MEDFORD TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune."

Daily Except Saturday.

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 No. Fir St. Phone 76

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor. ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager.

An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance:
Daily and Sunday—one year.....$6.00
Daily and Sunday—six months... 3.25
Daily and Sunday—three months. 2.00
Daily and Sunday—one month.... .75

By Carrier—In Advance—Medford, Ashland, Central Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill, Rogue River, Phoenix, Talent, and on motor routes:
Daily and Sunday—one year.....$9.00
Daily and Sunday—one month.... .75
All terms cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford. Official Paper of Jackson County.

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Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

Member Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association 1938

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Thursday is Thanksgiving, when the population will eat turkey. The kids will get the drumsticks, and Grandpaw the gizzards—if he is lucky, and gets to them first. Young husbands will do the carving, and try and whack everybody a piece of white meat, from a bird that is two-thirds dark meat.

• • •

An eastern columnist visiting this state states FDR. was the most amazed man in the country, over the election results. Vern (Shotgun) Canon of the valley democracy was a close second, and overwhelmingly flabbergasted himself.

• • •

The grand opera ballet Wed. gave social lions a chance to come forth in their clawhammer coats, and otherwise put on the dog.

• • •

S. Morris, the T-Rk. tiller towned Thurs, telling how he loved to live on a farm. When he got home, he dwelt at length on how he would love to live in town.

• • •

The Dub Watson boy has reached the hair combing stage, keeping the same parted straight and slicked down. The little blonde across the street also likes Mickey Rooney and Donald Duck.

• • •

Foggy morns have the order of the day. They make you appreciate the pm. sunshine the more, says Del Getchell, the banker-poet, and other professional optimists.

• • •

Republicans held a victory dinner Thurs. eve. All enjoyed the chance to crow instead of eating it.

• • •

J. Wesley Bates, the tonsorialist, had a birthday last week, as previously noted. He thought nobody knew it. Maybe he thinks nobody knows it is 26 years since he looked the preacher in the eye.

• • •

The youngin's have started looking for Santa Claus tracks, and being polite without provocation.

• • •

Basketball coaches have started rounding up long-legged centers and four other fellows, sound of wind and limb.

• • •

State Highway P. TouVille of J'ville is back from a jaunt through the sagebrush of E. Ore.

• • •

Len Carpenter, the European authority and observer, and pear grower and pear observer, was caught on the st. Wed. and explained his low visibility was due to working, and not something he wrote home from Germany about A. Hitler of the Third Reich.

• • •

The Older Girls are playing hob with the 44-hr. week knitting things for the Yuletide.

• • •

C. Hamilton of Ruch, designer and engineer of the Hermy Offenbacher bridge over the Applegate towned and traded Tues. He may well be proud of his handiwork. His boy Bryan, also put in some good licks with an axe.

COUNTY CONTESTS ATTORNEY'S CLAIM

ALBANY, Nov. 19—(AP)—Columbia county, seeking to liquidate a $7,501 bill for the costs of the murder trial of Agnes Ledford, filed a priority claim in circuit court here against the property of the woman, who was sentenced last spring to life imprisonment for the poison death of a stepdaughter.

The county's action was in answer to a suit of Carl K. Pederson vs. Mrs. Ledford, Roscoe Hurst, Portland lawyer, and others. Hurst obtained a mortgage when he was retained to defend Mrs. Ledford. The county contended its claim was superior to the mortgage.

Mrs. Ledford was tried at St. Helens but she formerly lived in Linn county.

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T. R. Had the Right Idea

SO it's tit for tat,—President Roosevelt recalled his ambassador to Germany, now Der Reichsfuehrer recalls HIS, from the United States.

Of course we may be wrong (that is ALWAYS possible) but, if press reports from Washington are correct and this "ambassador calling" is solely a diplomatic gesture of rebuke,—we don't think much of it.

Theodore Roosevelt had a good adage for international relations, "Speak softly but carry a big stick." In other words be polite, tactful, diplomatic, but never be unprepared, if need be, to fight.

We believe that is particularly good doctrine today, with conditions in Germany what they are and Herr Hitler what he is.

• • • • •

FOR conditions are decidedly critical "over there," and Hitler is—or so appears to this department,—a strange, incalculable, malevolent neurotic.

Moreover, he has recently achieved one of the greatest diplomatic triumphs in German history, by the threat of force, and we fear, isn't in the mood, nor is he the type, to be impressed by anything BUT force.

In other words, this ambassador-calling business strikes this column as a perfect example of speaking HARSHLY and carrying a SMALL stick—or no stick at all. The net result we fear will be, merely to irritate Der Fuehrer, and not contribute to a modification of his policy in the slightest,—in fact quite possibly the reverse.

• • • • •

FOR we are not prepared to fight Germany, and the American people are in no mood for a war if we were. No one knows this better than Der Fuehrer himself. So why stick out the diplomatic tongue, and tweek the diplomatic nose, when we have no big stick to fall back upon?—rather like slapping a man-eating tiger in the face with a fly swatter, when there is no other defense than flight.

• • • • •

WE quite agree Hitler's policy toward the Jews is inhuman, revolting, indecent. But we think nothing of diplomatic wrist-slapping as a procedure to combat it.

Far better, as we see it, to do NOTHING until we are in a position not only to do something, but put a PUNCH behind it!

Japan Is Quite Frank

NEVER, of course, is a very long word. But we can't recall a time in written history, when the world was such a mess,—or such a paradox.

Never before, as we view it, has this world been so opposed to war in THEORY, and so committed to it, in PRACTICE.

Never before has force, per se, been so generally discounted and discredited; yet never before has it been more apparent, that force, either actual or threatened, is supreme in determining the destiny of the world today.

The entire cosmos appears to be one incredible Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,—a peace professing family of enlightened and reasonable human beings one minute; a mob of brutal, pitiless homicidal maniacs the next.

• • • • •

THIS situation has been called to our attention by the long delayed reply of Japan to this country's protest regarding the open door in China and the violation of the 1922 nine-power treaty.

With biting cynicism, but with irrefutable logic (from the standpoint of "power politics") Japan says the U. S. protest belongs with the outmoded platitudes of the past.

"We are living in a new world," says Japan in effect, "a world made by war. A world where former pledges and agreements are mere scraps of paper, where might is right, and force is paramount.

"Uncle Sam in other words, should wipe the cobwebs from his plug hat and face the new era,—and the new East" or ELSE,—

Very much the same spirit is displayed on the other side of the world,—"you don't like the way we are managing our own affairs eh?—well what are you going to DO about it!"

• • • • •

ISN'T it fairly obvious that we are not going to do ANYTHING about it until we are willing to meet power politics with power politics,—force with force?

To this column at least that conclusion is as distasteful as it is inescapable.

The New World

WHEN H. G. Wells was a young man he wrote a book called "New Worlds for Old." It was principally a plea for socialism, in preference to capitalism,—a characteristic example of the speculative, idealistic phase through which practically every young person passes,—and some not so young. These periods come under the general heading of sowing political "wild oats." Wells abandoned that type of socialism many years ago, because he decided, with human nature in its present stage of development, it wouldn't work.

However for no particular reason when we met an old friend from the Middlewest Friday, we thought of that book,—not its contents but the title,—"New Worlds For Old."

For this friend emphasized the fact that we have a New World which has replaced the Old,—just as different from the old world as Wells envisioned, though in the direction of mechanics rather than politics.

For this old friend, dropped down from the skies above, after having had breakfast in San Francisco. He then hopped off, dined in Portland, and will be in Seattle for breakfast the morning after. Then he may spend the following two days in St. Paul or duck hunting near Lakeview, Oregon,—at last report hadn't decided which.

• • • • •

FORTY years ago, a contemporary of this aerial visitor took a ten day horse back trip through Illinois and southern Wisconsin, and by pretty steady riding covered a total distance of 150 miles. Now in one's own plane this distance is covered in from 40 to 50 minutes.

Certainly a world in which distances are reduced from 10 days to 40 minutes is very different, in time and space!

We might interject here the familiar platitude: "Time marches on" but we will refrain and merely observe, that whereas the political revolution Wells predicted, has made practically no progress in this country, the mechanical revolution HAS,—in fact has been going on for at least 25 years.

We certainly have a new world PHYSICALLY, if we don't know just what to do about it.

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 Hills, Calif.

IF WINTER COMES WHAT'L L YOU DO FOR VITAMINS?

It is bad enough to worry about real worldly perils, such as frost-bite, deprivation of food, cloudy skies,

rickets, impaired immunity to cri, acurvy. But there is really no sense in fearing imaginary evils, such as "catching cold" from severe weather or exposure, pneumonia, grip, influenza and the like.

Even if you have laid in a good supply of coal or wood and a binful of potaties it is unwise to give old wan winter the Bronx cheer just yet. I hate to tell you this, but it is my duty, under the Code of Medical Ethics, to enlighten the publice concerning the prevention of disease. So here it is: Unless you understand the risk and take special pains to prevent it, you are quite likely to suffer impairment of health if not outspoken illness before the winter is over, from vitamin deficiency.

For that mater, it is probable that you are now more or less underpar physically or functionally, that is, not so well and strong as you should be, not in optimal or the most favorable nutritional condition, due to the moderate shortage of the essential vitamins (B-complex and D) in your regular diet. Most people living on the everyday refined diet get insufficient vitamin B-complex and sunshine vitamin D to maintain the best health possible.

In the summer season the availability of fresh fruits and fresh vegtables tends to increase the daily intake of vitamins and minerals and to raise the level of physical or functional health accordingly. Then, too, in pleasant weather most people expose at least small portions of the body on occasion to direct sunlight, thus increasing the intake of sunshine vitamin D and the general vite or vigor.

In the winter season when people have to fall back on canned, dried or stored fruits and vegetables, when such provisions shipped from the south where they are grown in the winter are too expensive, the daily vitamin ration declines to a precarious low, indeed falls below the minimum necessary to prevent outspoken beriberi, pellagra, scurvy, neuritis, rickets or other deficiency disease in far more cases than are recognized—little or no notice of these serious deficiency diseases is taken by public health authorities or records.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Best in Five Hundred

Welcome as was the check (for letter on "How to Tell a Quack" published here recently) the knowledge that you approved of my ideas was even more gratifying . . . interesting to know how many readers contributed. H.A.M.)

Answer—When the prize letter was printed five hundred contributions had been received. Since then nearly a hundred more have come in. I still think yours was the best letter, Mr. MacFarlane, so it would have made no difference if these hundred belated contributors had sent their letters before the contest closed.

Oil

Any difference in fattening effects of things fried in oil, animal fat (butter or lard), mineral oil? (K.H.)

Answer—Can anything be fried in mineral oil? Mineral oil has no nutritive, caloric, fattening or food value. Little difference between animal oil or fat and vegetable oil or fat.

Pocket Library

We consider the new "Medicine Cupboard and Family Formulary" the most valuable of the entire set of Little Lessons. We have found these booklets so helpful that we are presenting complete sets to several friends as gifts—a health library one can carry in his pocket! (C.M.)

Answer—I am pleased with the "Medicine Cupboard" myself. So far no one has pointed out a glaring error of commission or omission in the 80-page booklet. For copy send twenty-five cents coin and self-addressed envelope bearing 1-cent postage.

Sassafras

Information on sassafras root and bark as beverage, medicine, other uses. (M.B.G.)

Answer——It has no known remedial or other value.

"Colorless" Iodine

Is white or colorless iodine as effective as the brown tincture you recommend? (I.G.)

Answer—It is a mixture of potassium iodide and ammonium iodide. It contains no iodine and has none of the local effects of iodine.

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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK — The two biggest nights of the year in New York are New Year's Eve and the Saturday of the Army - Notre Dame football game. They charge $4.40 to see this game. That's too much money. Thousands are drawn into the city and the hotels and nightclubs do extraordinary business. For this occasion they ask holiday prices. The jump in tariff is about 50 cents on the dollar. A dinner which ordinarily costs $2 is anywhere from $3 to $4. It seems an excessive penalty for just a few whiffs of joi de vivre.

GEORGE TUCKER

And unless you are a cadet at West Point, an undergraduate at Notre Dame, or a ranking major general in the army, decent seats for the game are unavailable. The ones they allot invariably are behind the goal posts, and in Yankee Stadium you may as well be off in the next county. You can't see a thing.

But, you can't blame Army for this, or the Irish. No one sticks a gun in your ribs and makes you pay $4.40 for a ticket that in actual value is worth about 50 cents. It's still a free country. But in New York this game is tops, and the saps are plentiful. My reaction isn't one of anger. It's simply envy. I don't see how they get away with it but I'd certainly like to be in on the gravy.

New Year's Eve is something else. Reservations range from $5 to $25. That's $100 just for dinner if you've got a party of four at one of the exclusive places. There aren't many rooms with the $5 minimum. Most of them ride from $7.50 to $15. Your liquor, of course, is an added luxury. The reservation assures you only dinner and a grotesque paper hat. It includes confetti and perhaps a horn, and also the privilege of sharing with 500 others dance floor space intended for 50.

But, on New Year's Eve, who cares? You know before you go that it's going to cost you. Nobody is surprised. Nobody is indignant. And almost always everybody has a good time.

It is always wise to keep tab on what you order, but you won't have any trouble with padded checks at the accredited hotels. You usually get a pretty square deal at the hotels. But I must tell you that this does not always hold true at the night clubs. Very frequently the waiters make out a separate ticket for you, adding five or ten dollars to what you actually owe. If you do not question it they pocket the surplus and turn in another ticket with the amount due.

This happened to me just the other night at a Broadway cabaret. The waiter didn't recognize me and the check he handed me was for $19. I reached into my pocket for a pencil instead of a pocketbook, and when the waiter saw me about to sign it he almost fainted. He grabbed the ticket, mumbled something about a mistake, and handed me another for $14. He was so badly flustered that I had to laugh. He had disappeared when I finally rose to go.

One thing more: If you are ever in doubt as to the justness of your check, do not attempt to slug the waiter. Just call for the manager. Waiters usually stick together and they have a bleak remedy for patrons who want to get tough. They take you outside and you aren't a very pretty sight when they get through with you.

Communications

To the editor:

In behalf of Medford Post No. 15 of the American Legion I wish to express our sincere appreciation for the splendid cooperation extended by local organizations and individuals in making our 20th anniversary Armistice day observance a success. I also wish to thank the Medford Mail Tribune for their valuable assistance in properly publicizing this annual patriotic celebration.

ROBERT R. EBEL, Commander
Medford Post Not 15, American Legion.

Would Aid Spain

To the Editor:

The Munich sellout and the trend toward barbarism in Europe and Asia has made the vociferous isolationists much less so. The billion-dollar armament program is a result (a first step downward on the staircase that leads to the abyss) of their unfortunate position.

Surely what happens in other lands effects America. A raindrop falling in midocean will disturb every molecule of water in that ocean! Over there, more than raindrops are falling—nations and league of nations and more to follow. Spain is next. This is certain—if the Munich powers have their way. But they will stop, look and listen if America lifts her stupid embargo against Spain and returns to international law as her guide to action. Not only justice dictates that, but good business demands it.

Spain is in desperate need of food. She has the gold to buy it with. America has a surplus—no cash buyer for it. So why not do business?

It is in the president's power to determine whether Spain—republican Spain, will survive or be exterminated. The Munich powers demand Fascist "appeasement" or suffer extermination.

Says Negrin: "Listen well! We know a Fascist triumph will signify our extermination. All right then. Before parcelling Spain, exterminate us."

But it is not too late to stay the hand of the terrible reactionaries. Roosevelt's lifting of the embargo against Spain would help a lot. More letters from the people urging him to do so would make him "see the light." It means life or death to a sister republic and her heroic people. Perhaps America too—eventually. For it is plain, indeed, that European power is falling into the hands of a lot of well organized gangsters.

Says Goebbels, Hitler's man Friday: "The world is against us (the civilized world he means). The world is always against us, but what matters is whether the world can do anything against us." Well, America can. She can raise the embargo. And that is something. Moreover, it would be profitable for her to do so. In these days of vanishing profits that is a whole lot.

R. HEGNER
Gold Hill.

Nov. 14

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

EN ROUTE to Portland, to attend a meeting that just has to be attended. How's that for tough luck, right here in the middle of the duck season?

STARTING early, for Portland is a long way from Southern Oregon. At this hour, automobiles are few and far between, but trucks seem to be as numerous as ever. Truck drivers apparently have to get up early in the morning to earn a living.

On one of the trucks, some wag has written in chalk: "Pass quietly; the driver is asleep."

Who could blame him, at this hour?

THE highway is a bit slippery, and the driver is clinging cautiously to the center. Have to pass him, for Portland is far distant and the hour of appointment is inexorable. So lean on the horn.

No response; the truck continuing to straddle the yellow line like a drowning man straddling a floating log. Lean on the horn again, this time a little more insistently. Still no response.

Maybe that sign on the back isn't a joke at all.

THIS time a blast on the horn that would turn Angel Gabriel green with envy. The truck finally pulls over, only to disclose another one just ahead, and the whole performance has to be repeated.

Sore? Shucks, no. Truck drivers have to make a living, and in these days anybody who tries to make a living is entitled to respect. And anybody who gets up at this ungodly hour to make his living is entitled to double respect.

MADRAS, where the reclamation service is planning to put water on the wheat fields that so long have been dry and unproductive. Already the town is beginning to take on an air of new life.

What wonderful thing water is in a dry country!

HAY CREEK and Trout Creek valleys, where the cattle business is the only business and where everything looks prosperous. To hear the cattlemen talk, he's always broke, but somehow a cattle country always looks good.

Maupin, where Howard Maupin finally popped old Chief Paulina, and so quieted things down a lot in this east of the mountains country.

AND so, finally, to Portland—only to find the National Grange convention in session, and hotel rooms scarcer than Democrats in Oregon the day after the big wind of last Tuesday.

What a life! WHAT a life!

LATER. Quite a little later, as a matter of fact. And just beginning to develop a limp. The pavements in this town are hard. They'll be a darned tough place to sleep tonight. And besides a rain is coming on.

Who invented conventions, anyway?

LATER yet. And Lady Luck has just SMILED!

A courteous hotel clerk has dug up a room that he didn't know he had. No bath, to be sure—there hasn't been a loose bath in this town for two days.

But what's going without a bath when up to a few minutes ago one had been reconciling himself to sleeping in the street?

Life looks rosy again.

The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

Jersey City, and reformation of the Works Progress Administration and the national labor relations board. When your correspondents noted the program's existence recently, they had no assurance that it would be put into immediate effect. The circumstances of the Cummings resignation suggest, however, that the program is already being acted on.

So far as it goes, the program represents a sensible realism in the president. When times were good, he never troubled to clean house. He would listen to no criticism of the WPA or the NLRB, for example. He seems to have taken the election not as an outright defeat, but as a suggestion that house-cleaning time has come.

The possibilities are interesting. Members of the labor board may be requested to root out the extremists in their organization, and to follow a procedure more satisfactory to business and the conservative wing of labor. As for the WPA, Harry Hopkins is likely to go to the cabinet, with special additional duties in connection with the national defense program. And with Hopkins elevated to a higher sphere, an obviously nonpartisan trouble-shooter may be appointed administrator.

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 20, 1928
(It was Monday)

Medford defeats The Dalles 42 to 0, at The Dalles, before record breaking crowd. Medford scores in the first three minutes of play, and again in the first quarter. Sports writers impressed by Medford squad's smooth work.

Walter Hagen, golf star to give exhibition here next Wednesday.

Local merchants start "Buy-at-Home" campaign.

Autoists warned they face arrest unless they obey stop signs and quit turning in the middle of the block.

Unsettled weather delays farm work in Soms Valley.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 20, 1918
(It was Wednesday)

German navy surrenders, and proves to be 'gigantic bluff'; Germans killed in war 1,580,000 Berlin reports.

Married men to be first demobilized, war department rules.

Prof. F. C. Reimer of Talent experiment station files report on discovery of new blight disinfectant.

Republican senators protect President Wilson's proposed attendance at peace conference.

Kolchak rules as dictator of Russian forces.

Crime Doesn't Pay

LITITZ, Pa., Nov. 19—(AP)—Burglars battered the combination from a safe in the Long and Company coal firm office, then blasted it open with a nitro-glycerin charge. Their chagrin over finding nothing of value probably would increase several degrees if they knew the safe wasn't locked in the beginning.

Chevrolet JINGLES

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When I get as bald as a billiard ball,
Don't have any hair on my pate at all,
I'm going to carry 'round a powder puff—
And dust my cramium with talcum stuff.
Not going to be one of those meanie old things—
Have the poor flies skating around in rings.
Right now can't be bothered by a thinning thatch,
Gotta sell Chevrolets—just unloaded a new batch!

Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet

Main and Riverside

Service Dept.—32 North Riverside
Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

SUN MAT 1:45-3:30 — ROXY — SUN EVE 6:45-9:00

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The con-sarndest mess o' fun these maniacs ever cooked up . . . . !

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