

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturdays. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 24-27-29 N. Fir St.

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year \$11.00; Daily, six months \$6.50; Daily, one month \$1.00.

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Lensed Wire Service.

Do Your Part in Census

"If each before his own door swept the village would be clean." If every citizen in the country, will do its duty, when the national unemployment census is launched tomorrow, one of the most serious problems confronting the country can be solved.

For obviously no problem can be solved until the exact nature of that problem is known. And the only way in which the exact nature of the unemployment problem can be known, is through taking a nation wide census, the results of which can be depended upon.

This is a voluntary census. There is no compulsion about it. It is therefore a test of good citizenship, of what might be termed peace-time patriotism, and of what the President termed "national team work" from which will come again, "that feeling of national solidarity which is the strength and glory of the American people."

THIS is an appeal to the people of southern Oregon, to answer this call from the President, in the spirit the occasion demands.

The results of the census from the standpoint of the individual, will not be made public,—the privacy of the person concerned will be completely protected, there need be no hesitancy on that score.

But as before stated the entire value of this census depends upon the accuracy of its figures. And this depends entirely upon the good faith and honesty of the individual.

So when you receive a card, put down the facts exactly as they are, without coloring or restraint. Give the government the TRUTH as far as you are concerned, let all others do the same, and this census will be the success it should be,—and must be,—if the critical unemployment problem is to be solved.

Pity the Poor Coach

"NOTHING succeeds like success." With the football coach, nothing succeeds BUT success. Howard Jones of Southern California, is generally regarded, by those who know, as one of the greatest football coaches in the country. As a matter of fact, he has a record that can prove it.

But recently he hasn't done so well. He record of his team this year, which started out with such high hopes has been particularly disappointing. The Trojans were expected to fight it out with Washington and California for Rose Bowl honors.

SO they are clamoring for Howard Jones' scalp down in southern California. A few years ago, the football fans presented Howard with a new car, as a slight token of their appreciation; and they are now demanding "the big bum", step down and out, and are presenting him only with Bronx cheer sprinkled with frozen raspberries.

PHELAN at Washington has had a similar experience. He was a pigskin Miracle Man a year ago when he had the Rose Bowl champions; three weeks ago the same chorus demanded he go back to the sticks of Indiana. Now with a tie game at Berkeley, and a crashing triumph over U.C.L.A., his stock is rising a bit, and with one or two more victories, he will be back in favor again.

ALL of which points to the need of self control and restraint where football coaches are concerned. The coach is important but the material is more important. And in college football, outside of the semi-pro class, it is a physical impossibility for the best coach in the world, to produce championship teams ALL the time. It is also impossible over a period of years to avoid the natural ebb and flow of football fortunes.

WE believe there is a demand for better sportsmanship among football fans, particularly the old grads, who can dish it out so liberally when their team is winning, but can't "take it", when they happen to be on the short end of the score.

"Poor Little Rich Girl"

DID you know the Southern Pacific is the third largest industrial corporation in the United States,—only exceeded by the American Telephone and Telegraph, and the Pennsylvania Railroad?

BEING on a side-line these days, with freight and passenger traffic, scrambled together from Portland to San Francisco, this column has often shied a few brick-bats at this industrial giant, and they have been deserved.

THE article is refreshingly free from the usual press-agent blurring and white-washing technique. It is factual rather than flowery; realistic rather than rhetorical. It puts the bitter with the sweet, the good against the bad, and both pictorially and textually, gives, we believe, a remarkably true picture of this railroad from its somewhat scandalous origin, to its present virtuous but troubled existence.

Read it over if you get a chance. It will give you a clearer idea of what Medford's only railroad has to contend with in this age of the automobile, the airplane and the motor bus.

Personal Health Service

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, stamped 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.

Controversy in medical press two or three years ago over the nature and best remedy for the odor on the breath of persons who have eaten garlic or onion.



merely mask the offending odor and do not cure it. I have sometimes pondered whether such a breath calls for a cure or for an operation.

The Harvard school, on the other hand, having made a careful study and some experiments, along similar lines, insisted that the odor on the breath of garlic or onion eaters comes from the essential oil contained in these vegetables, but this does not come via the lungs or in saliva arising from the stomach or in salivary secretion, but arises solely from particles of onion or garlic retained in nooks in the mouth or about the teeth and gums.

There is no question that the odor on the breath of a person who has taken in a skiff of booze is due to the alcohol or aldehyde excreted through the lungs. Neither this nor any other mouthwash can remove such an odor.

My father, smoked and polished off a quart of whiskey a day until 30. Then stopped all these habits over night, but was so bedeviled he had to take to his bed, where he remained mightily ill for three weeks. Ever after he was intolerant of tobacco and whiskey users.

M. tells of a fine remedy for the "out to lunch" delay that annoys so many customers in stores. One of New York's large fur stores on the avenue closes—and was for years—right from twelve until one, while every employee has luncheon simultaneously.

I find myself now and again calling the evening meal supper instead of the New York designation, dinner. Our dinner back yonder was at noon, when the factory whistle blew, and supper was around 6 in the evening. To my notion, however, Parisians have the ideal dining hour—nine o'clock.

Because I never owned a garden, I suppose, I do not know the names of many flowers. And botanical patterns bewes me. To be frank, I care little for the clothing arms of posies, indeed, whiffs from some flutter a faint nausea. A field of clover is stimulating and some roses and violets are exquisite. But there my enthusiasm ends. Nothing is more ungracefully gawky to me than a lily.

M. referred today that I never referred in speech to my column as a column, but as "the letter." A throw-back to the beginning when my stationery proclaimed "O. McIntyre's New York Letter." I had intended a sort of letter to the folk back home and, generally speaking, I write in that vein today. In those early, nickle-and-dime days of syndication my objective was to cast off the shackles of the routine newspaper job. Especially getting up at daylight, and that gaudy shoving about I had to endure every morning in the packed subway. Only a surfer from the terrors of crowd phobia can realize what that means.

I have been in but three editorial rooms since I fared forth to syndicate—in St. Louis, New Orleans and Cincinnati. A newspaper to me, however, is the most glamorous of places. The stage and screen often try to capture its undreamed-of beauty, but never succeed. Just as

drains of death and destruction, or we go to a movie and see the same drama in pictures until we get so calloused with the sound and sight of death and destruction that we become indifferent to the bloodshed and sorrow of our fellow man.

When we gave the Community Chest our bit of change and paid that little pin on our coat or waist, which read, "Be a Good Neighbor," we thought we were being a good neighbor. Well, we were as far as dollars and cents were concerned. But we can never measure life and love in dollars and cents.

When we went to the Armistice parade, did we go with our hearts filled with devotion, love and respect? We did not. We went to the parade with our bellies filled with curiosity, and that is why there was no cheering or hand clapping or saluting of the flag. All we could see in the flag were the stars of Hollywood and the stripes of the prison bars.

ARCHIE PARKER, Central Point, Ore. November 13.

Comment on the Day's News. By FRANK JENKINS. HENRY MORGENTHAU, secretary of the treasury, in a carefully considered speech, announces the end of pump-priming and asserts that the administration must carry out his plan to balance the budget—meaning that within a year the government must begin to spend no more than it takes in.

At the same time, he holds out an olive branch to business by intimating cautiously that existing taxes that have a tendency to kill the goose that lays the golden egg may be modified if it can be done without reducing present revenues.

THE stock market (which is a barometer indicating what the public thinks about business prospects) was closed when the secretary of the treasury made his speech Wednesday evening, and remained closed over the Armistice Day holiday on Thursday.

When the market opened on Friday morning, trading was cautiously

Harry Silvey and I had our fortunes told in tea leaves at one of the snack bars the other afternoon. By a slow-eyed spirit in a slipy costume who confessed under a kidding cross-examination that she came from New Corp. S. I. She predicted great careers for each, but warned Silvey against a "Titan charmer" whom he would soon meet in a European capital. The trick in fortune telling is so obvious. They have a list of stock readings, a number of the assertions fitting any man or woman. The rest is just absurd romancing.

My doubting telling does not impair my faith in what, despite the redundancy, I like to call "mental telepathy." Thought transference is to me as actual as electricity. A dozen times in my life I have had sudden twinges that told me this or that, and they always proved correct. I have had the premonitions of three great catastrophes. This is not unusual. Many have had the same experience.

This sounds fishy, and I do not repeat it often. But it fits in with the telepathic topic. On way to an opening night at the theater some years ago, I suddenly blurted out loud the name "Tommy Millard." He is a veteran newspaper correspondent in Shanghai. My wife asked me how I happened to think of him. Although I had not seen him or thought of him for some time, I replied that I would be seeing or hearing from him soon. We were in hearing from him. I stood up for the intermission, I stood up to let a near-by seat-holder pass. He was Tommy Millard, arriving that day and on a secret mission—so secret to one knew of his coming. (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Telling the Sobered World. To the Editor: In answer to Howard Vandin's question in Friday paper's communication, "Was There Something Missing?" I'll tell the cock-eyed world there is something missing. And that something is a scorable consideration and due regard (called love) for his fellow man. And when I say cock-eyed, I mean just that. One eye of humanity is cocked upon themselves, and their other eye is cocked in the direction of that hunk of cold metal, called a silver dollar, or a piece of paper smeared on one side with green ink.

Yes, I had no clapping or cheering at the Armistice parade. And why? Because the human brain is becoming paralyzed with the indifference to one-another. They have lost the art of sociability. The radio, moving pictures, automobiles and airplanes have wrecked our old social standards. Instead of visiting with our friends, we sit down to a radio and listen to a blood-curdling

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 15, 1927 (It was Tuesday) Heavy rains fall over floor of valley.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 15, 1917 (It was Thursday) President Wilson pleads with labor to settle differences.

Italians divert floods in River Piave and cause retreat of German troops from march on Venice.

Louis Jennings has recovered from typhoid fever sufficiently to be removed to his home in Jacksonville.

Cole Holmes, in the signal corps at San Francisco, after a day's visit here returns to camp.

Herbert Brennon in "The Lone Wolf," at the Rialto, "When Dreams Come True," at the Page.

Skull On License BILLINGS, Mont. (UP)—The buffalo skull used as a signature by Charlie Russell, late western artist, will be used in place of the dash Russell's drawing is reproduced exactly in a sample plate, even to the broken nostril hole on the skull.

TURKEYS WANTED WE PAY CASH or Ship on Consignment Receiving Dates Nov. 17 to Nov. 22 American Fruit Growers Warehouse S. Fir Street Phone 926 or 1001-J-2 HALF MOON FRUIT & PRODUCE CO. SAN FRANCISCO

Elmer The Great Is Here TO SAVE YOU MONEY Ask Elmer How to Save 50% on Your Tire Costs Elmer Brings SPECIAL PRICES on Used and Repossessed RADIOS Elmer Offers Special Savings on Wheel Changeovers and Auto Supplies \$4 ALLOWANCE for your old battery on a Firestone Extra Power BATTERY SEE ELMER'S LINE OF USED TIRES \$1 and Up Elmer says: "It's Easy to Buy on Firestone's BUDGET PLAN Easy Terms to Fit Every Purse—Quickly Arranged FIRESTONE AUTO SUPPLY & SERVICE STORES 9th and South Riverside Phone 520

WEST-HOLIDAY

Member Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association 1937

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The First Lady of the Land... Right on top of the cancellation by the Duke of Windsor...

The outdoor and wild life editor of a Michigan paper, was shot and killed while indoors, one night last week, press reports reveal.

TALL TALES & BEANS. (Jefferson Mo.) Capital-Neks. No sooner did we read of one hunk of corn containing about a dozen ears...

A Yale expert reports honking of an auto horn will stop the barking of a dog. Since he is so smart, he should be compelled to finish the job and hunt until he finds a way to stop the auto honking.

Oregon democracy is still affronted and full of written and spoken rhetoric over the proposal to charge \$25 per plate at the Jackson Day banquet, come next January.

PHELAN at Washington has had a similar experience. He was a pigskin Miracle Man a year ago when he had the Rose Bowl champions...

ALL of which points to the need of self control and restraint where football coaches are concerned. The coach is important but the material is more important.

"Poor Little Rich Girl" DID you know the Southern Pacific is the third largest industrial corporation in the United States...

BEING on a side-line these days, with freight and passenger traffic, scrambled together from Portland to San Francisco, this column has often shied a few brick-bats at this industrial giant...

Read it over if you get a chance. It will give you a clearer idea of what Medford's only railroad has to contend with in this age of the automobile, the airplane and the motor bus.

Elmer The Great Is Here TO SAVE YOU MONEY Ask Elmer How to Save 50% on Your Tire Costs

Elmer Brings SPECIAL PRICES on Used and Repossessed RADIOS Elmer Offers Special Savings on Wheel Changeovers and Auto Supplies