

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
15-21-29 N. 1st St. Phone 13

Editorial Correspondence

HOLLYWOOD, Calif., March 10.—Returning from San Diego, decided to stop here for our long delayed luncheon on the Paramount lot.

Nice food. As for movie stars, there were of course nothing else but. The place was packed, most of them from "Murder at the Vanities" now in rehearsal,—which is only another way of saying most of them were chorus girls.

Envied them in nothing but big swooping black hats and negligees. And it WAS hot. But they looked beautifully cool, and coolly beautiful.

Yes coolly beautiful is the word. Over the special door built for their entrance is this sign: "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world."

And while cynics may dismiss that as so much press agent baloney we are sure not a member of our party would dispute its truth.

They ARE beautiful—face, figure and everything—and not cheap—not Mae Westish at all—thin, graceful, delicately molded—superficially at least they could pass for graduates of some swanky New York finishing school.

Yes, we knew all about susceptible old men, but we are merely stating a fact and rather an interesting one, i. e.: the evolution of the American chorus girl. From the crude to the cultivated, from the primitive physically exaggerated type, to the aesthetic type,—the baby doll is out,—the final result may be synthetic, but it shows nevertheless a touch of breeding.

And one of the men responsible sat at a table next to us—Mr. Earl Carroll—who was dining at a small table—his luncheon consisted of a salad and a glass of milk. Mr. Carroll's professional search for beauty, could undoubtedly be clearly explained by any competent psychiatrist. It has something to do with a compensatory complex. For Earl Carroll is about the homeliest man one could find in Hollywood. Not only homely but washed out, anemic, desiccated, sad, in effective looking.

"But he knows his stuff" said one of the young ladies from the studio.

Evidence of that was all about him.

And while on this subject here is another interesting fact. While the chorus girl type has—so to speak—become more "ree-fined" the male lead, matinee idol type has become less so. This was very strikingly illustrated while we were lunching.

When we came in there was a tall, graceful young man with extremely delicate features, a mop of jet black hair, well oiled and curly, starting to recede slightly from his high forehead—he was wandering about slightly like Hamlet's ghost,—taking those deliberately long exaggerated strides, so characteristic of the Henry Irving school of acting. It was the popular English actor Ian Keith, who took John Barrymore's part in Grand Hotel when it played at the Belasco theatre here two years ago—and was Queen Christina's unsuccessful wooer in Garbo's latest film.

Jan it seems was looking for a girl he had a luncheon date with but she failed to appear. He was in and out all during luncheon and finally ate alone—near the long table reserved for the members of the colored band.

Jan is slipping, John Barrymore is slipping, the beautiful Greek God profile is, with the baby doll chorus girl, passing out. Rugged, two-fisted He-men are all the rage now. Clark Gable, once a lumberjack, George Raft, an ex-prize fighter, Heavy-weight Champion Max Baer himself, and now this man Carl Brisson, the latest sensation imported from Denmark via London.

Carl is the male lead in this "Murder at the Vanities." He was there at a large table and while we wouldn't swear to it, we have an idea Ian Keith's lady was lunching with him. At least five or six of the best looking beauties in the cast were at his table and they all were having a fine time.

Carl is also an ex-pugilist, and looks it—he must wear a No. 18 collar, and because of the size of his biceps have his dinner coats made to order. He talks with a broken accent, and sports a broken nose—but how the girls fell for him in London, and how—according to her Highness, the Paramount press agent,—they are going to fall for him here.

So while in real life the men physically are getting weaker and the girls stronger, on the stage the exact reverse is true. No doubt Dr. Freud would have an explanation for that, but at the moment we haven't.

Judith Allen was there, also Toby Wing, Francis Drake, Sylvia Sydney (who they say has the most perfect face in the business), Mary Carlisle, Mr. Cecil de Mille—bald, tanned, vital and humorous looking,—Lynne Ross, very popular as a crooner, Richard Arlen, very popular with everyone in Hollywood, Gracey Allen and her partner, Burns, (both in their pajamas), Victor McLaglen, who is the hard boiled "dick" in the Vanities, Adolph Menjou, eating rapidly in his makeup and very talkative,—etc., etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Afterward we looked in on some shooting of the Vanities, the incident where Carl Brisson is accused of the murder, by McLaglen, while a lady's maid defends him, and beautiful girls gather around as if in a football huddle. At the side was the irrepressible Jack Oakie,—wiscracking with some light men—one wonders if ANYTHING ever gets Jack down. He is the stage manager in this piece, an example of excellent casting.

Then to see a scene from Sylvia Sydney's film, "A Princess for 30 Days" taken in an automat—where you put a dime in the slot and the glass door opens offering a piece of pie. Perhaps it was put on just for the benefit of the country editor, and perhaps it wasn't. Anyway, Cary Grant and George Baxter staged a fist fight over waitress Sylvia, Baxter slipped on the smooth parquet floor just as Grant ducked, and proceeded to sock Sylvia in the eye. It wasn't a rehearsal but an actual shooting, so there was a great howl. Sylvia isn't the most beautiful creature in the movies to our mind, but she has tremendous charm, wonderful eyes,—and a face of extreme sensibility. The way she bowed her head and gurgled, while her maid rushed for a towel dipped in cold water and everyone flurried about was delightful to see. She couldn't get over it and when a retake was ordered, had great difficulty in regaining her composure. There's a story for Hollywood—a film star who will take a sock in the eye and come up smiling! No wonder she is popular with the men!

It's still 90 in the shade. They are playing baseball in vacant lots and 50,000 people are reported along the beaches. Believe it or not, the older girls in this hotel are actually inquiring about the best SUMMER resort nearby! 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.

TOXIC GOITRE MY EYE.

In an interesting practical report of his observations and experience in the treatment of goitre with X-ray a medical colleague of mine falls into an error which will all good doctors would leave exclusively to the brass specialists of the jass age. He calls it "toxic" goitre.

This term "toxic" as applied to exophthalmic goitre was invented, I think, by some brass surgeon. Toxic does not mean a thing. The average person imagines that if the brilliant surgeon cuts out the offending thing it will be fine. So the brass surgeons are very fond of this trick term toxic in reference to goitre operations. I hope good doctors will avoid using the term, even without premeditation. When an honest doctor falls into such error of speech he lends aid and encouragement to the quacks, both the honest quacks who make no bones of their status and the sleazy shysters who render a lip service to medical ethics for what they can make out of the game.

Exophthalmic is a horrible word, I know, but it seems to be the only word the Greeks had for it. It means protrusion of the eyeballs, bulging, prominent, widely open, staring eyes. This is a sign rarely absent in the disease popularly known as "inward-looking" or "staring" eyes. It is Gray's disease, the Italian morbo di Flandro, the Germans Basedow's disease and the French goitre exophthalmique. The popular name for it in this country is probably in recognition of the fact that in most cases in the early stage and in many cases throughout the course of the illness there is no visible enlargement of the neck such as occurs in ordinary endemic goitre of school children.

This being a health column we do not serve symptoms. But we're in this far, so we may as well mention briefly the other signs or features of exophthalmic goitre—signs which do not accompany ordinary everyday endemic goitre of childhood.

Lamp the "large" Eddie Cantor or Ethyl Barrymore eyes—the eyes standard size, but the wide lid opening uncovering the entire ring of the iris and perhaps even a little of the white above the color ring, makes

the eyes seem large, gives the patient the appearance of being frightened. Next comes rapid pulse rate and more or less palpitation or consciousness of heart action. Then a constant fine tremor or trembling especially in the fingers, as the patient were really apprehensive or harassed by anxiety. Often there is emaciation or failure to gain normal weight and this, added to other symptoms, has led to a diagnosis of incipient pulmonary tuberculosis in not a few cases—a diagnosis which would not matter much, since the treatment best for early tuberculosis is also best for exophthalmic goitre.

X-ray treatment produces decided improvement in 90 per cent of all cases and complete recovery in 80 per cent, my colleague avers. Recurrences are no more frequent than in surgically treated cases, and the X-ray method shows no fatalities, requires no hospitalization. These are his conclusions from 15 years' experience in this field.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

How to Recover From Tuberculosis. Fannie Benson Rogers, herself a winner in the battle, has published a valuable little book entitled "Want to Get Well?" which gives the way in the fight a lot of good counsel. In a foreword one of the leading medical authorities on tuberculosis expresses the wish that every tuberculous patient may have the opportunity of reading the little book at the very beginning of his battle with tuberculosis. Friends of such patients can give them a good copy for a dollar for a copy of the book, to the author, Colorado Springs, Colo., and placing the book in the hands of the patient.

Guide to Right Eating. Please give us some sound advice about the right kind of food for ordinary folk to eat—I don't mean diets but just the proper varieties or combinations of foods for the ordinary household.—R. A. M.

Answer—Bread and butter, meat and taters, milk, eggs, fish, nuts, fruit and greens and a few raw or salad vegetables in season, and you can't go far wrong. Perhaps the booklet "Guide to Right Eating" will help—send a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for it. (Copyright, 1934, John P. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 E. Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

pay her income tax. There is the story of a young lawyer who did some work for Miss Petrova and sent her a bill for \$2,500. She lopped off the \$500. He was never able to convince her of the justice of his claim. Finally he went to his senior partner who listened and replied: "My advice in handling Olga Petrova of the world is to do more billing and less cooling."

Mary Hay, long absent from the Broadway stage is turning seriously to playwrighting on her own. She can do all the dancing engagements she desires, but prefers the new field. Miss Hay, the former wife of Richard Barthelmex, is now the wife of Sir David Bath.

Ganna Walska, voluptuous and rosy-cheeked, indulges in sauntering on the Parisian boulevards in her New York exp. Many evenings she is seen window shopping along Fifth and Madison avenues or strolling in Central Park. She is little recognized, although many, on account of her foreign manner, turn as she passes.

Rex Beach used to tell of the 40 below night in a Nome saloon with everybody in a huddle about the base-burner. Finally they heard a dog sled drive up with a stranger. He was almost chopped from his seat and brought in by a team. After a time he was asked if he wouldn't partake of steaming rum punch. He shook his head and after much coaxing said he would have a seltzer lemonade. The disgruntled proprietor said they had no seltzer and in withering scorn observed: "But stick around I'll get you a pair of white duck pants out of an old drunk upstairs."

A lady upstate asks what I think of the ad. giving a Madison avenue address: "Make your friends think you are having a high old time in New York."

WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY? IS THERE A CURE? A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, Dept. 1267, 543 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Olga Petrova in her day was regarded as the stage's most astute business woman. Her contracts were air tight and she was first to have airplanes.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 14.—Harlem's hide-no continues muted. The cafes can't raise a corporal's guard at the usual after midnight invasion. Bawdy spots such as "Dickle's" are desolated. The passing of Aileen Walker, kink-no-more actress, postponed the huge afternoon teas and Sunday soirees. The Black Belt droops. Jules Bledsoe, the "Ol' Man River," who used to send Sugar Hill rentals sky-rocketing when he took an apartment there, is dividing his time between concerts on the continent and his farm in Delaware county, upstate. Adelaide Hughes is marking time in her mansion "among the white folks" in Larchmont.

Carl Van Vechten, so long a regular, is no longer seen. Paul Robeson spends most of his time in Europe. Bill Robinson in his \$14,000 Duesenberg has been barnstorming with a quick stepping revue. Nora Holt is in a Singapore club and not even rioting can dislodge Josephine Baker from her Paris haunts.

The only 18-karat headliner left is Ethel Waters, although a few of the lesser lights cling. Such as Harlem's Buddy Rogers, Henry Wessel, Eddie Manchester, known as Harlem's best dressed colored man and John Nail, the big shot realtor. Even the number games languishes. Harlem isn't Harlem any more.

Olga Petrova in her day was regarded as the stage's most astute business woman. Her contracts were air tight and she was first to have airplanes.

York. Stamped letters mailed back home for 5 cents each. If the lady enjoys such minor deceptions I do not think particular harm is done. Twenty-five years ago I'd have jumped at 25 cents worth anyway. I was a sucker for "Send Dime—Get Big Mail."

At Frazier Hunt's I began reading "Out of the Test Tube," astounding facts about chemistry written in baby talk for the layman. And then half way through the book I glanced for the name of the author. It was Harry N. Holmes, Ph. D. He was my professor of chemistry at old Gallia Academy—a cub just out of college and shy as a dove. Had he then made chemistry as interesting as he does in this book it might be peering into test tubes today instead of annoying the public with this.

Wilton Lackaye's favorite small town story concerned the sod burner in the city for the first time passing a sign, "Soda and Billiards." In his long they had only pool halls such as Joe's 2 1/2 cents a cue. So he stopped in at the soda fountain and said: "Mix me up a billiard!" The jerker nudged his fellow worker: "Get this one! He wants us to mix him a billiard." So they compounded a concoction of sour dish water, floor scrapings and a strand of sour mop and passed it out. When he finished, the clerk asked how he liked it. Smacking his lips and drawing his hand across his sleeve he said: "Fine, but if I wasn't such an old billiard drinker I'd thought it was something else." (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

THE pity of it is that this Fred Brown, when he was a pink and chubby baby, wriggling his toes in his crib, had as good a chance as anybody. It was what he did with his life between babyhood and 45 that brought him to where he ended up.

AT PETALUMA, over the Sierras from Grass Valley, the bodies of John Dunn, 49, and his son, John, Jr., 15, are recovered from a slough several hours after their small fishing boat capsized and they were drowned before help could reach them.

They are just as dead, of course, as Fred Brown, in the hobo jungles across the range. But they behave behind them the honorable record of dying while doing their best to earn a living.

HERE is a question that may be an important one: If EVERYBODY, since the great depression began, had done his VERY BEST to earn a living for himself, without help, in whatever honorable way he could find, would there have been as much unemployment as there is?

ANOTHER question: If we all turned in and WORKED HARD, as our grandfathers did, instead of relying upon magic tricks, such as tinkering with the value of money to bring back prosperity, wouldn't the depression get over quicker?

QUESTION: If the army, which is one of the principal branches of the government, can't carry the mail efficiently, how would the government get along if it undertook to run ALL business—as a lot of people profess to think it should?

CHARLES G. JOHNSON, state treasurer of California, says in a speech at Sacramento that Californians are demanding a forceful leader to pull the state out of its financial troubles. "The man in the street," he adds, "is not interested in politics. He is looking for real accomplishment, and when he goes to the polls this year he will have more than political interests in mind. He will demand a REAL LEADER."

POSSIBLY. Anyway, it sounds good to say in a speech that he will. But if the biggest business leader in California ran for governor this year, without the benefit of politics,

animated solely by desire to be of service to his state and its people, how far would he get? Perhaps you feel competent to answer that question. If so, go ahead.

SOUTHERN OREGON, over the week end, enjoys weather that is as near perfection as weather ever gets. In Mexico City, far down in the tropics, it SNOWS.

The weather this year is about as badly confused as the politicians.

A DISPATCH from Grass Valley reads: "A terrific battle in the transient 'jungles' east of here resulted tonight in the death of Fred Brown, 45. A man known as 'Blackie' was held for his murder."

Death in a fight in the hobo jungles. What an end to 45 years of living!

THEY are just as dead, of course, as Fred Brown, in the hobo jungles across the range. But they behave behind them the honorable record of dying while doing their best to earn a living.

QUESTION: If the army, which is one of the principal branches of the government, can't carry the mail efficiently, how would the government get along if it undertook to run ALL business—as a lot of people profess to think it should?

CHARLES G. JOHNSON, state treasurer of California, says in a speech at Sacramento that Californians are demanding a forceful leader to pull the state out of its financial troubles. "The man in the street," he adds, "is not interested in politics. He is looking for real accomplishment, and when he goes to the polls this year he will have more than political interests in mind. He will demand a REAL LEADER."

POSSIBLY. Anyway, it sounds good to say in a speech that he will. But if the biggest business leader in California ran for governor this year, without the benefit of politics,

animated solely by desire to be of service to his state and its people, how far would he get? Perhaps you feel competent to answer that question. If so, go ahead.

SOUTHERN OREGON, over the week end, enjoys weather that is as near perfection as weather ever gets. In Mexico City, far down in the tropics, it SNOWS.

The weather this year is about as badly confused as the politicians.

A DISPATCH from Grass Valley reads: "A terrific battle in the transient 'jungles' east of here resulted tonight in the death of Fred Brown, 45. A man known as 'Blackie' was held for his murder."

Death in a fight in the hobo jungles. What an end to 45 years of living!

THEY are just as dead, of course, as Fred Brown, in the hobo jungles across the range. But they behave behind them the honorable record of dying while doing their best to earn a living.

QUESTION: If the army, which is one of the principal branches of the government, can't carry the mail efficiently, how would the government get along if it undertook to run ALL business—as a lot of people profess to think it should?

CHARLES G. JOHNSON, state treasurer of California, says in a speech at Sacramento that Californians are demanding a forceful leader to pull the state out of its financial troubles. "The man in the street," he adds, "is not interested in politics. He is looking for real accomplishment, and when he goes to the polls this year he will have more than political interests in mind. He will demand a REAL LEADER."

POSSIBLY. Anyway, it sounds good to say in a speech that he will. But if the biggest business leader in California ran for governor this year, without the benefit of politics,

holding a night conference in the shadows of the county jail at Jacksonville.

TWENTY YEARS AGO. March 14, 1914. A fancy Poland China sow is stolen from a Sams Valley ranch.

Trolley car for Main street electric line arrives.

Mary Pickford, in "The Bishop's Carriage" at the Star; "Three Gun Sam Lays Low" at the Ials; and "I've Got Something" at the It.

The marvelous effect of the anti-tobacco ordinance to minors is illustrated locally, by the fact that youths addicted to tobacco are not suffering any through inability to obtain it. The first week or ten days of the police order, here seemed to be some effect, but the boys are now puffing away out in the open with a careless abandon.

BIG PINES LUMBER CO. FOR LOW PRICED LUMBER Phone 1

DEAFened You owe it to yourself to receive a FREE DEMONSTRATION of the TEUTONPHONE, Germany's Master Creation, for the relief of defective hearing. It is the only portable hearing device equipped with Radio Microphone. Dr. Orville H. Scheetz O.P.T. 606 East 11 St., Grants Pass Near Post Office

SCALP IRRITATION Eczema itching, dandruff scales, dryness, relieved and soon improved by the special medication of Resinol

Hotel Figueroa Tenth and Figueroa Sts. LOS ANGELES 400 outside rooms one 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.

Severin Battery Service Generator & Armature Exchange Expert Rewinding OREGON MADE BATTERIES SEVERIN and MULTNOMAH 1522 No. Riverside. Phone 390

Get a Car of PROVED Dependability — the result of 30 years of engineering progress. The new Ford V-8 for 1934 incorporates many radical engineering features... You will get IMMEDIATE DELIVERY on a car of proved dependability. AUTHORIZED FORD DEALERS FORD V8 for 1934

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. A Glasgow, Scotland savant reports his investigations show "Man does his best thinking on an empty stomach." People who have had experience with an empty stomach affirm they were unable to think of anything else but the vacuum in their bread basket, and while thus beset, were interested in no mental effort that did not involve biting a hole in food.

"FLYING PAY NETTLES" (Hdline of Call-Bulletin) That's just what our dues, and we feel the same way about it.

The newspaper photographer who snapped a picture of the escaped bandit, John Dillinger, with his arms around the district attorney, must also feel cheap. If he had not been so hasty, he might have secured a picture of the district attorney kissing America's No. 1 bandit.

Bill Atken, the plumber, is now a proud Grandpaw, and feels so good about it, he does not have to go back to the shop for a monkey-wrench anymore.

Fishermen are getting ready to catch the limit, April 19—in the creek and at home.

The eastern blizzard, the upstate press so fearfully pointed the finger of scorn at a fortnight ago, and which was so odiously compared with the Oregon climate, is now needed to repel the horde of candidates for governor on the Republican ticket. Another aspirant bobbed up automatically yesterday.

The Main Stem reverberated late yesterday to the bray of a mule, and it was a welcome change from the snooty hoots of new auto horns. The mule was replying to a group of city humdingers, who held his presence upon the leading traffic artery was symbolic of a "hick town." The mule evidently knew that his traducers were members of a recent shivaree, that tore off a gate, trampled down the geraniums, mortified the bride, roasted the groom on the prow of a Model T, and did not say "thank you" for what they socially extorted from their victims.

PESTERED STATESMAN SPEAKS UP (Congressional Record) Mr. Chairman, there is an old saying that no question is ever settled until it is settled right, but it has been my experience and observation down here during the past year that the saying has about twice too much language in it. The saying should be shortened to, "No question is ever settled."

Citizens who feared Repeal would "bring back the stool to the corner" by fall, will be wishing it had, instead of what is operating in the middle of the block, and wants to operate at every wide place in the road. People were supposed to use intelligence in their drinking, but are doing no better with it, than they do with their voting. The hope that man would use judgment in his drinking, seems to have been too optimistic. Furthermore, youth is inclined to run howl with a beer-bottle. Between the two, what is presently described as a "hell of a mess" will be created, and in 1935 creators will be skedaddling over the land pleading "Don't vote dry, and cripple industry." Every whippersnapper kid of either sex, who is drunk, or thinks he is drunk, and makes a show of himself in public, is a dry campaigner of wide influence, and an irrefutable argument against malt, spirituous, or vinous beverages. Sooner or later the kids will have to stay sober, or the voters will arise and arrange it so there will be no place for them to get pickled.

Another Poloist Killed. SAN ANTONIO, Texas, March 14.—(AP) Lieut. Nelson J. Delaney of Fort Brown, Texas, died here last night of injuries received in a polo game. It was the second death as a result of a polo accident within a week. Col. Gordon Johnston, chief of staff of the second division, died Saturday.