

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
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ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor. ERNEST H. GILSTRAP, Manager.

Editorial Correspondence

SOBOBA SPRINGS, Calif., March 15.—"They make you want to be a Chinaman" remarked the building contractor from Pasadena, inhaling the last whiff of his cigar and exhaling through his nose.
"Yea!" we inquired speculatively not knowing exactly what the man meant or to whom he referred.

Having nothing better to do we followed after and as two lemons and a plum clicked to a standstill, asked how the building business is in Pasadena.
"Will it's too good to be true" he replied. "In the last six months we have built over 20 homes in the Oak Knoll section alone—high class stuff, from 10 to 25 thousand dollars, and sold 'em as fast as we built 'em,—in fact some of them before they were finished. And cash on the line too. I don't know where the money is coming from or the people, but I know there is plenty of both. Do you know the Los Angeles district is second in the entire country, in building, an average of three million a month—only beat by Greater New York,—and including Brooklyn too!"

We remarked we had spent two weeks in Los Angeles, and thought there was very little new building observable, as far as the business section of Wilshire was concerned.

"Most of it is in the outside districts, and mostly homes," he explained. Not office buildings or factories. Pasadena is 12th in the entire country, in building. I guess more people are going there to live than anywhere else in the U. S. A. Which is that's where I do my business, it suits me fine. See that baby faced shrimp over there, the one with blue slacks and red hair—say she is the greatest double-crosser this side of Borneo—and drink,—say you wouldn't believe it possible,—don't tell me, pal, I KNOW. And do you know what's the answer? He turned away from the slot machine suddenly (which had been as generous as most slot machines are) and faced us pontifically:

"The answer is this country is going dry, again! Yes sir, that's the answer. It would serve us right, too. If we can't handle our liquor, we oughtn't to have it..."

There was more to the conversation, but this gives the gist of it—EXACTLY as it occurred, following the gay dinner which always marks Saturday night at these "health" resorts of southern California. The contractor's view point struck us as rather unusual, for two reasons. In the first place he was no prude—takes a drink himself now and then as he admitted—in the second place there was no hilarious whoopee at the Soboba Hot Springs hotel. We expected it, but it never arrived. There was laughter, chatter, a certain exuberant camaraderie apparent, also a fair sprinkling of "extras" from Hollywood—but nothing noticeable in the latter direction and no rough stuff at all. Lights were out by eleven and the place was as quiet as Tolo Junction. So what was wrong with our Pasadena friend? Perhaps he had suffered a shattered romance of some sort,—or perhaps his chocolate sundae dessert had gone sour. Whatever it was, that was the conversation as it occurred—and like other items in our wanderings about this sun-kissed state—we present it for what it is worth.

We have noticed this, however: in the three weeks we have been here—and hereabouts—one hears a great deal of criticism of Hollywood and the moral laxity it is alleged to represent. And also a surprising amount of adverse comment about drinking and its increase. This was especially true in Pasadena,—perhaps the contractor had fallen a victim to it. But he was so completely the reverse of the sanctimonious, straight-laced reformer type—so obviously the rough diamond, he-man sort—that his unexpected outburst was, to say the least, surprising, and PERHAPS significant.

Being at a hotel like this, far off from a railroad or civilization,—stuck off alone by itself in the hills,—is rather like being on a ship at sea. The guests are thrown into intimate association whether they like it or not and naturally gravitate into more or less congenial groups. We have become quite well acquainted with an Austrian Jew from Los Angeles, who manufactures neckties. He came to this country as a boy, has worked hard, made his own way, and is now, we judge, of independent means, and probably for the first time in his life, inclined to take things a bit easy. Also for the first time disposed to observe the world as a whole, outside of his personal interests, and devote some thought to it,—and to the political affairs of his own country.

Not a man of education, or particularly well informed, we have been greatly struck by his native good sense, his tolerance, his genuine love for his adopted country, and his frank—almost pathetic—bewilderment. In sharp contrast to those who know President Roosevelt is all wrong, as well as those who know he is entirely right; Mr. X frankly says he DOESN'T know. He has a firm conviction there have been fundamental changes in this country and the world; the old days, he grants, are gone never to return,—he gets this not only from his own observation but from relatives who write him from the Old World—but as to just WHAT these changes are, just WHAT social, political and economic adjustments MUST BE MADE to meet them,—in this direction he gropes for the light but can not find it. He doesn't know—but he won't be happy until he DOES know—and so this is what he is—not a Republican or a Democrat,—but a perplexed and rather frustrated son of the Old World and citizen of the New, searching for the TRUTH!

We think it would be better for the country if there were more like him—a few more who were not quite so cock sure, who were as indifferent as he is to prejudices and partisanship and as eager as he is, just to find out what HAS happened and what HASN'T; what must be done and what need not be!—that, when all is said and done is the TRUTH, and what isn't!

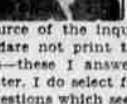
Young Thieves Use Pawnshops
PORTLAND, Ore., March 17.—(AP)—The "pawnshop detail" of the Portland police department showed records today indicating petty crimes, such as house propping and minor thefts, are committed mostly by persons under 21 years of age.
The youths do not know how to handle property and usually take it to a pawnshop. Detective Tom Ina-keep said, the pawnshop record book sooner or later lists wanted property and from then on "our task is easier," the detective said.

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.

CARROTS FOR CATARACT

Every little while some one asks bluntly whether I don't make up the questions and answers printed in this column. This question applies particularly to the odd queries I sometimes select to answer here.
To tell the truth—a novel experience for a doctor—I do edit most of the questions, and I take pains to alter minor points so that no one can possibly guess the source of the inquiry. Still in truth I dare not print the strangest queries—These I answer only by private letter. I do select for printing certain questions which seem instructive even if only to show the multifariousness of popular ideas about health and disease; and letters which I believe may do good but will not do harm, such as this:



Dear Dr. Brady:
Some one inquired about a cure for cataract. I was a victim of the ailment and didn't see a thing for four years. I was treated by specialists in Germany, France and different cities abroad, without benefit. My grandmother cured me at home just poulticing my eyes with fresh raw grated carrot. Also a wash solution made of German Chemomile Flowers. I was also kept on the strict diet. When I was six years old I could see again and never had any more trouble. I can see well, sew a great deal and am very fond of reading and do plenty of it. I am 33 years old. I also drive the car for my husband a lot. I have never worn glasses. (J. R. M.)

The letter is written in peculiar script with many idioms difficult to interpret accurately, and unfortunately the correspondent did not give her address, so I am unable to obtain further information about the matter.
Sometimes I think there should be a law—well, too many people naively omit to give their names or address or omit equally important things when writing a letter to which they expect a reply! Too many, use such meaningless terms as "Local or City" in lieu of the proper name of the place. Too many write anonymously, whether by intent or oversight. And eke and ouch, many, many too many tax a fellow beyond endurance with inapposite apologies or remarks, such as a long quotation or something a fellow has written himself, or a patronizing explanation of how the correspondent happened to take his pen in hand, or an apology for haste or pen-ill.

Raw carrots is one of the best natural sources of vitamin A. Lack of vitamin A causes xerophthalmia (dry eyes) and night blindness (nyctalopia). Acquired in his work on "Vitamins and Other Dietary Essentials" (Helmensmann, London, 1933) says:

from job to job, finally drifted to New York and the inevitable bleakness of a bench in Madison Square. Then he wrote several box office letters.
Thus he became a somewhat startling figure to the \$25-a-week reporter of his day. A carrier of the cane, wearer of spats and occupant of a de luxe hotel suite. His glamour was further enhanced by marriage to the beautiful stage star, Charlotte Walker. Then four breaks and now a new whack at life.
There is heard now and then a jeer from reporters when they are referred to as journalists. They cry: "A journalist is a fellow who carries a cane!" Yet some of the crack reporters of this and other days swing walking sticks. Among them Richard Harding Davis, Frank Ward O'Malley, Eg Hill, Bruno Lesing, Charlie Somerville, Herbert Bayard Swope, Carl von Wiegand, Irvin Cobb, Ray Long, Roy Howard, William Phillips Simms, Joseph Jefferson O'Neill, Floyd Gibbons and Tommy Millard.
Highest-ho of the actual reporter names I've always thought was Ashby Deering, on the old Morning Telegraph. The Evening World had for a time a police reporter with a drawing room moniker. It was Rex Montmorency de Puyester. But around the West 47th street station they called him "Socks."

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre
NEW YORK, March 17.—Eugene Walter bobbed up, trout-like, in the swift Rialto currents recently for a nibble at producing profits. He presented a sex horror of the hedge-rows.
The chief interest, however, was in Walter's return in a new sort of theatrical role.
He was about the first of the newspaper reporters to attain playwright success, antedating MacArthur and Hecht, Ward Morehouse and a dozen others by 20 years. His success became a saga of the news rooms and inspired many illusory surges toward the metropolitan manana.
Walter was indeed almost the perfect hero for fiction. A migratory reporter out of Cleveland, O. he went



them. They let the word out that they had won.
Mr. West then called on the Bulkeley bunch. What they thought of Gongwer was even worse than what Gongwer thought of them. The Bulkeylettes insisted on naming their Roosevelt pledged delegates. For them, Mr. West also turned on his sympathy signal. This news got out also. It not only caused confusion, but both factions began to look at Mr. West out of the corners of their eyes.
It took some time to get everyone back on the right track. Then, just at the moment of agreement, Mr. West discovered that he had left the necessary papers in Columbus, far, far away. If the opposing factions were suspicious before, they were thoroughly distrustful at this development.
The papers were the delegate pledge slips which Mr. Roosevelt had signed and given to West. Blank spaces were left for the names of the delegates finally agreed upon.
There was nothing for Mr. West to do but go to Columbus and get his papers. When he boarded the train, two heavy gentlemen took a seat right behind him. They were recognized as a couple of Gongwer strong boys who wanted to learn just whom Mr. West wanted to see in Columbus and how come those papers got lost.

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Handy to Carry
Handy to Serve
BOTTLE REFUND BY YOUR DEALER

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 17, 1926
(Friday)
Farm relief bill before congress, causes heated debate.
Six young boys charged with creating disturbance on North Riverside avenue, are given lecture in justice court and turned loose.
The father of President Coolidge is near death.
Anti-Saloon league approves candidacy of Frederick Steiwer of Pendleton for U. S. senate.
First smudge of season with little if any damage from frost.
St. Patrick's Day observed with dances and wearing of green.
George Johnson of Medford on O. A. C. glee club.
TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 17, 1916
(Friday)
City observes St. Patrick's Day, by wearing shamrocks and dances this evening.
Peace now hinges on result of battle of Verdun, where French daily repel fierce German onslaughts. Lull comes to balance of Western front.
Censorship to be invoked in Perahing's pursuit of bandit Villa.
Mrs. J. T. Conrad, who underwent an operation for appendicitis, is improving satisfactorily, the physician reports.
Corbin Edgell returns from a six months' visit in New York City.
Medford to Ashland, in the Big Gray car for 20c.—(Adt.)
ASTORIA, Ore., March 17.—(AP)—Alvin C. Hedricks, 24, died from an electrical shock when a radio wire which he was installing on a roof was blown into contact with a power line. Hedricks was employed by the Westport Lumber company.

STADELMAN MAY TRY SENATE RACE

THE DALLES, Ore., March 17.—(AP)—F. J. Stadelman, fruit merchant and mentioned as a possible candidate for the Republican nomination for state treasurer, indicated today that instead he probably would seek the nomination for state treasurer from Hood River and Wasco counties.
Stadelman has said he would make a definite decision by March 20 but he has confided to friends that he felt his health would not permit him to make the race for treasurer.
If he entered the contest for senator, he would be aligned against a long-standing political rival, Senator Francis V. Galloway.
Stadelman served as secretary of state, by appointment, under former Gov. Julius L. Meier. Stadelman also was formerly mayor here.

Will Start Probe Log Camp Rioting

ASTORIA, Ore., March 17.—(AP)—The grand jury will begin its investigation into the fatal riot at the Crown William logging camp tomorrow, District Attorney Willis West said today.
Police said they have arrested 50, some of whom have been released, and expect to make several more arrests. Complaints have been filed against 28.

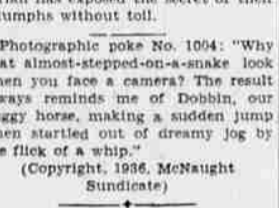
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(Continued from Page One.)

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HOME-MAKERS of this Community

YOU are cordially invited to attend the Gas Cooking Conference
Thursday, Friday, Saturday at 26 S. Grape
Not a cooking school, not the usual demonstration, but new and different. See and hear about 1936 GAS COOKERY, using city gas on the mains or Flamo away from the gas mains. Brief talks by MRS. ANN CHENEY, noted Home Economist of Portland, each day:
2:00 P.M.—Vegetable Cooking by the waterless or semi-waterless method.
2:30 P.M.—Modern broiling of meats. Broiling both sides at once. Using broiler for cooking odds and ends.
3:30 P.M.—Roasting meats by low temperature method recommended by National Meat Board.
4:00 P.M.—Cake Baking—with special reference to baking four layers at once and baking Fruit Cake and Plum Puddings.
EVERYBODY WELCOME. ADMISSION FREE. Enter the easy CONTEST—First Prize, a new Wedgewood Gas Range worth \$115. Courtesy gift to every one entering contest, a new OVENEX COOKIE OR BAKING SHEET, FREE.
See a demonstration of the marvelous new, 1936 "Wedgewood" Gas Range, offered in our Trade-in Sale. Liberal allowance for your old stove. No down payment. FHA terms.
Southern Oregon Gas Corporation