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MEMBER OF UNITED PAPER WORKERS OF AMERICA
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Yesterday was a quiet day at the State House in Salem. Neither the governor nor the state treasurer, bowed by the dignity of high office, caused the other of being human. In the midst of their piffing pettiness, Oregonians relish to read about the windy orneriness of Gov. Rolph of California.

25 oil magnates and financiers of Oklahoma have been charged with "criminal manipulation of bank funds" involving \$23,000,000, and the savings of thousands of people. The Marion county record of landing a transient bandit in the penitentiary 20 hours after commission of his crime, is in no danger of being excelled.

Tom Johnson is out again after a siege of typhoid, and looks better than he did before he had the typhoid.

The Valley A.A.A. (Amateur Anarchist Association) held a meeting one night last week. They endorsed the Constitution, read the Bible, praised the seaworthiness of the "Mayflower", and passed a motion disapproving of getting caught.

Rudy Vallee, the crooner, mixed in a sensational divorce suit his wife started. In writing a book about his troubles, entitled: "The Heartaches and Headaches of a Celebrity." This is what the public gets for sympathizing with him, but he might have written a song.

Down in Louisiana, when the politicians need a smoke screen, they just set fire to a few ballot boxes.—(SP. Chronicle.) How history loves to repeat itself!

SOUNDS FINE—BUT!
If profit and profit alone, be the end sought by human effort, then society must reconcile itself to steady deterioration. It is only when men rise above domination by the profit motive and learn to subordinate profit to service that the social, economic and political orders begin to come in sight of a firm foundation and a continuing existence, with peace and happiness assured to the great mass of mankind at least.—(From Annual Report of President of Columbia University.)

Farmer Bill Carle of the Applegate ran into town Sat. and may try and run on up to the legislature.

A Jackson county Democratic warhorse, who kept the party alive here for years, when all and sundry were wild about Coolidge, is now asking the Democratic party to keep him alive. He may be forced to implore the Republicans to do something about it.

Pancakes are the order of the day, and all are as flat as the "All-Portland" movement of 10 years ago.

A crew of 183 robins in charge of J. Cochran Robin, have taken up quarters on the Pub. Lib. lawn, and all are busily engaged in removing fishworms. "This is a hunger fight," said Mr. Robin. "If the farmers would plow so we could work in the furrows for our worms, we would not be here. There are too many cats and boys, but a robin must eat. I got by most of the winter eating with the chickens, but the crows started hanging around the hen houses and chased me out. They are going to offer a prize for every dead crow. The hunters will hit everything but the crows, so we thought it was better to fly to town and take a chance with the cats and the armed kids." Mr. Robin said he landed a monster fishworm the first day. "It took five minutes to tear him loose, and he put up a terrific battle. He had my tail dragging on the grass, and my neck is still sore from pulling." Robin denied the report his followers would do no singing this spring, on account of the panic. "I don't know what we've got to sing about, but we'll sing," he said. "The little bird that told you that must have been one of those low down English sparrows."

Medford Is Fortunate

WE seldom appreciate our blessings. So accustomed are we in Medford, for example, to an honest, conscientious and capable city government, that one never hears any public expression of appreciation of the fact—or ALMOST never.

Yesterday, for example, M. L. Alford, veteran city recorder, announced that the city administration, during the past year, saved over \$11,000 from its 1933 budget. It's an almost unheard of thing these days, to hear of any public body, spending less money than the budget provides. The tendency is all the other way.

But during the past year the city administration actually spent \$7422 less than it was allowed to spend, and increased its revenues by nearly \$4000 in other directions.

A great achievement! The fact that this saving is not actually represented in a cash balance is no fault of the city fathers. They are not to blame for a tax delinquency that renders both profit and loss, merely a matter of bookkeeping.

WE congratulate Mayor Wilson and the city councilmen. They are admirably sustaining a precedent established many years ago in this city which we believe is unique in the history of municipal government in this state.

Nearly 50 years ago Lord Bryce declared that municipal government in the United States, was the most dishonest, inefficient and corrupt in the civilized world. There has been vast improvement since then. But in many cities, particularly the larger ones, local government is still a disgrace—subject to underworld control and political corruption and jobbery, of every description.

In Medford the quality of local government has varied of course; some administrations have been better than others.

But in ALL that time, there has never been a public scandal; not one case of corruption or graft; not even an irregularity, that was not subsequently corrected, or through which the taxpayers ever lost a dime.

AND during practically all this time, our mayors and councilmen have served WITHOUT PAY!

They have given their time and their energy, their best abilities,—night after night, and day after day, as a "labor of love"—or to express it more accurately perhaps, as the discharge of a public duty, they believed they owed to their community,—without asking even an expense account,—much less day wages, in return.

It is, we honestly believe, one of the best examples of civic loyalty and devotion, to be seen throughout the state,—in fact, throughout the entire country.

And we are proud of the record, and proud of the men who have made it possible!

--And Not So Fortunate!

WE don't like to grumble,—but— WHY is it, that whenever Oregon is nationally recognized this part of the state, invariably gets the worst of it? There is a long list to sustain this contention, commented upon in this column through a period of years.

Once upon a time Crater Lake was moved to California; another time Medford was left off the map entirely; and a third time, the Rogue River valley was a "terra incognita" between Ashland and the Umpqua divide.

It was ever thus. Now we have advance proofs of an article in the February issue of that excellent magazine the National Geographic, introduced as follows:

"Oregon described by a native son: the scenic beauties, busy industries, and the rich historical background of Oregon, the 'Beaver state'—a rapidly moving description by Amos Burg, noted explorer and photographer, who was born along the banks of the Columbia, etc., etc."

It is a very beautiful article, with over 60 photographs, 24 in color, and a two page map. But unless this advance copy is incomplete, there is NO SUCH PLACE as Medford, and the Rogue River valley.

PORTLAND is there of course, as it should be, "where a cool breeze wafts the scent of flowers through the streets." So is the valley of the Willamette, "the Nile of Oregon"; (Champoeg, Salem, Astoria, Eastem Oregon, with its rich soil, "the debris of old lava plains"; and PENDLETON—Pendleton is an "ADVENTURE" with its round-up enacting a drama in which the old sports and "the passing life of the frontier West relive in pauseless thrill."

Very pretty! The Blue mountains are there too and Sumpter, while in conclusion, Mr. Burg takes his readers to Crater Lake, via Bend and Fort Klamath,—but wouldn't you know it—he never reaches Medford, or Ashland or Grants Pass,—doesn't see a trout in Rogue river, or a rhododendron along the Redwood highway, the Oregon Caves, or a pear orchard in bloom;

No, the survey ends there—"the 24th of a series of American state and city stories"—and so that is OREGON, for the rest of the world to see.

IS this protest merely a super sensitive complex, or local pride gone to seed? Maybe so. Self diagnosis is a difficult process. But we think it is merely the fact—for which he is not to blame—that the author Mr. Burg was born on the BANKS OF THE COLUMBIA.

There is something about those born on the "banks of the Columbia" and who live there, which makes them terribly short-sighted whenever the extreme southern extremity of this state is concerned. They can see Crater Lake and now and then Mt. Pitt—if the weather is clear—but anything else is invariably INVISIBLE!

Nothing new about this. Over 30 years ago, a movement was started to gain recognition for this geographical orphan by joining the state of California.

If the Rogue River valley really WISHES to register,—it still appears to be the only way!

He's Lawyer Now SEATTLE, Jan. 23.—(AP)—Paul Jessup, athlete and former jailer here, now tries to keep men out of jail. The holder of the world's discus throwing record has hung up his shingle as a lawyer.

Oregon Weather Unsettled and colder with local snows over mountains tonight; Wednesday cloudy and continued cold;

fresh and strong west and northwest winds offshore.

Draw Names for Jury—The county court, in full from a heavy run of county business, and straightening out of tangles arising from the Banks-Pehl turmoil, is drawing the jury list for 1934, consisting of between 275 and 300 names. The law requires that it be completed by February 18.

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SOFT SPOTS AND OTHER SHORTCOMINGS OF BABIES.

Scarcely a week passes without a letter from some amateur mother who has discovered a soft spot in the baby's head and is all worked up over it. Or if the baby's head does not seem too soft in spots it is not quite symmetrical, she finds.

In case any one should contemplate having a baby it may be well to have it clearly understood by all concerned that they are seldom entirely flawless nowadays. When we were babies it was different. But somehow they don't seem to make 'em so good any more. We can't blame it on quantity production either. With razors, now, the more they make the worse they are; razors or razor blades are made and sold to serve. But with babies, the scarier they grow the more flaws folks seem to find in them.

For instance, virtually all babies come with a couple of soft spots in the head. The front one, right on top of the head, is an inch or more in diameter, and even if the baby gets good fresh milk, cod liver oil, fresh fruit juice, banana, puree of peas, beans or spinach, raw apple sauce, and everything, the soft spot does not harden with normal development, sixteenth or seventeenth month of age.

The other soft spot is at the back of the head, but this one is less alarming, being smaller and in a less noticeable place. Besides it generally fills with bone by the end of the second month.

The usual cause of delayed closure of the soft spot (called fontanel) is rickets. The best preventive against rickets is nursing your own baby. If incapable of doing that, then at least see to it that the baby gets pure fresh raw milk—a grade that your own physician or your local health officer approves. If you can afford it, certified milk is the best for any baby. If you are so situated that you can keep a goat, there is nothing better than goat's milk for a baby or for any one else, provided the goat gets a reasonable amount of fresh fodder. If you are compelled to feed the baby pasteurized milk, at least you can see that the baby has a daily ration of fresh fruit juice to

ham, who has maintained quarters there since its opening. The most spacious, unusual and magnificent drawing room in New York is that of George Blumenthal, octogenarian financier, at 70th and Park avenue. Two and a half stories high and 100 by 60 feet, it is lighted entirely by candles, ranging from eight feet in height to the size of one's little finger. There is a candle-lighter with amuser whose sole duty is to keep the tapers in perfect trim. The vaulted room is hung with Titians, Rembrandts and priceless tapestries and a personal organist plays softly upon a double echo organ while guests partake of coffee.

With Gene Bursik I waited this morning for a mutual friend who was a passenger arriving at the Newark airport. Far out in the sky appeared a dot and in a few moments a plane roared overhead, making wide circles, then turning and skimming across the field. Through the window strip a row of excited faces. A girl with a red toque, a man in a woman's hair coat, and mechanics turn out. The pilot leaves up a lid, raises his goggles, steps out in a belated leather coat and idly lights a cigarette. More fun than watching a train thunder in.

Fannie Brice, after several sabbatical years, ran away with the Winter Garden's version of the Ziegfeld Follies. The special ticket for the Broadway rivalries was her travesty of Sally Rand's fan dance, rowdily dirty but funny. At Lindy's after the premiere someone commented on her interesting weight, suggesting she must weigh 180 pounds. "Not that much soaking wet, a rock in each hand and a gottle," she chirped. (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE. Suite cleaned and pressed. 85c. Dresses 75c up. Tel. 835-J. Economy Cleaner, 1728 No. Riverside.

Dance at Rogue Elk Saturday night, February 3.

TEMPERAMENTAL IRRITABLE AMBITIOUS NOTHING TO SAY

Hollywood is puzzled. Why have the four marriages of John Gilbert, one of the screen's most noted lovers, ended in failure? Two of his ex-wives and the one he now has separated from offer some of the reasons. "He was too temperamental," says Letrize Joy (left). "He was irritable and moody," says Ina Claire (second from left). "He is a victim of his own driving ambition," says Virginia Bruce (third from left), his latest wife. And to these comments Gilbert replies, "He is anything for me to say." (Associated Press Photos)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O.O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Broadway's two most notoriously "unsolvable crimes" appear definitely pigeon-holed. Now and then the faint hue and cry, but because two amiser figures were removed from the world of Broadway. The chronic intrigue the public seems little interested in tracking down the murderers.

There are wise men who declare the killers of Argold Rothstein, the gambler, and Dot King, the black mauling lady, are protected to save higher-ups from disgrace. But such rumors are nebulous, careless whispers of the cafes, night clubs and underworld.

Innumerable times it will be heard: "Everybody knows who killed them!" Followed by eyebrow lifts and intimations of ex-officials living in splendor here and abroad. Yet none names the guilty right out. Dot King was found garroted in the "love nest" 10 years ago.

Rothstein rushed from a hotel, fatally pistol, in 1928. He refused to name his slayer. The facts are, of course, that both murders involved many in high places. It's all right-fishy, but that police drew herring across the trails has never been successfully proved.

Sigmund Spaeth likely knows more musicians and their quirks than any person of the day. His father was a Lutheran minister with 11 children, for all of whom he provided unusual education. Sig's was musical and he has transmitted its classics into simplicities for devotees of barber shop harmonies. As a tune detective he has with rare good humor exposed many Tin Pan alley heroes as fishers from the masters.

Mrs. Gene Tunney, after a prolonged convalescence, is now seen in the gorgeous chinchilla which she affects at night, opera and first nights. Her presence is reminding, too, that many women are returning to the social activities and fineries they have been dodging for three years. Style writers declare New York has not been so fashionably groomed in years.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.
THE dispatches tell us: "Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his exploring expedition reached their base in the Antarctic today." From this base, they will proceed with a new series of south polar investigations.

A cynic referred to this writer the other day, referring to Admiral Byrd: "If I could get somebody else to pay the bills, leaving me to enjoy the adventure and the publicity, I'd explore the Antarctic too."

TOO narrow minded—as most cynics are. Plenty of people felt the same way about it in Columbus' day, but if Isabella hadn't put up the money to provide Columbus with an adventurous cruise, the Indians might still be roaming over this country.

YOU never can tell about these cynics, anyway. This one, as like as not, belongs to some organization or other whose real, low-down purpose is to provide salary and traveling expenses for a few smart national officials.

The more cynical a man pretends to be, the more likely he is to fall for some such project. A LOT of people, incidentally, pretend to be cynical and hard-boiled when in reality they aren't at all. They merely adopt the pose as a sort of protective covering.

Many shrewd salesmen PREFER customers who pretend to be cynical and hard-boiled, finding such persons actually much easier to deal with.

DEMOCRATIC leaders in the house of representatives, we read, plan to rush the new Roosevelt monetary measure through without delay, sending it on to the senate by next week. These plans, we may take it for granted, will be carried out without a hitch. The new money measure will be passed by both houses, signed by the president and put into effect with very little delay indeed.

And when it goes into effect, we won't be able to notice any radical differences. As Will Rogers says, the president promises us 60-cent dollars, which are about what we have now.

THE point is that President Roosevelt's little pep us all up by telling us about it in a new and thrilling way. The thing we really NEED, you know, in order to bring business back to normal, is to get all pepped up with enthusiasm, so that we will put our shoulders to the wheel and make things go.

That's a lot more important than cheap dollars, and the president is shrewd enough to know it. A NOTHER dispatch says: "Preparing for possible stoppage of the civil works program on February 10 because of funds running out, the federal works administration today halted purchase of materials and supplies for use on projects throughout the country."

If you're dumb, you'll believe that. But if you're SMART, you'll put it down for just a lot of words to fill space.

THE civil works program CAN'T be stopped. It is really working, putting money into circulation, and making business better—which is more than can be said for all the various other devices tried out during the past couple of years.

The others have merely piled more money up in the vaults, where it has done nobody any particular good. CWA has put money to work.

CONGRESS even suggests shutting it off now, its members will be buried under a flood of protests from their constituents who are beginning to get their fingers on CWA money and are feeling real business stimulation as a result.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

Wolves, coyotes and mountain lions are increasing rapidly in the Wenatchee National Forest. While deer bear and mountain goats are losing ground, Harry Elfont, assistant supervisor, announced on completion of his annual census.

SALEM, Jan. 23.—(AP)—C. N. Newham, 59, pioneer in the baby chick business in the Pacific north-west died at his home here yesterday following a brief illness. He was a prominent realtor and former hotel manager in Salem.

Center Of French Pawnshop Swindle

Serge "Handsome Alex" Stavisky alleged \$40,000,000 swindle, mortally wounded himself when he was trapped by police in an Alpine villa. After his death angry mobs stormed the French chamber of deputies in Paris claiming police had killed Stavisky to shield men in high public office. (Associated Press Photo)



Edison's talking pictures, "the sensation of all time," shown at the Page.

City well is declared a menace to public health, "and full of dead cats."

Worst windstorm of year sweeps Pacific Coast states.

The Basco Musical Comedy troupe opens a six days' engagement at the Page next week.

Rogue River correspondent says "a pup caught loose on Evans creek last week and cut the cables on the foot-bridge until they hung by a strand. School children crossed, but the bridge did not fall, as evidently intended."

Wood complaint of W. L. Reichstein, claimant, against the Southern Pacific, is heard. Reichstein charges the railroad "spots" the flat-cars in the south end of town, when he wants them in the north end.

Ballie sat in at the reserve board governors meeting on that subject although he was legally a private citizen.

The exchange penning also will be done in Morgenthau's name but some expert on the subject (probably Kent) will handle the job.

The first sign of irritation Mr. Roosevelt has shown about little things since he has been in the White House was the edict against broadcasting by Roosevelt mimics on the radio.

The most accurate house speech on the gold bill was made by Congressman Beedy who said that no more than twelve house members knew what the bill was all about.

Someday there is going to be a big publicity spurge about what went on inside our delegation at the London economic conference. At least two delegates have privately written the whole inside truth as they saw it, naming names and spading apades. Believe it or not, the offstage actions of some of the delegates are said to have been spitting interesting. These privately written manuscripts will not be published for several years at least and perhaps not until some people are dead.

Settlers Hungry As Storm Rages HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 23.—(AP)—Several settlements in northern Victoria county, isolated by a driving snowstorm, were reported today to be "almost destitute."

Barriers of snow and ice cut off supplies by land and sea. Coastal ships have not been able to enter Victoria ports for weeks and merchants are without stocks.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO TODAY
January 23, 1924.
(It was Wednesday.)
There are 2,964 dogs in the county, but only 13 have dog licenses, county clerk reports.

Seventeen officers arrest a man with a washbottle that "looks like a still." Sheriff Terrill defies county court, and refuses to arrest war veteran for dry law violation. "He fought in the Argonne, while the county court was making four-minute talks," opines the sheriff.

Thrift campaign starts in the valley. Jackson county quota for the "starving Armenians" fixed at \$876.50.

School board refuses to accept resignations of two teachers who quit at Christmastide to get married. Dr. W. W. P. Holt is named county health officer.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
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