

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry. The "Bloodless Revolution," reported by some of the "best minds" of the land as raging, is showing signs locally of also being shavelike.

Winter vacationists are returning from California wishing they had their money back. As near as can be made out, the financial situation is getting no better fast, owing to most of the money being in the hands of people who are too good at hanging on to it.

Fleish Fish, the boom day tenor of Phoenix, was chagrined Tues. and bit his upper lip, mustache and all. Old fashioned grandmas, wearing aprons, are busy moving geraniums from the parlor to the south side of the house.

To the oft asked question, "What do you think of the new deal?" Representative Clyde Williams of Missouri makes an Irishman's answer by asking another, "How did you like the old deal?" (Chico, Calif., Enterprise). Now is the time to mention that portion of the population, that don't think much of either the Old Deal or the New Deal.

There is considerable upturning of earth, in the rural areas, and the farmers are doing more hopping and hoping than a year ago. C. Strang, the pioneer pilot, was forced to neglect his golf for business, the 1st of the wk.

Who can remember when this was "the heart of the Mid-Pacific empire" and Marsh Dana of Portland took an oratorical flight, and called this area "the valley of volage"? It was the year of the "Dubious Veterans Re-Heard" when a movement was launched to change the name of Main street to Broadway.

There is still some excitement over bowling, confined as usual exclusively to the bowlers. Bowling will never arouse anybody to paint his initials on the roof of his neighbor's garage. Spring hats are adorning the Galshaviks more and more, and some of the modes squash down like a Hosenberg Bros. Improved Picking Pail.

It now develops that Mr. Jno. (Dangerous) Dillinger, the super-bandit, in his evaporation from the Crown Point, Ind., escape-proof battle last Saturday, fashioned the wooden gun with which he "over-awed some 30 persons," with a safety razor, and not a jack-knife, as it was reported. This does not matter much, as Mr. Dillinger is now successfully elsewhere, but the fact remains that being what he is, and where he was, had as much business with one as the other. Incidentally, the lady sheriff is now "gleaning the remaining facts." This ought to be easy, as facts are better at remaining than John is prone to do. The general public surmises that it was not so much what the killer held in his hands, as what he placed, or caused to be placed in other hands, that made his escape possible. It is alleged there was some cohabitory between the parties of the first and second part. And, regarding the lady sheriff, the general public feels, that a member of the sex that gets scared at a mouse, except when wearing cotton hosiery, is not exactly qualified to guard one of the nation's outstanding desperadoes.

The Prohibition cause is being helped along daily by juveniles who think they are drunk, and act accordingly. SALEM, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—C. A. Schelling of Junction City today filed his declaration of candidacy for state senator. He will seek the Democratic nomination from Linn and Lane counties.

PENDLETON, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—Henry Koepka, Sr., 90, one of Umatilla county's best known wheat ranchers, died at his home near Astoria last night.

Editorial Correspondence

BOULDER CITY, Nevada, March 2.—This is the third largest city in Nevada—Reno and Las Vegas ranking one and two. But it is unquestionably the first in beauty, cleanliness and moral tone. Everything of course is new, and while the workers' quarters are temporary, they are neat and attractive, while the permanent part of the city, consisting of the various administration buildings, residences of the higher officers in charge, churches, and an extremely attractive hotel bear the mark of some architect who knew his business. Uncle Sam may be slow in getting started, and slow on the job, but when whatever he sets out to do is DONE, it is done RIGHT.

dam it was a dusty, rough ride from Las Vegas. Now it is da mit was a dusty, rough ride from Las Vegas. Now it is a dustless, smooth ascent over a paved highway that is as straight as a bee line. That's another thing about Uncle Sam when he wants to go places he never forgets that a straight line, in spite of Herr Einstein, is the shortest distance between two points.

We would like to give a pen picture of Hoover dam in its present state, but no thanks—it can't be done. It is one of those things that must be seen to be appreciated. Neither photographs nor the printed word—and there are tons of both around here for sale—do it justice.

If we HAD to give an idea of the thing in one word we would probably choose the word "KOLLOSAL!", preferably with a German accent. For there is something foreign, alien, about it,—something having to do with another world—it isn't quite human. With a guide we went pretty much all over the project, and that guide had worked as an engineer on the dam and knew his job. He filled us from hat to shoe leather with coffee dams, intake towers, diversion tunnels, penstocks, gates, spillways and portals—there they were, too—some of them in action,—but to be honest we didn't know anything more about it when we got through than when we started. In fact throughout the trip we kept trying to figure out what it WAS the dam reminded us of—we knew we hadn't seen it before, but also knew we had seen something like it. Finally, just before the finish when we stood on observation point and secured a birdseye view of the place including the Colorado river, and large sections of both Nevada and Arizona, it came to us in a flash.

It was a picture in a book of our youth known as Gulliver's Travels,—the giant Gulliver, on his back, pinned down to the rock with swarms of little men busy putting tiny ladders on his torso, binding his huge legs with ropes, and making his head fast—like a flock of ants hamstringing a giant beetle.

Yep, that was Hoover dam! There were the ants a thousand feet in the air, riding in steel buckets along a cable, there they were in tiny towers on the canyon rim, the tower platforms sticking out with no means of support like springboards. Here they were pulling levers and switches; there they were with steam drills along the canyon wall; there they were scaling up rope ladders, on the sheer rock,—they were here, there and everywhere—4000 of them more or less, although there never seemed to be more than 50 in sight at one time. The others were probably in the underground tunnels somewhere, out of sight. And like so many ants they were all busy at their appointed tasks, knew just what they were doing,—and WERE they doing it!—while the giant Hoover dam lay prone, having long since ceased to struggle.

Aye, verily, the efficient Lilliputians! There they were doing such a job as the early Egyptians did with the pyramids, only far more difficult, intricate, useful and impressive.

And the net result was to make the present writer GIDDY! This was not so true looking down from above as looking up from below. We got our biggest kick from the bottom of the pit, as near the front wall of the dam, say 200 feet wide, 50 feet high, and 50 feet deep, and there is nothing so sensational about it. But put another 50 feet on top of the first fifty, another 50 on that, and so on and so on, until you have a sheer flat wall going up and up six or seven hundred feet,—then just register your blood pressure! It isn't normal—it's unneanny—at least it was to us—and we don't believe that gravel-blasting trip from Beatty made us unduly impressionable.

Above all of that and around it, throw in steam shovels, and cranes and a thousand feet in the air a network of steel cables along which tiny men are riding in buckets—where a drop would splash them on the solid rock below like June-bugs on a windshield—and see if you aren't glad to crawl back in your car, drive slowly away and give Nature a chance to resume the normal processes of visual digestion.

We could add a page of statistics to this—the number of carloads of cement being poured per day—we believe it is 25,—the tons of gravel and crushed rock, the horse power, the acre feet, the kilowatts, the total cost, etc., etc.,—but anyone can get that by sending 25 cents to the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce for a little—and very excellent—pamphlet, entitled the "Romance of Concrete and Steel." If interested we advise them to do so.

We shall add only one fact to this description of Hoover-Boulder dam—a fact which to us was astonishing. We thought this was a DAM—BUT damned if it is! It isn't a dam and it isn't constructed in Boulder canyon. It's a curving concrete wall, nearly 1000 feet high, from shore to shore of the Colorado river, constructed in BLACK Canyon, 30 miles down from Boulder, and unless something breaks which is incredible, not one drop of water will ever come over that wall. Therefore in the ordinary acceptance of the term this isn't a dam at all. In fact if water should come over the top at any time it would fall on the generating plant below which wouldn't be nice at all. No, the water goes through pipes and diversion tunnels around the dam, to fall on the turbines and generate power, to return to the Colorado river, and supply irrigation and to enter various settling tanks and supply the district of Los Angeles with drinking water.

That sheer unneanny wall stands there dry and unyielding through the years—yes, and through the ages!

We were not sorry to leave Las Vegas—in fact we were very glad. Just before filling the gas tank, a lady in the party who never had played roulette decided she would try it before she left. She placed five cents on the No. three and for no reason in the world one of the oldest,—and CERTAINLY the luckiest—member of the party moved it to the double 0-0. The little white ball rested in the double 0-0. Multiply five cents by

35,—and you will see why SHE—and we—were glad to leave L. V., IMMEDIATELY. R. W. R.

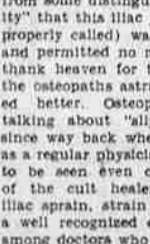
Personal Health Service

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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SUBLUXATION OF THE ILIAC JOINT

What I have to say about this commonly misdiagnosed disability will irk many of the orthodox, so I hope my orthopaedic friends, if any, will bless my memory when I'm gone. The junction of the sacrum, at the base of the spine, with the ilium or wing of the hip (innominate) bone, on either side, is either a "ball and socket" or the forbidding and inaccurate title of "sacro-iliac spondylosis" in the gay nineties when we orthodox knew nothing about it and fiercely resented the damaged orthopaedic superior knowledge of the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the joint. We had it from some distinguished old "authority" that this iliac joint (as it is now properly called) was not a true joint and permitted no motion at all. But thank heaven for the spirit that led the orthopaedic army, for they learned better. Orthopaedics are now talking about "slipped innominate" since way back when it was as much as a regular physician's rep was worth to be seen even chatting with one of the cult leaders. Today sacro-iliac sprain, strain or subluxation is a well recognized disability, at least among doctors who are not too old or too smooty to learn from other sources than the somewhat out and dried classical medical textbooks.



One regular or orthodox says: "Subluxation (that means displacement or incomplete dislocation) of the sacro-iliac joint is too frequently diagnosed as 'sciatica' (rheumatism), 'neuritis', 'humbago' or fallen arches," and hence treated ineffectually with coal-tar pain-killers, liniments, baths, electricity, diet, arch props and the like until someone finally recognizes the trouble and gives immediate relief by reduction of the subluxation, and a suitable plaster or other support. Every such patient is entitled to an examination stripped at the first interview, and of course a rectal examination. One can palpate (feel) the sacro-iliac nerve plexus and if it is tender to gentle pressure that is strong evidence of iliac subluxation. No matter just what the symptoms are. Anyway, I advise the layman who contemplates taking sacro-iliac strain to take a complete course in a good medical school first, or else choose only nice old fogey doctors to try it on.

If your doctor is the kind that accepts your own ready-made diagnosis or knows by intuition the nature of your trouble without the inconvenience of making you strip for examination, you had better look up a good orthopaedic physician. If I had such a disability I'd prefer an up-to-date orthopaedic physician, but of course such a physician would welcome consultation with a reputable orthopaedist in any such case, I think it is a wise plan to sever relations as quickly as possible with any physician, orthodox or orthopaedist, who is at all reluctant to confer and cooperate freely with any other REPUTABLE physician in any case, regardless of the therapeutic methods either prefers. This quackery between "school" or "patents" makes my neck ache. Formerly, women were more subject to strains and sprains of the sacro-iliac joint than were men, but today women get a better break in the matter of dress, work, play, physical education, hygiene, and are less susceptible to the "female weakness" propaganda.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Ponderous Talk About a Light Subject We have heard about the harmful effects of aluminum when certain fruit or vegetable acids come in contact with it... this gets into the system and causes all sorts of troubles.

Answer—It is an old joke of the weaseler public. In our house we have used aluminum ware for 30 years or so and I don't mind if you cook and serve everything on the menu to me in aluminum.

Sterilizing a Septic Focus. Would the disinfectant method which you recommend removal of tonsils serve to clear up a throat infection in which a streptococcus from the crypt is analyzed as "atypicalococcus"—M. W.

Answer—In my opinion, the disinfectant method, in the hands of the physician skilled in the technique, is the most effectual we have for sterilizing such a focus of infection.

Mythical Muscular Colitis. I am troubled with some mucous colitis and would thank you for a diet.—M. D.

Answer—There is no such condition as "mucous colitis." Physicians who (think they) know more than a mere doctor about such matters are more or less incurably afflicted with the morbid obsession. If you are not of that type, possibly you can get some help from these booklets: "The Constipation Habit"; "Guide to Right Eating"; and a stamped envelope bearing your address and inclose a dime for each booklet wanted. (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., 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre NEW YORK, March 7.—Elizabeth Cobb, in private life Mrs. Alton Brody, has with her third successful novel, taken a place alongside her illustrious father in the realm of creative fiction. She is a striking brunette in early thirties and mother of five children—Patricia and Cobb. The only child, she is the apple of her father's eye. And in turn is his most appreciative audience. Much of her leisure is spent in his company and she has inherited largely his gift for spinning yarns. Turned out by a glossy finishing school, her early life was spent in Florence. The backgrounds of her novels were salvaged from real life. She has traveled with Ringling's circus as an equestrienne and one of the few outsiders admitted to the close-knit inside world of the circus. She has also voyaged on cattle-boats, as well as being a member of Easthampton's "younger set." To her intimates she is "Buff," a relic of her baby efforts to pronounce Elizabeth. Her mother, Mrs. Irvin Cobb, always inconspicuous, is "Mowie" to the entire Cobb clan. Her gentleness, patience and encouragement have been large factors in both the success of her husband and daughter. And they adore her. A restaurant on Madison avenue, recently opened, is dedicated to the highly prize-worthy service of getting theater-goers to the play on time. It is a sort of cocktail lounge, serving an appetizer, entree, dessert and coffee in quick succession so everybody may reach the play in nick of certain time. Thumbing yellowing theater programs today I came upon the name of Richie Lane, bringing back with a rush memories of a day as debonair tender with Lillian Russell. How quickly such popular veterans drop from sight! Yet always remain nudging phantoms. The Rita is to try out an international exchange of bartenders in the twinkling glowing cocktail rooms like the swapping of professors at various colleges. First will come Frank of the Paris Rita for a few months. Then Harry Craddock of the London Savoy, August of the Adlon in Berlin, and so on. All have mixed drinks for an international clientele. In one of those periodical shake-ups that come to editorial shops, I once became an advertising solicitor. In

Markets. LIVERSTOCK. PORTLAND, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—CATTLE: 150, calves 10; steady to weak, unchanged. HOGS: 250; steady to weak; light-weight, good and choice, \$4-4.75; medium weight, good and choice, \$4.40-4.75; others unchanged. SHEEP: 50; nominally steady, unchanged.

Portland Produce. PORTLAND, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—BUTTER—Prints, extra, 26c; standards, 25-26c lb. BUTTERPAT—Portland delivery: A grade, 23-24c lb.; farmers' door delivery, 20-21c lb. EGGS—Pacific Poultry Producers' selling prices: Fresh extra, 15c; standard, 13c; mediums, 13c dozen (Cartons 1c higher). Buying price of wholesalers: Fresh extra, 16c doz.; first, 14c doz.; mediums, 14c doz.; pullets, 12c doz.; undergrades, 10c doz. Cheese, milk, country meats, mohair, live poultry, potatoes, new potatoes, strawberries, wool and hay, steady and unchanged.

Portland Wheat. PORTLAND, Ore., March 7.—(AP)—Wheat: Open High Low Close May 72 72 72 72 July 72 72 72 72 Cash: Big bend bluestem, 73; dark hard winter, 3h pct, 78 1/2; do, 11 pct, 73; soft white, western white, hard winter, northern spring and western red, 70 1/2. Oats: No. 2 white, \$21.50. Corn: No. 2 E yellow, \$23. Millrun, standard, \$13. Today's car receipts: Wheat, 125; flour 13; corn 5; oats 2.

Chicago Wheat. CHICAGO, March 7.—(AP)—Wheat futures: Open High Low Close May 86 86 86 86 July 86 86 86 86 Sept. 87 87 87 87

Wall St. Report. Stock Sale Averages (Copyright, 1934, Standard Statistics Co.) March 7: 50 20 20 90 Today 94.7 48.7 75.0 84.2 Prev. day 97.3 50.1 76.9 86.4 Week ago 98.2 47.8 76.4 85.4 Year ago 104.2 44.9 71.8 46.4 3 Yrs. ago 134.9 10.0 102.2 140.1 (1926 average equals 100).

Expert Wheat. PORTLAND, March 7.—(AP)—For the second consecutive day the emergency export corporation today remained out of the market for soft white wheat for foreign shipment. Monday's quotation was 77 cents a bushel. San Francisco Butterfat. SAN FRANCISCO, March 7.—(AP)—First grade butterfat 26c f. o. b. San Francisco.

Now! A Quicker Way to Ease Pain. MARRIE, TELEPHONE TO JACK MARRIE, YOU CAN'T GO TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL TONIGHT—(IVE A MOST TERRIBLE HEADACHE—MISS SHIRLEY?) OH, MISS SHIRLEY—WHAT A SHAME! IT'S BAYER ASPIRIN FIRST—THEY WORK SO FAST—THEY GET SOME NOW!

Ye Poet's Corner. I am your City Park—I have served you well; Each tree, each flower, My recreation center, My fountain Are all sacred parts of me. As well uproot my sturdy trees. Or kill my verdant lawn. To tear down my fountain—Emblem of those who have Helped to make me a haven For all who care to come And spend their moments, hours, Or even a day within My boundaries. As well to fling a cruel taunt Into the face of a friend, To crase forever My meeting place of young and old—When clinking horseshoes have Often welded, with their cheerful sound, Friendships that will live on. A tribute to me, your Park. For, remember, I belong to all. —Contributed.

Editorial Comment. A Comedy of Error. Painters and carpenters, working for the school district, and unionized of course, want more money and shorter hours. Gentle artisans, who do not? But the cupboard of Old Mother Hubbard, meaning thereby the cash box of School District No. 1, is bare, or nearly bare. It is so nearly bare that the directors, the parents, the pupils—and the teachers, too, strangely enough—are worried. Still the carpenters and painters insist on higher wages and a shorter day. Strange Strange. Here are these members of organized labor entreating, demanding, of a perplexed and well-nigh penniless school system, that their earnings be increased. And at the same time, there are officials high in the councils of union labor that are fighting

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST. Does a Bayer Tablet in a glass of water. As it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate. What it does in your stomach, hence its fast action. Does Not Harm the Heart.