

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Military experts predict the fighting in the next war, will be waged chiefly by machinery. This leaves the private in the rear ranks, with nothing to do, but salute the myriads of 2nd loots.

The New Mexico sheep experiment station reports "a black sheep's wool is grey, and sometimes changes to brown in rags." There have been times when a "black sheep" shown up as a defendant, was pictured as white by counsel, and the jury made him blue.

SUCH CANDOR (Oakland (Calif.) Tribune) "Millions to work on WPA. As the debt is now \$39,000,000,000, we find he spent \$12,000,000,000 to pull the country out of the ditch and keep the Americans' body and soul together. Should we be harassed? I don't think."

Several members of the Pride of Oregon camp, Royal Neighbor lodge, and a few visitors gave a surprise following tea on Mrs. Anna Hansen, one of their members Friday evening. (Coca Bay Times) — What might be said a social hop.

A lady lecturer compares and declares there is no difference between Adolf Hitler, and a burglar. This comes under the head of libel, and burglars should be their lawyers.

F. Lay, the Antelope cowman, has been going to the dentist. Hereafter, Mr. Lay will not drag a branded steer, unable to get up, out of the corral by its tail.

The Yule spirit has gripped the Older Girls. They are shopping, cleaning house, and hoping for a "white Christmas," with snow that can't be tracked into the parlor. Kids have started writing letters to Santa Claus and bicycles are the most popular request. This refutes the common belief every kid already had one.

A sensational kid pitcher of the American League, nabbed and fined for driving his auto 87 miles per hour, plans to appeal the decision to the Iowa supreme court. The Iowa governor, following a personal plea of the high paid athlete, declined to restore his driver's license. It is highly probable his 1939 contract will have a clause tending to transfer some of the light-headedness to the heavy foot on the gas. Otherwise his bosses may well fear their prize investment will be no further use on the diamond. They should prevent the gentleman with one of the Kentucky road signs that read "SLOW UP, BECAUSE YOU BECOME A STATISTIC!"

BLINDNESS NOT NEEDED (Klamath Falls Herald) "We went through safety week without any serious accidents—and this year male drivers coped with the added hazards of short skirts on attractive pedestrians, too."

Mr. Fritchett of Canada, a Pacific Coast labor leader, in Portland this week, along with H. Bridges of Australia and others, to avoid the people of Oregon for passage of the anti-picket law, and hatch plans for its amendment, is charged with Communistic leanings, by testimony before the Dies committee. Whereupon, Mr. Fritchett reports from behind the curtain to the President, saying: "In my opinion, the Dies committee is nothing but a committee set up to attack the President and the New Deal." There is no use being the author of that crack will not soon back to his native Canada before the Dies committee can subpoena him to explain it.

35% Discount on all Heavy-Tow-Vans and Hauls. ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN

Be Careful This Christmas

YOUNG BILL won't hang up his stockings this Christmas eve. The little boy who so eagerly watched for Santa Claus last year, who dashed from his snug bed at the crack of dawn on Christmas morn to joyously unwrap a new football and a pair of roller skates—is gone.

A careless driver—a swerving car with screeching brakes! and Christmas for all time was ended for one small boy. So Christmas will not be the same in Young Bill's home this year—a day filled with happiness and joy and boyish laughter has become one of bitter memories and tragic despair. No tree will glitter with tinsel and lights; no stockings will hang in anticipation of a visit from a pudgy old man with flowing white beard and scarlet nose whose reindeer clatter across the roofs of little boys' and girls' homes.

YOUNG BILL'S life represented the sacrifices, the anxieties and sufferings of parents whose purpose in this world was to have their boy grow up to be a useful man.

Yes, Young Bill had been warned not to play in the street—little boys and girls don't always heed warnings. Some adults don't either!

Christmas day will be one of sadness in many homes, simply because SOME people who drive are not careful!

THE holiday season is always a danger period in traffic. There is the scurry and bustle of shopping, dashing to parties. Visibility is poor; streets are wet and slippery. It's time right now to make a few holiday resolutions—Drive slowly—no excuse can be given for speed that may cost a life!

—Be courteous! Let the Christmas spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Man" be reflected in YOUR driving! —And again we say, if you drive don't drink; if you must drink, don't drive!

The Medford Traffic Safety Council, comprising public spirited men in all walks of life, is seeking to make YOUR city a safer place in which to drive—and walk. Traffic, police and school officials are cooperating in this commendable program.

It is clearly an obligation of good citizenship for ALL to wholeheartedly cooperate.

So,—DRIVE CAREFULLY!

The Lion Stirs

THERE is so little good news in the world today,—particularly in Europe,—that when an encouraging item does bob up, it should be mentioned.

The dispatch from London that England is planning to make a large loan to China, comes under the heading of "good news" certainly.

Since Munich there has been a general feeling, that "perfidious Albion" would bow before superior might in the Far East, as she did in Central Europe, and abandon China, as she abandoned Czechoslovakia.

In fact some students of the Far Eastern situation, have feared that England would not only abandon China, but resume her old alliance with Japan, and for certain trade concessions, let Nippon have a free hand in the far Pacific.

If this war loan report is correct, however, it means that John Bull has no such intention, and will oppose the conquest of China, with moral and financial support, if not with her naval and military power.

For John Bull doesn't make loans, to an enemy potential or actual, nor to a forlorn cause.

This change of front in the Far East, added to Britain's abandonment of her appeasement program, as far as returning colonies to Germany is concerned, strengthens the hope, that the Munich surrender did not mean the decline and fall of Anglo-Saxon democracy in Europe, but merely a bid for time, during which to prepare, for the inevitable showdown.

In other words John Bull may be on his way out,—only the future can tell,—but at least he is going down with his colors flying,—he isn't going to take it, as so many feared, lying down!

What if, - - !

It is interesting to notice the universal acclaim in the American press that arises to greet Secretary Hull's trade treaties with Great Britain. We are hearing a lot about the mother country these days. Is it not a subconscious desire of Americans to cuddle up to mamma in times of danger? In other fairer days when anyone would say a kind thing or do a favor for Great Britain, all the Anglo-phobia latent in this country after the Revolutionary war would begin to appear in growls and rages. Now the Hull treaty which makes this country economically a part of the British empire is greeted with huzzas.

The delight is genuine enough. It hasn't been worked up. The applause comes from a feeling that we have over-played the tariff barrier business too far. No one can doubt that the economic interests of all the democracies—the British Empire, the Scandinavian countries, France, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland—are almost identical. In these democracies we are all middle-class people. We all have a fairly high standard of living, America a little higher than some others, perhaps, slightly lower than the Scandinavian countries. But no serious competition from cheap labor would face us in any alliance, league or union of the democracies.

WHAT if in some period not so remote, the triangular military alliance of Germany, Italy and Japan shall force the world's democracies, 300 million people, into an economic union? If the union works, if it is found there is no competition of low standard living among those 300 million people, if it is found that the 300 million people can unite in trade treaties and ally themselves for military defense, how long would it be before those democracies with their 300 million people will be joining exactly the same money, forming their own political union, raising their common defense plans? Then the next step, a short one, will be a national conference, council, assembly or—bat your eye and swallow it!—congress to regulate international commerce in the international state.

The parliament of the world!—Wm. Allen White in Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

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.

THE USES OF WHEAT

Beside the heart, germ or embryo, in the kernel, from which wheat grows, the outer coat of the kernel is removed in the modern milling of flour, and the outer coat of bran, contains considerable vitamin B complex, the not so large a proportion of it as is contained in the germ. Plain wheat, if people can be taught to use it in the everyday dietary, is probably the best natural food source of the vitally important vitamin B complex now available to the white race.

Wheat bran and whole grain foods are both excellent and wholesome foods for everybody not under medical care or not in a state of invalidism. Trouble is that commercial and subsidized medical and health propaganda have instilled into the lay mind morbid notions that wheat bran and wheat germ are in some vague way unfit or even injurious for human consumption.

The fine bran or outer coat of the rice kernel, called rice polishing, contains most of the vitamin B complex which grows in rice. This outer coat of rice is removed because the commercial interests long ago taught the simple laity that such polished "white" rice is "purer" and better suited to the refined taste and delicate digestion of civilized people than is the natural unpolished brown rice. That little affection of degenerate civilization has been responsible for untold suffering from beri beri in eastern tropical countries. In my opinion ultra-refinement of wheat in the manufacture of white flour is responsible for a large part of the poor health of the average American population—the moderately well-to-do class who do not suffer from famine or from starvation, but do suffer from ignorance of nutrition.

So difficult is it for people to avoid the use of ultra-refined, denatured, vitamin-poor staples of the diet that the only practical way to correct the deficiency in the diet

Man About Manhattan

NEW YORK—The loneliest and most forlorn creature in New York is the chestnut vendor. Somebody I think it was the late O. O. McIntyre—described him once as "a scarecrow on a windswept corner, sticking at sorrow like a lollipop." Odd was in very good form when he wrote that phrase.

For the man with the charcoal smudge is one of the unforgettable vignettes of metropolitan life. You will find him where the crowds are thickest and do not suffer from famine or from starvation, but do suffer from ignorance of nutrition.

There used to be a lot of him but his number now is sadly diminished. Where he hides in summer no one knows, but when winter comes he emerges from hiding and takes up his position in the crowded sectors of 6th avenue, of Times Square, of Herald Square in subway entrances, and on city corners. His sales are in five- and ten-cent lots. Oddly enough his success is greatest when the elements are against him, when the thermometer falls, when the wind curls out of the north with an icy keen, when the pavements are slippery, when each breath leaves a frothy plume in the air.

I think that when he finally disappears something will have passed from the American scene that all the ingenuity of the novelists and the movies can never replace. Like the hill-billy mountaineer and the cigar store Indian he is essentially American. Anyway he is essentially New York. But in his eye you will detect a lurking fear, a shadowy punishment that asks why but does not militantly reject the seeming conspiracy against him.

There is a conspiracy. The radio, the mail-order clothes, the automobile took the coonskin cap off the mountaineer. It is the slick, chic, streamlined suit shops (some of them in his prayers) he must ask God what a shoppe is and what he has done to have an avalanche of them sent against him) that is erasing him from the streets of New York.

The merchant is against him, too. In cooperation with the city, there is an ordinance against him now, forbidding him to approach within 100 feet of a store. When he passes beyond this deadline he is arrested. Itinerant peddlers find no favor in corporation men and the big store owners.

November to March is his season. He obtains his chestnuts from the freighters off East River docks in small but wholesome lots. Most domestic chestnuts it seems are imported from Italy. Formerly they were American raised, but an Asiatic bark disease left its mark on the chestnut forests of the United States. Hence the daily scene of ventilated barrels being hoisted from the hold of those low-lying, black freighters off the end of 33rd street.

I think he is doomed. I think in a few years he will have disappeared. But it seems to me that the smell of his blinding charcoal burner and his cry of "Chestnuts, str." will always be remembered, for they are as native as the cry of "play ball" or "Buddy, can you spare a dime?"

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.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY (December 8, 1928) Medford enters bid for next meeting of State Bar association.

Rumor Walter Pierce, former governor of Oregon, married at Christmas time.

Mussolini of Italy, agrees to sign peace treaties, but will increase army when financially able.

Timber survey of county proposed. First Christmas mail arrives at post office.

Congress balks at move to have America adhere to world court.

Twenty Years Ago Today (December 8, 1918) Ex-kaiser attempts suicide at Holland retreat. Servant who foiled try is wounded. Brother of Wilhelm reported to form royalist party in Germany. Allies again demand Germany comply immediately with all terms of the armistice.

Night Policeman Charles Adams is confined to his home with a severe cold.

The Tomlin Box Factory lot contract for laying of foundations for new plant.

County farmers to form bureau on federal plan.

"Better and happier world" is seen by leader of newly formed Czechoslovakia.

Crop value coming year to exceed those of 1916, agricultural report says.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

ACCORDING to the census bureau there are some 14 1/2 million unemployed women in the United States. (This refers to women getting a pay check. Housewives aren't presumed to be employed. The supposition is that they just fool around the house some 16 to 18 hours a day, whiling away their time by cooking, washing dishes, making beds, scrubbing floors, etc.)

ACCORDING to the best guesses available (which probably aren't any too accurate) there is about an equal number of unemployed persons in the country—presumably men, since housewives aren't counted either way.

If you like to jump to hasty conclusions, here is one: Fire all the employed women and give their jobs to men. Whereupon (if it is true that women don't count, anyway) unemployment will immediately VANISH.

IT WOULD be nice to get rid of unemployment. If we could get rid of unemployment, we ought to be able to get rid of relief, also—and relief is becoming a frightful drain on the country's resources.

But does anyone really suppose that if we fired all the employed women and gave their jobs to men there would no longer be any need for relief in the United States?

MAYBE your daughter has a job and your son HAS NONE. If so, you are in a position to test out this theory for yourself, without waiting for the country to try it out on a national scale.

Just go around to your daughter's boss and persuade him to fire her and give her job to your son.

Then, after you've done that, see if it's any easier to pay your bills and keep your family going.

You'll discover, of course, that it ISN'T.

IN YOUR grandfather's day very few women worked for wages. Theoretically, therefore, the men had an easier time in those days, because they weren't subjected to the competition of women workers.

But your grandfather had to buy for HIS daughter, out of his own pocket, all the things YOUR daughter buys for herself with the wages she earns.

So, the chances are, it wasn't any easier for your grandfather than it is for you.

Editor's Note: The news story on which the editorial comment was based, was incomplete. In that it failed to state the increase in assessed valuation and taxing base. The millage rate has been reduced slightly but the fact remains that taxes in Medford this year on the same piece of property will be approximately 27% greater than a year ago, though in some other sections of the county, they will be less. We thank Mr. Shirley for the correction.

Maybe She'll Fly BOURNEMOUTH, England.—Mrs. Julie Hames at the age of 100 loves everything on wheels. She has done so since her pram days. At the age of 62 she learned to ride a bike, and rode it until she was 90. At 84 she rode on the "rubble seat" of a motor-bicycle because "she explained, 'I saw other girls doing it.' At 90 she learned to drive a car.

Chevrolet JINGLES Copyrighted

Well the rainy season is now in our midst. Everything from a down-pour to a gentle mist. The pavements wet and slippery, so watch your step! Have to hold back some of that Chevrolet pep! Better to sleep at home in your comfy bed—Than land in a hospital with a bandaged head! Of course, with our perfected hydraulic brakes, You are MUCH safer than with any other makes! Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 North Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Communications

Medford Taxes Are Higher To The Editor: In your editorial under caption, "Local Taxes Decline," you give Medford and Jackson county a fine boost, but sad as it is you are certainly wrong. When the poor deluded taxpayer tenders his tax money to the sheriff he will discover that not only will his taxes not be lower, but about 25 per cent higher. Last year the levy in Medford for all purposes, including county, state city, and school district was 54.3 mills, this year it is 48.3 mills. That looks good, doesn't it? BUT the assessed valuation has been raised

MAKE MINE WITH OOP!



What'll yours be—whiskey mixed or straight? Whatever your answer is, the whiskey to pick is OOP (short for Old Oscar Pepper). That's because OOP stands up perfectly in any mixed drink—being all whiskey. What's more, OOP is grand straight—because it's a combination of straight whiskeys, specially selected to give you a combination of robust flavor and mellow smoothness. So try OOP—today! Frankfort Distillers, Inc., Louisville and Baltimore.

Old Oscar Pepper BRAND A blend of straight whiskeys—100% straight whiskeys—90 proof 95¢ \$1.85 FULL PINT FULL QUART ALSO AVAILABLE IN RYE

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JACKSON COUNTY FEDERAL SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION

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