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### The Only Way

**JUDGE DUNCAN's** recommendation that Sheriff Schermerhorn be suspended from office is the only decision any competent jurist could reach, in view of the situation which exists.

Such action should be taken not only in justice to the people of Jackson county, but as Judge Duncan says, in justice to the sheriff himself.

That Sheriff Schermerhorn, in view of ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES, should wish to remain in office, still remains one of the major mysteries of the recent "unpleasantness."

But that he not only wishes to remain, but intends to remain, until he is literally kicked out, now appears certain.

Such an attitude not only shows a complete failure to grasp the proprieties of the case; but also a moral callousness, which if he had never been indicted for complicity in ballot cases, would in our judgment, disqualify Mr. Schermerhorn from holding the position of sheriff, at THE PRESENT TIME.

**AS WE** have frequently stated in this column, at such a critical time as this, with the process of cleaning up these cases of lawlessness just starting, the man at the head of local law enforcement should be above suspicion. The people of Jackson county are entitled to have as sheriff a man in no way connected, directly or indirectly, with the criminal cases which must be disposed of.

If Sheriff Schermerhorn has been unjustly accused, if he was in no way involved, in the ballot cases, or any other cases, he can establish these facts in court.

But until he does this, he should, both as a duty to himself and to the people he was chosen to serve step out, and let some man, not implicated in any way, take over the administration of his office.

### An Admirable Idea

**COUNTY JUDGE FEHL** continues to hold meetings in the country districts, where far from the scene of battle, he hopes to continue the campaign of misrepresentation and distortion, which put him in office, and apparently believes, can keep him there.

Judge Fehel doesn't want to get into court. He is doing everything possible to delay legal action. He wants to try his case on the political stump, in the school houses and in the columns of his newspaper.

These methods have been very successful in the past, but we have a pious idea they are not going to be so successful in the future.

For county officials, particularly other members of the county court, are now attending these rural meetings. They are prepared to call the speaker when he makes false charges; they are demanding proof when he makes criminal accusations.

At the Beagle meeting recently Commissioner Nealon asked all those present to report to the proper officials "any charges of dishonesty, or charges bordering on dishonesty" "so everybody can get at the bottom of them."

The county officials intend to ask those responsible for criminal and slanderous charges to appear before those accused, and present their evidence in the regular way, or admit they have no evidence.

An admirable idea!

Let this method be followed up, persistently, and these rural meetings will soon be abandoned by those who have found them so profitable politically. Once let them become a medium of truth telling instead of the reverse, and the battle for clean politics, and integrity in public office is won.

\$2.05 and \$3.95 buys more Easter smartness in Brownbilt Shoes. Buster Brown Shoe Store, 32 S. Central Ave.

Smart wearing apparel for Easter at ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN'S silk dresses starting at \$5.95 suits and coats starting at \$12.75

## 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of The Mail Tribune.

### HOW THE BARONESS MUNCHAUSEN DID IT.

Every five years or so the conductor prints some mean little wisecrack here about a reducing joke... use whatever. I tried them. Everybody cannot eat wheat, and bran is too rough for the majority of people. Horseteed, for instance, is a spiciness.

For the next fifteen minutes the Baroness compares the fine sturdy children and men of Scotland with the puny specimens we have on this side of the Atlantic and ascribes the superiority of Scotch and English people to their less drinking, bread and jam, meat and potatoes and their scorn for such fads as orange juice, tomato juice, overheated schools, vitamins and the like.

A certain large business concern sponsors some such gadget which purports to break down the fat into a fluid which is easily eliminated from the body. This is plausible enough to the mind of one ignorant of elementary physiology.

The vigorous exercise the Baroness and her mother got from applying the roller so thoroly, no doubt contributed much to the benefits both experienced.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
 Artichoke This Down.  
 Please advise whether Jerusalem artichokes are beneficial for diabetic patients or whether the sugar in them is especially adapted for use in the diet of a person with diabetes.  
 —A. D.

**Answer**—So far as we know sugar in artichokes (inulin) is not different from cane sugar in that respect. Neither is the sugar in honey (levulose) more suited to the needs of one with diabetes than is cane sugar.

**Price.**  
 What is the usual price of serum? Is \$300 too much to ask for a tube of serum about three inches long and the thickness of a lead pencil? It is to be used on a cancer patient.—Mrs. L. E.

**Answer**—That is outrageous. There is no serum, at any price, that will cure cancer. Do not be humbugged by the serum fakery.

**Preserving Food.**  
 My friend maintains that as long as food tastes all right it is wholesome to eat, regardless of whether it was cooked three or four days before. I think cooked food should be consumed within 24 hours. For instance, baked macaroni with tomatoes; would it be all right to eat such food five days after it was cooked, just warming it up again to serve it?—M. F. L.

**Answer**—Your friend's rule is a fair general rule. Of course, it depends on the character of the food and the efficiency of refrigeration if it is kept in a refrigerator. Generally, any food is fit to eat as long as it does not taste, look or smell "queer."  
 (Copyright John F. Dille Co.)

over Mt. Everest Monday. Fellowes was not injured.

Hillmen of this country kneel and worship the planes of the British expedition which flew over Mt. Everest and Mt. Kanchenjunga this week.

When the planes first arrived the natives believed mountain deities would punish the Englishmen for invading the world of the gods. They have experienced a change of heart.

**Be Correctly Corseted** by ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN Sixth & Holly.

**PERMANENT WAVES, \$1.50 and up.** For a limited time. Bowman's Beauty Shop. Phone 57.

## HILLMEN WORSHIP WONDER PLANES

**DINAIPUR, India, April 6.—(AP)—**The airplane piloted by P. F. M. Fellowes which was forced down yesterday on a return flight from Mt. Kanchanjunga in the Himalayas returned today to Purneah, the base of a British aerial expedition which flew

## Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

"From Poverty to Riches": The story of a down-trodden citizen, who leaped from a lowly position as a county commissary customer, to the steering wheel of a high-powered 1933 auto, in slightly less than 30 days.

Salem is one of the world's largest hop-growing centers. Great and bountiful have been the financial rewards from the manufacture of beer. Yet Salem balks at the sale of beer, via its council, and will be one of few, if not the only town in the state that on Friday will not sanction the amber fluid. They will vote upon the question of sale, within the corporate limits, on July 21. It is hoped none of the voters will be too busy in the hop fields on election day to get to the polls.

**GLORIOUS FEELING, NO DOUBT!**  
 (Eugene News)  
 Did you ever notice the quivering hanches of a hunting dog that has just picked up a fresh scent? Just the way I felt last Sunday while meandering along the shores of the beautiful McKenzie.

The first complaint against the heat was registered yesterday by a gent who turned up his nose at the cold last January.

The hay the farmers did not know what they would do with last fall has all been fed to the cows.

**TAXPAYERS SAVED AGAIN.**  
 Another Nye committee, instructed to make an inspection of the proposed Everglades National Park in Florida, found it convenient to go south shortly after a cold Christmas in Washington, and on December 30 reached the Florida sunshine. It immediately hired two house-boats, the Windwept and the Chicco, and kept them for five days at an expense (for rental, not purchase) of \$1687.50. That included oil, gas, guide, pilot service and the inevitable "incidentals." The committee later hired a blimp and paid \$75 for a brief view of the proposed park from the air. The total cost of this holiday tour to Florida was \$2411.15. A good time was had by all, and the taxpayer got another neatly printed report.

Guo Sparrow and family have moved into the last year's bird nest, formerly occupied and owned by Oliver Bluejay.

Between Japan going to war and China going Bolshevik, Japan seems to have the best of the argument. According to eminent authorities, the Orientals are not mad at each other, but China desires to go crazy under the guidance of Soviet Russia. Japan, naturally, does not care for a bunch of Chinese hellraisers, at her door, so she attempts to shoot the nastiness out of China, so she will not be a doer of Russia. Russia does not care to do any fighting herself. The world war demonstrated she was poor at it, worse even than the Chinese. So do not cuss the belligerence of the Japanese—cuss the pinheadness of the Chinese.

**O! THE FISH!**  
 The excitement attendant upon Mr. P. C. Bigham catching a fish in Rogue river last Saturday has subsided to the point where Mr. Bigham only feels like Benito Mussolini, and scrapes the ground occasionally, on his descent to earth. Mr. Bigham is filled up with honest pride, like a proud papa. However, it is a question, which is the proudest—Mr. Bigham, the piscatorial enthusiast, or the fish. For about 20 minutes after it was announced that Mr. Bigham had caught a fish, the piscatorial circle stood flabbergasted and awed. The fish should be pickled in alcohol, for the next time the legislature wrestles with the Rogue River fish bill as they will. Many patied Mr. Bigham on the back reverently, and so did your corr., for some day he may catch another fish and give it to us, as so often threatened. All hail Mr. Bigham! And all hail the fish! A metropolitan daily was thus inspired to call this valley "fish-minded." It is hoped this conclusion was based upon Mr. Bigham's prowess with rod and reel, and not from the way he have been acting.

April showers continue over valley. "Amicable adjustment" reported on Rogue River fish bill.

Next week is "home garden week."

**TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY**  
 April 6, 1913.  
 (It was Sunday.)  
 President Wilson in address to congress demands that "people rule."

"When Lincoln Paid," a Civil War drama at the Star. "Sad Lover of the Hills" at the Isis; "The Lady and the Drummer" at the It.

Two fist fighters fined \$1 each by Justice Glenn Taylor, when both shake hands and share the blame.

Smudge pots are fired for first time this year.

Funeral services for Ed Root attended by large crowd of friends, who packed Presbyterian church. He was a beloved character of the city.

Portland school girls have their pay raised to 88 per cent.

**OUR PLATFORM** smarter styles, finer leathers, greater values, in Brownbilt Shoes, priced from \$1.48 to \$5.95. Buster Brown Shoe Store, 32 S. Central Ave.

**SPECIAL**—For making, remodeling and altering of women's and children's garments, also altering and repairing of men's clothing, see Gladys Kimm, Modiste, 107 Millstreet.

Real estate or insurance—Leave it to Jones. Phone 798

## AUTOIST GIVEN TASTE OF PAINT

**PORTLAND, Ore., April 6.—(AP)—**William Flinn, who speeded through a crew of 17 city jail prisoners who were working on the city's streets paint gang in a blocked-off section, was given a full-fledged member of the paint gang today.

Witnesses said he disregarded a flagman, drove 45 miles an hour over freshly painted traffic lines, barely missing several workmen and then laughed at their howls.

"The best cure I can think of for you is to put out in the street so you can see how it feels to have automobiles run at you," Judge Tomlinson declared. "I sentenced you to ten days' work with the paint gang."

"I want to appeal, your honor," Flinn shouted. "All right," the court said, "your bail will be \$500."

**Pre-Easter bargains.** Shoes \$1.45 to \$3.95; hats 25c to \$3.95; dresses \$1.95 to \$5.95; coats and suits \$4.95 to \$19.95 "The Store that Saves You Money" The Band Box & Shoe Box.

## GAMBRINUS BEER TO FLOW AGAIN

**PORTLAND, Ore., April 6.—(AP)—**Purchase of the old Gambrinus Brewing company's holdings here and plans for reconstruction of the building to provide for modern brewing facilities, were announced today jointly by Peter Marinoff, president and general manager of the Northwest Brewing company, and Leon H. Buller, representing the new owners.

Robert T. Knight, secretary of the Northwest Brewing company, said men would be put to work on the property Monday and the project will be rushed to completion. The plant will be in operation as soon as machinery can be installed.

The Northwest Brewing company has headquarters in Tacoma and operates a brewery at Walla Walla. It was said the firm has plans for construction of a brewery in Seattle as soon as the Portland unit is in operation.

Broken windows glazed by Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

## 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**  
 April 6, 1923.  
 (It was Friday.)  
 Railroads to spend billion dollars in improvements this year.

Signs of oil found in Trigonina drillings, and work is "intensified."

Gordon Kershaw, Frank Perl, Paul Lay and Milam Jacobs star in high school play, "The Gypsy Rover." Perl plays the role of a "society butterfly." Miss Zita Singler in the leading lady role "scores admirably."

Eight permits for buildings issued at city hall.

Vice-President Coolidge sure to be presidential candidate in 1924.

April showers continue over valley. "Amicable adjustment" reported on Rogue River fish bill.

Next week is "home garden week."

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# The WHITE COCKATOO

by MIGNON G. EBERHART

**CHAPTER 1: HOTEL IN ARMENE**

HE thing began, as it ended with the white cockatoo. His name was Pucci, and he gave me a doubtful glance from his shining black eyes and sidled nearer, peering over my arm while I wrote, as if what he saw might confirm his suspicion. He cocked his head on one side, ruffled up the pale yellow feathers of his crest, and watched my pen in a knowing fashion while I filled out the card of arrival which the hotel clerk—who was also the manager—had handed me. The card had thoughtfully been printed in two languages, French and English, and I filled in the blanks rapidly. Date: November 29, 1931. Surname: Sundean. Christian name: James.

At place of residence I hesitated; I wouldn't say Moscow, for I loathed the place, and as a matter of fact I had not been in Moscow but north of it.

My thoughts hovered indecisively over various possibilities: New York, Chicago, Denver. The card plainly said "Permanent residence," and permanent residence was a thing I had not. The cockatoo's waiting black eyes, no less than the consciousness that the swarthy, fat manager across the desk was noting my brief hesitation, nudged me to decision, and I wrote New York. Occupation: engineer. Arriving from: Berlin.

The cockatoo scratched himself vigorously, his curved beak under one wing; he withdrew it hurriedly to watch me push the paper across the desk and to write my name also in the open register which the manager was holding toward me. The page on which I wrote was entirely bare except for an ink blot, and it gave me what I later found, was a quite correct impression that in November there were not many guests at the hotel.

This time I did not hesitate at place of residence. The cockatoo was reassured only when I put down the pen; he uttered a hoarse murmur which was unintelligible as to



withdrew it as soon as possible: his was rather unpleasant; damp, perhaps.

"Glad to see you. Glad to see you," he went on heartily. "Many Americans come here during the tourist season. They come to see the palace and the old Roman ruins. But not many during the winter. So your home is in New York?"

"Mine is in Chicago. My name is Lovschlem. Marcus Lovschlem. Well, well. I've got a brother in New York. He took out his papers of citizenship the same year I got mine. He is in the bootlegging business and," he added simply, "he's doing very well."

I thought it possible; indeed, probable. But I wondered what this self-styled American citizen was doing here in a small, forgotten French town. He knew my thoughts. I was to discover that he frequently knew one's thoughts.

"You are asking yourself why I am here? Ah—" he lifted his crest, dark hand from his cockatoo's feet to point roughly at me—"Isn't that right? Circumstances, my friend. Circumstances. This post offered itself, and I took it gladly."

I had no reason whatever to suspect as I did that the circumstances were unavailing. But I was not his friend and had no intention of being going that, and I dislike roughness. Moreover, I was tired and cold and hungry.

I said no doubt and that I should like a room with a bath.

On this he became thoughtful. Rooms with baths were a little difficult. The hotel was old, I surely understood, and while it had plumbing, still, the plumbing had been added many years after the hotel had been built and was not, even now, quite adequate. I could have a bath, yes; I could even have a daily bath if I insisted, which would be

only five francs a day added to my bill, but a room with a bath was difficult.

It was here that, wearying, I reached toward my bag. And there occurred a rather strange thing.

He didn't try to keep me. It is a long and lean season, winter in Armene, with few tourists braving, for more than a night or two, its bitter, incessant wind, yet this manager was apparently quite willing to see a paying guest walk out of his hotel and go to another. It did not, however, occur to me at the moment as being strange. I was preoccupied with another affair.

Such small things decide one's destiny. Things that are wildly and absurdly out of proportion with the trains of events they involve. What I'm trying to say is that at that moment the deciding factor was for me a faint, delicious smell of roasting meat. It was as prosaic as that; weirdly prosaic in view of what followed.

Lovschlem had not spoken. When I dropped my bag and faced him again I surprised a look in his dark eyes which fled back at once into the murky depths from which it came, but which nevertheless I was to remember.

I said: "But you do have an empty room with a bath?"

"Yes," he said, barely reluctant. "But it is over there, across the court." He motioned toward the door which led into a large square courtyard, which I had barely noted, getting out of the taxi which brought me from the train and crossing toward the lighted door of the lobby, as being a cold place of bare, gray-white paving and walls, with dark-blue shadows moving here and there as the rising wind swayed the shrubs and vines that grew densely in the corners. It was enclosed on three sides by the hotel and on one side by a wall with an arched entrance. The north wing,

directly opposite, loomed a black bulk and looked desolate and secretive, rising there in the shadow.

"It is, as you see, the north wing, and a little chilly perhaps when the wind is from the north. It is a nice room, however, and it has a bath. But people do not like the north wing in winter, and it is quite deserted."

"Let me have it," I said. "When will dinner be served?"

He told me and summoned a porter. I saw no one save the porter as I followed him and my bags through a cold and rather barren-looking lounge, with wicker chairs and a bare floor and a few anemic-looking potted plants, toward the elevator. It was a very small elevator, so small that the porter was obliged to take me up to the second floor and then return for my bags while I stood in the upper hall and waited.

The hotel was, I saw at once, much larger than my hurried glimpse of it through wind and dusk had led me to believe. But I did not, at that time, particularly note the curious architecture of the place.

The lounge was a kind of inside court, extending upward past two stories and their railed passages, which made encircling galleries to the skylighted roof. We left the lounge well and apparently the main portion of the hotel and wound our way through half-lit, carpeted corridors, down a little flight of steps, and around several unexpected turns until we reached the north wing.

There we turned abruptly through a door and walked along a very cold and narrow passage with closed, dark doors on one side and a wall of windows on the other till we reached at the very end of this highly unprospecting passage the room that was to be mine. There was no sound but the eerie wind. There was no human near.

(Copyright 1933 Mignon G. Eberhart)

Sundean overhears a low-voiced conversation, tomorrow.