

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

The CoCo. banquet to pioneers, who have lived in these parts for 75 years or more, is a sentimental gesture of gratefulness and good will. They came when there were no street corners, upon which to stand and denounce the government, and besides, it was not healthy to do so, if there had been.

The gentleman who possessed the inference of kin and friends, that he could not tell the difference between a teardrop and a mushroom, is still unable to keep anything heavy on his stomach.

There is an answer for the letter-to-the-editor writer, who affirms "they never threw a lady out the front door of an old-fashioned saloon." They threw them out the back door.

TRAITORS! ALL OF US! (San Rafael, Cal.) Independent) We are sick and tired of hearing about "distie" and "Buzzie". Especially are we tired of what their mother, the president's daughter, writes about them in the nicker magazine to which she retails her name and semi-official title.

The weather is warm enough for the gala to wear cool appearing red dresses, but it is not yet hot enough for furs.

A number of rural schoolhouses in the state, are faced with the danger of being closed for lack of tax funds, before the end of the school year. No school house closed for this reason, should be opened evenings, for speeches by Portland politicians in opposition to a measure, that would keep them open.

It is hinted that the Ku Klux Klan will be revived. With nothing going on but the crumbling of civilization, and Democracy hanging by a thread, masked gent's in their shirt-tails, would certainly "pep up" the crisis.

The Portland ball team is composed chiefly of rooks, and to date the same situation exists as far as candidates for governor in this state, are concerned.

With all the improvements in the 1934 auto, the occupants of the front seat, still go out through the windshield, in the old-fashioned way, an accident the first of the week proved.

There will be a St. Patrick's COOKED FOOD SALE, Saturday, March 17, at the Economy Meat Market, sponsored by the Daughters of the Union Veterans of the Civil War.

Editorial Correspondence

ETASCADERO, Calif., March 12.—B-r-r-r! It's cold. A drop from 93 in the shade to 53 in four hours and about 200 miles is some drop. A cold fog that came sweeping over the tops of the garden peas along the shore, straight from the center of the Pacific, didn't help things any.

Left Pasadena about 11 this morning and accepted a luncheon invitation at Malibu Lake—no relation to the beach of the same name. Malibu Lake is only a few miles from Ventura Boulevard, on the direct route to Santa Barbara but no one would ever suspect it. Tucked away in the bare, grassy-green hills, a few miles south of the highway, it is one of the few living survivals of the real estate boom of the middle twenties.

The lake is typically South Californian. That is, it is ENTIRELY artificial,—made by impounding the waters of a couple of sickly creeks. Certain portions of the shore and lake bed are made of concrete like a swimming pool. A few years ago the lake was stocked with bass and blue gills, and recently with rainbow trout but the bass—or the perch—promptly ate up the trout, and now the lake fishermen eat the bass—or at least catch them. No live bait is allowed, only spinners and spoons and flies.

We purposely brought in Baby LeRoy, for it was at Malibu lake that the film entitled "Tessie and Gus" was made—Baby LeRoy being a star in that comedy, ably assisted by W. C. Fields and Miss Skipworth. It was shown in Medford six or seven months ago. The dock and what remains of the ferry boat are still here. Those who saw the film will recall the harrowing incident when Baby LeRoy was cast adrift in his tin tub.

All the way to the lake from Ventura boulevard in the winding valley are the relics of other movie sets—an African village, a frontier block house, and a street somewhere in France—with French sign boards still intact, and the shuttered windows. Now wouldn't you like to spend your long vacation at Malibu lake—no mosquitoes, no yellow-jackets, no ants,—twin beds and bath—finest spring water delivered in glass carboys,—fresh vegetables and choice meats by motor truck—and INTERESTING HOLLYWOOD SETS RIGHT TO YOUR FRONT DOOR!

Well PERHAPS you would if you lived in Los Angeles. For it is only an hour's drive from home, it is out of the wind and fog belt, you can get just as sunburned as you could on the beach, you can swim in soft warm water, row a boat or paddle your canoe, and listen to the radio from the cottage next door, or if you wish, have a loud speaker of your own! There are no telephones in the cottages but there is one at the lake store and filling station. Incidentally, calls on this phone are broadcast by a loud speaker. "A call for Mr. Blank" goes echoing around the little lake. And Mr. Blank if he feels so inclined jumps in his car, and finds what it's all about.

One is not surprised to learn that residents of Los Angeles, who answer the call of the wild, don't linger in southern California but migrate to far off Oregon and Idaho. One of the men at the luncheon, an ardent fisherman, is a member of a fishing club on the Klamath river. He has often heard of the Rogue river, knows many San Francisco sportsmen who go there, and believes the steelhead fishing there is the best in the country. He promised to visit Medford this coming August.

When this country finally shakes the depression and starts full steam ahead once more—as it eventually will,—there will certainly be a demand in this part of the world for separate freight highways. Under present conditions the heavy week end motor travel is held up scandalously by the huge freight trucks, often with two and three trailers. Just outside of Santa Barbara today a truck loaded to the guards with box shoo, on an uphill grade held up at least a quarter mile of passenger cars. The truck chugged, and puffed at a snail's pace, and no car dared pass, until the down grade could be seen. The day will come when freight trucks will be ruled off the main lines of tourist travel.

This place is midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and boasts at least one very comfortable hotel, where charges are reasonable and the service is excellent. While here we met Miss Ann Livingston and her brother Archie, of the old Stage Road, who left La Jolla Saturday where they spent the winter. They motor in sensible fashion, instead of trying to make time, they keep up a steady even pace, and see what there is to see along the way. Today they are taking a side trip to the Pinnacles near King City and will continue on to San Francisco, reaching there before sunset. The present writer for no particular reason will reach there three or four hours earlier and see nothing but the highway signs as he whizzes by. It's a bad habit, but like most bad habits is hard to break.

The Misses Carlton, who have wintered in Santa Barbara, leave there today or tomorrow and will motor back to Medford via Bakersfield and the San Joaquin valley, reaching home the latter part of the week.

Later: Reached San Francisco per schedule to find the bay region completely shrouded in a cold damp fog. Had time to call at one of the newspaper offices and see the man we regard as the best editorial writer in the country today. We said the BEST,—not the best-known or the most popular. In the five or six weeks since we left here, this newspaper man claims the stock of the Roosevelt administration has declined 50 percent. The air mail finance he gives as the exciting cause. He is a liberal Republican and a close friend of President Hoover, so

probably such a statement should be taken with a grain of salt. However, in nearly a quarter of a century of observation we have known this man to be far wrong only ONCE—namely on prohibition. He was an ardent dry, and for that matter, still is. 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.

CIRCULAR GARTERS AND VARICOSE VEINS

It is commonly thought that the practice of wearing hose supporters that encircle the leg, or even the modern garterless stockings, tend to cause or aggravate enlargement of the veins—varicose veins.



According to the observations of Dr. Norman J. Kilbourne of Los Angeles, who carried out careful experiments and studies by means of the X-ray, the direction of flow of blood in the superficial veins of the leg is not upward (toward the heart), as we have always assumed, but rather downward (away from the heart) from hydrostatic pressure or the weight of the blood at least when the patient stands or sits with legs dependent.

Can the blood flow in the main or deep veins of the leg be obstructed or impeded by the wearing of such garters? Of course the direction of this main blood flow in the leg veins is upward toward the heart. Dr. Kilbourne answers this question with an assured "no." He determined this by applying a tourniquet very tight, much tighter than a patient would think of wearing a garter, and yet the opaque medium is carried away in the deep veins so rapidly that it is difficult to take the X-ray picture quickly enough after the injection to catch any of it on the plate. The deep veins, he says, are buried too well near the interosseous membrane under pads of thick calf and thigh muscle to be affected by the pressure of round garments.

Where there is a tendency to edema or swelling of the feet or legs, it may be better to avoid tight garters or other constriction around the leg, knee or ankle. But where there

are swollen veins about the foot, Dr. Kilbourne points out that the direction of flow in the veins there is upward.

In normal persons, then, it seems there is no good reason to imagine the wearing of round garters causes varicose veins. In persons who have varicose veins, there is not only no sound objection, but perhaps some advantage in wearing round garters.

In regard to treatment of varicose veins which distress the expectant mother, Dr. Kilbourne cites evidence in favor of injection treatment in the fourth to seventh months when the patient has serious trouble. Dr. H. O. McPheeters of Minneapolis, who is likewise an authority on the subject of varicose vein treatment, urges injection of varicose veins in pregnancy when the patient suffers much from them. Nine out of ten such patients are gratified with the results.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Started rolling comments as suggested by you, when I was 50. Now at the age of 63 I enjoy fine health. Recent blood test by physician showed blood pressure normal, pulse normal. The doctor said "Nothing but the Grace of God for a man of your age to be in such fine condition." So I stamped and sent you my "Dear Dr. Brady" and asked for booklet, "The Last Brady Symphony."

Answer—A good habit to begin and end the daily Symphony with a few rolls. For complete words and music send 10 cents (coin) and stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for booklet, "The Last Brady Symphony."

Sweating In Armpits Thank you for the remedy you suggested for excessive perspiration in the armpits. I had tried many other remedies without results. The armpits are now bearing your advice. (A. O.)

Ans.—The recipe is simple—dissolve one ounce of aluminum chloride in three ounces of rain water or distilled water or at least boiled water. Mop some on the armpits once each alternate day for a week or so, and it will be before you dream of repeating from time to time as needed. (Copyright, 1934, John F. Dillon 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.

mecca of vaudeville and booking agencies. Then leaped further northward in front of the Palace, so thick a good humored cop used to disperse them with his comic line: "Exit laughing boys." The Palace went continuous and they scattered to no one knows where.

Rupert Hughes' annual visit from Los Angeles is a perk for literary folk. The goodly conversation of his period, he brings a gusto to every gathering, and upon arrival is at once the most desirable dinner guest in town. Almost totally deaf, he is a lip reader and quick at repartee. He has mellowed in the past few years, but scorn for much historical nonsense etched those acid, smiling wrinkles in his face. In appearance Hughes has something of the detachment of the man who has seen the world's brightness of a sunlit ripple. But among those he likes he is the warmest and most companionable of men.

Claremont Inn, like a huge white shell on the Hudson, sparkles with life these evenings, especially Sunday, being the only fashionable restaurant on Manhattan island without an orchestra. It was once the home of Theodora Burr, and the last place she was seen before her eerie vanishment.

Thingumabobs: Lucinda Reichenbach, Harry's widow, is opening a gown shop in Barcelona, Spain. Tom Melghan has touched off a new career, making a picture in London.

Donn Byrne's widow is married to Byrne's best friend and living in Ireland. The Ben All Higgins are to summer in rural Ireland. F. Ziegfeld's most intimate friend and confidante was Leonard Replogle, of Philadelphia. Brian Hooker's most famous sonnet was written to a class in Yale before which he appeared a half hour later after one of those nights in New York's "joints."

Beverly Nichols is writing a book on American table manners. He must come up to see me some time.

I fell in behind a street band, with banners waving today for the first sidewalk marching since I don't know when. But got to giggling how funny it would be to see the bass drum played by the famous international lawyer, Col. Joseph Hartfield, with his playright friend, Bob Sherwood, totting the front end.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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

Buckeye Coal Brokers, one Bucoos and chick size, while our present stock lasts, \$22.50 each—Medford Seed & Feed Co.

A plum tree which bore a crop last fall in the yard of an Oakland, Cal. resident came forth with a new crop which ripened in January of this year.

Comment on the Day's News By FRANK JENKINS

TWO men came up to the lunch counter yesterday morning, sat down, ordered breakfast, and picked up the paper.

Quite the proper thing to do, in this writer's opinion. Breakfast isn't breakfast without a newspaper to go along with it.

ONE of them, scanning the headlines, remarked: "Huh! The government spends hundreds of millions on the army, and then the army air service can't even carry the mail."

This airmail incident hasn't done the army any good.

HE CONTINUED: "Oh, well; the government is run by the politicians, and the politicians are a crooked lot, from top to bottom."

YOU'VE heard that statement often, of course.

Many people make it because it sounds smart. Others, undoubtedly in considerable numbers, actually believe it.

At any rate, it is a common statement.

THIS writer, for one, DOESN'T believe it.

Who are politicians, anyway? Well, generally speaking, they are office holders, big and little. Holders of public office, even the little ones, HAVE to be politicians, to a greater or less extent, in order to hold their jobs.

This writer chooses to believe that if ALL the office holders in this country were assayed 90 per cent or better of them would be found to be honest, sincere and devoted to the public interest.

THAT isn't saying that there aren't too many office holders.

Statisticians tell us that in this country about one person out of six is a holder of public office, of one sort or another. That is to say, out of each six persons one is supported by the other five.

That is putting too heavy a burden on the five, making government cost more than it should.

But the fact remains that the greater part of these holders of public office are honest, well-meaning people.

DOWN in California, as up here in Oregon, they are talking fewer and bigger counties, the idea back of the talk being to reduce the cost of government by making fewer governmental units.

Rolland A. Vandergriff, director of sponsoring a plan to merge the 58 counties of California into 15. Up here in Oregon, we are not so ambitious.

We have been talking about merging our 34 counties into 14.

TAKING DIRECT, Vandergriff at his word, a Ventura man has proposed new names for the 15 counties. In each group, he has tried to work in some part of the old names into the new name, and the result is fearful to contemplate.

Up here in the north, for example, it is proposed to merge Lassen, Shasta, Siskiyou and Modoc. As a name for this new unit, he proposes LASHADOC. Over on the coast, Del Norte, Trinity and Humboldt are rolled into one, and the name he proposes is DELTRIBOLT.

LASHADOC and Deltribolt! Boy, if that ever happens, Northern California will move over into Southern Oregon in a body.

Who could blame them?

BUT it won't happen. This talk of merging counties is just talk. The job of actually doing it would be too big for anybody to tackle.

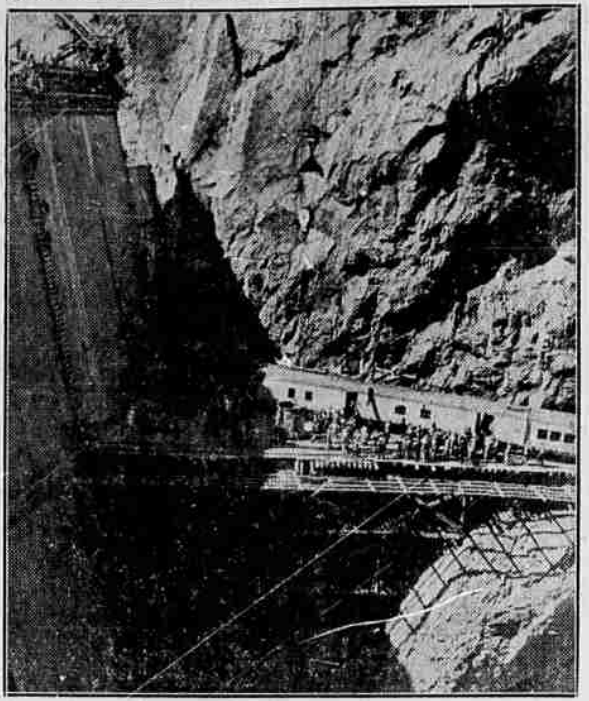
The general opinion of seamen is that a ship can roll about 42 degrees without great danger of capsizing.

Linked In Plot



Jail attaches at Crown Point, Ind., said a mysterious woman who had visited John Dillinger before his escape resembled Elaine Burton (above). Officials theorized she might have advised Dillinger to contact John Hamilton, his onetime partner in crime, after breaking jail. (Associated Press Photo)

STREAMLINE TRAIN AT BOULDER DAM



Two daring engineering projects side by side—the new streamlined train and the rapidly rising Boulder dam on the Colorado river. This picturesque scene of the latest feats of the machine age was afforded by the visit of the train to the damsite. (Associated Press Photo)

SECOND LARGEST TELESCOPE LENS NOW BEING CAST

Glass Disc 81.5 Inches in Diameter, Is for Texas Observatory—Require Many Months in Finishing

CORNING, N. Y.—(UP)—The lens which is being cast here for the second largest telescope in the world at the McDonald observatory in Texas will not be ground and finished until near the end of 1935, according to officials of the Corning Glass Works.

The huge glass disc will be 81.5 inches in diameter and will be used in a reflector telescope now under construction by the Warner-Swasey company of Cleveland, Ohio.

The largest lens ever made has just been completed by the glass works here and is now being tested for imperfections. It is 120 inches in diameter and will be used in a reflector telescope now under construction by the Warner-Swasey company of Cleveland, Ohio.

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Special glass, poured from ladles at different times, has gone into the moulding of the Mt. Wilson lens. Satisfied of its success, officials of the glass works now plan an even larger one, to be 16 feet 8 inches in diameter. This also will be for Mt. Wilson.

McDonald observatory, a co-operative undertaking of the University of Texas and the University of Chicago, with its 81.5-inch lens, will have a telescope on considerably different construction from that at Mt. Wilson. This lens is 13 inches thick, and will have a 13-inch hole in the center. It will be ground concave by C. A. Lundine of the Warner-Swasey company. Completion of the lens will require about 22 months. According to glass experts, it must attain "one millionth of an inch perfection."

The McDonald observatory disc was poured in January in the presence of several scientists, including Prof. Otto Struve, director of the Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago, and Prof. C. T. Eley and G. W. Moffitt of his staff. Professor Eley is the astronomer who "harnessed" the light from Arcturus and used it to open the gates of a Century of Progress exposition at Chicago last year.

Head of the glass works here is A. B. Broughton, former United States ambassador to Germany and to England.

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 15, 1924 (It Was Sunday) Medford wins the state championship by defeating Eugene high 21 to 15 in the final game of the state tournament. Gilbert Knips led his playmates to victory.

World flight flyers will pass over this city Tuesday noon. Congress excited over Teapot Dome scandal.

Journal reports that all candidates for office in Oregon, have come out for strict enforcement of the Prohibition law.

First tourists of the season at the free auto camp complain about the service, and are insulted by an unknown citizen, who told them "there are two good hotels." The tourists might have settled here.

The county fair will hold horse races this fall, also a pear exposition.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 15, 1914 (It Was Monday) The auto license law has been sustained by the supreme court, and all autolists are ordered to get 1914 licenses "without delay or argument."

Two 16 year old girls jailed for "joyriding with two men, whose wives have not yet caught up with them."

Local cigarette smokers start using "the nitrate of silver" cure.

Prospects bright for establishment of a cannery here.

Widespread disgust with taxes sweeps the rural areas, the sheriff reports. "All the candidates have agreed to cut the taxes in two, and give an economical rule," says an editorial.

ELECTRIC POWER OUTPUT GROWING

NEW YORK, March 15.—(AP)—Last week's electric power output for the country was 18.4 per cent ahead of the same week last year, the Edison Electric Institute reported today. This is one of the largest per centage gains ever reported in official figures giving yearly comparisons, but to some extent it resulted from the fact that at this time last business year business was still suffering semi-paralysis from the bank holiday.

The week's output of 1,647,024,000 kilowatt hours was off slightly from the previous week, which showed a consumption of 1,658,040,000 kilowatt hours. In the corresponding week of 1933 production was 1,390,607,000 kilowatt hours.

SALVATION ARMY TO SELL QUILTS

The Ladies' Home League of the local corps of the Salvation Army is planning an annual spring sale of quilts for Friday and Saturday, Mar. 16th and 17th.

The sale will be held at the army headquarters, 411 East Main, and will start at 10 o'clock each morning.

The ladies will offer for sale twelve quilts made by the members of the league and a number of quilt tops ready for quilting.

The public is invited to inspect the quilts offered for sale.

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

Ladino Clover. The supply is limited. Arrange for your requirements now. Priced from 90c to 80c per pound.—Medford Seed & Feed Co.

PORTLAND PAIR HELD AS COUNTERFEITERS

SAN FRANCISCO, March 15.—(AP)—Martin Luther Lenon, 32, a barber of Portland, Ore., and his wife, Carrie, 24, were accused of possessing and passing \$10 counterfeit notes in a complaint filed with United States Commissioner Ernest E. Williams, here today.

The couple were arrested late yesterday by secret service agents, who said Mrs. Lenon had passed a counterfeit note of the St. Louis Federal Reserve bank after making a purchase in a dress shop.

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Smooth Clear Skin Don't endure pimples and blotches. Alleviate them quickly with pure Resinol Soap and safe, efficacious.

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