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Ye Smudge Pot

It's pronounced Nah-zees, but for the sake of descriptive accuracy, the proposed formation of Oregon Nazis could be called Dazk. Imagine a lot of high-strung Oregonians running around with Hitler mustaches, and hearts full of hate for Hebrews.

Sen. McNary has apparently cooked his own political goose, by laboring mightily to secure a \$31,000,000 appropriation for the Bonneville dam across the Columbia. One Robert N. Stanfield, when senator, secured a huge shower of federal gold for western Oregon counties, under the O-C land grant tax refund.

It is the Indian summer, and a fine batch of weather is on tap, with velvet purple nights and a moon that understands its business. The trees are gorgeously rouged with marvelous tints of yellow, scarlet, orange and wine red.

A GENT SHOULD DUCK (Love Agony Col.)
Dear Miss Gerty:
I am a girl of 24, and have been keeping company with a young man, who my parents think well of.

The word "depreciation" showed up again yesterday. This is what happens to an auto if driven a block by a purchaser, but can be driven all summer by an auto salesman without the slightest depreciation.

Thomas Farlow, the Lake creek cow man towned Tues. wearing his 9-gal. hat, which is lined like the inside of a coffin.

Mr. Jerome, the Grand Chairman of the Diamond Jubilee, reports that his initial handle is EDSON—not Edison, as erroneously noted in this col. on the 2nd. Well, Ed, it is with pleasure the correction is made.

J. Frank Wortman of Phoenix, is scouting around in a 1933 auto, and freely confesses the purchase. As a Democrat of the old school, he will probably run over the first Republican pedestrian he encounters.

"The bride and groom are friends" (Society column observation in the esteemed Skiyou News). And, not a known enemy of either attended the wedding.

It's a tough life the farmers lead. When not being goaded by a bull—political or real—gypsy women rob them. The latter said event occurred to a Marion county farmer last Saturday, and he is reported by the Salem press to have "chuckled joyfully" afterwards. He might have "chuckled joyfully" in town, but when he got home knocked down nine cows with one heave of a milk stool.

The Chinese pheasant season opens October 16. The season of the year has arrived when Chinese pheasants fly into auto windshields and are killed, an autopsy revealing they are full of birdshot.

The Dollar Must Be Stabilized

YOU can talk about inflation, credit expansion, economic planning, free silver and greenbacks until you are blue—and green—in the face but there is only ONE thing that can restore prosperity in this country, or anywhere else, and this is public CONFIDENCE.

As was clearly stated in the article on inflation from the Kansas City Star, printed on this page yesterday (which we hope everyone interested in the problem read). "You can not make up for velocity by volume." Which is only another way of saying "You can't raise yourself by your bootstraps."

Printing more money won't do it. For it isn't the amount of money that counts, it is the way that money is used—the monetary velocity—the activity in trade.

Extending credit won't do it. For extending credit is one thing, using it is quite another. The banks may be full of money and eager to loan, but if there is no confidence in the future, no conviction that money invested will bring a safe return—that credit will not be used. It is not the amount of credit, possible, it is the amount of credit USED, that counts.

THAT is why some stabilization of the dollar is so important. Until it IS stabilized, until its constant fluctuation stops, no business man can know where he is at, for he has no way of knowing what the money he invests TODAY is going to be worth TOMORROW. As a result he hesitates to do anything—he merely buys from hand to mouth, waiting for something to happen, that will clear up the situation. In other words there is uncertainty, there is lack of confidence.

THAT is the situation now. That is why stocks are lower, why the trade index has declined, why the mid-summer recovery has slackened. And that is why in the near future, probably before the end of the present month, something definite about the stabilization of the dollar will be done.

It may be a 60-cent dollar,—it may be less, it might be more,—but it will be something definite, something business can BANK upon.

That action alone will not restore confidence. But it will provide the NECESSARY starting point, without which a return of public confidence is IMPOSSIBLE. Then the NRA, credit expansion, public works and all the other methods of resuscitation, will have solid ground beneath them, and the entire recovery program will be in a position to go full steam ahead, toward the achievement of its goal—which is to restore public confidence in this country and its future.

A Button Prevents War

THE attempted assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria failed. Had it succeeded it might have been almost as tragic in its consequences as the assassination of the Austrian crown prince nearly 20 years ago.

For what was true then is true now. The war powder-magazine, awaiting only a spark, to bring the explosion, is in South Central Europe, not far from what was once the proud empire of Austria-Hungary.

This perky little "French bulldog" is all that stands between what is left of his fatherland and Fascism. Fascism would mean, Nazi domination under Hitler,—a union between Vienna and Berlin,—which France and her Little Entente, would never sanction.

IN such an outcome, Mussolini would be between the devil and the deep blue sea. He would hesitate to join with Hitler, against the allies, and yet his real enemy, and the obstacle to his imperialistic dreams, is France. Joining with Hitler would mean another European war, not joining with him would mean a crushing diplomatic defeat. Upon his choice would probably rest the fate of another European conflagration.

The failure of the assassination will probably result in not only delaying the crisis, but in making Dollfuss a stronger power in south central Europe than ever before. It will solidify the nationalistic forces behind him, and scatter the forces working underground for his overthrow.

It will hardly change the gravity of the essential situation however. A metal button on the chancellor's vest may not deflect the next bullet. If not, then the fat will be in the fire.

Are We Going Fascist?

WE are interested to learn from the Oregonian that no less an authority than Everett Dean Martin, director of the Cooper Union Forum of New York, agrees with the Mail Tribune, regarding U. S. Fascism,—at least in part.

If Dr. Martin is correctly quoted he predicts Fascism in this country within five years. Before the evoking of the New Deal, he gave this country 50 years—quite a difference.

This paper did not predict Fascism or industrial dictatorship, in any given time. But we did predict that if the New Deal SHOULD fail, this country would go the way of Italy, not Russia,—go with the khaki, not the red shirts.

This is Dr. Martin's idea. Only he appears to believe that the New Deal will fail—or if it doesn't fail, its momentum will eventually lead, from a planned economy to an economic dictatorship.

He may be right. He is certainly in a position to know more about it than the average country editor.

NEVERTHELESS we stick to our former assumption,—that the New Deal, assisted by natural forces of business recovery, will in due time relieve the industrial and economic tension, to allow a return to political normalcy. And if it does,—all this talk about Fascism, Nazism, Bolshevism and all the other "isms" will vanish like dew before the summer sun.

It will be sudden,—just like that! As nations go, the United States is very young, and has the resiliency of youth. A young man is very ill one day, and playing baseball the next. That is the way with Uncle. Once let the wheels of business start in earnest again, and Uncle Sam will look back upon the realities of the depression, as the morbid fancies of a bad and very strange dream.

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK OCT. 8-14 SAYS MEIER
SALEM, Oct. 4.—(AP)—Governor Julius L. Meier today issued a proclamation setting aside October 8 to 14 as fire prevention week. He urged local officials and community organizations to "unite upon specific programs of cooperation" in fire prevention.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not to diagnosis of treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope. 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 INCIDENT OF NOUVEAU DESUETUDE.



Ah, ah, children. Mustn't skip this. Some day you are going to graduate from the primary department, so you should get into the habit of checking the spelling, pronunciation and meaning of unfamiliar words by referring to a good dictionary. What, no authoritative, first class, up to date unabridged dictionary in your home? Oh, well, turn back to the comic strips. Maybe they are adapted to your intellectual capacity.

Recently I enjoyed an hour of conversation with a college professor. It was embarrassing the number of subjects on which the man confessed ignorance—yet in the course of the hour I learned many things it would have taken a lot of study and reading to learn otherwise. Ignorance in the case of a person who wishes to learn is well, aren't we all pretty ignorant of many things? But ignorance in one who does not care to learn is a repulsive thing. So I say a good standard dictionary, a real dictionary and not some tawdry premium or bargain book, deserves a place in every home. Members of the household may have many delightful discussions of the origin, meaning, spelling or pronunciation of words, with the dictionary to settle all bets. In such family quarrels every participant gains something.

Just as there are many ignorant folk who seem to have no desire to learn, so there are many invalids or cripples who have no desire for rehabilitation. I refer particularly to those who are more or less disabled or crippled by neglected or unessential adhesions or by neglected pressure or weakening of muscles from unduly prolonged wearing of braces, splints, props, supporters, or from ill advised use of such orthopedic appliances.

Not only frankly ignorant people, but also wiseacres quite commonly achieve noxious desuetude by deliberately subjecting themselves to these risks, if I may so characterize them, without benefit of medicine. Trouble with the wiseacre's conception of the doctoring art is that it is half a century behind the times. A lady suffered a fracture in an automobile accident. After a sufficient length of time in splints the fracture or break was "fixed" or united with callus and the physician directed that supports be left off longer and longer day by day, and that the patient use the injured member in certain exercises increased day by day. But at this juncture her wiseacre husband, versed in what was perhaps standard practice 50 years ago, not only failed to encourage the lady to follow the doctor's instructions, but actually discouraged her from doing so, as he, Mr. Wiseacre, did not feel the injured member was "strong enough" for the use the doctor had prescribed. Unfortunately the doctor was one of weak personality or character and he permitted Mr. Wiseacre to get away with it. The inevitable consequence is that Mrs. Wiseacre is disgracefully crippled from an injury which should have left no permanent disability. She is crippled by adhesions which proper exercise, as the doctor prescribed, would have prevented, and from paralysis or weakening of muscles which would have regained their normal strength and resiliency with early use of the injured member.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Dew of Sahara.
I'd like to tell your correspondent J. T. O. that I have found (an expensive proprietary cosmetic), applied after a bath, a relief for that intolerable dry itching. . . . Mrs. W. A. S.

Answer—Thank you, but we cannot recommend proprietary products. The following recipe has been used by many sufferers from itching dry skin with grateful effect:
Tragacanth powder . . . 1 dram
Phenol . . . 5 drops
Glycerin . . . 5 drops
Oil of bergamot . . . 5 drops
Olive oil . . . 4 ounces
Water enough to make one pint of lotion.

Directions: Shake into an emulsion and apply a very little to skin after bath, or once a day whether you bathe or not.
Mental Examination.
Husband cries, says something tells him something is going to happen to him or me, refuses to see doctor, says just "worry driving him crazy, thinks everybody says things to hurt him and that people blame him because a neighbor died of T. B. . . . Mrs. O. M. W.

Answer—Ask your physician to come to the house to see you, and let him observe and talk with your husband while there. Or ask the judge of any court of record (county court or higher) to name a commission of physical state and advise about his treatment.

Black and Blue.
Subject to black and blue spots all over my body from trifling or no apparent cause.—Miss C. V. S.
Answer—Do no harm to take a course of calcium lactate or calcium gluconate, say 10 grains twice daily after food for six or eight weeks. (Copyright, 1933, John F. Dille Co.)

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.

shepherd's crook. Raymond Hitchcock, just as plays were once "tried out on the dog" here, gave The Boardwalk a preview of his pearl derby.

But the city is not all display window. Back of its planked promenade are thousands of visitors in less ornate, widely verandahed frame inns who, like New Yorkers newly beholding Broadway, do not see the boardwalk. They have been coming for years to rest, sprawl on the beach and retire early in an atmosphere noted for sound slumber. To them the piers, jam bands, circuses and the like are so much Coney.

We rolled up to a alibouette snipper's hole in the wall for some of his scorching masterpieces. He was a double for Eddie Cantor, shot button eyes and all. Deftly he beared our profiles in black—three for a quarter. Mine was especially pleasing, not because of resemblance, but because so flattering. It suggested a Leydenegger collar boy just about to sway on his polo pony.

No nor I resist the mind-readers. No matter the trickery, it's baffling. I set down initials only on a pad that never left my hands. The Egyptian lady, with a Harlem accent, slid into a pseudo trance and spoke my name in far away mumble. She told things quite true as well as many utterly ridiculous. We wheeled on to another—this time a Rajah in turban. I initiated Q. E. M. on the pad. He said: "I'm sorry. Those are not your initials." I felt rather gunnush.

From a hotel window, I watched peambulating boardwalk repair men, who with hammer, saw and nail's scout for worn grooves and rotting plank ends, filling them out quicker than a cat's wink. Then the seedy fellows with shoulder bags and spiked sticks who keep the walk free of paper, discarded cigar and cigarette butts. Despite the scattering winds, they rarely miss. But I wondered what whirligig of fate twirled them to such tag ends of life.

Dining at Reuben's—the most popular spot—we came upon Janet Livingston with whom we both went to school in an Ohio town. We were in our teens when last we met. Yet, exchanging glances, all were vaguely conscious of acquaintance. Then recognition, as it so often does, came in a collective flash. I used to acquire Janet to Miss Jenny Myers' Friday night dances in Aleshire hall, where terpachorially I was somewhat a wonder-boy. So we repaired to the Million Dollar Steel Pier, jutting far to sea, and again we showed 'em a step or two, hot zigzag!

Tonight a screaming noisemaker blew up, howling Yankee Doodle around the cornices. I opened the door to a bellboy's rap and he skimmed in as though on roller skates. That's the way the wind tears around these parts, podner.

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Atlantic City, Oct. 4.—Atlantic City is about the nearest to an all-year-around resort: America has outside certain California spots. Summer is the season but large hotels never close. It's not the spot of 20 years ago—what spot is?—but remains a pleasant seashore stretch.

Much of The Boardwalk has gone jim-crazy with yegs, with horrors, guess your weight against penny hucksters. Yet there are still luxurious strips. This morning the city is so shrouded with fog the ocean at the doonstep is merely a non-visible clock and sag. But, praise be, no fog horral!

The parade is never without celebrity. Gaing to sea, Rudy Vallee. Munching salt water taffy, George White. Shivering down a hotel runway for a plunge, Morton Downey and Arthur Caesar. All the world and his wife—or some other fellow's—become a part of the leisurely loll.

Atlantic City's seafront is magnificent mileage for strutting—even to sitting-strutting in push carts. Here Vernon Castle introduced his pink-collared shirt with the Byronic roll and Lillian Russell her ribboned

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
October 4, 1923.
(It was Thursday.)

A dictator is feared in Germany; the Stokes divorce suit in New York, and a Lodi, Cal., butcher who committed murder in an insurance hoax, are the main world news items.

Report that the Pacific highway in California to the summit of the Sierras will be closed this winter is denied.

County tax levy will be reduced one mill coming year, says budget committee, of which W. H. Gore is chairman.

Forty-five hundredths of an inch of rain falls so far this month.

Medford plans to send delegation to Klamath Falls for the Natron cut-off celebration.

Annual report shows Baptist church had a fine year.

Three thousand seven hundred seventeen tourists register at city auto camp in September.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 4, 1913.
(It was Saturday.)

County cancels interurban trolley franchise.

Teddy Roosevelt leaves on South American trip.

Cold weather hits the valley, and causes many overcoats and furs to make appearance.

Courthouse at Jacksonville undergoes remodeling.

Apple packing starts.

Mrs. Haekel of San Francisco is visiting her brother, Col. F. L. Touvelle.

Skating clubs are being organized and will roller skate at the Nat, at least once a week.

Notice.
Protect the birds. Get your "No Hunting, No Trespassing" signs at the Job Department of the Mail Tribune 28-30 N. Grape.

Swedish Massage Hours 2 to 5
Corrective Exercises By Appt.
OSCAR S. NISSEN, P.T.
Physical Therapeutics
Formerly Director and Instructor
Massage Dept., Boston City Hosp.
328 E. Main St. Medford, Ore.

Advertisement for Lucky Strike cigarettes. Features a large image of a hand holding a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Text includes: "So round and pure and Fully packed WITH FINE TOBACCOS that's why Luckies draw so easily", "ALWAYS the finest tobaccos", "ALWAYS the finest workmanship", "ALWAYS Luckies please!", "it's toasted FOR THROAT PROTECTION—FOR BETTER TASTE".