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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

A Washington state woman has put 839 threads through the eye of a needle, and is now looking for a rich man to buy her a camel, to ram through the same aperture.

Very young ladies are engaging in debates, and winning them. No doubt some man thinks he trained them. If he did it is time for mothers to start going to Public Speaking school.

A Valley Revolutionist, more humped than a humped camel, has regained his nerve and wind. He may run for something in the spring, but fears the "gang" will conceal a dictatorship in the seat of his pants.

The world's endurance record for playing a saxophone has been established at 18 hours, by a Paris player. Neighbors report that it's not the playing of a saxophone that hurts—it's trying to play.

Dock Robinson, the Jville Sultan, has recovered from a cold, that caused him to rattle like a 4d. This pioneer, like Yankee Doodle and Clark Gable, is with the girls right handy.

The zenith in ability is that feeling when your nice, fairly new, well-kept car, upon which you have thoughtfully provided liability and property damage insurance, is struck and practically ruined by a ramshackle Lizzie whose owner paid \$5 for it and who has neither insurance, property nor a job.—(Louisville, Ky., Courier.) Not to mention being sued for \$10,000 worth of mental anguish.

CREDIT WHERE DUE
(Eugene News)
One more coyote was killed in this neighborhood Wednesday by Lester Morgan as he happened to be in the lucky spot where the dogs of the Powell brothers, Gerald, Templeton, Marvin Cox, J. R. Herbert and Robbie Cox were all after it.

The Spun Bread of H. Flewber, the demon baker, went on the market today, and soon everybody will feel like a top.

The entry of General Martin, as a Democratic candidate for governor, ought to halt all Democrats not appointed to a federal position from running for the office, and prevent Republican candidates from springing up with the spontaneity of weeds. The election of the general would stop whippersnappers in the state house at Salem, and a lot of useless windjamming, and eliminate a number of third-rate political clowns messing around in important positions. The current governor is maintaining dignity, despite opportunities to be otherwise, and is gloriously silent. He may be thinking up something to give the taxpayers without cost, like electric lights. There is also the chance that the fitness of General Martin will disgust Oregon Democrats to end, and they will vote in here, for an Independent, running on a platform to give everybody a key to the backdoor of the U.S. mint. In any event, the Republican party of Oregon will have to use its head, if any.

YE PIONEER SNICKER
It has been said over and over again that mistakes will occur in the saying of relatives families and this saying applies to the court room as well. Erickson, a prisoner with one eye, was up for trial a few days ago and at the same time a gentleman by the name of Stanton, who also had only one eye, was one of the jurors.

Judge Balleray had noticed the loss of the prisoner's eye, but never perceived that of the jurymen was similarly afflicted, and suddenly noticing Stanton, whom he pointed was Erickson, in the jury box, pointed the finger of scorn at the supposed original and demanded in a stentorian voice, "What are you doing there?"

A laugh followed but the judge says he would not have had it occur for \$1000.—(50 Yrs. Ago Col.)

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General Martin as Governor

SO General Martin prefers Salem, Oregon to Washington, D.C. SURPRISING—particularly at such an interesting time as this, with President Roosevelt over three years to go and very likely seven. There must be something more in the announcement than meets the eye. Probably some deserving Democrat wants the post in congress more than General Martin does; and the Democratic party, including the Roosevelt administration is particularly anxious to have a Democratic governor in Oregon.

WELL, we can say this for General Martin. He is a very fine man, thoroughly familiar with the needs of this state, a man of character and determination, who if elected would give the state an efficient, business-like and non-partisan administration.

And with no radical change in the political picture his chances of being elected, would be good. With the popularity of Roosevelt WHAT it is, any candidate having his endorsement and support, would have a tremendous advantage over all competitors, in both the primaries and thereafter.

In fact at this writing we would feel far more confident of General Martin's election, than his success afterward; for as a rule military men are not very successful either in politics, or in civil administration.

UNLESS there should be a marked change in Oregon's political atmosphere, the difficulties before General Martin as governor, would be particularly irksome in this state, at this time.

For there are so many adjustments and compromises to make. For some reason Oregonians take politics INTENSELY. They adore fights and factions. The sales tax, for example, has divided the state; and each community into hostile warring camps. We have it on excellent authority that right here in Jackson county families have been divided on this issue. Old time neighbors have become estranged.

It seems foolish, and yet there it is—an undeniable fact. The Power Trust issue is another bone of contention in this state, and there appears to be no sane or satisfactory adjudication of that controversy,—at least in the near future. We Oregonians just like to fight.

Once in office and with no marked diminution of the prevailing discent, factionalism and unrest, General Martin unless we fear, find the going both distasteful and rough.

IN the matter of courage, force, and uncompromising devotion to duty the general would be admirably fitted to face such a situation. But whether we like it or not, the fact remains, it takes MORE than that.

In other words we fear no man can be an outstanding success in this state, as governor, under present circumstances, UNLESS he is not only a competent executive and administrator, but a resourceful and adroit politician.

The combination is rare, but President Roosevelt is a living example of the fact that it exists.

Is General Martin, or could he develop—into such a type. From what we know of him—which we admit isn't very much,—we should doubt it.

HOWEVER, all this is more or less beside the point. General Martin hasn't won the nomination yet, much less the office. To doubt any man's success before he has been given a chance to demonstrate what he is, or isn't himself, is to say the least, rather academic.

But having gotten off on this tangent, we might as well finish it. Which is to wit: If anyone asked our opinion—which no one has—we would say that General Martin's unfamiliarity with the arts and wiles of the practical politician, would endear him to the people as a candidate, BEFORE the election; but would prove a serious obstacle to his popularity and success, as chief executive of the state, AFTER IT.

The Incident Is Closed

WITH a third grand jury, finding insufficient evidence to justify an indictment in the Dahaek case, we trust the incident, may, by unanimous consent be considered closed for all time.

We are tired of the everlasting controversy and believe the people of Jackson county are also. It has already cost the taxpayers thousands of dollars, in direct expense and even more in futile bickering and dissension.

As a matter of fact no one knows who fired the shot that killed Dahaek and it is doubtful if anyone ever will know. A volley was fired at a group of fleeing men, one shot went wild, penetrated a thicket of trees and underbrush and hit Dahaek, who was invisible to the officers, as well as to the fleeing men.

If one grand jury had thoroughly investigated this case and found no evidence for an indictment, one might assume there had been a mistake. But when THREE grand juries, and one of them under the direction of a special state prosecutor, came to the same conclusion, we are quite sure all reasonable people will agree that such a finding is the correct one.

So that's that. Let's forget it—at least until new and important evidence, is discovered, which ALONE would justify reviving it.

TIDY KERBY CAMP BOASTS FLAG AS BEST DISTRICT

tables were covered with veneer and highly polished. In the recreation hall, crepe streamers were used for decorations, and curtains were purchased for the windows. The company commander purchased a pennant that is presented to the barracks adjudged the cleanest and neatest for the week. Each man is required to sweep his portion of the floor daily, and his bunk, linen drawer and clothing locker must also be in tip-top shape.

Directing personnel of the 1746th company is Captain Chauncey L. Pierce, commanding officer; Lt. P. E. Rohrer, recreational officer; Lt. A. J. Hemstreet, mess officer; George A. Davis, superintendent of the forest service work, and Dr. E. H. Foster, company surgeon.

Medford members of the camp are Warren H. Conrad, Capriol Jones and Leigh W. Bateman. Specimens of Mississippi's natural resources have been placed on display in the old capitol building at Jackson.

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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

EXAMPLE OF A MAINTENANCE DIET.

A normal adult 68 inches tall weighs 150 pounds. He is a bookkeeper, say, or a coal merchant. As long as he does not play any game or do any house work, but just drives or commutes to and from the office daily and plays bridge or attends the movies or reads evenings, he requires a diet something like this to maintain his present weight:

Table with columns for Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner, listing items like Orange, Cereal, Roll, Coffee, Cream, Sugar, Butter, etc., and their respective calorie counts.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Pseudo-malaria. Some time ago you gave directions for taking quinine to prevent and to cure malaria. Please send me the directions as I have attacks at times. (P. A. R.) Answer—You can't get malaria where you live, because there is none there. If you have an old malarial infection, contracted in malarial country, you need medical care, not amateur self-doctoring. Many other diseases masquerade as "malaria." No illness is properly diagnosed malaria unless the blood parasites are found in the blood when the chill is on. The competent physician brings his microscope to the bedside, pricks the ear lobe of a finger to get a drop of fresh blood, and examines it in a few moments whether the attack is genuine malaria.

Dwindle, Dwindle. I am anxious to learn whether you have in your "Little Lessons" series a booklet about reduction. If you have I want to add a copy to my collection of your invaluable "Little Lessons."

Answer—"Design for Dwindling" is the title of it. Send ten cents and stamped envelope bearing your address. (Copyright 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Feb. 3. — Vagaries: Henry Zell sent me a hall about them. They dance gracefully each afternoon in a Broadway dance palace. Her face is surrounded with a Madonna's spirituelle although she's a hunchback. He's a handsome figure of youth whose eyes are glazed in milky film. Stone blind. From a side table I watched, wondering what, if any difference sight and a straight body would have meant to a pair of Nature's misfits. Sight and health to join arrogantly and on equal footing the merry surrounding swirl. Physically out of the race, there was nobility in their isolation.

One the music stopped as they neared our table. Her voice seemed velvety with affection and joy of service. One knew instinctively the youth with blank eyes was her idol, her lover, her child rolled into one helpless human. How right Montaigne: "Tragedy glints the most exquisite of beauty!"

Blur of mixed thoughts: The most fascinating eyes are not always largely luminous. Those of Margaret White-man and Elinor Glyn, for instance. Strange name for a gentleman—Egbert Gazele. Pensively, dawn-kissed Tallulah Binkhead is a hot biscuit and gray sopper. It is easy to guess Bob Woolsey began life a jockey.

Swashbuckling novels of romantic duels of sun-up fascinated me until eight years ago. We were—my wife and I. Will Hoge and Erskine Gwynne—in a San Sebastian cafe where political discussions seethed. Past our table swung a grotesque character we learned was a senator, hampered in red plumed cape, with manumoth hat and swarthy slick. He circled, and partly often starting as only a Spaniard stares. Someone laughed. His eyes riveted on me. I bowed bewildered and he swirled off in high rage. Later his card on a silver tray. A member of our party translated a challenge to the duel. I tried to laugh it off but the chief manager looked worried. After explanation it was patched up. He was an expert at the duello, since, reading swashbucklers makes me faintly.

Recently I sat directly behind George Jess Nathan at the play. Beside him was the feathery gishah Lillian Gish in an ensemble of pettiti-tramion gray. Interesting to watch Nathan's detachment and immobility, not some rising from statue-like stiffness. At the intermission he did not come back, his Rialto symbol of disapproval. I agreed. But all other critics thought differently next morning.

The other morning my restaurant (table was near a blonde cashier who was a Grace Gorge of 20 years ago. It has never been in cashier's cartilage. All possess the calm superiority of mathematically minded. When one looks at you never be flattered that in some remote corner of her exact mentality is admiration. She may be below a prop smile but you are just one of the automations in her vista with constantly moving jaws. She is thinking automatically: "Forty-five out of a dollar leaves fifty-five."

The Lawrence Tibbets' new home is almost an entire floor of sunny spaciouness on East End avenue overlooking the rocky outcrop and park of greenery that are Carl Schurz park. I wondered if life in the building did not suspend when the operatic baritone gave voice to morning, ni, mi, mi, or rehearsed aria. I know a music lover who rented a home near Tibbets in open-windowed Beverly just to hear him sing. He arrived the other day among the tea gatherers at his New York apartment flushed with an afternoon triumph in "Emperor Jones" and after hurried greetings he lined for the nurse. Indentured by the initials of the new Tibbets heir—Michael Edward Tibbets—quite appropriately spell "Met."

Jungle vignette: I saw Frank Buck, big game hunter, behind a palm near the trap drum in a cat's paw night. An imaginative orchestra leader would have played Ravel's "Bolero."

The Marbridge building stands at 34th and 6th avenue opposite the McAlpin. After 23 years I still pass it with an involuntary shudder. Quitting a city editorship in the mid-west I became a member of a magazine's staff in that structure. Returning from lunch with Harris Merton Lyon five days later after taking the job there was posted on the door: "This publication is in the hands of a receiver." Sorry enough but wandering in a daze up Broadway on way home I walked behind a youngish fellow with an "Bat as Joe's" banjo unfurled to the breeze. I wondered if it might not be prophetic. Topping that a lady vibrant with the first thrill of New York was waiting in a 7th street boarding house for the evening report of affairs at the office. And she had to be told! (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Treating cabbage seed with hot water has been found to be an effective method of treating two cabbage diseases known as black leg and black rot.

The Applan Way, built by the Romans, is 18 feet wide with two-foot curbs 18 inches high and have a pavement of solid stone and concrete masonry from three to four and a half feet thick.

A wingless rooster in the Washington zoo is being studied to learn more of the origin of flight.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS WEATHER. Weather. Everybody talking about it and the papers full of it. The burden of the talk is that this is an exceedingly unusual winter.

OVER the other side of Sisters—quoting from the papers—Joe Hansen, who runs a resort on the Metolius, takes Keith Hunter of Bent, and Blim Hines of Redmond, to the top of Black Butte with a horse outfit, including both saddle and pack horses.

At this season of the year, the snow on Black Butte should be so deep as to make it impossible for a horse even to START up the mountain, let alone get to the top of it.

SPeAKING of Black Butte, if you've never been there in early summer, when the Black Butte lilies are in bloom, you've missed something exceedingly worth seeing.

Better plan to make the trip this year.

AND, while we're on the subject of freak weather stories, here's one: This writer was up in the Willamette valley the first of the week and actually saw the SUN SHINING there.

Right here in January. ANOTHER one—this one from the papers again: Up in Eastern Washington, around Colville, they're scared pink about the ladybugs. Vast colonies of these insects normally hibernates, we are told, in the snow on the slopes of Mount Dominion, to the east of Colville, and this year there "AIN'T NO SNOW."

It is feared that the ladybugs, with no snow to cover them, will all freeze to death.

"WHAT of that?" do you ask? Well, you wouldn't ask it if you'd ever seen the crops all eaten up in the late spring and early summer by aphids. That's a sad sight. Especially if the crops happen to be YOURS, and you happen to be depending on them for a living.

Aphids, as of course you know, are plant lice that suck the sap from growing plants. When weather and other conditions are exactly right, they multiply in unbelievably vast numbers.

Ladybugs prey on the aphids as cats prey on mice. That's why the ladybug is regarded as the friend of man and why they're so worried up around Colville about the fate of the colonies on Mount Dominion.

GETTING back to the Willamette valley, they used to grow a lot of vetch there. Then along came a series of springs favorable to growth of aphids, and the vetch crop was practically wiped out.

They imported colonies of ladybugs, bringing them down from their hibernating places in the mountains in gunnysacks and turning them loose in the fields.

Apparently they did their stuff. Anyway, the aphid scourge passed.

THE aphid, incidentally, is made use of by the ant in an exceedingly smart way.

The aphid exudes a sort of sticky juice from its body, this juice comes from the sap of plants. Ants like this juice. So they handle the aphid much as we human beings handle cows, taking the juice from them much as we take milk from the cow.

HAT TREE BLOOMS IN CIRCUIT COURT

A hat tree has been placed in the circuit court for lawyers, and hereafter lawyers will hang their hats upon it. Instead of on the floor, and tables. Balliff Lewis has been busy, whenever court is in session, enforcing the will of tidiness. As far back as the memory of the oldest attorney runneth, there has never been a hat tree in a Jackson county court, and Balliff Lewis reports it is hard work to learn an old lawyer new tricks. The jurors have a hat tree and always use it.

It has been the custom of learned counsels to drop his hat on the table along with his portfolio and law books. If the barrister forgets the balliff hangs his hat up for him.

The hat hanging decree is being obeyed generally. Last fall the court issued a request that lawyers be ready for trial of cases on the date set, and on time. The court a few days later was stricken with a severe cold, and the docket postponed several weeks, so no real test of the legal punctuality was possible. At the same time the court requested, as a neighborly gesture, that all arise at the start of court sessions. Both these requests will be followed at the coming session of the circuit court.

Cotton growers of the south realized about \$836,775,000 for the 1933 crop, including lint and seed.

A hen's egg contains 66 per cent water, 10 per cent fat, 13 per cent protein and 11 per cent minerals.

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 4, 1924 (It Was Tuesday) Emil Cote, exponent of "conscious auto-augmentation," arrives in Los Angeles, and has everybody saying, "every day in every way, I am getting better and better."

School superintendent warns parents that "children who leave school now will not be given credit for a full term of school." There has been several withdrawals as parents are leaving on long auto trips.

Employees of Copco hear a lecture by Prof. Vining of Ashland on Shakespeare.

Mrs. Gordon Voorhies leaves on trip to Portland.

Valley merchants warned by police, "A good-looking blonde check forger is headed their way."

Mann's "Clean Sweep" sale begins. Lincoln club reports difficulty in procuring a speaker for the annual Lincoln Day banquet.

Twenty Years Ago Today February 5, 1914 (It Was Thursday) The chief of police announces, "I will put a crimp on loafers who sit on the curb to sun themselves."

A widow and six children travelling by train from Texas to the Dallas are given "food, clothing and cheer by the W. C. T. U."

"Mary Pickford in Caprice" at the Star; "The Stigma Upon Laura," at the 11; and "No More Days" at the 15.

Klamath Falls defeats Medford 19 to 18, before five fans at the Nat.

The Presbyterian church endorses, "Bools for the Panama Canal, and votes for women."

Mr. Roosevelt is very secretive about prospects of a stabilization agreement with Britain and also about the operations of his exchange stabilization fund. He has announced he intends to keep both matters secret.

The administration would like to have Senator James Byrnes as chairman of the senate appropriations committee but there is no way to do it because of his low rank in seniority.

SOLON PUSHING WILSON PENSION

Every possible effort is being made by the Oregon delegation in congress to bring early action on the request of Lemuel T. Wilson of Jacksonville for a federal pension for service in the Indian wars. A. H. Banwell, manager of the chamber of commerce, announced today in response to a story appearing in the Sunday Mail Tribune, regarding the delay.

Communications were received today from Senators McNary and Stelwer and Congressman Mott, regarding the pension. Mr. Banwell stated, Senator McNary reported in his letter, in behalf of Mr. Wilson, and the measure is now pending before the senate committee on pensions. I shall, however, be very glad to render Mr. Mott every assistance if the house bill comes before the senate for consideration.

Mrs. Nettie Harris Dies in California

Word was received here today of the death of Mrs. Nettie B. Harris, formerly of Medford and a sister of Mayor E. M. Wilson. Mrs. Harris died very suddenly this morning at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Grove in Eagleview, Cal.

She is remembered by many friends here, where she was assistant for some time in Mayor Wilson's office. Mr. Wilson will leave immediately for the south, where funeral arrangements are awaiting his arrival.

Broken windows glazed by Frowbridge Cabinet Works

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THE Ladies-"Azure" husband been a little bit peevish in the morning? If so try a little "Spun Bread" toast on his tray for breakfast. It will do the trick in a jiffy.

'AZURE'

Spun Bread

Spun Bread

Spun Bread

Spun Bread