

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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EDITED BY ROBERT W. HUBB



Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Ferry.
Miss Marie Callahan of Chicago, editor of a beauty trade magazine, reports: "Male customers are now flocking to the beauty parlors for their permanents." If this keeps up for a couple of years, man will be doing the giggling for the high school girls.

Once more Oregon candidates for governor are cutting the farmer in two and saving the taxes. The vote whedding will soon be rampant.

The gent who in 1928 would buy a dinosaur's egg or a buffalo hide, if the payments were right, is now back on a three-meal-per-day basis Wednesday.

The Anti-Cigarette league plans to again take the field. If memory serves aright, this is the organization that once before caused the complete disappearance of the cigarette.

The upstate press is still popping eastern weather with unkind remarks. The picking of a violet by a moose stone in a rail fence corner, the smelting in the coast creeks or a golden sunset causes scribbles to remark: "A blizzard is raging in the east." No doubt an easterner can stand a 24-hour blizzard as well as a native of Astoria can live through 114 inches of rain in a year, and celebrates July 4th. (a) Because it is the nation's birthday, and (b) because his feet are dry for the first time in nine months. "A blizzard is raging in the east," should be made the official state slogan, before a Portland poet writes a song about it. Space will not permit the enumerating of conditions indigenous to Oregon, that provide lively competition to saw-toothed eastern blizzards.

The leading bum guess is: "Due to Prohibition, the present-day youth knows nothing about strong liquor, and will shun it." The next best bit of faulty prognosticating, held to the theory that beer would speed tax payments.

Roger (nee Terrible) Touhy, the Chicago gangster, now pickled away in Joliet prison for 99 years for getting caught kidnaping one John Farrow, blames the newspapers for his current predicament. From Mr. Touhy down to the auto tramp who stole a tractor wheel, everybody but themselves are responsible for their crimes. The guilt of a criminal, or the demagoguery of a peanut politician, can always be measured by the vehemence with which he curses a newspaper.

The homely magnolia tree at Main and Ivy, is being moved to make room for a beautiful gas also. It will be transplanted to the courthouse yard, where it will be handy for formal lysing of the official machine, the district attorney, in the next restoration of law and order.

SENATORIAL BAWLOUT
Mr. Robinson of Indiana: I will yield to the senator from Alabama in just a second. If there is one man on the floor of the senate who should never talk about fairness, it is the senator from Arkansas. Constantly he interrupts everybody who attempts to debate a question. It makes no difference whether it is in the midst of a sentence or not, immediately he interrupts. He does not wait until the chair asks the senator whether he will yield or not, but on the spot he starts talking, and then he talks, and talks, and talks, and talks, and then he undertakes to lecture any other senator who dares to rise for his rights.—(Cong. Record).

A tin can of gold was found last week, approximately four miles southwest of the foot of the last rainbow. The owner couldn't be any sadder, but is slightly wiser.

Four of the Older Girls met at the C. Strong scales Wed. pm., and all talked at once, but got weighed one at a time.

Judge Colvig's boy Pinto was on the air. These events in a song and bark like a dog. His wolf will predominate in the next Walt Disney film.

Editorial Correspondence

FURNACE CREEK, Death Valley, Calif., Feb. 26.—Here we are in the middle of Death Valley, a gorgeous moonlight night, as balmy as May,—sitting on a hotel terrace and looking across the white sand to the stage scenery mountains in the distance—certainly one of the most enchanting spots in this country and we believe in the world. In fact in our judgment there is nothing like Death Valley this side of the MOON. To those who come here in airplanes—and many do (there is a private plane from San Francisco here on the landing field below)—it must look much like the moon through a powerful telescope,—the mountains completely bare, the dark craters, the deep shadows, no living thing in sight,—a bare relief map, a composite of high lights and sharp shadows in the mellow light of the moon!

"DEATH VALLEY!"—no place has ever been—or could be—better named. And that is why the name will stick, in spite of all efforts to change it. There is no doubt the name hurts the tourist business, particularly as the source of all tourist business is in California. As a large percentage of Californians are there to prolong their life,—escape death,—a place called Death Valley is anathema to them. In the little hotel in Pasadena which we left this morning, there was only one guest out of 50 odd, that could be induced to come. "Death Valley!"—what a name, why should one go to a place like that!

Were it known as "Paradise Ranch", or "the Valley of the Moon",—it would be as popular a tourist resort as it deserves to be.

This is our second visit,—our first trip to Death Valley was made six or seven years ago. Nothing has changed since then but the roads, and the guests here at the hotel making their first trip think they are terrible. Well they are as roads go nowadays. But some idea of how they have improved may be gleaned from the fact that on that first trip we left Arrow Head Hot Springs—near San Bernardino, one afternoon, spent the night at Barstow, left early the next morning and driving the car steadily reached Furnace Creek just as the sun was going down.

This morning we left Pasadena at 9:30, lunched at Barstow and reached here at the same time (sunset) the SAME day.

The little green bug had to take some awful punishment to make it,—the dust has gone, ditto the sand,—but there are miles of rocks and chuck holes on a corduroy base instead—but make it, the l. g. b. did!

Mention Death Valley to anyone and nine times out of ten, the comment will be "Oh, that's where Scotty, of Death Valley came from!"—the man who brought gold nuggets out of the desert depths and ran a special train from Barstow to Chicago in record time—a record that has never been equalled.

That's all true except the gold. Scotty never found any gold in Death Valley, or anywhere else. He did find a Chicago multimillionaire by the name of Johnson, who spent three or four millions curing his asthma and building a fantastic palace near here, and paid Scotty \$150 per month to act as his desert agent. Johnson is bankrupt now. So is Scotty. They are charging tourists \$1 per look over this monument to the post-war boom and the greatest single barreled publicity hound since P. T. Barnum. However, more of that anon.

We have just been informed the one mail today leaves in three minutes. With the air mail off,—and 200 miles from nowhere—Heaven only knows when this will reach its destination. But perhaps by the time it gets to L. A. the air mail will be on again. Here's HOPING!

scope pour from the administration fountain. It is true today's idea may be forgotten by tomorrow, but no matter: Washington is in motion, and, after a year of it, Washington begins to think it may be perpetual.

The New Nationalism
Not the least strange of these new phenomena is the manner in which Mr. Roosevelt has been able to fasten national attention on the problems at home and divorce national thought from the distractions abroad.

You could listen to the table-talk of present-day official Washington for a week and never suspect that an earthquake is rocking Europe, or that there is a rumble of war in the Far East.

The French disturbances caused hardly a ripple of conversation. Always excepting the state department and the diplomatic corps—and they are very much on the sidelines—those who showed any interest were as likely as not to ask: Do you suppose this Paris rumpus will help us in the end by driving France off the gold standard?

Ordinary folk who sweep out of the surrounding clamor into Gramercy slow into a doleful roary of thought. It is halloved ground. Even the flock of beggars that haunt it seem especially courteous. And domestic clatter diminishes to restful lullaby.

Men from many blocks away drift there late at night for the last pipe and a bit of introspection. It is where Oliver Herford sketched many of his famous cats. It is where Robert Holaday was inspired to turn out the best of his whimsical essays and A. E. Thomas his best plays.

Radio hordes become increasingly difficult. Unseasoned talent is almost universally barred. The demand is for "names." Potential Amos and Andy and Tony Wontons go no further than the outer gate. "This will continue," it is said, "until the over-supply of experienced artists are assimilated."

And I wonder how many New Yorkers have made after dark excursions to the retail radio stores that crop around Washington and Chambers streets? Sidewalks overflow with cash-off bargains. Bright lit windows are placarded with cut-price offerings of all descriptions and with a hundred and one loud speakers going full tilt the section is violent bedlam. Most radios are sold after working hours.

Changing times have made professional life for musical comedy juveniles more intricate than ever. The type of play exploiting the handsome naval lieutenant with toothy smile who captivates all the ladies has gone into temporary retirement. Oscar Shaw is master of ceremonies in a smart café off Park avenue. Such heart flutterers as Paul Pawley, Wellington Cross, John Steele, Alexander Gray, Irving Fisher, Bernard Green, and others have either gone into café work, business or the movies.

Out of the old guard that once made the mellow New Amsterdam the hub of theatrical life only Leonard Bergman remains. Ziegfeld, Eringer, Dillingham and dozens of others are gone. The lobby in daytime is de-

scribed, bleak. Once it unrolled the smartest spectacles of the day. Remini, Wolfe was always a dropper in. As were Bide Dudley, Leo Marsh, Ward Morehouse and other commentators of the Rialto scene. It stiffened into austerity only when Eringer—the Little Napoleon—his cap abashed, stepped from his motor, and ran at the head of the theatrical vanguard. And the only one who could make even Ziegfeld slide down the brass pole to do his bidding.

There was something about West 42nd street in the New Amsterdam's hey-day that suggested caper. Life ran at full tilt. Even Murray's dancing floor revolved to keep pace with the tempo. George White would often "bust" along the sidewalk. Leon Frol would play drunk just for the fun of it. Walter Catlett shot craps with colored elevator boys and I once saw Henry Savage shadow box with a newboy.

Thingumbobs: John Charles Thomas, new operatic star, began as a chorus boy at the Winter Garden. Kate Smith's modiste declares she is the easiest of all customers to fit. W. D. Danaher writes his wife a love poem on every anniversary of their marriage. Daniel Frohman often goes four nights in a row without sleeping, but he relaxes and is refreshed.

One's entire life, legend has it, in the flash of drowning, parades by in a succession of glimmering green globules. A similar phenomenon happens in a nip-up in a bath tub. On the way down this evening this headline alliterated a crazy bravado. "Soap Slides Sap to spendman." And if anyone wants a good humped over model for a kidney pill ad, just send around a wheel chair.

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Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to discuss 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.

FROM THE TIPS OF YOUR FINGERS

The bell rang just as we were demonstrating the circulation in the capillaries the other day. By pressing gently on a finger-nail you can see the wavering line between the flush and the blanched, as the blood back to the left auricle through the pulmonary vein. No valve at entrance of the left auricle either—backward leakage is prevented by the effect of inspiration. From the left auricle the blood passes through the famous mitral valve into the left ventricle. At next heart beat it is pumped out through the aortic valve into the great artery once more. Time, 22 seconds flat, unless you're in a hurry. Any brisk exercise, of course, speeds up circulation and carries the blood around the complete circuit in shorter time.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Blackheads, Pimples and Bumps.
I am 19 and for some time have suffered from disgusting pimples, blackheads and bumps in my face. I suppose it is what you call acne.—
Answer—Yes, it is more or less physiological or normal in youth. Send a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on acne.

Wine.
Is there enough nourishment contained in wine to warrant including it in the dietary of a family with a limited income?—Mrs. L. B.
Hitherto you have always been lucid in answering queries about the medicinal or food value of alcoholic beverages, but in the answer I have perused you seem to assume the person who drinks half a pint (large glassful) of milk or a bottle (say 12 ounces) of beer, as either yields 175 calories, provided all the alcohol in the beer is oxidized and used as fuel.—Mrs. M. B. H.

Answer—No, it is foolish and extravagant to spend money for wine, beer or other alcoholic beverage, so far as any nutritive medicinal, health or remedial value goes. If half a pint of milk is more nourishing than a pint of beer—as any competent authority must admit—is it necessary to dwell on the wisdom of buying the alcoholic beverage? (Copyright, 1934, John P. 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.

INCIDENTALLY, have you ever stopped to think how seldom we hear of train wrecks in these days? The railroads have become amazingly safe.

CARBON monoxide fumes kill nine students at Dartmouth college. All members of Theta Chi fraternity. An explosion occurred in the furnace during the night, blowing open the door and disconnecting the pipe that led to the chimney. The gas fumes escaped from the furnace, crept through the house until they reached the sleeping apartment where these nine boys lay.

That was the end. CARBON monoxide gas is present in the exhaust of burning fuels, including gasoline. Never a year passes without marking up its toll of deaths due to running an automobile engine in a closed room, such as a garage with the doors shut.

WHEN these ACCIDENTS occur in peace time, we are shocked and horrified. When gases, far more deadly and terrible than carbon monoxide, are used in war time to kill men by their thousands, sending them to their deaths in terrible agony, we say merely: "It's war."

WELL, it is, and war is becoming more ghastly and frightful with each repetition. Goodness knows what we shall see if Europe goes to war again, as seems now to be threatened.

A GREAT airliner crashes just east of Salt Lake City, and the eight persons aboard die—instantaneously, apparently; never knowing what hit them.

That is a mercy, when one has to die, it is fine to die quickly. AIRPLANES are still dangerous. But at least they usually KILL, instead of crippling. This writer, for one, would far rather be killed than crippled.

Filipino Held as Wielder of Knife
PORTLAND, March 1.—(AP)—Lino Mapile, 24, a Filipino, has been charged with first degree murder for the fatal stabbing last Sunday of William Newland, 27, who was wounded, police said, in an altercation between a group of white men and Filipinos. George D. Green, one of the white men involved in the fight, signed the complaint. Another Filipino, John Longbow, 27, was charged with assault with a dangerous weapon.

Wild Silk Worms Ravage Portland
PORTLAND, March 1.—(AP)—Wild silk worms are on a rampage here. August Holly has reported the second annual attack on his fruit trees by the pests which kill the limb on which they feed. Ordinarily they are found only in the southern states, he said, inasmuch as they return to their cocoons after feeding.

BIG PINES BUILD COST SERVICE TAKES THE GUESS OUT OF ALL BUILDING PHONE 1
Do Your Lumber Shopping in the Shopping Area

Final Notice to Medford Milk Handlers.
The city ordinance specifically states "permits to handle or sell milk shall be paid January 1st of each year, and if not so paid a complaint shall be filed and action taken." All those in arrears should comply at once. CITY HEALTH DEPARTMENT. CHAS. W. AUSTIN, Milk Inspector. (Adv.)

Dance at Regue Elk Saturday night March 3.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

DEATH rides the news on the day these words are written—death in about every form that could be imagined.

TORNADOES in the South take toll of 16 lives. In the tornado country, a cloud appears on the horizon—usually an insignificant-appearing cloud. The wind that follows deals death and destruction in a dozen terrifying forms.

We of the fortunate Pacific Coast are spared this menace. For that we should give thanks.

FROM Indiana to the Atlantic Coast, the country is raked by blizzards and buried in snow. Six deaths are attributed to the weather in New England. At Portland, in Maine, the snow blanket reaches a depth of two and a half feet. At Mapleton, Maine, a train is wrecked when it runs into a solid snowbank, and the engineer is killed.

"The engineer was killed." How often that sentence is a part of the story of a train wreck. Yet there is no scarcity of engineers. Men of this age are not afraid of dangerous jobs.

That is something to be proud of. INCIDENTALLY, have you ever stopped to think how seldom we hear of train wrecks in these days? The railroads have become amazingly safe.

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Ye Poet's Corner

In the Valley of the Rogue.
Just to remind you
You promised one day
That you would meet me
I'd like to say
Here grief is forgotten
And beauty is free
Contentment is singing
From every dear tree.
The river is eager
Each trail seems to be
Beckoning onward
To new ecstasy.

Say goodbye to care
Come meet me somewhere
In the valley of the Rogue.
Fragrant old forests
Will welcome you
Deer greet you quickly
And vanish from view;
The freshness of springtime
Is here the year through,
The tender awakening
Of life all anew.

The lark and the robin
Quite gaily agree
The valley is surely
The best place to be.
Say goodbye to care,
Come meet me somewhere,
In the valley of the Rogue.
—Hazel Stoneker.

You will always remember
The blue of the sky
Each day is a rival
To the one just gone by.
There's gold for the finding
And snows satisfy;
The snow lingers only
Where mountains are high.
Blossoms and wild flowers
And purple mistle seem
Inviting a future
Sweet as a dream.

Say goodbye to care,
Come meet me somewhere
In the valley of the Rogue.
—Hazel Stoneker.

George Roscoe, University of Minnesota basketball star, shoots with one hand almost exclusively, even on free throws.

Rogers Hornsby had not seen more than a half-dozen American league games in his life before taking over management of the St. Louis Browns last year.

February dry and sunny, rain deficiency is eight inches.

Piccolist from Tyrol "enthralled local music lovers."

British pledge support of Wilsonian policy in Mexico.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
March 1, 1924
(It Was Saturday)
Auto thefts in land for the year total 203,987.

A baby girl is born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Swann on February 29, and the little miss will have a birthday every four years.

Ashland high springs surprise and defeats Medford, 30 to 25 in first game of annual series.

Letter writer protests that "banks are not loaning money to those who really need it."

Delegation calls upon Gov. Pierce at Salem and demand he "make good on campaign promise to cut the taxes in two." The taxes have risen.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 1, 1904
(It Was Sunday)
March came in like a lion, with wind and rain.

The Basco Musical Comedy Co. after a slim run leaves for Grants Pass. On their first appearance they packed the Page night, but when they returned had lost their appeal.

The police and citizens have had several arguments lately regarding the leaving of teams standing, un hitched from the wagons on the streets. Team owners labor under the city ordinance covering this act, if the horses are unhitched, the chief objection is to littering up of the pavement.

Rogers skins Medford merchants out of \$200 in a Saturday evening foray.

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Whose Fault?



If a Child Won't Play with Others?

Parents who understand children know where to place the blame when a youngster moops, keeps to himself, or is "ugly" toward others. Sluggishness ruins any disposition, and that's what is usually wrong. But it's just as wrong to dose that child with sickening cathartics. Until 15- or older—a child's bowels need but little aid—a very mild form of help. Stronger forms often upset the stomach or weaken the bowel muscles. For the happy solution of this problem see what to do, in the next column:

There are happy, healthy boys and girls who have never known the bitter taste and violent action of castor oil—or similar cathartics. The only "medicine" they ever get—or ever need—to help the bowels is plain California Syrup of Figs. Theenna in this fruit syrup has the natural laxative action that assists Nature as it should. Next day, the child feels and acts himself, and has a normal appetite. But use the real California Syrup of Figs, with the word "California" on the label and on the bottle.

Following A. D. Lewis, Jr., on his trip west in NEW CHRYSLER AIRFLOW

WESTERN UNION
CLASS OF SERVICE
The Western Union Telegram or Cablegram is delivered to the addressee at the time specified on the message.

ROLLA, MO., FEB. 27, 1934

H F LANGE ARMSTRONG MOTORS, INC MEDFORD, OREGON

SURE HAVING LOTS OF SNOW AND ICE AND PLENTY OF COLD STOP CAN'T MAKE MUCH TIME BECAUSE OF ROADS BUT FEELING FINE STOP CAR IS SENSATION EVERYWHERE WE STOP NO CHRYSLER AIRFLOWS HERE YET AND EVERYONE ANXIOUS FOR THEIR ARRIVAL STOP THIS CAR HAS ANYTHING CHEATED FOR PERFORMANCE.

A D LEWIS, JR

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA., FEB. 28, 1934

H F LANGE ARMSTRONG MOTORS, INC MEDFORD, ORE.

WORST STORM IN FORTY YEARS FOR THE EAST BUT WEATHER BETTER HERE STOP CHRYSLER AIRFLOW SURE A DREAM WITH POWER OF TRUCKS SPEED OF AIRPLANE AND COMFORT OF FIRESIDE CHAIR STOP COST OF OPERATION SURPRISINGLY LOW STOP WORDS CAN'T DESCRIBE THIS CAR STOP JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE AND DRIVE IT STOP FEELING FINE AND HURRYING HOME.

A D LEWIS, JR

See Mr. Lewis' Itinerary On the Big Maps at Armstrong Motors, Inc., the Medford Chamber of Commerce and the AAA Office.