

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Terry. All the schemes to mine the public are coming along fine.

Sap has started to flow in the apricot trees—always the first to blossom, and the first to be slain by the frost.

One of the Social Lions has an electric razor. It failed to function, and his face is scratched up worse than if he had told a lady her spring hat looked like the dickens.

NUDITY ON THE FARM

(Eldorado (Man) Times) "A town guy said to a farmer: 'You ought to be getting along all right. You have meat and vegetables. You have enough to eat and a place to sleep. That's a lot in a depression like this.' 'Uh, huh,' assented the farmer. 'But you come around about eight-nine months from now and you will see the fattest, sleekest, nakedest farmer you ever beheld.'"

Prayers are proposed as a means of curbing the combativeness of Japan. The Great War demonstrated that nations whose prayers for victory were answered, had the most guns, and shot the straightest.

If the fair weather continues, people will be able to go 99 ways from the hellraising, on empty cupboards and full gasoline tanks.

Shorty Morris, the Cold Hill-Table Rock-Sams Valley tiller turned Ties He made a speech that entitled him to two pieces of pie for supper.

The larks are all busy singing in a manner that indicates they can sing. The lark sings, no matter if he has nothing to sing about.

MANDATE FROM A LADY (Panama (C. E.) Times) TO WHICH IT MAY CONCERN: My lawful husband, known about town as the Man in the Rumble Seat, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for his bar tabs or other debts.

Since he has been sleeping with the two red-faced pot-bellied bums that he does all his drinking with, and who draw salaries for printing stuff they pretend he writes, my husband has gone completely to Hell and I see but little of him (thank goodness.)

The sunset Mon. eve. was a fine arrangement of colors, and met with the approval of Tomita Swann, the artist, who has been sub-roa for some time.

J. Kort Hall is building a house on his place, despite the cheapness of labor, nails, and other building material.

There will be a Lincoln Day banquet next Mon. Many can remember when this was the only oratorical outbreak of the yr.

600 or more bills are before the esteemed and fool legislature. Worth being the vital need of the day, to insure a measure of happiness, the bills deal with every other subject on the map, but work. It may be necessary for the legislature to live longer than required, to adjudicate the fishing rights on Rogue River.

"PROSPERITY'S PITFALLS OUTLINED" (Lana County Examiner)—Optimistically, one and all, are more than ready to fall into said pitfall.

The Rev. Franklin arrived Monday, and will preach for the next six months.—(Hanby Notes)—If his lungs and his larynx hold out.

Why don't somebody get original, and call the mean district attorney a hyena-ghoul, and then shove the courthouse from under him.

GOOD IDEA. And so you think this life is futile, that you are but a wretched slave, that future years will buffet you till you go with pleasure to your grave? Well, then, unless you're merely jesting.

If men are really made to grieve, instead of volubly protesting, why don't you leave?—(Poetry.)

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., Feb. 7.—California cars have numbers AND letters on their license tags. We are reliably informed a Pasadena undertaker, got up early in 1933 and received one of the first licenses issued. He put it on his \$10,000 motor hearse. The number was "U-21"

The annual mid-winter women's golf tournament opened at the Los Angeles golf club yesterday, and we motored over to look in on the qualifying round. It was our first experience with a women's tournament, but we trust it won't be our last. Here is a big-time golf tournament after our own heart,—and after the heart of all the other members of the "Medford 100 club"—of which need we add, the present writer is the champion Dub!

Yes—indeed—how we longed to have Gene Thornyke or that master of the sartorial left hook, Hon. Rawles Moore, with us to enjoy the thrilling and heart warming experience!

The trouble with most golf tournaments is the irritating ease and sang froid, with which the contestants,—all of them—smack out their drives, and sink their putts. Their scores vary of course, but the general excellence of their execution and technique DON'T. As a result the performance so stimulates the inferiority complex of the observer, that instead of being encouraged to stick to the darn fool game, he is convinced he better drop it.

Not so the women's tournament. We have never seen so many seven and eights—so many three and four-putts—in our quarter century of terrible golf.

Nor so much nervousness, keen interest and excitement. Of course this doesn't apply to the top notchers, like Marion Hollins, Virginia Van Wie, and the former Mrs. Pressler whose new name we can't recall. They knocked 'em around with as much accuracy and bored nonchalance, as so many Sarazens and Diegels. But most of them weren't top notchers—far from it—and they had just as much fun and endured just as much mental and spiritual agony, as the charter members of the Medford 100 club.

Our only regret was we hadn't donned a blonde wig, put on a divided skirt, and chiselled in on the procession. Believe it or not, as far as golf is concerned, no one would have suspected us. We could have three and four putted, taken three in a sand trap, and shanked our drives with the best of 'em. Nor do we believe anyone would have suspected us of being a gentleman anymore than anyone suspected one of yesterday's contestants being a lady. She was togged out with a white beret over short peroxide curls, a buckskin vest over a crimson flannel shirt, and doe colored velvet trousers, flapping above No. 8 black and white sport shoes. She smoked cigars incessantly, lighting one with the other, and hanging all of them from one corner of her mouth, at a rakish angle; and she had a stride far longer than the late Sir Henry Irving in King Richard the II.—or was it Henry VIII? Incidentally she shot 104—which she remarked to a group of girl admirers as she finished the 18th, "wasn't so hot, but was enough to qualify."

We wonder for what!

Yes, we had a swell time. There was something so "in time" about the whole thing—from first to last we felt so at home. And it all confirmed our oft-repeated assertion, that to see golf at its BEST, one must see it at its WORST.

That is to say,—those who only see, or only are, good golfers, don't realize the inexhaustible resources,—the various and extended richness of the game. For real excitement, intensity and enthusiasm, nothing can compare with a contest among real, simon pure, duffers. True there is excitement, intensity and enthusiasm in a contest of par shooters, but solely in the gallery. The players don't get excited, they are not intense, they never give way to outbursts of enthusiasm. If they did they wouldn't be par shooters. But the duffer contestants do,—and how. They get a kick, one way or another, from the first tee to the last!

For example: We are not going to mention any names of course, but the young lady in brown—in fact a perfect sympathy in brown—was short on her tee shot on the 17th hole—just a good drive for the present writer—140 yards. Her pitch shot hit the top of the bunker, caromed to the left, struck a narrow patch of concrete walk, hopped onto the green and stopped within five feet of the hole. You should have seen her hop up and down with joy! She took great pains with her putt, knelt down, patted the turf ahead of the ball, removed one or two invisible objects, while her stance and stroke made a perfect slow-motion picture. And plop, into the cup the ball dropped for a par 3. When she—and her partner—a very good looking girl in yellow and white—had stopped hopping,—the girl in brown put her arm around the shoulder of her companion and gurgled in her right ear:

"D'ye know, when I sink one like that, I jes' feel as if GOD'S ARM WAS AROUND ME!"

That was the way all around—except of course when we joined the Hollins, Van Wie galleries. And speaking as a charter member of the Medford 100 club, that is the way golf should be,—full of emotion, highs and lows, bumps and bursts, smiles and tears. These out and dried par shooters—blah and also bah,—no more kick to them, than to a turbine engine operating under glass in a Broadway show window.

Speaking of the good looking girl in white—here is another thing about women's golf tournaments.

Assuming this Los Angeles performance is typical, feminine golf skill is in inverse proportion to pulchritude. The prettier the girl is—the worse she plays golf and visa versa. We haven't forgotten the woman in dove colored pants, but she is only the exception that proves the rule.

Taken by and large, if one wanted to see good golf yesterday, all that one had to do was pick out those least likely to qualify as bathing beauties. The prettiest girl we observed—and during the day we first we saw all of them,—snapped a beautiful drive from the first tee over the bunker and well down the fair way—Mr. Goldwyn should have seen her smile—and then proceeded to smother four in a row before she finally reached the green. Three putts made an eight—and can you blame her—she CRIED.

If you think that stretching a point, then you never have seen the qualifying round of a woman's golf tournament. There are probably no tears in the finals—or the semi or quarter finals for that matter,—good golfers don't cry. But in the first part of the tourney—there were more wet hankies yesterday than at the first matinee of Cavalcade. Please understand.

When we say "cry" we don't mean blubber—or anything else that would register in a sound film. But we DO MEAN, tears and furtive applications of the mouchoir, if possible, when the back was turned.

We trust this letter never gets back to Los Angeles—at least not until this tournament is over—for we would like to look in on it again. For once identified, the present writer's life wouldn't be worth thirty cents. And identification wouldn't be hard. For galleries don't attend qualifying rounds much, and when they do they only follow the well known players. There was a gallery of one lone man, following at least a dozen two-somes of also rans yesterday. He had a fine time, but when it was found he wasn't the "PA-PA" of one of the players, he was as welcome as a police dog at a fox farm.

However, we might escape with twenty years. For didn't we tell the world, the worse they play the prettier they are! R. W. R.

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 referring to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

FROM APE TO MAN OR FROM MAN TO APE? Calm yourself. This is not a discussion of evolution.

It is talk about a subject that is perhaps a little of any other health subject, namely "the common cold." Just what a "common cold" may be is a question for every one to answer to suit his own peculiar notions. No health authority or medical authority can be inveigled into defining or describing, much less identifying a case of "common cold." You just have to take it for granted yours is it—until you find you've got something not contemplated in the provisional or tentative diagnosis of your indisposition. By that time you'll be so busy battling whatever you've got that you'll quite forget to task the near-doctor with his error.

Without admitting that nobody knows what the alleged "common cold" is, we have sent out several editions in recent years in quest of the nature and cause of the putative malady. One such intensive research has included observation of a group of chimpanzees.

Recently a laboratory worker, trying to take cultures from the throats of chimpanzees, encountered an animal that did not submit gracefully to the taking of the culture. The laboratory worker had to open the ape's mouth forcibly. As a rule workers taking the cultures first carefully scrub their hands and then don a gauze mask, to guard against contamination by their own nose or throat bacteria.

On, well, it was not there, Baron, so let it go. But now the plot thickens. It appears that two days after the set-to described the intractable ape and a docile chimpanzee in the group showed nasal discharge and obstruction and some fever and passed through what these same medical authorities designate as the typical stages of the common cold. Other influenza tendencies developed among the nine other apes in the group.

In the opinion of the Baron—I mean the medical experts on the ground the intractable ape was infected by the laboratory worker who took the culture unmasked. That seems plausible enough, for we know that some of the specific respiratory infections, such as measles, scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, are contagious or communicable before the onset of actual illness or definite symptoms. But how to account for the docile ape's cry? The docile one submitted to the taking of the weekly culture without any fuss, and the laboratory worker's mask was in place when she took the culture. So the savants calmly ignore the fact that the intractable ape may have passed a sample of the infection to the docile one. They hold rather that the gauze mask over nose and mouth is not a complete protection against the common cold.

Well, it is all pretty muddled, however you look at it.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. So-o-o-o-h. Please tell me what drug store sells the five per cent tincture of iodine you recommend. I have tried about a dozen and they all ask at least 20 cents for an ounce vial.—Mrs. I. L. D. Answer—I have never given any information about the price of tincture of iodine. Perhaps you saw something about a five per cent tincture of iodine. At present the drug stores furnish a weaker tincture (2 per cent) or a stronger tincture (7 per cent) when you buy tincture of iodine. More economical to buy the stronger tincture (7 per cent) in a one ounce glass stoppered or hard rubber screw capped vial. For general use this may be mixed half and half with glycerin, and it will still be stronger than the 5 per cent tincture.

We Can Only Gas. I am 49, have never been sick, spend most of my time outdoors winter and summer. This winter I have been playing cards once a week with three other men. To save what we play in the kitchen. All of us smoke. All the doors and windows are closed. Several times I have become faint and white around the gills after an hour and a half. So I had to stop and go out in the air to get over it. None of the other men are affected. —A. B. M. Answer—Perhaps tobacco poisoning first or second hand, or carbon monoxide gas (some carbon monoxide in tobacco smoke), or possibly carbon monoxide gas from the stove that heats the kitchen—you being more sensitive to such mild poisoning than your companions.

Blow, Buglerette, Blow. My daughter, 14 years of age, a Girl Scout, is interested in bugle blowing. Do you think this is conducive to getting?—P. P. R. Answer—No. I often wonder why the popular delusion persists that playing wind instruments tends to cause gotter. There is no foundation for it. (Copyright, John F. Dille Co.)

Your Income Tax

A series of daily articles based on revenue act of 1932 and designed to aid those required to file income tax returns for year 1932. No. 9. Who Is the Head of a Family? A taxpayer, though single, who supports and maintains in one household one or more individuals who are closely connected with him by blood relationship, relationship by marriage, or by adoption, and who is entitled to exercise family control and provide for these dependent individuals is based upon some moral or legal obligation, is the head of a family, and entitled to the same exemption allowed a married person.

YOUTHS JAILED FOR TAKING AUTOMOBILE

Albert Clayton, 16, of Medford and Leighton McDowell, 18, of Central Point, are held in the city jail on a charge of stealing an automobile belonging to Dick Consergood of Klammath Falls. State and city police made the arrest. McDowell told police the car really belonged to his brother-in-law, Charlie McKinn, and that he had just borrowed it. He said Consergood had sold the car to McKinn, but the title hadn't been changed.

ONE KILLED IN DARK ROOM DEATH BATTLE

NEW YORK, Feb. 8.—(AP)—A battle in a house of death, where only the flashing of pistol fire lighted the pitch-darkness, won high praise today for two detectives who got their man—and four more. One man was killed last night and five persons wounded before detectives George Soelandt and Michael Petrazzo, fighting through an ambush, dragged Pasquale Russo from a huge and ramshackle house in Brooklyn and charged him with homicide.

Veterans Will Broadcast Program



Three speakers on the "Hello America" program, to be broadcast under the auspices of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U. S., over an N. B. C. network, on February 11, at 11:00 P. M. (E. S. T.)—United States Senator Arthur R. Robinson, Indiana (left), Commander-in-Chief Admiral Robert E. Coontz, Washington, D. C., and National Auxiliary President Mrs. Consuelo DeCoe, Sacramento, Calif. Commander-in-Chief Coontz will give the obligation of membership to a class of 50,000 recruits via the radio in a nationwide mass meeting of 3,000 V. F. W. local units.

Local members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars will meet at the auditorium of the court house at 8:30 p. m. Saturday for participation in the national "Hello America" program of the organization which will be conducted over N. B. C. network at 11 p. m. (E. S. T.) Three speakers will broadcast under the auspices of the V. F. W., including U. S. Senator Arthur R. Robinson, Indiana (left); Commander-in-Chief Admiral Robert E. Coontz, Washington, D. C., and National Auxiliary President Mrs. Consuelo DeCoe, Sacramento, Calif. Admiral Coontz will give the obligation of membership to a class of 50,000 recruits via the radio in a nation-wide mass meeting of 3,000 V. F. W. local units.

A SEAT in the CABINET?



MELVIN TRAYLOR Whenever two or three political soothsayers get together in that now popular pastime of picking the Roosevelt cabinet, the name of Melvin Traylor, Chicago banker, surges to the front. They reason that a man rated strong enough to merit formation last year by his friends of "Traylor-For-President" clubs will receive consideration as a prospective member of Roosevelt's official family. Kentucky-born 54 years ago in a log cabin, Traylor went to Texas as a young man. From school teaching and practicing law, he entered the banking field to climb high. To associate he is a dynamic leader with a talent for enlisting intense loyalty. Acquaintances term him modest, practical, a tremendous worker, with intellectual honesty and courage. You may see a fishing rod or a new golf club in the corner of his Chicago office, but he seems to have no mind for that in business hours.

MRS. SCHULER PLAYS FAMED MOTHER ROLE LOCAL LEGION SHOW

Local folk who have a special yen for amateur theatricals which won't flaunt their amateurishness, are all agog this week over news from rehearsals of the American Legion show to be presented under the direction of Robt. Lorraine, old-timer of the legitimate, February 15 and 16. For those who have gone there and seen say "the show is clever, humorous, sophisticated and decidedly appealing." Mrs. L. E. Schuler as Mrs. Manly, one of the finest American mother roles ever written, is scheduled to win the hearts of all who come to see. The same role was played in New York by Nazimova. Don Newbury, local attorney, will be in his natural setting as Judge Fenton, the good-natured lawyer. "Jim," the hero, is well portrayed by Max Carter; "Steve" by Max Falco; "General Bangs," Civil war hero, by Bob Nelson, who is sending out a special vnder for more grease paint. Gene Wright will appear as "Marshall Bradley, United States secret service man," and Bob Carter as "Sport," the slacker.

"The Boy, Lam" will be played by Robert Root, the hero by Robt. Lorraine, himself, and the three winsome maidens, with a dash of this and that, by Ethel Chord as Madelon, Adra Edwards as Sofia, and Nellie Greene as Molly. The characters will introduce themselves in a radio broadcast from station KMBD Thursday noon at 12:30 o'clock, and all showgoers are urged to be listening in. Sebastian Apollo, well-known local organist, will play a number of organ compositions between the acts of the play, which is more news welcome.

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 February 8, 1923. (It was Friday.) Harold Lloyd, film comedian, to wed. Statistics show food costs still soaring, and labor shortage existing in all lines. Valley auto sales brisk, and many new autos noted. High school actors to present three plays. Five hundred twenty-six cows of valley inspected and declared healthy. May Robson at the Page delights audience of women and girls. Ashland school girls get orders to wear but one ring and no earrings. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY February 8, 1913. (It was Monday.) Antarctic Explorer Scott frozen to death after South Pole reached. Diaz proclaimed Mexican president, after Madero ousted. To rush road work in Crater Lake national park coming summer. Single tax advocated as cure for all Jackson county ills. Dr. J. M. Keene buys 200 acres land southeast of Medford, and says "all that is needed is irrigation and good roads." "No One to Guide Her" at the Star; "Pate Holds the Ace" at the Isis. comed by fans, who are snatching sideglances at the show whenever possible.

MRS. CHURCHILL PENS NEW BOOK ON INDIANS

WHEELER, Ore., Feb. 8.—(Sp.)—A new book by Claire Warner Churchill, called Slave Wives of Nehalem, will appear in May, being published by the Metropolitan Press of Portland. The book, based upon the folklore of the Oregon Coast Indians before the coming of the white men, reveals a side of the Indian character little known to present day people. Slave Wives of Nehalem, though fiction, is the result of several years research into the ethnology of the Oregon Coast Indians. Claire Warner Churchill is the wife of O. L. Churchill, president of the Rogue River Cheese and Products Co., of Central homicide.

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