ranch in the Table Rock area.

Eagle Point Grange to rent Brown Bros. hall for winter seasons.

HEAVIEST voting in years to prevail in Jackson county at election tomorrow.

Allies capture 72,981 German prisoners in Somme offensive.

Attorney Gus Newbury returns from trip to Portland.

Republican campaign closes with big rally at the Nat.



Another Big DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT

Price's 10 pc. Swing Band

OASIS A barrel of fun for everyone. Only spring floor in southern Oregon.

Dancing 9 to 2 Men 40c Ladies 10c

Benefit Entertainment AND DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT

Until 2 A. M. 3-4 Round Boxing Matches Special Dancing by Ruth Lay Academy Other events by Jacksonville Merchants.

Adults 25c Children 10c

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FOLLOW THE Circle

AND SEE it develop into the red spot carrying the name "Fisher's Blend." For successful bakings start first with a flour you know is of high quality, a flour milled for the express purpose you desire. That's Fisher's Blend, milled from hard and soft wheats which have been expertly blended, washed, and scoured, and then refined to a pure white, silky smoothness.



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NEW YORK Daily by Day

by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 6.—Thoughts while strolling: Mideast the world confusion this fancy—Somewhere there must be a placid blue lake, serene, untroubled, with snow white swans floating silently by.

A new face for the cafe snapshots: Gertrude Lawrence over from London.

Look alike: Lorenz Hart and Mayor La Guardia. Those boys around the automats who try to look like George Raft in their one-flight-up togs.

Just when I think the world has no more chuckles, Percy Crosby will come along with a pip of a "Skippy."

And the sun shines again. Rudy Vallee ducked a lot of sniggers chucking that first name, Hubert. What became of Winnie Lightner? Social comedy note: All the Park avenue folk suddenly discover they are living upstairs over stores.

Never hear any of those Dorothy Parker fast ones any more.

For my money, Frank Craven to make any stage role seem natural. Funny that one in Equipe of the sword fish putting on a fiesta because Hemingway had sailed to other waters. One word description of Maudy Paul: Bouncey. Sid Silverman, silent young owner of Variety. Still water, etc.

Add Never Seen: Thyra Samter Winslow without her Pom. Joseph Hergsholmer's fascinating and putting front tooth. If I have to be run down by a truck, I'll take one of Garter's cute delivery go-carts. Jay Lown stuff: They still stand out front and gawk at the Astor.

Somehow this sign on upper Leona avenue in the Black Belt struck me as something or other. Harlem "Briars." And a little further north is The All Babi Tavern and the Gleser Pilsley Beauty Shoppe.

Many familiar faces Americans used to see around the Place Vendôme—at the Ritz "sweet room." Rumpelstiltskinder's, Clio's and Sherry's—may now be seen in Hollywood. All that's good is white coated, pink-checked Frank Maier awaiting the order for the true Parisian picture. Among Paris regulars now transplanted on the west coast are Ruth Pinauelli, Florence Walton, Grace Field, Erika Gwynne, Hank Wales, Basil Wood, Charles Grayson and many, many more.

Most theatrical folk after the play will be found supping in the grills, snack bars and restaurants on Central Park South these days. This

slip from Broadway to Fifth Avenue has become a strolling ground for players somewhat in the manner of the old Rialto on Fourteenth street.

A reporter finds that 70 per cent of legitimate players are living in the hotels and apartment houses in the area. It's also the New York residing place of a number of better known theatre leaders, Whitman, Noble, Humber, etc.

To my notion, the most picturesque of theatrical hotels was the Bartholdi Inn on Broadway in the 30's. Its clientele was largely chorus girls and chorus boys, soubrettes, heavies and juveniles. Almost every hour troupers were arriving from a tour of the tanks, which would immediately spark off a public in the bars.

Wilson Mimer and George Frensch Howard picked up much of their hard-boiled patter and cynicisms there. Madam Bartholdi, a motherly steel-bespattered lady in black sateen as though right off an Iowa farm, trusted everybody at least once and in a long career declared her losses would not total \$1000. It was at the Bartholdi Helen Green picked up much material for those enchanting Macon de Shins theatrical boarding house stories so popular in the old Morning Telegraph.

In those halcyon days, Renold Wolfe was the Broadway oracle—the first chatter columnist, dealing in kindly but sometimes hilarious fashion with the passing parade. It was a feather in a player's cap to be mentioned in his Morning Telegraph double spread. He was supposed to be in constant ink with J. Fred Zimmerman, the original of the feudal fakeries, but who was in reality his boon companion. Almost every morning

CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!

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