

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Last Saturday was the 51st anniversary of the driving of the last spike in the construction of Espee to Ashland. The last shovel full of paving material for the new freight truck and auto stage right-of-way across the Siskiyou will be heaved by the Fourth of July.

A group of Southern Oregon county officials, express the need of a sales tax to alleviate the financial and taxation pains, as it is doing in the sister state to the north, and the south. The sales tax has two main features. It works, and nobody can get out of paying it.

Quite a number of outdoor enthusiasts journeyed to the snowy wastes Sunday, and jumped around on skis, like a ballet dancer.

CLIMATE ASSASSIN (Grants Pass Bulletin). "Water pipes froze up, ground like a rock, wood pile shrinking hourly, radiator water faucet burst, house plants gone, hens with black combs, no eggs, feed low—this is in good humor today—not by a jugfull Florida, my Florida, how my heart yearns for thee!" (Merlin Items.)

Seventeen members of a Maryland glee club were wounded by shotgun fire after singing. Police attributed the shooting to matters, other than the vocal effort.

The Older Girls are hoping to awake on the glad Yule, and see snow on their lawn. It will probably be a gang of robins too lax to fly south.

Scrap iron from these parts is again being loaded on flatcars for shipment to an unknown destination for an undivulged purpose. It won't be used for making cast-iron Christmas wreaths.

The senior senator from Oregon announces his opposition to the proposal to put the Senate on record against a third term for President Roosevelt, on the grounds it would be "ill-advised, ill-mannered, and beyond the function of the Senate to express itself on the question."

Thirty years ago another Roosevelt possessed mild third term notions, and Henry L. Watterson, then editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, penned an editorial, as applicable now as then. In part, it reads:

"An intrigue to prolong any man's tenure in the White House beyond the limit set by Washington and followed by Jefferson and Jackson—and especially an occupant so strenuous and self-willed as Theodore Roosevelt—would be recognized by the people of the United States, and accepted by the world at large as a proclamation that the old order has passed away, and that upon the ruins of the confused failure of constitutional government in America may be established a new order of astority."

LIFE DEGREE FOR LA GRANDE KILLER

LA GRANDE, Dec. 19.—(AP)—A jury of farmers and businessmen convicted Jesse Phillips, 33, of second degree murder for the fatal shooting of Frank Bryant, 44, after deliberating seven hours Sunday.

The conviction carries a mandatory life imprisonment sentence. Phillips was tried on a first degree murder indictment for shooting Bryant and wounding Mrs. Elsie Carlson on a residential street last October 19. Phillips pleaded self-defense when he testified Saturday.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 16.—Strange as it seems, Mr. Hix, this is our first glimpse of San Francisco in nearly a year. Our last trip south was in May, but we skipped the Golden Gate and went directly to Beverly Hills. In the interim all of our trips have been to the northward, mostly Portland, a couple to Seattle and one to Victoria, B. C. We have an idea that it is our longest absence from S. F. in 15 or 20 years, for if the great sport of football hasn't brought us here, "urgent business" has.

So coming across the bay on the ferry and walking in the bright sunshine across Union Square, was like greeting an old and very dear friend,—we enjoyed it very much,—don't know about San Francisco!

Plain enough San Francisco is Exposition-conscious. The taxi driver volunteered he expects to make a killing at an amusement concession on Treasure Island,—can't wait until the Fair opens,—while the bell boy, sniffing fresh paint in the halls, said the hotel had had its face lifted and a brand new make-up put on, in readiness for the big show.

The exposition sky line as one comes over on the ferry, isn't so impressive, but we wager the finished product will be something worth talking about,—trust San Francisco to do the thing in style. It has never fallen down on any public venture we can recall and 1939 is no time to begin.

It's a perfect day, clear and cool and bright,—several young girls and boys, from the University of California extension on Powell street are eating their lunches on the grass in Union Square,—sea gulls are careening around them expectantly,—can a sea gull smell by chance,—or is the eye quicker than the nose,—whatever the cause, these birds certainly seem able to spot food miles away.

The present travogue promises to be even more personal than has been the case in the past. For your correspondent is rushing to New York to preside at the wedding of his daughter, and until that historic event is over, there will be no opportunity to go news gathering, or do anything else apparently but what concerns the ceremony.

This is a great surprise to ye editor, for he always assumed that in a wedding the papa of the bride simply didn't register one way or the other. This was Gus the Tailor's idea also, when we went to see if he could mend the moth holes in a certain garment that was considered quite "au fait," 30 years ago "Sure I can fix it," said Gus, "don't buy a new one,—you won't count anyway,—you could wear your sun suit and no one would know the difference,—all eyes will be on the bride!" But guess Gus and ye editor are behind the times. Judging by reports from other sources, at least, if the old man, should have a button in the wrong place, or his necktie on the "squ-gee" (as usual) his picture would appear on the front page of the tabloids next morning as a horrible example.

Strange, very strange! Your correspondent in the mauve decade officiated in a minor capacity in at least a dozen weddings, and can't recall ever having seen the papa of the bride, though as all the gals had them, they must have been somewhere around. Certainly they were conspicuous by their absence except in the brief period of walking up the aisle,—and Gus is right no one knew they were there much less what they had on. But now his part is important,—or at least "so they say." Wonder if the movies are to blame. WE DISTINCTLY RECALL, one in which the papa walked up the aisle and carried on a vigorous conversation in a stage whisper, urging his gal, to make a get away while the going was good,—which she did. Bet it's a Hollywood idea,—most bad ideas are!

So those among our readers who don't care to see ye editor take his hair down from time to time, (remark from the gallery "WHAT hair.") better make a note to skip this column for ten days or two weeks. There is not going to be much about the situation in Europe, or Mr. Roosevelt, or the reciprocal trade treaties, or the Cascade Wonderland, in fact ANYTHING that doesn't concern him very personally. We will try not to be TOO INDECENT about it but as long as we still draw wages for filling this column, we feel obliged to recite our impressions and our experiences, as they come,—and go. So if any of our long suffering subscribers suffer from acute nausea, during the jolly Christmas season, don't let them say we DIDN'T warn them!

The report here is that the new Governor will pardon Tom Mooney about five minutes after his inauguration. Well that's Okeh by us. We have always felt that Tom would be less dangerous free, than locked up,—less a menace, at large and recognized as a rather lop-sided and ill tempered crank; rather than a martyr in stripes, with a halo around his top-knot. More than that we have always felt no man, guilty or innocent, should be imprisoned for life, or for a year, without a fair trial. And no sane person believes Mooney had a fair trial. So we hope Mooney is let out, but we wonder why an indefinite parole might not be better than a pardon. Just in case,—

They are putting up a large life-size Christmas tree in Union Square, and having W. P. A. band concerts during the noon hour,—no place in the world has more true Christmas spirit than San Francisco. On the bench next to yours truly a woman who looked like a stage hag, with a yellow wig and wrinkled cheeks heavily rouged threw a handful of rice on the path,—in no time at all there was a large flock of pigeons strutting about and picking it up avidly. When about 50 had gathered the old gal produced a bag from which she drew out a handful of dried peas,—whole ones, not split. In two whisks of a lamb's tail she had five or six pigeons on her arms, hat, shoulders, everywhere along the upper works eating out of her hand literally. Quite a crowd gathered around to see the show,—and the old gal enjoyed it tremendously. Probably a suppressed exhibitionist complex stowed away there somewhere.—R.W.R.

The Capital Parade

Several thousand dollars in bills on the table. And the third was that Cordell Hull's appointment was thought to give the south inadequate "representation." Having picked him as secretary of commerce, the president then proceeded to forget about him. While hurt by it, Uncle Dan put up with his oblivion, being happy to be allowed to make his department a teeming hutch of political appointees, and to enjoy all the other perquisites and emoluments of his place. Indeed, he enjoyed them so much that he practically took blasting powder to get him out. Long ago, he began to receive tempting offers of alternative employments. But he knew where he was well off. Then, this fall, cabinet reconstruction was decided on. Uncle Dan's name led the list of the proscribed. As he seemed about to fall at a lunch at the White House, an hour and a half before the lunch, Uncle Dan announced to the press that he had "no intention of resigning." Thus, the executioner's hand was hurt by it. Uncle Dan put up with it, he was finally requested to retire only a day or so before his unintended resignation was published to the world.

Personal Health Service

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SCURVY

James Lind, Edinburgh, studied medicine as an apprentice, then entered the naval medical service where he had plenty of experience with scurvy for several years, later practiced in a naval hospital near Portsmouth. He was the first to describe scurvy. He had seen 40 men out of a crew of 350 on one ship completely disabled by the disease. In his hospital practice he sometimes had as many as 1000 scurvy patients under his care.

Lind published his treatise on scurvy about the middle of the 18th century. Here is part of his description of scurvy (as doctors call it): "The first indication of the approach of this disease is generally a change of color in the face from the natural and usual look to a pale and bloated complexion; with a listlessness to action, or an aversion to any sort of exercise. When we examine narrowly the lips, or the caruncles (inner angles) of the eyes, where the blood-vessels lie most exposed, they appear of a greenish cast. Meanwhile the person eats and drinks heartily, and seems in perfect health; except that his countenance and hair, insensibly disposition portend a future scurvy. The change of color in the face, although it does not always precede the other symptoms, yet constantly attends them when advanced. Scurvy people for the most part appear at first of a pale or yellowish hue, which becomes afterwards more dusky or livid. Their former aversion to motion degenerates soon into an universal lassitude, with a stiffness and feebleness of their knees upon using exercise, with which they are apt to be much fatigued, and upon that occasion subject to a breathlessness or panting. In his book "The Friendly Arctic" Vilhjalmur Stefansson gives an excellent description of scurvy, and shows, from his experience, that lack of fresh food is the cause and almost any fresh food eaten raw is the cure—fresh meat proved curative for

Stefansson's men who suffered from scurvy. Orange juice is now regarded as the best preventive and cure for scurvy. Lemon juice, lime juice, tomato juice, and other fruit juices are about as equally good. It is the custom today to add some orange juice to the diet of every infant for the purpose of preventing scurvy, and this is especially important if the infant takes pasteurized milk or sterilized or boiled milk or cooked food as the main part of the diet, for boiling or par-boiling (pasteurizing), cooking, and long storage or preservation or sterilization or canning or drying diminishes or destroys the scurvy-preventing factor of such foods. The scurvy preventive and curing factor is now known as vitamin C, or ascorbic acid. Vitamin C in fruits or vegetables is likely to be destroyed by oxidation in the usual home canning process, but is well preserved by the vacuum process as used in commercial canning, so that factory canned tomato juice is practically as good as orange juice as an anti-scurvitic in an infant's diet. The irritability, peevishness and anxiety disposition are the earliest symptoms of scurvy. In many cases of scurvy in infants or young children the trouble has been mistakenly diagnosed as "rheumatism." "Black and blue" marks on the body may occur from trifling or no apparent injury if the individual (child or adult) is affected with mild scurvy.

Man About Manhattan

NEW YORK—It may be that those five major playwrights who banded themselves into a private producing unit some time last year may have the honor of salvaging the theater from a most embarrassing season. Certainly without them the prospects would be half as pleasant as they are. For when you consider the current plight of the Guild, the fact that Mercury is turning more and more to radio, and that the Guild doesn't seem to be going anywhere in particular, you begin to appreciate how valuable this new Playwrights Producing company may turn out to be. Remove this unit and what remains? Very little, for, with the exception of its work and of one important importation ("Oscar Wilde"), a couple of musicals ("The Boys From Syracuse" and "Leave It To Me!"), a screwball revue built around the antics of two reformed vaudeville hoofers ("Hellzapoppin'") the theater has done very little to justify itself since the season began.

Communications

Carl's Fingerprinted To the Editor: Well "I've gone and done it" as the saying goes. I've been fingerprinted in our Federal Bureau of Investigation. I am now carrying a card with my fingerprint. On the back of the card in the F.B.I. are names of persons in various parts of the United States one of which is to be notified if the F.B.I. receives a report of my death. I am sure that the Bureau will be glad to have my fingerprint on file. I am sure that the Bureau will be glad to have my fingerprint on file. I am sure that the Bureau will be glad to have my fingerprint on file.

The Capital Parade

Although Uncle Dan was born in South Carolina, and plays a Carolina's part, he has actually been a Washington job-holder most of his life. From that day, in 1893, when he left home to become clerk of the senate committee on interstate commerce, his career was a steady upward climb through the hierarchy of political placements. He was off the payroll for only one brief interval until 1920, when Harding's election forced him to resign the commissionership of internal revenue. The next years he devoted to amassing a fortune as a lawyer, often meeting before the government departments, and then, in 1933, Roosevelt put him on the payroll again. He was an agreeable representative of his peculiar type, being kindly, invariably soft-spoken, well turned out and benevolent looking. He was always ready with a speech or statement, always tactful, always loyal to the president. But, under his regime, the commerce department virtually ceased to function, being unable even to produce adequate commercial statistics. And, although Uncle Dan was as nice an old fellow as you could imagine, the value of the system which put him in charge of a cast government agency is at least to be questioned.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TUNISIA (on the Mediterranean coast of Africa) is much in the news these days because of Mussolini's latest bluff. Tunisia includes the site of ancient Carthage. What happened to Carthage is interesting in the light of much that is happening in the world today. In the third Punic war (the first and second Punic wars were fought with varying fortunes) the city-state of Carthage was utterly destroyed by Rome. Of the Carthaginian population of 500,000 when the struggle began, only 50,000 were left when the city finally surrendered, and these were sold into slavery by the victorious Romans. The city was razed to the ground and the ground itself was plowed in token of conquest. The site of Carthage was condemned by the most solemn imprecations to "be desolate forever."

It was Cato who whipped the Romans into fury against Carthage, croaking hoarsely every time he arose in the senate that famous line that every high school student remembers: "Delenda est Carthago." (Carthage must be destroyed.) Cato had made a tourist trip to Carthage and was so impressed by the city's prosperity that he came to the conclusion that Carthage must be destroyed if Rome was to remain secure. So he came home and started his historic campaign.

CARTHAGE was destroyed all right, but the Punic was so weakened Rome as to start her on the decline that led to her downfall. Hitler might do well to remember that in his cocker moments, when he is thinking proudly of conquering the world.

THIS old Cato was known as The Censor, and he seems to have been a good deal like all the censors who have followed him. He spent his time snooping around and getting something on somebody, and when he managed to hang a choice scandal on someone he went to town with it in a big way. He had a long face and a holier-than-thou manner, and he seems to have gone around whispering in a shocked tone: "Have you heard about so-and-so, and isn't it AWFUL?"

Quite the sort of person one instinctively yearns to throw a ripe egg at. We have plenty of his kind yet, unfortunately. IN FACT, that is the exact point that is sought to be made here—that human nature hasn't changed much in all the thousands and thousands of years of which we have a historical record. Maybe some of the meaner traits have been skimmed over with a thin veneer of what we call modern culture, but it is still true that when one man gets too much power, hell is apt to pop. That is why dictatorships are such a menace to the world.

AND, speaking of the historical record, it is an interesting fact that that history was started by a garrulous old Greek named Herodotus, who had the itching foot and wandered from place to place much like a modern tin-can tourist, writing travelogues about what he saw. And then cornering his friends and reading his stuff to them when he had them where they couldn't get away. More proof, you see, that human nature hasn't changed much.

WORTH SMITH'S BOOK BOUGHT BY PUBLISHER

"The House of Glory," a new book dealing with Bible prophecies and Egyptian pyramid mysticism, will be published about mid-February by William H. Wise & Co., of New York. It was announced today. The book was written by Worth Smith of Rogue River, author, traveler and lecturer. With his wife, Mr. Smith is staying for the present in Klamath Falls. He plans to remain there for another month when he will continue on a lecture tour that will continue until June.

Pierce To Ask Fund WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—(AP)—Representative Pierce (D., Ore.) said today he would ask congress to appropriate \$500,000 for the establishment of a plant at Bonville, Ore., to manufacture chemicals for use in fighting the spread of noxious weeds on western farms.

Arthritis Relieved After three bottles of Casey's Compound Mrs. Louise Center, 317 S. 4th St., Portland, says: "I had suffered severely from arthritis for several years. It was so painful that I could not walk. After taking three bottles of Casey's Compound my arthritis is completely relieved."

Differs With Banwell To the Editor: Saturday noon, December 17, Mr.

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 19, 1928. (It Was Thursday) Stores to remain open in evenings until Christmas, as Yule rush starts. Chicago gangster war breaks out anew. Secretary of Chamber of Commerce first to be arrested for violation of one-hour parking law in business. Close check-up of autoists to be made. Dense fog and chilly weather comes to valley.

Citizen fined \$10. for throwing empty whiskey bottle on pavement. Christmas mail receipts reach peak at post office. Government bureau reports its activities hampered by Coolidge economy.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY December 19, 1918. (It Was Thursday) German cabinet resigns, and plans started for establishment of a republic. Senator Knox, battling the League of Nations idea, declares policy of "America for Americans."

I. W. W. launch movement for a four-hour day, and pensions when not working. Two shoe shine stands in city closed while proprietors are absent from city. Biggest crowds in weeks on streets as people get over the flu scare. Mayor Gates gives views on flu situation and "urges public to cooperate."

GIRL DIES IN CRASH EN ROUTE TO WEDDING GOLDENDALE, Wash., Dec. 19.—(AP)—Miss Cella Branigan, about 20, of Aloha, Ore., was killed in an automobile accident near here yesterday while en route to her mother's home in Hood River, Ore., to be married. The accident occurred when an automobile, driven by her fiancé, C. L. Henry of Yakima, skidded on an icy road and crashed into a telephone pole.

Chevrolet JINGLES

Never cared much for the idea of a house-trailer, Think I'd feel as though I was locked up by a jailer! Even though there's no bars on windows or doors— I'd still like a foundation under the floors. I'm keen to get around the country—see the sights, But I want a good hotel—bed and shower each night. Lots of nice folks have the "packing box palace" craze. And thousands are dragging 'em about with Chevrolets. Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet

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

CHRISTMAS MONEY

TURN IN YOUR OLD CAR — GET THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE-THIRD DOWN AND THE VALUE OF YOUR CAR IN CASH ON A BETTER USED CAR OR NEW CAR First Payment Feb. 1st, 1939

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