

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyday in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune" Daily Except Saturday.

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 11-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 14.

ROBERT W. RUEL, Editor. ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager.

An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail—In Advance: Daily, one year, \$4.00; Daily, six months, \$2.75; Daily, one month, \$1.00.

Official Paper of the City of Medford. Official Paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. Receiving Full Lead Wire Service. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited to this paper, and also to the local news published herein.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS.

Advertising Representatives: M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY, Inc. 100 N. York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland.

That Eddie Cantor Prize

THERE has been a great deal of sentimental nonsense, written about that Missouri farm boy, who won Eddie Cantor's \$5000 peace prize, by handing in a professor's essay on the subject as his own.

The Oregonian, for example, cries into its beer over his "pitiable plight" and the "unintentional cruelty" that would place callow adolescence in such a position.

Not a word of warning or censure for the young man. The Oregonian places all the blame upon those who instituted such a competition, and suggests a law "to regulate and supervise the rash benevolence of such impulsive friends of humanity as Eddie Cantor" while "someone owes that mistaken and wandering Missouri boy an apology."

It would be difficult to conceive of a more glaring example of twisted thinking and sentimental hokey. No one owes that Missouri farm boy ANYTHING,—but a thorough dressing down and a stiff lecture on the difference between right and wrong! He is no babe in arms. He is a high school boy, 19 years of age, presumably mentally, morally and physically equipped for college.

It is shocking, we admit,—and in a certain sense pathetic,—that any American boy of that age and education, should have done what Lloyd Lewis did. It is even more shocking, that neither before nor after the event, did he himself, have any sense of wrong doing, or consciousness of guilt.

But what he—or any boy like him—needs is not tearful coddling and back slapping, the taking of his part against a cruel and misguided world; but a moral awakening,—and the best moral training that can be secured,—for unless this is done, then this young man's future looks very dark indeed.

THERE are far too many young men of high school age in this country, who like young Lewis, are morally sub-normal; who have never learned the difference between right and wrong, who like him could not only steal the idea, but steal the work of someone else, receive the reward for what they had never done, and not suffer the slightest pang of conscience. Criminalologists will tell you the underworld is full of them, a large proportion of our big city gangsters are lads in their teens. They are classified not as immoral but UN-moral. And many of them started, as this Missouri farm boy started, by cheating in school. Such a little thing! Yes such a little thing. But big things grow from little ones. And if it is not wrong to steal another person's work, and use it as your own, why is stealing his watch, his pocketbook, or any other private property wrong. And from there—WHERE do you go!

NO the social problem is too acute, the proper moral development of the young—WHEN they are young—is too important, to treat this denouement of the Cantor peace prize contest, as just a good joke on him and other misguided humanitarians, and an occasion for making an appealing martyr of the young man, who turned their efforts into such a humiliating fiasco.

Eddie Cantor is of course an enthusiastic idealist. Like many of his race he is extremely sentimental. It may be true his heart is bigger than his head.

But those who listened to him over the radio on his peace prize proposal know how sincere he was, how anxious not only to serve the cause of peace but give some boy who could not have it otherwise, the benefit of a college education.

And to think that his efforts were rewarded in THIS fashion!

WE believe we have at least a normal understanding and affection for youth,—we certainly appreciate boys will be boys,—but boys being boys is one thing, boys being crooked, is something else again. And in this instance our sympathies are certainly NOT for the boy who won this prize by passing off the work of another as his own,—but entirely for Eddie Cantor. Instead of Eddie doing the apologizing, that farm boy from Missouri should crawl on his knees and beg the forgiveness of a fine citizen and a gallant old troupier, who was anxious to befriend him, and whom he double-crossed and betrayed.

The mistake Eddie made, we believe, was not in treating the lad with kindness,—publicly condemning or humiliating him would do no good,—but refusing to talk to him as he would to his own son who had done such a thing (Eddie has only a flock of daughters) and yielding to a mistaken impulse and offering him a college education.

A high school boy of 18, who could enter such a contest as this one, copy word for word a professor's essay and not only submit it for his own but receive the \$5000 prize for it, without the slightest qualm, or consciousness of having done anything wrong does not need a college education.

He needs to go back to the Boy Scouts and get a little of the primary education, in honor and square-shooting, that that excellent organization gives. And as a supplement to that his parents might be wise to give him an extra curricular course in the woods, down on that old Missouri farm!



(Continued from Page One)

applauded at the wrong time and did not always laugh at the right time. This is considered to be bad for radio disc jockey. Firmly applause and laughter help to stress proper points.

It is not unusual for campaigners to pass out in advance half a dozen copies of their speeches, marked at the spots where applause and laughter are expected. This may be done with the next one.

Despite what house leaders are saying, a chain-store bill will be passed by the house. It will be brought up when a congressman, in charge, returns from seeking a Democratic nomination out west. That will probably be in about ten days. Whether the senate will pass the bill is not yet certain.

Democratic leaders say privately that there is something in their last platform which makes it desirable to set on the legislation, although they are not strong for it.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Governor has proclaimed the month of May as "universal good-will month," with no time out for the primary election.

The employment situation shows improvement, and, next summer the transient worker may be confident enough to tell the farmer looking for a hay hand to bring his hay to town, and he will consider cutting it.

The Mayor of Klamath Falls, who rushed out prematurely for the U.S. Senate, and forthwith announced his intentions "to take off his coat and work for the Townsend Plan," is now working for "power districts," but still in his shirt-sleeve.

B. Harder, O. Arnsperger and J. Boyle, who had their pictures in the paper armed with picks and shovels, as yet have received no requests to dig a basement.

A number of the Older Girls disgustedly report Jimson weeds have come up where they planted golden jonquils.

Income tax statistics reveal there are 3007 residents of Oregon possessed of \$50,000 or more. They are the boys lined up with "Wall Street" to squish the "Share-The-Wealth" movement.

"Albert Zabala of Soledad was here Thursday and accompanied Martin Lermi to San Felipe to purchase a male cow." (Burbank (Calif.) Review)—Hush!

The first forest fire of the season has occurred, and was not blamed on the cigarette. The cigarette will resent this slight next August, by starting 25 fires, in an afternoon, on some creek.

Press dispatches state a Nebraska shot-clerk had his fifth crossing argument with a locomotive last Sunday. After being noosed to the edge of eternity that many times by a cow-catcher, it looks like faint signs of caution would begin to show up.

"Many older people seem to take unmerited pride in the mere fact that they are adults." (Extract from the President's speech in Baltimore)—The people still have the "horse-and-buggy" notion of letting the years pile up on them, as it did their forefathers.

One of the letter-writers to the Oregonian favors the ducking stool for Allice Roseworth, as punishment for her lull, except Sunday, peeling the hide off Democratic notions. Another contributor favors her as the Republican choice for vice-president. It seems to be unanimous that Allice be punished.

There is considerable editorial discussion on the ideals of the Missouri farm-boy, 18, who won a \$5000 peace prize essay contest, only to be revealed as a flagrant plagiarist. As long as neighbors were collecting for pipe and wheat they did not raise, he may have figured it was in accord with the spirit of the times to collect for what he did not write. He pleads inability to distinguish between right and wrong, and also write and fight. He has been given assurances of a four-year college course. What he needs is four years of Sunday school.

The leading legal question of the week, centers about a writ of outlaws gettiss.

The Bill Offutt grandboy had a birthday yesterday, and the C. Fichtner girl is busy installing a tooth.

The Salt Creek school in Marion county has held its annual spelling tryouts before the primary candidates come up.

"He became a State's witness, gained his freedom, died eventually of a bullet in his native Southwest." (NY, World-Telegram)—Cruel and inhuman.

Deer News Buffer.

MURKIN, Ore., April 16.—(AP)—Duplicators traveling through the Mt. Hood national forest range a few miles from here told of seeing a herd of some 200 deer feeding in the lowlands. Forest rangers said they probably were driven there by the recent heavy snow.

Silver.

NEW YORK, April 16.—(AP)—Buy silver steady and unchanged at 14 1/2.

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.

BUMPER CROP OF RAGWEED POLLEN

According to botanist Oren C. Durham, who recently published an interesting and instructive book entitled "Your Hay Fever" (Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York), there are no less than nine varieties of ragweed in these United States, producing at least a million tons of pollen annually. August and September are the peak months for ragweed pollen production; tests of the air in that season show that more than 98 percent of the pollen in the air in such cities as Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee is from ragweed. In the height of the hay fever season pollen counts indicate, there is 826 pounds of ragweed pollen to the square mile in Indianapolis, 668 pounds in Buffalo, 401 pounds in Chicago, 16 pounds in Tower, Minnesota—but the place is small and can't accommodate a great influx of visitors, remember—29 pounds in Mobile, 9 pounds in Phoenix, 6 pounds in Los Angeles, 2 pounds in Sacramento, and none at all in Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Prince Albert, Miami, Reno, Duluth, where many sufferers find relief every autumn, doesn't stand out in Mr. Durham's table—153 pounds of pollen to the mile. Other hay fever resorts were evidently on good behavior when the pollen tests of the air were made: Denver, 98 pounds; Boise, 17 pounds; Bar Harbor, 27 pounds; Upper Merion (Hargrove Lakes), 8 pounds; Lake Royal, 6 pounds; Seattle, 20 pounds; Bilioti, 28 pounds; Bethel (N.H.), 16 pounds; North Platte, 44 pounds; Atlantic City, 196 pounds; Roswell, 22 pounds; Lake Placid, 26 pounds; Saranac Lake, 22 pounds; El Paso, 7 pounds; Amarillo, 9 pounds; Cochrane, Ont., 7 pounds; Father Point, Que., 6 pounds; Port Arthur, 6 pounds; Winnipeg, 24 pounds; Tampico, 18 pounds; Mexico City, 2 pounds.



My notion of dull reading is almost anything about hay fever and its causes. But then, I haven't any fever. This book of Mr. Durham's makes mighty good reading, and if it were not for the bla-bla "introduction" and the equally superfluous chapter on treatment—contributions by medical gentlemen who love the sound of their own voices—the book would make a welcome addition to one's library. People who entertain quaint fancies that they have "rose cold" or "rose fever," or that they are sensitive to goldenrod, or lilac, or even Jonquil or Iris, will learn something to their own advantage or their friends' by reading Mr. Durham's book. Physicians who treat or advise hay fever patients about resorts will get the right bearings here.

It is generally agreed that destroying or cutting pollen-bearing weeds,

such as ragweed, within a few hundred feet of one's residence is a useful prophylactic measure. But ragweed pollen is carried chiefly in the air, and probably for great distances, and as Mr. Durham points out, it has not been demonstrated that it is possible to lower the amount of pollen in the air as measured at U. S. weather stations, even by the most thorough weed-cutting campaign as yet instituted. With pollen slides we may test the air and with pollen extracts we may test the patient. By these two tests we may determine definitely the cause of the trouble.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Prenatal Influence. Has the extraction of a tooth any ill effect on the unborn child? What are the symptoms and causes of premature birth? (seven months). (Mrs. R. J. E.)

Answer—No, the extraction of teeth can have no ill effect. Send stamped envelope bearing your address, for monograph for the prospective mother. This being a health column, we cannot suggest symptoms. Raw Eggs. Please tell me if raw eggs are beneficial to a person in a rundown condition. If they are, how many should be taken each day? (B. C. E.)

Answer—Not unless you prefer them raw. Cooked egg, cooked as you prefer, is more palatable, appetizing, digestible and healthful than raw egg. The popular notion of the value of raw egg is probably based on the observation that physicians prescribed raw egg sometimes when patients were too feeble to eat cooked food. A kind of ferment in raw egg albumen prevents complete digestion of the white. Cooking destroys this ferment and makes the egg more completely digestible.

In Practice or In Print. Every time I have written you I have received some printed circular. Are you a doctor or a circulating agency? If you cannot answer a person's question, at least return them to the sender, stamped. What is a spur on the septum? A deviated septum? A submucous resection operation? (B. F.)

Answer—It would be a physical impossibility for me to write a personal letter in reply to everyone. Most correspondents not only accept printed answers to their questions but ask for them. A spur on the septum is a projection of cartilage or bone from the partition between nasal passages. Deviated septum means the partition bulges to one side or the other, narrowing or obstructing the nasal passage. Submucous resection means removing part of the bone or cartilage underneath the mucous membrane, for the purpose of straightening the septum. (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.

program and likely his choosing of a cinema role. In a booth at Lancy's a recent evening, someone informs me, the occupants were George Burns, the comic Allen, Fred and Portland Allen, the Jack Benny and the Goodman Aces. Such couple happily married, all the husbands comedians working with comedienne wives. Also, although in a highly competitive field, both men and women, exploiting almost the identical brand of humor, the four couples are the staunchest of friends and often spend relaxing hours together. My informant also says the dinner party conversation to appearance was scattery, monosyllabic, dry.

One of the newest of the bright youth advertising whizzes is Fred Smith, who at the age of 27 is the youngest major executive in the larger agencies. He came from Troy, Ore. five years ago to write fiction, landed in a few years but became so discouraged he was about to return to his home town. One morning he walked into the advertising agency and in the eloquence of despair talked himself into a copy-writing job. From that he went like a shot to more important posts. Such happenings are especially pertinent in face of the constant yawning youth no longer has opportunity. That the Big Chance is dead!

Sudden memory! The yellow water bucket settles and dipsper on the little bucket beneath the kitchen stoop.

Thingumabobs! B o y Howard's checked shirts caused crowds to follow him in Moscow when he went to interview Stalin. . . . Noel Coward's Co. latest is white shirts with vivid colored collars. . . . Gov. Alf Landon likes a good Oppenheim mystery. . . . Roeburn Van Buren, successful magazine illustrator, still attends Art classes. . . . Anthony Eden likes green clothes with salt for breakfast. . . . Haywood Brown dines with his mother once a week and is always lectured for his union labor sympathies. . . . The smart shops of Paris are leaving the rue de la Paix for the Faubourg St. Honoré.

Most of us pitter-jitters can sympathize with the young man quitting

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, April 16.—New York's chief point of interest for the sight-seeing tourist is long odds Radio City. With the Empire State building next. Europeans, where skyscrapers are so little known, make the Empire their first stop, but the American tourists prefer the broadcast studios.

Radio City for a few months after its opening offered a depressing spectacle of empty store and office space. No one could admire its architectural extravaganza without experiencing a wince at its devastating costly desolation. Many believed it would be the city's No. 1 eyesore.

The few magnificent establishments that lodged there appeared entirely lost in what many thought a building blunder. A mistake that might impair one of America's largest fortunes. The change to opulence was not gradual. The area blossomed overnight. Like Magic. The new shopping center congested on mass. A dozen ultra shopping strips gobbled up large and small vacancies. The horticultural decorations made it a bower of beauty. In fact, its rise out of almost hopeless inertia has been one of the major triumphs of the let-down.

On the house side, also, Lobbyist Ikes is said to have supplied the new PWA bloc leaders with charts and other information to get \$700,000,000 of the new \$1,500,000,000 relief fund earmarked for PWA. A few congressmen have been expecting the situation to result in an open break between Ikes and the White House.

If anyone wants data on the wealth shoring which has been accomplished so far, he can get it in the new figures of Internal Revenue collections for 1934 and relief expenditures for 1935. These show the extent to which industrial centers paid the taxes and the farm states received the benefits. For instance, North Carolina paid in \$23,000,000, received \$16,000,000; Mississippi paid \$1,500,000, received nearly \$13,000,000.

Frank Fay returns to Hollywood with something of a personal as well as professional triumph. For several years he had "winnowed the studios' coldest stars and his domestic life was summed up as the result of his divorce by the lovely Barbara Stanwyck. His success on the Valley floor, however, was one of the spectaculars of the year. So the prodigal goes back as the star of a sponsored radio

a tea to rush to Newark for his initial air journey to Hollywood. To Miriam Hopkins he twittered: "I'm flying to flight my first cock in the air and land to hopsels all I can." (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

FROM Weed to Redding, at this time of the year, is a swift procession of the seasons. At Weed, still high in the Sierra foothills, late winter holds sway. At Redding, in the upper lowlands of the Sacramento, it is early summer.

THIS transition from late winter to early summer, however, isn't made suddenly, as one passes through a door from one room to another.

It is gradual, going through all the changes that occur in a normal spring season. At Weed, the buds on the earlier trees are just nicely beginning to swell. At Dunsuir, the earlier trees are in tender leaf and the buds on the later and more conservative oaks are beginning to burgeon.

A few miles farther and the green of the oak leaves begins to show, and in a couple of dozen more miles oak leaves are plainly in sight. At Redding, the trees are in fairly full leaf, and the fruit blossoms are far gone and beginning to fall. Roses are in full bloom and the grass is lush and tall.

Further on, in the pleasant Vacaville, they're putting up the first crop of alfalfa.

IT'S A great country, this lovely Pacific Coast of ours, and at any time, somewhere along it, one can find about anything a human being might want. All kinds of people, with all kinds of tastes, can find their hearts' desire here.

THE Los Angeles border legion, as of course you've noted in the papers, has been called home.

There's a reason. The reason is that the bums, who all winter have been moving into California, are now beginning to move OUT of California. There's nothing much in the way of stopping for the border legion to do, and its members have probably tired of standing beside the road and waving the bums on their way and wishing them Godspeed.

CALIFORNIA, which pioneered the no-limit traffic law, has given it up and gone back to the 45-mile speed limit, and there are disturbing rumors that it is being enforced.

A tale is going up and down the highway to the effect that a couple coming up from the south the other night in something of a hurry was stopped at the clammy and gruesome hour of 3 a. m. and the not very wild speed of 47 miles per hour and informed heartily that they'd have to tell it to the judge.

It may be only one of those tales, but at least it is being repeated. And California cops are beginning to sit beside the road and look at people going past in a chilling way that sends shivers chasing each other up and down the spine.

WELL, they've had accidents enough down here, the Lord knows, and we've had accidents enough up in Oregon, where we have the no-limit law. And excessive speed undoubtedly contributes to the accident totals.

But, with all their 45-mile limits and all their chilling glances from the traffic cops, three California drivers, in the short space of five miles, pulled out from behind other cars and PASSED them this morning in the face of this correspondent's approaching car—which is about as dumb and dangerous a driving trick as can be practiced.

Apparently you can't legislate common sense into people's heads and it is lack of common sense and reasonable caution that is responsible for the bulk of our staggering total of automobile accidents.

LITTLE BUTTE VOTES ON SCHOOLS APRIL 20 LAKE CREEK, April 16.—(Sp.)—The election for consolidation of the Lost Creek school district with Lake Creek and Little Butte Creek districts was held April 13 in Lake

Creek. Little Butte Creek will vote April 20. The Lost Creek vote was ten for and fifteen against consolidation, while Lake Creek went 19 to 0 for consolidation.

SPORT SLANTS

By PAO

If you happen to be athletically minded and entertain ambitions of sports conquests for your tiny little daughter when she grows up, you might give her a good start by naming her Helen. A quick glance over the list of girl champions shows that a flock of fair champions answer to the name of Helen. No other single name comes even close to it.

Women's tennis is dominated by a pair of Helens, Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs. Helen Stephens, the outstanding girl sprinter in the country, holds the national A. A. U. championship and is America's best bet to win Olympic titles at Berlin. A Helene, Too

Helen Hicks, now a business woman golfer, held the national amateur title and was one of the leading girl titles in the land for several years. And there was Helen Meany, winner of the Olympic diving championship at Amsterdam in 1928. Helen Madison turned professional after she had won just about every swimming honor possible. She held Olympic and national championships, and most of the free-style swimming records as well. The New York Women's Swimming association has a tiny little Helen who is going to be a threat in future backstroke races. She is Helen Rutina, 11 years old and weighing only 74 pounds—but she can swim.

You'll hear plenty about Helen Mayer in connection with Olympic fencing next summer. She is the junco-esque German girl who is favored to successfully defend the fencing championship she won in 1932 at Los Angeles. Another Olympian bearing the name of Helen is Mrs. Helen Boughton-Leigh, captain of the American women's sking team which competed at Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

Found-Building Program. Evangeline McLennan, pretty Atlanta, Ga., tennis star, hopes virtually to eat her way into the nation's first ten ranking this year. While many other young ladies are minding lettuce sandwiches and toying with a lamb chop and tea to shove down their weight, Evangeline sits down to enjoy meals of:

Steak with potatoes, spaghetti, grits with plenty of butter—and that sort of thing.

Last year she sailed forth to the east for half a dozen "big time" tournaments and critics raved over her possibilities but lamented: "If she were only aavier and had the stamina that necessary weight gives the tennis player."

But at that her splendid showing won her the name, "The Slight Southerner." This year things will be different, the girl tennis luminary says, and she points to her pound-building training program as the reason. "I've gained 16 pounds already since last summer," she declared with a note of satisfaction.

Last year Evangeline went to the quarter-finals in the Southern, lost a match critics said she should have won, then made her assault on the eastern matches, and climaxed the season by competing in the national at Forest Hills.

Twice in eastern tournaments she lost to brilliant Mrs. Ethel Burkhardt Arnold, the young lady who turned pro after staging an amazing comeback in which she won the deciding match to take the Wightman cup for America.

SENIOR PLAY SET FOR APRIL 28TH

April 28 has been set as the date for the production of "The Nut Farm," a three-act comedy to be presented by the members of the senior class in the high school auditorium at 8:15 p. m.