

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 15

Subscription Rates
Daily, one year... \$5.00
Daily, six months... 2.75
Daily, one month... .90

Official paper of the City of Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 8, 1919.
Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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Advertising Representatives
M. C. JOHNSON & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot

A man sneezed on Central avenue Sat. pm, causing the rumor to spread thru the rural areas that four men had been shot. A number claimed to have viewed the massacre. Suspicion points to the Jennings boys, as heretofore.

Fine spring weather prevails. It causes the weeds to grow, and intensifies vernal laziness and the year-round poverty.
A. Moore Hamilton, scribe and Young Democrat, will address the Democrats on "Why Democrats should be elected to office this year."

The Wig Ashpole boy has two teeth in his mouth, and can bite his Paw's trigger finger.
A state wide dancing contest will be held in May. The athletes who fooled their coach and themselves, are being urged to enter and redeem themselves. The erratic basketball is alleged to be due to the nifty waiting.

E. Ulrich, of the Elk Crk. region, trapped into town the 1st of the wk.
C. Strang, the pillist, is primed to celebrate his 50 years in this burg and never mentioned for the legislature.

The ctase lawn is being smoothed out instead of stomped down, and when the grass starts growing its appearance will be revolutionized, as was once attempted.
Autoists are getting frisky at the railroad crossing again. The autoist should realize a locomotive cannot turn aside in time of danger.

Claude Saylor, the tonorialist, is now an enthusiastic about bowling as he used to be about motoring back to Penn. every summer. He has a special ball, so nobody else's fingerprints will get on it, and packs it in a canvas case. The dandies will flourish in his front yard, until he gets a suitcase for the lawn mower.

No report has been received this week on the social demagoguery of Dock Robinson, the sultan of Jville. He issued an edict that all who thought more of seeking Clark Gable at the O. Hunt music janters show, than they did him, can keep on looking at Mr. Gable, and see how they like it.

V. Brophy is getting ready to go out where nature favors no man, and chase cows all summer.
Bill Lydiard, the bouncing father of a proud girl, has his joy under control, except for getting his shoes shined twice a day.

An army plane flitted over Thurs. am, making more noise than a model T.
There is nothing left to cuss but the lack of rain, and inasmuch as the weather man is not elected by the people, he will get no mandate from them.

The fair sex are now using tennis, instead of skiing, as an excuse to get out of washing the dishes.
The people will have to decide whether they want the saloon or the bootlegger, and many will be surprised to know that they have to stand for either of them.

The Depression was shoved farther towards its goal last week, by the appearance of three auto bugs on the traffic arteries. The auto bug vanished in 1931, and is now staging a comeback after the go-away. They always look like they were going to fly apart, but never do.

Is The Showdown Here!

NO doubt about it. The country is in a vastly improved condition over that of a year ago. But, politically speaking, the President ISN'T. At the moment, he is between the devil and the deep blue sea, and the coming week promises to be, for him, a very trying one.

BECAUSE general economic conditions have greatly improved, because at last, recovery long delayed, has actually started, President Roosevelt naturally is anxious to do nothing to interfere with this improvement.

But probably no one realizes better than he does, that putting into effect TODAY, the principles of the New Deal, in which he believes, can have no other result, than to retard recovery,—at least temporarily.

So the situation comes down to the familiar one of the Lady or the Tiger. Which will it be? Will the president take his stand NOW, meet these fundamental issues firmly and directly, let the tail go with the hide, listen to Big Business yowl and watch the stock market slide down or,—

Will he mediate and compromise, employ his unquestioned genius as a conciliator, to postpone the inevitable day of reckoning to a more propitious time,—to a time, let us say, when the country economically and financially, has passed from a period of convalescence to one of complete recovery, and thus can better absorb the shock and strain!

WE don't know. Probably no one but the president knows. But what is done by the administration during the next week or two, will undoubtedly throw a clear and revealing side-light, upon the president's essential character, and the cornerstone of his political strategy.

President Roosevelt for example, undoubtedly wants a stock exchange regulation measure with TEETH in it,—one that will break the tyrannical power of the so-called Money Trust, once and for all.

He also undoubtedly wants Big Business as represented by Henry Ford, General Motors, and the automotive industry as a whole, to abandon their so-called company unions, and accept affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

In the airplane industry he wants interlocking directorates and secret understandings, eliminated, anything approaching an airplane monopoly prevented, and airplane corporations guilty of unfair practices punished.

WILL he insist upon these drastic actions now? If he does then the crisis which his election and the New Deal involved, has arrived, the long delayed social and economic Armageddon is here.

If he doesn't,—then, of course, the "show down" will again be delayed, and precisely WHAT the inauguration of a "new deal" in this country's affairs is going to mean, will still wait upon the future to disclose.

Pretty Cheap!

JUDGING by the Democratic press in this state, the party has launched a definite campaign to discredit and deflate Colonel Lindbergh. For his criticism of the government in the airplane controversy, and his refusal to act on Secretary Dern's committee of inquiry the colonel is slated apparently for the junk pile. The Portland Journal,—as in most things Democratic in this state,—is taking the leadership,—giving Lindbergh the raspberry in one form or another, almost daily on its editorial page.

The main indictment is, of course, that by his criticism of the administration, Colonel Lindbergh has shown that he has sold out to Wall Street, that as a stockholder and salaried official of certain airplane companies, he has abandoned the paths of rectitude and sympathy for the common man, and bowed his knee before the gilded calf of Mammon.

In yesterday's Journal, for example, the following editorial comment is quoted, and given top-page prominence:
Until the pack of predatory wolves of high finance, using the new invention of aviation and Colonel Lindbergh's fame as the world's flying hero to scuttle the nation's treasury, were caught red-handed and abruptly sent packing with their graft-conceited contracts.

Then, and only then, did a nation learn that its flying hero, the once poor son of a father to whom wealth meant less than righteousness, was the victim of the malady that rots men and nations alike.
"The world waited long and patiently for this man to speak," and when he did, a nation mourned.

So the nation mourned because this great hero of the air, unlike his father, abandoned righteousness for wealth, and stands revealed as the victim of a malady that "rots men and nations alike."
First Lindbergh, dodging newspaper reporters like the plague, yielded "to his passion for the spotlight and publicity," when he penned that letter,—now he is an example of mercenary greed and money lust.

JUST one word of comment on that last indictment!
Shortly after Lindbergh's return from France as this country's air hero, William Randolph Hearst called him in, and offered him \$500,000 in cash, if he would sign a movie contract for just one picture, that one picture was to be purely educational—occupying somewhat the same place in aviation that Bobby Jones' pictures did in golf.

Lindy was a poor boy then; he is not, according to our information, a rich man now. There was a way—and a perfectly LEGITIMATE way,—for him to make a fortune—to be independent for life.
But Lindy refused. He was very grateful to Mr. Hearst, but he did not wish to capitalize his exploit commercially—and no amount of gold could tempt him to do so. He shook hands with the wealthy publisher and walked out.

AND there is the young man who ACCORDING TO THE JOURNAL, has sold his soul for a mess of pottage, sacrificed his righteousness and abandoned his ideals, to his LUST for WEALTH!
WASHINGTON, March 24.—(AP)—The Oregon & Washington Railroad company has been granted permission by the Interstate Commerce Commission to acquire 48 miles of railroad between Burns and Seneca in Harney and Grant counties, Oregon.

PORTLAND, Mich. 24.—(AP)—Three men were injured by a dynamite blast set off by a road construction crew on the lower Columbia river highway near Linton today.
If you have not already made an inventory of your business and will soon, remember the Commercial Printing Department of the Mail Tribune, 28-30 No. Grape, carry inventory blanks. Phone 73 and we will deliver the blanks to your place of business.

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.

THE MOST COSTLY FOOD.

Dr. Doc Webster is not so hot when it comes to technical medical questions, yet I seldom find fault with his ideas — you see, I'm trying to win his regard, so he'll give the crit a break in his next edition. Food, says the leucographer, is nutritive material absorbed or taken into the body of an organism for purposes of growth or repair and for the maintenance of the vita. processes. I reckon we can't improve on that definition.

As an specialist, perhaps bored to extinction hanging around the office waiting for the next patient, lectured before a lunch club on the art of drinking, according to an item sent in by our Michigan scout. Alcohol, according to this lunch club savant, is "an excellent food requiring no expensive digestion and offering no difficulty to absorption, assimilation and elimination," provided you take only small quantities at each bout. "About two ounces can be used daily by the average person as a food," the item makes the doctor say. "It is most useful to the physician in treating cases where there is no appetite, low vitality and digestive and eliminative functions have ceased."

Two gallons of alcohol might be useful, too, for preserving portions of such a patient after some more functions have ceased. First, however, a good physician should apply resuscitation with one hand and clout over the ear any manner of bander who attempts to give the victim a narcotic depressant drug.
How easily this skin specialist settles the perplexing problem of the utilization of alcohol in the human economy. While physiologists, chemists and scientific experts struggle endlessly with the question and never arrive at a clear understanding, dentists, skin specialists and brasserie waiters with nothing to do can attend the lunch club whiffs and tell the boys precisely what's what, and maybe get their names mentioned in the paper to boot.

To get two ounces of alcohol you'd have to drink two quarts of beer a day, or say a pint of American wine or 1 1/2 pints of European wine. Quite a problem in itself to pour all that liquid down your gullet, and still attend to your business if any, yet avoid being offended by the traffic cops.
Five and one-half bottles of beer, as beer goes today in Scot—I mean Yankee land. Two bottles for breakfast, two bottles for lunch, and 1 1/2 bottles for dinner — you'd want to save room for your pie, of course. The skin specialist doubling as a nutrition authority did not specify the average person consuming two ounces of alcohol a day attends to any other duties or partakes of any food that requires digestion, absorption, combustion, elimination and everything.

From 2 ounces of alcohol, even if it were possible for anyone to oxidize, metabolize, burn or utilize as food or fuel that quantity, the organism could derive only 465 calories. It is debatable whether alcohol is as readily absorbed, assimilated or oxidized in the body as is sugar. In modern medical practice sugar is the choice where it seems desirable or necessary to provide fuel or energy quickly. It is sugar solution, not alcohol, that we inject into the veins in emergencies. It is sugar or carbohydrate food, fuel, nutrition, not alcohol, that all athletes, marathon racers, mountain climbers depend on to sustain them through the ordeal.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Pure Toilet Soap.
Please recommend a pure toilet soap for a delicate skin. I have used (three familiar brands) but they all seem to irritate. —Mrs. G. D. W.
Answer—There are several excellent toilet soaps on the market. Avoid soaps purporting to contain "anti-bacterial" or "medicated" soaps. Avoid highly scented or colored soaps. Perhaps a little borax added to the water will soften it. This lotion applied after washing and before the skin is quite dry, prevents chapping, irritation and redness.
Boil, stirring constantly till dissolved, 80 grains of trisacanth chips in a pint of water, add level tablespoonful of boric acid and two level spoonfuls of glycerin. Add enough water to bring measure up to a pint again. A few drops is enough to apply once or twice a day.
White Spots in Nails.
What causes white spots to appear on the fingernails, and is there a remedy? —Mrs. D. H.
Answer—Slight injuries. I know of no remedy.

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.
he enjoyed before his long absence from New York stage, in the cycle of romantic rotation, made again trill to doublets and hose, golden wigs, God's bloods oaths and the spark of rapier.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 24.—This time of year everybody is twittering with the ipuses. The gait of the caged bear looking for escape. Young men hurl themselves into the new cause. Old boys nicker and write sappy letters that they may read to 12 perfect strangers. Girls affect a coiffure revealing their ears, and simper. Grandmas sneak off for a few aly lessons in the rhumba. Imagined splendored pop into humdrum lives. Today I was thinking of a black-braided tan suit of English whipcord with a billiard-green vest and a pearl bowler. Every Spring I want to let go this way. The sartorial taste of Sitting Bull's widow!

But I have to content myself with some modest Roy W. Howard pattern, reminding of the blanket on last year's Derby winner. And a tie that is not red enough by six deep dips. Today, in the Ritz foyer, I noticed a sprig flitting back his hair and twitching his tie before a mirror.
Later, when he came into the coffee room with a slinky stunner suggesting Elizabeth Young, his lapel flowered with a gardenia. This time of year uncovers the sort of technique. I've been wanting to meet the lady who runs that avenue charm school and ask her to project her personality into for me. I love to collect samples.

Speaking of escape, Roasco Peacock has been reading Elsie Robinson's fine serialization in Cosmopolitan, "I Wanted Out!" As prince of correctors he wonders about the title. Once locked in a room, he beat upon the door and shouted "I want out! I want out!" A Britisher with oracular finality of judgment corrected him saying: "You mean you want to get out; it isn't 'out' you want." A solemnism or localism I do not know. But when I beat upon a door I want out!

The Boston at intervals arouses the household at night by standing in center of the bedroom giving a perfect imitation of a donkey's bray. It is a night-marish exhibition over which he is bewildered while slowly awakening. When company comes further to shame him I intone: "To the left of the curio hall we have Pill, the one-legged camel. On the right Hinky, the five-law, hair dog, half dunkey, etc." He's stone dead but he suspects some sort of kidding and goes off in a corner, squats on one haunch and looks pensive.

Dennis King, in magnificent voice and portraying a swashbuckling role, has swept back into the popularity

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

AN automobile dealer said to this writer yesterday:
"Last year I couldn't get buyers for the cars I had on my floor. This year I can make sales, but can't get cars to deliver."

Life is like that, isn't it? Just one thing after another.
BUT listen:
If life ever gets so easy that we common, everyday folk don't have to hustle and scheme and sweat in order to make a living, running every day and every week and every month into some new obstacle that we have to overcome, LOOK OUT! Trouble will be brewing.

BACK in the fat years just before 1920, things were too easy. Almost anybody could make money, and almost EVERYBODY did. It just seemed to flow in, without effort. And look what happened in 1929. And look what has been happening ever since.

LET'S try not to forget that one big reason why times have been too hard since 1929 is that they were TOO EASY for several years before 1929.

THE old paces and the new comes on.
The newest of the new, so far as transportation is concerned is the Union Pacific's streamlined, gas-driven, aluminum train, which visited Oregon this week and drew crowds like a circus.

The fact that people are keenly interested in the new is proved by the way they turned out to see this new train.

THIS train that passed through Oregon is an experiment. But the experiment, apparently, is regarded already as a success, for two more like it, only larger, have been ordered for delivery some time this summer.

The experimental train contains three cars, all day coaches, but the new trains will contain nine cars, including sleepers. The entire three-car train, incidentally, weighs only about as much as one old-style Pullman.

WHERE will this train be put into service? Nobody knows, yet—at least none of the officials accompanying the train knew. It is assumed that it will go into service on some short run that can be made in daylight, as it has no sleeper equipment.

There is a rumor that it will go on between Portland and Seattle. It is expected that these new, light, streamlined trains will make the run from Chicago to the Pacific Coast in about 36 hours, which is average running time of about 70 miles an hour.

The train is capable of a top speed of 110 miles an hour, and has been pushed up to that several times. That is getting up toward airplane speed.

THE railroads, in building these new, fast trains, are looking to the future. In this connection, J. C. Cumming, assistant general freight and passenger agent of the Union Pacific, said to this writer yesterday:
"The older generation goes on riding the trains. It's the new generation that rides the airplanes and travels by fast automobiles. There are plenty of college students in these days who have never been on a train."

IT'S this younger generation, you see, that the railroads are gunning for. They HAVE to, or when the older generation dies off they'll be out of customers.

IT'S quite the custom among older people to look with mingling upon the younger generation, and to shake a doubtful head over its goings-on. But ever since the world began a younger generation has been coming on, and in the main it has been this younger generation, looking around for new ways and new thrills, that has been responsible for most of the progress that has been made.



Each one seems to bear a message: Each little fairy golden flower Seems to hold supreme that essence Of spring's enchanted hour. —Flossie B. Case.

Card of Thanks
We wish to extend our sincere thanks to friends and neighbors for help and sympathy during our recent bereavement. Mrs. L. H. Tucker and family.
Special on Steel's Mastodon Fanny Brings. Three doz. large plants \$1. Bring your container. Pierce Hot-houses, near Red Top School.
Midge's Studio 3 for 10c. Peaseley Photo Opp. Holy Theatre.

Communications

A First Voter Speaks
To the Editor:
Last year I attained the ripe old age of 21, at which time—so I was taught in school—it becomes incumbent upon a good citizen to register as a voter and aid those candidates whom he thinks are best fitted to attain the office they are seeking.

As I have always been more or less interested in political issues, I have looked forward with great enthusiasm to the time when I would be able to fulfill the necessary obligations and cast my first vote. Therefore, perhaps I am more conversant with politics than the average young man of my age. It is to be wondered that I am trying to be more than conscientious about where my, to me, so valuable, vote shall be bestowed?

There are three factors that shall govern the casting of my vote for a candidate:
First—My own personal acquaintance with the candidate.
Second—The candidate's statements on the various political issues: i. e., his platform.

Third—His opponent's statements concerning him.
Presuming that Mr. X has filed for office, in order to find out whether he shall garner my vote or not, I shall judge him according to these standards:

First—My own personal acquaintance with the candidate.
I shall be able to do very little measuring with this yardstick, inasmuch as my age will afford a serious handicap to exchanging confidences with Mr. X. I may be safe in saying that not more than one candidate out of an hundred will gain my vote from this source.

Second—The candidate's statements on the various political issues.
I have found that most campaign speeches are so interspersed with "well turned phrases" such as "From the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California," and "We must all put our shoulders to the wheel," etc., ad nauseum, until it has been found all but impossible to leave the oratorical fireworks with one positive statement upon which one could pin their faith. Of course I realize that a few resounding phrases are a great aid in incorporating vividness in a speech, yet I fear that the average style of delivery used when "stumping" for public office would bring a high school public speaking instructor to tears. Sincerity and candor delivered in one sentence is, to me, more far-reaching and effective than a book full of bombastic oratory. Mr. X had best take heed.

Third—His opponent's statements concerning him. This could also be changed to his statements about his opponent — vilification and mud-slinging have qualities closely akin to rubber balls. Such things are quite apt to bounce back to the instigator. If Mr. X used these means, without definite proof, to discredit and defeat his opponents, he might find admirers making excuses for Mr. X's attitude and feeling sorry for the injustice done his competitors. He should remember that "all the world loves the under dog."

Whether Mr. X shall gain my vote in the forthcoming election may be easily summed up:
(1) What do I know of him personally?
(2) Are his speeches filled with candor, straight forwardness and honesty?
(3) Does he speak of his own record and past accomplishments or does he substitute statements to discredit his opponent? This method being often used to screen his own deficiencies.
(4) Does he make wild, improbable promises merely to garner your

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 25, 1924
(It was Wednesday)
Crater lake road to be opened to rim by June 1.

Medford high school basketball team leaves for Chicago amid cheers of 8000.
First smudging of the season is held, with no damage.
Campaign started for more railroads in Oregon.
Taxpayers' league battles paving of Tuxedo highway, and county court will make decision soon.

Citizen, accused of grafting by weekly paper, is convinced by friends "it would do no good to sue for libel as everybody knows it is a lie."
TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 25, 1914
(It was Thursday)
Heavy smudging saves the pear crop, as coldest night of the year hits the valley.

President Wilson in speech declares: "Humanity comes first, and America must stand ready to make sacrifices to Europe." Sentiment is widely cheered throughout the nation.
Rogue River Salmon club organized to abolish use of heavy tackle and worms in fishing.

Al G. Barnes circus to appear here in April.
Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind genius, appears at armory before a packed house.

A member of the Basco Musical Comedy Co., who on their first appearance in this city thrilled local drama lovers no end, is discovered working on the section at Coletian.

votes, or does he state what he honestly believes can be accomplished?
(5) Does he exhibit the courtesy toward his opponents that one should expect of a person before the public eye?
If Mr. X fulfills these requirements, I for one shall give him my FIRST vote and perhaps many more as the years roll by. Let Mr. X but examine the number of new voters of my tender years enrolled on the registers of our county and he may find out whom he may have behind him when the polls are opened and the votes roll in.

EDW. D. CLARK.
Medford, March 23.

Perry Ashcraft To Represent Pierce-Allen In Ashland

Perry Ashcraft, veteran garage owner of Ashland, Ore., now has the agency in that city for Dodge cars and trucks and Plymouth cars which he will handle for the Pierce Allen Motor company, Medford dealers, according to announcement by W. W. Allen Saturday.
Three carloads of Plymouth automobiles and new Dodge trucks arrived recently direct from Los Angeles, and new 1934 Dodge cars from the factory in Detroit. These outstanding values in cars and trucks are now on display at the Medford and Ashland show rooms.

STUDIO 15 THEATRE

TODAY and MONDAY.
Continuous Shows Today 1:30 P. M. to 11:00 P. M.



Most women will wisely be silent... ALL women will inwardly cheer!
From the world sweeping novel by SINCLAIR LEWIS
starring IRENE DUNNE, WALTER HUSTON, EDNA MAY OLIVER
Conrad Nagel • Bruce Cabot
A Pandio S. Berman production, directed by John Cromwell, MERIAN C. COOPER, executive producer.

Purple Bubble BALL

Ogden Mills took care to say throughout his New York speech that he was not speaking for the Republican party, but only for himself. That was the result of inner complaints from the congressional group that in a previous speech Mills unwittingly created the impression he was speaking for the party.
The worst pun of the spring season is that one that Colonel Lindbergh has been "darned" by the secretary of war.

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