

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

An unloaded gun exploded in the front seat and wounded the driver, who the police hint, was also "loaded."

The former Mayor of Portland, touted as a red-hot Democratic candidate for governor, announces he will not be a candidate for any office in 1936. However, there are hints, he wants to be coaxed, or as the politicians say, "drifted."

The Older Girls are all in fine fettle. They were delighted with the sunshine, and still disgusted with the flu, etc., etc., etc.

Seeley Hall, the big air exec. of San Francisco towed Tuesday briefly and busily.

BLICK CHICK TRICK

(Exchange)

"Some of the head scarves worn by high school girls at the Philharmonic concert Tuesday afternoon appeared, at first glance, to be muslin dish towels, hemmed and adorned with applique kitchen figures. A quick second look proved that's just what they were."

"OSTEOPATHY GETS FIRM TOE HOLD" — (Syracuse, Tex., News) — Both on the patient, and in the medical field.

A new race track, complete with grandstand, club house, stables, will open in the Portland area late in May 30. Due to the lack of building material, the city of Salem can't get enough lumber to provide suitable seating accommodations and space for the state high school basketball tournament.

A citizen showed up yesterday after five years absence, wishing he had the bungalow, he swapped for a trailer, to lead a gypsy life.

"Will the party who claims he found a pound of butter in the front seat of my car, please tell me where I got it, and receive reward?" — (Sage, Nev., Briefs) — He wants to spread it on some bread, he hasn't got.

THIS IS AMERICA!

(Oregon Voter)

"We are currently engaged in a bitter quarrel over the division of the products of industry. What point is there in such controversy when we need only to apply reasonable energy to the intelligent use of existing productive power to supply all the wants of all of us? The rest of the world looks on with amazement while we, with abundant wealth, fritter away our resources in senseless wrangling."

A Lockheed Constellation plane flew across the Atlantic, and landed in London, in 12 hours and nine minutes. From all reports of conditions in Europe there is no sense in getting there, that fast.

Herb Carlton, the Flourence Rock teller townied yesterday. He reports his two charming daughters have ceased taking music lessons. There interest in music always hit its peak, at dishwashing time.

Mrs. Edna Quail reports she was followed for three blocks on the edge of town by a rough-looking cat, who thought he was going to catch her. The incident occurred while she was going home from a "pot-luck" supper, with a group of Wyandotte hens.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8:30 a.m.—Too Late for Classified 12:15 p.m.

Editorial Correspondence

Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 2.—(Continued from Yesterday)—The difference between success and failure,—life and death in fact,—often rests entirely on Lady Luck.

On an unknown road, for example, one decides to take a right-hand instead of a left-hand turn. It isn't a matter of judgment at all, merely chance. Had one chosen the other way, destiny would have been completely different,—far better or far worse.

So when we decided to call it a night at El Centro and hunt up an all-night cafe instead of continuing our snail's pace eastward toward Arizona we made a very unfortunate decision. But there was no way of knowing that. In fact, to continue at 4 a. m. while it was still dark, across a deserted desert with a car that might fall to pieces any time or skid into the ditch, did not seem good sense. Far better to have something to eat,—food always helps any situation particularly when one is frozen and the food is hot,—get into a garage as soon as possible and have the "Bad Ship Sedan" fixed up,—then with King Richard himself again proceed toward Tucson,—"everything merry and bright."

Well, that is what we did. But again observe the door of fate swinging on such tiny hinges. If one man at the Buick Service garage had not decided to take his vacation and another had not been sick,—yes, they do have human as well as car ills in the California desert,—they would have tackled the job instead of sending us to Thomas Brothers—only a few blocks away and highly recommended. And in all likelihood the job would have been done right, instead of entirely wrong.

Well, anyway, that is what happened. After two hours and a half work the rear-end started to squeak unpleasantly but we ascribed that—with our usual mechanical genius,—to breaking in a new part. Instead of the squeak getting less, however, it got steadily worse, then the engine started to heat up and with a tough head-wind to buck it was hard keeping up to 50.

So there was "grandpappy" in the middle of Rudy Valentino's beautiful sheik desert, without a garage in sight—or in existence for that matter,—and nothing to do but turn back to El Centro or continue on to Yuma.

Needless to say we chose the latter course. (When we go motoring we seldom ask questions and never, unless we have lost our pants or pocketbook,—turn back.)

The only diversion on this section of the trip was reading the sign-boards along the way directing prospective elopers where to get married with the least delay and least expense. One "Gretna Green," we remember, boasted of being air-cooled, having lady attendants (like some of the more modern morticians!) and being in a position to perform the essentials in 10 minutes flat! Well, we concede this much: it would be better to get married in Yuma than to LIVE there!

But we will say this for this first-stop-in-Arizona-going-East,—they have a good Buick Service garage, and a young mechanic just in from Flint, Mich., who is a cracker-jack. He listened to the car for a few speeding moments—it then made so much noise that even the Yuma Indians along the sidewalks woke up—and declared the wrong-size stabilizer rod had been put in, and in another two-mile run the inner workings would have been all kaput.

How long would it take?

"Two or three hours—if we're lucky."

And it did take just that three hours. The El Centro job had to be torn out, of course, a longer rod put in which required welding, and with some tire adjustment we renewed our merry progress toward Tucson at 4 o'clock.

Why not break the voyage at some convenient place with the sun setting around 5:30 and 200 miles to traverse? Why not? Silly question in this section of the U. S. A. where—as yet not stated—illuminated "no vacancy" signs supply the only highway lights at night—and they do a good job of it.

So it was Tucson—where we had reserved a room in one of the large hotels nearly two months before—or BUST. We were, of course, late, due to unavoidable contingencies, but had kept the hotel management informed by wire all along the route, so anticipated no difficulties. In fact, our last message was filed at Yuma and explaining the behavior of the BSS, instructed them without fail to hold the room for our arrival, which would be late.

It was after 10 p. m. when we finally crept through the crowded streets of this cowboy metropolis. There we found something (incidentally) we have never found before in the hotel line,—a hotel with two entrances, both of them blocked by cars and taxis two and three deep! (Even in the Chicago "loop" or at Broadway and 44th hotel entrances are kept open for arriving guests!)

That should have been a warning, but it wasn't. So we pushed our weary way to the crowded reservation desk, gave the name and put out the editorial paw for a hearty handshake—(You know the breezy and highly publicized western hospitality!)—and key,—But no handshake and no key!

We were late, and there is a law that when a room reservation is not kept, to the minute, someone waiting in line gets it. If a car or a train, or a plane breaks down? If there is illness? No exceptions are made! "No!" It's OPA (the inevitable hotel alibi for everything!)

Oh, they may make exceptions in Boston or New York or in other points in the effete and corrupt East. But not in pure and righteous Arizona! They would get "Ye Editor" a place to rest his battered carcass for the night, but the next night it would be at best the "dormitory" on the roof or at worst—to be perfectly frank about it—"GET OUT!"

So there is the pay-off!

Your correspondent is in the "dormitory" on the roof with 15 other males ranging in age and girth from a couple of college boys from Salinas, Calif., to the grand old man of the Denver Stockyards who is known to all cowboys as "Mac."

And there is a little dog,—smooth coated cute little bitch!—the faithful guardian of a handsome cowboy from Flagstaff. The cowboy, who has the cot next to our's doesn't snore, but the dog DOES! And over 50 per cent of the inmates do also.

But here is where one of our favorite laws the "law of compensation" comes in. After that night in the car at El Centro, any sort of a bed, anywhere other than on top of the North Pole, a bed in which one can stretch out and relax—well, it isn't "Paradise on earth"—but believe you me brethren and sisters—"it MIGHT be worse!"—R. V. R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Lord grant that thou may inherit Your mother's beauty, grace and merit And your poor worthless daddy's spirit Without his failings. —Burns.

(The fervent hope and prayer of all prospective parents is, of course, that their offspring will inherit the best features of both father and mother along with a minimum of their failings. How about you? Do you thank your pappy or mammy for your virtues and which do you blame for our bad points? Also how about your children? Perhaps I shouldn't bring this up. It might start too much of a heated argument among some subscribers, particularly those of the younger married set.)

Passing By

Leon Fleisher, highly successful 17-year-old concert pianist. A San Franciscan. The town by the Golden Gate seems to be producing more musical than athletic prodigies these days. There hasn't been a champion boxer from San Francisco in a long time. And no great ball-player has come from there since Joe Di Maggio. This is a strange state of affairs when you consider that San Francisco has produced more champion boxers and major league ball-players than any other city of the country. . . . Margot Grahame, British actress. Her last appearance in a Hollywood produced film was when she ap-

peared with Vic McLaglen in "The Informer." Shortly after she married a millionaire who gave her \$400,000 as a wedding present. Believe Margot and her millionaire husband recently disagreed. However, another millionaire, George Jessel, is reported much interested in Miss Grahame.

Queries from clients: Q. What about Florida being a tough spot for dogs? A. Don't know about it. Never brought a dog there. However, it is said the colder the temperature the better the treatment of dogs. Eskimos are said to treat dogs better than any other people in the world. Q. Has "lie detector" evidence ever been admitted in a murder case. A. Not that I know of. In 1933 an attempt was made to introduce such evidence into a case in Wisconsin. In refusing to allow this the judge said: "Admission of the lie detector may easily result in the trial of the lie detector rather than the issue of the case."

Please Note It was Thackeray who said: "A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existence." Such a female is also usually the type of person referred to by Edward Everett Hale when he said: "Some people bear three troubles at one time. All they have had. All they have now, and all they expect to have." Henry Ford II seems to have hit the nail on the noggin in the following recent remark: "When you fix pieces you control every production operation. Nobody wants run-away inflation. . . . but if we continue to stifle America's ability to produce that is exactly where we are heading. Inflation goes out of scarcity."

Says She Describing herself as a "five-foot green-eyed amber blonde" a Milwaukee subscriber writes: "So the tall female is alluring and whispering about their inability to attract the serious attention of tall men. . . . y short men are our usual, gallant, sincere, successful, sympathetic, etc., etc. But the oversized female ignores all these qualities in a man. She is so self-centered all she can think of is that when walking or dancing with a short man her height will be accentuated. So disregard character, mutual interests and the things a girl should look for in a husband the lengthy female merely looks for a man who is taller than she. Nothing else matters. No wonder the percentage of divorces is much higher among tall women than it is with the petite type."

Sidelights Bostonian says her boy friend is "a respectable elf." What kind of a "wolf" is that? How many types of "wolves" are there? Will have our mules & m department investigate this situation. . . . It is a mistake for a woman to ever have her picture taken wearing a hat. It will be used against her in later years as a subject of jest. If you want a good laugh, to find a picture of your wife with a hat on made 20 or more years ago.

First Sacklers Hank Greenberg, the second ballplayer born in New York City, says he wants more money to play first base than he would ask for playing the outfield. He says the work of a first sacker is much more strenuous than that of an outfielder and might shorten his career. As a former guardian of the initial sack, Hank's claim interests me very much. A first base does have some very busy days. I see he's led 21 chances without error in a nine-inning game. However, that playing first base shortens a career is something on which I will have to check. Offhand I can not think of a first sacker who lasted over 20 years in the majors though there are several outfielders who did.

JUNK YARD TIRES ENDANGER LIVES

Washington, Feb. 5.—(U.P.)—The OPA today stepped up its nationwide drive against dealers in recapped junk yard tires that are "death traps" to motorists.

The OPA said the drive already had removed from the market millions of 15-cent tires recapped to sell for \$10.50. The tires were seized in carload lots. Some had casings so badly worn that blowouts were likely during the first 50 miles of driving, the agency said.

According to the present rate of demand, the 1936 production of oranges and grapefruit must be 75 per cent greater than the 1940 production.

CARD OF THANKS We wish to thank our friends for their sympathy and kindness during our recent bereavement. Mrs. D. M. Watt and family.

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 4:00 Saturday afternoon Please remember

Western Refrigeration Eng. Co. YORK DISTRIBUTORS Sales Service Phone 6171

Bomb Shell Reconversion



Marine Lt. Col. John F. Dobbin of Brighton, Mass., has turned a 500-pound practice bomb shell into a detachable baggage compartment on his Corsair fighter plane. The Leatherneck officer demonstrates the gadget on the flight deck of the USS Black Island, the escort carrier from which he led the first strike of a carrier-based Marine air group.

Unusual Accidents Cause Of Many Injuries in Past Year

Hartford, Conn.—Claim examiners of the Aetna Life Insurance Company report that 1935 was no exception in bringing the annual crop of unusual accidents.

In one case, a chicken almost ate a housewife. Shopping for dinner in a poultry store, the housewife fixed her eye on a particularly tasty-looking bird at just about the same time the bird fixed a beady eye on her as something good to eat, too. As the storekeeper lifted it from the coop, the bird escaped and so viciously attacked the woman that she had to have a doctor of her pecked and clawed leg.

Pencil In Chest In another case, a returned alumnus, who was a lover of football, decided to give the high school coach a hand with the team. "This is how to do it, boys," he called out as he dove at a tackling dummy, completely forgetting a metal pencil in his shirt pocket. Patching up the puncture in his chest was a job for the doctor, too.

Two other "here's how to do it" accidents were also reported. In the first, a man showing his eight-year-old daughter how to walk on stilts, slipped and severely injured his chest. In the second, an ice dealer showing a new employee how to handle large chunks of ice, dropped a sizable block on his own toes.

Hurt In Chair One woman was injured while she was doing nothing more strenuous than sitting in a chair, watching some young people jitterbug. Wilder and madder grew the whirlings and the spinning and hopping and the jouncing of the dance until one couple, completely carried away, tumbled into the woman's chair and sent her sprawling.

"Big game hunting" in the home proved hazardous, too. One housewife launched a mighty kick at a roach and fractured her foot; while another housewife, cursing a moth with zeal and zest, tumbled over a rug and broke her leg. A young lad, seeing a fly about to invade his mother's ear, hit her with a mighty cuff with a fly-swatter. She needed a doctor's care.

Good Salesmanship An insurance agent, bending every effort to make a sale, pointed out to a skeptical client that someone might fall on his premises and bring suit for damages. As he said this, the agent accidentally (he swears this) fell over an iron pipe and fractured two ribs. P. S.—The client bought the policies.

An enthusiastic horseman is just getting so that he can sit down again. It seems that he got off his horse to pick up something from the ground and tied the animal to a fence. As he bent over, the horse nipped him.

WEATHER Northern California—Mostly cloudy today with rain north coast this morning reaching central portion tonight and south portion Wednesday. Showers in north portion Wednesday. Warmer tonight.

KING'S CAFE

On Highway 99 at Talent

WILL BE CLOSED WEDNESDAY NITE

February 6 after 6 p. m.

In order that we may serve a banquet to the Oregon Beverage Association. We will be open Thursday as usual, serving delicious chicken and steak dinners.

Otto and Wave King, Owners

COME OUT AND SEE THE BEARS!

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO

Feb. 5, 1926

(It was Wednesday) Pekin, Ill., business given orders to close by strike order or business house windows will be broken.

State Liquor Control commission facing further shake-up.

County court withholds action on transient ban.

Continued rain and cold. High 39, low 30.

Nazi leader assassinated in Switzerland.

Six state Supreme court justices here for bar meeting.

Twenty-one cars of local pears going to England and France.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Feb. 5, 1906

(It was Friday)

Washout in Cow Creek Canyon delays Espee passenger trains.

Jackson county leads state in dry law convictions.

Sale of four rum running autos is ordered by sheriff.

State to arrest all auto license slackers.

Unsettled with rain. High 61, low 35. Inch of rain falls at Talent station.

Three men jailed and fined for too much liquid hilarity.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

Feb. 5, 1912

(It was Monday)

American troops mobilized on border for Mexican invasion if necessary.

New Carnegie public library to be opened to public Thursday.

New dining room at Holland hotel opens.

Medford to stage county fair next fall.

THREE-TIME LOSER

KILLED RESISTING

Reno, Nev., Feb. 5.—(U.P.)—William Schwickard, 34, described by police as a "three-time loser," was shot and killed at 4 a. m. yesterday while resisting arrest, police reported today.

Schwickard was shot through the head, police reported, by Patrolman A. L. Florine. When Florine and another officer sought to question Schwickard in connection with a Reno burglary, the ex-convict fired two shots with a revolver hidden in his pocket and two more as he tried to flee.

THE GRANGE

Phoenix Grange

Regular semi-monthly meeting of Phoenix Grange will be held Tuesday, Feb. 12. Work in third and fourth degrees will be given by the newly organized team. Masters of other Granges are invited to bring candidates for third and fourth degrees.

Phoenix Grange is sponsoring a steak dinner Sunday, Feb. 10, from 2 to 4 p. m. Tickets are now on sale.

Roxy Ann Grange

Roxy Ann Grange met in regular session with a large number of members present. The deplorable condition of roads in the Roxy Ann district was discussed and a committee of five members appointed to act for the Grange in seeing what can be done to improve this condition.

Sister Sarah Tolle from Grif-

fen Creek was a welcome visitor and furnished piano accompaniment for a Valentine program in song and tableau.

Members were glad to hear that Brother John Dunlap, confined to St. Vincent's hospital in Portland, is progressing nicely. Another round robin letter was written him.

Refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Likman and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Offard at tables gaily decorated in Valentine motif.

COLD STORAGE LOCKERS

PLAN FOR ROGUE RIVER

Rogue River, Feb. 2.—Building of a 500-locker capacity cold storage plant is contemplated here by Teed Cardin, owner of a local general store. Construction of the tile brick building on Main street next to his store is slated to start in about two months, Cardin stated. He plans to install all steel lockers and will have a smokehouse in conjunction with the plant.

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Main & Grape Ph. 5978

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To Relieve Coughs—Aching Muscles.

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Musterole instantly starts to relieve coughs, sore throat and aching muscles of colds. It actually helps break up painful local congestion. Makes breathing easier. Great for grown-ups, too!

MUSTEROLE

Sister Sarah Tolle from Grif-

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Do It Now!

Do it NOW—there's no other service operation that pays such big returns for so little cost. In fact, it often pays for itself in the savings it effects.

Tune Up Regularly for—

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- FUEL SAVINGS
- MORE POWER
- SMOOTH RUNNING

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