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MEMBER OREGON STATE ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Lack of parental control over youths of high school age, as exemplified in a series of school strikes, is blamed on the "passing of the woodshed, as a place to march Johnny." This crisis in the bringing up of a boy might be bridged by having the courteous service station attendant spank him when he calls for gasoline.

The succulent, but socially obnoxious green onion is again in our midst, and Older Girls who confess eating same, do so only in their most confidential whispers.

Three miles of editorial comment in the state press have appeared on the spot in Oregon, between a gentleman from Oregon and a gentleman from Washington, wherein the mule was libeled, and aspersions cast on the mental equipment of each other. The editorials are all fearless, but the obvious conclusion is not reached, that a couple of wretches could not have done better.

Poes of the "vested interests" have started to pant.

SURVIVAL OF THE SLICKEST (Cottage Grove Sentinel)

The handit asked Trembley whether he had any money and Trembley replied in the negative. The handit then gave him \$3 and told him to head for Salem. Trembley had over \$60 on his person, but thought it well to make no mention of the fact.

The Republican party is now seeking a campaign slogan. Many will recall how in 1924 they were stirred by "Preserve Conserve and Berve with Coolidge."

Income tax paying was completed last week. The disgust was evenly divided between those who had to pay, and those who had none to pay.

"HOW MAY HELP SOLVE AMERICA'S PROBLEMS?" (Roseburg Times Herald)—Inasmuch as the bull has turned out to be a bum steer, it's a good idea.

"THE RACE IS RUN"

"Crouched alone on a chilly stone, the former candidate made his moan; little he recked and little he wot whether the breeze blew chill or hot, but over and over he made his plaint to the perverse god of Things. This Atin—er and over he aware and swore from holy writ and pagan lore.

"This is the wall the dinkus trees heard to the strum of the sleazy breeze: 'Where, oh where, were my plighted vows?' he queried aloud of the strutting shoats. 'Never a lout for leagues around but pledged himself as filled the ground—never a village peasant yes, but took the oath that he'd not forget!

"Shades of havanas and vintaged berries, gather about me now, my dears! Lightly, hopefully, freely cast to bind the pledge and the promise fast; freely, hopefully, lightly bought—foam and flavor, alas, forgot! I—who would carry the county shires make my mean in a world of laraf! "Whizzily, sleekly blew the breeze. It droned in the boughs of the dinkus trees, the tree-frog whittled away at a tune, whistling wobbled the gibbous moon; musing alone and reeking not whether the breeze blew chill or hot, the Former Candidate mourned his votes to wold and wood and strutting shoats." — (Ben Hur Lampman in Gold Hill News, 20 years ago).

The C. Wig Ashpole boy has arrived at the phonographic era, and is always asking questions his Paw can't answer.

The Grand Pass Caymen attended the Appleby round-up Sunday. In their coyote hides, but without pants. They shivered ferociously, for civic advertisement, and the glory of pneumonia.

For Prices Advance SEATTLE, March 16.—(AP)—Henry Wagner, president of the Seattle Fur Exchange, said "Fur prices and sales last week were the best in two years." Offerings last week of 40,000 furs were sold 100 per cent. Prices are constantly advancing and luxury furs are in big demand.

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

Editorial Correspondence

SOBOBA HOT SPRINGS, Calif., March 13.—Another Friday the 13th—and the week-end boys and girls are coming in. Lucky for the hotel but not so lucky for those who have come here for the peace and quiet of an isolated winter resort. It is the same all over this section of California. Friday, Saturday and Sunday everything is full up. According to report it is that way all week, and all season over the mountain at Palm Springs. The best season there we are told since the pre-depression era.

Had a long distance call the other day from Roger Bennett, former well known Medford resident, inviting us to come down there and be his guest at the El Encanto which he is managing this year. His son for many years has managed the swanky Deep Wells Guest ranch, just outside of the Springs. Sorry we couldn't accept, but circumstances prevented. Palm Springs is of course the creme de la creme of all California resorts, and Deep Wells and El Encanto are the tops. Better luck next time. We'd like being a non-paying guest at a guest ranch.

Tried our hand at hitch hiking today, walked over to San Jacinto about three miles distant. A number of cars whizzed past us, but only one stopped, just this side of San J. We have seen many worn out Fords, but for general debility and decrepitude this one surpassed anything we have observed outside of a junk pile. It had only one fender, no hood, and the seat cover was gone—we sat on the bare springs. Also there was no top. But the darned thing ran, and we were duly deposited at the village barbershop, which was our destination.

The old boy at the wheel was in about the same condition of disrepair as his car. To make conversation in our brief journey together asked him what he thought of the Townsends' plan. He said it sounded good to him at first but he had talked with the lawyer in town and decided it just couldn't be done. He thought an old age pension of about \$40 a month ought to be possible, and he noticed Borah was for that. He thought a lot of Bill Borah, chiefly because he was honest and "wouldn't have no traffic with the politicians." He said all the troubles in the country were due to the politicians.

It is amusing how the point of view changes. We were out for a walk and didn't want a lift. But after about the 25th ear had passed us miles an hour, the cumulative effect somehow got under our skin. True we wanted no help—needed none—but how did those birds dashing by 50 or 60 miles an hour KNOW we didn't? The answer of course was they DIDN'T know it!

We might have been some wandering Rip Van Winkle who had just awakened and was having a race with death to the nearest human habitation, for all the members of that motor parade knew. The answer was they didn't give a hoot and were in no mood to stop for anything short of a motor cop, or a washout. An attitude incidentally which we share, whenever we motor about, as far as the wandering hitch hiker is concerned. And as far as that goes and in view of the number of hitch hikers who turn yeggs, a perfectly proper attitude.

Nevertheless wait until YOU happen to be a hitch hiker! Unless we are much mistaken there will be a surprising and abrupt change in viewpoint. There was with us on this very brief pilgrimage. So much so that when this old boy in his old rattle-trap of a Ford, came to a quivering stop and asked if we didn't want a ride, we were very much touched and would no more have thought of declining his offer, than—well,—it was simply one of those things that couldn't be done, that's all. So we got in and found those bare springs not nearly as uncomfortable as they looked.

It's all in the point of view. And the fact that all the big cars, many of them with drivers, and the super-powered trucks, went sailing by so contemptuously, while this broken down Ford and the octogenarian truck farmer (he said he had three acres of walnuts near the CCC headquarters) was the only one to stop, no doubt had something to do with the emotional extent of our reaction. That and we fear the irrepressible ego that is in most of us.

And then as luck would have it we spoiled it all. Instead of thanking the old boy and letting it go at that, we yielded to a sudden impulse, and tried to force a dollar bill into his hand,—not for the ride, but just as a token of our deep appreciation, etc., etc. Had we pulled out a gun, and shoved it into his mid section, the expression on his face could not have shown more dumfounded surprise and inarticulate resentment.

"Say, what're you trying to do, mister?" he pushed us away, slammed the wobbly little door shut, and chugged down the street.

So that was that. Don't know the old boy's name, never saw him before, will never see him again. Our only excuse for dilating upon such a comparatively trivial incident is a feeling that it may be symbolical—perhaps an answer to prevailing doubts what is going to happen to this country, in the distant and precarious future.

Here was an old and hard-working dirt farmer who obviously had not made much of a success of things, yet had not become embittered, resentful, was looking facts clearly in the face, didn't think the government or anyone else owed him a living, but thought it only proper those in need should be given reasonable assistance, and on his way through life was eager, at all times and under all circumstances to lend a helping hand! If there are enough of those kind of old boys in this somewhat distraught land of ours no need to worry about the future!

Starting back we looked across the valley and could see the Indian village of Soboba, standing out clearly on the hillside in the rays of the setting sun, and the highway roaring around Robin Hood's barn to get there. We decided to be smart and go cross country. No doubt as the crow flies we saved at least a mile—perhaps more. But while the highway trek took about 45 minutes the cross lots aberration consumed at least an hour and a half. We had to climb over three barbed wire fences, ford a dry river bed, negotiate a wire and brush breakwater, and stop three times to take rocks and sand out of our brogans. We thought for a time we were going to be chased by a brindle bull, but he fortunately had his mind on other things. That WOULD have been a story! (But perhaps the bull would have had to tell it!) Bull or no bull when we finally climbed the hill to our Sonoma teepee at sunset the editorial calves were shaking like a couple of telephone wires in a whirlwind. R. W. R.

MRS. GRIFFIN RITES TUESDAY AT 2 P. M. ROOSEVELT JOINS IN RUSH OF TAXPAYERS WASHINGTON, March 16.—(AP)—President Roosevelt joined hundreds of other today in the last-hour rush to file income tax returns. He set aside the luncheon hour for making out the return on his 1935 income which must be filed before midnight. As usual, Mr. Roosevelt completed his own return without expert assistance. The president receives a salary of \$75,000 upon which he pays an income tax as do all officials of the government.

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.

ADMONITION TO THE CORPULENT. Most so-called "standard" tables of "correct" weight for various ages and heights give merely the average of a number of persons, not necessarily the ideal from the viewpoint of health, physical efficiency and longevity. In fact no arbitrary figure can be set as the ideal for men, women aged 30 and 65 inches in stature. One woman of that age and height may have a skeletal framework quite different in capacity from the framework of another of like age and stature. Racial, family and individual types of skeletal structure may make a difference of as much as 15 pounds weight in the normal nutritional state of a woman of that age and height.



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Also I still like 'em plump, this is not an attempt to console the outside women. But I find so many young women who want to reduce when in fact they are not corpulent at all. There is a considerable risk involved in any restriction of the diet of a person who has not yet attained full adult growth and development. Therefore I warn all girls against trying to reduce without the supervision of a physician. Women over past thirty may safely follow a sound, rational diet for dwindling and actually gain increased health and vitality from the improved nutrition, irrespective of the change in measurements.

The explanation of all this is given in the booklet "Design for Dwindling" which will be mailed if you send ten cents in coin and a stamped addressed envelope for my convenience. A person on a diet low in carbohydrate, but yielding only two thousand calories (from fats and proteins) more quickly loses weight than one on a diet yielding the same number of calories, but including more carbohydrate. Carbohydrate foods (any form of starch or sugar) tend to hold a larger proportion of water in the tissues, and even tho the patient is actually dwindling in flesh, in measurements, the larger proportion of water retained in the cells and tissues of the body keeps the weight up. If the moderate reduction diet (a diet yielding 2000 calories a day is a moderate reduction diet for a corpulent adult) is adhered to, in the course of two weeks more or less, the water balance of the body auto-

atically adjusts itself and there follows a dumping of the overload of water, through the various excretory channels, and a corresponding lowering of body weight, tho the real test of the efficacy of a lessening regimen is always the tape measure. If individuals who seek to dwindle would remember this, perhaps they would not so easily become discouraged and weakly give up a course undertaken with earnestness. Keep off the scales for a few weeks, and let your tape measure be your guide.

Remember, too, that muscle, water, blood, bone and the substance of organs are all heavier than fat. Fat is just bulkier. Your natural increase in physical activity, when you have disposed of a part of the slacker flesh, will increase muscular development and this of course affects weight.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Iodin Ration. I have been taking your Iodin ration for months, and find the veins in my hands are quite normal. Since I reached the age of forty I have always been concealing my hands because the prominent veins annoyed me. Now I can scarcely see the veins. All our friends read your column and we enjoy it very much. —Mrs. M. J. Answer—Instructions for the Iodin ration will be mailed to any reader who asks for it and incloses a three-cent stamped envelope bearing his address. If you want also the advice on corrective diet, inclose ten cents coin for booklet "The Regeneration Regimen." Hydrochloric. Under physician's order (now retired) I have been taking Muriatic acid to increase secretion of hydrochloric acid in my stomach. The remedy has entirely stopped headaches. Would not proper diet correct the trouble so I can stop taking the medicine? —Mrs. R. A. E. Answer—I have no notion what the nature of your trouble is. Whatever it may be, I think it would do no harm to make sure you get an optimal vitamin ration—particularly vitamins C and B. Also a course of iron. Suggestions in booklets "Building Vitality" and "Blood and Health" mailed on request if you inclose a stamped envelope bearing your address and ten cents for each booklet.

Please return the recipe you gave for wheat "Munchcrumbs."—L. F. Answer—Send stamped addressed envelope for monograph "Wheat to Eat." (Copyright, 1936, 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.

planning to honor him as no other member has ever been honored save the founder who bequeathed his home to the membership. One room for him is called the Edwin Booth Memorial and is, I hear, exactly as he left it, his meerschaum on the table and an opened book and several articles of wearing apparel hanging in the wardrobe. The Oliver Herford Memorial will be a similar room hung with Herford's paintings and drawings of cats.

The man who came closest to filling the kindly niche left by Oliver Herford is Don Marquis, now convalescing from an attack that laid him low. Marquis, born in Walnut, Ill., and reared in the South, plump and white haired had attained a mellow, philosophical outlook after many busy years reporting, columning and authoring. In younger days he had moments of bitterness in his writings, but softened as he had an innumerable fund of stories scattered with keen aphorisms that always made him the center of the crowd. Few newspapermen ever attained the beloved sort of popularity that is deservedly his. He is in his 50's and his wife is an accomplished actress.

Bagatelles: Heywood Brown is joining the journalistic hegria to Russia. . . . Frederic Lonsdale, London playwright, breakfasts on clabber after a night out and feels well. . . . Two orchestra leaders have Social Register wives—Al Donahue and Eddy Duchin. . . . If Bob Brinkerhoff takes a single sip of wine he turns as red as a beet. . . . Rupert Hughes is a runner-up for Damon Runyon in night coffee drinking. . . . Margaret Anglin is the most studious American actress. . . . Ruth Weston's Sealymph sits in the bushes and watches her act. . . . Bob Davis is off to Japan.

They came out of the Stork Club just as the sun was blazing a flush of morning pink. An alert taxi shot away and teetered toward the avenue, the taxi trailing slowly. Finally one turned, drew himself up with great dignity and exclaimed: "S because we look drunken is no sign to be investigated, if you can!" (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Spilt Sack of Nickles SEATTLE, March 16.—(AP)—Mrs. E. G. Pickeral was given the task of dividing a sackful of nickles, 327 of them, among children who found them in a vacant garage. Police turned the money over to the children after the owner could not be found. Mrs. Pickeral's grandson was one of the successful "treasure hunters."

Stone Girl To Clinic SEATTLE, March 16.—(AP)—Nona Cloys, 21-year-old "stone girl" of Roy, accompanied by her mother, was en route today by plane for Rochester, Minn., where Miss Cloys will enter a clinic. Her family had abandoned hope of obtaining relief here for her disease, scleroderma, which partly solidified her body.

Overheard in West 47th street: "He's slicker than two sels wrestling in a tub of hot lard." The Players, where shy Oliver Herford had a gray wall, fitted in and out murmuring his sudden wisdoms and memorable shafts of wit, are

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS NOTE this dispatch from Paris: "A high source declared today ('high source' is a newspaper fiction for big shots who don't want to take the responsibility of being quoted directly) that France will quit the league of nations unless Great Britain backs her demand that Hitler withdraw his troops from the Rhineland."

BRITAIN'S requests for backing in her demands that Mussolini quit Ethiopia left France cold. What happens in European diplomacy, or is being, all depends on whose ox is being gored.

WHATSOEVER you do, don't make the mistake of thinking that high motives are involved ANYWHERE in this European war mess.

YOU may be interested in these extracts from a Washington dispatch: "Representative Zioncheck (Democrat, Washington) told the house of representatives he would not object to Representative Ekwall (Republican, Oregon) discussing communism and free speech 'if he wants to make a fool of himself.'"

"If anybody has made a bigger jackass of himself this session than the gentleman from Washington, I don't know who it is."

THIS edifying exchange of epithets confirm the average citizen's opinion of the present congress.

THIS dispatch from Addis Ababa tells its own story of modern progress: "Ethiopian reports said today that 50 persons, including 30 WOMEN, were killed and 85 wounded in a bombing raid by 12 Italian planes yesterday on Debra Marjom, capital of northwestern Galla province."

Military leaders used to say proudly: "We don't make war on women," but the world has changed a lot since those days.

Women Injured In Auto Smash SUNNYSIDE, Wash., March 16.—(AP)—Mrs. Claude Harris and Mrs. Guy Robinson, both of Milton, Ore., were severely injured yesterday in an automobile wreck on the inland prairie highway.

Mrs. Harris' skull was fractured and Mrs. Robinson suffered a fractured leg and injuries to her back when the car in which they were riding left the highway and overturned after it was side-swiped by another machine. They were taken to a hospital here.

Pedestrian Dies In McKenzie Snow BEND, Ore., March 16.—(AP)—Searchers found the body of a meagerly clothed foot traveler who attempted to cross the snow-blockaded McKenzie pass of the Cascade mountain range.

Members of the Belknap CCC camp on the west slope of the pass said the unidentified stranger appeared there almost bare-footed Thursday and related that he was headed for Bend on the eastern side to work.

Countess Barbara Extortion Target MANCHESTER, Eng., March 16.—(AP)—Alfred Moynieux, 31, of Lancashire, was jailed today on a charge of attempting to extort 200 pounds (\$1,000) from Countess Barbara, Hutton Hauswitz-Reventlow by pretending to reveal a plot to kidnap her newborn son.

Police said that Moynieux had admitted writing a letter during "moments of depression" offering to disclose the "plot." He was remanded to custody for a week.

SHARKS WRECK TACKLE OF SALMON FISHERMEN SANTA CRUZ, March 16.—(AP)—The price of salmon here is up to 30 cents a pound, because a school of sharks scouring in Monterey bay makes fishing for them pretty difficult. One fisherman reported losing \$60 worth of tackle in a single morning.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

GREEN FIR SLAB WOOD \$500 Big DOUBLE LOAD For Direct Mill Deliveries First come, first served! Phone 7 Now TIMBER PRODUCTS CO. END OF NORTH CENTRAL AVENUE

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 16, 1926 (It was Tuesday) Orchardists warned to place smudge pots in orchards, and be ready for frost.

Mussolini of Italy takes hand in League of Nation's row. Steelhead start running in Rogue river. Great excitement among fishermen.

Craters entertain the high school basketball team after return from Salem. Medford scored 121 points in tournament, and Don Herriott rolled in 30 baskets.

Eight special trains will bring national guardsmen here for encampment in June. Ed Lampont stages a 9 cent sale.

Air mail plane arrives at local air field on test flight. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 16, 1916 (It was Thursday) Pursuit of bandit Villa by army under General Pershing in Mexico ended in silence. Chase costing U. C. \$40,000 per day.

French repulse five German assaults on Verdun in a day, with heavy loss of life. Orchardists of the valley to meet Saturday to consider method of discontinuing use of oil in smudging operations.

Charles M. Thomas of this city has officially announced himself as a candidate for congress on the Republican ticket. Studebaker stock car crosses the Siskiyou without putting additional oil in the crankcase.

"Man Afraid of His Wardrobe" at the Star; "The Painted Man" at the Page. The Unseen Hand There is a hand that guides me. Though I cannot see it near, It makes me be brave, insistent, It saves me from all fear.

I have but to firmly grasp it And walk as if by sight; Though my eyes may be holden, Yet it guides my steps aright. From this hand close beside me A vein of thought is drawn— Like rays of brightest sunshine Come the vision's perfect dawn.

Thus the thoughts and words come to me And their meaning bright and clear, So the distant mystic portal Opens out and brings me near. Thus the hand to me extended Lifts me far above all strife, And the firmness of its clasping Is the beacon in my life. —Mary O. Carey.

Glendale Saumill Damaged By Blaze ROSEBURG, Ore., March 16.—(AP)—An early morning fire Sunday destroyed the boiler house at the Apex Lumber company mill in Glendale. Volunteer firemen, playing streams of water on the main structures, docks and stock piles at the mill, managed to keep the blaze confined to the boiler room, which was a complete loss.

STORM WARNINGS OUT ON NORTHWEST COAST PORTLAND, March 16.—(AP)—The weather bureau flew southwest storm warnings at the mouth of the Columbia river and on the Washington coast today. The Oregon forecast predicted generally cloudy weather tomorrow and Tuesday with rain in the northwest.

MARKLE GIRL SHOWING CONTINUED RECOVERY PORTLAND, Ore., March 16.—(AP)—Attendants said today that Lou Ann Markle, 10-year-old Anchorage, Alaska, girl, who underwent a serious operation for an infected leg, is making steady progress toward recovery.

"My Skin Was Full of Pimples and Blemishes" Says Verma Schleppe; "Since using Adlerika the pimples are gone. My skin is smooth and glows with health." Adlerika works BOTH bowels, ridges out of poisons that cause a bad complexion. Health's Drug Store.



(Continued from Page One)

pany is still a closed corporation, and, ultra efficient, it will roll along with President Roosevelt in the election, which does not augur well for the Republicans.

The Borah-Knox contest for Republican presidential delegates has been all under the surface so far. It will not be long. Senator Borah is coming in here for a couple of speeches. Colonel Frank Knox will take a swing downstate next week. He will cover the state thoroughly before primary day, April 14, but the sub-surface arrangements for delegates have developed a situation equally as interesting as the Democratic one.

For instance, a Borah leader has withdrawn as a candidate in one important district, apparently on the assumption that the opposing delegate would also be for Borah. The opposing candidate, whose election now is uncontestable, apparently has a different idea. At least, his spokesmen have indicated that Borah will be the last man he will vote for when he goes to Cleveland.

Not only from this incident, but from others, it is evident that some of the candidates are going to be fooled when the roll call starts at Cleveland.

The truth is this matter of dual allegiance among prospective delegates is so widespread through the middle west that the primaries may not mean what the tabulations will seem to indicate.

For instance, one of the popular county leaders downstate has announced that he will support anyone his people want. He knows his particular section is for Borah. He will, therefore, go to the Cleveland convention as a Borah delegate, but, personally, everyone knows he is not a Borah man. How long he will stick to Senator Borah depends largely on his conscience. It will certainly not be more than two or three ballots.

The same situation prevails to some degree within the Wisconsin slate of Borah delegates. Thus, the main question may turn out to be not how many delegates Borah will get, but how long.

Most astounding change in Chicago during the last six months is in Republican headquarters. Last September you could hardly find it. Now it occupies the entire sixth floor of the Palmer hotel and will take another half floor shortly under guidance of alert Harrison Spangler.

The dark horses you hear mentioned out here are Glenn Frank, president of Wisconsin university, Attorney General Bricker of Ohio, Senator Dickstein of Iowa, and even John Hamilton, clever young campaign manager for Landon.

Democratic leaders are squawking privately in Washington about the order curdling WPA rolls from 200,000 to 151,800. However, the curtailment will not be effective for three and a half months yet, and by that time the demand for farm labor will