

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
5-57-59 N. P. St. Phone 13

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Lease Wire Service
The Association, from its exclusive right to use for publication of all news dispatches...

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY



Ye Smudge Pot

Criticism has been leveled at the governor for some of his appointments during his tenure of office. To a man up to the appointment of the governor have been no worse than some of the electing by the people.

The escape of John (Dangerous) Dillinger, one of America's numerous outstanding No. 1 desperadoes, from an Indiana jail presided over by a lady sheriff, indicates that Mr. Dillinger is considerable of a Houdini, and no slouch of a wood carver.

The Congressional Record of February 24, reveals that the army, in assuming the delivery of the air mail, is subject to poems by solons, as well as the hazards of aviation. A portion of the poem is as follows:
Aeroplane flash through air,
Open to weather and bare,
Carrying the air mail, while
All the world wonders,
Stormed at by snow and ice,
Plunging through unknown space,
Right through the fog they flew,
Pilot and co-pilot.

A great ado prevails in California over kissing of the fair, in the state printery. It seems to have been one of the emoluments of being a boss, and a number of romantic males involved face a quiz. Only the kiss, not the kiss, will be thus inconvenienced. It is well known that it takes two to do a good job of kissing, and so far the records fail to show there was any screaming, kicking, or raising of a hubbub, to thwart the social ordeal. It really looks like a state that contended a lynching, could overlook a bit of necking.

It begins to appear the civic ven in this year will be from contented tented rattlesnakes.
The old-fashioned clothesline has superseded the "Easy Payment" washing machine in the suburban backyards. The washing machine saved labor, and never was dangerous to run into on a dark night.

PIONEER UPPINENESS
(Pendleton East Oregonian)
Mr. Fred Hendley of Umatilla has been appointed postmaster general, or at least he might so conclude from the arrogant authority which he assumes in sending or retaining the mail belonging to other people and places. Postmaster Livermore went down to Prospect Saturday by special conveyance to get the Pendleton mail, as we have had none from down the Columbia now for a whole week, and telephoned Mr. Hendley in regard to the matter, who, exercising his supreme authority as postmaster general of the United States mail business, responded that we could not get our mail unless it came by Kelo.
(50 Yrs. Ago Col.)

Editorial Correspondence

LAS VEGAS, Nevada, Feb. 28.—Gas is 29 cents at Beatty, Nevada where we replenished the old bug at 11:30 this morning. The asthmatic and limping general store keeper who supplied it apologized for the charge and claimed it should be 30 cents, but he is beating the government out of a cent federal tax, and expects to get away with it unless "they send along some federal spotters." We wager he is safe. We don't believe even a government spotter would journey out to Beatty, Nevada, if he could possibly help it.

This section of southern Nevada strikes us as the land that God forgot. It is the most desolate, forlorn, depressing wilderness we have ever encountered in our various wanderings. An overcast sky and a cold, raw wind added nothing to our enjoyment. Paying 29 cents for gas when it is only 25 in the depths of Death Valley, and 20 cents at Barstow, ranging from 14 to 17 in L. A., not only put a dent in our declining pocketbook, but speeded us on our way toward Las Vegas, resolved to throw the dust of Beatty from our rear tires, as quickly as possible.

We did. We not only threw dust but several bushels of quartz tailings, gravel, and perhaps a cart load of boulders. To be strictly accurate it wasn't bad for nine or ten miles. The little bug left a trail of smoky white dust about three miles in the rear, and the pebbles beat a tattoo on the rear fenders like a machine gun on a tank, but as long as one kept the front wheels in the single track, the boat kept going and the speedometer clicked evenly enough. But after that ten miles the highway became what is called in California "dangerous but passable,"—but in Nevada is called a secondary road. At least that is what they called it in Beatty—not paved but a regular state highway, marked on the map with a dotted instead of a solid red line.

There were several towns also marked on that red line and we decided to stop at the first one for lunch. The first one, however, proved to be a sign post, "the Paolo Verde mine five miles", the second proved to be a filling station—for the bug, not for man and beast, though they did have real beer on ice. As it was around 34 below zero this type of liquid luncheon didn't appeal to us. We asked the Indian boy with a big hole in the seat of his overalls, where we could get luncheon en route to Las Vegas.

"Indian Springs" was the laconic answer,—whether merely the characteristic taciturnity of the redskin or resentment that he was denied the rare opportunity of selling some 29 cent gas, we don't know, nor did we care,—the prospect of luncheon ahead cheered us up immensely.

So on we went, expecting every minute to hit a chuck hole that would resolve the old bug into a pile of nuts and bolts and gadgets instead of merely shaking those two remaining molars on the left rear side loose,—but thanks to Mr. Buick (When a better car is made he will make it) is old stuff, we make affidavit here and now no better car will be made or could be. (tPd adv.)

Well, thanks to him, anyway—and probably Lady Luck—we finally got there, "INDIAN SPRINGS!" We wondered if they were hot or cold, iron or sulphur, good for a broken back and a pain in the neck, or invaluable as one of Mother Nature's lubricants. Would they have a little hotel, or just a few cottages with a common dining hall?

"Indian Springs!" there it was fluttering in the hurricane, a street banner, red letters on a white background,—but where WAS it—we could see nothing but a single story hut with a red gas pump just off the front stoop and another little delapidated hut nearby. About 30 rods down the road was an edifice that had been a barn about 50 years ago, but was now apparently a combination garage and blacksmith shop.

A white boy greeted us this time—he had a sheepskin reefer over his blue jeans, and was eating an apple.

"Could you tell us where Indian Springs is, please?" we inquired.

The boy pointed vaguely across the road with his apple, and then started to masticate furiously in an effort to clear his mouth sufficiently to make speech audible.

After several spasmodic gulps, he finally enunciated: "It's over there about five mile, I ain't never been there, only come here a few weeks ago—they say Indians run it—lot of 'em live 'round there—see them cottonwoods; it's just beyond there over the hill."

(An INDIAN resort, eh, and five miles away over the hill!) "Could we get anything to eat around here?"

Another nod, more gesticulations—the young man was apparently ravenous—he had taken another bite.

"There it is, see that sign?" and he pointed to the little shack. Sure enough it had escaped us in our first survey—"Cafe"—it was painted in red on white also.

A consultation was held as we surveyed the forbidding exterior of this desert "cafe" with visions of greasy fried taters and canned milk, served no doubt by an unhygienic Indian squaw. However it was after 1 p. m., we couldn't reach Las Vegas until 3:30 or 4, and had had nothing to eat since breakfast at Furnace Creek—so as usual had the inner man won.

We entered the cafe and stood there literally gasping. Broken down, dreary and unpainted outside, it was nothing short of a warm, cozy Carmel tea room within. A muscular, smiling, middle aged woman, dressed in spotless white greeted us, and presented us with printed menus. We ordered ham and eggs, a roast beef sandwich, milk, and vegetable soup. There was a lunch counter covered with new white oilcloth, there were three or four little tables, egg yolk yellow with light green trimmings—a chuck stove was burning brightly in a corner, there was a Victrola near the window,—the place was as clean as a new-made pin.

The soup was served, good and piping hot, the roast beef sandwich contrary to quick lunch tradition was not drowned in grease and brown gravy, the milk was fresh and sweet,—

So while we were robbed of a good story—for nothing fit to eat for 130 miles through darkest Nevada would have made better copy—this is a chronicle of things as they really happen—and there is the truth.

In the little kitchen was a new enamel electric range, everything there was spick and span as a ship's galley. The woman in charge explained: "I have only been here a few weeks, came up from Amarillo, Texas with the boys. Have fixed it up inside but haven't had time to get busy on the outside yet. My brother is up in the hills looking for gold—thought I might as well keep busy down here"—she had apparently done all the painting and cleaning

up herself for we don't believe the apple eating boy was much help.

And there is the explanation for southern Nevada—GOLD. No human beings would venture there, much less stay, if they didn't believe there was gold in "them thar hills." In that entire jog over 130 miles we didn't see a ranch, a horse, a cow or a chicken—no, nor a blade of grass. Nothing but bare mountains, bare hills, sage brush and rocks. But for gold, particularly at its present price,—man—and woman—will undergo any privation and hardship. And that is what they—some of them—are doing now. R. W. R.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

PRENATAL AND MATERNAL CARE

A little book on "Prenatal and Maternal Care" by W. E. Hunter, A. B., M. D., F. A. C. S., of Los Angeles, seems to me more meaty and practical than other books on the subject for the expectant or amateur mothers. Don't let the string of letters after the author's name frighten you; there are really no halfpennies in a book of this kind, as you will see when you read his book.

Dr. Hunter tells us that more than 300 theories for the determination of sex have been advanced and discarded. Offhand, I should say the estimate is moderate. Approximately 400 of the theories have been expounded to me by correspondents who desire immediate confirmation so they can begin to get ready to commence thinking of having the novel done over into a home. But meanwhile, if I will kindly include directions for "birth control"...

There are equal number of sperm cells predominating in either male or female chromosomes, so it is purely a matter of chance which type of sperm cell reaches the ovum first. This explains why, notwithstanding all theories, notions or yarns, there have always been and will always be practically as many boy babies as girl babies born.

You pays your doctor (I hope) and takes whatever the doctor brings. Dr. Hunter points out a trick of the trade. "Often doctors resort to subterfuge by asking the patient which sex is desired and then predicting the opposite sex. If the guess is correct the physician is proclaimed a prophet, and if the guess is incorrect the mother is so pleased with the result that the doctor's mistake is entirely overlooked."

Since the chances are 50-50, the question affords midwives, fishwives, old wives and young 'uns wide scope for bandying mystic methods. Fish Oil. Each drug store seems to think a particular brand of cod liver oil the best, and no two offer the same kind. —S. P. E. Answer:—In my opinion crude cod liver oil which comes in bulk, without any brand name or fancy package, is best. Halibut liver oil is at least as good as cod liver oil. Salmon oil has been found an excellent source of vitamins, and its taste is rather pleasing. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. 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, March 5.—Diary: Early abroad, sartured in my brave greatcoat of deep blue, and came upon Edgar Selwyn, here from the cinema studio, and his sister Rae. Then to see the Watter-son Rothackers, looking statues in chalk, after having lost their daughter Virginia, temporarily between trains in Chicago.

So at my labours and readings from a private letter that two of our young screen stars each have false upper and lower plates. Mid-afternoon Riley Cooper popped in with his Boston "Michael" he has taught to act, greet and charge like Clyde Beatty lion as he plays trainer with a chair.

Dinner at the M. H. Aylesworths, the Grantland Rice, Lucy Virginia Long and the Richard Pattersons there and on to a charity to-do, talking to Kent Cooper who introduced Owen D. Young. To bed late reading Charles Williams' biography of Bacon who had 100 hand warts as a boy.

One of the best of the late Montague Glass's stories—and what a story teller he was!—concerned the stay-out who arrived at the Lambs at 2 a. m., afraid to go home to his wife at Great Neck. He spied two gray-furred acrobats in dead-panned quiet at a corner table and invited them to accompany him, treating his wife as one of those willing hostesses, ready to arise at any hour to prepare a tasty spread. Reluctantly, they accompanied. On the way he continued to extol his wife's good humor. Throwing open the front door, she greeted him in frosty contempt from top stairs and then heaved a flower pot that nipped him flush on the chin. As he came to be cried to his companion, "Jolly little woman. Always clowning!"

I think nothing quite so appealing as the candour of small ambitions. She is a blonde Venus of the cinema ticket window, gazing out from her glass enclosure with a sort of scientific detachment. The other evening, exiting, she was bent over

British Spokesman



Capt. Anthony Eden, lord privy seal of Great Britain, represented his nation in conversations with European leaders regarding maintenance of Austrian independence (Associated Press Photo)

President Roosevelt, speaking in Washington on Saturday, says the outstanding feature of the first year of his administration has been the amazing and universal increase in the interest of people in the government.

In these days, people HAVE to be interested in government, for government enters into practically everything they do.

That, however, doesn't alter the fact that interest of the people as a whole in the affairs of government is a tremendously important thing. Whether we have good government or not depends pretty largely on whether or not people are genuinely interested in government.

When all the people are genuinely interested in it, government is pretty apt to be good. When they are not, it is pretty sure to get bad.

SAMUEL INSULL, Athens dispatches tell us, has been told that he must leave Greece. It is reported that he may take up his residence in Syria. In the course of time, it may be that he will wish he had stayed in the United States and taken his medicine.

HERE is some fairly good advice: If you ever get into serious trouble, you will be better off in the long run, if you stick it out and face the music than if you try to run away.

SPeaking further of Insull, he is reported to have offered a huge sum in return for being made king of Andorra, a tiny nation lying between France and Spain.

The interesting angle to that report is whether or not he HAS a huge sum of money. Those who bought stock in his enterprises, in the days when he was one of the kings of big business in this country, will be particularly interested in that angle.

If Insull really has a lot of money, it will be mighty hard to convince them that it isn't THEIR money.

A PORTLAND dispatch conveys the interesting information that scarcity of cabbage throughout the east has created an extensive market for Oregon asparagus.

Prices, we are told, have advanced about \$3 a barrel. GOVERNMENT passes laws to help the farmer, and spends billions of dollars, but NOTHING MUCH HAPPENS.

But just let demand get ahead of supply and something happens right away. What happens is that prices GO UP.

WE can pass laws till we are black in the face, and inflate the currency, and do a lot of other things, but in the long run what makes prices go up is excess of buyers over sellers.

that Senator Bankhead's brother is a member of the house. The brother —br-r-r—bridge work.

Bagatelles: Mrs. Gilbert Gabriel, wife of the critic, is an accomplished painter. ... Irvin Cobb says most of the Southern plays are incestual instead of ancestral. ... A famous beautician says all platinum blondes have inferiorly complexions. ... Gus Edwards, who always associates with youngsters, is the youngest booking of the song writers, although a veteran. ... "The Voice of Experience" gets most radio mail.

Tom Geraghty ran himself raggedly trying to buy a wash rag in London.

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 5, 1924.
(It was Wednesday.)
School attendance in the county drops, as parents start on auto tours.

Transient hurt at Main street crossing when he falls from freight train.
Epidemic of home gardening starts.

Many autolists fail to get license plates, and will be subject to arrest.
Hoof and mouth disease rages in California.

"Recreate in Oregon," title of new booklet issued by Portland C. of C.
Sportmen file protest with state fish board against "any further industrial development along Rogue river, that imperils Oregon's greatest asset, for lovers of the great outdoors."

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 5, 1914.
(It was Thursday.)
President appeals for Panama Canal toll exemptions for British ships.

The auto used jointly by the city engineer and police department is now left standing near the Commercial club lights, to be handy in case of an emergency call.
Attorney Porter J. Neff to address Gold Hill citizens on "The Perfidy of Wall Street."

A gang of Ashland cut-ups invaded this city last night, and they started a young revolution. The police suppressed them. They claimed the booze they had purchased for the jollification had been stolen, but it developed they had drunk it themselves.

All dice games are banished from clear counters. Council says it can do nothing about "girls' joy-riding, as that is a matter for the girls' parents."

MacKinnon Here—O. A. MacKinnon of Klamath Falls has reported for duty at the state police office here, to fill the vacancy occurring with the resignation of James O'Brien from the force. MacKinnon was formerly connected with the Klamath Falls city police department.

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

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

Sail Into Spring With Adrienne's New "Nelly Dons"



Spring means a wardrobe of crisp new cotton frocks! Hundreds of new Nelly Dons make it a gleeful adventure to choose (and wear) them by offering a gay new collection. Vivid Mexican colors... smart frocks to work, play or just "look pretty" in. They're well made... easily tubbed... and priced so that you'll buy several instead of one!

Nelly Don Week Specials
Colorful Cotton Dresses \$1.95—\$2.95—\$3.95 \$7.95—\$10.95
Nelly Don Wash Silk Dresses Modestly priced at \$5.95
Striped Jersey Silk Frocks Styles and colors you will love to wear. Priced at \$10.95.

Nelly Don Suits and Coats
Navy linen trimmed with white. Black and White. All brown suits. Also separate coats to wear with summer dresses. Priced at \$7.95 and \$10.95

ADRIENNE'S
HOTEL WILLARD
Klamath Falls
KLAMATH BASIN'S LEADING HOTEL
We make a specialty of catering to commercial travellers. Modern, light ample rooms. Popular price Dining Room and Coffee Shop. W. D. Miller, Pres. S. W. Percis, Mgr.

News Behind The News
(Continued from page one)

CONTRACTORS CARPENTERS PAINTERS
AVAILABLE FOR ESTIMATES
BIG PINES LUMBER COMPANY
TEL. 1
DRIVE-IN SERVICE

Stop Gas Pains! German Remedy Gives Relief
Acting on BOTH upper and lower bowels, Adierma washes out all poisons that cause gas, nervousness and bad sleep. One dose gives relief at once. Health's Drug Store and Medford Pharmacy.