

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Seven years of rain is predicted by Capt. Thomas J. Bee, naval astronomer, whose scientific guesses have been crowned with befuddling accuracy. Heretofore, seven years has been used exclusively and extensively as a yardstick for the duration of the itch and bad luck.

Fishing is poor. Piscatorial enthusiasts blame this condition upon muddy water, high water, swift water, power dams, irrigation ditches, rainy weather, lack of insect life, commercial fishing, use of the wrong kind of fly, arriving at the fishing hole too late, leaving too soon, and decline in the number of fish. It is also said the deficiency is due to the fish not biting, and getting away if they do.

Farmers are busy sowing barley and visiting over adjoining fences.

NEED OF THE HOUR. (Red Bluff (Cal.) News) WANTED—Some sort of tax measure that will soak the rich without taxing them to leave the state, and will soak the poor without increasing their emphy for the rich. The system should also have an eye to the importance of an election in 1936.

Berbert Hoover's former president wants to know "what the Republican party will demand of him in the way of service in 1936." The Republican party, if it possesses any of the horse-sense it loves to boast about, will demand silence—and lots of it. Mr. Hoover possesses the unhappy faculty of engendering hate among the masses with every speech. Democrats quit hating each other to hate him.

TAX ISSUE DEEP IN THE WOODS. (Herald-Siskiyou News)—And six months before it can be shot for a deer.

The young married men's kiddy-ball team is in process of formation, and is the leading subterfuge of the early spring, to get out of mowing the lawn, taking the little woman to the movies, and not getting home in time for supper.

The press of the nation will be asked "to educate the people on the ills and dangers of inflation." This is a tribute to the thorough manner in which the press conducted several years ago a campaign to keep speeded idiots from knocking locomotives off crossings.

BACKFIRING SUSPICION. One day one of the Y. M. C. A. men found a letter in the mail box addressed to God Almighty. Not even a Y. M. C. A. man knew what to do with it, so he opened it.

It said, "Dear God, please send me a hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage on our home place back in Tennessee. We are about to lose it."

That touched the Y. M. C. A. man's heart, and he went around among his friends and raised \$80. He put it in an envelope and mailed it back to the boy. The next week he found another letter in the mail box addressed to God Almighty. He opened it.

It said, "Dear God, thanks for the money which you sent me, but God, the next time you send me money don't send it through the Y. M. C. A. Them boogers took out \$10." (Congressional Record)

The hair-pulling in butchershops by Los Angeles housewives to reduce the cost of living, and especially the cost of beef, will be organized on a national basis. This probably means the late housewives' council of Portland, composed entirely of male political orators, will spring into being again.

All how remote seems the time when everybody was eager to paste the old Blue Eagle in the window, instead of in the slats—(Boston Herald)—Why bring that up?

ALL MAKES OF WATCHES repaired by expert watchmaker, Brophy's Jewels.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN JOSE, Calif., April 9.—Motor-bussed down here in the clear, cool early morning sunlight to look in on the Lamson murder trial.

It took the double decked motor bus two hours and ten minutes to negotiate the 50 miles, so court had opened before we arrived. It looked none too promising with the hall packed with people who couldn't gain entrance, but an M. T. card got us a ringside seat in a chair marked for the Mountain View News.

Lamson was on the stand being cross examined by District Attorney A. P. Lindsay who secured a conviction and quite a reputation in the first trial, and of course intends to secure a conviction at this one. The state supreme court granted a retrial, because the trial judge refused to allow certain defense experts to testify—chief among them being E. O. Heinrich, the well known Berkeley criminologist, who was chiefly responsible for the capture of the D'Autremont boys.

If you met David Lamson on the street, he is the last man in the world you would put down as a wife beater, much less as a wife killer, accused of murdering his young wife, by beating her over the head with a piece of lead pipe, on Decoration Day morning two years ago. Listening to him testify under a sledge hammer grilling, by a thick necked D. A. who talks through his nose didn't weaken that impression.

We listened to this cross examination until 5 p. m. when court adjourned for the day, and had an opportunity to study the defendant under varying conditions, for nearly five hours, and at the close, felt more baffled than ever.

That is what makes the Lamson murder case, one of the most interesting in modern criminal history,—it is so entirely impossible to accept this cultured, well mannered, highly intelligent, publicity directory of the Stanford University press, as a criminal type of any sort. Yet no one who studies the case can deny that the evidence and the logic of the evidence is all against him.

Lamson is very good looking, not at all the flashy, movie star type, but the quiet, dignified, thoughtful type. He has the high well molded forehead of the student; and the thin delicate hands of the artist. His hair is thick and dark, fitting his head closely, his eyes are dark too, large and round, his gaze direct and steady. He was on the spot—the hardest spot of the trial thus far,—under a grilling cross examination by the state, following his direct testimony; and yet if he felt nervous or uneasy, he gave not the slightest indication of it. He was extremely serious, intent on every question he was asked, slow and meticulous in his replies, and while vague in some of his answers, gave a most interesting and plausible explanation for that vagueness.

"You have some trouble remembering things that happened that morning?" observed Attorney Lindsay, after one of these "I don't remember" rejoinders.

"Yes I have," was the reply, "may I explain just why, Mr. Lindsay? It's this way. When I discovered my wife in the bathroom that morning, DEAD, all my world seemed suddenly to fall about me, nothing that transpired afterward is at all clear in any normal sense. It's not easy to explain but it was rather like being suddenly thrown into a heavy sea—there would be a blank as one wave would strike me, then after it passed and before the next one came, everything would be clear, and then everything would go blank again. I do remember certain things clearly, and other things not at all—as if there was darkness, then flashes of lightning—and all that I retained was what happened during those flashes. Under the circumstances I think it was natural to have neither a clear nor a consecutive picture of what occurred afterward, that is why some questions you ask me I can't answer, I honestly don't know,—and others I can."

Clearly a person of sensibility and imagination talking. And yet such a neat and ingenious alibi for inability to remember, anything that might be damaging to his case, one couldn't blame the D. A. for putting tremendous sarcasm in his comment in a low voice "Oh I SEE!"

During the noon recess we talked with some of the newspaper boys covering the case—there are about 20, and one representative of a magazine—and they all said Lamson in his cross examination had made the most favorable impression thus far.

As one of them explained, "In his first trial he lost his temper several times, and lost his nerve too. The poor bird convicted himself. This time he is doing his stuff much better and of course he has a better lawyer. Then—hell—a man ought to do better in his second murder trial than his first, just as an actor can do better WITH a rehearsal, than without one."

If left to the newspaper boys, however, Lamson wouldn't have much chance. They like him, and feel sorry for him, but believe him guilty as Hades. We found only one who had any doubt and she was a woman reporter, who they say, is a personal friend of Lamson's sister. She sat on our left and took copious notes talking with Lamson inside the rail DURING the recess.

However newspapers don't try cases and newspaper reporters, fortunately don't decide them. Judging by the conversation heard among the spectators during the intermissions,—most of them women—the sentiment is all pro-Lamson. We heard so much of it without making any special effort we about concluded there was an organized effort to get the ear of a new newspaper man, and steer him in the right direction.

The burden of this talk was the obvious sincerity, gentility, convincing earnestness of the man—he was "so patient" with the roughneck D. A. and so obviously determined to tell all he knew. He simply couldn't have done such a thing, and as one woman explained it "I have tried to be absolutely objective and impersonal in my judgment and I simply can't picture Dave Lamson killing anyone."

However there have been GENTLEMEN murderers before. And we have yet to understand how a woman could fall from a bath tub, hit her head on a wash stand three feet away, fall back in the tub, and proceed to die unassisted with three—THREE—fractures of the skull!

With sunshine after record breaking rains the peninsula is green as the Emerald Isle ever dreamed of being. At the bus station on our return to S. F., a newsboy blattered an Examiner in the editorial face, with this screaming banner: "San Quentin hangs man by mistake!"

It must be consoling to that 19 year old colored boy, to know that his painful departure from this green earth was an error in mortal mind! One of those errors pretty hard to rectify. Yes we should be pretty sure before we render judgment—or spring the trap!

Leo Davis Band at Dreamland Friday. Leo Davis, known from coast to coast as "the colored Guy Lombardo," and his orchestra will play a return engagement at Dreamland next Friday night, according to the management. These eleven colored musicians have proved so popular here they have returned several times. As they are starting on a long tour this will be their final appearance in Medford.

Miss Homans' Violist, Los Angeles Cotton Club artist, vocalist and entertainer will be featured.

BROPHY'S JEWELERS specialize in designing and modernizing your old jewelry.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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.

INSULIN FOR THE HOLY FRIGHTS.

This talk is mainly for the doctors who seek information about the use of insulin to help very frail, undernourished patients gain a little desirable padding for their bones. Some time in 1928 Drs. K. E. Appel, C. B. Farr and H. K. Marshall published a report of their experience in the use of insulin to enable numerous mental patients to gain some needed flesh. Sixteen male patients made an average gain of three pounds a week and 13 female patients gained an average of 2.4 pounds a week, on doses of from 5 to 35 units of insulin daily for periods of from two to eight weeks.

Along with the insulin the patients received a diet which yielded around 4,000 calories a day. Grains, fruit, and vegetables were always kept at hand for any patient who manifested any symptoms of overdose of insulin, as it should be kept at hand by every patient receiving insulin.

Dr. Nellis B. Foster, in an article on insulin published in 1930 said: "Why so many physicians seem to be afraid of insulin is beyond any comprehension. A normal person can take from 5 to 10 units of insulin with no notable effect. From 10 to 20 units a couple of times a day is an ideal way to stimulate the appetite. Recently I had a lad whose physical wreck after a severe stage of pneumonia. He had no appetite; nothing tempted him. So he was given 20 units of insulin before breakfast and dinner and the result was marvelous. He became ravenous."

Further on this same authority, discussing now the treatment of diabetes, says he has no patience with the all too common custom of the physician administering the insulin. He declares that any intelligent person may be instructed how to administer his own insulin, and often children 10 years old do it with perfect technique. In an article by Dr. James J. Short published in Jour. Lab. & Clin. Med. for January, 1929, on "Increasing Weight with Insulin," the author advocates doses of 10 units three times daily before meals, and a diet including a liberal amount of fats, since the hunger produced by the

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre. NEW YORK, April 10.—The passing of the stage actor Bill Boyd revealed the most accomplished of the he-man portrayers. Also one of the well-liked fellows along Broadway.

Boyd was a poor fellow of the decade who will forget his memorable curtain line as Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory?" "Wait for me, baby!"

The tight-lipped cynic who antagonized his footlight villainy was his natural method of expression off stage. He seemed a "hard guy." Yet he was more often the sentimentalist. In the Lambs grill one day he brought the tweeting birdies to John J. McGraw, a bully in his cups.

All because he thought McGraw's attitude toward some tolling scrub-women was insufferable. Likely he was the least self-conscious of the Hailo's ladies' men. He was the troglodyte type, inspiring mash notes from cash girls as well as debutantes. But he preferred the jousting company of good fellows.

His boon companion of the white light nights was the song writer Grant Clarke. It was to Boyd's credit that Clarke, discouraged and ill, tolerated one night and died. During Tex Guinan's sway, Boyd was her most regular patron, sitting aloof at a far away table and remaining until sunrise. He rarely missed.

Tex Guinan's long domination of the night club life is reminiscent of the brief popularity they enjoy today. Very few do capacity business for more than six weeks. Something new, modern, Frenchy and gypsy comes along and the crowd makes a rush, yawns and waits for the next. More than 50 opened and closed since Jan. 1.

Incidentally, no one individual has been so long mourned on Broadway as Sime Silverman, owner of Variety. On a street of quick enthusiasts and quick forgetfulness his loss seems as fresh as though it happened yesterday. In a dozen places every night glasses are lifted and reminiscing begins. His friendliness had a strange anonymity for such a successful socialite. It often took months, sometimes years, for people to learn Sime had been helping them on the sly.

On a few recent evenings I have been yielding myself to the night for first time in months. I refer to those enormous hours between midnight and dawn. The stay-out party. Nothing has changed in the tipsy lacubra. A few new faces, but mostly the case-hardened in the same hazy haze of false fellowship. Peggy Joyce is still current with her reigning beau, George Jessel still defies all the cardiac consequences of three long cigars. The latest visitor from Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich, causes glasses to pause in mid-air a second.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 10.—(AP)—Theodore Roosevelt, 3d, 20 and Cornelia Roosevelt, 18, grandsons of the late President Roosevelt, were injured last night when a station wagon in which they were returning to Harvard after the spring recess crashed into a stalled truck. Cornelius suffered a fractured right arm and lacerations on the lip. Theodore suffered bruises and abrasions. The latter stayed last night at the hospital on account of the storm but was not admitted as a patient. The boys were returning to Harvard from Oyster Bay. Theodore was driving.

Be correctly corseled in an Artist Model by Ebbelwyn B. Hoffmann.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

HERE is a little story, known to this writer to be true, that should interest you:

The head of a family, here in Southern Oregon, had been on relief throughout the early part of the winter. He didn't like being on relief, and kept hunting a job. Eventually, he found one.

Then, shortly after he got his job, but before he had time to accumulate any money, his wife became extremely ill and had to be taken to a hospital.

HE HAD no money with which to guarantee his hospital bill, so he applied to the relief for help. But because he was no longer on relief, having left the ranks of the indigent and joined the ranks of the unemployed, nothing could be done for him.

Fortunately, he had some friends and some credit and the hospital management was kindly, so his wife was taken care of. It will take him quite a while, of course, to pay his bill, but he isn't complaining about that.

He believes in paying his bills. HERE is the point: If he had LIKED being on relief, and had been willing to remain there indefinitely, his hospital bill would have been paid for him. But because he doesn't like being on relief, and aims to make his own way in the world if there is half a chance, he has to pay the bill himself.

It should be repeated that he isn't complaining. WHAT is here said isn't said in criticism of the relief authorities. They were following the rules laid down for them. These rules, in all probability, are reasonable rules. Relief ISN'T for those who are able to help themselves. It is for those who CAN'T help themselves, and therefore have to be helped by someone else.

We (meaning by "we" the public at large) can't take care of everybody who needs a little help. The best we can hope to do is to care in some manner for those who are absolutely unable to care for themselves.

Even at that, the demands on the relief funds are greater than can be met. BUT here is a troublesome thought: Those who are perfectly satisfied to do so can remain on relief and have all their bills, including hospital bills in case of serious illness, paid for them by government—which means the public—whereas those sturdier citizens who believe in taking care of themselves, and so get out and hustle for jobs, must shoulder all the responsibilities involved in taking care of themselves.

If that system is LONG CONTINUED, what is it going to do to the character of the American people? WE CAN'T drop relief, of course, right now.

But we OUGHT to drop it at the earliest possible moment, because a system that makes it easier to do nothing and let the government look out for all our needs than it is to get out and hustle and look out for ourselves isn't a good system for any people.

A new "haze meter" developed at the Pacific Northwest forest experiment station enables forest fire lookouts to measure the amount of haze in the air and also measure the distance they should be able to see a small fire, should one occur. When the haze becomes too heavy, additional

And somehow there was a lost chord in the sun-drenched melody of soft loof-beats on the park bridge path. Only three riders came by in lazy loof in my half hour gaze over the parapet. The upper avenue, too, was in a frozen calm. Traffic was in desolation. Many New Yorkers have experienced these terrifying moments when Manhattan terrifies in a spooky, sudden pause. The temptation is to fill one's self before a psychiatrist, screaming "Save me, Doc, from madness!" The big town jitters. Boo!

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Ye Poet's Corner

THE FIGHT IS ON To our President and Congress, we are just going to say. We are for the Townsend Plan, thousands join us every day. We are fighting, yes fighting, and fight we always will. Until you Congressmen come off the perch and sign the McGroarty Bill.

If this bill does not become a law, we are always full of tricks. We will elect a brand new party in Nineteen thirty-six. Now you Congressmen get together and see what you can do. To save the lives of thousands, by putting this plan through. There are thousands of old gray-haired men, that never were known to ahirk.

Traveling the streets every day asking for work in this world of plenty. I think it is a shame that Congress don't pass this bill and show that you are game. There are thousands of poor hungry souls that would join us in delight. To have our President and Congress do the thing that's right. So if this bill don't pass, we will keep our fight.

If you don't do this right boys, you sure will be in a fix. When the ballots are all counted in Nineteen thirty-six. We are working, yes working, no Nation can work faster. We are waiting and watching every day, for a word from the White House Master. Now you know we are in earnest, and will show what we can do. We will put our shoulders to the wheel and send the Pension through.

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Trade Package Fronts For Long Life Silver. That's Roman Meal's offer to build new friends! Save Roman Meal package fronts and trade them, with a mailing cost, for your choice of sets of knives, forks, spoons, servers, etc. Your grocer has full particulars, or write Roman Meal Co., Tacoma, Wash.

Roman Meal is a delicious laxative food. It builds energy. Fine for children. Everyone enjoys the pleasing nut-like flavor.

Until April 13th Only Your Opportunity to Enjoy LIBERAL REDUCTIONS on Fuller Paints. You'll be using the best paints obtainable, when you apply Fuller Paints.

HOUSE PAINT Fuller Pure Prepared is the finest "house" paint made. Backed by 85 years' experience. It lasts!

Gal. \$2.89

WOODS LUMBER CO. Jackson at Genesee Phone 104

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 16, 1925. (It was Friday.) Willow Springs district farmers take to gardening and 17,000 cabbage plants are set on the Bonney ranch.

Medford Lions will get a charter May 9, district governor of Oregon announces. Wheat goes to \$1.50 per bushel on Chicago market, due to government report of wheat shortage in nation.

Portland files for power site on the lower Rogue, to furnish power to coast railroad when built. Heavy rain welcomed by orchardists and farmers, and threatening skies augur more moisture.

Special Easter services to be held in all the churches, with an Easter band concert at the Craterian, under the direction of F. Wilson Watt. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY. April 10, 1915. (It was Saturday).

Russian army captures Carpathian mountain passes, and menace Hungary; submarine war involves America in European strife. The Grizzly Hiking Club under the leadership of Cole Holmes will climb Table Rock tomorrow, to "toughen up" for the ascension of Mt. Ashland soon.

East Side chicken coops raided by thieves. Wild mustard is in full bloom throughout the valley; lilac bushes are blooming; in Medford yards, and bees are busy, and house-flies plentiful.

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Advertisement for Old Gold cigarettes. Text: "LIGHT AN Old Gold for young ideas". Image of a young couple. Text: "LIFE BEGINS AT 8:40 A.M. with your first after-breakfast Old Gold. It starts you on your day with a sense of well-being... and young ideas. Almost any Old Gold smoker will tell you what we mean. Old Gold's extremely mild tobacco is a 'pick-me-up' without a 'kick-back.' Stimulating... BUT NEVER IRRITATING".