

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER

Ye Smudge Pot

There are now three Share-the-Wealth plans, including Huey Long's before the people, and all viewed favorably, and devoutly wished for. This indicates that the progenitor of a rainbow should copyright it to prevent theft.

The weather continues conducive to spring fever, which prevails throughout all other seasons of the year, but then identified as "the last batch of flu I have been unable to get out of my system."

T. Fish, the boom-day tenor of Phoenix, who has been undergoing repairs by a popular dentist, will be in shape to emit "Hosanna" at Easteride, it is said.

The ideal, perhaps, would be to find an able person who is both a Townsend and a Democrat—(Eugene Register-Guard)—Forsyth, a muffled knock, mapshap.

New autos are becoming so plentiful veteran mechanical messes can find no place to park.

Golf enthusiasts have started alleging they arise at 5:15 a. m. to see if the fellow golf enthusiast they were to play with has arisen at the same untimely hour and returned to bed.

A. Morris, the T-Rock, O-Hill and B-Valley tiller attended the performance of two old-time comedians at the O. H. Hunt magic lantern emporium Wed. eve. Mr. Morris was among those present, the first time the tall one smacked the short one with a trusty barrel stave.

A bevy of gypsy fortune-tellers arrived yesterday and departed under orders before they could tell how much was in the client's pocketbook by stealing it. Though shamed like one, they were not permitted to linger like a slot-machine.

Bernard Baruch, Wall Street financier, urges America to keep out of any European war, but "keep her powder dry." In the present political and financial state of the public mind this sound advice is right down the alley of the blathersticks. They will label it "distraction by Wall Street," and the people will arise to demand America enter any European war and keep her powder wet.

LOYALTY. You see my kind of loyalty was loyalty to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing; it is the thing to watch over and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, cease to protect the body from winter, disease and death. To be loyal to institutions is about as good as worshiping a statue for rage—that is loyalty by unreason; it is pure animal; it belongs to monarchy, was invented by monarchy; let monarchy keep it.

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

Factory style workmanship in watch and jewelry repairing at the lowest possible prices. Johnson the Jeweler.

Kodak Developing and Printing at Kibb's, 116 N. Central.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, Calif., March 28.—From quiet, peaceful, eminently respectable Pasadena to crowded, noisy, conglomerate Los Angeles! We have however on former trips to Los Angeles given our impression of this unwashed and UNformed metropolis of the Pacific Coast, so often, that there seems no point in repeating it here. We don't like it and have yet to find anyone else who likes it, including many of those who call it home.

Ironically enough the factor that made prosperity here so constant and increasing in the past, is today, the factor that prolongs and intensifies the depression, i. e. the steady influx of outsiders. It is estimated over a million people entered the gates of L. A. during the past twelve months—and a large portion of them came in broken down cars or on freight car cross-beams! This has been a tremendous burden to carry, and still is. Since 1930 the population of Los Angeles has probably increased, but it has been an ingrowing pain in the neck, not a blessing. In nine cases out of ten the new inhabitant has been a liability, not an asset.

Los Angeles with its million-plus population, along with all other large American cities, has, for the visitor obvious advantages. It is still the center of things, particularly in the direction of entertainment,—theatres, movies, concerts and lectures, especially the latter. One can keep up with the times and gain a more or less liberal education, by religiously attending the various talks and lectures given in Los Angeles during the winter season,—assuming one has a mind that can absorb the various facts and information presented.

One of these lectures we attended last night, another the night before. The first one was free, the second charged a maximum of one dollar. They were very different, but both were exceedingly interesting.

The first was a combined movie and concert recital, given by Captain Hitechoek and part of the crew of the good motor ship "Valero". Captain Hitechoek is a man of wealth, whose hobby is cruising the South seas in search of adventure and scientific knowledge. The Valero is his private yacht, and he cruises with a certain number of scientists as guests. Another of the captain's hobbies is music—chamber music—he says on a violin cello with considerable understanding and proficiency, if not COMPLETE grace.

In selecting his guests he tries to secure men musically inclined himself. On his recent cruise, the geologist, was also a pianist; the biologist, an excellent violinist; and the entomologist, knew his onions on the flute. This explains why the first part of the program was a concert—and a very good one. The only possibly unprofessional touch was the inability of the captain to play the cello without making faces. He squinted and grimaced and on the higher notes screwed one corner of his mouth until it nearly touched his right ear, but the audience was very respectful (with accent on the second syllable) and no audible laughter was observed.

The movies of this voyage of last year to the Gallapagos Islands somewhere off the west coast of South America, were the big hit of the evening. The man who made the movies also explained them.

On this cruise the German baroness, who kicked out one admirer and "went native" with another was "shot"—well shot—the latest favorite carrying the lady up the rocks in his arms, in true Wagnerian fashion! As many of our readers will recall the German Phd., jilted by the baroness, departed with a male companion, to a nearby island, where there was plenty to eat but little or nothing to drink. The two men later died of thirst and the finding of their bodies—a ghastly spectacle—was shown in this film, with true scientific realism.

A pair of ragged pants, flying in the breeze on the branch of a tree stuck in the sand, also was shown,—this signal of distress being the cause of the tragic discovery by the Valero.

The entire performance from first to last being far more thrilling and impressive, than anything manufactured in Hollywood, could possibly have been,—or ever will be. Fact is by the nature of things, so much more moving than even the best of fiction can be in the PICTORIAL medium.

The second performance was a lecture by Dr. Hutchins, the president of Chicago university on education, given before a large audience in the Pershing Square auditorium.

President Hutchins is an exponent of the New Deal in higher education,—and is a fine example of the high type of homo sapiens, this country CAN produce.

What a man, indeed! President of one of our eastern law school in his thirties; President of one of our great universities, in his thirties; and yet so plainly what a man in the street would call a "REGULAR GUY!"

The lecture was interesting, but the man far more so. We were told President Hutchins is a "Jeffersonian democrat"—if so, here certainly is presidential timber for the Democrats at some future time.

Not only was the man far more interesting than the lecture, but what he said AFTER his address—in answer to questions and some heckling from the floor—was far more interesting than anything he said IN it. There were—as there always are in any large Los Angeles audience several bolsheviks present, and the way the speaker disposed of them,—very politely but devastatingly—was something worth travelling miles to see.

Here also was the American college president A LA MODE. Young, dynamic, looking far more like an ex-university javelin thrower than a "professor"—with sound and profound knowledge of course, but with common sense and a sense of humor also,—his lecture was not only instructive and entertaining, and at times,—when the hecklers got busy—positively EXCITING.

Finally a living refutation of the low browed contention that "college professors, for some unknown reason, should be excluded from public life"—should,—as some claim—not even act as advisers to this government of ours.

We left the hall wondering why President Hutchins has never been called in as a member of the brain trust. Perhaps he has been. If not our prediction is, before the Roosevelt administration ends, he certainly will be. R. W. R.

FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER is reported to have told a friend in Washington that he has no aspirations to be the Republican candidate for President in 1936. Wise man. He couldn't be elected, even if he were nominated.

WHY? Well, there are many reasons. One is that he lacks that peculiar quality known as personal appeal without which no man, no matter how good his brain or how sound his policies may be, can be a great popular leader.

Another reason is that he is tied too closely with the past. The leader who can rehabilitate the Republican party and bring it again to power must be a new man. Either that or present ideas must change more rapidly than seems probable.

THIS is not said in disparagement of Hoover, who is a big man, deeply patriotic, but handicapped by inability to inspire the sort of enthusiasm that leads crowds to throw up their hats and yell themselves hoarse without exactly knowing why.

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.

SYMPOSIUM ON PUTATIVE COMMON COLD

It is an old Yankee custom for health officers and would-be health authorities to issue once a year, preferably about this time in the spring, a list of DOs and DON'Ts or rules for preventing or escaping flu, grip or the rest of the sort. It is a form of recognition, inasmuch as once as the common cold, it has been collecting these Americans for years. You'd be astonished at the great number of these leaflets that are printed in the papers year after year, and with a little more health education than you have now you'd be impressed by the extraordinary lack of variety or originality in the stereotyped ideas set forth in them.

Just for fun, I chose a dozen specimens at random and tabulated them. I find that 10 of them include the suggestion to avoid crowded places as much as possible. Seven advise you to stay away from people who have colds or who cough and sneeze. Four urge you to get plenty of fresh air, but all of these nullify the recommendation by adding a frightening note, namely that you must beware of drafts and chilling. Not bad, not bad at all—only four out of an even dozen look upon the average layman as a lackwit. What the other health authorities think of laymen is not so candidly manifest, but if you had just a bit more health education than you have you might get a fair idea about that, for nine of them agree that you should "keep in good condition so your system will have high resistance," or words to that effect. They tell you to get plenty of rest. On the other hand, four of the eminent health authorities (they attain eminence when they make the front page) unequivocally declare in favor of vigorous daily exercise for keeping up this mysterious thing called "resistance."

On the momentous question of the bowels these noted health authorities divide 30-50. Six say nothing about it; three caution you to beware of physics or laxatives that purport to break up colds; two urge you to keep the bowels open; one suggests a good dose of castor.

On other points they are all axes and swords. Take the juice of one lemon, drink nothing but orange juice, take at least eight glasses of water, take teaspoonful of bicarbonate

able to meet their market demands so far, although Ford is now supposed to be caught up.

You may have wondered how factory and factory payroll could increase while production was falling. The answer is that the employment and payroll figures cover a much wider range of small industries than the production figure, which is heavily weighted with steel, autos, textiles, etc. This is further evidence that there is some other manufacturing in the country outside the big industries.

Car loadings are running better because of demand for bituminous coal. Some consumers have been stocking up, fearing a strike when the wage agreement expires shortly, although the best authorities here do not expect a strike to materialize.

Easter comes late this year. The store sales figure undoubtedly reflects early Easter buying.

There is nothing to be said about building. All the billions of dollars of new deal pump-priming have not even loosened the handle of that industry.

on the ground, paying our way as we go, holding the tax burden as low

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

(Continued from page one)

Table with 10 columns: Year, Industrial Production, Employment, Payroll, Retail Sales, Shipments, Construction, Government, Wholesale, and a final unlabeled column. Rows include 1929 average, 1930 average, 1931 average, 1932 average, 1933, 1934, 1935, and 1926 equals 100.

It is true there have been few increases in any major lines of production lately.

Steel was unchanged in February, but will be down in March. The automobile demand for steel has eased up. Rails are not buying and building construction is not using much.

Textiles suffered a contra-seasonal decline in February and March. The break in cotton prices had something to do with it. Lumber is down, due to high stocking and low demand (building again). Cement is up a little, shoes unchanged, and tobacco down.

Automobile production is being strung out more than expected. The February production was slightly more than seasonal, but, in our week of March, production went over 100,000 cars. This is more than any week of 1934. However, the final figure for March will probably not be more than seasonally expected.

Three lines of cars have been un-

as possible under existing circumstances and not expecting too much from Santa Claus.

If this is the kind of leadership he seeks for Oregon, he will find sensible people generally right back of him in his efforts to provide it.

OREGON and California used to speak derisively of Oregon as the "fool of the family." That was back in the days when we were trying out experiments such as initiative and referendum, direct primary and direct election of senators which now seem like the rankest kind of conservatism.

In these modern days, both California and Washington have gone far ahead of Oregon in their determination to spend themselves rich and create prosperity by legislation.

Maybe it's a good thing for us here in Oregon, that we took our fling at radicalism—or "progressivism" or "liberalism" whatever term for it you prefer—back in the days when radicalism was a comparatively simple affair.

NEW YORK, March 29.—Thoughts while strolling: Jane Cowi was the glamour girl of her day. Grover Whelan, blond model, would make Paul McCullough, and with a plaid vest, shoe string tie and Stetson, Rector could be Nat Goodwin in "Cameo Kirby."

ADD A BIT OF P U M P I N E — J a y T h o r p e . Scarcely hire a taxi during a Father Coughlin broadcast. Drivers prefer to listen. What became of Eleanor Painter? Crosby Gaige is least conspicuous of theatrical producers. No one plays a girl's role with the realism of Pipy or Albrecht. And what a fiction name for a real life vice queen—Polly Adler.

Spring is here! Al Woods tilts a chair in front of a theater. Jack Dempsey's ball-of-foot glide, Will Cuppy, the hermit book critic, who has read every mystery story published in the past 15 years. Favorite column character—Frank Sullivan's Aunt Sarah Gallup.

Nobody could be as goofy as Victor Moore looks on the stage. Anything-for-a-laugh comedians, the Ritz Brothers. Swell column name—Ted Robinson. Edgie Dowling's Shepherds plaid trousers and hammer vests. But not since Oscar Hammerstein and St. Goodfriend has Broadway seen a high alk hat in daylight.

Or has anyone beaten those tomboy get-ups of Katherine Hepburn? Rylee Cooper's new book missed the Literary Guild selection by one vote. Wish Bruno Lasing would light. He makes stay-at-home restlessness. Young T. R. is slow-footed. What the world needs is a good old-fashioned attack of the giggles.

Gene Fowler has become the minute man of Hollywood, turning out a novel or a film play with greater speed than any writer on the coast. He is also the maverick of the bird. Unpredictable and hard to tame. But once he signs on the dotted line he will carry through. He enjoys working with executives who make decisions quickly because his mind clicks trigger-like. He receives a straight sum of \$25,000 for each movie, regardless of what it is or how much or little time to produce the finished script. Usually, however, he knocks them out in six weeks. Recently he joined the increased caravan of water wagoners and will go for nothing more potent than orange phosphate, the dude.

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Louis Bromfield proves again an old established axiom of the theater. That the better novelists often make poor playwrights. All of his tries for the stage—two this season—have brought out the most polluted people to see rather puerile plot. Even the extravagantly three-actered Eas Maxwell, with her gloomily assembled clique, could not turn the thumbs-down tide. But Bromfield will go back to his isolated Seattle to write more books for now sent to his writing. Playwriting is incurable.

Allice Hughes' first to columnize the shopping excursions of department and specialty shops, has become the most widely traveled of New York's women reporters. Over night she may devote one's efforts by dash up the gang-plank that will land her in Moscow, Bangkok or Burma. An unassuming lady of hurricane energies, she

sets off for far corners of the world with only a small dab of baggage, but before she returns she has likely circled the globe. Most people have lost the art of galivanting before acquiring the art of traveling light.

The Gates Auto company evolves a plan whereby a person may rent a Ford, the same as a horse and buggy, the auto concern furnishing everything but a driver.

Rosa Lane residents protest "motorcycles are using their road for a race course, afternoons and evenings."

Brophy's, Jewelers, specialize in designing and modernizing your old jewelry.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ALWAYS A GOOD TIME DANCE Until 2 at JACKSONVILLE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT with Al Stewart and His Nite Owls

Flight 'o Time (Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 19 and 20 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 29, 1925. (It was Sunday). State tax is increased by \$2,000,000, Salem reports.

Local auto dealers report shortage of autos and auto accessories.

Audit shows finances of city in excellent condition.

Orchardists prepare for hardest frost of year.

Annual spring clean-up in city will start April 1.

Craters club to hold parade tomorrow night, to advertise the "Crater Frolic" at the Armory.

Otto DeJarnett of the p-stuffed horse recovers from an attack of the bumps.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 29, 1915. (It was Monday). Trepanning merry-makers enter an empty house on Kenwood avenue, and start fire in kitchen stove. Fire from defective flue guts the residence.

Business good in Germany despite

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY By O. O. McIntyre

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Painting. Is the painting trade, interior and exterior, injurious to a man's health?—S. J. M. Answer—Not if the painter is intelligent, cleanly and follows reasonable precautions against unnecessarily inhaling fumes and dust of dry scraping or sandpapering old paint. Exterior painting is as healthful a line of work as a man could desire.

Knee Jerk. When a person has their legs crossed and it hits on the knee and it doesn't make their leg jump, is there anything seriously wrong with them? I have been told this is a sign of social disease. —Mrs. K. W. J. Answer—That reflex kick merely indicates that the nerve tract to and from the spinal cord or brain center is functioning. Absence of the knee jerk does not signify any particular condition nor is it indicative of any moral deficiency.

Color Blind Perhaps. You said the economical way to buy iron and ammonium citrate is in red scales. I bought four ounces, and it is in shiny green scales. Answer—Pure iron-ammonium citrate comes in thin transparent clear-red scales. No harm to ask the druggist for further assurance. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

war conditions; Kaiser's forces repel Russian army on Polish front. The high school basketball team closed the season with a profit of \$148. The Gates Auto company evolves a plan whereby a person may rent a Ford, the same as a horse and buggy, the auto concern furnishing everything but a driver.

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DAD DYNGE'S DANCE SAT. NITE ORIENTAL GARDENS Two dances Two orchestras One admission Men 35c Ladies 10c

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