

MEDFORD MAIL, TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The President lost the studs to his waistcoat one evening last week, and had to attend a cabinet dinner, with the wrong kind of buttons in his vest.

The Portland city council will pass no ordinance providing punishment for minors who falsify their ages to beer dispensers, and thereby wet their juvenile whiskies.

A West Virginia girl who has been laughing for eight days, is improving, and her mother has dimming of the "periodic giggles," press reports reveal. She has now reached the normal state of citizens in doubt about the feasibility of a nation spending itself rich, by going broke.

The OSC-UofW basketball game broadcast was a complete success. None of the sopranos interfering with the reception ran out of wind, and compelled the broadcast station to fall back on an electrical transcription (phonograph record to you).

1400 high school students of Alameda, Calif., aided and abetted by their parents and politicians, are on strike in protest to the discharge of a school head. It is highly probable when calm is restored, the youthful harrassing will be blamed on the movies.

The head of the Communist party in America addressed the people over the air, and the mildness of his remarks surprised. Many Oregon orators have been fiercer. His larynx did not become over-heated, and his Jabs at Capitalism were gentle. Nevertheless, it is just as well to beware of the whine when it is "Red."

Now is the time to brace yourself for next Friday the 13th. Many have good luck, many have had luck, and many have neither.

Farmers report that two wild flower lovers hunting lamb tongues in his lower meadow, picked some lamb chops.

"Faery Bells at 7"

"Honey, when the sun is low, we love to watch the swallows. They dip and rise and fly and flow like leaves upon the still. The shadows walk with purple tread, as monks all frocked and bowed of head, among the distant hollows. And someone paints a rose of blush and mauve and gold and silver plush where daylight flies and follows.

"Honey, if a child is sweet, and kind to all creation, when sunset frames and frees and flames a picture past the hill, then one may see in silver spire beyond the stare of heaven's fire—a single stately station! And faintly glow shall hear the light, low bells the faeries ring for night, in all their dear elation.

"Honey, when the sun is dropt behind the mountain's mizzen, when Night is poured and flows and stored the bowl of day to fill—then ere the color dies afar, we'll wish one with on fonder star, that breaks its ancient prison. We'll wish that we may always keep the faery bells that ring for sleep. . . . Ho! Ho! The moon is risen!"—Ben Hur Lampman in the Gold Hill News, 20 Years Ago.

To Rebuild Army. CORVALLIS, Ore., March 9.—(AP)—The state board of control authorized immediate repairs to the college armory, which was damaged by fire February 18. Detailed estimates fixed repair costs at \$16,156.91. Repair funds will come from the regular state restoration fund, carried as insurance on state buildings.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 6.—Too bad. The Country Doctor featuring the Dionne quintuplets, is a good film; it might so easily have been a GREAT one.

Here was a glorious opportunity, to depart from the stereotyped Hollywood hokum and chart an entirely new course in the field of original pictorial dramatization. At the outset all the old hackneyed patterns should have been thrown out of the window, the action and plot development should have been built solely around the country doctor theme, and the quintuplets brought in as a perfectly logical and natural climax, with no extraneous elements to weaken the dramatic force of such an unusual combination. For here one had the country doctor, a NATURAL in true human interest and poignant drama; and the quintuplets, the greatest biological phenomenon in all human history.

Such things as boy and girl love interest, conventional comic relief, all the time-honored gags and tricks of the trade, should have been shunned like the plague, for here was a chance to make movie history,—perhaps mark an epoch in the development of a new dramatic form. But the powers that be in the production of "The Country Doctor" decreed otherwise. So the pretty girl and handsome boy had to be dragged in by the heels; the country doctor sentimentalized and fitted with the necessary tremolo stops; and the COMIC feature of the multiple accouchement, so OVER-emphasized, that it will probably go down in movie history as one of Slim Summerville's greatest slapstick parts. Don't misunderstand. You will LIKE "The Country Doctor," and we predict it will be one of the greatest box office successes in modern history—perhaps for all time. But while we enjoyed it—(the perfectly natural way the quintuplets stagger around like a group of slightly intoxicated penguins is alone worth the price of admission) we couldn't help but feel all the time how a rare opportunity to make a genuine human interest EPIC had been muffed.

But put it nevertheless on your "MUST" list, boys and girls. That is a superfluous advice as far as the girls are concerned,—we don't believe a woman in the country, who can somehow raise the price of a ticket will miss the "little darlings." At the opening in L. A. today the theatre was packed, and at least 98% wore skirts.

We have one other suggestion to tender the powers that be over in Hollywood. This relates to the extras—so called two-bit players. We mean those worthy gentlemen and ladies who provide the background and atmosphere—the butlers, French maids, Dukes and Duchesses, the foreign diplomats, and say the King of Westphalia or the Governor General of Canada. They should be mixed up—more thoroughly shuffled. When, as has been the writer's experience the past two weeks, one sees the same person—familiar countenance, figure and manner of speech,—as an officer of the Canadian Mounted, foreign secretary for France, butler at Lady Gregorie's, distinguished member of the Royal Medical Society of Great Britain, etc., etc., it tends to destroy the illusion of reality somewhat. The casting directors should stop playing favorites and pass the two-bit parts around.

While in Pasadena the other day we had the pleasure of hearing Tatiana Tchernavina, author of "Escape from the Soviets" speak at the Community theatre on the subject, "An intellectual worker in the U. S. R. R." And it WAS a pleasure, though judging by the reports at the hotel afterward, it was shared by no one else. The older girls who all have season tickets, and would no more think of missing one of these lectures than their afternoon nap, found the performance terribly disappointing. Small wonder, because when they were able to hear the speaker,—which was seldom—they couldn't understand a word she said. That certainly was sufficient to write off the afternoon a total loss!

We were more fortunate. When we were unable to distinguish the Russian woman's opening remarks proceeded to walk forward and take a seat in the front row, entirely oblivious of the fact (until afterward) we had paid for an unreserved seat and had taken a reserved one! However no one apparently had reserved that particular seat for the afternoon so we were unmolested, and from then on heard everything that was said quite clearly,—although strictly speaking no doubt under what that man at the Santa Anita race track would term "false pretenses."

Even had the older girls been able to hear Mme. Tatiana, we doubt if they would have been enthusiastic. For most of them had read her book and found it exciting and romantic, whereas the speech was neither, nor was the authoress herself.

Quite the reverse. Mme. Tatiana was a middle-aged, square faced, square-jawed matron, attired in a white skirt and a man's reefer jacket, with a very thin high-pitched voice, and only one gesture,—which was to place her right hand on her nose and pull it. She started her talk without any preface or flourishes, proceeded in a business-like manner, timed her remarks carefully with her wrist watch, and when the time to stop came—did just that—she stopped. That was all there was to it.—Tatiana Tchernavina was ready for her next engagement.

In short the speaker's subject was not her escape, which her book had covered—and given her both money and a certain fame,—it was "An intellectual worker in the Soviet Republic," and it was as a member of the intelligentsia and as a scientific worker that she talked. She might have been a doctor of medicine addressing one of her regular clinics—it was as routine and matter of fact as that—and yet to us it was very interesting because it so obviously gave the exact truth—the scientific truth one might say—and so entirely confirmed the impression we have had of the real situation of the professional class under the Stalin dictatorship.

For people of education and ability there is no place in Soviet Russia. It's a topsy turvy land. Those best fitted by training, experience and character to do things are not allowed to do them—or if given the chance are so pestered and thwarted by the red chiefs, put over them, that they can do nothing.

Politics.—Bolshevik politics,—is in complete control, and unless one submits not only to a political dictatorship but an INTELLECTUAL dictatorship, there is no enduring existence. The first is as cruel as the second is ignorant, and intolerant.

As the wife of a university graduate and a scientist of international reputation—a college graduate and a scientist herself—Mme. Tatiana, her husband and her son, decided they would rather be dead than try to live in such a country, as the Communists had made of their beloved Russia. So although in prison they planned to escape, and from the other side of the Arctic circle finally did escape,—and lived to tell the tale.

That's the story she tells. The experiences that led up to the final break for liberty. We haven't read the book, but we can say this for Tatiana Tchernavina's talk—matter of fact, prosaic, unromantic as it is,—for any thinking person we can imagine no stronger argument against Communism, than the one she gives.

Twins Celebrate 71st Birthdays ELGIN, March 8.—(AP)—Two twins celebrated their 71st birthdays today.

Transient Killed In Klamath Yard KLAMATH FALLS, March 8.—(AP)—Clair Norris, 26, transient from Kansas, was killed in the Southern Pacific yards this morning when he fell from a moving train. Norris was decapitated and his body badly mangled.

Are you a member of Elsie W. Hoffmann's HOBBY CLUB? JOSE NOV.

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.

THEY THINK THEY ARE BETTER

A young man who notes I do not approve of boozing informs me that a great many, both old and young, disagree with me.



If I were not aware of that I should scarcely mention it. The matter here. After all, is there anything more tiresome than reiteration by teachers, doctors or authorities of things one already knows, whether they are so or not? Doubtless it makes you feel an awful fool, for instance to pay a fee for medical advice only to be told you have a "cold" and must be careful not to take more "cold," you simpleton? On the other hand if the doctor goes into a scientific trance and finds you have a Streptococcus invasion of the antrum, don't you feel that's something for your money?

Continues the young man: "I am both old and young disagree with you. The opinions of the young you may not consider important, because of their inexperience. But I know many men of fifty or sixty, who may be considered to have mature wisdom, who say they know no man who amounts to anything who doesn't drink, and that they are frankly a bit suspicious of any non-drinker. This becomes personal, for I am one of those oddities that do not drink. I am at the wine age of 24 when I ought to be one of the boys. Nearly all of my acquaintances and pals like a bit of a nip. Perhaps the main reason why I never take any comes from my mother's hatred of drink. She had plenty of reason. . . . What this country needs right now is a million more mothers like that, and ten million more boys who have greater respect for their mother's wishes than they have for the boon companionship of defective individuals who require the narcotic action of alcohol to make them feel right. . . . When a fellow declines a drink he is apt to be placed in solitary confinement. One of the easiest ways to offend is to refuse a drink. I know. Right there is one of the silliest reasons why many whisky-washy young persons start drinking. They haven't actually a spirit, independence, strength of character or self-respect to decline politely. . . . From the attitude of most men I gather that they have the honest opinion that alcohol makes a man manly. They believe it does many things for a man. For instance they

often declare that "beer is good for you" it cleanses the kidneys and nourishes. . . . Why should the kidneys need cleansing, I wonder? Of course I'm on a door-to-door doctor and I wouldn't know about that. As for the nourishment in beer, as I have carefully pointed out here now and again, a glass of the best beer, any beer, yields approximately 120 calories. A glass of milk yields approximately 160 calories. . . . It is evident that the d.f.'s who imagine beer, wine or liquor is nourishing or beneficial are wrong. They just think they are better, stronger, smarter, wiser, when they are under the effects of alcohol.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Trichlorethylene According to a news report a University of Maryland doctor has discovered a remedy, trichlorethylene, which not only gives instant relief to angina pectoris attacks but is a complete cure. One cubic centimeter is snuffed into the nose. Please give your opinion. (C. A. L.) Answer—Either the newspaper story was highly colored as usual, or the doctor who reported the use of trichlorethylene allowed himself too much literary license. It is in no sense a cure, but merely a palliative for quick relief of the anginal attack. . . . What, A Baby We are expecting our first baby in about six weeks now, and we want to start off right, so we are asking for a copy of the Brady Baby Book and anything else you may send. . . . (Mrs. H. F. W.) Answer—Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing our address, for copy of the "Brady Baby Book." Rather late now, but still you should have had a copy of the monograph "Instructions for Expectant Mother," which is free if you provide S. A. E. to carry it. A government pamphlet "Infant Care," issued by Children's Bureau, may be bought from the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., for 10 cents. One on "Parental Care" may be obtained free (or possibly for five cents), from the Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. . . . Diet For Peptic Ulcer and Hyperacidity Please give us an article on diet for stomach ulcer and acid stomach. (T. C.) Answer—Send ten cents coin and stamped envelope bearing your address, for booklet "Guide to Right Eating," which contains menus and other suggestions. (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, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 9.—Diary: Floyd Gibbons sent a sheaf of cuttings from London papers, seriously writ yet to the American viewpoint comic. And a bid to be a guest on the maiden voyage of the Queen Mary. Also a note from Tom Green in Spain and Florence of Walter in New Orleans.



Comic papers and vaudeville zanyies have almost laughed the overcoat with a fur collar out of the male wardrobe. Once a symbol of opulence, it's now suggestive of a ham actor in medicine show man. There were probably no more than a dozen seen this winter and mostly among the high hats of the opera or first night. Jimmy Walker still has courage to wear one. So has Roy Howard. The first fur-collared evening coat at a premiere was worn by Stanford White at the first night of "Florodora" at the Casino. Evelyn Nesbit was appearing, by the way.

Bagatelle: Cardini, the card manipulator, is a steady loser at poker. . . . Ex-King Alfonso brushes up on American slang reading Variety. . . . It takes eight stenographers to answer Major Bowes' fan mail. . . . Irvin Cobb has completed his annual visit to the family of G. G. King in Texas. . . . Louis Bromfield can plot best in a train or steamer berth. . . . For 21 years, Winston Churchill has breakfasted on a two-minute egg, one thin slice of toast and a cup of mint tea.

He is one of the windy lads who pull up in front of Lindy's for a midnight elbow rub with Broadway's "Who's Who." He will up a recent evening with: "Well, sir, you'd never believe what happened to me today!" Whereupon Irving Hoffman sighed: "Why make us try?" (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Jerome Beatty, one of the Kansas City Star authors, has probably written more fiction under noms de plume than any writer for the gloss magazines. Aside from a story signed by his real name recently, three other contributions under various pseudonyms appear in a monthly. On another occasion he had ten articles in three different magazines, only one in each bearing his true moniker. Max Brand once wrote under 13 different names for the pulp. Arthur J. Burks, king pin of the pulp writers, even tops Brand and nets \$30,000 a year.

The radio has created a field day for imitators of birds and animals, both wild and domesticated. They are glorifications of the various radio amateur hours and a half dozen have dreamed to jobs with salaries never dreamed possible. Naturally

Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 9, 1926 (It was Tuesday) The Medford high school basketball squad leaves for the state tournament at Salem.

Two Pacific highway speeders fined \$15 in justice court. Prices drop on Hudson cars.

New drawings held for state basketball tournament at Salem, in the presence of visiting coaches. Salem retains usual advantage.

Work starts on the annual repaving of the Main street crossing of the Southern Pacific. Traffic is impeded.

Frosty nights prevail through Rogue river valley. Attorney Allison Moulton resigns as assistant district attorney.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 9, 1916 (It was Thursday) Ralph G. Jennings of the Applegate comes out for sheriff on the democratic ticket.

Heavy rains soak the Willow Springs district. General John J. Pershing will lead American troops in pursuit of Bandit Villa.

R. R. Ebel, formerly of this city, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis in San Francisco, and is improving rapidly.

No more loss of steam in the whistles of the Southern Pacific's big engines as they slip into and out of this little city—after next week. The yard limit boards are about ready for shipment and installation here. After they shall have been located, five days shall elapse before the notice will be effective. A man has already been fined \$5 for looting his auto horn in the city. Now, what shall we do for a noise?

The nearest approach to starting news is Dictator Joseph Stalin's statement to an American newspaper man that Russia is ready to go to war with Japan if necessary to preserve Outer Mongolia's independence.

DICTATOR STALIN probably isn't much interested in Outer Mongolia's independence, but IS interested in Russia's defense and doesn't want Japanese soldiers too close to Russian borders.

He speaks to an American newspaper man, but what he says is ADDRESSED TO JAPAN. The idea he seeks to convey to Japan is this: "Be careful what you do and whose toes you step on."

SPEAKING OF JAPAN, there is this dispatch from Tokyo: The aristocratic Prince Konoye became today an opportunity to become Japan's youngest premier, sending Emperor Hirohito and his advisers on a new search for a man who will be able to head the government in its crisis.

It is just possible, in view of events of the past ten days, that Konoye reasons he would rather be a live aristocrat than a DEAD premier.

SENATOR ROBINSON, of Arkansas, tells the senate (but is really talking over the senators' heads to the voters) that if the country prefers conditions of three years ago to those of today it should re-elect Hoover.

It is impossible, however, that the country at large may be seeking neither the conditions of three years ago nor those of today, but something BETTER THAN EITHER.

THE Italian high command announces proudly that some 30,000 Ethiopians have been killed or wounded in the fighting that has taken place since February 10.

That is to say, a carefully trained army, equipped with every weapon of modern warfare, has succeeded in butchering or maiming some 30,000 poor devils of semi-savages, poorly trained and inadequately armed.

Isn't that something to be proud of!

SENATOR BORAH, speaking from Washington, urges the United States to "do something about collecting the European war debts."

It sounds good in print, or over the air, but what shall we do? Send the sheriff—which in this case would be the army and navy—over to do the collecting?

That's about the only method that could hope to succeed, and it would start another war which would cost more than the total of the debts.

ABOUT the only sensible thing to do in regard to the war debts is to admit freely (profanely, if necessary to add emphasis) that we were saps to have loaned the money, and never need to do it again.

That's what individuals do when they get stuck on a bad debt, and the nation might as well fall in line.

My personal attention given to all watch repair, factory style workmanship, reasonably priced and thoroughly guaranteed. Jno. W. Johnson.

PHOTOS by Peasler's Studio

Mothers!

In treating children's colds, don't take VICKS VAPORUB chances. use VICKS VAPORUB PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS

Beware Coughs That Hang On

from common colds

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and your cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

"PEP UP" STOMACH RELISH YOUR FOOD

Don't let stomach trouble due to lack of digestive juices spoil your appetite, make you feel weak, rundown, sluggish, miserable, without ambition or zest for the good things of life. Take Williams' S.L.K. Formula and get quick relief. The first bottle must produce results or money back. Williams' S.L.K. Formula is compounded from the prescription of a former army doctor and has been tested by thousands. It acts as a mild tonic, stomachic stimulant, mild laxative and gentle diuretic, insistent for the kidneys. Being a liquid—already dissolved—it starts to work almost immediately. Highly concentrated, it is very economical. Costs only a few cents a day to take. Beware of cheap imitations. Buy a bottle of Williams' S.L.K. Formula under the money-back guarantee. See how much better you feel after just a few doses. On sale at Health's Drug Store.—Adv.

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PORTLAND: one way \$9.88; roundtrip \$13.05 This overnight trip brings you into Portland bright and early next morning, 8:00 A. M. Above fares good in Standard Pullmans, plus berth charge. Or ride in coaches at still lower fare.

Next time, try the train!

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