

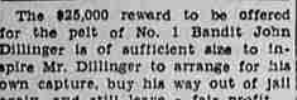
MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. 1st St. Phone 15
ROBERT W. HULL, Editor
An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year.....\$5.00
Daily, six months.....\$3.00
Daily, one month.....\$1.00
By Carrier in Advance—Medford, Astoria, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, one year.....\$6.00
Daily, six months.....\$3.50
Daily, one month.....\$1.25
All terms cash in advance.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited to this paper and also to the local news published herein. All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF ADVERTISING BOARD OF CIRCULATION
Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOOREHEAD & COMPANY
Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.



Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

The \$25,000 reward to be offered for the pet of No. 1 Bandit John Dillinger is of sufficient size to inspire Mr. Dillinger to arrange for his own capture, buy his way out of jail again, and still leave a fair profit.

It is now feared in the select and sane Democratic circles of the state, that Mr. Mahoney, the Boy Mayor of Klamath Falls, is elected Governor, by any cruel and idiotic trick of fate, would neither grow up nor eat spinach.

Dr. Alton A. Smahl, a New York otolaryngologist, who has won an eight-year fight against the New York Telephone company on account of overcharges, has collected a \$5,400 verdict—(Lit. Dig.) The lawyer got \$3 and Dr. Smahl 40 cents.

An auto accident that was unable to happen Sunday, occurred Monday noon.

It is a pleasure to note that Andrew Mellon, former U. S. treasurer, facing a quit for alleged income tax evasion, "views the future bravely," but who couldn't with a \$100,000,000 bankroll?

The Dub Weston boy has been excused of pulling up radishes for weeds, as with the radishes are known to be weeds, as they have come up again.

A citizen went to the courthouse yesterday for information on county affairs, instead of conferring with a candidate back of a barn.

The A. F. of L. reports 13,000,000 unemployed, and a government agency reports only half that many hostile to work.

The h. a. football team next fall will average 182 pounds, in the line from end to end. There is no danger of the athletes painting any more barns—but they could shove one over.

One of the valley's outstanding agitators is far enough away to be a crusader, and thus, neither when he is at, or where he used to be, is bothered.

An independence, Kas, taxpayer returned an assessment blank listing household goods at \$30 and two dogs at \$200.—(Exchange.) What does he think of the Sales Tax?

The 18-k Jubilee is coming along fine, and hundreds of upstate residents who never ran for state office, and visited this section, will be here to meet and mingle. They will notice nothing so much as the weather, and yet no committee on the weather has been appointed. The celebration will be unusual, and it is feared with no committee to guide it the weather will be the same. Even though it is the 78th birthday of Oregon, no chances should be taken on a climatic miscue. It is a mystery why no safeguards were erected. It does not seem possible the community has run out of citizens, willing to serve on a committee, and have an excuse to get away from home nights.

The Pulitzer Award

YES, the Mail Tribune is still rather dizzy! This may be because its hat band is too tight. But we prefer to think it is because the old M. T. isn't accustomed to HONORS. (Look over our mail for the past year, and you will understand!)

Many hours have passed since the award of the Pulitzer prize to this paper was released but the shock still lingers. It's a pleasant shock—and how. But frankly it is difficult for the M. T. to realize that a committee of newspaper men, in far off New York city, after making a survey of the entire country, actually picked out this "small town" daily in southern Oregon for stellar honors.

It's hard to grasp. It does something to the blood pressure. One starts pinching oneself to see if it is really true. This isn't normal behavior. The Pulitzer newspaper prizes are awarded every year, and newspapers are supposed to take them in their stride. Our inability to do so, we repeat, we charge to the fact that during recent times, honors of any kind have been so rare. We weren't—and aren't in proper training to receive any.

HOWEVER—sufficient unto the day are the good tidings thereof. So without further ado the Mail Tribune announces it is tickled pink!

It, undoubtedly, takes a newspaper to get the maximum bang out of a Pulitzer award. For it was established by one of the greatest newspaper men this country ever produced,—FOR newspaper men, to be awarded BY newspaper men. That makes it almost exclusively a newspaper affair.

Add to this fact that it is awarded for the "most meritorious and disinterested public service in the country" during a given year, and from a newspaper standpoint the thing is about PERFECT.

For the aim of this newspaper,—as well as every other newspaper worthy of the name,—is to BE of real public service. To know that in the opinion of others competent to judge, it has rendered such service, is quite sufficient reward, without any gold medal attached.

BUT the gold medal too will be welcome. For it will serve as a more pleasant reminder of those "dark days" in the early part of 1933, than the records in this paper's archives. For those records deal with rather painful things—such as cancelled subscriptions (when subscription money was sorely needed); with an advertising boycott (when advertising was skimping enough already); with mob insurance, and armed guards in the composing room and at an average of at least one threatening letter, in every eight hours.

It was no joke for the M. T., or for this community, in those days. However the last thing we desire is to revive any of the gruesome details, which we, and we believe the people of southern Oregon, wish to forget. Everyone in this neck of the woods knows all they want to know about them anyway, so we will spare our readers any further recapitulation at this time.

JUDGING by the local reactions to date, everyone wants to know HOW it happened. We are told it is the first time a newspaper in a city of less than 35,000 people, has ever received the Pulitzer prize. How come?

Well the Pulitzer committee made the award, we didn't. It is something for them to explain—if explanation is necessary—not for us. All this paper had to do with it, was to comply with a request from New York, that we forward a collection of news and editorial clippings which would give a true picture of the strife and turmoil in Jackson county, during 1933. Perhaps between then and now someone sent the committee a box of extra fancy pears,—or a gold plated invitation to the Diamond Jubilee. We don't know. We don't even know who the members of the committee are, or where they came from.

We merely know THIS: we are deeply grateful to them, and take this opportunity to assure them that the honor they have conferred, will be a source of pride and inspiration to this newspaper, as long as it endures!

WE hope we haven't given the impression there is anything PERSONAL in this award. There isn't. The prize goes to no individual, or group of individuals, but to the paper itself. It is not what any one person did, but what the paper did, and that service, was the contribution of EVERYONE on the payroll.

So we think it only fitting that this column should thank them all at this time, for their hard work, courage, and loyalty during a most trying time, and assure them that while the gold medal will be received by Ye Editor—as medals are usually received by those who happen to be in command—it would never have been awarded, had it not been for the privates in the ranks.

AND finally it would have never been awarded, if this community, at the height of the crisis, had not given this paper, such valiant support.

We could fill this column with the names of citizens—lawyers, doctors, business men, preachers, rural editors (the Jacksonville Miner PARTICULARLY) and just plain volunteers, both men and women—without whose aid the job could never have been done.

In the MASS they did more than we did, for in the last analysis, such affairs are settled and settled right—only by the forces of an aroused public opinion.

But we repeat this isn't a state police prize, or a bar association prize, or a committee of safety prize, or a community prize, it is EXCLUSIVELY a newspaper prize.

And it is as a NEWSPAPER that the Mail Tribune gets it. So,—to the Pulitzer committee—to its loyal staff—to the splendid citizenship which is so justly Medford's pride,—the Mail Tribune bows its somewhat battered head in,— HEARTFELT THANKS!

Communications

He is for George Dunn
To the Editor:
As no other Democrat has come out for state senator, I am going to come out for that office, and I hope the Republicans will nominate Geo. Dunn for the same office—and if they do—I want all the men to vote for Geo. and I want the women to vote for me. But I want Geo. to be elected by a big majority as I know him to be a thorough, reliable man and one of the best men in this county for state senator and he can be depended on to vote right on any measure that comes up—at least on what he thinks is right, and that's all we need to ask. Geo. Dunn is a native son of this county and knows the needs of it better, in my opinion, than anyone who has lived here only a comparatively short time. And more than that, the members all know him and know that when he talks, he means what he says; for he never talks through his "hat." Or worse, I know I am taking some liberty in talking about Geo. the way I do, but I know that he is too modest to talk about himself and too good a friend of mine to get mad at me for talking about him. JOHN B. GRIPPIN. Medford, Ore., May 8.

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, 785 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE GERM-FREE AIR.

Suppose, says one reader who reads too much and doesn't study enough, that Smith sneezes on his way to the 8:15 and spreads some of his germs in the damp morning air. Will not these germs live long enough for Jones to breathe them in when he comes sprinting after the train a minute or two later? No, thank heaven, the air everywhere and in almost all circumstances is practically germ-free, so far as pathogenic bacteria are concerned—the kind that are capable of causing disease.

Disease germs are mighty delicate organisms—can't call 'em plants nor yet animals—and they succumb quickly if deprived of the environmental conditions essential for their life and growth. Thus, a rise of a few degrees above the normal temperature of the human body is sufficient to kill or at least destroy the virulence or render harmless many disease germs. On the other hand, in a temperature a few degrees below the normal human body temperature they quickly succumb. Likewise disease germs cannot endure daylight; sunlight is deadly to them. Likewise they shun dryness. But then, the man who reads too much and thinks too little thoughtfully provided morning dampness in the air for the germs in this instance. But unless the day was extremely lowering and dark and at the same time hotter than any dark day would be, Smith's germs, even tho they were diptheria or tuberculosis or scarlet fever germs, need not cause Jones to hesitate to catch his train. Assume Smith is actually coming down with coryza, meningitis, flu, measles or cerebrospinal quinsy. It would be a large risk for Jones to catch up with him or to walk along with him part way to the station. That is, unless Smith served absolute silence and was intelligent or polite enough to cover his nose and mouth with handkerchief, hand or other screen if he had to sneeze or cough. Or unless Smith, Jones or both of them wore suitable mask.

It is a principle of modern sanitation, as well as a principle of modern asepsis, that the air is ordinarily germ-free—free from germs that can produce disease—of course there are many harmless bacteria floating about.

Science and experience have both proved the soundness of this principle.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
No Fool A.
Please let me know of a clinic where they give the treatment you recommend for...—J. W.

Answer—The treatment I recommend is none too effective in the hands of the competent, experienced practitioner. I advise you to beware of clinics or other impersonal institutions where tyros practice on the gullible customers.

The Haw-Haw Corner.
Can you advise me where I can buy unsoaked, unscoured, unsteamed, unbleached oatmeal with the hull removed by the old dry process, as recommended by Alfred McCann's book on "Starving America"?—W. M.

Answer—Why not go directly to the farmer and buy an armful of oats, straw and all? McCann is dead, but the evil he did lives after him in such hokum.

Alcohol and Kidneys.
Would you consider five cups of coffee a day harmful for a man who has kidney trouble? How about beer?—Mrs. S. A. W.

Answer—I don't know what you mean by kidney trouble. The man's physician can best advise what is harmful. As a rule so much coffee is unwise; a cupful or two daily is all right. Beer is injurious in any and all kinds of kidney trouble.

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY BY O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, May 8.—I went loitering this afternoon among the old clothes markets of Baxter street, a thoroughfare so highly romanticized in the Horatio Alger books.

Along the curbs are the dumpings of those roaming 'O' Cioe men who scavenge uptown byways for cast-off garments. There is a general to-and-fro of a salesmanship. The pullers-in account and follow you and at the slightest hesitation almost yank you inside their dim shops. "Niftick clothes, gentlemen!" they wheedle. One assured me he had something special in a discarded right out of Clifton Webb's wardrobe.

Now and then a salesman displays ambassadorial qualities. He does not plunge into the crass barbarities of trade. He establishes a contact of easy chat. He wonders if you are a stranger, walks along with you a stretch and then assures you he has a treasure you cannot overlook.

Few can resist their beguilements, and once one tops one is lost. These days the Baxter street bargains are not entirely seized upon by denizens of the Bowery and the lower East Side. Many rather well dressed men make selections there and have them refurbished at a Seventh avenue tailor's, known for such handiwork.

Someone Broadwaywise tells me the biggest dinner check of the year was run up at Billy Rose's new madhouse, Casino de Paris, by a roystering sextette, remaining from eight in the evening until three in the morning. The bill totaled \$1100. Legend credits Harry Thaw with being on the fringes of a check for \$5000 at a dinner party for eight in a private room at Martin's 25 years ago. Tod Slocane tossed a \$20000 bribe for six at Ciro's many years ago.

Every world cataclysm in the past has produced a poet, unknown, who has caught the throbs of the grievous years and immediately joined the immortals. Yet the depression has not as yet lifted a voice of this sort. Older poets seem mute in the interlude and it is literature's contention the newest poet to rhapodize the Period will be gloriously young. A Keats or a Shelley. Yet Tennyson wrote "Crossing the Bar" at 80 and Goethe "Faust" at 82.

HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES PICK SUITS FOR THE PLUNGE



Here's three answers to what they will wear this summer in Hollywood. Winsome Muriel Evans (left) will swim in the all-rubber creation which resembles crinkle crepe and is of white and green plaid. The cap and shoes are of the same material. In the center Jean Harlow is wearing a sunback swim suit of heavy rib net. It's a one-piece suit of chalk white with neck banding of deift and powder blue. Carole Lombard (right), a blonde star of the films, is wearing black with the usual flair which that color gives to the hair-fairer. She has on a black silk jersey which has a V-line in front, dissolving into semi- straps at the back of the neck. (Associated Press Photos)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

TWO CONVICTS escape from San Quentin, kidnap two policemen, disappear for several hours—striving up quite a flurry in the headlines up and down the Pacific coast.

This happens on Friday. On Saturday they run into a straight-shooting posse, and both are dead.

IF THIS John Dillinger, who is playing hide and seek with the officers back in the Middle West, will just come out here on the Coast, we'll show him something.

MRS. ANNA GRIMSON, supposed to be the original of "Tugboat Annie" of fiction and the movies, is arrested up at Olympia, charged by the Washington state department of public works with 100 instances of cutting rates.

Back in war time, they arrested people for raising prices. Now they are arresting them for cutting prices. Times are changing.

ARRESTING people didn't stop them from raising prices back in war times, and arresting them now won't stop them from CUTTING prices.

When government undertakes to regulate all human conduct, it runs into a lot of unexpected snags.

ALBERT WARREN, of Albany, aged 24, shoots himself an dies while sitting in his car before his fiancée's home on the night before his wedding.

That is to say, on the eve of what would generally be regarded as the happiest day of his life, he commits suicide.

There are plenty of strange things in this world—aren't there?

A MEETING is held—a political meeting—at Hammond, Indiana, with 120 people in attendance. The chairman arises in his place and announces:

"Will all those in the audience who are candidates for office please step forward and be introduced?"

Of the 120 persons present, 115 step forward.

Running for office is popular in these days.

THAT little story proves something else.

Of an audience of 120 in an average community in this country, all but five are candidates for office. This at a political meeting.

There was a time when people in large numbers attended political meetings to hear the issues discussed. That time is past.

Thanks to the radio and the newspapers.

DOWN at Berkeley a couple of weeks ago a dog died. Four minutes later, according to the newspapers, it was resurrected by Dr. Cornish. That is to say, the dog was brought back to life after having died.

Ready for Fair

Eric Glabow preparing an exhibit of the circulation of the human blood for the opening of the new World's Fair in Chicago May 26.



Eric Glabow preparing an exhibit of the circulation of the human blood for the opening of the new World's Fair in Chicago May 26. Many new free features, lower rail road rates and low hotel rates make the Fair low in cost to the visitor this year.

Progress toward SOMETHING—what, goodness only knows.



(Continued from Page One)

southerners were determined to kill the bills.

The same thing happened when the federal kidnaping law was pushed through congress after the Lindbergh case.

These measures are directed toward centralization of major crime detection in the hands of federal agents, who are more efficient than local police.

A lot of states' rights have passed over the dam since the wets used to complain the main thing wrong with prohibition was that it put policing power in the hands of the federal government.

On Friday evening, May 11, the primary grades of the Howard school will present "Mother Goose and Her Goings," in songs and dances, at the school auditorium. Guests are invited to the hall at 7:30 o'clock.

Funds realized from the production will be used to purchase supplementary readers, needed in the first four grades at the school.

RAIN GIVES COUGARS WIN OVER WEBFOOTS

EGGERS, Ore., May 7.—(AP)—The University of Oregon baseball team will attempt to gain an even break with the Washington State college baseball team where today.

Just as the Ducks saw an opportunity to use their webbed feet yesterday the game was rained out and Washington State won, 3 to 2, the score at the close of the sixth inning. Had the rain come an inning earlier Oregon would have won 2 to 0.

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
May 8, 1924.
(It was Wednesday.)
The weather starts to warm up, with a temperature of 83.5 degrees.

Council wrestled with the band concert problem.

Oregon dentists to meet here in July. "This vital session was secured through the pull of the southern Oregon dentists," it is observed.

Medford citizens urged to observe "Better Home week" by Mayor Gaddis in a proclamation.

Father of Hugh DeAutremont, wanted for train robbery and murder, says the body found in Rogue river is not his son.

Coolidge defeats Hiram Johnson in California presidential primary.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
May 8, 1914.
(It was Friday.)
War clouds lower over Mexico, as President Huerta quits mediation.

County Judge TouVelle replies to attack upon the "courthouse ring."

To re-advertise for painting bridges over Rogue river.

The Greater Medford club will present Queen Esther.

Primary a week away, and candidates making a whirlwind finish.

Work starts on the second story of the Elks' temple.

Fishermen protest fishway at Savage Rapids.

To Green Castle—Harold Sanford of Central Point left on the train last night for Green Castle, Indiana.

SAFE LOOTED!

These headlines are seen in every paper. Protect yourself with Burglary and Hold-up Insurance at a very nominal premium. Also all other forms of Insurance.

Charles A. Wing Agency, Inc. 109 E. Main St. Phone 728

LOS ANGELES

555 ROOMS BATHS Grill-Tavern-Coffee Shop The MOST Convenient... The BEST Accommodations The FINEST Meals... IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

New INNOVATIONS SERVICE-COMFORT

HOTEL CLARK P. B. MORRIS Opposite the Subway Terminal