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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
Prosecution of slick gents who employ the Townsend Plan to wheedle the Old Folks out of their dimes and votes, is not possible, but it should be. They should be charged with embezzlement by horse-swinging, and felonious passing-of-the-hat. There is a law for everything but the use of oratorical ability to profiteer from the hopes and miseries of the aged. The type goes as philanthropist when only third-grade menaces.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN DIEGO, Calif., March 24.—It wasn't half bad at the exposition this afternoon. It was, on the contrary, all bad. It was also all wet.

Once more we took the weather man at his word. He said it might be threatening but it wouldn't rain. The weather man down here is just as dependable as he is in Medford. It not only rained, it came down in buckets, and we were without a coat, umbrella or rowboat. So we had to run all the way from the monkey cage at the Zoo to the House of Hospitality, and as we rounded the corner and splashed by the entrance to the nudist colony couldn't help but wonder how it was going with Queen Eve and all the little Eves within.

We will say this for the Nudist colony. They have the most persistent and optimistic barker inside the turnstiles. He isn't a nudist himself. He is buttoned up to the chin in a sky blue uniform with brass buttons. But we have yet to see him "soldier" on the job. There he was with a microphone covered with a handkerchief held to one side of his mouth and inviting Jupiter Pluvius, the sprinting editor and all the world to come right in and see the only honest to goodness (goodness had nothing to do with it, said Mae West) nudist colony in the world... the "great religious ceremony in the temple of purity about to begin," etc., etc. Having resisted the temptation of nudity in fair weather, it was not difficult to do so in foul, so we spattered right on to the protection of the House of Hospitality, and continued to the patio, to lean against a plaster column, get our breath and wring ourself out.

And there—of all places—we met the first ray of sunshine since our arrival—the little ray of sunshine being none other than John Cupp, who left the M. F. and H. furniture store somewhere around Christmas and has been meandering around the state of California ever since.

Yes Sir, there was John and Mrs. John, and as John covers considerably more territory than your correspondent he had therefore stopped more rain, and as he also had brought nothing to shed water, he was wringing himself out too. Moreover John didn't run past the Nudist colony, he went in and... yes we mentioned Mrs. Cupp a few lines back... Mrs. Cupp went in too! There is no roof covering the colony of course, and just as the high priest in long hair, whiskers and fallen arches, started out to finish the ceremony, and (we can't use another "start") the rain commenced—and well—Mrs. Cupp had a new hat, and to get a man's new hat wet is bad enough, but to get a woman's new hat wet—well you know what that means. And so Mrs. Cupp started right out from whence she had come.

John would have too, but he had no hat,—at least not on his head—he had taken it off, just so—well you know—in the first place this was a sacred ceremony, and John is naturally devout and besides, it was a beautiful sylvan retreat and naturally John wanted to see it,—you can see better without a hat—and there were tall trees, and arching royal palms, and rocks and flowing water—the Rogue Valley Golf club and the Elks picnic grounds never had a more genuine Nature lover than John Cupp—and as before stated the venerable high priest had come out, to the center of the open glade, followed by four of his feminine disciples, with Queen Tanya Cubitt of Zora Gardens and South Chicago, advancing toward the throne from the wings—and well that's all,—we merely started out to explain why John was all wet and Mrs. Cupp wasn't!

One should treat such things naturally of course, so we asked John and Mrs. Cupp how they liked it. John giggled, put his head on one side, rubbed his bald spot with one hand, started to say something, but before he could do so Mrs. Cupp broke in with "It's perfectly foolish—the silliest sort of thing." "That's about my idea" said John judiciously. "Oh it's all right enough you know but struck me as sort of er—FUNNY!" So Mr. and Mrs. Cupp agreed on the Nudist colony problem,—silly, foolish and funny—they all mean the same thing,—or approximately so. Which is just as it should be. It is always so awkward, when husbands and wives don't AGREE on such things.

It was nice to see John again—our old golfing pal,—standing there in the rain, our first sight of something from Medford in over a month. And we had a nice chat, and learned that John thought he had sold his furniture store and then found he hadn't; so he just started on his trip to Iowa anyway, via the great state of California. He expects to get to Iowa eventually but at the present rate will arrive there about next Thanksgiving. In comparing notes we found we held many opinions in common: that one can't find anyone who is for Roosevelt or for the San Diego fair, and while John isn't for Roosevelt we were both rather strong for the San Diego fair. So perhaps before he goes we will go out there together, and take our golf clubs along—just in case.

A warm driving rain is about as fatal to the San Diego Exposition as it would be to a snow man on the front lawn, for it drives one indoors and the show is exclusively an outdoor affair. If one can't roam about in the warm sunshine and enjoy the gorgeous flowers, beautiful shrubs and lawns, look up into the magnificent trees, and take in the ponds and lagoons, with rare water lilies of variegated colors, and the interesting aquatic vegetation, the day is pretty much of a wash-out. However there are always compensations and one of them this afternoon was a visit to the transportation building. This is the Ford building, which was the star attraction last year, but Ford, sensible as usual, didn't concur in the exposition decision to put on a repeat performance, and called it a day when the 1935 season ended.

However the management has made good use of what Ford left behind him, and the Transportation building today we should say is the best show on the grounds. Here one can see the development of the motor car, from the one-lunger to the present twin-six, a similar development of the steam engine, some very interesting murals, showing transportation, not only of the present and past but delving pictorially into the future and a number of other interesting things.

We were particularly interested in the S. P. exhibit, for last year some of our readers may recall, Klamath Falls alone was mentioned on the loud speaker as the gateway to Crater Lake, while Medford and the Shasta route over the Siskiyous were left out entirely. The M. T. made quite a fuss about this, but it was too late to change the record, so the S. P. put in an announcer to correct the oversight.

We happened to enter the exhibit just as the Shasta route to the northwest was reached, and to say ye editor was all eyes and ears would express it mildly. We were primed for a special article to blast the venerable S. P. into the middle of next week,—but the sound record had been changed! Klamath Falls came first but Medford directly following, and while the scenic advantages of the Shasta division were not emphasized, as they should be—well one can't be too picky. All in all it is really a most creditable exhibit.

Incidentally the loud speaker attached to a phonograph plays a very important part in this exposition. When bands or orchestras aren't playing—music and good music, is circulating all over the grounds. Practically all important exhibits are explained by the same device. It is very ingenious the way the words of explanation are perfectly synchronized with the lights which go off and come on illuminating the proper section of the pictorial layout at just the right time. It's all mechanical and automatic. No attendants are around. R. W. R.

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 EAT BETTER.

Many fine old medical traditions have been discarded since you and I were young. Haggis, Medical Science has brought more accurate knowledge of the effects of alcohol on the body, thru the development of methods of precision, which enable the investigator to determine by actual measurement, such things as rate of flow of the blood, force of heart beat, capillary flow, reflex action, surface temperature, rate of metabolism, amount of heat and amount of muscular energy produced by combustion of food or fuel. This scientific knowledge has compelled us to lay aside traditional medical beliefs concerning the effects of alcohol on the body and accept the newer revelations. Such a revision of principles and practice is difficult for the old timer.

For instance, a distinguished author and teacher of therapeutics gave the physiological action of alcohol correctly and scientifically, in his textbook, explaining that its dominant influence is large enough to cause any appreciable change in the circulation, it is in the nature of depression rather than stimulation. Then with the inconsistency for which medicine is famous the professor recommended alcohol for fainting, snake-bite, surgical shock and heart failure. He might have been writing a novel for the woodpile. I brooded over the matter for a long time and finally took it up with the professor. With admirable candor he pointed out that it is conceivable that alcohol acts as a stimulant on functions of which we know little, for example the ability of the body to resist infection. So I filed the professor's letter in the chapter on alcohol in his textbook, and a transcript of the whole affair in the Haw-Haw section of my scrapbook. The Haw-Haw is no personal affront to the professor, I still regard his textbook as the best on the subject. The joke is the inconsistency of Medicine.

Sometimes I think it is a bit overworked and in danger of becoming stale, as a joke. Yet when one stands off and views the thing impersonally, it still seems funny. For instance, the recent masterly performance of the American Medical Association. An expert selected by this body told the dumb eggs in the A.M.A. that physicians should avoid diathermy extripation of tonsils as one would a mad dog—and in the next sentence admitted that

epi, moth eaten puns, she discovered strangers she would really like to know often become frightened and mule in her presence. I have heard that when she arrives in a room gaily with chatter, all movement is turned off like a light and even such flashy verbal fencers as Mrs. Pat Campbell dread her penchant for the deadly riposte as well as the withering aside. Those who profess to know say her reputation for stifling sophistication is overrated; that have when on the defensive she is really folksy, a delightful companion. Almost a "home girl."

About the only black and tan report left in the wreckage of Harlem's after midnight madness is Dickie Wells' cellar rendezvous in the 130's. Here a few platinum blondes—actual dance floor with black bucks and this occasionally incite some well charged slummer to a Terpichorean mixture of races. But mostly such dancing is a prop affair. The fun at Dickie's if it could be called that, never begins until 3 a. m. and its waning grace until in the alcoholic befuddlement of the patrons. Few remember what happened next day.

Incidentally, the French Casino, Earl Carroll's luxurious theatre refurbished with even greater lavishness, continues in its second year of smash business among reviewers. It is an elaboration of Billy Rose's original dinner, dance and show idea, done with a left and collecting 2,500 persons on a busy night. Oddly, its clientele is a 50-50 mixture of hardened Broadwayites and folk from out of town. An amazing audience phenomenon rarely achieved.

In skimming through our guest book today I came upon the signature of James Norman Hall. Now the Hall of Nordhoff and Hall, whose sea stories such as "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "The Hurricane" are likely to become American classics. He was an obscure writer for the pulp then—a self-effacing sprig with a self-conscious wisp of mustache at which he nervously plucked. He looked with spacial worship upon Floyd Gibbons, who brought him to call. Today he has become almost as well known as Gibbons and probably with his partner is a member of the most financially successful writing team of the day.

The column today ends on a melancholy down-beat. He was a pinched-faced type, thinly clad, and shivering in front of a seventh avenue place that cooks giant hams and roasts in the window. His eyes seemed to glow fever bright just watching. Edging up, I inquired: "Ever been inside, Sonny?" No dramatic could concoct a more poignant reply: "Once, but only to sniff!" And his hunger was real, so incredibly real it would have wrung your heart.

It concerns the Beekman bank at Jacksonville, which was closed several years ago by the simple process of paying back to the depositors the sums they had deposited. The historical accuracy of this incident is not vouched for here, the story being merely passed on as it came to this correspondent.

SHORTLY after adoption of Oregon's first state bank law, a state bank examiner arrived in Jacksonville to examine the Beekman bank. (Probably about the same time as the first examination of the banking business conducted by the Brick Store, related in these chronicles the other day.) He went through the books and found everything in order, and finally arrived at the task of counting the cash. He asked Mr. Beekman (so the story goes) where the cash was kept, and it is probable that his question was misunderstood, for the answer was: "Over there in those drawers by the cashier." Mr. Beekman evidently thinking he meant the petty cash kept out for the day's transactions. Anyway, the examiner started in to count the cash.

IT WASN'T a very big job, of course, and he soon came back to Mr. Beekman, greatly excited. "Your books," he rapped out, "show large deposits—much greater than your loans. But here are only a few thousand dollars in cash." "What kind of a bank is this?"

"Oh," Mr. Beekman is reported to have answered mildly: "You want to see the bank's MONEY. Come along with me."

So he led the examiner out through the back door to the vault, which he opened, and they both entered. Piled up there in the vault were thousands upon thousands of dollars (the teller of this story had no idea how much) in gold coin and in raw gold, quite a little of it in the original pouches in which it had been placed by the miners who took it from the gulches.

Every depositor could have been paid in cash, all at once, and there would have been plenty left.

MR. Beekman looked at the examiner—probably with a twinkle in his eye. Then he asked: "Is that money enough to satisfy you?"

The examiner, looking sheepish, admitted that it was, and they went out and closed the vault and he went in and finished up his examination and departed.

THAT is a good story, whether or not it is literally true, and it is

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THAT is a good story, whether or not it is literally true, and it is

probable that it isn't far from the truth. A lot of those business institutions of early Southern Oregon were mighty sound.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 27, 1926 (It was Saturday) Shortage of labor for orchard work, and domestics are in demand for homes.

Auto belonging to Tom Smith catches fire while parked on Central Point street.

President Coolidge may pay visit to city in June.

Edwin C. Kelly and Evelyn Dew of this city are honor students at University of Oregon.

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

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Governor Pierce to run again on platform favoring lower taxes, more railroads, lower auto license fees, dry Oregon, efficiency in schools, reforestation, and progress.

Twenty Years Ago Today March 27, 1916 (It was Monday) Bloody battle of Verdun resumed with new intensity, with heavy losses on both sides. General warfare on both eastern and western fronts.

First roses of the season bloom on Siskiyou Heights. They are the Cherokee Pink, always an early bloomer.

Mass meeting of citizens endorses plan to bond city for construction of railroad to Blue Lodge mine.

"The Best of Enemies" at the Star, with third episode of the "Golden Claw"; "The Sins of the Mothers," with Anita Stewart, at the Page.

Mrs. Herbert Hanna of Jacksonville has returned from a visit with friends in Gold Hill.

BOWLING Three bowling teams from Eugene including one squadron of lady trundleers, will invade Medford Sunday to tangle with the cream of the local pin scooters. Ladies from Medford, Grants Pass and Klamath Falls will also compete in the feminine division. Ladies will start to shoot at 12 o'clock with the men's games to get under way at 3 o'clock. The Eads Transfer and the Medford Concrete Construction teams will represent this city.

In a regular city-league game last night the Abbey Motors five thumped the Brill Metal aggregation, 3-1. The Mail Tribune Rogue Golfers game was postponed until tonight, when the Smoke House and the Studebaker Champions also tangle. Summary of last night's game: Abby Motor Co. K. Powell 138 164 142-444 J. Powell 115 105 141-361 M. Huitt 114 111 123-348 O. Holland 107 92 124-333 N. Thornton 136 210 157-309 Handicap 30 30 30-90 Total 640 712 727 2079 Brill Metal Works: Hohweg 199 141 121-461 Hanlon 165 111 148-422 Campbell 95 134 130-359 Hoey 131 111 131-373 W. Brill 166 169 109-444 Total 756 666 637 2059

MEDICA SETS RECORD DESPITE SLIGHT COLD NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 27.—(AP)—A slight cold failed to hamper Jack Medina of Seattle today as he successfully defended his 1,800 meter free-style title in the opening of the N. C. A. A. swimming championships. Medina was timed in 20:23.7 for a new N. C. A. A. record.

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Bromo Seltzer, large size 49c
Enos Fruit Salts, regular size 47c
Weeks-Break-Up-a-Cold 25c
Apex Moth Crystals, large 22c
Fitch's Dandruff Shampoo 59c
Johnson's Baby Cream in Jars 43c
Listerine, large with free Moire Cosmetic Bag 59c
Dykon Refills 89c Ex Lax 23c
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 39c
Insulin 10cc U 40 \$1.41
Parke Davis ABD Capsules \$1.09
Lysol 21c Vince 31c
Alka-Seltzer 49c Creomulsion 98c
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 38c
Prophylactic Masso Brush 23c
Parke Davis & Squibbs Cod Liver Oil 79c
Trusses Fitted by an Expert
The Store That Fills Prescriptions Ladies' Best Room in Basement

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 27.—Thoughts while strolling: Be fun to hear Clem McCarthy and Jimmie Durante in an argument. Current film favorite: Donald Duck. Young Teddy Roosevelt quick and sharp. Barthesiana looks as young as he did fifteen years ago. Look alike: Mrs. Grace Coolidge and Dean Gildersleeve of Barnard. Radio 1936: A barrage of political rows. Purloined by him. Bully as you have Devil Anas Hatfield. Rough going has not shown Charles E. Mitchell of his morning boutonniere. Or his ruddy cheeks.

Whatever became of Winnie Lightner? Memory: Sneaking the cream off the milk truck with finger scrapes. Always expect Laurette Taylor to talk with a thick Irish brogue. John Anderson is the tallest dramatic critic. And when you see you see both couples: Mesamora and Kitty Kennel.

Manhattan's most confirmed gyp of the night: George Jessel. Another depression evanishment: The oil co. man. What theatre first night need be another Otto Kahn. Phillip Wythe is turning in some of literature's most sophisticated lines. Kay Bruh for my money to describe small city snobs.

Wonder if Reuben ever eats a sandwich? After all a woman writes about the best two gun man stuff of the old west. That is Vingie E. Roe. Richard Watts, once so shy, has become one of journalism's Brighter Minds. Speaking right out. And a one at parties.

Dorothy Parker is reputedly fed up with the fame achieved as a devastating wit in New York and Hollywood. Aside from the fact she has become unfairly the peg for hundreds of in-

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