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Ye Sudge Pot
By Artzui Perry

The idea now seems to be to restore prosperity by wrecking a Ford. Instead of killing a pig, General Johnson, the NRA's big game, is mad, as Mr. Ford, the T. Lizz, king, so is riding in a Cadillac, instead of a Lincoln. The Depression will be over when General Johnson is mad enough to walk, instead of ride, in any car. History will have to note just how hard the panic was hit by this bit of military peevishness, which was not helped any by the Ford declaration, that "Mr. Johnson's vocabulary has got him down again."

Mushrooms and candidates for governor are springing up, as if by magic, after the late rain.

It is reported there are 100,000 nudists in the United States, not counting those who are, and don't know it, and besides are fashionable.

There is considerable talk about the "friendly grudge" now boiling between the University of Oregon and Oregon State college, as the time draws nigh for their annual football game. If the grudge gets any friendlier, your corr. will be jointly murdered, by the joint alumni of both institutions. In order to thwart a violent death, and maintain benevolent neutrality, the prediction is here and now made, that both teams will be victorious. One will win a "moral victory", and the other get the most touchdowns. Just now a University of California alumna showed up. He desired to know what we meant by stating that California was defeated by the Trojans, when they were only "luckily" scored out, 6 to 3. We argued unavailingly that the Trojans' possession of a longer nose was none of our business. No matter who comes out on top Saturday, Nov. 11, your corr. will have to jump out the window to keep from being thrown out.

The harness shop is working nights making tethers for the infantile element, just able to walk, and who insist on going every direction but the one their Maw's are trying to steer them. Among those being broke to harness is the Bill Hath kid.

"Used shogin." Will trade for provisions, or rent. Phone 245. (Del Norte Triplicate wanted.) Wherein an outdoor man desires to get indoors.

The Tree Lovers association met last night and voted to cut down a service station every time a tree is cut down to make room for a gas silo.

The custom of printing a written description of a wedding, longer than the groom's leg, did not hold sway in pioneer days, as attested by the following item from Pendleton: East Oregonian's 50 years ago column, which reads: "Vandyke—Last Sunday we attended the wedding of Mr. Frank Westfall and Miss Lydia B. Butler, at the residence of the bride's parents. Were we a fashion reporter we might write several columns descriptive of what the bride wore, etc. As we are not, suffice to say she was dressed splendidly and looked beautiful. It's all said, and the above is referred to society editors everywhere, as a model for snapper write-ups of what it takes to cause a divorce."

The primary system, which has given this state and county some gloriously incompetent officials, and Illinois a couple of mail robbers, is also working fine in Pennsylvania, where a state senator will not attend the next session of the legislature, and fight for prohibition, because he stands accused of garnering \$50,000 per annum from bootleggers.

Vice-President Garner having emerged from obscurity to declare that he has faith in the president, little is left to hinder the progress of recovery. (Chicago News.) Why "the Road is Open Again."

Authorized Mailing Service. All makes repaired. Phone 300.

So This Is Hallowe'en!

HALLOWE'EN started as a Druid festival long before the Christian era. It was the first Thanksgiving. The gathering of nuts and fruits formed a part of the celebration, and as Ghosts were supposed to be particularly prevalent that night and particularly hungry, various wild dances were put on to scare them away.

Robbing for apples still endures, cracking nuts still has a part in the ritual, and jack o' lanterns, appearing suddenly at the windows, are of course descendants of those ghosts in ancient Britain.

All of which is to the good. But the youth of America, elaborated the ghost motif, or introducing a species of nocturnal vandalism, which in the old days included, pulling up hitching posts, unhinging yard gates, tearing up wooden sidewalks, and in one instance at least, placing old man Dankey's prize surry, astride the cupola of his barn.

WELL today there are no hitching posts, no wooden sidewalks, no prize surreys, and Old Man Dankey's mid-Victorian barn has long since gone to dust.

This is the machine age, the cement-sidewalk age, the wire fence age, and the motor car age.

Hard luck on the modern kids. It is almost impossible to put on a Druid Ghost dance, in these times, without destroying property, which is not so good at any time, but is particularly bad, during such times as now prevail, when people are having hard enough work to pay their regular bills, without having bills for needless repairs forced upon them, the first of November.

SO we are going to suggest to the kids of Medford and surrounding towns, that they bob for apples, crack nuts, form as long a jack o' lantern parade as they can muster, make as much noise as they like, eat all the pumpkin pie and drink all the cider they can hold, but abandon the idea of puncturing tires, moving garages, breaking windows, digging up cement sidewalks and family flower gardens.

It's a good deal to ask, and pretty late to ask it; nevertheless, that is this evening's urgent request. Let's make this a Depression Hallowe'en, largely a hilarious but NON-DESTRUCTIVE celebration, over the fact, that MOST of us, thanks to a bountiful harvest, have enough to eat!

Building Up a Straw Man

ALL this talk about the N. R. A. newspaper code threatening the sacred freedom of the press, leaves us cold.

We don't believe there is any more danger of President Roosevelt trying to muzzle the American press, and deny it perfect freedom of expression, than there is of his trying to put through his N. R. A. program by declaring martial law.

With all business coming under federal regulation, there is no reason why the newspaper business should not also be regulated, but this has to do with its BUSINESS methods, not its EDITORIAL policies.

NO president in modern history has enjoyed friendlier and more intimate relations with the press than Mr. Roosevelt. He not only was, once upon a time, a managing editor of a newspaper himself, but he has repeatedly stated that he welcomes constructive criticism that is honestly expressed. His program, moreover, is essentially one of trial and error, and naturally he would appreciate having any flaws in his experimental efforts, pointed out to him, so that he might more quickly correct them.

So in spite of the many alarms expressed by the big city newspapers, and many of the editorial associations, we refuse to become unduly excited about them.

TRUE, General Johnson has not yet, endorsed the freedom of the press clause, which a group of influential newspapers presented, and there has been talk of denying a license to newspapers refusing to "play ball" with the administration, but until we have more evidence to the contrary, we shall continue to put this down, as merely so much blah!

General Johnson has much authority and is a man of great force. But there is one thing that even President Roosevelt's personal and political enemies in Washington won't deny, and that is that the PRESIDENT IS BOSS!

AS long as he IS boss, this hulabaloo about the freedom of the press can be put down as so much noise and fury signifying nothing. If President Roosevelt's personal convictions regarding the freedom of the press, were not well known, his demonstrated political shrewdness would be sufficient to remove any apprehension regarding the possibility of any such action, from the White House.

No one knows better than he that any man in public life in this country attempting to nullify the constitutional right of a free press, directly or indirectly, would thereby sign his own political death warrant.

And if President Roosevelt has ever shown any disposition to commit political hari-kari, we have yet to find any evidence in his present or past record, to sustain it.

A Nut Year

SPEAKING of nuts, in which are included filberts, we observe that Oregon's filbert crop has been sold before taken off the trees, and at top prices. Although this year's crop is double last year's, the filbert demand remains stronger than the supply, and ranchers who have filberts are therefore sitting pretty.

Have you a little filbert tree in your home orchard? If not it might be a pious idea to put in a few. Not to replace the fruit trees already there but to supplement them.

What is true of filberts, experts claim is also true of chestnuts, and with the walnut crop in Oregon about 60 percent short, the walnut growers are also expecting a very profitable season.

In other words it's a nut year. Foolish to over do the matter, but planting more nut trees in Southern Oregon is certainly worthy of careful consideration.

10c - 5 Photos, few days only Peaseley Studio, opp. Holly theater.

Permanent waves that are soft and lustrous. Call 777-J. Prevost's Beauty Shop.

Be correctly cosmeted in an Artist Model by Elizabeth B. Hoffmann

Midget Photos, 3 for 10c. Peaseley Studio, opp. Holly theater.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and hygiene not to discuss 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, Sevelty Hill, Cal.

SOMEONE THE PATIENT IS THE VICTIM OF NERVOUS IMPOSITION

A man aged 51 years, who had always enjoyed good health, began to fail in health. He could no longer work, play or take any interest in life that he formerly did. He complained of the general symptoms that don't mean anything in particular, and so-o-o-o he finally sought the services of a family physician, who listened to the man's own version of his own and wife and others, and told the patient he was suffering from—The Old Jokeum Bunkum, or in quick doctor language "nervous prostration."



On this trick diagnosis the family doctor treated the patient for several months, and the patient kept feeling a little no better right along, so-o-o-o one day some gill-edge doctor fell off several more points and the patient sneaked around and put his case up to another doctor who had been highly recommended by one of the patient's gambling acquaintances. This quack practitioner informed the patient vaguely that his nerves certainly were in bad shape. So-o-o-o now listen, Graham, this is going to be good—

The patient's son became indignant. Seemed the callow youth had been reading something that made him feel that the "nervous" diagnosis was ridiculous, and he persuaded the old man to go to a young doctor he knew, one who had gained a reputation as a good diagnostician. This young doctor examined the patient carefully. Then he told the youth privately that the old gent had a serious heart impairment and in his opinion would not live long, and let it with the family whether to inform the patient of the gravity of his condition. Within six months the patient died.

Who is responsible for his death? asks his son. The young man seems bitter about the nervous imposition the quack practiced on the patient. The physicians who were at the death informed the family that he had the patient received the right care for the two years of his last illness. His life might have been appreciably prolonged.

I don't know about that. We doctors are all pretty liberal in post-mortem prognoses—when we are reviewing other doctors' work. But the bitterness of the family of the patient is quite proper. It would be well if people were more given to expressing bitterness about that sort of thing. The plain truth is, I have re-

peatedly stated here and no one of any standing has ventured to dispute, that when a doctor tells a patient the trouble is just "nerves" or "nervous exhaustion" or anything of the sort, the man is unworthy of the patient's confidence, for there is no such condition as "nerves" or "nervous exhaustion" or "nervous prostration," and nobody knows this better than the quacks who perpetrate the trick diagnosis on the gullible public. This trick diagnosis is used sometimes by honest physicians to satisfy public curiosity about the nature of some famous or notorious individual's illness—and when so used the trick is justifiable, for of course the nature of the patient's illness is none of the public's business. But when the diagnosis is offered seriously to the patient or his family, it means just one thing. It means the doctor doesn't know what ails the patient and is not honest enough to say so.

Rest assured my medical colleagues will let me know if I am wrong.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

No. 8. A. E. No Answer. It seems a lot of Scotch and Yankee readers have subscribed lately. They already omit including a stamped addressed envelope when writing to Dr. Brady, and then they "send" lamentations when the hearted-old doctor fails to answer. Please, friends, abide by the rules. Tobacco and Dementia.

My brother, 23, has been in hospital, a dementia praecox case. He likes to smoke cigarettes constantly, lighting one from the stub of the other, and never ceasing all day. When he is in a nicotine on the brain cells—M. H. F.

Answers—Don't know, but there is no question that the excessive use of tobacco is injurious. In such cases, it is as likely that the mental inferiority or deterioration accounts for the over-indulgence.

Frithwana Nododum. Please give the meaning of the following medical term—I am not sure about the spelling but it sounds like arthema nodosa. Is it dangerous? What is the remedy?—Miss J. E.

Answer—Erythema nodosum is an acute skin inflammation with the appearance of painful nodules or swellings on the skin, and there, especially over the shins. It is commonly associated with infectious arthritis. If it were dangerous I'd not mention the condition here. A patient with this condition requires medical care.

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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, Cal.

the Paris Bisc, he has that expert tablecloth touch, flutter of French phrases, a gusto for adding pliancy to the mixing of a salad dressing, ushering a steaming soufflé or perling just the right sort of compliment to the ladies. He was a boyhood friend of George M. Cohan in Providence.

Voltaire, in a random snippet, once said: "The flourish of a maître de hotel; at the proper interval does move to excite gastric juices than the rarest seasoning." There used to be a head waiter at old Sherry's who would swoop in advance to clear the table aside for the arrival of the meat dish. He would lift the silver lid tenderly and stand transfixed as though facing some masterpiece fashioned by Michelangelo. People with jaded appetites would find themselves suddenly wifish.

Barney Ross is reputed to have gone to the most expensive tailor in New York two days after defending the lightweight crown with Cannonieri, and stocked up his wardrobe. And this sartorial orgy is the way most champions celebrate their victories in the John L. Sullivan days; however, they went on a bender for a week or so—winding up with a thumping headache and a new set of resolutions. Jack Dempsey, who is now a heavy smoker, has always fought off a fondness for the weed. After his wins, he would wait 24 hours, enjoy a big steak dinner and a freeze black cigar. It was his idea of a big time.

Once the spotted black and white coach dog was a canine favorite in New York and a symbol of swank. About the only one left was trotting along the park side of upper Fifth avenue the other day. A companion of Earl Benham exclaimed, "Look, a coach dog!" Replied Benham, ironically: "Either that or a white pooch from Pittsburgh." (Copyright, 1933, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

"During Dr. Emmens' absence in the east, Dr. Howard N. Bywater, eye, ear, nose, and throat surgeon, will be in his office at Grants Pass to attend anyone needing his services. Dr. Bywater is rated as one of the best men in his line on the coast."

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Relieve all dryness and irritation by applying Mentholatum night and morning. MENTHOLATUM Swedish Massage Hours 2 to 5 Corrective Exercises By Appt. Oscar S. Nilsen, P.T. Physical Therapeutics Formerly Director and Instructor Massage Dept., Boston City Hosp. 528 E. Main St. Medford, Ore.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE Graf Zeppelin, famous German airship, lands in Chicago, after an uneventful trip across the Atlantic to South America, and thence north.

She is greeted by only a moderate-sized crowd, and her landing draws only a paragraph or so in the newspapers.

Quite a change since a few years ago, isn't it?

YOU may not believe it right now, but the time will come when the present depression, when referred to, will attract even less attention than the landing of the Graf Zeppelin.

Just at this moment, the depression is the biggest news in the world, and is on every tongue.

Time changes a lot of things.

THE first crossing of the Atlantic by the Graf Zeppelin was a tremendous event, attracting world-wide interest and regarded as a dangerous adventure.

Now it has become so common that on its present trip from South America an American engineer brings his baby north on the big air liner.

THE Graf Zeppelin, by the way, is chiefly famous for the fact that it is the oldest of the Zeppelin-type airships. The rest of the ships of its age have come crashing down out of the skies, in one form or another of disaster.

Reggelins may be getting compact, but they can't yet be said to be safe.

THE Graf Zeppelin is a German ship. The Germans have just withdrawn from the disarmament conference.

The disarmament conference, which has been meeting in Geneva, adjourns until December 4, when it will reconvene and attempt to go on as before.

SALVATION ARMY LEADER COMING

WHAT will the nations participating in the disarmament conference DO if they go on as before? Why, they will TALK disarmament, and meanwhile will go on building up bigger armaments than the world ever saw before.

CONFERENCE meeting in Geneva TALKS disarmament and peace. Meanwhile, competent observers returning from Europe predict that within a year the nations of Europe will go to war again, making use of the armaments they have been building while talking peace. It's a funny world, isn't it?

THIS coming war, these observers say, will pull us out of the hole the depression has got us into, and put us back on our feet. That is, of course, if we have sense enough to STAY OUT of it.

There is an old proverb to the effect that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

Another war will certainly be poison for the nations that get into it.

A WORD of advice: Don't worry yourself sick over the war scare in Europe. If the nations of Europe are foolish enough to go to war again, before they have really begun to recover from the last war, they will deserve all the misfortune that may come to them.

WAR means violent death; so, unfortunately, although on a lesser scale, does peace.

During the hunting season just closed, according to a survey conducted by the United Press, at least six persons were killed in Oregon as a result of being mistaken for a deer.

Most of these killings, we are told, were the result of some hunter shooting at moving brush.

BAD, tragically bad. Still, the number of persons killed by careless hunters is infinitesimally small when compared with the number of persons killed by careless motorists.

Rummage Sale next Friday and Saturday by Ladies' Aid of First M. E. church, first door east of Rexall Drug store.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured. The action can be controlled. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

The right liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement, and with no discomfort at the time, or afterward.

The wrong cathartic may keep you constipated as long as you keep on using it!

An approved liquid laxative (one which is most widely used for both adults and children) is syrup Pepsin. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly safe. Its laxative action is based on senna—a natural laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help, as they do in the case of cathartics containing mineral drugs. Ask your druggist for Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Member N. R. A.

Advertisement for 'The Phantom Broadcast' featuring Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy. Includes text: 'LAST TIMES TODAY', 'BOMBSHELL', 'HOLLY', 'STARTS TOMORROW WEDNESDAY', 'RALPH FORBES IN THE PHANTOM BROADCAST', 'This Mystery Drama Playing 3 Days Nov. 1-2-3 Mat. 25c. Eve. 35c. Kiddies 10c'.