

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Willamette valley points have started building municipal power plants with government money, and the wind of candidates for governor, a politically managed power plant, and the current deluged tax lists, would make a winning combination.

Forsooth, the confounded power trust is about the only agency left that pays its taxes, without giving the sheriff an arduous pursuit. In 1930, Jackson, Klamath and Douglas counties traded off at least \$5,000,000 worth of construction work for "electricity without cost to the taxpayer." In the light of events, it was a very bum swap.

The junior element poked off to school yesterday am. in new bib and tucker, with their faces shining like a 4d headlight, on a dark and stormy night.

10 yrs. ago this week Dock J. Madison Keene was kicked by a horse, 18 yrs. ago a horse ran away and broke his arm, when a boy a horse stepped on his foot, and Monday, after recalling the incidents the victim declared, "the country would be better off if the horse was still taking it places." After all that has happened, admiration for the horse is still strong.

LEARNED ABOUT PIONEER GALS (Pendleton East Oregonian)
We saw a man going along the street yesterday, accompanied by his wife, who was carrying a satchel, handbag and umbrella, while he, the lady brute, was packing his hands empty.

Our friend Albert took a ride Wednesday and as his fair companion's hat blew off, he politely descended from the vehicle to recover it but was very much angered when he saw another fellow get in the buggy and drive off. Albert says, "So help me, Moses, I will keep the hat." (50 Yrs. Ago col.)

Sunday was a day of rest. As the result of unheralded and unexpected cautious driving by autolists, and all the drunks—juveniles and adults—staying in the house, it is not a day of rest from now on, for anybody.

The Puyallup, Wash., lady who hid \$6000 under her house, where some boys found it, and spent all they could of it, now reports that \$27,000 is missing. This information will go forth silent by sympathetic O. yeah! from Me. to Cal. She had a system all her own, with secret wires, for the protection of her money, but it was not near as effective as the steel door in the back end of a bank. Some around here still retain their great faith in the dirt floor of a henhouse.

"The fool deer season opens next Wednesday"—(Sage Gleanings.) You mean the fool and deer season opens next Wednesday.

The Old Timers baseball game has been called off, because somebody told the Humane Society.

Leaves of the young maple trees are now the sticky yellowish blonde color of Fitch Fish's devilish dog-dod muck. The former will brighten, fall, and succumb to the wind and the frost, but no such luck for the latter.

Fall hats for the Galsheviks are now plentiful, and it is wonderful the number of titles and angles a hat can be twisted into, and still be worn. They are worn every place on the head but on top of the head. Some of the modes hide the eye, ear, or nose. If the mode is worn over the right eye, the knot of the hair is moored on the left ear, or vice versa. This produces "a contrast" and how! Between the hat and the hair, the girl is clever, smart, piquant, 1933ish, and several other things it would not be wise to mention at this time. Those with ostrich feathers sticking out in unexpected places, are the most stylishly flabbergasting. Believe it or not, they are supposed to give the fair wearer "lunaticism."

And all the hats "are created in the spirit of the New Deal." There should be another shuffle, followed by an "Eat Your Hat Week."

Many Thanks!

THE Mail Tribune wishes to take this opportunity to thank the people of Medford and Southern Oregon for their generous response to the annual Bargain Day just closed. We know how discouraging conditions are, how scarce money is—we realize how a \$5 bill today, represents more than a \$20 bill did five or six years ago. We also know that handing over five dollars at this particular time, represented in some instances a genuine sacrifice.

Yet the bargain day just closed was a signal success, and considering the prevailing conditions, the generous response, was nothing short of phenomenal. The Mail Tribune is deeply appreciative, and assures its increased list of subscribers, that during the coming year, it will do everything in its power to continue the improvement of its product, and merit the loyal support and confidence, which this bargain day response, has so strongly evidenced.

It Had to Be Done

A GROUP of fruit executives here, and have been, working night and day, without compensation, to bring order out of chaos in the pear industry. They have sacrificed their private affairs for the good of the industry as a whole, and for this they deserve the gratitude of the entire community.

The plan adopted provides for radical reduction in tonnage,—the elimination of all but the finest quality of fruit,—the only fruit that under market conditions which prevail this year, can be sold at a profit.

Naturally such a plan calls for sacrifices on the part of the individual grower,—particularly the grower, whose fruit, or a large part of it, can't meet the new requirements.

But such sacrifices must be made for the good of the industry as a whole. After all it is better to sell a small crop at a PROFIT, than a large crop at a LOSS—better throw pears on the dump heap than pay freight on them and merely ADD TO RED INK.

This procedure had to be adopted this year. It's tough, but it is one of those things that had to be done.

INSTEAD of being criticized for this action, the local fruit executives should be highly praised. They are getting nothing out of it for themselves,—nothing but grief and a lot of hard work. They are doing the only thing that can be done, to prevent a repetition of the 1932 disaster in 1933.

And with any luck at all they will succeed. Not in making 1933 what could be called a prosperous year for the fruit industry as a whole—such an outcome simply isn't in the cards,—but in assuring a decent profit for fruit of the highest grade, and reducing the gross losses to a minimum.

It Must Be Done

THE present fruit season has again demonstrated the necessity of maintaining the highest standards of the pear pack. Through a period of years, only the highest quality pays.

To secure high quality, pests must be controlled; blight can't be allowed to spread.

Toward this end, every fruit grower owes a responsibility to the industry as a whole,—for one orchard improperly cared for, may ruin properties adjoining, in spite of all, owners of the latter may do.

There is a state law to prevent such a situation. If an owner neglects to take care of his property, and thus endangers other properties, the infected place can be cleaned up by the proper authorities and the costs assessed to the property responsible.

THIS law should be STRICTLY ENFORCED, particularly during the coming year. The fruit industry is not all we have, but it is the most important thing we have. If it should fail, the community in which we live would fail.

Orchards which are sources of infection, breeding places for destructive pests, must be cleaned up,—if not by the owner then by the county. The time to start on this clean-up is now. For if it is not started now, the local fruit industry next year, will suffer a blow from which it will take years to recover.

An ounce of prevention is not only worth a pound of cure. A campaign of prevention, is absolutely imperative to save the fruit industry!

By-Products Again

YESTERDAY we called attention in this column to the need of a fruit by-product plant in the valley, — a practical method of utilizing the large pear tonnage, which, under present conditions is going to waste.

We are glad to learn that Oregon State college has been conducting extensive research along these lines. College experts, believe that pear sugar, of great value to diabetics, pear brandy, and pear alcohol, can be manufactured commercially, and profitably, with an initial investment of approximately \$50,000.

This would certainly be a small sum to pay, for perpetual insurance against monetary loss in the pear industry.

The Mail Tribune has requested details from Corvallis, and hopes to have them ready for publication before the end of this week. If further developments prove the feasibility of such a project, we can think of no single venture that would better repay the careful study and financial support, of everyone in this community.

NEW RECORD SET IN TWO-HOUR MARATHON

GLASGOW, Scotland, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Ernest Harper of the Hallamshire Harriers today ran 20 miles, 1604 yards and 2 1/4 feet in two hours to claim a world record for the time.

Officials said the best previous mark for two hours was 20 miles, 1180 yards, made by Ronomen at Toronto in July.

The latest world record for a two-hour run is 20 miles, 992 yards, by H. Green of Great Britain, at London, May 13, 1913.

SANDLOT FOOTBALL TAKES FIRST VICTIM

PITTSBURGH, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Robert D. Fuden, 19-year-old sandlot football player, is the first gridiron fatality of the season in the Pittsburgh district.

The coroner's office reported the youth died in a hospital from shock that developed from a fractured vertebra. He was injured in a scrimmage pileup.

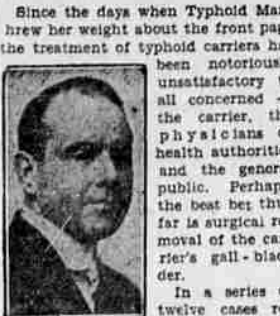
Real estate or insurance—leave it to Jones. Phone 544.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

signed letters pertaining to personal ailments 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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

THE CURE OF TYPHOID CARRIERS.



Since the days when Typhoid Mary hrew her weight about the front page the treatment of typhoid carriers has been notoriously unsatisfactory to all concerned—the carrier, the physicians or health authorities and the general public. Perhaps the best bet thus far is surgical removal of the carrier's gall-bladder.

In a series of twelve cases reported by Drs. George H. Bigelow and Gaylord W. Anderson this operation has apparently cured the carrier condition. At least regular monthly examinations made for a year after operation have revealed no typhoid bacilli. Such a test seems a fair one. A typhoid carrier could scarcely get by twelve such bacteriological examinations if he were eliminating typhoid bacilli.

The cost of the operation, these physicians maintain, is a justifiable public health expenditure, and why not, since it is far cheaper than the attempt to keep a typhoid carrier under the surveillance of the health department through an indefinite term of years.

In all twelve cases gallstones were found present, and in the few cases where the patients had any symptoms from the gallstones the symptoms disappeared after the operation.

Everybody knows that an individual who is a typhoid carrier (whether he or she knows it or not) may be the source of infection in one outbreak after another of mysterious typhoid in the course of years, especially if the carrier handles or serves food to persons who have not been immunized against typhoid.

These carriers (especially the innocent or undetected carriers) are quite likely to travel to summer resorts to take places as cooks, waiters, etc., for a season and to be beside the person who sojourns at such resort without having bothered to be immunized by his physician.

Gallstones in a considerable share of cases are caused by typhoid fever—the stones forming upon a nidus or clump of typhoid bacilli in the gall-bladder or the bile ducts.

A farmer who had had typhoid fever 30 years ago and was a typhoid carrier had been selling home-made butter in a city for years. Numerous cases of typhoid had occurred in the city, but none could be traced to him. Only one case was definitely traced to him. When he was operated on, there were no more cases of typhoid in the community where he sold his butter.

Don't let the menace of the typhoid carrier pass you by. Just have your physician immunize you, and no such misfortune can befall you.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Call a Physician.

Kindly give me the materials and amounts of each to use for treatment of round worms in children and in adults.—M. F. F.

Answer—A lot of wire, rubber, fibre, etc.—fashion into a telephone and call a doctor.

Removal of Hair.

I have heard that destroying the hair on the legs and body would allow the pores to close up and prevent them from breathing, thus causing ill health. Is there any truth in this?—D. A. T.

Answer—There are no pores in the skin to breathe through, so there is no truth in the notion. The only openings in the skin through which anything passes are the orifices of the sweat and sebaceous ducts, and these serve only for excretion of water and salt and sebum (skin oil). The worst that can happen from closing up these openings over a limited area of skin would be local irritation of the skin from accumulations in the sweat or oil ducts.

Lightweight versus Heavyweight.

A friend who promotes boxing insists that lightweight boxers mature earlier than heavyweights, arriving at their best around 23 years of age, whereas the big fellows reach their top at 27 to 30. Is there physiological reason for this?—M. H. J.

Answer—I know of none.

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Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M.D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Sept. 19.—Likely many postized those white-washed lawn stones that curline New England greenways.

Best kept front yards in the world are here. A mid-housekeeping as an art attains its zenith. Every window is an immaculate fluster of lace curtains. Every porch a dell.

I was interested from whence I received as a mid-west telegraph editor, fabulous versions of cows that gave older and bullfrogs that croaked high tenor. It is malnourished, with plenty of accomplished whittlers and rockers. A fine hive for ridiculous yarns.

I never thought of tobacco fields in Connecticut, but acres of them gray the valleys with their protective covering of cheesecloth. Also huge warehouses, precisely latticed and raked with tobacco. No scrubby hillside patches here, featuring a lean-to, sick cow and sour well. Mother earth is generous.

Indeed, farms suggest scenes from picture books, rolling, plump with orchards and capacious red barns. I often wonder if folks here, the cloying aroma of a barnyard. The mean squelch of allies is nowhere seen. Lazy rivers, gurgling brooks and wind run clean.

Most cities on the brink of becoming a metropolis suggest the bewildered novice suddenly thrust in stellar role. Springfield is exception—a bustling manufacturing center. One appeals plant was blazing after midnight. No one seemed loafing and I warned to the mind-your-own-business air.

floorboards creak with the dignity of 148 years. The dinner, with enormous list of savory New England dishes, was 55 cents. The waitress, buxom, middle-aged, crossed the floor gingerly on tip-toe. Framed on the wall, George Washington's call for troops, ending in the forlorn bravura: "God Save the United States!"

An enticingly clear night and sky powdered with stars. After dinner a drive up the winding roads of Mt. Tom. In one clearing we permitted city bred dogs to indulge a freedom they seldom enjoy—running at large unleashed. In Kasper Hasterich's yard, they displayed no interest in woodland things, merely hanging about our heels. But frisked and barked happily returning to the car.

Across the hotel court at a window rocker sat a white-haired lady. I smiled and bowed, and she waved blue-fingered hand, reminiscent of many grandmothers whose last days' vision narrows to small horizons. My wife sent a bouquet she gathered along the roadside. When we departed she displayed it in a vase on the sill. It is difficult to interpolate into such apparent trivia the significance it deserves.

I was especially interested in Southbridge, Mass., a sprightly city along the way. From here my syndicated wires are sent in proof sheets to newspapers. The printers is part of the Southbridge News, a lively daily owned and edited by my syndicate chief, V. V. McNitt. Few newspaper structures offer simple dignity. Of red brick, perched back on a peaceful knoll, its facade is graced by snow-white colonial pillars. There was an attractive maid typewriting at a window, at whom I shouted: "I'm one of your hands!"

But I did not check in. Anything that even suggests my job has of a sudden become abhorrent. I've become a food and sleep man. (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

JACKSON THROWS OLD HENRY JONES
PORTLAND, Sept. 18.—(AP)—Taking two falls out of three, Bulldog Jackson of Klamath Falls won the main event of last night's wrestling program here from Henry Jones of Provo, Utah. Jackson weighed 158 and Jones 151.

The Klamath Falls grappler won the first fall in 15 minutes with a hammerlock. Jones took the second in 11 minutes with a series of wristlocks, only to lose the match in six minutes when Jackson successfully applied a body slam.

BALLOONISTS RESCUED FROM WILDS

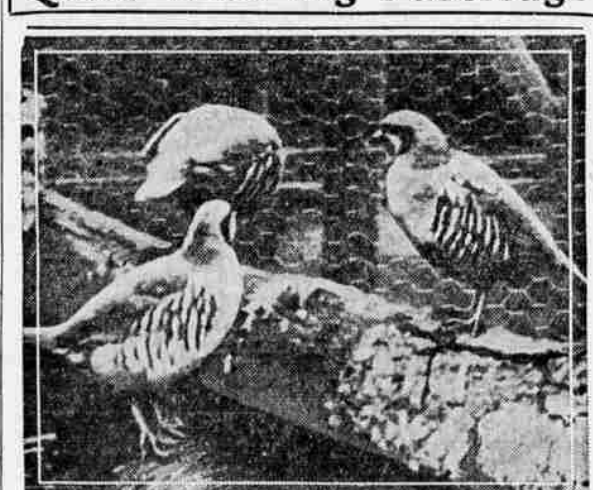


Still wearing the beards they grew while tramping their way out of Canadian wilds, Ward T. Van Orman (lower right) and his aide, Frank Trotter (upper right) are shown after their rescue near Sudbury, Ontario, where they were lost several days after the landing of their balloon in the James Gordon Bennett cup race. Van Orman is shaking hands with James Barrett, power company line walker who found the pair. Trotter is being congratulated by W. E. Mason, manager of a hydro-electric plant near Sudbury. (Associated Press Photos from Toronto Star)



Still wearing the beards they grew while tramping their way out of Canadian wilds, Ward T. Van Orman (lower right) and his aide, Frank Trotter (upper right) are shown after their rescue near Sudbury, Ontario, where they were lost several days after the landing of their balloon in the James Gordon Bennett cup race. Van Orman is shaking hands with James Barrett, power company line walker who found the pair. Trotter is being congratulated by W. E. Mason, manager of a hydro-electric plant near Sudbury. (Associated Press Photos from Toronto Star)

Western States Replacing Quail With Big Partridge



Above are specimens of the heavy, but speedy, Chukar partridge, which game officials in western states predict will supplant the quail in the affections of American hunters. It thrives at any altitude and weighs about three times more than the average quail.

YOUNTVILLE, Cal.—(AP)—A game bird possessed of the qualities that may eventually make the eastern sportsman forget his Bob White and wear away the California's affections for the Valley quail is now being bred extensively in four or five western states. It is the Chukar partridge, a native of India.

One of its chief sponsors in America is August Bode, chief of the California bureau of game protection. Bode is cautious in predicting the displacement of either the Bob White or the Valley strains of quail, for sentiment is strong among the scarlet jacketed fraternity and affection for both these species have been a heritage of many generations of hunters.

Faster Than Quail. Still, Bode declares, there is no reason other than sentiment why the Chukar partridge shouldn't eventually win first place in the sportsman's esteem throughout the nation.

English sportsmen are better acquainted with the Chukar partridge than are American, he says, and it has made more friends here, but the number of states which have added it to their list, following California's lead, appear to preface a steady growth of favor for it in this country.

With more than 700 rearing pens and an incubator capacity of 16,000 eggs, the Yountville game farm, one of two operated by the state, is equipped to propagate almost every kind of game that can be raised in America, from Golden Pheasants to African Sand Grouse.

A single incubator holds 8,000 pheasant or 12,000 quail eggs, and the farm owns game hens that produce 80,000 eggs a year. It pioneered electrical incubation and brooding.

APOLLO PIANO STUDIO—Class lessons for beginners 25c. Right location, 125 N. Holly.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 19, 1923.
(It was Wednesday.)

Prink G. Callison, coach of the high school, is expected to arrive this week to start the football drill for the year.

Five mill levy is asked for the water board.

Chief of police announces arrests will be made of citizens who leave their autos parked in the street all night.

Mann's will hold a formal opening of their ready-to-wear department on the second floor of their store.

Congressman Hawley to speak at Pioneer reunion at Astland.

Auto dealers to hold an auto show at the fairgrounds.

Three stranded tourist families given aid by the Red Cross.

Community resident for school teachers held at Phoenix.

Three indicted for possession of a gallon of liquor.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 19, 1913.
(It was Friday.)

Supporters of C. E. Gates to call a mass meeting to urge his appointment as mayor.

Motorcycle speeding on Main street is condemned by the chief of police. The editor of the Mail Tribune "Condemnation is fol-de-rol. Stop it."

City given high praise by tourists in home paper, after visit to valley.

Six hundred sixty-five autos visit Crater Lake past summer.

County leases granite quarry at Gold Hill.

Vancouver Barracks troops ordered to Mexican border "Sleepy Savants" of this city may get similar orders.

W. C. T. U. adopts resolution denouncing "ragging" on the streets.

Communications

A "Leader" Speaks Up.

To the Editor:
In answer to your call for a "leader," as printed in the Oregon Statesman of September 16, 1933, I wish to make the statement I intended to make for governor this coming election, on the Democratic ticket.

There are many who aspire to fill the governor's chair—"politicians," I am told. I am of the people. It remains to be seen, do the people wish a governor for them, or for money-grabbers?

I am of the people, for the people, and must be elected by the people. I am not running for the honor of the office. I am connected in no way with any political group. If I am elected to the office I will go with no obligation nor promise to fulfill.

But I do promise the people a safe, sane and sensible administration. Forty-eight hours after taking the office, the cost of operating the state of Oregon will be reduced 50 per cent or more. Every man in the state who wants work will be given an opportunity at a living wage. It will be my aim to have our now many vacant farms rehabilitated.

In running for office, I will spend no money, nor in any way will I buy my way in. Neither will I fill the state offices with the "Old Guards." Let us be just once, a government for the people, by the people.
C. W. CADY.

Nearly 1,200,000 farms in this country have been growing approximately 940,000,000 bushels of wheat a year says the department of agriculture.

Many schools in eastern Kansas have laid plans to burn wood this winter, buying stove wood up by the unemployed.

Notice.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County.
In the Matter of the Estate of Susan E. Whitten, also known as Susan Elizabeth Whitten, also known as S. E. Whitten, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his Final Account and Report in the above entitled matter, and the above entitled Court has fixed October 20th, 1933, at 10 o'clock a. m. in the County Court Room in the Court House in Medford, Jackson County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account, and for the settlement thereof.

HARRY C. SKYEMAN, Administrator.

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Shipping another car, Wool and Mohair, to Boston market. Special prices paid.
We also could pay you a good price for lambs' wool.

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Phone 1062. 37 N. Grape