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Doc Spears Versus Dean Allen

IT SEEMS the University of Oregon CAN afford to retain Head Coach Spears, but CAN'T afford to retain the School of Journalism.
 Dean Allen must stop turning out good newspaper men; but Doc Spears can go on turning out bigger and better football teams.

At this point no doubt our readers are expecting a vigorous protest against a policy that places brawn above brains, and consigns our cherished "Fourth Estate" to the ash can.
 IF SO they are due for a big surprise. We make no protest for we realize it would do no good. We live in a Democracy, and the people rule.
 We admit, that if this issue were left to a vote of the people, they would endorse by an overwhelming majority, precisely what the powers-that-be have decreed. In the popular mind manufacturing football players, at the state factory of higher learning is far more important than manufacturing good editors and news-hounds.

FOR GOOD football players are rare, and require the most expert selection, training and preparation. Good newspaper men—particularly editors—on the other hand are not rare at all, in fact they are scattered all over the state.
 If a star quarter-back is needed it's a hard job to get one. The supply is slight, the demand tremendous. It takes some clever and fast work to keep the potential gridiron hero from Berkeley and Palo Alto; it takes the combined genius of a Napoleon and Andy Mellon to get him safely within the sacred confines of the leading fraternity at Eugene.

BUT a newspaper editor—FIE AND ALSO FAUGH! You can pick a second "Brisbane" up along the highway anywhere. Oregon editors are pretty good,—they compare favorably with editors in Washington and California—but no one will deny, that OUTSIDE of the newspapers, scattered over the landscape thicker than wild mustard, there are BETTER ONES.
 In fact, it is doubtful if there is a three-room house in the state, that doesn't contain at least ONE individual, far more capable of running the local daily, than the senile sap who happens to be trying to do so. You doubt it? Just ask the aforesaid individual. HE'LL tell you!

AS THE late Lord Northcliffe remarked, running a newspaper is as easy as poking a fire—anyone can do it. Not only that, but anyone can do it better than the mental deficient who happens to be trying to do. You may doubt that, too. Make a house-to-house canvass of the state and you won't.

BUT A really CRACK football player,—what a difference! They are rarer than Florida grapefruit in California. It's not only extremely difficult to find them, but unlike poets they are MADE, not born. And it takes an experienced and high-priced specialist like Doc Spears to MAKE them.

So while we have a warm spot in the editorial heart for Dean Allen and the university School of Journalism,—could give concrete evidence of the value of both the institution and its leader to this state,—we refuse to waste our energy and time, in backing up its hopeless struggle, with the strong muscled doctor and the high-powered football machine. Far better become press agent for Senator Smoot of Utah, or join some modern Dame Partington in sweeping back the Atlantic ocean!

Wanted—A Wiseman

WE WISH some Wiseman would arise and explain to us what this sex madness that has swept this country and is threatening to destroy our literature REALLY MEANS.
 We can't figure it out. The most frequent explanation is it isn't a madness at all, but merely a FRANKNESS. Our pre-occupation with sex hasn't changed, merely our attitude toward it.

In fact many claim, the prevailing attitude toward sex is far more wholesome, because more honest, than it was during the prudish mid-Victorian days. These same defenders maintain, the young people of today, are all in all, behaving better—or at least just as well—as their grandmothers and grandfathers did.

MEBBE so. But up to date, we haven't been able to see it. Sex is important. And honesty toward it, is even more important. But to our limited vision the present fashions of thought and action, have appeared not so much honest as loose; not so much a matter of lower moral standards, as no MORAL STANDARDS AT ALL.

Is this the time-honored complaint of an older generation against a younger; the inability of old age to adjust itself to change,—to understand youth?

AGAIN—mebbe so. But we would like to have some one who REALLY KNOWS—some acknowledged Wiseman—tell us all about it. Frankly, a period of rather extensive novel and popular magazine reading, leaves us completely bewildered.

TAKE this last novel, "The End of Desire" by Robert Herick. Now Herick is regarded as one of our better novelists—mature, serious,—a professor of English in his own right. Yet apparently even he has become so obsessed with the business of sex, that this book in our opinion, is no more creative literature, than the latest stenographic report of the annual meeting of the Gynecological congress. Utterly devoid either of humor or charm, it is little more than a sex pamphlet, in fiction form.

In other words it is sex PROPAGANDA, and where PROPAGANDA begins literature ENDS.
 As for the cheaper novels, and more trashy magazines,—where frank prudency and plain dirt begin—literature ALSO ends.

WHAT are we coming to, not only in literature but all down the line? Is it merely a passing phase, as the Restoration period in England was a passing phase; or is it a new era, a step forward in our evolution, the by-product of achieving a genuine sex equality?

We hope it is the former. But we would welcome the word of someone who really knows, to remove all doubt about it.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane
 Penny's First Billion,
 500,000 and 50 to 1,
 The Core of the Earth,
 Happy Lung Fish.

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We have a valuable, profitable country, if we could only persuade it to start up and "get going" again. A report of the Pennsylvania railroad, for instance, shows that the institution, managed by General Atterbury, has paid during the past year more than forty-two million dollars in dividends, and since its incorporation in 1846, has paid ONE THOUSAND AND THIRTY-ONE MILLION DOLLARS TO STOCKHOLDERS. This is interesting because the Pennsylvania is the first railroad to pass the billion dollar mark in dividend payments.

Five hundred thousand Friday watching the running of the Grand National steeplechase at Aintree, saw Forbra win with 50 to 1 bet against him. That victory will make the more foolish dream about "easy money" only to realize later that there is no such thing.

Those interested in horses will note that Forbra is seven years old, old enough to have bones and muscles well developed. The usual system that sets horses to galloping at high speed before they are two years old burns them up quickly. But that is the way to make racing financially profitable.

Harvard University, helped by a generous gift of the Rockefeller Foundation, will investigate the "core" of this earth, attempting to reproduce the heat and terrific pressure that exist at that central spot, toward which, as Dante said, long before Newton was born, to formulate the law of gravitation, all things in the universe tend.

The Harvard professors possess apparatus which has "squeezed" water into five different solid forms, and pressed air into a substance as dense as water. It is hard to believe that any experiments on the surface could produce conditions created by the pressure of four thousand miles of earth bearing down on the "core." But it is hoped that discoveries will help geologists to locate precious metals.

It is known that the earth is approximately heavy as though made of solid steel. Imagine the pressure at the lower end of a steel column four thousand miles high.

In the interior of the sun heat rises to fifty million degrees centigrade, according to Jeans, impossible for us to conceive. If an ordinary rifle bullet could be raised to that temperature and you came within five thousand miles of it, you would shiver up and disappear.

At New York University, Dr. Homer Smith's studies metabolism, with the aid of a fish that has been asleep for three and a half years and is expected to sleep eighteen months longer. The creature is called a "lung fish" because it can breathe through gills in the water and through rudimentary lungs on land, an interesting step in evolution.

Some of the unemployed might wish to possess the fish's versatility. How comfortable to go to sleep, leaving a call for "1933, 1934, 1935, or whenever times get better."

Those with large incomes that do not like income tax, prepare to shed large tears or find a lawyer that can show you how to avoid doing what you don't want to do.

The house ways and means committee has marked up maximum income surtaxes to 65 per cent by a vote of 183 to 87. If you have an income above five million dollars a year you must pay 75 per cent, but that, of course, does not worry the majority of us.

It probably does not worry those with more than five million a year much, because they have lawyers clever enough to take care of such emergencies, and it is always a comfort to know that you can buy securities entirely free from income tax and keep all your income.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Friday morning, three men in an automobile, picking out five solitary citizens, one after the other, beat and maimed them "for fun," the police say. Two of the victims had their legs broken, skulls were fractured, two will probably die. All were knocked down and kicked without provocation, merely because the three men in the car were in search of amusement.
 The police say something of the

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 typed and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

HIGH TIME TO DEVINE THE COMMON GOLD OR RECOGNIZE THE CRI.

Probably no other bureau or department contributes more consistently to the maintenance of the deficit in the federal budget than that headed by Surgeon General Cummings.
 Snugly encoined in his bureau in the treasury department Oie Doc Cummins evidently spends most of his official time getting up articles and stories to print in the various secular publications and in the regular press. Doesn't cost him a cent to circulate his stuff in any corner of the universe. Uncle Sam, it is estimated, I estimate that 97.4 per cent of it—and it amounts to tons and tons—is not given so much as a cursory glance by the thousands of physicians, health officers, editors, writers, teachers, nurses, floorwalkers and copy boys on the bureau's dead-end list. The other 3.6 per cent tear off the wrapper and give the stuff a quick once over, but usually it is dead weight and—ker-plunk it goes into the waste box.

At least once a year, maybe twice, the indefatigable Surgeon General touches up and renews his famous piece about the common cold, and by jingo, almost invariably some editor up in Vermont or out in Utah gives it a run, maybe with a neat Washington, D. C., date line on it and even a heading, so the customers will feel they're getting live news from the nation's capital.
 I always watch eagerly for this myself. I think Oie Doctor Cummins may be a droll humorist. But this year I see he has put the soft pedal on the intimation that the sudden changes, wet feet, drafts and all that sort of thing must be borne in mind when one is praying one will not get caught in a bad sneeze or cough bombardment. According to the version I have before me—a column of material quoted in a magazine as from the official organ of the public health service—this year the Surgeon General contents himself with warning folks to beware of uncovered coughs or sneezes, and advising them to keep their hands scrupulously clean.

No, there is nothing in the annual hokum from the government health bureau about the risk of runs of contracting respiratory infection in the spray of ordinary conversation. I suppose it would never do for Oie Doctor Cummins to recognize that hazard, for that would be tantamount to recognizing my teachings, and that would be just too bad.

Anyway, I am encouraged to note that the federal health bureau is not so strong for wet feet and drafts and the like as she was last spring, kind happened eight months ago and believe that the three "were operating after a drinking bout."
 The five victims probably consider prohibition NOT a success.

Chauncey Ocott, born in Buffalo, N. Y., 72 years ago, died Friday at Monte Carlo. This will be sad news for many that during the past fifty years have heard his Irish songs, and ballads.

The most popular of all, perhaps, was "My Wild Irish Rose."
 On April 5 the hardy citizens of Finland will resume the use of alcoholic spirits. They have had enough of prohibition.

The government has ordered 875,000 bottles of liquor, including 75,000 bottles of Scotch whiskey, 150,000 bottles of French brandy. Because of extreme cold, wines can't come in until summer. Low in alcoholic content, the bottles would burst.

Eight hundred and seventy-five bottles of liquor would not go far in this country under prohibition.

When Thea was 13 her older sister became engaged. Thea's interest in the affair was intense. She watched her sister and followed her about as never before.
 When the postman came, it was she who ran into the hall to see if there was a letter from the young man. She glistened over every attention every gift her sister received.
 All at once she had become to Thea an entirely new person, a glamorous and mysterious being.
 Always she tried to penetrate the mystery. What did it feel like to be engaged, she asked. When would they be married? What sort of bride dress would she wear? Who would be maid of honor?
 Of course Thea knew she was young for that, but who else should be if not the bride's only sister?
 The thirst of the adolescent girl for vicarious romance is insatiable. Aware that she herself cannot hope for such experience in her own right for some time yet, she takes out

PUFFY
 "A Spanish castle! That is what I call the sight of sights!
 To live there would become for me the acme of delights.
 I'd like to sit inside," cries Puffy, "and think of olden knights."
 "Who dined on roast young Pig-says Whiz," to celebrate their flights."
 PERMANENTS
 Lovely Steam
 Push Steam \$5 up
 Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
 Shampoo and Finger Wave or
 Marcell Hair Work guaranteed.
 BOWMAN'S—Phone 51.

Medford's First School On So. Central Avenue

(Ed. Note: Medford history compiled by members of Crater Lake Chapter, D. A. R., continued from last Sunday).
 Chapter 4

The Medford school district, No. 19, was a part taken from school district No. 2. This district embraced "all the territory commencing at the northeast corner of Clinton's Buttes, running east to Stuart's creek, thence up said creek to the northeast corner of Gates' claim, thence in a southerly direction to the mountains, including Heron, Hamlin, Frick and Whitworth. Thence west to the east line of district No. 1, including Griffin's claim, thence north to the place of beginning. Given under my hand this September, 1854. T. F. Royal, county school superintendent, Jackson county, Oregon territory."

Medford's school district, No. 49, was created from a division of No. 2 made February 20, 1884, and reads as follows: "Beginning at a point on Bear Creek in Sec. 32, T. 37 S., R. 1 W., and running thence west to the southeast corner of the George Fordyce place, thence west to the southwest corner of the Wilson place, thence north to the northwest corner of the line of the county road near of the Wilson place, thence westward on the line of the county road to the southwest corner of John R. Tice's place, thence westward to the east line of school district No. 1, thence north to the south boundary of the Central Point district, thence east to Bear Creek, thence southeastward along the west shore of Bear Creek to the place of beginning." Signed, William M. Colvig, county superintendent of schools.

The first school was held in a one-room school building on South Central, now part of the site of E. D. Elwood. A Mr. Williamson was the first teacher and it was a subscription school, each pupil paying \$8. During the summer of 1884 a frame school house was built on West Main street between South Okkdale and L streets on land sold to the district by C. C. Beekman. In 1891 this building was moved to West Tenth street and is now the home of M. L. Alford.

Walter Gore was the first principal in 1884-5-6, and Miss Mal Craine, now Mrs. John Cox, taught the primary classes. Miss Belle Merriman Strunk and Miss Sophia Wilson were also primary teachers during these early days.
 Mr. Morris was hired for 1886-7 but was asked to resign in January and W. H. Gore, who had graduated from the state university in June, 1886, in the class with W. I. Vawter, George Dunn and W. J. Roberts, was asked to take charge of the school. It was then a three-year high school offering three courses and the full eight grades. Miss Kate VanDyke, Miss Sargent and Miss Carrie Baker taught the grades. W. H. Gore was principal for two and one-half years. Then a man by the name of Crawford was principal until the fall of 1891, when N. L. Narregran began his eleven-year

her yearnings by identifying herself with someone who is momentarily a romantic heroine.
 The fact that her excitement must appear a little ludicrous to the unsympathetic bystander does not occur to her.

If no actual heroine is at hand she identifies herself with the heroes in books. It is because of this that the novel is her favorite reading. In each book she lives through a fresh adventure. In each she is the beautiful, the desired, the enchantress.
 Since all this plays its part in growing up it is to be endured with all possible patience. Only there should be care that she has real intimacies, real friends, real satisfactions in the here and now to compete with the claims of her fantasies.

Jenkins' Comment
 (Continued from Page One)
 can't be built, just as automobiles are built, out of standard, factory-made parts, assembled by skilled crews just as automobiles are assembled.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY
 TWO ROOM, new, clean, completely furnished modern house and garage, \$17.50. We pay water, 1018 1/2 11th.
 FOR RENT—Desirable furn. apt. All hotel accommodations. Hotel Grand GOOD until the 25th. Stark famous family orchard, 21 trees; \$25.00 value. Twelve dollars delivered. W. B. Crause, 528 South Fir St.

John R. Knight Teacher of Violin
 Phone 154
 Jacksonville

Flight 'o Time
 (Medford and Jackson County History from the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

- TEN YEARS AGO TODAY**
 March 19, 1920.
 (It was Sunday)
 Local Klan klanes deny order had a hand in the Hale hanging, claiming the local branch has no rights. Claim Klan gets blame for every crime "committed in a sheet." Department of Justice to investigate local outrages.
 Local stores hold spring openings.
 Peeps install huge turntable in Asland yards.
 Tourists start traveling highway, and fill free auto camp.
 Japan signs peace treaty.
 County ready to start road work.
 State income tax proposed.
 Sams Valley farmers all busy plowing.
 More rain needed.

- TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY**
 March 19, 1912.
 (It was Tuesday)
 Shortage of labor in valley felt.
 Fire department boys threaten to send their charter back to the state, unless council gives them wages.
 Good looking blonde lady cashes \$800 worth of hog checks on local stores and can not be found.
 La Pollette carries North Dakota primary.
 Woodville officially becomes Rogue River, and is now so designated on the maps.
 Jim Jeffries plans to stage "come-back."
 Progressive movement hits the valley.

Communications

Wants More Golden Rules.
 To the Editor:
 I would like to have room in your paper to mention the seeming increase in damage cases, where money is the thing striven for. Not so much here, but all over the country. From all parts of the country these suits, or claims, seem to spring up mushroom like. One is almost tempted to ask the question: Have we come to a pass where there is an unrestricted open season on any one who might be a good prospect?
 We have a good set of laws, possibly a few too many. But these laws were enacted with the intent that every man should have access to honest and justified redress. However, the various courts and the people in general, should see to it that these statutes are not abused. In mass there may be strength, but in abuse there might be danger.
 We have all sympathy for the person who has just claim for redress or damage, if it can be proven, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that such claim is justified and deserving; then such person should have adequate redress to cover actual loss, but not, necessarily, redress for imaginary damages.
 As we see it the burden of proof should rest squarely with the plaintiff. It would seem that here is a place that the fine point of a technicality should not enter, as a wedge, to force a verdict either way. That old platitude, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," probably has become archaic, but it seems to be a wonderful panacea for moral ills, when lived up to: plain as day and easy as pie to do. UNO DEL FUEBLO. (Name on File)

Duncan New Pro La Grande Links
 LA RANE Ore., March 19—(AP)—Bob Duncan, with the Overlake club at Seattle last year and for five years with the noted St. Andrews club in Scotland, has accepted a position as professional for the La Grande County Golf club, effective April 1.
 Crystalglow—Kodak glass supreme The Passleys opp Holy theater
 Ray Hoopler's Barber Shop now open. Next to City Hall.
 Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Contract Works.

The office of Firey Insurance Service and Chauncey Firey, U S Commissioner, now located on the 4th floor of the Liberty Bldg.
 SMUDOE OIL—Any kind you want. Low rates and quick service. Phone 533 now. P. E. SAMSON COMPANY, 122 North Riverside.

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