MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturday.

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MEMBER OREGON STATE EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION 1935

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The special session of the legislature called for the sole and specific purpose of providing measures for the construction of a new state capitol, is making wonderful progress, doing everything, but what they were assembled for. Nobody knows for sure just what ails the hired men of the people, but fear it will turn out to be a case of legislative infantile paralysis.

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The Wig Ashpole boy, 2, was downtown Tues., full of business and candy.

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Joe Marshall the printer protested Fri. am. against the sameness of the sameness, and the dullness thereof. He states he follows in his own tracks, day after day. He wants more variety, as long as it is not a Republican administration.

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Sen. Steiwer was here last week, confabbing with constituents, and shaking paws.

• • •

Local friends of Bert Bates of Roseburg, Douglas Co. delegate to the Old Age Pension meet in Chicago sent him a wire Thurs. night, telling him to hold out for a $400 per month ante, or never darken Oregon again. Bert has reached the ripe old age of approximately 40. He was warned not to stay out in the cold and have his rheumatism come back on him.

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Youngin's are all set for the annual wreaking of the Hallowe'en havoc on the nights of the 29, 30 and 31 inst.

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Farmers voted last week on whether they wanted to continue to be paid for hogs they did not raise, or let Santa Claus transact his business exclusively around a Christmas tree.

• • •

Carpenters will soon start the work of removing the bay-window from C. Strang, the pioneer pillist. This will even up the architectural continuity of the Main Stem, and prevent it getting knocked off, in case a box-car is ever shot down the thoroughfare.

• • •

The news reel at the G. Hunt magic lantern show last Fri. showed a group of Swiss yodellers who went to the top of a mt. to yodel. The valley has no yodellers, and it wouldn't be nice to ask a tenor to climb Roxy Ann.

• • •

Del Getchell, the banker-poet was up all night with a jury Tues. He showed up the next day as sleepy looking as the owner of a new world-wide radio.

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The state P.-T. A. held a congress here last week, and many of the Older Girls were as excited over it as their better ½'s get over a bowling match, or catching a fish.

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Hunters of all ages continue to flock to the heather. The menfolks blast the beautiful Chinese Pheasants, and the boys drill neat holes through indiscreet bluejays.

• • •

K. Kamawawa, the Nipponese laundryman, has his picture on display. It was taken when he and Maggirura were young.

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J. Wesley Bates, our favorite cutthroat, has returned to his chinwhacking after a rest everybody needed.

• • •

C. Gay and T. Waterman had an argument Thurs. on what time the sun rises. Neither knew, though both claim to get up before it does.

• • •

J. D. Rockefeller of Cleveland, O., and Florida is going to fix up a couple of his local gas silos, so they will be modernistic.

• • •

Carl Fichtner became a Grandpaw last Tues. It made him feel like a new hind tire.

1000 DEER TAKEN FROM OCHOCO DURING SEASON

BEND Ore. Oct. 26.—(AP)—More than 1000 deer were taken from the Ochoco national forest by 6003 hunters during the season that ended today, federal forest officers estimated.

With the woods dampened by recent rains, hunting in central Oregon forests this past week has been excellent.

Notice

Hemstitching. Mrs. Canoose at 323 So. Orange.

Editorial Correspondence

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 23.—A large band of Eagles headed by a Scotch kilty bag pipe squad boarded the Shasta at Salem. They poured into three Pullmans tacked on the train at Eugene. Debouching here at the Union station they were met by various and sundry Portland Eagles, including a snappy drum corps, in gay uniforms, and the entire army marched around the waiting room several times, making such a racket one had to yell at the Pullman agent to get a sleeping car ticket for Seattle.

The taxi driver who finally pushed his way through the mob and got us in his car, was much impressed.

Said he: "I am going to join the Eagles one of these days, it's the best of them all. They have more fun, and do more for their members and for the poor, than any other lodge. They're more for the common run of people like me."

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No doubt about the fun feature, as far as the Salem delegation was concerned. They certainly made whoopee all the way to Portland, joining the bag pipers who never stopped blowing Highland airs, with their own variations of "Sweet Adeline", "Working On the Railroad" and "My Own Kentucky Home." As the Shasta reached here at 7:35 p. m. it seemed rather early in the evening to reach the swipe harmony stage, but one of the members informed us, Eagles can sing all day and all night and never droop a tail feather. Coming up town we passed the line of march on Broadway, and could observe no signs of weakening. Later no doubt the Eagle will be true to tradition and scream!

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What is so rare as a clear sunny day in October, gliding through the Cow Creek canyon with an S. P. engineer acting as chauffeur. An Easterner who took the train trip up the coast a year ago this month told us last summer in New York, just to be clubby, that he found the Pacific coast very disappointing in the fall. There was none of the color so vivid and thrilling in the wooded sections of New York and New England., As he expressed it, "it was all rusty brown, dirty yellow and cold gray stretches of sand out there!" We were not surprised to learn he passed through Oregon at night on the Cascade, and never saw Cow Creek canyon. The colors the Shasta passed through today from Grants Pass to Roseburg—molten gold, sumac red, vivid green, deep purple and flame,—would compare favorably with anything one could see east of the Hudson, or anywhere else in North America.

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We like to curse out the old S. P., but wait a minute! . . . We paid nine dollars for a ticket that will take us from Medford to Seattle, and adding one dollar and two-bits, give us a bed to sleep in en route, with all the comforts of home thrown in. Where, how and when could that transportation be supplied in any other medium? And on a round trip ticket one could knock off four or five dollars. Figure it out, that is less than gas and oil if you drive your own car. In fact it's about half. Moreover you can rest and read, eat and sleep en route, reaching Seattle in less than a day's running time,—and be about as sure as you can be of anything, you will end up at your destination safe and sound instead of in a hospital. (There's your quid pro quo, Rosey, and many thanks for the dinner.)

• • • • • •

At Roseburg we learned the prune crop has been a flop, the price being so low it won't pay the farmers to pay for their drying. Broccoli won't be so bad. A small crop of prunes in the Umpqua valley, but a big crop elsewhere—too big—the old story of supply and demand. Of course the AAA is terrible and fruit codes worse, but what doth it profit a farmer to raise a crop he CAN'T sell. Isn't it better to raise less and make something, than to raise more and make nothing at all? So few people seem to realize when they are talking against the theory of scarcity and clamor for the theory of abundance, they are really putting the skids under the entire profit system.

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There are undoubtedly plenty of turkeys in the Roseburg area as there are in the valley of the Rogue, but from a car window you can't see them. In the Willamette valley north of Eugene however the Shasta passed farms where acres and acres were literally black with turkeys, great big fellows, packed together in expectation of the evening feeding hour. Some farmers will have something to be thankful for Thanksgiving day—maybe!

• • • • •

What a land of peace and plenty the Willamette valley appears, farm after farm, mile after mile of fertile acres, stretching flat as a pan cake to the distant mist shrouded hills. The news butcher comes through selling early evening Portland papers. A banner about the Italian war, 400 Italians ambushed and killed—dispatch comes from Addis Ababa, but is not confirmed. Probably not true—but no one knows. One looks out the window again,—what would become of Oregon if 45,000,000 men, women and children, were crowded within its borders and had to make a living from the land! Well, all Italy hasn't the fertility, productivity and area of the state of Oregon. At least that is what the professor who boarded the train at Eugene informs us from across the aisle. A professor ought to know. He adds "People in this country don't realize what Italy is up against." Howsabout realizing what Ethiopia is up against, and the world also if this war goes on!

• • • • •

The S. P. has speeded up since our last trip this way. No more 15 and 20 minute stops en route, only three or four. At Salem in spite of all the Eagles milling around, we ran into a man we knew who raises hops on his ranch,—or used to. Asked him how hops were and he said terrible, but we didn't have time to find out why. A station truck rumbled by, transporting five kegs of beer to the Pullmans in the rear, which suggested it couldn't be due to absence of consumption, or decline in the beer demand.

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During the past year or two nothing has changed more than the railroad day coach. Think what they were 25 years ago,—or only eight or ten. Now they are clean, comfortable, warm in winter, cool in summer, the one we rode in today had no reclining chairs but most of them have, and you can have all the pillows you wish for ten cents per. Also hot coffee and sandwiches, cookies or pie, served by the news butcher whenever you wish. Sandwiches at ten cents—very good ones too,—and coffee for five. Talk about service,—even the conductor doubles to assist the brakie as nursemaid, porter, and roustabout. A young mother in front of us who boarded the train at Medford had an infant son about six months old or perhaps 16—we never can be sure—at any rate it was still on a bottle, which may mean something to our woman readers, was about 30 inches long and could walk several steps even on a moving train without falling down. The brakie tended this infant for at least ten minutes while mother took a vacation, and let it hang on the finger of one hand and paw and jump up and down, without giving the slightest indication this was at all out of line with his regular duties or not imposed by the union rules. Men always like to do that,—let a baby grab a finger so firmly in one fist. It shows the monkey in them—the BABY we mean!

R. W. R.

Fort Validity Up

SALEM, Oct. 26.—(AP)—The state supreme court will hear arguments of attorneys next Friday in connection with two cases involving the constitutionality and validity of proceedings creating the port of The Dalles. The right to issue bonds also is involved in the proceeding.

Relief Aid Ruling

SALEM, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Attorney General I. H. VanWinkle ruled today that the state relief committee has no authority to use its funds for the purchase of public liability insurance covering its employes. The opinion was asked by Elmer Goudy, state relief administrator.

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.

A MONOTONOUS SUCCESSION OF BOILS.

One boil or two or three in succession is furunculus, but when it becomes habit we call it furunculosis. In the good old days when doctors had only to pronounce things it was sufficient to explain furunculosis as a matter of run down condition, lowered resistance or bad blood. Today we have to spell things and it is not so easy to account for successions of boils. But we are still resourceful and if it comes to a pinch we can always subdue curiosity by introducing the word metabolism. Generally that quiets them, all right.

It seems that boils are more likely to occur when there is a deficiency of carbohydrate metabolism, no fooling. That means inability to burn sugar well. If the sugar is not readily oxidized or burned to furnish energy in the body, an excess of sugar accumulates in blood and tissues. This is frequently found in cases of recurring boils. It may be a temporary condition. Again in some instances it is the beginning of diabetes.

Incidentally, we have learned in the past two or three years that an adequate supply of vitamins is essential to maintain normal corbohydrate metabolism or to restore the body's power to burn and utilize sugar when this vital function is impaired. Mind, this is incidental; I am not suggesting that vitamins cure boils, altho good authorities have observed undue frequency of boils in the history of patients suffering from lack of vitamins A, C and B and G.

Careless or unskilled handling of Boil No. 1, and transplantation of pus-germs from this to a new site of operation is probably the common cause of Boil No. 2 and so on ad finitum.

One excellent first aid treatment for anything that threatens to become a boil is the immediate application of a thin disc of ordinary toilet soap the size of the thumb nail to the young pimple, and then a strip of adhesive plaster to hold this in place. Soap is an excellent antiseptic. Reminds me of the good old soap and brown sugar treatment grandma used for stone bruises when we were kids in Canadaigua. I don't know whether the sugar added anything to the remedial value of the poultice, but I've never found anything better in materia medica with the possible exception of Old Doc Salve, which some of you old-timers may remember.

Speaking of soap, which perhaps I should do, in view of my deplorable attitude toward bath tubs, I wish to go on record as of the opinion that not nearly enough soap is used in this country today, first by the young people for cleansing and beautifying their faces, and second by everybody for washing their hands. In well regulated households there is a rigid rule requiring that the children carefully wash their hands before they come to the table to eat. There is greater need for such a rule for grownups who eat in hotel dining rooms, restaurants, or lunch rooms. It is not so much the visible dirt as it is the invisible pollution of the hands that matters, and the best way to remove that is by a thorough washing with plain soap and water—sanitary essentials which some health authorities too readily waive.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Shooting Tongue.

Elderly man has snooting tongue. That is, when he is talking his tongue shoots out, in a way which makes strangers want to laugh . . . —E. L. M.

Answer—Probably a tic or habit spasm. If he wishes to correct the habit he might try wearing a well scrubbed twenty-five cent coin under his tongue while talking.

Of Cures for Foot Itch No End

My wife and I have found the use of ——— (a ten per cent tannic acid paste that comes in collapsible tube) a cure for that prevalent foot condition where tiny blisters form and cause such persistent itching and irritation . . . —S. B. T.

Answer—Thank you. There are many cures for ringworm of the foot. Recipes for making one or two are given in monograph on Foot Itch, which any reader may have if he sends stamped envelope bearing his address. Additional advice about this and other forms of parasitic infestation in the booklet "Unbidden Guests"—inclose ten cents coin for copy.

Drink Habit.

Very fond of (popular soda fountain beverage) and drink quite a few of them. Have been told they are very fattening, also injurious to health . . . —Miss M. A.

Answer—Effect of a glass of the beverage practically same as effect of a cup of sweetened tea. Much sugar is fattening, of course. But an occasional indulgence in such a beverage is harmless. Habitual use is injurious to health.

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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 27, 1925.
(It was Tuesday)

Babe Ruth, baseball idol and home-run king, admits he squandered $500,000, in being "the sappiest of saps."

President Coolidge refuses to accept apple pie made by University of Vermont girls to "boost apple week."

Mrs. Elmer Childers recovers from a major operation, and leaves the hospital for her home.

Mrs. Glen Fabrick reads a paper on P.-T. A. work at annual convention of P.-T. A. in Portland.

Owen-Oregon company to erect $50,000 office-building.

Football squad starts secret practice for game Saturday with Marshfield high.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 27, 1915.
(It was Wednesday)

"The Hoggish Metropolis" subject of an editorial in The Mail Tribune.

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo predicts, "real prosperity will come to America in 10 years."

Statistics of Espee show "one out of every 40 residents of the Rogue River valley have attended the San Francisco fair."

Armory is dedicated by Gov. Withycombe.

British losses in the world war now total 493,202.

King George of England, while reviewing troops in France, falls off his horse and sutains severe bruises. The horse reared when the soldiers cheered.

UNDEFENDED COAST ASTONISHES SOLON

PORTLAND Oct. 26.—(AP)—Representative Melvin J. Maas, Republican, of Minnesota, here last night on an individual survey of defenses, said he was "alarmed and astonished" at the "inadequate military defense on the Pacific coast.

A member of the house naval affairs committee and a lieutenant-colonel of marine corps air reserves, Representative Maas described as essential a base in the Aleutian islands for warships and aircraft, and two aircraft bases in the Pacific northwest, one on the coast and the other east of the Cascades.

GUNSMITH Repairs for all makes of guns. Sims Bros., 23 N. Fir.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Purely personal piffle: I like the hill-billy greeting: "Hidy!" Best job of straight-away reporting in my time: Fortune's article about W. R. Hearst. My honeymoon trip was a street car ride to a summer park. Whenever I see Einstein I itch for a mental can opener.

Not many ever left Broadway flatter than Sailing Baruch. Every October I go for oysters on the half shell. Once and no more. Something that puzzles you after 40: Why you thought it fun to sit up with the gang until 5 a. m. listening to Sneeze sing "Room 202."

Every once in awhile I drag in a mention of Port Said to show I know how to pronounce it. But I'm uncertain about definition of winsome and I've never met anyone who knew the precise meaning of lurid. Another tricky word: Fulsome. Favorite animated cartoon character: Donald Duck.

A tale worth rehearing: Isaac Marcosson's of becoming lost on the streets of Moscow after midnight with all lights out and without a passport. Kathleen Norris is on her way around the world again for a reunion in Vienna with Charles G. in December. A pleasantly remembered depot: The rickety Santa Fe in Chicago.

Of modern inventions, the telephone has my scantiest blessing. Journalistic illusion: Crack special writers invariably come to New York. My choice scent is a low-priced American cologne and I always believe a "Forced to Vacate" sale sign. Add worldly blushers: Milton Bronner, Harry Silvey and Karl Kitchen. Gov. Alf Landon of Kansas is the biggest Republican bet. My grandfather gave me a dun-colored pony with the heaves for my tenth birthday.

For three years Flo Ziegfeld phoned me at precisely 6 a.m., usually to complain he was not getting his share of Page 1. Every once in a while I get a notion I would look swagger with the hat brim down fore and aft. Snappy nickname: Duke. Edna Ferber's dialogue sounds the truest. Any time they begin throwing bread crumbs in a restaurant I wind up the sole target. Personality Als: Smith, Woods and Jolson. I know four Carl Helms: All grand fellows. The most charming people I have met were usually worthless. Extraordinary vocabulary: that of the late Karl Harriman. Contrast: Flyweight Billy Rose producing that mastodonic monstrosity, "Jumbo."

When a roller skater is behind me, he gets the right of way, don't be ridic. For a midnight feast: A butter-like spread of cold goose juice on bread. For oblivion: The Pulitzer prizes. Fascinating fragrances: A harness room and train smoke. Political letters from the west bulge with cheers for Borah. Unforgettable dinner (inside) at the Cafe de la Paix—one of the three finest eating spots in Paris, by the way: Pea soup, ham boiled in Maderia, spinach souffle, potatoes souffle, wilted lettuce mixed in a huge wooden bowl, creme caramel and a pint of Chablis. Then a thimble of cointreaux outside while the world drifts by. Paree, Paree!

Talented lady: Kay Swift. All my life I've longed for three chins. And the best I get is hollow cheeks. Most highly publicized of the current beauties: Clare Boothe Brokaw. For a weekend, I'll still vote for Atlantic City in April. Frank Buck, animal catcher, has the most amazing memory of my acquaintances. No billing so apt as "The Perfect Fool" for Ed Wynn. Delightful tingle: A gaunt hall clock booming in the dead of a stormy night. Ogden Nash, one of the best light versifiers, looks least the part. I perspire smack through my clothes at wrestling bouts.

Low in camouflage: Hiding tooth-pick work behind a napkin. Top in drawing room clowning: Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward in "Private Lives." No one of his generation—and I wince to admit it—has touched John Barrymore in the role of Hamlet. Harry Salsinger, expert Detroit sports writer, and I were once fellow reporters at $9 a week. And worth all of ten. American calamity: When Charles Evans Hughes missed the presidency by an eyelash. My aunt was the first hostess in our town to serve sherbet.

Vivid horror recollection: A scholarly fellow in a Priscilla-like tea room in The Village, heating a spoon over the table candle, giving himself a "bust in the arm" and going on with his reading. I always expect ladies named Birdie to twitter and I met one who had a deep bass voice, for goodness sake!

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Tropical Rain Toll

PORT AU PRINCE, Haiti, Oct. 26.—(AP)—Reports reached here today that hundreds of persons were drowned in the Jeremie and Jacmel regions of the island last week-end in torrential rains which accompanied the Caribbean hurricane. The reports said 98 bodies have been recovered at Jacmel, where the death toll may reach 1,000.

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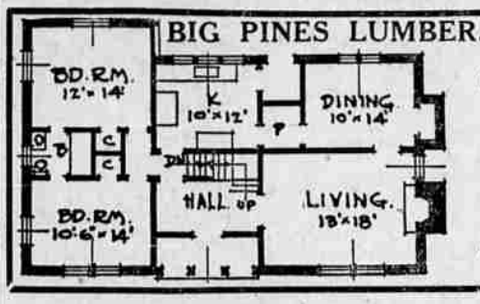

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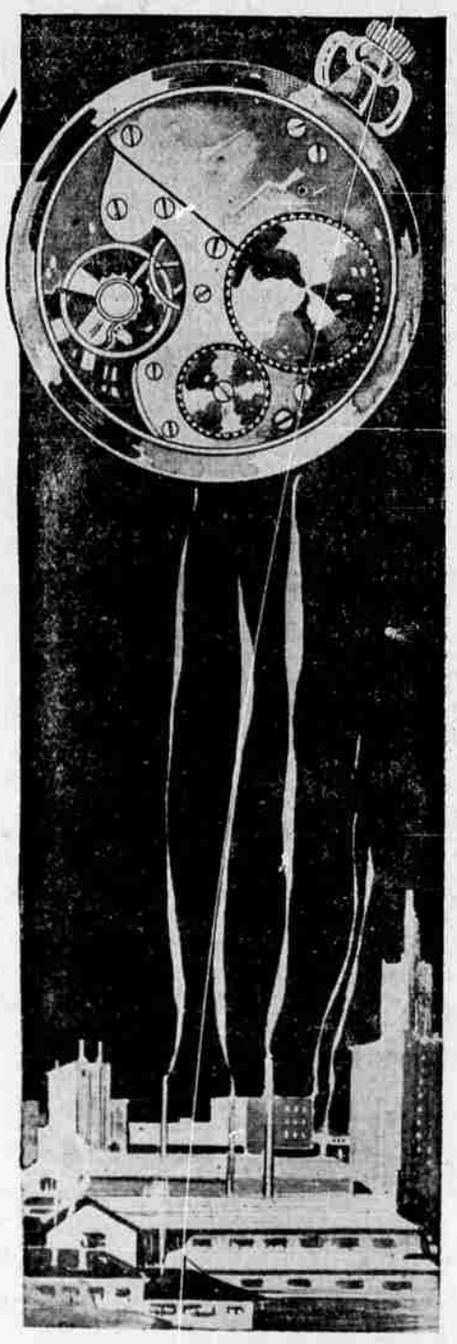

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