

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OF THE OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION. NIRA MEMBER. Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

The angling season opened Fri. A number of fishermen got away, as did a number of fish. Col. TouVelle of Jewell is among those mentioned for state highway men.

The police have been warned to look out for a gent who robs slot machines without the aid of an axe. They should wink at this malfactor.

The Dionne quintuplets of the Province of Ontario, Can., and a local social lion, all have new teeth. Owing to the late and unpropitious spring, which needs plowing under, many woodpiles are tucked.

Republicans are reported on the increase, and talking mean to Democrats. Many hold the Republican party is not dead—but, might as well be.

Editorial Correspondence

PALM SPRINGS, April 3.—This has been a trip of misses. We missed Gertrude Stein in Pasadena, by an eye lash, we missed the big tennis tournament here by a close shave, we missed the big floral display at Bakersfield, by receiving the last of three invitations half an hour too late, and we just missed the golf ball completely on the second tee of the local course.

The last miss was the most disconcerting for it was witnessed by two girls, on the bench nearby, all dressed up in a couple of flowered neckerchiefs, half an ounce of cocoa nut oil, and a couple of dainty hairpins. Tough luck, and particularly mortifying as the editor's daughter preceded him by smacking one straight down the course for 200 yards!

Oh hum, so it goes. The Palm Springs golf course is worth an item. One of the local millionaires presented the course to this popular sun bathing paradise, and the result shows what money and good golfing brains can do. It is only a nine-hole course, and is built on a stretch of sand as arid as an ash tray and as flat as a pancake. Yet the greens are excellent, the fairways are not bad, and every hole is interesting. The interest has been injected by the use of palm trees, bushes, saplings and ledges of rock, through which and over which the ball must travel to arrive at its destination. There is one blind hole, which is a ducky—one must shoot directly over a soaring ledge of rock which forms the foundation of one of these desert backdrop mountains—to reach the green—and the result can't be known until the player has walked to within 50 feet of the pin. That walk is full of what the dramatists call "suspense."

Dolores Del Rio is here at the Desert Inn accompanied by a dour looking Spanish duenna who may or may not be her mother. Dolores is beautiful as ever, but looks frail and rather sad. We have an idea she has never fully recovered from that serious illness she had. Paul Lukas is also here and thereby hangs a tale. Last night sitting on the hotel porch, a good looking chap in a beret cap passed by, accompanied by an attractive young girl.

When he had passed by our fair companion whispered "That was Paul Lukas." "Sure it wasn't Herbert Hoover?" was our skeptical rejoinder. Paul Lukas is old enough to be your papa and wouldn't be seen dead in a beret!

"I will bet you so-and-so it WAS Paul Lukas." "OK, we will take your so-and-so bet." Later in the lounge the same gent passed by and we rushed to the clerk to verify our skepticism and cash in on our perspicacity.

"That isn't Paul Lukas, is it?" we inquired. "That man there—yes, that's Mr. Lukas—he has been here off and on most of the winter." Paul Lukas in a beret—another illusion shattered! and another miss!

Palm Springs has grown a bit since our last visit two years ago—there are many changes along the main stem. One is a new open air restaurant called the "nut kettle" where extremely delicious salads are served at reasonable prices. We can recommend one especially made of halved pears, cottage cheese, grape fruit, and head lettuce, sprinkled with mayonnaise and nut meats. One of these days some one is going to make a fortune out of specializing in pear salads.

It's like mid summer here today—a slight wind scatters the cotton from the cottonwood trees—not welcomed as a garnishment for the above pear salad, and annoying an elderly lady at the next table exceedingly. They have a way of catching on her thick and bushy eyebrows, and she slaps away at them under the apparent impression they are butterflies or mosquitoes. She doesn't enjoy her luncheon al fresco and finally moves indoors.

Miss Madge Evans just drove up looking very neat and trim somewhat disappointed apparently no one met her. Madge looks just the same off the stage as on which is rather unusual. She was finally greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan who have a house for the winter—and spring. Movie stars are thicker here than in Hollywood.

This is a grand place to lose a cold and also it seems to pick one up. What could be more logical when one comes to think about it? R. W. R.

MILITARY MOVES ON MANY FRONTS OCCUPY EUROPE

By the Associated Press. Military moves occupied a large part of Europe today as statements prepared for next week's security conference at Stresa.

The French moved 32,000 troops up to advanced positions along the German border, increasing reinforcements of the border garrisons by about 60,000 men. New barbed wire and trench fortifications were ordered built.

While Mussolini retired to his villa to prepare a European security proposal to present to the French and British at Stresa, the Italian fascist militia began a movement of volunteer mobilization which, it was estimated, would total more than 40,000 men.

Austrian military borders buzzed with unconfirmed reports that Austria in her arched process of rearmament was about to make its first public appearance. Austria's plan of rearmament was complicated by Hapsburg ambitions, the energetic fascist leadership, and by lack of finances.

Meanwhile Germany, which increased Europe's military interest by its announced rearmament, was understood to be prepared to give a pledge of refraining from war through a series of non-aggression pacts with neighbor countries, offering at the same time to accept her present boundaries for at least 10 years.

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.

MAYBE MY IRON IS RUNNING LOW

Formerly I harped a good deal on the idea that anemia is rarely if ever due to a lack of iron, and that it is difficult to select a diet which does not provide all the iron the body requires. Infants or invalids restricted to exclusive milk diet do not get enough iron, because milk is poor in iron, but the addition of a spoonful or two of powdered spinach to a bottle of glass of milk will correct the deficiency, besides furnishing desirable vitamins.

So far, fine. But recently, the knowing ones observe, I seem to have decided that one can't get enough iron, for I advise that old timers consider enormous doses of iron for simple anemia. How come I have changed my mind about this? And how can I contradict myself so flagrantly and get away with it?

Here's another thing not many have yet noticed. I'm laying off chiropractors lately. I may as well confess. One of 'em wrote me a cordial letter and under separate cover sent me a small pipe and a canister of the choicest "bucky" and before I realized it I found myself taking a quizzical, tolerant attitude, where always before I had been poisonous.

But I haven't been subsidized by the medicine interests. My teaching about iron and anemia hasn't changed at all. In order to relieve the anxiety of those who are upset about this, I offer the following explanation in the booklet "Blood and Health"—copy of which you may have if you send ten cents in coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address:

"The greater part or possibly all of the iron given as medicine serves to take up and combine with the hydrogen sulphide in the intestine. This hydrogen sulphide interferes with the assimilation of iron in food or medicine. Thus the blackening of the stools by iron taken as medicine may be regarded as an indication that the medicine is doing good—it is removing some-

thing which prevents the utilization of iron by the body." There, now, if that isn't a perfectly satisfactory alibi and without a scientifically sound one, I'm a quack. Mind, it is not just my notion, but the accepted view of many good physicians. Of course, all I know is what I read in the medical journals and what I pick up listening in when good doctors get together. Although I go Diabla here unmercifully, I'm emphatic when real doctors are holding a symposium. In that way I find there are lots of things I don't know, and now and then a thing the other doctors don't know.

In a healthy body there is a scant teaspoonful of iron. The body requires perhaps one-fourth grain of iron daily. But the successful treatment of anemia calls for a teaspoonful of iron daily—to re-assert the ability of the intestine to assimilate the normal daily ration of iron.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Should a person suffering from headache after reading, studying or sewing go to have her eyes examined? (W. R.) Answer—First, I think, she should consult a regular physician, and if the headache is not due to an ordinary cause he will advise about the oculist. Headache due to eyestrain is by no means so common as some merchants would have you think.

Difficult Duty. Please advise me how I am to approach my son aged 15 who has fallen into the habit... (J. F. T.) Answer—I don't know. The ideal way, if possible, is for dad to try to keep the boy's confidence and help him to break the habit, but never make too much fuss about it. I'll be glad to send you, or the boy himself if he cares to confide in me, a letter of advice. Be sure to inclose stamped envelope bearing your address when you desire a reply by mail.

Coppers. Please tell me about coppers for darkening gray hair. (M. R.) Answer—A lump of copperas (iron sulphate) the size of a chestnut dissolved in a pint of tea. This has been used with satisfaction as a rinse for the hair by many whose hair is turning gray. Of course it doesn't restore color. It simply darkens the conspicuous gray for the time being, and must be applied daily or frequently.

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

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK—April 6.—Little wonder everybody is signing up to write a newspaper column. It's the jolliest of jobs. And I've tried out acids, from clerking in a hotel to theoretical physics.

Not to mention lesser excursions into grocery waggon driving and haah house waiting. Arthur Brisbane, I hear, talks his column into a dictaphone in an airplane, to, on a train, aboard ship. Just relaxes, presses a button, mumbles while et vola! And who has more fun than Mr. Brisbane? Today in Florida, tomorrow at San Simeon, and the day after lunching at the White House.

Columning always gives one a chance to be autobiographical. To talk about one's self is to exploit personal vagaries and get the soap until it puffs. All a columnist does is ramble along this way and before he knows it, there's his column and he can romp out to meet a visiting English author.

He is invited to the openings of new bars, new cafes and new supper clubs with all their free drinks and free headaches. He has seats smack behind the critics at first nights, sees the private showings of pictures and has a ringside chair at the fights. The faded Riley's life is bleak by comparison.

One reaches the columnist trade by various paths. Brown and Pegler were baseball reporters. Lessing was a comic strip editor. Ray House was mayor of Topeka. P. P. A. was an insurance agent. And so on. I attained the goal by the simple and blundering process of being a failure at everything else. In other words, hit bottom hard enough and you may bound up a full fledged columnist with a cane and everything.

My first column graced the editorial page of a paper in Dayton, O. It was—and was there ever such imaginative ingenuity?—captioned "Just For Fun." It pinched out in the interludes of editing copy, writing head-lines, making up pages and covering what was called "the City Hall run." The column ran for four days before the publisher noticed it and whisked up the tube for me. The column was ringer for a deep mourning on his desk. "What's the idea of this?" he scowled. "Don't you like it?" I twittered. He belched: "I not only don't like it, I won't have it!" Genius staggered a moment and as I tottered up the stairs he called: "And don't have a lot of your friends writing in how they miss it." The white-haired old mind reader!

The next experimenting in columning was in Cincinnati on The Post. I was still trying to sneak over the idea while nobody was looking. Came a day when a fellow who had fallen heir to Charles R. Barne's column, "All Sorts," quit or went on a bender. I don't recall which. As assistant to the telegraph editor I timidly whined to fill the space. I could but there was to be no deep mourning on his desk. "What's the idea of this?" he scowled. "Don't you like it?" I twittered. He belched: "I not only don't like it, I won't have it!" Genius staggered a moment and as I tottered up the stairs he called: "And don't have a lot of your friends writing in how they miss it." The white-haired old mind reader!

Then came the big adventure in New York. The crackup of a magazine to which I had been billeted, a succession of jobs and dismissals and two years of unemployment during which the column idea you see now pending was born. I wrote columns in a West 57th street boarding house room, took them around and waited in ante-rooms for verdicts. During this dreary travail Herb Swops told me: "We have no place for you on The World, but you have something." All I could see that I had was a slight dizziness from malnutrition, but it was light in a dark place and, so encouraged, I began to mimeograph my stuff and wait it around the circuit free.

So far as I can learn I was first syndicated a New York column in this century. To blaze a trail and endure some hardships of the pioneer is as much fun as anyone can have. I was a much younger then, the world was a rip roaring jamboree. If my path-finding made it a bit easier, and I think it did, for those who came after, I am happy. In the maturing reflection of several years, I can look back down the often rocky road somewhat dispassionately. I am thoroughly convinced I would travel it again. And that seems to me the height of contentment: To have done the thing you really wanted to do.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune of 10 and 20 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY. April 7, 1925. Myers wins rating as "Queen of the Movie Vampires." Councilmen Have Pictures Taken After Clean-up—Headline in this paper.

After a week of changeable weather it turns off warm and balmy in the valley. Ashland Tidings endorses removal of courthouse, from Jacksonville to Medford. Coast League baseball season opens.

\$250 appropriated by council to pay O. A. C. and U. of O. experts to come here and make a report on the proposed new high school sites. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. April 7, 1915. (It was Wednesday).

W. T. Hume, Portland attorney, named as one of the characters in "The Spoilers," thrilling novel of Alaska, shot in the back by a barber, through mistaken identity. C. R. Bowman (now county school head) is named principal of the Medford high school.

Furious battles raged on the western front. Italian fleet ready for attack on Austrian naval bases. Otto Klum, coach of the Ashland high school, is elected to a similar position for the local high school, and will assume his duties next fall. Twoby Bros., contractors will build railroad from Grants Pass to Crescent City.

The Drama League names Ralph Barwell, Paul Janney and Evan Beames, and 14 ladies, as directors for the coming year. Jealous Quarrel Tragic. CHICAGO, April 6.—(AP)—Jealousy, the authorities said today, prompted Thomas Cronin, president of Local 704 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, to slay William Bahnhuth, 43, after a bitter quarrel in Cronin's home.

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BIG PINES LUMBER COMPANY PHONE ONE

HOLLYWOOD, April 6.—(AP)—The third Hollywood film star to go under the banner of British Gaumont Pictures of London, was recruited today when Richard Dix signed a contract with Michael Balcon, executive of the studio.

Dix to England. HOLLYWOOD, April 6.—(AP)—I wrote columns in a West 57th street boarding house room, took them around and waited in ante-rooms for verdicts. During this dreary travail Herb Swops told me: "We have no place for you on The World, but you have something." All I could see that I had was a slight dizziness from malnutrition, but it was light in a dark place and, so encouraged, I began to mimeograph my stuff and wait it around the circuit free.

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PORTLAND MEDIC WILL CREDITORS PAY AS THEY CAN

PORTLAND, Ore., April 6.—(AP)—To the consternation of each man and woman has been left the question of payment of the debt he or she owed the late Dr. Frank Maxon Taylor of Portland.

Dr. Taylor, physician and surgeon, died April 1. It was revealed today that his will instructed that all records of patients be destroyed by fire upon his death and that the records, as medicine may be regarded as an indication that the medicine is doing good—it is removing some-

After the burning of the records, the physician directed, advertisements are to be placed with Portland newspapers requesting all persons "knowing themselves to be indebted to me for professional services, to make proper of settlement of same in whatever sum said persons consider a just and equitable money value for such services, or as much thereof as he or she can pay without material injury to himself or herself, or those depending on them."

Old political stage-hands paid little attention to the exuberant claims made by both Republican and Democratic orators about the recent sectional elections. The best Michigan authorities believe the results there may indicate that Mr. Roosevelt could children, Kenneth Dale and Gary Lee Boshars, all of Medford.

Surviving him are his wife, Charity Boshars, two sons, Miner and Jerome, Jr., two daughters, Alma Ruth and Martha Boshars, and two grand-children, Kenneth Dale and Gary Lee Boshars, all of Medford.

Isaac Bailey, aged 92, of Ashland, was reported to be in a critical condition at the Sacred Heart hospital last night, having evidently suffered a stroke in the yard at his home and fallen against a tree. He was found soon after the accident which occurred Friday afternoon, and brought to Medford in an ambulance. Hospital attendants said he suffered serious injuries to his neck in the fall, and that his advanced age made recovery doubtful.

Liquor Board Meet. PORTLAND, April 6.—(AP)—The Oregon liquor control commission will meet here Monday morning. Jack E. Allen, administrator, announced today.

Fire Alarm Mystery Solved. BOSTON.—(UP)—The mystery of 25 false alarms was solved when Patrolman Gerald Kenough, who had lingered at the scene of the 23rd, overhead three boys complaining that the fire engines which had responded had not made enough noise with their bells and sirens. The boys were arrested.

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JUDGMENT RAISED IN WINAN'S SUIT

Damages to real property allowed by a jury March 29, when a verdict in favor of the plaintiff was returned in the civil suit of Emma Winan against J. T. Valentine, John Widner and Harry Kessler, deceased, were trebled in a judgment returned Friday by Circuit Judge H. D. Norton, who had taken the case under advisement.

The complaint alleged that a house in the Loder lane district, leased by the plaintiff to the defendants, damaged to an extent of approximately \$1000 by precipitation, waste and injury, and destruction of personal property during its operation as a "roadhouse." Many technical points of law were involved, the plaintiff having listed 26 alleged acts that caused deterioration in the value of the property, including destruction of the lawn, failure to keep up plants and trees and unauthorized alterations in the house besides loss of rent.

The plaintiff was represented by Attorneys Boggs & Boggs, and the defendants by Attorneys Porter J. Neff and Otto Frohmayer.

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News Behind The News. (Continued from Page One) Old political stage-hands paid little attention to the exuberant claims made by both Republican and Democratic orators about the recent sectional elections.

Obituary. Bruce Shaddock. Bruce Shaddock, a resident of Medford for the past 12 years, passed away early Friday evening at his home on Agate street at the age of 81 years. Besides his wife, Mary Shaddock, of Medford, he is survived by his brother, S. Shaddock, of Corvallis, N. Y.; also many friends.

Carry A Key. A SUBSTANTIAL BANK ACCOUNT IS THE KEY TO THE DOOR OF "OPPORTUNITY". MAKE REGULAR DEPOSITS AT THIS BANK AND ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE OF HAVING AVAILABLE MONEY!

Medford National Bank Federal Deposit Insurance. ASTORIA, Ore., April 6.—(AP) Information was received here today from Washington, D. C., that chances are good for a large increase in the garrison at Fort Stevens, upon passage of the army increase bill.

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