

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. W. St. Phone 15

By Mail—Advance Daily, one year, \$5.00; Daily, six months, \$3.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00

By Carrier in Advance Daily, one year, \$5.00; Daily, six months, \$3.25; Daily, one month, \$1.10

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 5, 1917.

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Ye Smudge Pot

It looks like the richest and most powerful nation in the world, ought to get out of a Depression, as easily as Hannet Jno. Dillinger gets out of jail.

"First and hardest of my fights will be for the farmer," Wirth said.

BUT, NOT CURSED (Hillie Oregonian)

Workers Reported Slugged, Beaten, Intimidated, Kidnaped and Driven From Poles.

The C. W. Ashpole boy has reached the crawling age, and is in everything but politics, according to his Pappy.

WOMAN HEIR TO \$50,000; ACCEPTS IT—(Humboldt, Calif. Standard.)

It is now reported in the often sacrilegious and unfeeling upstate press, that Congressman Martin, the Portland political pride, Democratic warhorse, and Model A for all Young Democrats, is an ex-Republican, as revealed by the Grand Register of the Voters.

The flowers of spring have started to bloom, along with the blooming idiot.

SHERMAN WAS RIGHT (Cong. Record)

There was one other drawing a big salary from the government, who retired for "social inaptitude."

The ha, ha, which has been mixed up with a tempest on a barn roof, will be "out for blood" and another chance at the district title Friday.

Who can remember, when the losing in this state was exclusively in the hands of the Portland ball team, and it was maligned as weaker than the Democratic party?

S. Morris, the G. Hill, T. Rock, S. Valley tier towed yesterday, while his boy rested at home planting lettuce.

THE GREAT FIZZLE (Chicago News)

However, let us take heart of grace. There came a stage of what Mr. Ickes calls "our national degradation" when help appeared—from Mr. Ickes and others.

As we are to leave for San Diego soon—or WERE,—here is a fine chance to turn Paramount down and bring the stock of country editors back to par.

But—a FREE lunch THESE days—well—we fear to resist it, requires sterner stuff than we possess!

Soviet Russia automobile plants produced more than 47,000 cars in 1933.

There is a "no smoking" rule in meetings of the Texas relief commission because Gov. Miriam A. Ferguson has hay fever.

Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Calif., March 4.—Awakened this morning by the sound of a lawn mower below the bedroom window. It's a very pleasant sound early in the morning. For it denotes clear skies and sunshine, and enterprising activity,—by someone ELSE! It's musical too, harmonizes with the sunrise anthem of the mocking birds in the garden. And one is glad to be in bed rather than at the other end of the lawn mower. We have many spinning wheel songs, we wonder no one has composed a lawn mower song. One of these days someone will.

The above indicates, we trust, the state of the weather down here. It's midsummer again. That makes the lawn mower season a long one,—from March until Christmas. Hard on the young boys of Southern California. No skating, no snow balling, no sleighing; but lawn mower pushing nine months of the year. In fact if boys had a vote we don't believe the officials of California incorporated would publish the result of a juvenile referendum on this sun-kissed climate. It's great for the grown-ups and the venerables,—particularly those who have just migrated from Iowa,—but the kids back East certainly get all the best of it.

Continuing this theme we might say there are no "kids" in this hotel. The average age is around 65 or 70. Far be it from the present writer to ridicule grey heads or bald ones—EXCEPT in financial circles he is often mistaken for John D. Rockefeller, SR.!

But a few minutes after our return from Boulder dam, we were the involuntary witness of a little exhibition in the patio, which we feel is worthy of mention. Not in the comic spirit at all, but to demonstrate that before our eyes, so to speak, a new race is being produced—or at least a new type—the "grandmother A LA MODE."

There were three in the cast, all grandmothers, all long past the stage where either dress or dieting, are matters of real concern,—of so one would assume by APPEARANCES. But what followed merely shows how little we know about such things.

Mrs. A was standing by the banana tree, Mrs. B was reclining in a canopied chair, and Mrs. C—who really doesn't come into it, very much—was stretched out on a chaise longue, with a copy of the Times over her face to keep off the afternoon sun.

Mrs. A was disgusted with Mrs. B because Mrs. B didn't like a certain chair, which was there as Exhibit No. 1, one of these awning cloth chairs you can manipulate at almost any angle by adjusting the back rest—but be sure it's firmly in the proper notch before you sit down!

"It is an excellent chair if one knows how to use it," maintained Mrs. A—"it fits ME perfectly."

"You can have it" rejoined Mrs. B, "it isn't a chair at all, it's a settee trying to masquerade as one. The man who built it should never build another—he should go into interior decorating or something else useless. I simply can't get out of it, so I never get into it!"

"The trouble is you don't take proper exercises, for example do you ever do this? I do every morning," and Mrs. B grasping the banana tree firmly in one hand proceeded to lift her left leg up and down reaching an angle of about 30 degrees with the ground. Or this—and she took the tree in both hands and then descended upon it slowly, pushed back and descended upon it again, three, four, five times, somewhat as a glacier might descend upon a valley.

"I exercise EVERY morning," replied Mrs. A, rising from her seat, and after gaining her equilibrium, proceeded to revolve her torso around and around, with her waist acting as a universal joint. I have done that for 20 years and intend to do it 20 more. It's all anyone NEEDS to do. If you did it you could stand straighter, I notice . . .

"But I do stand straight" returned Mrs. A, "and still grasping the banana tree she DID,—simply by falling back, and letting the tree do the bending."

Mrs. C then came into the picture by removing the Times, and inquiring somewhat testily:

"Can either of you stand straight, bend down and touch the floor with your fingers—up and down, up and down, without bending your KNEES! I do it every morning—and have for years."

"I would like to see you do it NOW," said Mrs. A. "I only do it in the MORNING," said Mrs. C, and without having changed her reclining position at all during the conversation, replaced the Times over her face.

There you have it. Mrs. A weighs at least 180, without her high laced black boots,—when she walks she toddles,—Mrs. B weighs even more, is built and progresses somewhat like a snow-plover,—have never seen Mrs. C in action—(we don't get up early enough in the morning).

But what a fine spirit, what a splendid way to grow old,—if not gracefully in a literal sense, certainly GALLANTLY—just as much interested in their physical fitness as a trio of sub-debs. And to observe them from day to day whoever would have thought it. But there they are—three grandmothers a la mode!

Returned to Pasadena—very, very sore, of course. That night at dinner a special delivery letter was brought to the table,—an apology from Paramount—believe it or not,—only TWO names had gone in to the publicity department (the young lady left in charge being instructed to attend to the country editor, as Miss W. had been called away)—the two names were "A Mr. Binks of Detroit and a Mr. Hoover!"

Well, we knew all about Mr. Binks—and a Mr. Hoover,—anyone with that name, these days, wouldn't have a chance of course.

"So embarrassed—please give us a chance to make amends,—lunch with us here on Tuesday—and bring all your friends!"

As we are to leave for San Diego soon—or WERE,—here is a fine chance to turn Paramount down and bring the stock of country editors back to par. It's no slight offense trifling with the feelings of the 4th estate!

But—a FREE lunch THESE days—well—we fear to resist it, requires sterner stuff than we possess! At any rate here we are—WAVERING!

R. W. R.

A farmers' co-operative of McMinnville, Ore., will distribute gasoline to members.

Restaurant men say Miami, Fla., has more eating places than any resort center in the world five times its size.

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 for: William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

SOME DOCTORS SAY MORE THAN THEIR PRAYERS.

A big shot in the beverage business is spending a slice of the profits "educating" the suckers of his beverages. One important suggestion he features is that his stuff meets the requirements in this and that element declared necessary by Dr. So and So. Comparatively few of them read the second-rate women's magazines anyway. However, there is such a person. He isn't a physician at all. But he has some degree which entitles him to call himself "Doctor" when that may help put over an article or a lecture. To one in the know it seems deplorable that such trick promotion can sell the public.

The elements mentioned by the beverage people are present in ample amounts in such staple foods as milk, wheat flour, beans, eggs, cheese, cabbage, peanuts, turnips, carrots, etc. But you know the wisecrack mind. I should think even the wisecrack would resent the results which attend the use of medicines, food, raiment and household supplies constantly hurled at him. It is surely an insult to anybody's intelligence for a salesman or saleswoman to offer assurance that "physicians agree" or "eminent doctors say" this or that. It is high time that this brazen imposition were frowned down by honest businessmen. As long as business itself tacitly assents to the deception practiced by these big shots who have the gall to tell the public what "eminent physicians" think of their nostrums, the intelligentsia (a class far more numerous than these big business crooks like to admit) can only infer that all business is more or less tricky.

People should be more skeptical concerning things about which the "leading physicians" agree. Once in a while some one should really "ask your doctor." When the piccolo player takes advantage of the brief intermission to remind the public what the eminent specialists say, some one should ask for data on the standing of the eminent specialist, and on what the piccolo player bases the specialist's eminence.

There are various ways around Robinson's barn, various methods of skinning the cat. If the great apes

could use the proverbial glove. As the bald and bearded book-keeper, the antiquarian office "boy" or the suburban husband who never quite made the \$50-a-week grade, he is a snob. His exquisite delineations of the blundering high-minded failure are always the sort that inspire a throat clutch. All know so many Donald Meeks of the stage in real life but the eloquence of their submission to life's bludgeonings merely tweaks us for the moment. We never do anything about it. If great wealth ever came to me I'd like to endow a fine hotel club for Throughbreds of the World Who Took the Undeserved Bad Breaks Without a Whine.

The raggedy shoestring plays that gasp after a few minutes and then burnish a memorable line of simile. One recently, for instance, spanned this: "As cold as an iceman's pants." And another this one: "As surprising as a wooden wedding in Hollywood."

Thingsamabobs! All of John Golden's play titles have had three and four words. The 8-year-old miracle pianist, Ruth Slenczynski, prays five minutes silently before each recital. The Polles Bergere's Spring revue will have a skit burlesquing American banking and two New York bank presidents, Edna Best in 40 Atlantic crossings always suffers mal de mer. Roscoe Peacock is one of America's crack wing shots.

In a window-gazing tug of nostalgia today, I wondered just what, if anything, had happened to the small-town husband who snorts and blows in the water while washing his face on the back porch.

Terra cotta jars containing well preserved food have been found in mounds of the Aztecs, Mayas and Toltecs, ancient races of Mexico.

RENT NOT ALL TAXES.

To the Editor: I was not going to write any more editorials until the campaign for the sales tax was on, but I must say this: I do wish that when any person writes to the public they would show at least a smattering of intelligence.

The article by John B. Griffin in yesterday's paper tells of a man who pays \$20 more in rent than what his two children cost in school, and evidently imagines that this fact pays the cost. Now anyone should know that only the tax on that home goes to pay public expenses and then less than half of that is school tax. This man possibly lives in a house that pays \$33 tax and \$15 of that is school tax. I find a lot of people that figure their entire rental as being the same as taxes.

I am just going to say this, at this time, and that is that if you people opposed to the sales tax do not get it into your heads that you are going to shoulder some of the burden yourselves and get some of the taxes off from property and income, you are going to have to go through or go to some state that has a sales tax.

I am loaded with a lot of stuff for publication when the campaign is on. Until then, tra-la-lu!

GEO. IVERSON.

John Dillinger vs. John Law.

To the Editor: Badesy John moved out west for his health. John had had to meet "dam back cops." In the cooler goes

communications

Happy Days for Oregon Promised Gen. Martin on Visit to Mr. Roosevelt

By Mary Greiner Kelly. WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—(Special Correspondence)—"Happy days are coming for Oregon. We shall have even her cattle and lumber situation straightened out before long." These encouraging words came from President Roosevelt today, in his half-hour visit with Congressman Charles Martin.

General Martin's visit was in answer to a direct summons by the president, who wanted a chat with him. The subject was "Oregon," and the conversation covered a multitude of problems now concerning the people of that state.

They reviewed the progress of Bonnevill Dam, a project dear to the heart of President Roosevelt as well as General Martin, who has made several trips on his own expense between Oregon and Washington, D. C. in its behalf.

According to General Martin, they talked over the agricultural worries of the state, as well as those besetting industry.

"In all of them," declared the Oregon congressman, "President Roosevelt expressed the keenest interest, offering now and then some suggestion for the possible relief of stress. Unlike others back here, he seemed glad that Oregon received what has been referred to as 'more than her share of federal aid.'"

Turning lightly to the subject of vacations, the President, according to Congressman Martin, said that he would like nothing better than to take a "real trip through Oregon some time."

With seven inches of snow on the ground, Washington is a playground of sleigh-riding and ice-skating these days. The turn-over in children's sleds (financially as well as physically) during the past two days must

Badesy. Positive identification proves him a ruthless killer and robber. "Hick cops," you understand, don't deliberate long on a cooled rattlesnake problem. Now, great minds at head of law and order take charge of Badesy. Arrange airplane ride, hundred or so armed guards, big show in St. Louis. No expense spared. The law is doing this—for the taxpayers.

All set for action. Judge undecided when it will be convenient to hear Badesy's case—puts it off for a month.

Defense lawyers need plenty of time to work up crazy stunts (like the well-known check expert from Salem had), or other hokum handed down from ancient legal lore.

So Badesy got tired of waiting; don't blame him, he's used to activity and might die of old age while such plain-spoken minds as President Roosevelt yell for prompt action in our courts.

Is there any way to find out the cost to the public in this ONE case, of putting off for 30 days what should have been done in one-half hour?

JOHN H. HECKNER. Brownsboro, Ore.

SHUTE SAVED BY NINE-FOOT PUTT

MIAMI, Fla., March 8.—(AP)—Thanks to his knack of getting putts down in the pinches, Denny Shute of Philadelphia, the British open golf champion, and his partner, Al Espinosa of Akron, Ohio, have \$750 each to tuck away today with their winter winnings.

Shute got down a nine-foot putt yesterday on the 36th and final hole of the international four-ball tournament to turn back the defending champion, Paul Runyan of White Plains, N. Y., and Horton Smith of Chicago. The putt gave Shute a birdie four and his side the victory by one up.

Seventy-six conventions of various sorts were held in Asheville, N. C., last year and 10,669 delegates attending them spent something like \$480,000 in that city.

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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 4, 1924. (It was Friday.) Prince of Wales falls from his horse and breaks his collar-bone.

Ladies' hair-cutting parlors to be open, with no men allowed. Police wage war on boys who leave their bicycles laying on sidewalk.

Expert on aselemanship to address local merchants. Talent boomie, two new service stations built, reads a headline.

President Coolidge in address advocates "farmer raising all he needs on the land," and declares "installment is mortgaging the future, and paying will be painful." (He was right, everybody now knows.)

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 8, 1914. (It was Sunday.) Forty Perds have been sold in valley in the past five weeks.

Bank deposits of city gain 17 per cent in past quarter here. Seventeen late citizens from north end of county appear before county court, and they are told "to come when not so hot under the collar."

Two thousand four hundred eighty-five in county register for primary. "Sin, Shame and Champagne" at the Isis; "The Ordal of Kathryn" at the Star; and "The Drunkard's Misery" at the Star.

Work on the new cement plant at Gold Hill progresses.

Dillinger's Ruse Sounds Good To Denver Inmates

DENVER, March 8.—(AP)—Prisoners at the county jail presented a petition to Warden James Norton today. Said the petition: "Whereas, we, the guests in south block, believe that our carrying ability is equal to that of one John Dillinger, late lamented of Indiana, and

"Whereas, the art of carving has been neglected. "We hereby petition the warden of this institution for knives and wood blocks so that we may practice the manufacture of toy pistols."

The warden wasn't interested. A penny dated 1814 was found by John Nicholli while digging a post hole at Chinese Camp, Cal. It is twice as large as the modern penny and on its face are seven stars and an Indian head.

The Piedmont section lying along the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains in North Carolina is said to have a lower death rate than any territory of like size in the United States.

George B. Schneider of Los Angeles was given back a valuable watch pin by a bandit who held him up when the owner told the highwayman the pin could be traced if efforts were made to pawn it.

Meteorological Report

March 8, 1934. Medford and vicinity: Fair tonight and Friday with frost tonight. Oregon: Fair tonight and Friday. Freezing temperature east and local frosts west portion tonight.

Temperature a year ago today: Highest, 61; lowest, 32. Total monthly precipitation, .02 inch; deficiency for the month, .40 inch. Total precipitation since September 1, 1933, 6.94 inches; deficiency for the season, 6.07 inches.

Relative humidity at 5 p. m. yesterday, 20 per cent; 5 a. m. today, 82 per cent.

Sunrise tomorrow, 6:33 a. m. Sunset tomorrow, 6:10 p. m. Observations taken at 5 A. M. 120th Meridian Time.

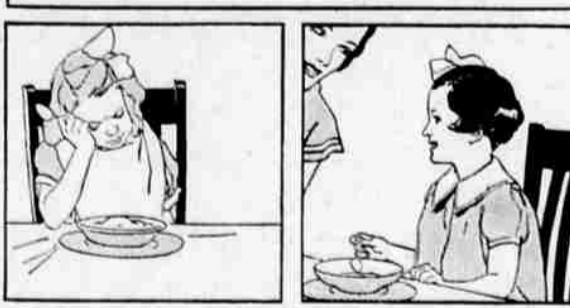
Table with columns: CITY, High Temp., Low Temp., Last Night, Wind, Weather. Rows include Boston, Cheyenne, Chicago, Eureka, Helena, Los Angeles, MEDFORD, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roanoke, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Washington, D.C.

Under a new labor code, business concerns in Mexico are compelled to employ 90 per cent native help, and in some categories the quota is even higher.

The spawning season of sea shrimp in Louisiana waters usually extends from March through August.

The German dye trust is planning substantially to increase its production of synthetic gasoline.

Whose Fault?



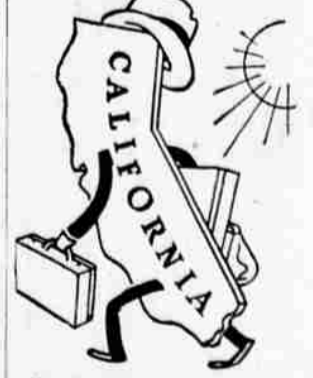
The Boy or Girl Who Refuses to Eat

"What have I ever done to deserve a child who refuses to eat, and is just skin and bones?" The mother who asks that question might be surprised to learn that she alone is to blame. She knows a lack of appetite is the sign of a clogged system, but does the wrong thing to remedy the condition. A violent cathartic that upsets the stomach pulls down a child like a spell of sickness. It often forms the laxative habit. A more sensible way of regulating children is explained in the column to the right.

It's a lucky girl whose mother knows how to regulate her children's bowels without some strong, evicting cathartic that upsets the system and ruins their appetites! Whenever sluggishness coats the little tongue, makes the whites of the eyes a bilious yellow, or a child is headachy and fretful, just try pure California Syrup of Figs. The senna in this fruit laxative is so agreeable to take, so natural in action! Get real California Syrup of Figs at any drug store. The bottle should say "California."

LUMBER BIG PINES PHONE 1 DRIVE-IN SERVICE LUMBER COMPANY

CALIFORNIA MOVES NORTH



How far is California? In miles it's no nearer than it was last year. But in dollars it's a great deal nearer. Rail and Pullman fares have been greatly reduced on Southern Pacific. Our dining cars serve low cost "Meals Select."

Here are examples of new fares good in coaches and chair cars, also in Tourist Pullmans (plus berth): To SAN FRANCISCO — \$ 4.00 \$10.00 LOS ANGELES — 10.00 28.70 PORTLAND — 8.50 11.25

Southern Pacific J. C. CARLE, Agent, Tel. 31