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The Boomerang

IN a large hotel in San Francisco, closed by the strike, there is a group of clerks and waiters, that has refused to walk out. This hotel is more closely picketed than the others, for it is known that there are "traitors" to the cause of organized labor within. There is little that can be done about it, however. For the "loyalists" or scabs (as you wish) live in the hotel, are taken care of by the management, and in turn do odd jobs for the permanent guests. They will not come out until the strike is over.

If they think they are going to escape just retribution however, they are in for a rude awakening. At least the pickets maintain, that their names are known and it will be tough for them, when they no longer have the protection of the management, and try to return to their homes once more. When asked what the punishment will be there is an ominous wagging of heads, and swinging of fists, but the pickets are careful to divulge no details of the modus operandi. It seems fair to assume, however, if the traitors escape with merely a mild beating-up they will be fortunate. One thing is certain each and every one of them will be on the union black list, from this time henceforth, and if they don't relent, join the union and pay their respective fines, San Francisco will probably not be a very healthful place for them to work in, after the war is over.

NOW if anyone were to suggest, to any one of these red-banner pickets that such a policy is entirely wrong, un-American, anti-social, directly contrary to the spirit of the Wagner Labor Act, etc., etc., the rejoinder would probably be either some choice profanity, accompanied by a right uppercut, or merely a blank stare of complete incomprehension. And yet that is true, of course.

For the spirit of the Wagner act is FREEDOM,—the right of labor to bargain collectively, without interference, under the terms of the contract and the union is refusing to let them bargain collectively or freely, but by threats and strong arm stuff, is endeavoring to force them, into an action which they do not desire, and to sign a contract of which they do not approve.

In short in this instance labor is doing precisely what the Wagner Act makes it unlawful for the employer to do. For obviously if it is wrong for the employer to use force and coercion to keep a worker OUT of a union, it is equally wrong for a labor union to use force and coercion, to keep a worker IN one.

THIS is what might be termed primary stuff. If it isn't true, there is no logic or reason in the entire labor-capital set up. And yet as above stated, we don't believe one could find a strike picket in San Francisco, who would admit the logic or the truth of it.

Why? Because labor as represented by the recently organized hotel unions, has no interest in the logic or the truth. It is interested solely in its cause,—its will to power. Whatever helps labor is right, whatever doesn't is wrong.

That may sound like an oversimplification, but in reality it isn't. One has only to wander around the hotel strike zone a bit, and admit the truth of this statement.

WHICH, needless to add, is extremely unfortunate.

For as long as such an attitude is held by organized labor, it means war. There can be no peace when there is no interest in or desire to secure justice.

Organized labor may win this spectacular battle, and these nonconforming waiters and clerks may lose it. But a victory with only force to sustain it is a temporary victory, and sows the seeds of eventual defeat.

Labor deserves a square deal. So does capital. Either side which demands more and tries to sustain that demand by force, merely delays the day, when it can be obtained.—for ITSELF!

did not have such a good reputation as a host, he would probably have walked home from Louisville. Guffey invited congressional friends to the derby, with Vice-President Garner as the guest of honor. En route, nothing could have been more perfect. Board and lodging, to use a broadly descriptive phrase, were splendid. In Louisville, a special bus met the party and all reached Churchill Downs in the finest of fettle.

After the derby the group returned to the bus, that is, all except Guffey. His guests waited and waited. It was stuffy and uncomfortable in the bus. More than an hour passed. If the absentee had been anyone except the host,—well, the procedure would have been more simple.

Finally, word got to the bus that Mr. Guffey was calling on a nearby telephone. Where had he been? Blankety, blank, where had he been? Oh, that was anticlerical. He had forgotten where the bus would be and went directly to the station.

There is something soothing about expert phrasing. I think nothing quite compares with Carl Sandburg's: "The fog came on little cat feet." On a rainy night I have found nothing so apt as a re-reading of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." That description of Ichabod Crane, for instance: "He was a huge feeder and, though lank, had the dilatory powers of an anaconda." Also: "She was a blooming lass of fresh 19, plump as a partridge, ripe melting and as rosy-checked as one of her father's peaches." And last but not least that superb description of old Balthus Van Tassel's farm: "A great elm tree at the foot of which bubbled up a spring. The vast barn, every crevice of which seemed bursting with farm treasures. Swans and mallards skimmed, twittering about the eaves. Rows of pigeons, some swelling and cooing and bowing about their dames and a stately squadron of snowy geese riding an adjoining pond, conveying whole flocks of ducks. And guinea fowls fretting about and their peevish, discontented cries."

And gourmets will beam at this living irony: "The pedagogue's mouth watered. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured every roasting pig punning about with a belly full of pudding and an apple in his mouth. The pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie and tucked in with a coverlet of crust. The geese were swimming in their own gravy."

One notices that there is almost invariably a slowing up of motorists

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, Calif.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS CALLS FOR AN ANTIDOTE.

The American way of living involves much dissembling of natural feelings and impulses and a growing tendency to substitute excitement for recreation, thrill for diversion, boredom and ennui for a rational vice for pleasure, business for work, sport for play and restlessness yearning for contentment.

Instead of playing games Americans prefer to watch others play. This is all right for honest working folk, that is, for people who work with their muscles or get exercise regularly in one way or another. It is all wrong for sedentary folk, that is, for people who live by their wits or as parasites. It is wrong because the spectator's eye cannot possibly use in frantic screaming, stamping of feet, applause, booing and other hysterical manifestations the large amount of energy—the only kind of energy physiology recognizes—released by the excitement of the game. What happens when you habitually race your automobile engine? What happens when the belt slips off from a flywheel?

Examination of 25 members of a university football team after the final and most important game of the season—important not, of course, to those who normally sugar-coated that twelve had sugar in the urine and five of these had not played in the game, but had been all keyed up waiting on the sidelines for the tin god coach to send them in there.

Examination of nine medical students, who, like the 25 football players, were all normally sugar-coated following a hard examination showed that four had sugar in the urine. Only one student in the same group, examined after an easy examination, had sugar in the urine.

If tests could be made of all spectators before and after a game, probably a larger proportion of them would show the signs of damage to the vital machinery. It is in the grandstand or the bleachers, not on the playing field, that the gravest casualties of baseball, boxing, football and other popular sports occur.

At the same time the spilling of blood, sugar occurs in emotional stress there is generally great swelling up of the heart action which be-

passing through the serene locale of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." So great was the impress of Irving's description that one almost expects to see a headless horseman tearing by. I have no fear whatever of ghosts, but passing the famous old graveyard coming from the Sleepy Hollow Club I am always glad when the car goes away beyond the scene. As I say I don't believe in spooks but a row of tombstones at night gives me the ork-orks just the same.

The Flea Circus on West 42d street has had the longest continuous run of any amusement in the theatrical district. It has been open from noon until midnight now for nearly 20 years. The flea performer last about 10 weeks and a new company is always waiting. The fleas are not actually trained, but controlled by almost invisible wires and most people who see them come away looking a bit silly, but the very idea of a trained flea has an irresistible appeal. Too, there is amusement in the engaging patter of the Professor with German dialect who calls for "Max, my favorite flea" and "Lady Lou, the queen of fleasdom."

Dwight Fiske, the urban chanter of ribald songs to society stag-ouzes, ran into a snag for a London engagement to sing for the American hordes during the coronation. He was refused permission to ventilate his oft-times double entendre lyrics. There are whispers that Fiske was one of the favorite entertainers of the small Prince of Wales when in Manhattan and that in the new order surrounding the throne they do not want any back-wash of the old. Fiske away from the piano offers no suggestion of his unusual art. Middle aged and rather stern visaged, he might be the president of the First National Bank in Keokuk. (Second thought, maybe it was all a press agent stunt.)

Hai Simms, the bridge expert, and his wife, sticking under each other so nicely at a party, inspired George Kaufman as he lay left arm in arm, to murmur: "There go the Simses Sims."

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SCHOOL BOARD POLITICS HIT IN PORTLAND PROBE

PORTLAND, May 12.—(AP)—Politics in the school board and low morale among teachers impair the efficiency of Portland public schools, Floyd D. Moore, member of an investigating committee of the presidents' council, told a civic club here.

Moore said teachers who appeared before the committee to give confidential testimony expressed fear of reprisals under the tenure system if their methods met with the disapproval of "higher ups" and that a policy of dictation by superiors resulted in a "don't care" attitude.

Donates Trophy; Wins It

PITTSBURGH.—(UP)—Arthur E. Shagrey donated a trophy for a mixed age bridge tournament. Then, with Mrs. H. D. Stahl, he won the tournament—and the trophy he donated.

Insist On Delicious

Lost River BUTTER

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

OF the New Deal tax on undistributed profits, Henry Ford, who does a lot of straight thinking, has this to say: "The real purpose is to tax the independent, large and small, out of existence. The financiers want to drive every independent business man to BORROW MONEY, to make American business pay continual tribute to the money lenders. They want to send the companies they can't control to Wall Street."

ON his face, that "ands like a good old-fashioned demagogue's appeal. But it is SUBSTANTIALLY TRUE.

HERE is the way it works: THE SMALL business man's way of expanding his business is to go into debt for his expansion and then pay off his debt out of profits.

THE BIG business man's way of expanding is to SELL STOCK and use the money thus obtained for expansion.

The new tax on undistributed profits hits the small business man HEAVILY when he uses his profits to pay his debts, instead of distributing them as dividends. It hits the big man very little, because he uses his profits to pay dividends on the stock he has sold and the tax is levied on the owner of the stock.

THE tax on undistributed profits is in theory a scheme to sock the big, rich, and therefore supposedly wicked, corporations. In practice, it turns out to be a scheme that socks the little corporations that do business as independents in the small towns and cities of the country. It socks ESPECIALLY HARD the little corporations that are in debt.

IN an effort to understand the workings of this vicious tax, let us imagine two corporations. One is old, long-established and out of debt. The other is new, struggling and heavily in debt.

The long-established, debt-free corporation is touched very lightly by the undistributed profits tax, because it can use its profits to pay dividends to its stockholders. The new, struggling, heavily involved corporation is HIT HARD, because it has to pay a heavy PENALTY TAX for the privilege of using its profits to pay its debts.

Nothing could be more unfair than that. IF YOU are an average citizen, you are a member of a corporation as something big and wicked and powerful. That isn't true. A corporation is merely a device to enable little fellows to pool their resources, and more than 90 per cent of all corporations are LITTLE.

ANY scheme that taxes the fellow who is IN DEBT far heavier than the fellow who is OUT OF DEBT is an unfair and unwise scheme. The New Deal tax on undistributed profits (so called) does just that. As Henry Ford says, its result over a period of time will be to tax the little fellow out of existence—especially the little fellow who is struggling to get a start.

Editorial Comment

A City of Gold. With the discovery of gold in 1857, life began for Jacksonville. Hostile Indians could not prevent the crush of gold hunters. Pack trains from north and from south brought supplies, and the wilderness awoke to activity. In spite of ambush, massacres, battles fought, treaties made and broken, Jacksonville grew and prospered.

Mining was its chief industry. Private mines the most numerous. Hydraulic power was used on an extensive scale by several companies, while rockers, sluices, windmills, all were utilized. The Sterling mine, about eight miles from Jacksonville, was worth \$200,000 50 years ago. It was estimated that in the last three decades, \$30,000,000 in gold dust approximated the yield of the mining industry.

Half a century ago Jacksonville, once the liveliest mining camp in southern Oregon, was the trade center of the region, and was the county seat of Jackson county. It had a population of 1800, the largest town in the county. Ashland was a close second, and Phoenix a flourishing village. Medford was undeveloped and unpopulated.

Three decades had wrought great changes in the rudely constructed and transient mining camp on the banks of Jackson creek. Substantial brick blocks had supplanted the shacks, hotels, churches, schools, a flouring mill, two newspapers, the new courthouse in process of erection, and beautiful residences, had been built.

Jacksonville's social life reflected the property in its lavish hospitality and the elegance in many instances, of its homes.

Passing years bring changes. Today, Jacksonville is the shrine of the southern Oregon pioneer, the mecca of the student.

A rare history of that rugged period may be found in the paintings, engravings, photographs, quaint old daguerotypes and relics of Jacksonville's past, of the beautiful Brit home. In the pictures may be seen the noted persons of that time, makers of southern Oregon history. Music was indicated in the gorgeous silver cornet band, and a red-letter day was shown in a picture of a Tammany day celebration. Modes of travel and roads of the period were depicted by toll road pictures taken in the Skakiyoua. A real study of the costumes of that time could be made from the photographs.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY May 12, 1927. (It was Thursday.) Tomlin Box Factory resumes operations.

Dog catcher to seek unlicensed dogs next week. Jacksonville road locomotive is purchased by Glendale sawmill. Medford children favor meadow-lark as state bird.

Hugh DeAutremont is granted a larger cell in the county jail, as he waits for second trial to start. Earl York of the postoffice force leaves on vacation.

Ruth Snyder, murderess, sentenced to die in electric chair June 20. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY May 12, 1917. (It was Saturday.) Patriotic parade to be greatest event of its kind in the history of southern Oregon; every town in county to be represented.

The Tuesday Embroidery club met with Helen Dahl (Mrs. Jack Swern). Mrs. W. F. Quisenberry entertained the Wednesday Bridge club.

Senate favors "lynching for food speculators" in fiery speeches, and branded them as "worse than fiends." British troops blasting way through the "Hindenburg line."

William A. Gates is named chairman of the committee to procure autos for Good Roads convention. Lawn mower service, call and del. Ideal Bike Shop. Tel. 895. 411 E. Main.

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