

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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MEMBER OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

This is Friday the 13th. (My Gracious). You got by the last one, so you will probably make it to the next one, come next November.

The three White Leghorn chickens that have been roving the business area, unhindered, for three months, yesterday came under the admiring scrutiny of a preacher.

"Anything Goes" is on tap at the O. Hunt magic lantern show, and a casual glance down the road proves it.

John Fuller of Ashland has met the enemy, and the postoffice is his. Congrats, John.

Residents of Yachata, Ore., complain to the Governor that reveals in their community border on the awful, and reports a merry-maker who creates havoc on swigs of milk and glucose. A gent who to survive this position, no doubt would amount to something, if once headed in the right direction. At present, it is nothing much but a gay and semi-idiotic indifference, for the lining of his stomach. Such rugged individualism is worthy of a higher aim, than raising hell Saturday night in a village with one policeman. He probably belongs to that stubborn type that maintains the state statute well, but better whiskey than the late bootleggers once brought them.

Science has discovered a way to smoke tobacco without burning it. The need seems to be for a tobacco that can be chewed without expectorating.

A GENIUS GROWS TIMID: (Long Creek (Ore.) Items) The local weather man, R. C. Crowley, has missed the weather twice and has sworn off giving any information on the future weather. He has been local authority for several years without any mistakes so he is turning the job back to the weather bureau where they can get many mistakes without hurting anything.

The esteemed Salem Capital-Journal discovered the height of political snidery amid the horde of candidates seeking to hornswoogie the Old Folks out of their votes, via the Townsend plan. He is the "100 per cent, paid up Townsend club member." The same periodical is curious to know what platform they will be "running on four years from now." It would be just as interesting to know what platform they were running on four years ago.

French diplomats, in high fear of Germany, announce "a preventive war," and "a fight for peace." Both phrases sound Brain Trustish, and are on the order of "spending yourself rich," or creating more pork by killing all the little pigs.

Democratic chiefs returning to Salem from a tour of southern Oregon counties report they caught a glimpse of one scared Republican running across the road in front of their auto, apparently blinded by the headlights.

LET US GIGGLE: Mr. Thornton laughed, "Hat Hat Hat!" Michael laughed even louder, but it was more of a "Ho! Ho! Ho!" "Hat Hat Hat!" chuckled Samuel Harley.

The new guest burst into long guffaws. He showed himself to be a good guffawer. "Teel teel teel!" Mrs. Walker tittered.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" Mr. Tangreen howled, without knowing exactly what it was all about.

(All Fiction Magazine)

Ashland To Have Annual Egg Hunt

ASHLAND, March 13. — (Sp.) — Children from all of Jackson county, as well as Klamath Falls and northern California have been invited to attend the ninth annual egg hunt to be put on by the Ashland American Legion Easter Sunday morning.

It has been announced by the committee in charge. The committee is to be assisted by the Boy Scouts, as in former years. It was announced at a Legion meeting in the Lithia City Tuesday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

SOBOBA HOT SPRINGS, Calif., March 11.—This is a continuation from yesterday of the Mail Tribune's new serial which might be captioned "Ye editor shoots a 72."

But what a difference just a few hours make. It's all in the mood. In fact life is merely a succession of moods. And they have a way of changing. Yesterday we were all steamed up over a 72 and yielded to a mood of what we fear, in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, was one of rather infantile exuberance. We had broken an 80 for the first time in 30 years of persistent endeavor, and just gave way to our feelings, with the firm determination of embalming that history shattering accomplishment forever in the files of Jackson county's official newspaper, from the first hole to the last. But today—well it's another day and a different one. No one is interested in golf—at least no one around here and probably no one in southern Oregon. As to Chief Althouse he didn't even come into the dining room until practically every one had left. And there were sweet little bouquets of nasturtiums in earthen jars on each and every table!

Thus are one's fondest illusions shattered on the granite cliffs of bitter experience! It was ever thus. The only certain thing about life is its uncertainty. Speaking from personal experience there is only one constant thing in this mundane existence, that is the expected NEVER happens. This fortunately applies as well to the things we dread, as to the things we anticipate. It is no doubt the law of compensation. As individuals we dote on extremes. But Nature doesn't. Nature is forever seeking a balance. If the things we fear in the imagination were also suffered; if the things we enjoy in anticipation were also realized,—well there would be no equilibrium—life would be lop-sided, which the powers that be, decreed it shouldn't be. Or so it appears to us this bright but unpoetic March day morning. At any rate no public notice was taken of Ye Editor's achievement at dinner last night. So that's that. And the world will probably never know just what happened on those other 15 holes. Which is perhaps just as well. For we had 3's on the first three holes and ended up with an average of 4's. But (there he goes again) we did get a 72!

We took a motor bus down here from Los Angeles Monday afternoon. Which is some distinction. In fact we are the first motor bus customer Soboba has had this year. There are only two buses from L. A. to Hemet per day, and they only stop at Soboba on call. Which accounts no doubt for the fact our bus was full, and the only empty seat we could secure was next to a Piute Indian. He had everything on but his war paint. His long black hair—coarse like a horse's tail—flowed over the shoulders of his purple middie blouse, and was kept in place by a stunning bead beret, with horses and butterflies woven in red and blue. His limbs were enased in plain L. A. pants, but draped over a pair of beaded moccasins, and he had enough silver and turquoise jewelry scattered over his person, to sink a battleship. In fact at first we thought perhaps he was a jewelry salesman, for he kept taking off his rings and putting them back again, adjusting his bracelets and arm rings, so we prepared ourselves for some sales resistance. But he said nothing about selling them at reservation prices, in fact for a long time he said nothing about anything.

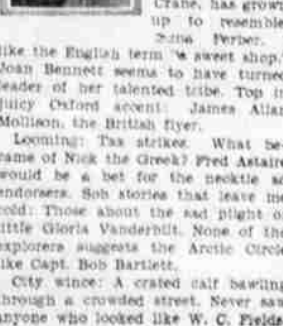
Which of course is characteristic of Indians. They are picturesque to look at, but our experience has been they are terribly dumb. If they have any ideas they are very averse to expressing them. Our own considered opinion is by and large they HAVEN'T any. They are decorative, fine to put in pictures or in front of cigar stores, but a total loss as travelling companions,—or, we imagine, companions of any sort. At least this one was. Not that he answered our attempts at starting conversation with the conventional grunts and "ughs." He wasn't that kind of an Indian. He said "Yep" and "Nope" and "Uh huh" like any up-to-date American. He simply wasn't interested. And then just as we were approaching Riverside and had long since given him up as hopeless he asked if we had seen the last burlesque show at the Burbank theatre in L. A. (he called it L. A.), and upon our reply in the negative proceeded to give us a word picture of what we had missed,—in the accepted idiom of a sex-thwarted sailor boy, after a three day bust, in the last port of call. Now we have no prejudice against the old fashioned burlesque,—and do understand they flourish on Main street, Los Angeles, in all the pristine splendor of the early days in Butte, Montana, but we do object to having them retailed to us second hand. In fact there is nothing we can think of that bears repetition less than a honkey tonk burlesque. It is something one should experience first hand, or not meddle with at all. Fortunately the Piute Boccaccio debarked at Riverside, and we were glad to take a seat in the smoking compartment in the rear where the windows were open.

There is a decidedly Indian atmosphere here at Soboba but it is chiefly architectural—and we should say very good too. The great golf star is encoined in solitary grandeur in an adobe edifice, of bare poles, cement and dried marsh grass called "Sonoma." Next door is the Piute, the Siwash and the "Shastra"—which sounds like home. There are a flock of them all perched on the side of the mountain like swallows' nests. The flower girl we took for an Indian we have since discovered is a Mexican. In fact there are no Indians here now. The Mexican golf pro says there are a few Palm Springs and a few "Dirt" Indians around this part of the country but no Piutes as far as he has ever heard. So that makes our motor bus companion a liar as well. There is no doubt to which of the two tribes above HE belongs. R. W. R.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 13.—Thoughts while strolling: You never think of Graham McNamee with that booming voice being such a little guy. Suggestion: Why not show the name of the artist in a swell window-dressing job? Newest film sweetheart: Anita Louise. Runner up: Joan Marsh. The poetical prodigy, Nathalia Crane, has grown up to resemble Zena Verber. I like the English term "sweet shop." Joan Bennett seems to have turned leader of her talented tribe. Top in juicy Oxford accent: James Allan Mollison, the British flyer. Looming: Tax strikes. What became of Nick the Greek? Fred Astaire would be a bet for the pocket ad endorser. Sob stories that leave the cold: Those about the sad plight of little Gloria Vanderbilt. None of the explorers suggests the Arctic Circle like Capt. Bob Bartlett. City wine: A crated calf bawling through a crowded street. Never saw anyone who looked like W. C. Fields. Moderns do not always flock to the



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.

EXERCISE AND CORPULENCY.

I said the other day that as the slacker flesh of the corpulent individual begins to melt away, under the rational lessening regimen, there is a natural inclination for the patient to indulge in more physical activity than he or she has been accustomed to, while submerged in fat. This increased activity, of course develops muscular tissue. Muscle weighs more than fat; but takes up less room. The new muscle must be taken into consideration as a factor affecting body weight. In the military training camps during the World War it was observed that thousands of young men from white collar jobs, clerks, stenographers, office boys, executives, salesmen, showed a marked decrease in bulk, all body measurements, along with an actual increase in body weight, in the first few months of their training. More muscle. These youths became more slender, more graceful. So let no woman worry about exercise, active play or work with the muscles making her too large or ungainly. That doesn't happen. On the contrary.

Some Dumb Dora who had gained distinction for her swimming and then sought to capitalize her fame, told whoever listens to such words of wisdom that she feared swimming spoiled a woman's figure, made it too strong or bulky or gave her broad shoulders or something. Really there ought to be a law prohibiting unqualified persons from offering the public advice about health. Short of such tests of endurance as marathon races, there is no ordinary exercise, game, play or athletic activity which an overzeal adult may not advantageously enjoy, provided his or her own physician does not interdict it for a particular reason. Just one form of exercise tends to develop massive muscles and that is foot stunts such as weight lifting or similar strains recommended to gullible young men by mail-order physical culture bumbags. These strong-man stunts are objectionable, not merely because they produce hypertrophy of certain muscles, but because they make one muscle-bound, clumsy, inefficient. The overgrown muscles become parasites on bodily vitality. The professional freak strong man never won a race in his life. He is really a feeble man. He reminds me of little old Tony the Welsh Terror—gosh, how fierce and dangerous a wreather can look, but in a set-to with an

Even Democrats attend meeting to "map fall and spring campaign." TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 13, 1916 (It was Monday) American troops over Mexican border in chase of Bandit Villa. French recapture lost ground at Verdun. H. D. Reed and Martin Johnson of Gold Hill were business visitors in the city today. Medford schools will close May 23 for vacation. The Grizzly Hiking club will climb Mt. Baldy next Sunday. Eastern capitalists buy Highland mine on Pools creek. Kaiser ousts Admiral Von Tirpitz, in effort to avoid breach with America over submarine warfare. Carole Must West HOLLYWOOD, Cal., March 13.—(AP)—Carole Lombard has been ordered home for a rest of several weeks, because of a relapse the blonde film star suffered when she returned to work too quickly after an attack of influenza.

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.

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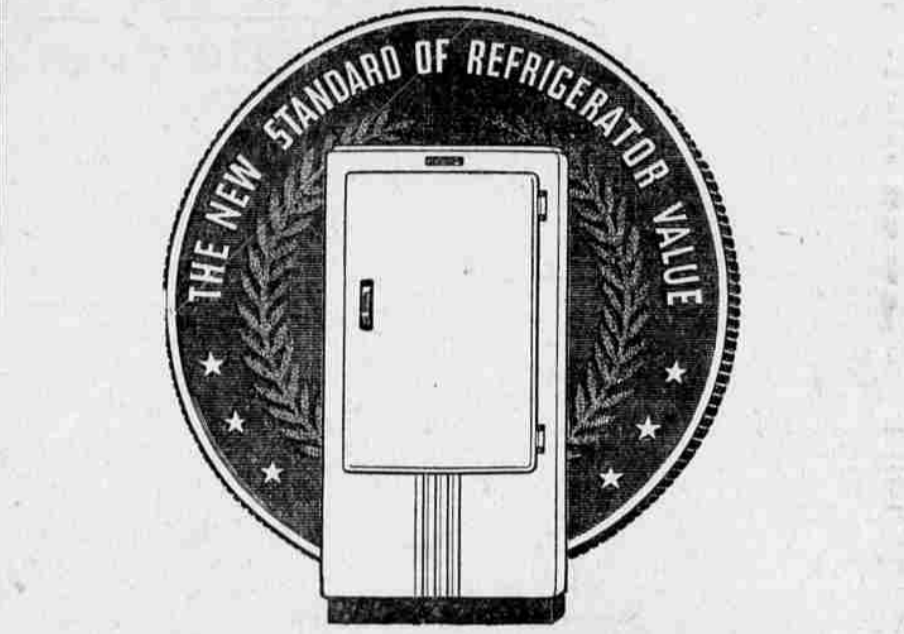
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Flush, the famous dog star of Katharine Cornell's production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," is living in her Beekman Place home in New York in retirement with Miss Cornell in City.

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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 13, 1926 (It was Saturday) Talent district growers organize to get better markets and prices. Grading work started on Sams Valley road. New grade school at Ashland to be called "Lincoln school." Medford high easily defeats Astoria in first game of consolation series. Al Melvin, substitute for Medford, runs wild and heaves eight baskets. Warm spell hits the valley with mercury rising to 71 degrees. Failure of prohibition banished on Andrew Mellon, secretary of treasury, by anti-saloon league organizer.