

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon
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Daily Except Saturday

Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 13

25-27-29 N. E. St.

ROBERT W. KUHLE, Editor

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.....\$5.00

Daily, six months.....\$2.75

Daily, one month......50

By Carrier in Medford, Medford,
Jacksonville, Central Point, Florence, Talent, Gold
Hill and on highways.....\$4.00

Daily, six months.....\$2.25

Daily, one month......50

All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford,
Official paper of Jackson County.

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The Great Joe Dunne Circus

WELL, Joe Dunne has come and gone, and one feels vaguely bereft, as if a 3-ring circus had suddenly left town. It is impossible not to like Joe—and his circus. It is equally impossible not to admire him as a practical and ingratiating politician, with a flair for showmanship that approaches genius.

And he was very ably assisted by his local committee. It seemed particularly fitting that he should depart in a blaze of glory, before a crowded house at the Holly theatre, with a brass band accompaniment, and nothing lacking but a torchlight procession and a Kickapoo Indian escort.

THERE was only one fly in the ointment. This was supplied by Joe's military aide, Captain Cicero Hogan, who was supposed to introduce the speaker of the evening, but became so enthused over his idea of putting all the other gubernatorial candidates in jail, that he forgot all about it.

Not that "Airflow" Joe, after three days in the valley particularly needed any introduction. If any hands hadn't been shaken or babies kissed, they must have stayed indoors. But it was one of those parliamentary niceties, that the Great Impresario himself would have never overlooked, and it seemed rather too bad that his zealous and somewhat excitable aide de camp, should.

MOREOVER, the particular grounds upon which the caninistic Cicero wished to incarcerate Messrs. Martin, Zimmerman, Wirth, and all the other competing candidates, gave some of the Dunne supporters in the audience, pause.

These grounds were briefly, getting votes under false pretenses, making campaign promises that couldn't possibly be fulfilled. If that should be carried out literally, as Cicero demanded, they wondered what would happen to Joe!

For when it comes to making campaign promises, Mr. Dunne, made a 3-day record in this peaceful little valley, which promises to stand, long after the Rogue River has run dry, and Mt. Pitt has moved to Roxy Anne.

We haven't the space to chronicle them all, or even a majority of them (perhaps later on we will), but herewith compile a few of those which are interesting because offset, by promises, to do the exact opposite.

FOR example: Joe promised to reduce the expenses of highway construction, and at the same time, promised to give Jackson County a million dollar boulevard over the Siskiyou.

He promised to reduce administrative expenses at the state house, and also dispatch an army of salesmen throughout the world, to sell Ashland granite, Bing cherries and other local products.

He pledged himself to preserve the Southern Oregon Normal, and improve the state system of higher education; and at the same time, refused to take any stand for or against the 20-mill tax limitation, which if passed will not only close the Ashland Normal, but deliver a blow at higher education, from which it may take the state a generation to recover.

He promised a system of old age pensions, and at the same time promised not only to oppose a state sales tax, but if the representatives of the people at Salem should pass another sales tax, he would veto it. (Just how the state can contribute one-third of the old age pension fund, without a sales tax, or an increase in some OTHER tax, he failed to explain.)

Either directly or through his faithful Cicero, he condemned General Martin, for going to war instead of staying in Oregon; and condemned his other rival Pete Zimmerman, for not going to war and staying at home.

He declared in this land of peace and plenty, no man should be without food or work, and at the same time, condemned the Roosevelt system of direct relief; and favored relief only through loans, secured by the notes of the suffering and destitute.

And so on and so forth, ad infinitum.

NOT that we would accuse Mr. Dunne of being a dishonest man. In personal and business affairs, we have always heard he is strictly a man of his word, and we have no reason WHATSOEVER to doubt it.

But he IS a politician—a good one, albeit a charter member of the old film-film school. The cardinal principle of this school is that just as everything is fair in love and war, so everything is fair in politics. Making promises before election, which can't possibly be fulfilled after, isn't dishonest—it isn't even improper—it's a perfectly legitimate and necessary part of the "old army game."

KISS the babies, pat the voters on the back,—tell the folks that gather in front of the big tent, what they want to hear, ballyhoo the marvels and the wonders on the inside—pack 'em in,—a few may get sore, one or two may ask their money back,—but the rank and file, will go quietly away, and merely vow they won't be "sold" another time.

But they WILL be. That's human nature. It is also the basis of all political showmanship. And by the time the "hay seeds" realize, they were "gypped" again, the big circus under the big tent will be playing another town!

Aye, verily, they all do it. That's politics, and nine times out of ten it works. It will continue to work until the people,—the pay customers,—demand something more than a side show ballyhoo technique in their political campaigns.

THE only surprising thing is that Captain Cicero Hogan, faithful aide and official introducer, should refuse to accept this traditional doctrine. He wants all candidates who make pledges they don't expect to redeem, to go to jail and stay there.

In this particular instance, the Mail Tribune agrees with Cicero. We wish most heartily that what he proposes could be done.

It would be particularly helpful in this campaign. For under such a ruling, we know of only one candidate—and that one ours, of course,—who would be free to campaign out of a locked and padded cell!

Drought Revealed Lead Vets
REPUBLIC, Mo. (UPI)—The drought may make a fortune for Farmer W. F. Moore. He ran out of water for his livestock, so dug a well. He struck a vein of lead, and now is dealing with a company that wants to mine the ore.

College Request Fought
ALLIANCE, O. (UPI)—The will which gave Mt. Union college here \$200,000 from the estate of Bishop John W. Hamilton, of Washington, D. C. is being attacked by the bishop's son and daughter, college officials here have learned.

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.

DIET AND RENAL CALCULI

Western reader says he saw an article recently giving a diet to dissolve kidney stones. Unfortunately he failed to cut it out, and now he finds that he has urinary calculi. Stones in kidney, stone in bladder, renal calculus, gravel, these are all the same thing.

Eastern reader says he noticed blood in the urine six months ago and reported to his physician, who didn't pay much attention until two weeks ago when he sent the patient to hospital for observation. There a cystoscopic examination showed no bladder trouble, but that the blood was coming from the left kidney. They made three X-ray pictures and "called it a day" charged me \$50—and I would hear from them. I have not heard anything.

So far it would seem that the hospital people, having collected the fifty bucks, had lost interest. But remember this is a patient's story. Frequently I find the hospital or doctor is not nearly so bad as painted. Meantime a friend . . . Here the eastern reader's story reads like a million testimonials. It is almost stereotyped. When the doctor, specialists and all have "given up" this ubiquitous friend never fails to come to the rescue, and from then on it is all over but the shouting. And how people do shout in such circumstances!

This friend loaned the man a book compiled from the writings of Drs. Mayo, Crane, Copeland, Bernard McFadden and other renowned physicians.

I take it the phrase refers to the late minister, Dr. Frank Crane, the magazine publisher Mr. McFadden, Senator Copeland and the w.k. master of publicity, Dr. Mayo. To say that I am irked at the absence of my own name from the list is putting it mildly. This authoritative volume advised against operation and instructed the purchaser to discontinue "heavy" foods, whatever they may be. It advised a diet of fruits and green vegetables, copious drinking of water with lemon juice. The lemon juice, it seemed, would dissolve the stone or sediment, and the water would wash it away. How simple. How—

But wait a minute. Perhaps we had better stay until the denouement. "In less than three days the

blood disappeared and ever since everything has been normal. Lucky we hesitated. Many a time the well-meaning but honest conductor of this column has gone into embarrassing situations by speaking out of turn that way.

Now, no more fooling! In experiments animals kidney or bladder stones or gravel are commonly found when the feed is deprived of Vitamin A. Quite recently a physician has reported some interesting results in the apparent cure of kidney or bladder stones by giving the patient plenty of Vitamin A. That's all we know about it now.

God liver oil is perhaps the richest source of Vitamin A. But excellent natural sources are butter, cheese, carrots, liver, escarole, spinach, eggs, greens, orange, bananas, pineapple, tomato, yellow corn meal, wheat germ.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Blood is Blood.

How does a negro's blood differ from white?—L. K.
Answer: It doesn't. There is no way to distinguish white blood from negro blood.

Mystery Solved.
Ben Told has been whispering in YOUR ear, I think. The sanitary regulation, insisting on a vent pipe through the roof when a bath is installed, is not to carry off sewer gas or odors, but to preserve the water seal in the trap. Without such a vent there would be a dry connection at every such fixture, and such a situation would be objectionable not only on account of disagreeable odors, but also as affording entrance to vermin from the sewers.—A. S.

Do any of the medical colleges contract for bodies to be delivered to death? If so, what do they pay for them?—A. T. P.
Answer:—No. Medical colleges everywhere have a surplus of material, made available by law. Unclaimed bodies of persons dying in institutions.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M.D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK
DAY BY DAY
By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Thoughts while strolling: I must learn to pronounce secretary the way they do in the movies. Cine Solo is by far the youngest looking old-timer on the stage. Broadway's Damon and Pythias—Lee Shubert and S. J. Kaufman's brother or Harry. What became of Bull Montana?

Frank Cromwell and Grand Old Rose out for a constitutional. Somehow I can't grow excited about Commander Byrd's expeditions. George M. Cohan is fattening up. Francine Laramore's loggnette. They say Hendrik Van Loon and Babe Ruth are buddies. Overheard: "Didn't you hear your cars burn?"

More of those bickery smoke odes three finger steak and bakers of dog nose. Haven't seen a calash pipe since Frank Craven went to Hollywood. Good stuff the former columnist Nunnally Johnson is turning out for the movies. Don't see Walt Mason's poetry any more. They "Broadway" Billy Rose nicely.

Texas Guinan's manager, John Stein, who is writing her biography. The Breslin, where Gene Tunney stopped after winning the championship. Ask you never-can-tell-a. Abel Green. Variety's hard-boiled slang mixer, is a French scholar. Paul Baker's bald spot is holding its own. No wonder dukes and princes follow Ina Claire around. Nobody can burlesque a movie travesty like John P. Medbury. Gene Fowler in from the Fire Island cloister. Sinclair Lewis has never lost his Saak Center clodhopper stride. Not even Park avenue can make a moving look artistic.

George Worts, the writing brother-in-law of H. T. Webster, has joined the Nevada prospectors and is camped 125 miles from Las Vegas, so far from civilization mail reaches him but twice monthly. With proceeds of several magazine serials, he devised to gamble a bit and shoot the piece on a silver claim that is now waiting away reports.

Broadway and Hollywood friends are striving earnestly for a presidential pardon for the excellent "Trader Horn" actor, Duncan Renaldo. Renaldo has served two months of a two-year term on McNeill's Island in connection with an alleged passport mix-up. The whole thing is reputedly hinging on a technicality, an inability of Renaldo, organized early, to prove his birthplace was a Jersey town. In the meantime a star part awaits his release in Hollywood.

Today the actor is not out of a job. He is "resting" or "at liberty." His fate and outlook perhaps the weakest of any calling, he refuses to

Communications

The Communist Bacillus

To the Editor:
An editor ever has the advantage of position. When so disposed he can have out part of a story and the public be none the wiser. "Lack of space and time . . . etc."

After having enumerated a long list of names of prominent persons whom Mrs. Dilling accuses of being radicals, and having aroused the interest and curiosity of his readers, perhaps the editor will be fair enough to both his readers and to Mrs. Dilling to give the evidence in the book, THE RED NETWORK, as to why the author thinks these persons are radicals.

Let us, please, have the names of the organizations to which these persons belong. Let us know the principles which these organizations represent and support, and the other organizations with which they are affiliated. Give us, please, the names of the leading members of each and their associates within the organizations, and give us, when available, the things these persons have said and done.

Like T. R. and the flu, the communism bacillus is no respecter of persons. It strikes down high and low alike; and, like these mythical ailments, communism has its characteristic identifying symptoms by which it may be known. When a T. R. patient is given the tuberculin test he REACTS, and the gruffer the dose the greater the reaction.

I feel quite sure Mrs. Dilling will not ask royalty for quoting from her book. Rather, if she could know, would she be glad to assist. Too bad the news stands of Medford are not stocked with THE RED NETWORK, for with the demand for information that your revelation has created they could make a killing on sales.

Don't be niggardly or parsimonious—there is an abundance of material for a fortnight of interesting discussion, and after your readers have heard the entire tale maybe they will decide for themselves that, after all, the trouble isn't so much communism as it is just plain, old-fashioned blight.

Prospect, Ore., Sept. 27.
Ed. Note.—Anyone questioning the loyal Americanism of women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt or Jane Addams; men like Newton D. Baker and William Allen White, may consult the Mail Tribune's copy of THE RED NETWORK for the evidence against them.

No Market.
Do any of the medical colleges contract for bodies to be delivered to death? If so, what do they pay for them?—A. T. P.

Answer.—No. Medical colleges everywhere have a surplus of material, made available by law. Unclaimed bodies of persons dying in institutions.

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being getting and he does not like it. His protests against the senate munitions expose were by far the most explosive State Secretary Hull has received. Those who witnessed the scene between the tall Mr. Hull and the elf-like Mr. Luther will never forget it, with Mr. Hull humming and hawing and Mr. Luther imitating a miniature volcano.

Our diplomats regard Mr. Luther as the most conscientious diplomat in Washington, but they would rather talk to him on the telephone. What makes it all hard is that they cannot tell him that Germany's arbitrary proclamation of a moratorium on foreign debt payments, her discrimination against American bondholders and Mr. Hitler's policies in general make Mr. Hitler very hard to take.

Mr. Roosevelt was not very popular with his fellow yachtsmen who attended the America's cup races. Those who followed the Nourmahal saw frequent little personal evidences of unfriendliness toward the president by persons on other yachts.

Ernst is one of the amazing figures of the literary scene, a superb lawyer and defender of book publishers when the Communist whatnoddname hales them to court. He defended Ulysses and his clients include George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber and other writing bigwigs. As busy as he is, he is somewhat a bon vivant, often lifts a tankard of "21," writes books, articles and short stories, and always has time to bowl. Bowling was, some one tells me, the only athletic sort of game that appealed to O. Henry. Very seldom did he remove his coat to leave the balls, but he was a frequent onlooker. David Graham Phillips enjoyed bowling to. In fact he had an engagement at an alley on lower Broadway the evening of the day of his tragic death.

B. A. Bergman, a fellow journalist from the Ohio's Soloto valley, informs me in a phone conversation about another matter that he passed through Gallipoli on a recent vacation. The ferryboat had a couple of passengers on each trip, proving again the upgrade is upping. Too! Too! (Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

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DEPRESSION MASTERY
NEAR IF EFFORTS ARE
CONTINUED SAYS F. R.

(Continued from page one)

for a season, but because the mechanism of exchange have become disordered, nationalistic aspirations have rejected ancient mutual dependencies, and international fears have broken down confidence in the ability even of civilized states to observe and maintain order in the world.

Things Derailed.
"Over a period of years things have been derailed and the consequence has been unprecedented unemployment, widespread want, and with the gradual exhaustion of the accumulations which prudence had made against a rainy day, there has come the necessity of public intervention and relief.

"To this need the federal government has responded generously. "Meantime, any extended system of federal relief, however necessary, is attended by dangers. Under your direction, the efforts of the federal government in this behalf have avoided many of these dangers, by insisting upon local administration and co-operation, but it is our eager hope, as we know it is yours, that soon the entire burden of relief may be returned to local shoulders."

Winter to End Troubles.
Asserting that the agencies composing the mobilization sought to preserve the influence of the home, Baker said "it is as a part of the national forces of reconstruction and rebuilding that we venture to hope that this winter will see us past the edge of crisis."

"By doing our full duty this winter," he continued, "we may well hope to face, in the years that are to follow, more normal conditions. With our great griefs behind us, we, as a people, will be strengthened to enjoy improved and better times by a recollection of the courage with which we sustained one another as we passed through the shadows in the valley."

After the opening ceremony, national and state leaders held conferences on the united community drives for support of social services that will be held throughout the country in November. The women's division met at the White House with Mrs. Roosevelt presiding.

Thirty-four welfare organizations are represented in the mobilization, for which Community Chests and Councils, Inc., acts as the administrative agency.

Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County history from the files of The Mail Tribune of 29 and 10 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

September 28, 1924.

(It was Sunday.)

P. & E. railroad is incorporated as the Medford Logging road by Owen-Oregon company.

Qual season to open Wednesday, and hunters warned to do no shooting from auto.

Jackson county "robbed" of state fair prize, says Salem paper.

Bobbed hair and short skirts defended by Methodist bishop.

Secretary Hoover riddles LaFollette and his platform, in speech.

Forty-five thousand eight hundred acres now under irrigation in Jackson county.

Twenty years ago today
September 28, 1904.
(It was Tuesday.)

Qual season to open October 1, and farmers of the Table Rock district warn hunters "to commit no depredations on our places."

"The Gayety Girls" appear at the Star, and cause great excitement among local youths.

German battle lines start to crumble under fierce onslaughts of the Allies. "Greatest butchery in history" ensues.

Police arrest a Klamath Indian "for entering a saloon and starting an argument when refused liquor."

George Porter leaves for Klamath county to hunt ducks.