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West-Holiday
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
Farmers in convention assembled have endorsed the way their leaders acted at the legislature on anti-strike curbs, so they were not as mad as they pretended, about losing thousands of dollars through inability to ship their products.

The Mills will picnic today, rain or shine—probably both.
Softball was played under the moon last night, a large number being on hand. When the night gets warm and the lights burn bright several conventions of winged insects will be held.

S. Morris, the T.R.K. killer, towed Friday and thinks he won an argument with Peoria Bill Gates, who will soon hit out for Boston, Mass.
Our genial postmaster, F. DeSouza is up at Astoria mingling with fellow Democrats in a state convalesce.

People going into the timber are advised to take potato pancakes, cooked before leaving, and warmed over when hungry. This makes cooking easy, and ruins both the pancake and the potato.
All the fishing, and quite a lot of hay were ruined by an informal rain that descended the first of the wk.

The Bates Boys' clock continues to run 11 minutes slow, or all the other timepieces in town are wrong.
Dumping of rubbish continues brisk in rural areas. There is a strong suspicion this is the work of city folks, who so far have outwitted the law.

The next two-day chance to have an auto wreck is July 4th, the birthday of the nation.
The Prospect hill team is still out for blood, and biting the dust and each other.
Citizens are again being spurred to get mad at the rich, and the power trusts, to attain the fuller life, and a corner lot in Utopia.

J. Kort Hall, the fretting horticulturist, now thinks there will be no summer. This is probably a "rum" guess, like the time he predicted the tractor would never displace the horse and the airplane would never amount to much as a means of going places.
Some of the Galshetricks who think the outdoors is wonderful, journeyed to high spots today, and wore bathing suits to wallow in the snow. Any rheumatic condition that arises, will be caused by a tooth.
Del Getchell, the banker-poet, dislikes the late depression "quicker than the people thinking." It also slowed up the desire to do something resembling work.
The first wanderer in a long time, who is walking around the world, when he can't get a ride, showed up last week.
B. Bowerman, the athletic mentor, is coaching what he calls a mustache on his upper lip. Friend and foe are trying to remove it with keen quips.
Gooseberries are now available. They are put in pie. There is no mandate they must be eaten.
Carl Hubbell, the great pitcher was beaten by Dixey Dean, in a game last week. This was a shock to Mr. Hubbell, but a greater one to Pug Isaac, whose shoes were filled by Dixey Ruth, when he left the diamond.
In the presence of his superior officer, John Johnson, the watch finkler, requested your corr. to say something mean about his dog with the long chassis. Mr. Johnson beat a hasty retreat, before he was beat

The Farm-Labor Coalition

THE Oregon State Grange votes to continue the farm-labor coalition at the next session of the legislature. State Grange Master Ray Gill handled this ticklish question with customary political skill.

He emphasized the fact, that thanks to such a coalition at the last session, the anti-strike legislation was defeated. If a labor organization he added, "could be destroyed by legislative act," then other organizations (i.e.: the grange) "which fought big business," could also be destroyed.

This appeal to grange loyalty and self interest was enough. There were a few murmurs of opposition from Hood River, where the anti-strike legislation originated, but when put to a vote, the resolution passed overwhelmingly.

So where the issue can be reduced to the time-honored conflict between the so-called vested interests and the "vestless proletariat", the latter always numerically greater, is bound to win.

THEREFORE in spite of Peter Zimmerman's recent desertion of the farm-labor coalition, and his affiliation with a farm organization to protect agriculture against the encroachments of organized labor, there is little doubt, that this farm-labor amalgamation, renewed at The Dalles, will continue to be an effective political force in this state, for two years at least.

BUT, if the advance of organized labor, stimulated by the feverish competition between the A. F. L. and the C. I. O. continues, at its present reckless pace, sooner or later the worm will turn. For fundamentally the vital interests of the farm and labor blocs are conflicting, and there is no way of making them otherwise.

LABOR demands higher and higher wages; shorter and shorter hours. The more this drive succeeds, the higher prices will rise, and the greater the cost of living.

The farmer will therefore find himself between two fires. He will have to pay more and more for what he buys; because of the organization of farm help, he will be able to get less and less for what he sells, because of his increased overhead,—the greater expense of production, due to rising labor costs. And the stronger the labor movement becomes, the greater this burden on agriculture will be.

SO eventually the labor bloc and the farm bloc will split on the rock of conflicting interests. This has been true in all other countries. There is no reason to expect the United States will be an exception. Even in Russia, under a ruthless dictatorship, no satisfactory working agreement, between the peasant on the land, and the industrial workers in the cities, has been attained,—except by liquidating the kulack, and driving the agrarian forces into collectivism by force.

In other words self-interest is the only permanent binding element in ANY political movement.

As long as labor and agriculture, share a common fear of what Ray Gill terms "big business" they can unite against it. But when that danger becomes less menacing, than the danger of a ruthless labor dictatorship which will threaten the welfare and stability of agriculture, as well as industry, it will take a greater general than Mr. Gill, to prevent the farmers from doing a "Peter Zimmerman" and deserting labor, to form an anti-labor organization for their own protection.

AT least that is the writing on the wall, as we see it. The more powerful and demanding organized labor in this country becomes, the more certain it will be to ultimately meet defeat. And a farmers' revolt against labor domination, will start it.

A Dangerous Expedient

THE most serious threat to balanced state and county budgets of the immediate future is contained in the revived proposal to initiate a constitutional amendment limiting the tax to be levied against any residential property with an assessed valuation of \$2500 or less to \$10. This proposed amendment would also restore the old system of placing household furnishings on the personal tax rolls with an exemption of \$1000.

At first glance the plan has a popular appeal to the thousands of small home owners of the state. But more serious consideration of its provisions and apparent results dulls the glitter of the scheme.

To the home owner who will take the trouble to inventory his household furnishings the insignificance of the suggested \$1000 exemption, as compared to the total taxable value of his goods, will become immediately apparent.

THE effect of such a limitation upon property tax levies for state purposes would likely be negligible, because early elimination of such a levy is already in prospect as income tax collections mount. But the result to county and municipal finances, which are derived chiefly from property taxes, would be ruinous.

Without some substitute source of revenue, the adoption of such a plan would spell bankruptcy to practically every municipal taxing unit and school district in the state.

Figures compiled by the state tax commission last year reveal that there are 320,078 separate ownerships of real property parcels in Oregon and that the average assessed valuation per parcel—including the huge valuations assessed to railroad and utility properties—is only \$1775. Obviously the big bulk of individual property units in the state are valued at less than \$2500 and would, therefore, fall within the \$10 limitation. Today the average tax paid on these 320,078 parcels of land is considerably more than \$10 each. The problem of financing such a revenue deficit as would result from the proposed tax limitation would be a real one.—Salem Capital-Journal.

Income Shares

Maryland Fair: Bid \$9.15, asked \$10.00
Quarterly income: Bid \$17.15, asked \$18.75

Short Prune Crop
PORTLAND, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—Predictions of a short prune crop for Oregon and Washington resulted in substantial gains on the market today after several months of dull trading.

Mosquitoes Fade

THE DALLES, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—Where are the mosquitoes that have plagued mid-Columbia citizens of former years? Sanitary authorities at Hood River and Wasco counties say they have been eradicated by extensive campaigns of oiling stagnant Columbia river pools.

Special Masonic Train
PORTLAND, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—A special train will carry members of the Masonic lodges here to Salem on June 17 for the laying of the cornerstone of the new statehouse.

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.

TEETH, YOUTH AND BEAUTY

From statistics recorded through many years by the U. S. census bureau and by the great life insurance companies, it has been evident that notwithstanding the decrease in the infectious diseases, such as tuberculosis, typhoid fever, diphtheria and other preventable diseases which formerly took heavy toll, there has been no apparent decrease, perhaps an actual increase in prevalence of certain degenerative diseases in the past few decades. The degenerative diseases which seem to be on the increase are arteriosclerosis, myocarditis (slow failure of heart muscle), chronic nephritis (Bright's disease), angina pectoris coronary thrombosis, apoplexy—these are the various manifestations of cardiovascular degeneration—diabetes, obesity, chronic nutritional or metabolic or atrophic arthritis, and cancer.



Cancer is included in the list of degenerative diseases, not because we know cancer is of that nature, but only because cancer seems to be on the increase or at any rate it is not apparently decreasing in frequency, and as yet no cause has been determined. Dr. Weston A. Price, whose studies in the field of oral pathology and dental hygiene are well known to all dentists expressed the opinion, in a recent address before the American Association of Physical Anthropologists, that the primitive races lose their natural immunity to tooth decay and to associated degenerations as they adopt modern foods, including white flour.

As races or people change from natural foods to refined foods, Dr. Price has observed, they undergo physical degeneration, that is, deterioration of a retrogressive pathological change in cells and tissues in consequence of which the functions of cells and tissues or organs are impaired or lost and the living substance is converted into an inert mass. This degeneration is evidenced in the development of facial deformities, crooked teeth, abnormally narrow nostrils with inadequate nasal openings for breathing purposes, tooth decay, tonsil and adenoid hypertrophy or enlargement and obstruction of the nose that commonly goes with adenoid outgrowth. Dr. Price's study has led him to conclude that diet along the lines of the diet of primitive races not only prevents tooth decay but checks it when it is already developed.

This doesn't mean that one must revert to the habits of the savage

or the beast of prey. But it does imply that optimal nutrition is favored by the eating of a reasonable amount of raw food daily and that graining on hard coarse raw foods or bonbons for that matter contributes toward development of strong, sound teeth, beauty of face, functional efficiency of breathing passages. Degeneration in any tissue or structure means premature aging. The condition of the teeth is the best measure of youth and beauty. No periodic physical examination or health inventory is adequate unless it includes thorough inspection by the family dentist and any prophylactic treatment he finds necessary.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Needless to Mention
Found I have now reached 178 and I must look... I weighed only 130 when I was married ten years ago. (Mrs. W.W.V.)

Answer—Needless to mention, unless you married a blind man. But cheer up, you are still a young woman and no reason why you shouldn't make just a comfortable armful of yours-if again. Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for instructions for healthful reducing.

Prophylaxis
Public school authorities here urge (1) inoculation against diphtheria, and (2) vaccination against smallpox. Our daughter, aged 5, is about to enter school. I understand there are two sides to this question. (R.V.A.)

Answer—That many sides to every question, otherwise there would be no question. My advice is that you have the child immunized against diphtheria when she is a year old, certainly before she is old enough to go to school. Likewise I think every child should be vaccinated against smallpox before the end of the first year or certainly before school age. And I think I've heard all the real and hypothetical dangers of untoward effects of these prophylactic measures.

Sleep At the Wheel
I am a chauffeur, often driving long distances, day and night, and I'm afraid I'll crack up because I often find it hard to stay awake at the wheel. (T.O.)

Answer—On a long drive when you are very sleepy try pulling up somewhere well off the road and taking a short nap. In half an hour you will be refreshed and can drive on well awake. If you must keep going, the least harmful means of keeping awake is by taking a cup or two of coffee, or a tablet of the alkaloid in coffee caffeine citrate, say two grains.

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.

years been to a fellow I know the personification of the jingle "I do not like you, Dr. Fell; the reason why I cannot tell." The broadcaster has never met the fellow. Yet he so often irritates my friend. Even in the double lettering of his name. When Woolcott endorses a book my friend vows immediately not to read it, and when his wife, who enjoys Woolcott's radio talks, tunes in, he leaves the room. He is conscious Woolcott is one of our versatile itinerators. He was brilliant enough as a dramatic critic and has turned out some of the better essays of our time. His radio following is large, constant. My friend thinks most of us have an Alexander Woolcott in our lives. It is the human mind indulging an unreasonable quirk, and cannot be explained. Just one of those things.

In a chop suey cellar in Chinatown the other night I was telling two visitors from midland how the quarter was subjected to the widest expropriations. Most optimum dens, I gathered, were prop built-ups for tourists and the hop heads were painted up to look ghastly while they puffed durham. I made myself out quite the sneering sophisticate—all wise to city stuff. On our way to the car parked in Canal street, a cop was just giving the finishing touches to a patrol wagon loading. He explained there had just been a raid on a Chinatown tenement and \$40,000 worth of drugs was found. All I could say was "Oh!" and keep my mouth shut on the ride uptown.

Slum squalor has an eerie tug for me. In every strange city I want to

NEW YORK Daily by Day

NEW YORK, June 12.—This is the day I usually just sit at the typewriter—and let myself go. A thought pops up and I swing at it. Hoping to whang one into the bleachers—but usually it's a pop fly to itself. It has been a long time since such a crack reporter and interviewer as Alva Johnston has come along.



He is a young fellow and got his newspaper groundwork in Sacramento. He describes a subject perfectly by reporting the anecdotes of his friends—the Sam Goldwyn pastel for instance. The good interviewer should never pull out a pad and pencil.

Such questioners as Frank Ward G. Mallery, Ed Hill, Richard Harding Davis and Irvin Cobb never did. If he should, the interviewed immediately would become self-conscious and inarticulate. Herbert Swope was an ace interviewer in his reportorial days. He had a way of prodding big shots into a fury.

And before they knew it, they were spouting things they often regretted. I once tried that method on a visiting potentate. He strode with great clanking strides toward me, grew apoplectic red and shook his fist. He said much but I was so scared I forgot what it was when I got to the office.

He came out of one of the great brownstone mansions on Fifth avenue the other late afternoon, a slight gentleman with a goatee, plainly dressed and walked with his nurse to a high-bor limousine of ancient vintage—a New York stamp of family heritage. He was Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Last of the avenue's residential aristocrats. All the rest of the famous names—save Helen Gould, who clings to her town house, a few blocks southward—have vanished. The famous Vanderbilt chateau at 38th street made way for a big dreammaking establishment. The Collis P. Huntington mansion is gone. And the M'Donoghue's Row on an upper reach of the avenue is now almost solidly lined with apartment houses. Park avenue has a number of magnificent private residences but they are gradually being absorbed and turned into hotel apartment living. Many reasons are advanced for abandonment of home for the modern apartment. But real estate men say there are only two—taxes, and the servant problem!

Alexander Woolcott has for many

take a squint at the seamy side before seeing the historical points of interest. I have spent far more time in London's Soho and around the Ludia Dock Road than in Piccadilly and Mayfair, and one of the most interesting streets to me is that alley-like aperture, rue de Lappe, filled with bals musettes, Apaches, griseetes and dark drinking dens. People of the alums express a calm and forbearance rarely achieved by a more finely spun civilization. They have mastered that most difficult of living arts—the art of knowing how to take it.

The most depraved district I ever visited was the Red Light of Havre. Expert delvers in sociological alums say that only the haidlands of Singapore surpass it for histancy of wickedness. It was Saturday night and the throats were wide open. Gen-darmes patrolled three abreast and there was a waiting ambulance every two blocks. But nothing seemed to happen. I've often wondered if Havre isn't putting on an act for visiting firemen. What gave it a comedy touch, too, was my guide's card, which read: Harold Lovelace.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

EN ROUTE to Portland, by way of The Dalles-California highway and the Wapinitia cut-off. Weather practically perfect, although a trifle on the warm side.

High over Klamath lake, about a million pelicans are wheeling and circling, one moment in perfect formation, the next all matted up like a pack of cards dropped by an awkward shuffler. At certain points in their drills, they bank toward the sun, all at the same time, and their white wings gleam and flash. An instant later, they turn and become mere dark specks against the sky. It's an odd sight.

WHAT they're doing, the Lord only knows. Maybe they're exercising off the effects of a too heavy fish breakfast. Anyway, it's an interesting sight to watch.

LUNCH at Brnd, at a little hole in the wall run by a gal who has the gift of gab. She's telling a customer all about a butcher friend of hers who made a mistake.

He went ritzy, it seems, sold his shop in the cash and carry district and went out after the high class trade.

"I'M TELLING you," she confided. "He's sure sick of his bargain. In his old shop, he dealt with the mill hands who laid down the cash on the counter for what they required. Now his customers call up on the phone and want a couple of hand-picked pork chops, and send 'em right up, please, and charge 'em. Boy, would he like to be back in the old spot, getting paid for it when he hands it out!"

WELL, life's like that. The upper levels look swell from down where we're gazing at 'em, but when we get up among 'em we still find ants in the syrup. A fellow has to die to get to heaven.

TALES of forest fires to the contrary, the air today is about as clear as it ever gets.

From up on the foot of the world, along the ridge just south of Mount St. Helens, Mount Adams looms up over the Washington side and on beyond is a dim white blur on the horizon that looks like it might be Rainier, but may be only a cloud. Hood, Jefferson and the Sisters look as if you could reach out and touch them, and if it weren't for the foothills that get in the way one might actually see the tip of Shasta.

Off to the east, stretching into the dim distance, are the wheat lands, showing a faint tinge of green beyond the gray of the sage on the intervening bad lands.

IT'S an awe-inspiring country to look at from up on the hill where the highway crosses the divide, out it may be a drab one to live in. The monotony would get so thick that when the next neighbors had a baby it would be practically a world-shattering event.

This country up here is so big and so bare, and so far from one edge to the other, that it leaves a fellow feeling little and lonely and a bit scared.

Ship First Cherries
THE DALLES, Ore., June 12.—(AP)—Small shipments of Black Tartarian and Governor Wood cherries have started to roll from here.

Hardy Man of North
EDMONTON, Alta., June 12.—(UP)—Hugo Stalberg, trapper in a remote area of northern British Columbia, 350 miles north of Prince George, hiked 75 miles to the Whitewater

trading post to seek medical aid after he had been shot from ambush near his trapline. It was learned today.

Communications

The Mail Tribune is glad to publish letters from its readers, but finds it necessary to require that such communications be signed by the writer thereof, and do not exceed 400 words. Where writers request and have a legitimate reason for anonymity their names will not be published with their letters, but it is necessary that the names be known to the newspaper.

ROXY
Today and Monday HIS HAPPIEST HIT!
Just a croonin' vagabond... hittin' the high-spots in search of romance... and what fun!
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
Bing Crosby
Specially Added Shorts! "Our Gang" Comedy
HANDREEL NEWS

STARTING TODAY - FOR 3 DAYS!
HE WAS HANDSOME! SHE WAS ROMANTIC!
and the snow was up to here....!
Imagine their predicament... marooned in a mountain cabin and not even properly introduced.... What fun!
A JOY TOGETHER... THESE TWO VITAL, DELIGHTFUL, THRILLING YOUNG STARS!
DON AMECHE and ANN SOTHERN
'FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN'
SMILE-A-MINUTE SIGH-A-MINUTE THRILL-SPICED ROMANCE!
Plus Peter B. Kyne's thrilling mystery-romance of the world's greatest sleuth!
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LLOYD HUGHES SHEILA MANORS
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