

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Mr. Hearst Moves North

ONE of the richest, and with the exception of the president undoubtedly the most powerful man in the United States, is living today in customary baronial magnificence, only a short distance from Medford.

The man is William Randolph Hearst, who owns 28 newspapers, 13 magazines, 8 radio stations, 2 moving picture companies, 14,000 shares of the richest gold mine in the world, the famous "Homestake", 2,000,000 acres of land, and whose fortune is estimated at \$225,000,000—quarter of a billion dollars.

YES, William Randolph has moved north. Fortune magazine is authority for the statement, that the world's greatest newspaper tycoon, has become weary of "the incredible glitter of his castle at San Simeon", California; is bored with taking that place apart and putting it together again; and in an incredibly short time has established a Bavarian village, on the McCloud river, under the shadow of Mt. Shasta, where hereafter he plans to spend most of his time, and what is more interesting do most of his work.

YES McCloud, California, just over the state line, is now G. H. Q. for the vast Hearst empire.

There the Big Chief lives, with his secretaries, and assistant secretaries; his valets and servants; his chefs, and handy men; and his guests—guests of all kinds, of both sexes, of all ages, coming from all parts of the world, sometimes as many as fifty over one week-end.

From what we hear, the guests play, while Mr. Hearst works. The Great Man seldom mingles with them except when some particular business is to be discussed. There is plenty for guests to do—tennis courts, swimming pools, croquet grounds, riding horses, walking, hunting, everything in fact but fishing. Fishing in the McCloud isn't good at the present time, but the government may in the next year or so, fix it up; in which case it has been reported Mr. Hearst says he may vote for F. D. R. yet.

W. R. H. is 72, but he works as hard as he ever did. From McCloud he still directs his newspapers, from day to day, not only tells them what to say and do, but he often writes leading editorials for them himself.

With a telephone exchange that never closes, with telegraph wires stretching through the forest for miles to join with the main trunk lines, with a fleet of fast motor cars and powerful trucks, Hearst is constantly in touch with the outside world,—directs his vast empire not only in this country but abroad, and transformed the little mill town of McCloud into a growing and prosperous "metropolis".

What interests us however, more than the details of this extraordinary baronial principality, suddenly erected, so near the borders of the Rogue River valley, is the reason for the change.

Mr. Hearst became weary of "the incredible glitter of San Simeon", on the arid coast of California. He felt an urge for mountains and trees and grass,—for the wilderness, in this country that still remains,—longed for the soothing and invigorating ministrations of old Mother Nature. The artificiality and synthetic splendors of California's gold coast began to pall.

He is still in the state of California, but what he really sought is what Oregon, more than any other state on the coast is prepared to give. Had his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, happened to build her "castle" on the banks of the Rogue instead of the McCloud river, many years ago, William Randolph of course would now be administering his far flung empire, from southern Oregon, instead of the other side of the Siskiyou in California.

If so he would have had no worry about his trout fishing. There would be many other advantages our local chamber of commerce could mention.

BUT the fact that Mr. Hearst, DID, when looking for a new and better location decide to move north toward the Oregon line,—added to the fact that every year more and more wealthy Californians are establishing fishing lodges and summer homes here,—(and those who are here, improving and enlarging them)—certainly demonstrates what an asset southern Oregon has in its unsettled, scenic and altogether delightful hinterland.

And also the great need of preserving it, for this and future generations, as the state planning commission, intends to do.

The northern migration of Wm. Randolph Hearst, shows the trend toward Oregon, which will become more and more pronounced as time goes on.

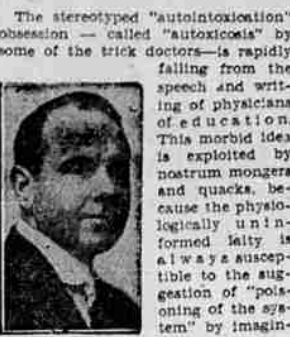
It means new life and new meaning to that familiar pioneer title, "The Oregon Trail."

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene not self-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.

PRESUMPTIVE TOXEMIA NOW REGARDED AS NUTRITIONAL DEFICIENCY



Dr. William Brady, M.D.

The stereotyped "auto-intoxication" obsession—called "auto-intoxication" by some of the trick doctors—is rapidly falling from the speech and writing of physicians of education. This morbid idea is exploited by posturum mongers and quacks, because the physiologically uninformed lay is always susceptible to the suggestion of "poisoning of the system" by imaginary "uneliminated waste matter". However, there is no foundation for it in physiology, and no corroboration for it in pathology. In treatment the auto-intoxication idea is dragged into the picture chiefly to sell the misinformed customer something—and it does sell everything from pills to queer diets and visits to spas. Next to the "toxic" racket I still feel rosy under the ears when I think of the horrors of "toxemia" dispensed and prescribed, the plausible guess that the trouble is due to some vague "poisoning of the system" and hence requires treatment to correct such hypothetical "toxemia" or to "eliminate" the poison is the easiest thing a quack can do.

The expectant mother generally has some trouble from nausea and even occasional vomiting in the third or fourth month of pregnancy. In a few instances this becomes a serious complication, and is called pernicious vomiting. It is likely to lead to multiple neuritis. Heretofore, this has been regarded as "toxemia," meaning the presence in the mother's blood of some vague poison. The treatment of the condition on that basis has never given much satisfaction.

Recently various investigators have observed that there is usually a marked reduction in gastric secretion in pregnancy, and this diminution of gastric juice may account for impaired appetite and lowering of nutrition. Of course nausea or vomiting tends to restrict the intake of food. Where the vomiting becomes pernicious the patient's nutrition suffers greatly.

Along these lines of observation good physicians now consider pernicious vomiting and the consequent polyneuritis of pregnancy, not a "toxemia" but rather a deficiency disease. Deficiency of vitamins; deficiency of iron; deficiency of protein.

Treatment with suitable diet, plus optimal rations of vitamins, plus adequate doses of iron (much larger doses of iron than the old-time thought necessary) has given more satisfactory results—and as I may have remarked of suspenders, I pulled at one end and let it snap in his face. He dropped it like a hot cake, backed under a book case and has been peeping and growling at it, the fraidy, ever since.

Dorman H. Smith, San Francisco cartoonist, takes issue with the ukase in this column that Mark Twain and W. J. Bryan lent themselves more than most Americans to caricature. Smith maintains that Cobb tops all and forwards a quick, hilarious sketch to prove his case. Cobb's jutting thorn bush eyebrows and what he calls his "South American tapir lips" along with the jaunty upward cigar tilt provide material for those grotesque exaggerations the limners love.

There's the cool trickle of clear water over jagged rocks in this puff from a press agent's blurb: "Nola Day, Nordic rhythm singer, latest rare on the Pacific coast radio, was born in Reykjavik, Iceland. And a lingual Ruskavik in Seattle calls attention to a new streamlined ferry in the Puget Sound, named Kaskaska and pronounced Ka-loch-a-lis. Almost a runner up in euphonic beauty was the sleight dog in Wilson Mizner's Alaska days, a husky called Sho-shone-shash. Then there's that town with the windshield wiper name—Fithian, Illinois.

here before, clinical experience is the best medical authority.

Concluding a report of several cases of pregnancy polyneuritis thus treated, Drs. Maurice B. Strauss and Wm. J. McDonald (J.A.M.A. 100:17, 1932) indicate that:

1. Polyneuritis of pregnancy is probably a dietary deficiency disorder similar to beriberi.
2. Large amounts of vitamins should be given.
3. Adequate vitamin rations have prophylactic value against pernicious vomiting.

Here let me repeat that Dr. C. Ulysses Moore finds that the prospective mother requires three or four times as much vitamin B as she would ordinarily need.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Let Nature Do It

Having considerable trouble trying to dry up the breasts after weaning my baby at nine months. Neighbor told me to wring out towel in hot water. (Mrs. C. M. M.D.)

Answer—All such tampering only prolongs the trouble. Leave breasts severely alone and nature will take care of them. Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on "Nursing and Weaning."

Whooping Outdoors

Please state for the benefit of certain old wisecracks where it is harmful for a child with whooping cough to be taken outdoors into the fresh air, and whether one child in a family should be allowed to attend school while two other children in the same family have whooping cough? (D. B.)

Answer—Yes, by all means, the child with whooping cough should be outdoors every day, and if possible sleep on a porch or in a tent or in the open. Of course the well child may safely attend school or play with other children.

Dizziness

What causes dizziness after bending down? In case of heartburn should certain foods be omitted from the diet? Is bicarbonate of soda all right to take for it? Is any kind of chocolate or cocoa all right for a baby 12 months old? (Mrs. J. B.)

Answer—Normal persons unaccustomed to semi-aerobic or other undignified activities may feel momentary dizziness on suddenly rising or after stooping. In anemia and in simple flatulency from general poor hygiene and lack of outdoor exercise, this may be more troublesome. Heartburn occurs in many different conditions, most of them minor.

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.

Thingsamabobs: Will Rogers was among the few Henry Ford wrote pen and ink letters. . . Beverly Nichols has an all-rook cottage with ten foot-wide fireplace in heart of the Cromwell country in England. . . James Branch Cabell shuns Broadway like a plague on New York visits. . . He likes to dine at an obscure table at the Brevoort. . . Francine Larrimore goes powers without her pale of Yorkshire tennies. . . Fannie Hurst has had the same colored secretary all her successful years.

Tales of the recent jinx at the California Bohemian Grove still drift to town. One of the hilarities was Sam Blythe's convention at which Gene Buck was nominated for president of the Heaven Forsaken party on the Buck and Wing ticket. With a Dance Platform!

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Ship Re-floated

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—(AP)—The coastwise schooner, Anna Schaffer, which went aground on a sandy shelf off Point Reyes late last night, was re-floated at 7:30 a. m. today without damage, the coast guard here reported.

"KICKERNICK"

Undergarments that fit at Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann's

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

GEORGE F. JOHNSON began life as a shoemaker. At the age of 40, he was foreman of a shoe factory that was just about ready to go broke.

At 65, he was head of the Endicott-Johnson corporation, second largest manufacturer of shoes in the United States, with about 15,000 men under him, and was worth about seven million dollars.

His company now employs 20,000 men, and pays him a salary of \$50,000 a year to manage the business.

"TERRIBLE!" the demagogues will say. "No man can EARN a salary of \$50,000 a year, and as for his seven million dollars it was sweated out of his employees and should be taken away from him and divided up among the rest of us, who need it."

LET'S see about that.

In July, 1914, about the time George F. Johnson was just getting a good start, hourly wages in the shoe factory were 21.3 cents. In November, 1934, the latest date for which figures are available, they were 55.2 cents.

So, you see, while Mr. Johnson was doing well, his employees were doing pretty well also.

A WORD here as to the profits on Mr. Johnson's seven million dollars of capital, which is invested in his business, along with the capital of others.

In 1929, his average profit per pair of shoes was 8.12 cents. In 1930, it dropped to 2.6 cents. In the five years since, it has ranged somewhere between these two figures.

That is to say, the profit on the capital invested in the Endicott-Johnson Shoe company has cost you and me, and other wearers of shoes, from two and a half cents per pair at the worst to a trifle over eight cents per pair at the best.

If we wear out two pair of shoes per year, it has cost us around 16 cents annually.

Not bad, is it?

NOW let's consider Mr. Johnson's salary of \$50,000 a year.

If it were taken away from him altogether and divided equally among his 20,000 employees, the share of each would amount to \$2.50 a year, or a little under one cent per working day.

That wouldn't amount to much to ANYBODY.

NOW get this:

The cost to each of us of the capital employed by the Endicott-Johnson company in recent years has been somewhat less than EIGHT CENTS PER PAIR OF SHOES, or about 16 cents a year if we wear out two pairs of shoes per year.

If this capital, which is invested in buildings and machinery, were DESTROYED, as the demagogues tell us it should be, all we could save, at the best, would be 16 cents a year.

But, at a matter of fact, we wouldn't save ANYTHING. Instead, we would lose heavily, for if capital and brains were discouraged from going into industry, and we had to go back to old hand methods, shoes would COST US MORE.

WHAT the demagogues would have us do is to bite off our noses to spite our faces. That, as everybody knows, isn't good sense.

By far the worst enemy we have, in these disturbed days, is the demagogue who is long on mouth and short on brains.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 26, 1925
(It was Saturday)
Cloudy weather with showers prevail.

Pear shipments for the season reach the 1930 mark. Apples are being shipped at the rate of 10 cars daily.

Union high school is urged for Central Point district.

Facts about bond issue for new water system to be given voters. Editor weekly paper charges "the Medford gang is trying to skin us again."

Annual reunion of southern Oregon pioneers is held at Ashland, with a large crowd in attendance.

Coppo forum is held in the Shepard haymow.

France offers America new terms for payment of her war debts.

ALBANY, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—Word was received here today that Theodore D. Butts, 26, was killed by electricity Monday at the Mountain States Power Co. substation near Newkirk.

Autolists continue to drive in front of approaching trains at the Main street crossing, and the watchman throws his lantern at a prominent citizen, who kept on going. "They're not drunk—they're just full of cussedness," the watchman reports.

Mr. and Mrs. Court Hall leave for Lakeview, Ore., where they will visit and Mr. Hall will hunt.

Season at Crater Lake will close September 30.

Communications

He Found a Pear

To the Editor: This afternoon I had the best fruit I have tasted in six months. It was none other than a Medford Bartlett pear. I passed a fruit stand and a sign on a box attracted my attention because there was written "Product of Medford, Oregon."

Since leaving Medford last December I have been from San Francisco to Boston and south to Tampa and this is the first time I have been able to buy a Rogue River valley product.

It seems to me that if Medford pears had some of the advertising which California oranges have, the pear growers of the Rogue River valley would be better able to market their products. Throughout the United States everyone knows a "sunkist" orange, but few know an Oregon pear.

I look forward to being back in Medford this winter and hope I may again get my fill of pears.

Sincerely,
DR. CECIL A. POOLE,
National Field Representative, Rusticruan Order, Amorc,
Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 24.

Open Corvallis High

CORVALLIS, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—The new \$300,000 Corvallis high school building was formally opened last night when the public flocked through the structure viewing the new setup.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—Senator W. E. Burke of Yamhill county said today he was strongly opposed either to a new site for the state capitol or purchase of additional land.

But, at a matter of fact, we wouldn't save ANYTHING. Instead, we would lose heavily, for if capital and brains were discouraged from going into industry, and we had to go back to old hand methods, shoes would COST US MORE.

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By far the worst enemy we have, in these disturbed days, is the demagogue who is long on mouth and short on brains.

Traveling to Europe by the Canadian Pacific gives you the distinct advantage of enjoying the services of a world-wide travel system. The excellence of the Canadian Pacific fleet and the frequency of its sailings attract experienced travelers, and many organized groups. The low service at modest cost to England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and Germany is available on Canadian Pacific lines, which stand in the line points of steamship operation.

Majestic "Empresses" Smart "Duchesses", Comfortable "Moons" ships, and the flag-ship "Empress of Britain" famous World Cruise Ship.

From the Pacific Northwest travelers to Europe have the convenience of "Train-to-Ship" service. Transcontinental trains leave Vancouver, B. C. daily, through the world famed Canadian Rockies, arriving at ship-side on the east coast just before sailing time—continuous service to their destination. Low Round Trip fares are offered, with comfortable Tourist and Third Class accommodations on all ships. Complete details, ship's plans and literature at our offices: W. H. Deacon, General Agent Passenger Department, 628 S. W. Broadway, (American Bank Building) Broadway 6037, Portland.

Canadian Pacific
CANADIAN PACIFIC TRAVELERS CHECKS GOOD THE WORLD OVER

Ye Poet's Corner

HUNTER'S LAMENT
(By John Ysuzza)

A buck I dropped, with a shoulder shot,
And packed him home to fill the pot.
My fame as a hunter spread far and wide,
As my friends lined up and admired the hide.

But, alas and alack, each wanted some
And the dust was thick as they did come.
The steaks and rib-roasts all did go—
It seems I dare not answer "No."

Now, as I trot to the cooler box,
And sniff around like a starving fox,
On empty hooks, as I double check—
All I can find is a scrawny neck!

Now gather round, ye friends and foes,
And harken to a man who knows—
If a three-point buck you chance to slay,
Just say to your "friends"—he got away.

Ky-Track Star Killed
ALBANY, Ore., Sept. 26.—(AP)—Word was received here today that Theodore D. Butts, 26, was killed by electricity Monday at the Mountain States Power Co. substation near Newkirk.

Autolists continue to drive in front of approaching trains at the Main street crossing, and the watchman throws his lantern at a prominent citizen, who kept on going. "They're not drunk—they're just full of cussedness," the watchman reports.

Mr. and Mrs. Court Hall leave for Lakeview, Ore., where they will visit and Mr. Hall will hunt.

Season at Crater Lake will close September 30.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

GRUFF HOLDS LUCKY TICKET

WINNING IN THE SWEEPSTAKES

says Major Gruff, is nothing compared with the joy an old timer feels when his host serves up a cocktail with grand, bland, honny old barrel-mellow Hildick.

Any cocktail, highball or mixed drink you can make with whiskey, rum or brandy, you can make smoother, tastier, cheaper with HILDICK

OLD FASHIONED Applejack BRANDY

Distributed by Bluebell Importing Corporation, 271 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

AVAILABLE IN OREGON

HILDICK BLACK LABEL

QUARTS—No. 408A—\$1.95
PINTS—No. 408B—\$1.00
HALF PINTS—No. 408D—\$.55

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The Oregon Nut Growers have bolted the nut code—the one that affects them most.

Now if Ethiopia will do to Italy what an Ethiopian did to Mr. Baer, the world will once again be worth staying in.

A contributor to the letter writer's department of the Oregonian, tells of a group of children, who threw "stones at their grandfather for trying to protect a helpless girl." Real modern kids would have shot Grandpa in the leg.

The war against hunting carelessness is beginning to get results. No deer hunter proceeding to, or from, the timber, will take a chance and pick up a hitch-hiker.

The upstate editorial surmise of about six weeks ago that a minimum of mud would be thrown in the campaign, is coming along fine, but the allegation (as printed) of a Kansas editor that the president is crazy, was a handful of something.

Politicians have started manifesting heartrending solicitude for the Old Folks, in securing Old Age Pensions, and most everybody, including the Old Folks sent their insincerity. It indicates there will be a decrease in cutting the taxes, and saving the farmer from the stump, as in previous years; but an increase in artificial election for social security for the aged, and public trust security for themselves. It's a mean trick to play upon the old, but nothing matters with an office-seeker but votes. When afflicted with the itch for office, he will endorse any rainbow that presents itself. The esteemed Congressman from the second Oregon district, the Hon. W. H. Pierce, is at present, the outstanding example of a politician endeavoring to hoodwink the oldsters out of their votes. Upon this point a metropolitan paper concludes its summation of his stand:

"The congressman from the second district is not the only politician among us who is courting the Townsend planners by commending the plan with weasel words."

The cigarette ads in the magazines are masterpieces of the printer's and engraving art, always with a beautiful lady puffing her favorite brand, received from the gallant hand of a gentleman, himself no misery to the eye. It seems a homely man don't know enough to give a homely gal a smoke.

CHALLENGE JOE LOUIS.
(Personal Advice Col.)

Dear Miss Dix—I am a boy of 17 years old and very powerful. I have a bad habit of knocking down everybody, even my father, when they displease me. I do not mean to be mean or tough and didn't notice it until I broke my older brother's arm twisting it. What can you suggest that I do.—X. Y. Z.

The attorney-general rules that the pension granted the later Chancellor of the Higher Education is legal, provided the chancellor does some work for it, other than drawing the pension.

Some well-deserved compliments are being hurried at the Autumn weather by experts at a typewriter.

Del Getchell, the banker-poet, has returned to his lares and penates, after a sojourn to Puget Sound.

On the other hand, some of our businessmen are an hostile to the administration that they refuse to breathe even when the President says they may.—(New Yorker)—Spirit of the times, and helpful attitude.

The secretary of the Commercial club addressed the Professional Women on Tuesday, and put in a few good words for his new boy.

How and how enthusiasts in their resorts in the Cow Creek canyon are having a fine time, and so far have had nothing but deer.

Some jealous rascal threw a stone at a auto in which a certain young man of Florida and a young lady of Lockhart were riding last Saturday night. The stone struck the young lady squarely in the back, and at the same time bruised the left arm of the young man very badly.—(Merida (Ala.) Feminer)—One-handed driver revealed.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—Sunday dinner at the Cafe Lafayette now and then is among the rites of a coterie of established New Yorkers mostly of French descent.

The proprietor of the Lafayette is the man whose \$25,000 prize inspired the Lindbergh flight. He has not allowed modernity to trespass too heavily.

There are still marble-topped consoles where patrons, with enormously gobletted bouquets of brandy, may idle over the ancient game of cubito or the later pleasantries known as dominoes. The blue flame of the crepe Suzette dances a flicker at almost every table side.

Along with fashionables is a sprinkling of custom clingers. The starchy lady whose ears are ringed with loops of green jade—the type always present in the grill of the Grand Vatel. And the prudent monocleist with sartorial black gloves, fursel funnel collar and skimpy high lapels of the 90's.

There is the orchestra trio, moving slowly, playing softly the familiar Viennese waltzes and, of course, the inevitable "Valencia." Outside, to clinch the illusion, there is usually a red-wheeled fiacre whose mounting

John has managed somehow to retain his patented, leather cockaded hat.

I hear many ladies devoted to the reigning diet of crab-meat, lettuce and buttermilk eat their meal before attending luncheons or dinners. Thus fortified, they do not give way to temptations for fattening foods.

There has sprung up an art among them in appearing to eat without touching a bite. They go through the semblances without a taste.

They played one of those dirty tricks on Seymour Felix, Ziegfeld's former dance director, in Hollywood the other day. William Anthony McGuire invited him to come as Topay to a costume party. He arrived all pig-tails, blackened and calico frocked, was jockeyed to the reception