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Editorial Correspondence

PASADENA, Cal., March 31.—There is a new highway to Mt. Wilson, where the largest telescope in the world solves riddles of the universe. Never having taken the trip, decided to do so, and have just returned.

There are two buses a day. Not wishing to spend the night a mile up in the air, we took the morning bus. It was a bright clear day after a heavy rainstorm the night before, and we anticipated a wonderful birdseye view of Southern California from Pasadena to San Diego.

But no such luck. At the snow line we ran into clouds and stayed in them for four solid hours. So the trip was rather a washout—also a freeze up. The highway was washed out at one point, holding up the bus half an hour, and at noon it was only two degrees above freezing on the hotel porch.

The bus was full, in fact getting on at Pasadena, we secured the last seat. An elderly gentleman looking very much like the well known Dr. Townsend of Long Beach, sat next to us, and as long as we remained in ear shot never stopped talking. He was from Michigan, which is different from being from Missouri; instead of having to be shown, Mr. Michigan was in a position to show others. He had just visited the Grand Canyon, the exposition at San Diego, and although this was his first visit to the Pacific Coast, what he didn't know about Mt. Wilson, and all points of interest on the entire Santa Fe railroad wasn't worth knowing. Like most men of profound knowledge, however, he inclined toward pessimism.

As the bus passed over the Arroyo Seco bridge for example he called attention to the fact that eighty men and women have jumped over the railing there to their death among the rocks and bushes below, and that in the near future a wire netting will be placed on both sides of the structure to prevent further self destruction. As there were ten women in the party, most of them school teachers from the Middle West, this was not a very auspicious start. But before we reached the Flint Ridge golf club, Mr. Michigan had discovered there were exactly 13 passengers in the conveyance, which was a bad omen, as with last night's cloudburst, rock slides would be in order. Moreover, his all observing eye had detected there were no chains on the wheels of the bus and about half way to the top snow would be encountered.

The most annoying feature about Mr. Michigan, he was pretty generally right. We checked him up on the 13 and called attention to the fact there were 13 passengers but he had not included the driver which made it 14. He came back with the observation that this would be equivalent to trying to dispel the jinx of 13 at dinner by calling in the cook. No, there were 13, and the only escape would be for someone to get out and either walk back or hitch hike to the top. It is 25 miles from Pasadena to the summit, and the bus makes the trip in a little over an hour. The driver was not disposed to be late, and no one volunteered to get out, until he stopped.

In spite of the reckless manner in which the rear of that bus slewed around the snow packed turns, we were all set to give the Michigan Dr. Townsend the merry ha-ha, when having negotiated one turn on three wheels, the bus came to a sudden stop not a foot from a mass of rock that covered over half of the highway. Michigan said it was a close call and of course it was,—had that mass of rock happened to come down at the moment the bus rounded that turn, the L. A. papers would undoubtedly have had a banner for their afternoon editions. It took about half an hour to erow-bar a way through the debris, the driver doing all the work and Dr. Michigan taking all the credit. The doctor has a slender black cane with an ivory handle and the way he poked that cane under the rocks next to the erow bar, and assisted the driver, was worth going miles to see.

However, we arrived safely at the hotel, and the return trip through the clouds and snow was also safely negotiated. Moreover, about a third of the way down we did get a view through a break in the clouds of a portion of Pasadena. It looked just as all cities look from the air,—like a checker board, relief-map model. The doctor said it was Los Angeles but he was wrong that time, and for a wonder had no come back, when three of his fellow travellers told him so, simultaneously.

School teachers somehow never get their just desserts. It is no doubt a foolish prejudice survival from our youth. It has been our observation they usually get more out of travelling than most people, and are invariably better prepared to do so. All the school teachers, for example, brought their rubbers and umbrellas and galoshes on this trip. None of the others did,—not even the omniscient doctor. As a result the school mums walked from the hotel to the observatory, saw both the 100 and the 60-inch telescopes, fed the deer, talked with the astronomers and snow shovelers and returned to the hotel in A-1 condition. The others were soaked to their knees, found one observatory quite enough and had to spend an hour before the hotel fireplace to get dried out.

Well, we learned one or two things about telescopes,—that is, modern ones,—they aren't made up of lenses, and they don't "telescope" in the generally accepted sense of the term. They are huge reflectors, fixed in steel contraptions that resemble bridge girders,—no one looks through them, the light is merely reflected from one mirror to another,—then perhaps to a third—and finally upon a photographic plate. The astronomer then studies the plate. Practically all important astronomical observations here at Mt. Wilson and elsewhere are photographic. The astronomer in reality doesn't study the heavens, he studies photographic plates. Of course Dr. Michigan knew all about this, and all about the new 200-inch glass that is enroute from Corning, N. Y., to Mt. Wilson. But we had it on him again here on the new telescope will be placed near San Diego, not at Mt. Wilson. So there were a few bright spots on this disappointing trip.

Last night, in spite of the cloudburst, we went to hear Albert Spalding, the foremost American violinist, play at the Civic auditorium. Mr. and Mrs. Pasadena were out in their best bib and tucker. It was really astounding—the things this nephew of the late A. G. Spalding, the baseball and sporting goods "tycoon," could get out of that violin,—what tone, what virtuosity, what absolute mastery at all times. Yet to us, at least, there was something lacking. We decided it was feeling—not in the violin, but in the violinist. Technically we should say there wasn't a flaw; emotionally, there was a strange separation between the instrument and the man. Here we thought was an artist who had mastered his medium, but refused to be mastered by it—if you know what we mean.

Like most smart audiences out en masse to hear a great violinist, this one was conscientiously enthusiastic,—the applause was loud and persistent. But the majority were disappointed. For they applauded, not so much because they enjoyed the classical numbers they heard, as because they longed for an encore that would be simple and melodious and familiar—say Humoresque or Ave Maria—but they didn't get it. When the perfectly groomed and meticulous Mr. Spalding gave an encore, it was to repeat the number that had been received so enthusiastically, which is perfectly logical and a credit, no doubt, to the man's artistic integrity, but revealed we believe, another facet of the same quality, that prevents him from being a SUPREMELY GREAT artist.

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.

TEACHER TELLS A TALE OF TACT

One old fogey teacher seriously assured me that it is the teacher's duty to assign enough home work to all the pupils to keep them off the street after school! But that isn't the tact we are going to hear about. The teacher who tells the tale of tact is a young teacher, of a young grade children six or seven years of age.

One of her pupils "who we shall call Mary," the teacher decided before I can christen the child Cyril, had a vomiting attack every morning while on line in the basement. Sounds like a quaint old lock-step formation, doesn't it? But it is a public school, believe it or not. The teacher explains that one of the rules of the school, evidently prescribed over by a martinet, is that classes assemble ten minutes before they come to the classroom morning and afternoon, standing in line and in silence in the basement waiting for the lynx-eyed drill sergeants, the teachers, to permit them to go to their classroom. That sort of thing is still perpetrated with great relish by antediluvian pedagogues in the schools in some communities.

Mary is a well-behaved, bright child and is not coddled or spoiled. After being in class ten minutes sometimes she would vomit again. Mary's mother took her to the family physician, who looked her over and said she was perfectly well and he could find no physical cause for vomiting.

The young teacher had noticed that when children first come to school they are often afraid, afraid of the teacher, afraid of other children. So she told Mary's mother to take Mary up the teachers' staircase just as the lines were passing upstairs and leave her at the classroom door as the other children were marching in. The first day Mary was sick only once. After that she was never sick. A few days later mother left her on the staircase and she came to the classroom herself. Teacher took pains to give Mary a star now and then for good work, such as the other pupils received. After two weeks Mary came to teacher and said "Miss Blank, I went on line in the basement this morning and came up with the other girls." Teacher showed suitable pleasure at this, and Mary was delighted with herself.

So it seems to teacher that a little tact is better in such cases than the force I suggest. What force teacher has in mind I do not know. I have never suggested force for any such case. I have suggested quietly ignoring the trouble, or placing the child in a private school where he or she will be under the complete control of teachers who know how to deal with children, or else turned loose in the nearest public school, and left to the corrective discipline of the other pupils in his class. Parental coddling and pampering is the thing to avoid. I see nothing wrong with the way this young teacher handled the case. She gave an excellent performance of painless pedagogy.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Parkinson's Disease. What is Parkinson's disease? Is it contagious? What causes it? Is it related to encephalitis (American sleeping sickness)?—E. B. C. Answer.—Paralysis agitans, otherwise known as shaking palsy. Not contagious. Cause unknown, possibly infectious (that is, due to bacteria). A condition resembling it occurs

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after encephalitis. Treatment of either affection by stramonium gives relief. Of course only the attending physician can give such treatment.

Ginger Ale. Can you tell me if ginger ale is on the list of foods to be avoided by diabetics?—Mrs. J. P. P. Answer.—More or less sugar in it. The patient's physician can advise how much sugar the patient may take.

Prospective Mothers. Please say a few words about prospective mothers smoking.—J. M. Answer.—I think they shouldn't. Some physicians permit expectant mother to continue smoking. Glad to send any prospective mother who provides a stamped addressed envelope a letter of advice and instruction.

Baby's Head Will Round Out. My baby's head is so flat at the back. Have tried placing pillows behind him and laying him on his side but he will roll onto his back.—Mrs. O. O. Answer.—The head will round out by the time he is three years old. (Copyright, 1936, John P. Dillon 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, April 2.—These are evenings for spectators to watch the extraordinary sunsets from Inspiration Point, that upswep of Riverside Drive near Medical Center.

The Jersey pall-sades, rising sheer from the sparkling Hudson, are never so lovely as now. A fading Joseph's coat.

Famed painters are there to catch it on canvas and photographers on films. Sentimentalists fill several blocks of parked cars. Washington Irving devoted an essay to this miracle of a closing day and Andre Maurois called it the most entrancing vista in America next to the Grand Canyon.

It's winter's farewell, the season of changing colors along the pallsades. One moment they catch the sullen blood-red of the swollen sun, then as though in hideous supuration the pasty yellow of arrish and finally with sudden shift evening dyes in a sort of exquisite purple pang.

Scatters of stars twinkle forth, cold and gleaming. A fairland of lights zig-zag over an amusement park to flutter petals of gold. River craft suggest drifting fireflies. And the light-strung Washington Bridge

etches its feathery tracing against a distant solitude of blue.

One wonders from what melancholy minds seep so many sad, drab plays this season. Every theme, total frustration. If there were a Book of Common Sense, it should say on Page 1: "Amusement demands more brains than instruction." No propaganda of didactic play ever changed the current of human thought. Not one ever had the significance of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Black Beauty or The Jungle. Every person who has been through the mill of play-going knows these self-evident truths; that plays should be entertaining, provide humor and teek with women.

One of the tragedies of the theater to many is the comparative obscurity of Henrietta Crossman, the most scintillating actress of her time, expressing the true champagne sparkle. She lost much of her fortune and acquired black discouragement in backing "Pilgrim's Progress." So bruised was she by this drop that she never seemed interested in climbing up again. Today she is playing grandmother roles in pictures—and turning her head from the camera most of the time.

The double talk inanity continues to spread its confusion. It consists in interpoaling meaningless words and phrases into what is otherwise ordinary conversation. Such made-up as: "Mittenditen, abasquam, euterio, pilax, etc." So artfully it is spoken that the unsuspecting listener thinks he is going goofy. Rube Goldberg is an expert. So is Francis Maddux, of the torch chansons. I have heard of several reputedly responsible originating it. Among them Ring Lardner, Noel Coward and Cole Porter. It sounds thoroughly Lardnerian.

Jim Tully, over a stretch of ten years, has turned out more than a million words annually. First rate stuff that has gone generally to the better magazines. Few American writers can boast a greater output and only one in England—the late Edgar Wallace. Tully, whose prices often touch 60 cents a word, is far removed from his gay cat days of the hobo jungles. He occupies an imposing house on a ranch near Hollywood, which is called "Tall Timber." For the past eight months he has been working on a novel which Gene Fowler, a crack novelist himself, says is Tully's best and most ambitious effort. Tully, like Lawrence Tibbett, is a discovery of Rupert Hughes.

Thingumabobs: Pulling down the Pontiac in Palm Beach has almost vanquished the bicycle roller chairs. Victor Hugo was made ill by taste of cherries. Herb Roth swore off formal evening dress nine years ago and has kept the oath. Robert Egan used to have playrights by having someone sandpaper a rough board in the next room when a play was being read. Charles Francis Coe is an expert landing sailfish. No matter how much Katharine Hepburn disguises herself in public, her raspy voice is a give away.

When Dean Cornwell, the illustrator, was journeying to Florida recently with some fellow artists a dashing young blonde approached to explain she was interested in art. She asked if he did anything aside from illustrations. He replied he had done murals. "O, how wonderful," she cooed. "Tell me are those yours in the Best Room at the Waldorf?" (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

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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

April 2, 1926 Chief of Police Adams announces that "children must get off the streets when curfew rings."

Dryest March in years reported in Sams Valley district.

Auto owners of Ashland plan automobile club.

Weather bureau predicts rain for Easter—next Sunday.

Hearing on O-C. tax refund bill to open in congress next week.

Two state income tax bills to be before voters in November election.

Heaviest smudging of year envelopes city when mercury drops to 29 degrees.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

April 2, 1916 San Antonio.—American troops and Villa bandit force battle as Villa flees to the Mexican hills.

Paris.—Germans hurl mass attacks at Verdun; German Zeppelins again raid English coast and drop incendiary bombs.

Mayor Emerick issues "Home Products" week proclamation.

Style show with "living models" to be held at Page theater tonight.

Pacific highway was a busy thoroughfare on Sunday throughout the entire length of the valley. Hundreds of automobile parties used it for their Sunday recreation drive. The day was entrancingly springlike. The highway was bordered by the rich and fragrant bloom of orchards on every hand. The charming beauty of the day was both physical and ethereal.



(Continued from Page One.)

White House the other day, asking permission to make the letter public. The reply was "My, my, no, not that letter." The reason is that the president expressed in it strong opposition to certain specific pending bills, including flood control.

You may make a note now that

there will be no major flood control legislation at this season. A few surveys may be authorized to appraise certain localities, but nothing else.

A private understanding has been reached by congressional leaders and the White House, whereby the president will tap the relief bill for the 60 or 70 million dollars to carry on the CCC work demanded by congressmen. Government experts estimate that it will require that much money to keep all the camps and maintain the CCC at 350,000 men. (The congressmen do not care much about the men. They want to keep the camps because in them lies political prestige and patronage.) This will ease the budgetary consequences of all, just as the seed loan relief did.

Best lawyers reject the popular theory that the supreme court side-tracking of the (Burco) utility holding companies case affords any hint that the court will uphold the act. They reason that, if the court intended to uphold the act, the Burco case would have been suitable. But if the court doubts the constitutionality of the act, it would have demanded a better case, which it did.

The supreme court is one government agency which says it is economizing. Most of its marble staircases were barred to the public the other day. The excuse offered by guards was that the court could not employ enough charwomen to wash them.

Are You Nervous? Tired? Run Down?



You may be needlessly suffering from the results of harsh, ineffective hygienic preparations, which have a tendency to deplete the tissues. Now—science has produced an improved method of feminine hygiene to safeguard the health and happiness of modern women. M. D.—medicated douche powder—is endorsed by leading physicians as an effective germicide. M. D. has the advantage and added protection for you of Oxyquinolin Sulphate. For sale at better drug stores everywhere. Write for free sample, Stanley Laboratories, Portland, Oregon.

M. D. FEMINE HYGIENE

Manhattan SHIRTS Known as the best—the best known They're doing things at the Manhattan Shirt Co. this season. Smart as Manhattan Shirts have always been, the new Manhattan shirts we have just received are far and away the grandest we have ever shown. The colors are the best yet, the collar styles are the most varied and novel, and the patterns the smartest and most interesting. Take a look at our great Manhattan shirt show. You'll appreciate it. See the new Forest Tone Manhattan Shirts in our windows. \$200 and \$250 We are proud to offer you these items of nationally known wearing apparel, they are sold exclusively in Medford by The Toggery OF COURSE

—R. W. R.