

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturdays
Published by MELUPOD PRINTING CO.
25-37-29 N. W. 3d St.

Subscription Rates
By Mail—Advance
Daily, one year, \$5.00
Daily, six months, \$3.00
Daily, one month, \$1.00

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Ye Smudge Pot

The bright, warm sunshine has brought out a number of white duddes, wearing straw hats and white pants. It is feared such confidence in the definite and final arrival of spring will cause a snappy blizzard.

Dr. Townsend's proposed \$100,000,000 fund "to teach people to think politically" has caused a number of cynics to suspect it will cause a number of low and windy demagogues to think up a way to get at the fund with a steam-boat, instead of passing-the-hat at political revival meetings.

Autolators with all the time available, and no place to go, have become addicted to turning around in the middle of the street. They thus escape the rigors of rolling 30 feet to the legal intersection, and it's more fun than beating the evening train to the crossing.

Electorate Insulted.
(Emporia (Kan.) Gazette)
Senator Long is a real danger as a candidate for the presidency at the head of a third party.

The Older Girls have started swinging fly-awatters, and have high hopes of hitting a fly ere autumn frosts.

Judges, prosecutors, sheriffs, attorneys, state police forces, parole and newspapers are blamed for "criminals escaping justice." Missing from the list is the sentimental lady juror, willing to drown the criminal with her tears before she would vote to send him to the penitentiary, where he belongs.

It begins to look like the first cutting of yellow mustard would be mixed with alfalfa.

Relative to the government financing drought-stricken mid-west farmers on a land settlement project in Alaska, under the head of "pioneering" Uncle, St. yesterday issued the following statement: "When I hit out here in '33, the government said: 'You galoot, the Infants will have your scalp before you get to Wyoming. I command you to stay home.' I just kept tiling on the nail in the end of the broom-handle with which I poked the bulls across the plains. The Alaska pioneers won't be in the stern of the ship they're on. My heart bleeds for them! Uncle Sam won't be able to give them electric lights before fall. Ain't that hard-up, de luse. That's worse than having an 'off' or die three miles from Port Umattila. Pioneers, bail! If I was in my grave, I sure would do some turning over!"

HEARTS AND SQUATTING.
Dear F—
A heart is just something to pump blood around with. Otherwise it has no value whatsoever. It isn't a thing that influences the personality, the affections or the mind. It just goes on pumping blood. Of course, it can't stop and get a rest but it doesn't have to. It's made just to go on and not stop.

All MAKERS OF WATCHES repaired by expert watchmaker. Brophy's Jewels.

The Capitol Is Burned

ALWAYS at the call of duty on the firing line, Governor Martin left at sunrise this morning to assume command at Salem, following the fire last night, which completely destroyed the state capitol.

While the disaster is a major one, involving the loss of one life, and the destruction of valuable historic documents and records, which can never be replaced; from this unexpected catastrophe, the state has learned a valuable lesson, which won't soon be forgotten.

The rapidity with which the fire spread, discloses the startling fact that the state capitol edifice, so sturdy and imposing from without, was little better than a fire trap. Built far back in the 70's, it was a hollow wooden shell veneered with stone and tile,—a thing of outward show instead of safety or utility.

ON the ashes of the old building a new one of course will be built. Through the PWA, the new capitol can undoubtedly be erected, at a minimum cost to the tax payers. This building, needless to say, will be one of steel and stone, with fire-proof vaults,—and instead of a "restoration" fund, with only enough cash to build one wing, we trust there will be such insurance, as modern construction necessitates.

One shudders to think what would have happened had the fire occurred during a night session of the legislature,—in all probability scores would have died in the flames, and today the state would have been plunged in deep despair and sorrow.

So just as there are lessons to be learned from such a disaster, there are in this particular instance, compensations. It's too bad, but it might have been so much worse!

A Good Speech

THAT was a good, straight-from-the-shoulder speech Governor Martin delivered at the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce last night.

No oratorical flourishes, no soaring periods or declamatory fol-de-rol, just hard facts, good advice, and a lot of sound, common sense.

Oregon has never had as Governor a man more sincerely and wholeheartedly devoted to the upbuilding and betterment of this state, than General Martin.

With no partisan interests to serve, with no political axe to grind, he is working night and day—giving the best he has—to make Oregon a better state in which to live, not for this class or that, but for ALL THE PEOPLE.

And, as he said, the most important job is to pull this state out of the depression, put it on its feet again; attain that economic stability and normal prosperity, which our natural resources JUSTIFY.

Progressive and forward looking, nevertheless, no lure of immediate political advantage, will tempt the Governor to sanction various and sundry get-rich-quick schemes and high flown panaceas which he knows to be unsound, and which if adopted can only lead to disillusion and disaster.

There is, in his judgment, in the march toward recovery, no substitute for hard work, for self denial, for the robust, rugged virtues which originally carved this state out of the wilderness.

And it is to these qualities to which he appeals,—not to self interest, not to those latent visionary hopes, which can't be satisfied; not to the vain dream, that by the wave of a wand, all somehow can enjoy a life of ease; but to the LOYALTY, THE SELF RELIANCE, AND THE DEVOTED INDUSTRY of the people.

THE Governor was careful to point that in this doctrine, there is no sanction of that rugged individualism, which is indifferent to the real tragedy of the present situation, the want and suffering that actually exist, nor denial that those in want, must be provided for.

They MUST be provided for. But in such provision, not only must this state do its part,—not expect the government to do it all,—but eventually the necessity of such relief must be removed, by developing the resources we have, adopting a constructive and productive plan, and in short, carrying out the slogan of this state, LITERALLY "she flies with her own wings."



(Continued from Page One)

cause of how much publicity. However, it now develops that the bureau of labor statistics has been using the same form of 3,316 questions in a quiet coast-to-coast survey in 30 cities. Two hundred government agents have been going around asking 7,000 families all those questions about what they spend to live. Not a single agent has been murdered for thus taking up three to six hours of each housewife's time.

This would be a monumental tribute to the patience of 7,000 housewives, except for the fact that it is understood the agents did not attempt to ask some of the more intimate questions, but contented themselves with a rough estimate.

Money is developing a bald spot on the back of his head. His friends explain he has been thinking hard lately.

Near-Senator Holt of West Virginia is referred to among his colleagues as Buddy Rogers, because he looks like that. He sits around the senate every day in an ex-officio capacity, awaiting the time when he will be old enough to take his seat.

The cabinet committee studying the textile situation confidentially plans to have a preliminary report May 15 covering emergency phases. Basic studies will require months.

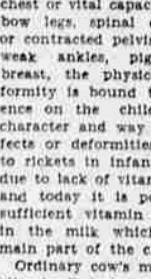
A "white-collar" project for negroes is among projects to be financed from the new relief program. It will

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.

FATE OF THE WORLD IN THE BABY'S BOTTLE

Poetically, perhaps, the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world, only cradle rocking isn't done any more. Borking chairs and sea-going cribs are now prized as antiques or heirlooms, and there is no question that both babies and grandmas are healthier and happier.



What goes into the baby's bottle determines the fate of the world. This is no poetry but, I sincerely believe, a plain fact.

If a child grows up with a limited chest or vital capacity, a hunch-back, bow legs, spinal curvature, narrow or contracted pelvis, stunted stature, asthma, whooping cough, chicken breast, the physical defects which firmly is bound to have an influence on the child's temperament, character and way of life. These defects or deformities are usually due to lack of vitamin D in the diet, and today it is possible to provide sufficient vitamin D for any child in the milk which constitutes the main part of the child's diet.

Ordinary cow's milk contains some vitamin D but not enough to meet the requirements of a baby. The vitamin D in fresh milk is in the fat, so that butter contains this vitamin, but again butter cannot provide enough for the needs of the growing child. Egg yolk contains vitamin D, but not enough.

It has been the practice of good doctors for years to prescribe the addition of cod liver oil to the baby's bottle or administered separately to supplement the baby's ordinary diet, whether the baby is breast fed or bottle fed, beginning with only five or ten drops of cod liver oil daily in the second month, and increasing the daily ration month by month till the baby four months old receives a teaspoonful of cod liver oil twice a day.

Aside from the task of such constant administration of medicine and the cost of cod liver oil, there is a question of palatability, and this too of ten defeats the purpose, so the to be sure repugnance and if the parents or others who care for the child are wise enough to avoid suggesting that cod liver oil is not pleasant.

NEW YORK, April 26—Thoughts while strolling: What's become of the fellow who pronounced it "gaw-ent-tee'd" Voice: He's on the radio. Exquisite word: Shenanohah. Mrs. Vincent Astor is society's most self-effacing lady. B. A. D. Leonard was writing all this "modern sophisticated stuff" on the Telegraph 15 years ago.

I always get Andre Maurois and Abbe Dimont mixed. Miriam Hopkins' fluffy ruffles frocks suggest she skirted coil of a rose. These abandoned mid-town papers with the Mexico City look, Laddie Cliff—and what a swell stage name!—over from London. Only yesterday in an Eton collar. Now a bit oldish.

Stimie: "All dressed up like a Sukka salesman." Add better groomed men: Fred Astaire and Clifton Webb. Bernard Baruch has made a few of the noisy boys look rather silly. Eddie Duchin could pass for a statue in chalk. But can he make a piano go places! And that takes strength.

Overheard: "I've lived so long on the Riviera, I don't even know what a master of ceremonies is." Ace of the pink-faced cherubs—that Donohue boy. The avenue, poor avenue. Quick sales pens and five and tens. One worder for Grover Whalen—epiphany. Add hiccup names: Chester Eskrine.

With a turban Lou Holtz could pass for a maharajah at that. Anyway Earl Sande is the first jockey safe entertainer so far. Look-alike: Mayor La Guardia and Lady of the lakes. Lupe and Johnny haven't made the first pages since I don't know when. Life begins at forty, then—buckety, buckety—goes like forty!

He skittered out of The Players in the first silver-grained suit of dusk, well tanned, spruce and with a flower set in his lapel. The world seemed his. Yet I happen to know he is a first rate actor, without employment for more than five years, who goes the pined-off life of a black ball room. Like so many of his fellows he is going down hill with an air. Something must be done about them soon. They have never asked relief or whined. And will not to the end.

Atavistic note: Clyde Beatty's ten-year-old son, living in an Ohio town, has already trained a mouse to do astonishing stunts.

Statuesque show girls as typified by Dolores, Allyn King, Martha Mansfield and Jessie Reed have gone the way of the dodo.

MARRIED WOMEN! FOR TEN YEARS—FOR THE ORIGINAL IT MUST BE! THE ORIGINAL IT MUST BE! THE ORIGINAL IT MUST BE! JARVIN'S DRUG STORE

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE east half of the Lakeview highway is full of interesting memories for Andy Collier, for as a youngster of 15—long before he ever thought of going to the Klamath country and becoming a leading citizen—he worked all through that region with a surveying crew. He remembers and points out a lot of landmarks.

(Naturally enough, a considerable number of these landmarks are places where the crew got good food to eat—either fresh vegetables or good home meals that they didn't have to cook for themselves. At 15, good food bulks large in a fellow's life.)

WHEN the crew started from Eugene, heading over the mountains by the old Willamette military road, Andy was signed on as water-boy and general roustabout. They had a regular cook.

But cooks, as nearly everybody—including husbands—knows, are temperamental, and in a fit of temper the cook blew up one day and quit. As his successor, they picked on Andy, who knew a lot of things but not much about cooking.

DOUGH-GODS and beans were the principal items on the menu, anyway, and Andy reasoned, sensibly enough, that he could do a good job of wrecking the digestion with dough-gods and beans as anybody else.

THEY arrived, in the course of time, at Bly, which then wasn't much for size, but plenty hot what there was of it. The hotel was full of tourists—city slickers from the east, as Andy remembers it—so when it came time to turn in they took their blankets and headed for the barn.

During the night, an Indian and a white man, becoming copiously lubricated, began an argument that was good when it started and got better as it went along. Finally it reached the gun stage.

The Indian had a pony taked out handy and, somewhat unsteadily he climbed to the hurricane deck, and, listing far to starboard, he began whanging away at his white opponent.

The white man took refuge in the barn, in the haymow of which our heroes were getting their beauty sleep.

THE Indian, raring through the night on his pony, cut loose about every other jump at the white man, who, concealed in the barn, laid down an answering barrage on the Indian. They were both at the happy stage of illumination where to the white man the Indian on the pony probably looked like a regiment of cavalry and to the Indian the barn in which the white man was hidden looked like a city full of houses, so the execution was poor. Both were more interested in making a noise than in drawing blood.

But to the boys in the haymow—boys from the quiet Willamette valley—it was REAL.

Andy says he can feel the prickles go up and down his spine and the goose flesh rise up on his skin when he thinks of it yet.

SPEAKING of the Lakeview country, the water in the Drew's Valley reservoir is nearly up to the road—higher than it has ever been since the dam was built.

The water in Goose lake is nearly 20 miles long, the Crump lakes are full, and Hart lake is beginning to fill up. Goose lake has been dry and dusty for years.

And the spring run-off in the high country is just getting under way. It looks as if dry cycle is ending.

TO THE cattlemen, it's one of those tall about—prices high and grass plenty. Dausily when prices are high the grass is short and when there is grass in plenty the price is down.

A cattlemen's life is a dog's life anyway, anyway you look at it—so hear him tell it.

"THE MOON TURNS GREEN" —with envy because it cannot attend the DANCE SAT. NITE AT Bonney's Grill WHERE THE—Finest Chicken Dinners—ARE SERVED Music by the "Bonney Heather 5" DANCING EVERY NIGHT

But this year he's going to have a hard time putting up a hard luck story. At least, that's the way it looks now.
WHILE the cattlemen are wearing a smile that looms behind his ears, the logger, who wants the worst way to get into the woods and can't be because of the mud, is hitting his finger nails and cursing in a low, rumbling tone that sounds like distant thunder.
You can't please everybody.

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 26, 1925
(It Was Sunday)
Hit. Calif. is swept by disastrous fire, that causes \$50,000 damage.
Three transient autoists are fined for speeding on North River street.

Gossipers Couldn't Fool Mrs. Pierce
SHE LOST 50 POUNDS OF FAT
Feel full of pep and possess the slender form you crave for. You can't if you listen to gossipers who'd secretly hate to see you take off any fat, but notice that Mrs. Pierce has a mind of her own.
Here's a treatment—tested and proved SAFE for years—not only to take off excess fat but also to correct a crooked take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salt in a cup of hot water every morning (takes fine with juice of half lemon added).

Gov. Pierce officially opens Pioneer Museum at Jacksonville, and laughs at threat of sportsmen to invade creek against him. "Every time I wash one of that upstate bunch from the public trough, the howling starts," the governor said.
Sheriff raids salub, operated by aged invalid, and seizes fifteen gallons of mash.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
April 26, 1915
(It Was Monday)
A light rain falls over the valley.

Valley Baptists gather in Ashland for annual session.
Oregon Caves will open for the season June 1.
German rush into Flinders again halted by Allies artillery; warning of possible mis- interference by American pacifists not wanted.

Still no clues to the bandit who robbed the State Bank of Rogue River of \$900, by throwing ammonia in the cashier's face.
Frank Farrel of the Ringwood company has returned from a winter trip to Scandinavia.
In the last 12 years, 65,000 barrels have gone into strawberry production, the consumers' guide of AAA reports. Americans consumed 318,356,000 quarts of strawberries in 1934.

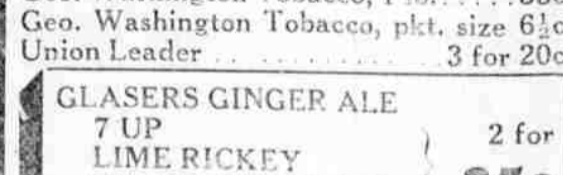
Date at the Oaks every Saturday night.

HEATH'S DRUG STORE
DRUGS, TOILETRIES and TOBACCO
For years this store has enjoyed a reputation for accurate prescription service, quality drugs and tobaccos and personal, friendly service acquired through years of service in this community. Now, by making a comparison of prices, you will find that you can SAVE MONEY here, yet be assured of the same high class service. Here are a few—

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!
ANGIER'S EMULSION (Close out) 39c
Mac Stomach Remedy (Close out) 79c

GIANT MOGUL PEANUTS
1/2 lb. . . . . 15c 1 lb. . . . . 29c
Our nuts are toasted fresh. So different from ordinary salted nuts that are merely cooked in oil.

KOLOR-BAK . . . . . \$1.19
LUCKY TIGER . . . . . 89c
17 VOLUME PEROXIDE . . . . . 19c



We have just received a barrel of PARKE DAVIS PURE VANILLA EXTRACT SPECIAL. This is the genuine Parke Davis extract and it has a delightful bouquet and a delicious flavor that will not BAKE OUT OR FREEZE OUT.

2 oz. 29c
6 oz. 69c
Pint \$1.69
The reg. price is \$3.00 a pint. You save \$1.31.

Geo. Washington Tobacco, 1 lb. . . . . 53c
Geo. Washington Tobacco, pkt. size 6 1/2c
Union Leader . . . . . 3 for 20c

GLASERS GINGER ALE
7 UP
LIME RICKEY
SPARKLING WATER 2 for 25c

SHU - MILK . . . . . 19c
ICE MINT . . . . . 39c
ALKA - SELTZER . . . . . 49c
JOHNSON'S INSTANT FUDGE . . . . . 29c
Woodbury Facial Soap (formerly 25c a bar) . . . . . 3 for 25c
Melloglo Face Powder . . . . . 39c
Cashmere Bouquet Soap (formerly 25c a bar) . . . . . 3 for 25c
We reserve the right to limit quantities.
The Store That Fills Prescriptions
Heath's DRUG STORE
Ladies Rest Rooms—Medford Bldg—Phone 884