

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot: By Arthur Perry

As a precaution, and in the interests of public safety, it might not be amiss for mushroom "experts" to announce they are going out to pick toadstools—the cause of several grievous errors and mortalities the past week.

The life insurance industry reports with pardonable pride, they have "weathered 19 major depressions."

Unless dispensaries improve in their guessing of the age of patrons, in about two years Oregonians will be journeying to California on Sundays to get their cold cure and snake-bite antidote.

The California Sales Tax continues to work admirably, denies to the contrary notwithstanding, by Portland thinkers for the farmers, fleeing from Wall Street, on every platform.

More people have had teeth removed, and are around bragging about it.

The Main Stem resounded yesterday to the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and was an off note, amid the rattling of fenders, and the squealing of brakes.

Fashion has ruled "it will be permissible for men to wear bracelets."

In the higher strata of society, one notes by casual reading of the social notes of the metropolitan press, the modern way to spell "Lizette" is Lysette.

Er Reemas has returned from a trip to Portland, where he had a feed, and put in a few good ticks for the Democratic party.

According to Department of Commerce reports, women are drinking more whiskey than the menfolk.

Dave Minch is carefully cultivating a mustache. Looks too good—(Red Bull, Calif. News.)

Editorial Correspondence

LAS VEGAS, Nevada, March 1.—There are no "stop" signs in Las Vegas, either on the street intersections or anywhere else.

At that time there was a genuine real estate boom in full sway. Every other store was a real estate office, and subdivisions were scattered all over the desert nearby.

There are not many real estate offices now, and the subdivisions are just where they were, with some of the sign boards still standing—rocks, sand and cactus—nothing more.

Nothing unusual in this. Booms always collapse. But one can't avoid speculating on what would have happened, if the world depression had not arrived just as the Las Vegas boom started, and even more important if the government had not decided to build Boulder City and had made Las Vegas its headquarters and distributing center for Hoover Dam.

Very different then. That boast about Las Vegas being another Los Angeles wouldn't have been so far from the mark then. As it is Vegas has grown and prospered in these four years judging by appearances. There are several new hotels—one, the Apache, quite a good one,—and a large number of de luxe service stations. It was a place of five or six thousand souls four years ago, they claim eight or ten thousand now.

In place of the real estate offices there are now gambling houses known as clubs and genuine old fashioned saloons, with the shining mahogany, looking glass, white uniformed bartenders and all. All the gambling houses are much alike, with a bar, wheels of chance, roulette, craps, twenty-one, draw poker, stud poker, etc., etc.—but with one startling difference over anything we have ever seen—five-cent chips are sold—you can play the double O five times and only lose two-bits! Nickel gambling clubs are something new.

Of course without Hoover dam Las Vegas might go the way of Gold Field and Rhyolite—at least it is difficult to see what there is to keep it going, in the way of natural resources. But with Hoover Dam construction continuing for three or four years, and Boulder City, the third largest town in Nevada only 25 miles away, L. V. should have no cause to worry.

There are approximately 4000 men working on Hoover Dam in three eight hour shifts, and they have been working there since 1931. It is hard work—a large part of it like mining, underground,—it is also dangerous.

Now there is one characteristic of men engaged in hard, dangerous and monotonous work. When the day is done, they are eager for—not rest but recreation. Whether we like it or not, it is true that nine out of ten of them yearn for that form of recreation that comes under the general heading of wine, women and song.

But Boulder City is a model town. It is new, clean and righteous. No liquor is sold there, no dance halls are allowed, there are plenty of reading rooms, recreation halls, and one movie theatre, but no bright lights or whoopee, at all.

We don't mean to imply that when the whistle at the dam blows 4000 men rush down the straight, broad highway to Las Vegas and make a night of it. Far from it. There are many ex-professors and college boys working on the dam—the general standard of the workers is very high. But we do mean there are ENOUGH of them every day and particularly over the week end, to keep the clubs and saloons and dance halls in L. V. clicking their cash registers pretty regularly 30 days out of every month. You can imagine what a payroll of from \$500,000 to \$3,000,000 a month, 25 miles away would do to any lively and wide-awake town. Well, that is what Hoover dam and Boulder City are doing to Las Vegas.

When in 1937 or thereabouts the Hoover dam will be completed and this army of workers will depart, then will come the rub for this second largest city in Nevada. But Boulder City, government owned and operated will remain—or at least a large portion of it. There will be many permanent employees, and then with the dam creating a new lake, one of the largest in the west, what is to prevent Boulder City becoming a popular resort for nine months in the year? The climate is said to be unexcelled, except during mid summer. And as long as this nation lives Hoover dam will be as great a drawing card for tourists, as the pyramids of Egypt or Niagara Falls. So while we wouldn't risk a nickel on Las Vegas becoming any nearer being another Los Angeles than it is now, we would predict it will remain a going concern, as long as Uncle Sam operates Hoover dam.

We remarked above Las Vegas has a new hotel and a good one—the Apache. That's correct—it's small, only three stories, but it is new, well furnished, well managed, and we should say the coffee shop is the best in the town.

Well, nothing could give a clearer idea of what Las Vegas is like than the OTHER features of this hotel. In its attractive lobby is a large slot machine, the handle of which was being pumped regularly when we arrived and is being pumped today. In the basement of the hotel every night a dance is going on—dim lights, good orchestra, comfortable booths, and a surplus of feminine partners for unattached men. Needless to say what-ever drinks you wish will be served. Next door is the Apache club, where the gambling is going on, and there is also a full fledged bar, also functioning steadily.

In other words, if anyone longs for a return of those departed "good old days" in the SPORTING LINE, we can recommend L. V. most highly.

If they don't—if they like a nice quiet town, where there are no drunks in the restaurants to turn over trays, or on the streets to jostle into you and say "Come on, skipper,—hic!—give me a dime"—well they better stay away. R. W. R.

BELL RINGER TICKETS AVAILABLE AT C. OF C.

Medford residents are reminded that the Royal Bell Ringers, one of the most unique musical organizations of its kind, will present a concert at the high school auditorium next Thursday evening, under the auspices of the general committee for Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration.

Meet on Thursday—The Past Noble Grand Lodge will meet Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. Carl Stewart, on Stewart avenue. Members having no means of transportation are requested to telephone Mrs. Stewart at 907.

Personal Health Service

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 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

CONGENITAL DISLOCATION OF THE HIP

Congenital is another or four thick medical words. It means existing at birth—anything the child is born with. If the proof reader assumes I've made an obvious error in spelling and changes the congenital to congenial, as happened once, the reader will please excuse it.

The main purpose of treatment in this condition is to favor normal growth and development of the bones, ligaments and muscles involved and to prevent permanent deformity. It is unfortunate for the infant or child with such a congenital defect if parents or others are obsessed by the "bone-setter" complex and have no intelligent conception of the nature of the trouble.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: Acid Intoxication. How about Mr. So-and-so's belief that citrus fruits are alkalizing while many medical men foster the belief that they cause too much acid in the system when eaten freely?

Answer—I know of no medical men who foster that belief. Citrus fruits are not "alkalizing." They tend to prevent acidosis. Acidosis means lowering of the normal alkali reserve in the blood and tissues. But in certain cases citrus fruits may produce overacidity of the stomach, which has nothing to do with the reaction of blood and tissues.

High blood pressure, albuminuria. Doctor gives me some diuretic (kidney stimulant), an alkali to reduce body acidity, and a cathartic at frequent intervals. He lays stress on "proper elimination" and the harmful effects of "absorption of poisons" through the walls of the intestine.

Answer—Oh, well if some of the old-timers did not serve patients that way, suave cult healers and nostrum vendors would. The wisecrack public demands a certain amount of such quackery. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dille Co.)

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 6.—The sports pages have proved a generating ground for some of the best writers of the day, both of the fiction and non-fiction columns.

Bill Corum has a flair for the home-spun philosophic paragraph that suggests Michael Monahan, a writer too little read. He is a product of Booneville, Mo., and can turn out a double column essay of absorbing interest on a topic of no consequence whatever.

Damon Runyon has become one of the most popular fictionalists of the day. Bozeman Bulger, a baseball writer, was titling all cylinders fictionally at his passing. Albert Payson Terhune was once a reporter of pugilistic affairs. Heywood Brown led off as a writer of sports.

Bugs Baer, too. Also Ed Sullivan of the Broadway columns. And Westbrook Pegler. And if there was a better student of the human comedy than Chadler, one of the best of the day, Ring Lardner, the world has not discovered him. And Lardner began, chronicling the capers of the Chicago Cubs.

The writer of sports learns the art of brevity. The scenes he beholds are always in quick action and he often encompasses a short story in a line. Yet it sometimes thickens. Ambrose Bierce did the best job of boiling down a flock of paragraphs. A lady sent him her book for an honest opinion in a single sentence. He replied thus: "Dear Madam—The covers of your book are too far apart."

The most embarrassing of the street scenes I think, took place around the corner from the Gaiety, the other Sunday. A group of Salvationists were kneeling in prayer when a taxi-driver began to back toward them. At a warning about they all sprang up, waited until the taxi went into reverse and dropped to their knees again.

In one of those stuffy, dusty burrows of second hand books along Fourth avenue the other day I picked up a thumbled volume of Tom Sawyer. On a back page was a rubber stamp in brick red "E. H. Southern," whether of the late actor I do not know. But whoever owned it related to drama. For a heavily interested paragraph concerned the report of Tom's death and the sudden proud burst of his playmate: "Tom Sawyer liked me once! Train liked it best of all his touches."

This book shop experience prompted probably the 30th re-reading of Huckleberry Finn. Its enduring charm I believe is that every town, especially those along rivers, had a Huck Finn. I should like to see Henry Hull have a try at Huck Finn before his retirement from the stage.

Every cafe has among its regulars the unquenchable bore who rushes over to one's table in the middle of one's meal for one of those stand-up parties that spoil the finest in cuisine. Nothing discourages them. They are the reasons why restaurants with booths have become so amazingly popular.

During the tedium of a liner's docking the other morning, I dropped into one of those stool and counter places off the jostling produce district of West Street. The hot buttered crumpet was better than anything I've tasted uptown. And the scolding customer of coffee—why is coffee best in thick cups?—was an ambrosia to poetize. The chat was a dime. There was no inquisitive pest. A policeman was telling a truckman about the new baby at their house. Sometimes I wonder if there is any reason for going to a high-priced restaurant—save to be seen.

In the Park Row days there was a sand-carpent lunch-room on Vesey street. Frank Ward O'Malley discovered. It had its day among newspapermen. Jack London went there when in poor purse. And Steve O'Grady. It served coffee in huge bowl-like cups of Delft blue and the cat that rubbed against patrons' legs was named Euripides. But I think what caught the literary fancy was the sign running full length the room: "Never Mind Glamour—Eat!"

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

IN THIS COLUMN yesterday, the statement was made that price is ruled by supply and demand. When there are more sellers than buyers, the price goes down. When there are more buyers than sellers, the price goes up.

That's of course, is one of these ancient bromides that you have probably heard repeated until you are weary of it. But it does us good sometimes to hear some of these ancient bromides repeated. When we let ourselves forget them, we are apt to get into trouble.

There is that other ancient bromide to the effect that honesty is the best policy. People forget that from time to time, or doubt it, and let their doubts rule their actions, and when they do they are very apt to regret it keenly sooner or later. Especially when they become dishonest and GET CAUGHT.

Let's get back to the law of supply and demand. Its working is illustrated quite aptly by some figures that have just been given out by the bureau of agricultural economics of the department of agriculture.

There was an increase in the number of cattle and decreases in the number of all other species of livestock on the farms of the United States during 1933.

As a result of this situation, cattle prices dropped still further while prices of other livestock went up. TAKE the case of milk cows: The number of milk cows on January 1, 1934, was 26,082,000, an increase of about three percent since January 1, 1933, and the largest figure on record.

At the same time the price was pretty close to the lowest on record. The average value of milk cows over the United States on January 1, 1934, according to the department of agriculture, was \$27.09 per head, which compares with \$29.25 on January 1, 1933.

Too many buyers, you see, for the number of sellers.

THE number of horses on farms decreased about 2 per cent during 1933, according to the department of agriculture, and the price WENT UP, rather sharply. The same thing happened in the case of mules.

For the first time since the automobile and the tractor really got going, the number of colts under one year exceeded the number of such colts a year earlier.

The horse, apparently, is coming back. That, in all probability, is a good thing for the farm. Horses consume hay and grain. Automobiles and tractors consume gasoline. Gasoline isn't produced on the farm. Hay and grain are.

SHEEP decreased in number about 362,000 during the year, and INCREASED IN VALUE about 30 per cent. Less sheep, more money, you see.

THE farm relief program is a fine thing in theory. It may be a fine thing in fact. This writer certainly hopes so. But if it is going to get anywhere that will really help the farmer, it will have to create a situation where there are more buyers than sellers.

Rich Broker Slain In Texas Shooting



Gerald W. Peck (above), Chicago financier, was shot and killed by a disgruntled farmer, Tom Halloman, Sr., at a meeting in Seguin, Tex., of the board of the Texas Hydro-Electric company, of which Peck was president. Halloman had quarreled with the concern over payment of damages for the flooding of some of his land as a result of construction of a dam. (Associated Press Photo)

JACKSONVILLE H. E. C. MEETING IS POSTPONED

The Home Economics club of the Jacksonville Grange has postponed its meeting scheduled for tomorrow Wednesday, March 7, until the following Wednesday, March 14; it was announced today.

CUMMINGS MEANT WHAT HE SAID



Mayor William Mahoney (left) of St. Paul, Minn., received a telegram from Atty. Gen. Homer S. Cummings saying that Cummings "meant precisely what I said" when he recently termed the Twin Cities "crime spots." Now the mayor wants to subpoena the attorney general to testify in an inquiry into crime conditions. The police chief of Minneapolis recently was replaced. (Associated Press Photos)

Gov. Gifford Pinchot (left) of Pennsylvania has announced his candidacy for the United States senate against David A. Reed (right), who has held that office for two terms. "Republican Pennsylvania requires in Reed's place a republican senator who will work with the President to restore prosperity instead of snapping at his heels," said Pinchot. (Associated Press Photos)

PINCHOT OPPOSES REED FOR SENATE



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King's Children



Princess Marie Jose, wife of Prince Humbert, heir-apparent to the throne of Italy, and Prince Charles (below), children of King Albert of Belgium, who was killed in a tragic accident. (Associated Press Photos)

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 26 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY: March 6, 1924. (It was Thursday.) February was a cloudy month with rainfall below normal.

Plans started to make Medford "the musical center of the Pacific coast."

County gives apolline, food, clothing and \$20 to a stranded family from Texas, rushing to the bedside of a dying mother. They were offered work, but when they told their story the officials bid them Godspeed.

J. C. Berrang, who is traveling across country behind an ox-team, with this city as his destination, reaches Bend.

Income taxes pour in so fast at Salem that force will be enlarged to handle them.

Medford basketball fans journey to Roseburg, where game to decide the district title will be played.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY: March 6, 1914. Editorial says "the world has passed through the Stone Age, the Iron Age, the Golden Age, and is now in the midst of the Spanm Age."

All the volunteer fire department members resign except Jack Fredenburg.

Prof. P. G. O'Hara resigns as county pathologist to accept a job "with the smelter trust."

Supreme court rules that a taxpayer must pay his taxes before he can sue the state for return of taxes.

Drunken motorcyclist creates great excitement in residential districts "by his wild careerings."

BIG PINES BUILD COST SERVICE: QUALITY LUMBER COMPETENT WORKMEN FREE PLAN BOOKS DEPENDABLE BUILDING ADVICE TELEPHONE NO. 1 OR DRIVE IN

Hotel Figueroa: Tenth and Figueroa Sts. LOS ANGELES 400 outside rooms use of the newest hotels Next door to everything important In downtown Los Angeles. As comfortable as it is convenient. Garage in connection. Rooms with or without private bath. Rates \$1.50 per day and up. Attractive permanent rates, week or month. A. B. SMITH, Lessee.

Lucky Tiger Magic SHAMPOO: Cleanses immaculately! Removes dandruff, dirt, excess oils—leaves hair soft, silken—no harsh soap or free alkali—delicately different. Comparison to old reliable Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Use today and meet the smile of new life. At Drugists and Barbary.



(Continued from page one)

In declining he is supposed to have let Mr. Roosevelt know indirectly that he might accept, if offered, a position in the United States supreme court.

Whether Mr. Roosevelt will take the hint is not apparent at this time. The retirement of Justice McReynolds is somewhat overdue, but it will be coming along soon.

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