

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday.
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 18.
ROBERT W. RUIH, 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.....\$3.00
Daily, six months.....2.75
Daily, one month......25
By Carrier, in Ashland, Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on highways:
Daily, one year.....\$3.00
Daily, six months.....2.75
Daily, one month......25
All terms, cash in advance.

Official Paper of the City of Medford.
Official Paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also to all rights of publication of special dispatches herein also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOHRNEN & COMPANY
Office in San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

MEMBER
OKORON ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.
An Idaho paper editorially argues the flappers of yesterday have turned out to be better parents than expected at the time of their flapping. It is also admitted they did a better job than their parents now trying to be flappers.

The move to change the name of the Columbia river, caused a number to inquire what was the name of Mt. Pitt, since it was officially and formally changed some 20 years ago.

The state bar association, in convention assembled, promised to correct judicial procedure, speed up trials, and mean it when they call an opponent "learned and brilliant counsel."

A Georgia mob Saturday night lynched a colored man for being drunk, and the suspicion arises that a majority of the lynchers were in the same fix.

Many have new world-wide radios and have heard an account of a Spanish bullfight, uninterrupted by a Portuguese soprano. In due course of time, Americans will be able to get a Portland prizefight, when a Los Angeles bartone is not bellowing.

In a milking machine accident, a Del Norte county dairyman sustained three broken ribs, and head contusions. This is not much gentler than letting the cow kick him.

Farmers continue to demand rain for fall plowing, while their oldest boy is home, doing the plowing.

Premier Mussolini of Italy is exhibited on the screen of the G. Hunt magic lantern show, up to Santa Claus night. The Premier does some excellent putting, and makes a face like his shoes hurt, when through.

Autolists of both sexes continue to drive on East Main, like they were in a hurry to get to an accident, and have it over with.

Shall we socialize sport, also, and make the winner give most of his prize to the losers?—(Buffalo (NY) News)—Under the same theory, the hunter would be allowed to keep the horns of the deer, while friends ate the hame.

The Elks' cat has become so shiftless it is feared the Temple mouse will chew off his ears some night.

Del Getchell, the banker-poet, has another poem ready to unleash.

A number of bowling enthusiasts have started training and practicing. This is an unflattering sign the Older Girls have started fall house-cleaning, not that the house needs it, but just to be doing something.

E. Ulrich, the Prospect mountain-william, towmed and traded Mon. Mr. Ulrich is one of the main factors in keeping the Prospect social whirl whirling.

"Shut your own mouth, so I'll have a place to shove," barked J. Wray Bates, the windshield, at an arguing customer this morn.

As soon as there are no more tops of mountains to build roads too, with government funds, something might be done about the venerable Main stem lamp posts that for 20 years or more have stood up under the battering of the elements and car fenders, and still look like the dickens, even when glimmering.

Fashion authorities report the "extreme short skirt is definitely killed," and in a number of instances around here it has been killed.

A visiting upstate citizen was here last week, and is suspected of having a desire to run for something next spring, as he was telling farmers how to kill a hog, spinning Mae West yarns with power trust hirelings, and shaking hands with politicians.

It is now October. The gals will soon be wearing imported Russian mink furs that shed tom-cat hairs.

In one story in a current popular magazine the author makes the angry father turn purple with rage, the villain is described as green with envy, the hero is justly white with anger and the heroine's blushes are of the most crimson hue.—(Modern Author)—Why don't somebody turn blue from the cold.

That Interview With Hearst

In his copyright interview given to Paul Mallon published yesterday, William Randolph Hearst, bitterly scored President Roosevelt and his policies and declared, for the good of the country, he must be defeated.

In the same interview however, Mr. Hearst said, if Herbert Hoover should be the republican nominee and Franklin Roosevelt the democratic nominee, he (Hearst) would support Roosevelt.

An extraordinary statement to make! That is, extraordinary for most people but not so extraordinary for Mr. Hearst!

FOR with the Baron of San Simeon and McCloud, there are no real principles in politics, only prejudices and personalities, and the will to power of W. R. Hearst.

Hearst claims Roosevelt has dishonored his personal pledges; betrayed his party and its platform; has tried and is still trying, to radically modify "our American form of free government," and to "impose upon our free people, foreign policies of socialistic regimentation and irresponsible personal despotism" and yet—

If the contest in 1936 should be between Roosevelt and Hoover, William Randolph will devote all his energies and tremendous power, to returning this renegade and turncoat to the White House, and perpetuating this socialistic despotism and these policies of betrayal and dishonor, for ANOTHER FOUR YEARS!

Certainly an appalling confession to make!

NEVERTHELESS we have no doubt that under such circumstances Mr. Hearst would do exactly as he says.

Ex-President Hoover would, if nominated, stand for those principles in which Mr. Hearst professes to believe; and of course President Roosevelt would stand for those principles in which he says he does NOT believe,—which he detests and deplores,—and yet his personal dislike for Hoover is so great, that he would throw overboard all his principles, and do everything in his power, to secure the defeat of the former and the re-election of the latter.

Nothing could more clearly reveal the true character of William Randolph Hearst.

Hearst has no principles, no real convictions, he is true to only one person,—himself,—what his whim, caprice or passion for power may, at any given time, dictate.

Here he stands convicted by his own words. He is willing to sacrifice what HE regards, as the welfare of his own country, the preservation and perpetuation of cherished American institutions, the upholding of sacred principles of honor and ideals of his political faith, if the republicans should happen to nominate Hoover as their standard bearer in 1936.

Under such circumstances, Hearst would support ROOSEVELT!

On the other hand, if someone Mr. Hearst personally prefers is made the republican nominee, he will fight Roosevelt.

How simple life and politics and the fate of nations must be to a man like Mr. Hearst!

Home Demonstration Agent

MANY years ago there was a popular song about potatoes they grow tall in Kansas—'potatoes they grow tall and they eat them skins and all, they eat them skins and all in Kansas.'

There were many other verses, extolling, in a slightly satirical vein, the wonders of the great sunflower state. But as we recall it there was no mention of the feeling for the state, and the people in the state, that true Kansans have.

We are being constantly impressed by the sentiment (not sentimentality) Kansans display, toward their native land, and their fellow citizens, particularly in the rural portions of it.

The following sketch written by the "Farm Woman", in the Emporia Gazette, struck us as a good example of what we mean. This is nothing so unusual about it. No doubt farm women in other states have felt the same way about departing home demonstration agents. But where, but in Kansas would they say anything PUBLICLY about it? We like that articulate, neighborly, responsive, appreciative quality in the rural life of Kansas:

Every farm bureau woman has a tear in her eye and a tightening of the throat today. Letters have come telling us that our home demonstration agent is going to leave. Our first reaction is that she cannot go. We cannot get along without her. When we stop to reason that she is going to college again for advanced work we know that wider vistas will open for her and we must not hold her here. Our hearts would keep her, reason would bid her Godspeed.

For more than six years Miss Gertrude Allen has worked long and faithfully in this county. She has brought farm women together so that today women from Harford know the women from Bushong and Olpe and America. She has interested us in a live-at-home program. Today farm bureau women follow a nutrition budget, fruit every day, potatoes and at least one other vegetable, meat, milk and cereal. We know that we should eat 31 quarts of vegetables for each member of the family. We have had many useful meetings in every neighborhood and now have a variety of meats throughout the year. Before we had these lessons we ate our fill of ribs and tenderloin and head cheese right after butchering and lived on ham and side and fried down sausage the rest of the time. We take our wheat to the mill and exchange it for a variety of products. We have been shown the romance of bread making. It is no longer a twice-a-week chore.

Farm Bureau units have studied foot care and today farm women want well fitting, straight line shoes. Shower baths seem a simple thing after they are constructed but extension service gave the idea to us. Tours have brought us closer together and shown us what our neighbors have done to their homes at little expense.

These thoughts come crowding in as we think on the things Miss Allen has taught us. We should like to have a party and a grand send off. It was her request that she be permitted to slip quietly away. Partings from those we love tug at the heart.

Is that a hint to the new Mrs. Louis to watch her step?

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

JOE LOUIS, of Detroit, is married in Harlem—New York's negro quarter—and two hours later becomes heavyweight champion of the world by knocking out Max Baer in four rounds hitting him some 250 to 300 times in that period.

MRS. BAER, the headlines tell us, isn't sorry over the results of the fight.

"I'm satisfied," she says, "I never did like the fight game. Max promised me that he is through with the fight game forever."

Well, that promise will be kept. He is through. All fighters are through when they're licked.

THIS writer, not a spot expert, doesn't know how old Max Baer is, but presumes he is under 35. It's a pity to be all washed up in

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. Only to the large number of letters received only a few can be answered. No reply can be made in cases not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

LEUKODERMA, ALIAS VITILIGO.

The appearance of non-pigmented areas in the skin is striking when the individual happens to be a brunette. When this leukoderma or vitiligo occurs in the negro it is commonly called piebald skin, and the superstitious interpret it as "turning white" or even as a stigma indicating that there was white blood in the family. Of course that is nonsense. Nobody knows the cause of the complete disappearance of pigment from the spots of skin. We do know, however, that there is no difference at all between negro blood and white blood—no scientific test can determine whether blood is from a negro or from a white person. The only difference between a negro and a white person is in the amount of pigment in the skin.



The areas of skin are milky-white in leukoderma, not natural white or flesh color. They are surrounded usually by a border of increased pigmentation, so that the white patches stand out by contrast. The ring of increased pigmentation around the non-pigmented area suggests that nature is trying to deposit the normal pigment but something prevents the pigment from reaching the spot, so it is left at the border. The white patch may be a single small one or several small spots, or one large irregular area. The face or any part of the body may be affected. There is no other change than the mere absence of the normal pigment.

The cause of leukoderma is unknown. A paint which temporarily conceals the white patches is made by mixing from one to four drams of glycerin with 1 1/2 ounces of zinc oxide and 1 1/2 ounces of calamin in a pint of water, then adding, drop by drop, till the desired tint is obtained, ichtholol. From 10 to 20 drops of ichtholol may be required to give a tint resembling the normal skin. Of course this paint is merely a cosmetic to cover the white patches, and has no remedial effect.

Dr. M. H. Cohen of York, Pa., reported apparent cure of leukoderma from application of 10 per cent alcoholic solution of oil of bergamot twice daily, ultraviolet irradiation with carbon arc lamp, for three to five minutes twice a week, and intravenous injection of gold sodium thiosulphate, that is about 1 1/2 grains once a week. Within two weeks the areas on the face began to coalesce and in six weeks the face was completely free from any evidence of the disease. The patches on the thigh and belly were also lessened but did not become pigmented again; the ultraviolet irradiation was used only on the face. Treatment was discontinued after 14 weeks. A year later the patient's face was completely free from any sign of the disease and the patches on the thighs and belly were improved, but still lacking in normal pigment.

One swallow never makes a summer, but if any treatment can relieve this not uncommon and extremely embarrassing condition it is worthy of a trial.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Stomach Rash, Eh? One little girl came to school with what the doctor called a stomach rash, in a note to the teacher. Next

one's chosen profession before the age of 30.

"BUTT," you'll probably say, "he made money enough before the age of 30 to last him the rest of his life if he has any sense about saving it."

True enough. But money isn't everything. Most of us will agree that it wouldn't be pleasant to spend two-thirds of a normal lifetime LOOKING BACKWARD to the time when one was a big shot.

If you're young, and are looking for the greatest possible satisfaction out of the one life you have to live, better not choose the fight game as a life's work.

IN Oregon, the state runs the liquor business, and takes all the profits. In the month of August, the profits amounted to \$157,864.82. For the year to date, the profits are \$1,119,494. The liquor business has always been more or less of a racket. In Oregon, the state has taken over this ancient racket and proposes to keep all the profits.

Do you suppose the next step will be to take over the gambling racket?

It might not be a bad idea, if people INSIST on gambling as they have insisted on having liquor.

LIQUOR, gambling, war—rackets, all of them. So from liquor and gambling to war is a natural step. Here is the latest war development:

An Italian spokesman tells the Associated Press at Geneva that Italy is rapidly losing interest in what the League of Nations may or may not do in Italy's dispute with Ethiopia. That is to say, Italy is no longer AFRAID of the League of Nations.

NATIONS, which in their relations with each other are still primitive savages, pay little attention to anything they are not AFRAID of.

Answer—These condiments are mainly irritants and all do you harm, rather than good. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

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.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

October 1, 1925. (It was Thursday.) Building permits during September in city total \$229,000—the highest in the records of this municipality. The new high school and the Schuler apartments are the largest constructions listed.

French debt commission, after Washington conference, unable to reach agreement, but promise a settlement of war debts in five years.

Taxes not paid before October 5 are delinquent, sheriff announces.

Cool weather, with a tang of autumn in the air prevails. Touch of frost reported in the Willow Springs district.

Ernest J. Scott starts motorcycle delivery service.

East Side Drug Store opened by Ernest L. Smith.

Chester Hubbard is elected president of the high school student body.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

October 1, 1915. (It was Friday.) Germany claims rush of Allies on western front stopped; Bulgarians and Serbs mobilize for battle.

The high school will play the first football game of the season tomorrow against the alumni. Coach Otto Klum reports "the team is confident, and there will be no stars this season."

Chinese pheasant season opens with heavy bombardment all over the valley. It sounded like the Fourth of July.

John C. Mann holds fifth anniversary sale.

World series to start October 8, between the Philadelphia team of the American league and Boston of the National league.



(Continued from Page One)

The troubles of new dealing here are just about the same as in every other section of the country, only more so. There is, for instance, the unpublished yarn about the farmer in Siskiyou county. He was one of those farmers who never had time to count

his pigs, but just let them grow fat and fat. A county agent came around and counted them, finding that the farmer had 152 to many.

The farmer agreed that these 152 extras would have to be eliminated. He suggested that they be slaughtered and buried on his farm, but the county agent insisted that they be given to nearby placer gold miners, who were having a hard time getting enough to eat.

The farmer contended that this would close up the nearest sales market for the rest of his pigs and ruin him. He has written of his problem to prominent authorities. The county agent has taken the matter up with Washington.

No one has consulted the pigs.

Then there is the typical yarn about the men on relief down in Kern county. There are 7,000 of them in that community, idle next to the fields where the farmers cannot get sufficient farm help to move their crops. The men on relief declined to take the field jobs for a few weeks because they would lose their relief status.

It seems that nearly everyone in California can tell you of a farmer friend back in the hills who cannot get sufficient help because of this situation.

The other side of the relief picture is offered by Manchester Body, Los Angeles publisher and Roosevelt supporter. He has found that 20 to 30 per cent of the retail commercial business around here is based on relief checks.

Advertisement for Rainier Beer. Features a large bottle of Rainier Special Export beer and the text: 'NOW Oregon gets the Rainier "BIG BOY"'. Includes details about the beer's quality and availability.