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YE SUDGE POT

By Arthur Perry.

Halloween is history. A number of innocent pranks were perpetrated and the guilty goblines grabbed.

It is understood Utofo, alumnus will call upon the metropolitan sports scribe who advocated lynching for "Old Oregon" teams, who scheduled games in southern California.

They plan to confer with him, pro and con, upon his plan, and hope they do not find him: Out to Lynch.

A Pittsburg, Pa., girl claims the hitch-hiked 2788 miles to greet Ginger Rogers, film queen, in Hollywood. She would not walk that many feet to greet Clark Gable.

Old-fashioned ideas about living within your income aren't very popular these days, so perhaps it would be better to say nothing about them. (Pendleton East Oregonian)

Wherein journalism grows fearfully evasive, but nice about it.

The esteemed Bend Bulletin learnedly discusses the tendency to describe college football players as "the kids." It is argued that a pair of tackles weighing a quarter of a ton are not "kids." The paper further points out: "Puristically a kid is a youthful goat" and argues if this evolution of the language continues, in due course of time, the Old Folks seeking the \$200 per month pension are apt to be known as the "Townsend Kids." In this neck of the woods, when a political war is climaxed with a particularly dumb bit of felonious cunningness, it has been more or less of a custom to gild the criminality by stating "it was boy's play." There has also been considerable talk of late about "the boys in the legislature getting down to business." This is also giving the male juveniles the worst of it. Nevertheless, there is as much sense in calling a gridiron hero a "kid" as a full-grown politician a "boy."

IRATE LADY SPEAKS UP. (Burrill Chimney (W. Va.) Clarion) LOST—My husband. Answers to most any name. I called him everything before our separation. He is bald-headed, short, fat and dumb; true American type of the "model" husband. Finders Keepers. Lily Wilcox.

The weather continues to cause citizens to wonder where they did their overcoats last spring, and why they paid no attention to the Bill Hoeger blanket sale last August.

The C. Woods scales are still committing perjury in a manner highly satisfactory to the womenfolk.

It often looks like the state planning board should start planning to do no more planning.

LOS ANGELES, Oct. 30.—(AP)—John Swanson, 65, known wherever gold was panned, in the Northwest and who made a fabulous fortune in the Klondike, died here yesterday in poverty. (Press Dispatch)—Short sermon on "horse and buggy" thrift.

A number of "Coal-Oil Johnny" agriculturists with pigs that they did raise, are getting ready to kill and devour them.

CONSISTENCY RAMPANT. Twelve cents altogether. Twelve cents for a gallon of gasoline for which the filling station man got thirteen cents—twenty-five cents a gallon all told.

Irate citizens storm the boards and howl when a sales tax of two or three per cent is proposed. But here is a sales tax of almost one hundred per cent.—(Colliers)

Owing to the efficiency of the police, and the rain, the Halloween devastation last night was the lowest in years. The elf that have consistently smeared the Bert Orr windows with soap for years, failed to show up due to fear of pneumonia and the police. Many of the Older Girls were irate and irked, because spritzers spread paraffin on their door screens. The only way to get rid of the paraffin is to throw the screen door away.

The state police urge youngsters going to the football game in K. Falls, in travel so they can see the game there, and get back to see the next one here. They report it is a long way to the bottom of the canyon, lining the mountain.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

The Truth About Italy

FRANK SIMONDS is probably the best posted man in the United States on foreign affairs. What he writes concerning the European situation comes as near being "official" as anything can be.

In the current Atlantic is an article by Simonds entitled "Benito Africanus—what the Italian adventure really means." Those who want the truth about the situation in Europe at the present time should read it. Interestingly written as all Simonds articles are, it is also very enlightening.

MUSSOLINI, in Simonds' opinion, is not an Italian Huey Long but a would-be Napoleon. He is neither a fakir nor a bluff. He has deliberately engaged in a war of conquest, to gain security for Italy on one hand, greater glory and power for himself on the other. The Italian adventure in Ethiopia is exactly similar to the Japanese in Manchuria,—a militaristic and imperialistic excursion against a weaker people, to get more land, more raw materials and eventually more national wealth.

England sidestepped the Japanese challenge because Britain's interests in that section of the world are relatively slight and remote. She didn't sidestep the Italian challenge — she couldn't for it is a direct threat to the integrity of the British empire,—but Simonds strongly intimates she took decisive action too late—and then fell back on economic sanctions through the League, instead of as at Fashoda and the Golden Horn, opposing such threats with force.

BUT the most interesting feature of the Simonds article is the reason given for England falling back on the League instead of taking firm and aggressive action herself. According to Simonds, the British fleet is not strong enough to keep open the line of communications from Gibraltar to Suez, nor could the Sudan be defended against Italian forces in Libya and Eritria, and finally the important British naval and military base at Malta could not be defended against the present mobilized Italian air force.

THIS is astounding information, particularly to people in this country who have assumed all along that Great Britain could blow Italy out of the water any time she desired, and blockade her ports tighter than a drum, 24 hours after a declaration of war.

It is hard to believe, but still it is harder to believe that Mr. Simonds doesn't know what he is talking about.

AND if this is true, then of course, recent peace talk reported from Rome must be a lot of apple sauce,—except of course as concerns a victorious peace such as Mussolini must have, to give Italy her place in the sun, and himself the glory and security, of a Benito Africanus at home.

In other words, as far as Il Duce is concerned this war is no sham battle, no dramatic tour de force to divert the Italian people from their troubles, during a brief period of domestic crisis, but a genuine war of conquest, for the specific purpose of creating another Roman Empire,—and Mussolini is not only ready to fight England but the world, to achieve his goal and realize what he regards as the Italian national destiny.

Another Napoleon therefore is right! And unless a miracle happens, another European war, as certain eventually, as the sun rising over Roxy Anne tomorrow.

INCIDENTALLY the Simonds article again confirms the view that as the world is now constituted, the League of Nations is powerless to prevent war, until it is ready to wage war to enforce peace. He lists Italy, Japan and Germany, as three nations, acutely needing more land and more wealth, and voluntarily yielding to dictatorships and militarism to get them—in other words deliberately choosing war in preference to accepting peace and the poverty and national inferiority such a choice imposes.

Simonds, of course, is not omniscient. Like any other human, he may be mistaken, and future events may prove him wrong. We have no Delphian oracles in the present world confusion. But the burden of proof certainly rests upon those who would dispute, the views of a man of his standing, knowledge and keen insight into international politics, and world conditions, based upon study and personal contacts abroad for the past twenty-five years.

For the sake of world peace we hope he is wrong; but judging the future by the past, the chances are he isn't.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Thoughts while strolling: The ladies do not wear furs these days—they fairly drip them. All the current dancers, even Astaire, could learn something of grace from Nick Long, Jr. Add curiosa: A menu without the word "sizzling." What has become of A. C. Blumenthal? Nobody can write up their voice like Una Merkel. Boas non-professional dancer: Edmund O'Brien. Frank Case's name for a derby: A hard hat. Few establishments maintain the dignity of Rifkin's. Wonder if Joe Kelly knows Ned Riley? Two per cent in a pod—Frank Chaven and John Golden.

Look alike: Monta Bell and Gary Cooper. Cole Porter riding a fresh popularity. Dance-a-lig word: Paralimpedon. Now we have to go through the night of Hauptmann's electrocution. Grandest name of all football stars—Ted Coy. You know as much — what are skittles without looking it up?

Park avenue astorials: Theodore and his morning coat, lapel posey and ledger-ruled trousers. The drag store where the clerk change to business at sundown. The apartment house where elevator operators wear buckled knee breeches and the starter a drum major's high fur hat.

Old Solomon missing out of the Sherry-Netherland in his mignon way. And Dwight Fluke heading for yoopter



O. O. McIntyre

hour soloing. Impossible portraits. Irene Bordoni without bangs. That sunny knoll opposite the Plaza. That's what I need. To sit on a knoll and get sun-glazed.

On an outskirts the other evening a mud-splattered gypsy van was pulling into a filling station. Lettered in white on the side was "Zooed, the Clown." In the driver's seat a drooping fellow, a former Paillazzi. As a window the curtains parted and there appeared the face of a froggy trumpeted-eyed, with a cigaret hanging from her lower lip. She peered sleepily out, blinked, yawned and was gone. The very tag end of the old wagon shows, and one could not resist the obvious murmur: "What a life!"

Beatrice Herford, sister of Oliver, is in town after a two year exile in the country. Miss Herford and Claude Loftus, friends from childhood, were a number of years ago the most exact imitators of America and Europe. Perhaps still are. Incidentally, the Oliver Herford exhibit of published originals and water colors drew a crowd recently and a brisk sale is reported. But too late to see the last haunting words of the shy and

Home Treatment For Varicose, Swollen Veins

Swollen veins may become dangerous and often burst. Sufferers are advised to get a two-ounce original bottle of Emerald Oil (full strength) at Jarmint Drug Store or any pharmacy and start to reduce the veins and hunches at once with this healing oil. A small bottle will last a long time because it is very concentrated and a little goes a very long way. Apply night and morning with a soft brush or finger tip as directed until the swelling is reduced. Refund is guaranteed if not satisfied. So effective is Emerald Oil that it is highly useful in reducing troublesome simple swellings not due to systemic disease.

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 showing ill health and written only owing to the large number of letters received only few can be answered. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

A WHEAT BIN IN EVERY HOME.

Physicians and nutrition authorities of a generation ago, whose ideas are still current among the laity, assumed that refined white flour fairly represented wheat and constituted an adequate staff of life. Only the other day an aggregation of old-timers purporting to sell the P. White what's what and what isn't officially "accepted" this odd statement in reference to the question:



Dr. William Brady

"White bread is... wholesome... nutritious... its avoidance or fear of any harmful consequences or the fear that it is the cause of any diseased condition when properly used in the normal diet, is entirely without scientific foundation." I think we doctors regard as "scientific" those ideas which coincide with our own and reject as without such foundation any new ideas which we do not get or ideas which we refuse to acknowledge for one reason or another.

The elders conceived their opinions and formulated them long before the role of vitamins was known. It is true that white bread is practically equivalent to bread made of whole wheat meal in calories or fuel value, in the balanced proportions of fat, protein and carbohydrate material, in taste (at least for many persons). As a white bread eater I agree it is wholesome and nutritious. But frankly we must admit that it is inferior to whole wheat bread in nutrition. One authority who has definitely proved this by tests on men under control is Hindhede. No physiologist or nutrition chemist or expert in America can successfully controvert his observations. Indeed, no one here has made any actual tests to substantiate the assumption that white bread is as adequate as whole wheat meal bread.

Prof. H. C. Sherman, one of the foremost nutrition authorities in this country, makes this remark in his book "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition" (Macmillan, New York). "In general it is only when too large a proportion of the needed calories are taken in the form of artificially refined foods that there is danger of a deficiency of vitamin B; but, since artificially refined foods are so commonly and abundantly used by people of all countries, the vitamin B value of a food may be of practical interest, though probably less important than is the vitamin A, vitamin C or vitamin G value."

It is my own belief that a large part of the population, irrespective of economic status, suffers from a partial deficiency of vitamins, particularly B, G and A. This is only one good reason why there should be a wheat bin in every kitchen and a suitable mill or grinder for preparing meal or flour as it is used from day to day.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Damp. Does sleeping in a room full of damp clothes have any effect on health?—(K. J. E.)

Answer—The dampness is rather beneficial to health. Most sleeping rooms which are artificially heated are too dry for health.

Exercise for Arches. Can you suggest an exercise to strengthen weak arches? I have what our doctor calls "pronated" feet. He says my arches are weak, but not flat.—(Miss L. H.)

Answer—Stand with bare feet touching at great toes and heels an inch apart. Roll ankles slowly outward so that soles face each other, and at same time curl toes down and under with a vigorous pull. Then relax, extend toes or spread and pull them back in the opposite way with an equally vigorous pull. Repeat this from 10 to 20 times, night and morning. Walking barefoot or in stocking feet on tip toes, always toeing in, is fine exercise for weak ankles ("pronated feet")—which is the functional or potential stage of flat feet. Generally the young person with pronated feet (the ankles turn in too much) needs general physical up-building and usually advice or treatment by the family physician. (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., 285 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

gentle soul whom England looked upon as America's foremost wit. And American friends forgot.

Barney Gallant, after 15 years of catering ooper to uptown stayouts exploring Greenwich Village, is again salivating patrons in the sparkling new cafe spreading from Fifth Avenue in the fabulous 50's. Barney expected permanently to retire when he gave his Village aburage to his headwater, but after a year of knocking around the world, came back, saw the dawn of another night club era, and went scampering over the horizon to greet it.

I came from the Winter Garden a recent night in the depths of a dolor. A favorite rowdy comedian was on the bill but they hadn't done high by him. I refer to Herb Williams. He was short of his piano set, the one where he throws out anchors, draws glasses of beer from underneath, looks into the distance with hand-shadowed eyes and utters those curdling cries. And that climax when he whangs the keyboard with an axe

and the cat hops out and ambles across the stage. That act should never die.

An authoritative story of Fritz Scheff and her most popular song, "Kiss Me Again." As all know, the song was written by Victor Herbert especially for her. Several days before the premiere he played it over and she did not care for it. A temperamental cyclone resulted. She thought the range too great. He was adamant. Oscar Hammerstein, seeing a postponed opening, suggested compromise. She would sing it the first night and if it did not click it would be tossed out. Petulantly she agreed. The rest is history. She sang the song and stopped the show for 13 minutes. After many encores the audience yelled for Herbert and, taking Fritz's hand, he advanced to the footlights. When quiet came, the actress looked up coyly at her composer and cooed "Kiss me again!" He did, and they were fast friends until his passing. (Copyright, 1935, McNaught Syndicate.)

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

PROBABLY you noted this dispatch: "Communist Russia, foe of Fascism, joined with France and England today in the economic punishment of Fascist Italy for its invasion of Ethiopia, notifying Geneva (seat of the League of Nations) of its readiness to impose an embargo on export of key products to Italy and giving its pledge to abide by the buy-nothing from Italy boycott."

ITALY is governed by one kind of dictator. Russia is governed by another kind. These dictators, evidently, haven't much confidence in each other.

HERE is an interesting fact: Germany is ruled by a dictator (Hitler). Russia is ruled by a dictator (Stalin). Italy is ruled by a dictator (Mussolini). Turkey is ruled by a dictator (Kemal Pasha). Austria is practically ruled by a dictator (Prince von Stahrenburg). Among the great powers, only the United States, England and France maintain a democratic form of government.

Apparently the world war, even with our help, didn't do much toward making the world safe for democracy.

FARMERS of 48 states, speaking through a national referendum, vote 386,643 to 67,511, or more than five to one, in favor of continuation during 1936 of the corn-hog control program.

In Oregon, the vote was 1377 for and 179 against. Pretty decisive.

ASK yourself this question: If requested to vote on whether you prefer to be paid for NOT working and NOT taking chances or to work and take chances and maybe not get paid after all, how would you vote?

Well, the farmers felt the same way about it. Can you blame them?

Moving Camp—The ERA camp at Lake of the Woods was being moved today to Dead Indian Soda Springs.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 1, 1925 (It Was Sunday)

350 gallons of moonshine seized, and three California bootleggers seized.

Snow falls in Klamath county, at Salem, and in Crater Lake National park.

Adrienne Steward to open new ready-to-wear store for women tomorrow.

High school football squad starts drill for Armistice Day game with Ashland.

Depositors in the Gold Hill bank, closed a year ago, will lose only eight cents on the dollar.

Contract let for bridge across Rogue river at Grants Pass.

Fear shipments from the valley to date total 1,495 cars.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 1, 1915 The atmosphere was cleared, and the dust laid by a light rain yesterday. Grizzly Hiking club will hold its first annual dance. Halloween hoodlums cuts five clotheslines loaded with clothes on Riverside avenue. The miscreants are known, Chief Hitson says. Frank Ditsworth's mare, Blue, was found shot in the chest and dead recently. This increases Frank's love for careless hunters.—(Flounce Rock Prills). H. Van Hoesenberg ships a carload of hogs to the Portland market from Gold Hill. Medford high defeats Klamath Falls 20 to 13 yesterday. Most of the game was played in a brisk shower.

Prices Have Been LOWERED ON our regular Fine Quality Merchandise for SATURDAY and MONDAY ONLY. \$1 OFF ON ALL HATS. \$200 OFF on all DRESSES over \$6.95. 10% OFF on all COATS in stock. Scarfs \$1 Hose \$1. Jacqueline Lenox.

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