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### Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, April 1.—A great American weekly once termed the "Mail Tribune" an Oregon daily so small the only proper term was "microscopic." That's the way its editor felt after a tour of the new and splendid Times building. The press room of this new edifice alone is about the size of the Nat dance floor. Half of it is occupied by a multiple high-speed press, which represents an investment of close to \$500,000, the other half will be used for another press when and if the occasion warrants. Everything in the building is constructed on the same gargantuan scale. There is an attractive roof garden, a commodious auditorium, first aid rooms, luncheon and banquet rooms, and conference and directors' rooms, with high vaulted ceilings, bronze pictures, murals, soft carpets in which the shoe sinks noiselessly, indirect lighting, and a general atmosphere of baronial magnificence. Regular guides take visitors about at stated intervals. The new Times building is one of the show places of Los Angeles today.

On the entrance walls to one of the conference rooms, there are two portraits in oil—the only two in the building, that are on display. One is an excellent likeness of Will Rogers, according to the guide the only portrait Will ever agreed to sit for—the other of General Otis himself, the founder of the paper,—that veteran of the Civil war, chiefly remembered today for his life long war against organized labor, which culminated in the McNamara bomb outrage. An interesting essay might be written contrasting the characters of these two famous men,—both deserving the title of greatness, but as far apart as the poles in their essential natures. The electric globe before the general's portrait is never turned out,—it burns there night and day. Entirely proper for the general, just as improper for Will. Will would have welcomed the shadows,—the homely human touch—not so the general. He was of the old school, never gave quarter, never asked it, and his militant, uncompromising principles still go marching on, through the columns of the paper he founded. A great satisfaction no doubt to him, and to his descendants,—but the outstanding weakness of the Times today,—editorially one of the most uninteresting and reactionary papers on the coast.

Saw and heard Webb Miller, famous United Press war correspondent, the first man to report the opening battle of the Ethiopian-Italian conflict. He has been in this country several months now, but is still shattered physically by that experience. It is doubtful if he ever entirely recovers,—youth can shake those things off, middle age can't. And Mr. Miller is no longer young.

His talk was interesting, full of humor, and vivid close-ups of what for the war correspondents was undoubtedly the worst war in human history. Had he known what was in store for him, Miller frankly states he never would have gone. Many times it was tough and go, as far as his living to tell the tale was concerned. The Italian officers saved his life.

In fact Miller has a pretty high view of the Italian command in general and thinks it not interfered with, Mussolini will conquer the country in about two years. Whether he can pacify it however,—that is another matter.

Webb tried hard to maintain a neutral attitude, but it was plain to see he regards the Ethiopians as a people, about as low in the scale of civilization as the human biped has gone,—or could go. He has the highest regard for Emperor Haile Selassie, as a gentleman, scholar and enlightened leader, but thinks he no more represents the polyglot masses of flea-bitten and illiterate blacks who occupy this section of Africa, than the president of Chicago University could be said to represent Al Capone's district in Cicero, Illinois.

Miller has the same view of war in Europe, that most informed people in this country appear to entertain. He doesn't expect war in the immediate future,—not this year,—perhaps not next,—but ultimately it can't be avoided. As he sees it, the only way a European conflict can be avoided would be for either Germany or France to back down,—for the sake of peace make some real concessions. He believes neither of them will. In his judgment at the moment France is less anxious to avoid war than Germany,—for France is prepared and Germany isn't. Could France be sure of England's support, she would probably declare war tomorrow.

Miller started out in a Ford with an Ethiopian chauffeur. But the bare feet of the chauffeur were so large, that when he shoved down on the brakes he not only shoved down also on the accelerator but threw out the clutch. Not much progress could be made in this fashion, and what progress was made was extremely hazardous. So Miller kicked out the driver and drove the car alone. The car didn't last long however, and a large part of his reporting had to be done on foot. Before long his feet were so swollen the boots had to be cut off, and they are still scarred and in such a condition that the famous war correspondent doesn't care to walk, unless he has to.

Miller met Floyd Gibbons over there, and says they both agree on this war being the worst assignment either of them ever undertook. The combination of extreme heat, flies, and lack of proper food, so got them down that on the least provocation, they were disposed to brawl like a couple of freshly spanked babies. When hard boiled veterans like Messrs. Gibbons and Miller start a sob sister act, one can be pretty sure there is something seriously afoot somewhere, not in them but their environment.

We have reservations on the Sunset Limited for San Francisco. Coming down to the station we had final proof that Los Angeles is the CHEAPEST place in the world. Not far from the station was a crowded restaurant on the window of which several crudely printed signs read "Complete steak dinner, 15 cents."

It certainly is cheap,—using that word not only in the direction of price, but in spirit. If we had to characterize L. A. with one word, that would be it.

### NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 3.—Thought while strolling: Karl Bockel has the right idea for a Florida home. His house in Sarasota rambles over many acres. But has only one guest room, the size of a Pullman berth. Two hope and a dive off the spring-board name — Margaret Mack-prang Mackay. Look alike: William Praxley and James Farley. Hookick Falls' pride and joy: Harriet Hoctor. That lady's dress catching fire from a cigaret in the theater lobby should be a warning. But it won't. Put a wig of curly white hair on Henry Dumas and you have Charles Winniger.



What became of Ruth Etting? Tough life mine: One of New York's tough men catches cold washing his hair in the north during the winter. So he goes to Florida once a month for a shampoo. When a Sealyham stops short it means carry him. Or go on alone. Frank Pay's "wo-wo" everywhere.

### 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, 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

#### HOW MUCH VITAMIN C YOU NEED.

According to Dr. S. C. Slo-Bodkin of Brooklyn, N. Y., who writes in Medical Times, a child requires half an ounce of orange juice a day, an adult requires one glass of orange juice, one lemon and one-quarter to one-half a head of lettuce daily, to provide the necessary amount of vitamin C, otherwise known as ascorbic acid and ascorbin.

In these days of commercial processing involving treatment of foods with sulphur, ethylene, hot house, ultra-violet irradiation, chemical sprays, bleaches, forced drying and heating without vacuum, one has to be on the alert to get sufficient vitamin C.

A certain daily ration of vitamin C in one form or another is essential to prevent dental defects, malnutrition and scurvy. An adequate supply of vitamin C tends to maintain proper weight, energy, complexion and good teeth.

Certain animals have scurvy when deprived of vitamin C while certain others seem not subject to this condition. Thus guinea pigs, dogs, monkeys and human beings develop scurvy; but white rats, mice and rabbits do not.

Orange juice standing exposed to the air loses its vitamin C rapidly. The browning of cut apple is proportionate to its loss of vitamin C. Cooking or boiling or heating destroys vitamin C, especially when the air has access to the food. But cooking or heating in vacuum is much less destructive to vitamin C. This explains why factory canned tomato or tomato juice is a good source of vitamin C for infant feeding, whereas home canned fruits or vegetables are not.

Fresh or vacuum canned tomato juice is equivalent to orange juice in vitamin C content, and contains about eight times as much vitamin A as does orange juice. Orange juice, however, is more nourishing—one ounce yields 12 calories, compared with tomato juice, one ounce of which yields only 6 calories.

Habitual deficiency in the vitamin C ration may be a cause of the commonest type of anemia, and in such anemia an optimal ration of vitamin C—that is more vitamin C daily than is ordinarily deemed necessary to prevent deficiency disease—is a more effective treatment than iron, liver or other remedies.

A liberal supply of vitamin C, according to some research investigations, may prevent tooth decay.

Symptoms of scurvy, due to lack of vitamin C, are spongy, swollen

to have established himself as an authority on the modern dance. Amazing how many people go there to improve their dancing, to reduce or merely to relax. Staid people who somehow would never expect gesturing toward frivolity. Murray is a super-publielist. He bombards the columnists several times a day with what he thinks is "hot news" and gets out a sizable magazine featuring his Terpsichorean exploits.

Sentimentalists are worrying about the condition of Maxfield Parrish's Old King Cole. Those who used to glance up to the old rascal at the Knickerbocker Bar and were apt to just one more are fretting about his shabbiness in the hangar in a room named in his name and in need of reconditioning. A fellow reporter standing before the painting one day observed to Frank O'Malley: "You know that picture looks much better after a few drinks." Said O'Malley: "What doesn't?"

Shortly after the fashionable Knickerbocker closed, Jim Regan, the owner who came up from a barkeep, called in several newspaper writers, of which I was one, to see the display of canes left dangling on the Knickerbocker bar. A large sized room was racked with them, all with crooks, forgotten with the last round over a period of 15 years. He wanted suggestions as to what to do with them. Charlie Somerville, who suggested three were orthopedic homes. This was done, I believe. As I recall, there were more than 4000. Incidentally, Regan was the only hotel man in the city ever to bar newspapermen from his bar. In a pique he banned them six weeks. And that's how the Forty-second Street Country club, which met in front of a hydrant, was born.

At the Hugh Murray's pent house one night I sat up until long after my bedtime talking to Scott, the operatic tenor, whose death some weeks ago struck sadness. I knew little about music and he was little interested in writing, but we hit upon a topic of mutual interest—food. He was a gourmet and described dishes of exquisite blending and cuisine in many parts of the world. But on our way home I inveigled him to a Child's in Lincoln Square and squared him away before a stack of butter cakes and "two in the dark." And he did not do badly with either.

There is a silly going around about a well-dining gentleman starting to dress over the coffee as a discussion of Irvin Cobb and his home town in Kentucky started. After awhile, coming to and wanting to appear interested, the drowsy inquired: "What is the average size of Paduch?"

The Arthur Murray dance school has been one of the odd depression defiers. Its space has enlarged steadily during a period when it might be assumed dancing would be the last thing people would think about. Murray himself was recently profiled by The New Yorker and seems

bleeding gums, loosening of teeth, pains in legs, black and blue marks from trivial or no apparent cause. A state of latent or slight scurvy occurs in students and others who try to subsist on a restricted diet without fresh vegetables and fruits, characterized by anemia, vague "rheumatic" pains, irritability, dullness and tendency to show black and blue marks or to develop inextinguishable discolorations from minute hemorrhages under the skin.

Besides oranges and tomatoes or their juices, most fresh vegetables and green and fresh fruits are excellent sources of vitamin C. Pure vitamin C, as already mentioned, is now available, and might serve to supply this factor to explorers and others who cannot obtain fresh food.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Breath Holding. I followed a suggestion I saw in your column some years ago, tried holding my breath for thirty seconds, also putting my head under the blankets, and I find this seems to clear up one's head when one has a cold.—R. C.

Answer—Whatever that may be. Anyway, there is no harm in the stunt if it seems to relieve you. Cryptorchidism.

Our son, aged 8, received daily injections for undescended testes beginning June 21st. On July 1st the left one had descended and on July 4th the right also came down into correct position. We thank you for making known to us this treatment.—T. M.

Answer—Treatment with anterior pituitary-like gonadotropic hormone has brought about normal conditions in many such cases. In a large proportion of cases spontaneous descent occurs at about the age of 12 or 13 years without treatment of any kind.

Wild Hairs. Have wild hairs growing in my face. They look like rubber bristles. The barber digs them out.—A. J. D. Answer—A dangerous practice. Never allow a barber to attempt any sort of surgery. The hairs do not "grow in"; inflammation and swelling of the skin over the hair makes it seem to do so. Better leave treatment to the hands of a physician.

Old Guard is Desperate. After reading your articles I went to a doctor who knows something of the injection treatment of hernia. He said my hernia is too large, that only one injection can be given in any case and that the method is very dangerous.—S. L.

Answer—In other words, he knows nothing about the method, but hopes to sell you an operation.

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Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D. 365 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

### Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.

CHARLEY HORTON'S father, W. H. Horton, went into the cattle business as soon as he got his ranch in the Poe valley established and after the Modoc war excitement died down.

The cattle business must have been a great business in those days. There was plenty of range (at least it seems that way, as compared with present conditions). Bunch grass grew everywhere, and cattle would come off this bunch grass range in the fall rolling fat.

And it wasn't the kind of grass fat we know now. (Charley Horton is here being quoted, but his testimony agrees with that of others.) Beef fattened on this bunch grass was almost as hard and firm as grain-fed beef.

Practically all the old-timers agree on that point.

If you've ever been out in the hills with a saddle and pack outfit and have been so fortunate as to run onto a patch of bunch grass and have seen your horses abandon the bank, lush grass growing along the banks of some creek and go after the sparse, dry-looking tufts of bunch grass you will understand what this desert forage meant to the cattlemen back in the days when it was abundant.

MR. HORTON bought cattle as far away as the Prineville country, and drove them back. These drives meant hard work for the horse outfits, which were under saddle 16 to 18 hours a day, but the horses would come back from these hard jaunts in fine condition, as fit as if they had been fed regularly on grain. That was what the bunch grass did.

CATTLE, as already stated, were grazed through the summer and sold in the fall. Those, that is, that were ready to sell. Those that were kept were wintered on hay cut in the valleys and the creek bottoms.

Sacramento was then the big buying point, and Anderson was the railroad. Cattle bought in this country were driven to Anderson and then loaded onto cars and taken to Sacramento.

Down the Pitt river was the favored route, and they were drifted slowly, making not more than 10 or 15 miles a day, to avoid undue shrinkage. Over this long trip, the shrinkage was astonishingly small, which tells its own story of the feed along the way.

TWO big buying outfits came regularly to this country, (still quoting Charley Horton.) They were C. Swanson & Son and J. Gerber & Brother—both of Sacramento. Prices weren't so hot, according to present standards, and sales were almost entirely by the head, rather than by the pound. In those days, both buyers and sellers had to be good "guessers," meaning by that they had to be able to estimate pretty closely what an animal would weigh.

It was really surprising how close these buyers could come to the weight of a steer.

AS MR. HORTON remembers it, somewhere around \$16 to \$18 for a 1000-pound, bunch grass fattened steer was an average price. If you will do a little mental arithmetic, you will discover that this was considerably under two cents a pound. We're certainly think that was giving them away.

Costs, of course, were low, according to present standards. That was what enabled the cattle men to get away with it.

(Still, they probably kicked vigorously. This writer never yet saw a cattle man who was wholly satisfied. If the price is good, he'll tell you that grass is scarce and if it's a good grass year he'll howl about the price. But, talking them by and large, they're a pretty darned good lot.)

THOSE must have been great old days. There were hardships in plenty, of course, and the comforts

of civilization as we know them, were few and far between. But they were an able and self-reliant people and this was a new and interesting country. They had a lot of fun as they went along.



(Continued from Page One.)

of small reserves and debt retirement. The excise processing taxes, dropped by the house committee, will be restored by the senate. The windfall taxes will be included.

Legislation that has no chance will be postponed until next session. The Black and Smith lobbying bills have been jockeyed into conflicting technical positions where they will probably kill each other off. No lobbying legislation now is in prospect. The housing act will merely be continued. There will be no slums clearance or general low cost housing legislation.

Senator Wheeler is just having good publicity fun with the Basing Point bill. It will go over until next session. Also dead or dying are: Frazier-Lemke, all inflationary legislation, thirty-hour week, food and drugs.

The final form of the relief bill will carry the bill and a half required by Mr. Roosevelt, but no one yet knows the form or restrictions. A modified version of the anti-chain store bill will be slipped through at the last minute before adjournment.

Greatest inside problem in congress now is to get it adjourned. The leaders killed off that maverick motion for adjournment in the house the other day, although they have lately developed some personal sympathy for the idea.

At the legislation they really want is the tax bill and the relief bill. The trouble is that, while congress is now waiting around for those two bills, it is getting into mischief. A variety of crazy minor ideas is emerging daily from committees and being presented to both houses. They are hard to handle.

And congress is so far behind on its routine appropriation bills that night sessions will soon be required if adjournment is to be accomplished before the political conventions in June.

Cloakroom gossip now concerns the prospect that congress may have to recess for the conventions and return afterward. The administration would consider that a political calamity. It will see that it does not happen.

### Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 3, 1928 (It was Saturday)

Tomorrow is Easter Sunday and it looks like rain. Special music and services will be held in all churches of the city.

Volunteer firemen to stage banquet Monday.

Thirteen auto accidents in Portland in a single day laid to rain.

Entrance fee to Crater Lake national park is cut to \$1.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, motion picture stars leave for Europe.

Jackson county is still without a county agent, and farmers demand action.

Local Legion post lists 300 members, after membership drive.

Medford Auto and Spring Fashion show to be held at Armory this week.

April 3, 1916 London—British foreign office predicts World war will last another year; German attack at Verdun fails.

A. S. Bliton leaves for Klamath Falls on important business.

Drama League meeting called to consider disbanding.

Mr. Barnes, the real estate man of Medford, was motoring in Antioch recently and dropping literature of real estate with our farmers.—(Antioch Items).

Council orders papers drawn for bonds for construction of railroad to the Blue Ledge mine. Bar association donates legal services and advice.

### 'SLINKY' GIRL IS CAMPUS CHOICE

TORONTO, Ont.—(UP)—University of Toronto students like "slinky" girl's best.

Answering a magazine questionnaire on the type girl they preferred, the students placed "slinky" girl's first, "romantic" girl's second, "sophisticated" girl's third, and "stuffy" matrons at the bottom.

Citing the qualities they admired most in a girl, they placed vitality first, neatness second, beauty third, distinction fourth, style fifth, sweetness sixth, and sex appeal seventh. The students denounced, by a large majority, dresses cut low in the front, bad perfume, hair ornaments, and brilliantly tinted nails.

### HEATH'S DRUG SPECIALS

Weeks Break Up a Cold..... 25c  
Syruids..... 23c

Crazy Water Crystals..... \$1.00  
Creomulsion..... .98c  
Pfundens Tablets..... \$3.00

Bromo Seltzer, large..... 49c  
Enos Salt..... 47c  
Chocolate Ex Lax..... 23c

Horlicks Malted Milk 39c & 97c  
Insulin, 10cc U 40 \$1.41

Tex Tooth Brushes..... 39c  
Prophylactic Tooth Brushes..... 39c  
Dr. West's Tooth Brushes..... 47c

Large Listerine with Free Cosmetic Bag..... 59c  
Alka Seltzer..... 49c

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream... 39c  
Unguentine..... 39c  
ABD Capsules (Parke Davis)..... \$1.09  
Pepsodent Tooth Paste..... 38c

The Store That Fills Prescriptions  
Ladies' Rest Room in Basement

**Heath's DRUG STORE**

### BORAH DELEGATES LOSE IN NEW YORK

ALBANY, N. Y., April 3.—(P)—Returns from New York state's primary balloting to choose presidential delegates brought defeat today to candidates pledged to Senator William E. Borah by an average margin of 5 to 1 in all of the nine districts in which they were entered.

Friends of the Idaho senator pointed out, however, that his organization entered no candidates in the other 34 districts and held on that basis that the result of yesterday's balloting was not conclusive.

Carl G. Bachman, chairman of the Borah headquarters in Washington, said the Illinois test, April 14, would "tell a different story."

Defeat of the Borah candidates by regular organization Republicans, who were unopposed in the other districts, means that New York state's delegation to the Cleveland convention will be unpledged.

### TALENT C. OF C. GIVING BENEFIT DANCE TONIGHT

TALENT, April 3.—(Sp.)—Talent chamber of commerce will give a dance tonight at the city hall for the benefit of the high school baseball team equipment. Good music is promised and the largest crowd of the season is expected. The ladies of the Community club will serve supper.

LAWNMOWERS sharpened. We call for and deliver 23 N. Fir St. 5156 BRAS. Phone 261.

Be correctly coated in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

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