

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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F. D. R. Turns to the Right

THE one thing needed in the world today, is the one thing lacking.—PEACE. The world is full of troubles, ranging from actual war, in Spain and the far east, to feverish preparation for war, in other countries, and practically all the world's serious ills, can be traced directly to this source.

THE United States is at peace, and for the time being promises to remain at peace, as far as engaging in open hostilities is concerned. But politically speaking it is at war with itself, and as we see it, there is little hope for material improvement, internally until this spirit of conflict is replaced by a spirit of cooperation and peaceful readjustment.

FOR it takes more than one to make peace, just as it takes more than one to make a bargain. Not only in this message, but in his press conferences immediately preceding it, President Roosevelt, did, what this column immediately following the stock exchange crash, predicted he would do,—he took a turn to the RIGHT.

IN his press conferences, he frankly stated, he had no quarrel with the public utilities, when properly conducted, and he was ready to make peace with them at anytime, on the basis that rates should conform to a fair profit, on a capital structure of "PRUDENT investment." This is certainly a reasonable basis for an understanding.

IN yesterday's message he admits, there are injustices in the administration's tax set-up and he wants them corrected, so that business,—particularly small business—may be benefitted and stimulated. He also wants the budget balanced—something his enemies have clamored for day in day out for over three years,—and he grants this can only be done, through increased revenues, resulting from increased prosperity, of private enterprise.

WHAT MORE does Big Business want? Do they expect the President to scrap his economic and social reform program entirely, admit his enemies are right, and have been from the start, and join them, in their effort to turn the hands of the clock backward, and return to those "good old days" of Harding and Coolidge, Teapot Dome and "Papa" Insull!

IF American business as a whole, refuses to accept the olive branch that has been extended, fails to meet a conciliatory move of its own, then, as we see it, the above is the only answer. In other words, the enemies of President Roosevelt, so far as Big Business is concerned, are so BLIND, so hopelessly reactionary and vindictive, that no peaceful and constructive working basis is possible, and the President would be entirely justified, in abandoning further effort to reach even a preliminary understanding.

AND that would be bad,—probably tragic,—not only for Big Business, but for the administration and for the people of the country as a whole.

FOR as stated at the outset, just as the crying need in the outside world is peace, so it is the crying need here at home. There is no hope of relief or permanent improvement, if the spirit of war,—of hostility and conflict—continues.

A charter member of the Pessimist's club might say there is no hope anyway,—but certainly there is none, if somehow, somehow, a truce is not obtained, and the human race at home and abroad is not allowed a lucid interval, in which, to attack their problems in a spirit of reason, conciliation and mutual accommodation,—rather than fear, discord and hatred.

IN this message to the congress, President Roosevelt has made the first move. It isn't all his enemies, would like,—perhaps not as much as some of his friends had hoped,—but first moves seldom are. The important thing is it is a move,—a step in the right direction.

Let it be met, in the spirit in which it has been extended, by a step from the other side, in the SAME direction. Then progress can be reported and hopes for better things ahead, can be fulfilled!

Behind Washington Headlines

By H. R. Baukhage

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While the legislators scrap over the letter of the law, Secretary Wallace goes right ahead with the legislation in hand and makes the most of it. In a modest, routine announcement, which made very little splash in the public prints, he announced an historic act. He broke a rock that southern economists say has been around Dixie's neck since the Civil War.

It was the smashing of the hoary tradition of "a dollar a day," which has been the unwritten minimum (and in most cases maximum) wage law in many places in the south besides the cotton fields.

A minimum wage rate of \$1.50 per day for cutting cane in the 1937 Louisiana sugar-cane crop, says the secretary's edict, must be paid by producers who apply for payments under the sugar act of 1937.

If the tylist who wrote out the announcement of the meeting of one of the nation's newer lobbies had spaced her words a little differently, it might have cheered the would-be prophetic soul of the organization's chief. As it was, at first glance it was a bit startling. It read: "Mayor LaGuardia, president of the United States (but there was room for three more words) conference of mayors."

This now flourishing organization, younger but quite as energetic as the conference of governors, opened when congress did on Monday, and is now under full blast.

Just why, when city folks send representatives to congress and vote along with their rural brethren for United States senators, their mayors should rush down to Washington, too, hasn't ever been satisfactorily explained.

The answer, however, may be found in point two of the program which the mayors are taking up. It is: "The problem of relief during 1938."

And then, of course, Mayor LaGuardia, president of the United States—conference of mayors, may enjoy glancing southward from the windows of his headquarters, occasionally,—it's only a block from there to the White House.

The late Horace Lorimer had the reputation of having the least exterior of the great editors. He had his favorites and stuck to them like glue, even when their best writing went very bad. He especially hated New York and was not here more than a dozen times in his life. He suggested Cobb's story, "Twist The Bluff and

Personal Health Service

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, 288 El Camino, Beverly, Calif.

CHAFING AND CHAPPING

It we regard eczema or dermatitis as a disease it is rather absurd, but if we regard it as a simple reaction of the skin to irritation it is not unreasonable to attribute the trouble to cold weather or winter in some instances or to hot weather or summer in others. In a recent issue of the textbook of Dermatology, one of the classics in this field, contains an illustration of a case of "Dermatitis Aestivalis," eczema or skin inflammation ascribed by Prof. Pusey to hot weather.

A familiar skin inflammation (call it eczema or dermatitis as you prefer) indirectly due to hot weather or excessive warmth, is chafing or scalding, the excessive warmth alone will never produce this reaction. Friction and the direct irritation of retained excretions (sebum and sweat) are essential factors.

To relieve chafing bathe the scalded surfaces with tepid water and very little soap, rinse the soap away with plain water, dry by patting, not rubbing, with soft towel, and then powder freely with borated talcum or with compound zinc stearate powder. Or if the surface is moist (from exuded serum, weeping), smear it with fresh castor oil or with soft petrolatum (petroleum jelly) and cover with a clean soft linen cloth for protection. Nothing is better for prevention or relief of chafing than exposure of the surface to the air.

"Heat rash" or "prickly heat" is a form of eczema or skin irritation directly due to excessive clothing or covers and the irritation of decomposing sebum or sweat which would be normally disposed of by oxidation if the surface were exposed to the air. The sweat duct orifices become red, swollen, inflamed, itchy, burning. Bathe gently with tepid starch water or bran water (small handful of cornstarch or wheat bran in basin of water), dry with soft towel, and powder freely with cornstarch powder and boric acid powder mixed half

and half. Avoid soap. Leave the affected skin exposed to the air. The regular use of borated talcum powder or compound zinc stearate powder tends to prevent prickly heat. Chapping or cracking of the lips, hands or face is a familiar result of exposure to cold weather and wind, when the skin is dried out or its natural sebum removed by strong soaps, alkalis, gasoline, hard water or irritated by other chemicals. Chapping or cracking of the lips occurs chiefly during cold weather and in persons who have a habit of constantly moistening the lips with saliva. It is best prevented by the use of any good lipstick, cerate or simple lip salve. To make a good lip salve: Melt together one ounce of Spermaceti, two ounces of Olive oil, one-half ounce of White wax in a double boiler. When melted, remove from fire, let cool, then stir in four drops of oil of rose geranium, and if desired a few drops of cochineal to tint. Both perfume and tint may be omitted if preferred. Apply the lip salve as needed with fingertip.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS Ultraviolet Carbon arc lamp for ultraviolet ray treatment, has wire screen thru which the rays come. Is this as good as the ultraviolet rays in sunlight? (H. S.) Answer—Such a lamp delivers ultraviolet rays. In the area on which the lamp is focused probably more ultraviolet than in the winter sunlight. The screen would shut off a considerable part of the ultraviolet rays.

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow Today I weighed 174 lbs. and I am only 5 feet 1 inch tall, aged 43. This too, too solid has come stealing upon me in the past year or two. (Mrs. E. B.) Answer—Keep your chin up, slater, and scrape together a dime and a stamped envelope bearing your address. Send them to me, and soon you'll receive the booklet "Design for Dwindling," and it will be all over but the shouting. Copyright 1937, John F. Dille Co.

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 288 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK Daily by Day by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—Most laughs and applause go to the comedian or the comedienne. Few in the average audience realize the fitness and value of the feeder or straight man.

Yet without him most gags would fall flat. In a large crowd of theatre laugh suits, the straight man shines. Rudy Vallee has developed into a crackjack straight man although he grows just a trifle too precise. George Burns opens the way deftly for Gracie Allen's outrageous blunders. A split second will often make a good gag a poor joke.

Jay Brunson, teamed opposite the rowdy female impersonator, Bert Savoy, was one of the most capable of straight men. At many opening performances the frightened Savoy was fairly bucked over the line by Brunson's savior-faire. Jim Corbett was also quick on the uptake of a straight man.

Then there is Cliff (Charlie) Hall, who is a foil to Jack Pearl's Baron Munchausen. He is unrivaled in jockeying a gag to the barrier for the fast getaway. Straight men do not get the pay or glory of the comedienne, but their pay is pretty high at that.

Harold Ross, of the New Yorker, is reputedly one of the most temperamental editors—flying into sudden rages and as suddenly turning to office pranks with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. More than almost any editor of his time, he has developed a new school of art humor, a talent that finds expression in such delineations as Peter Arno, Helen Westman, Otto Soglow, Georgia Price, Sherman and Thurber. Not one of them was old enough for the he-she jokes of the Life and Puck days, and each is representative of a new type of humor that has burgeoned in their generation.

H. P. Burton, the Cosmopolitan editor, is one of the least spectacular, but one of the best liked of the magazine chiefs. He has no inclination to publicize himself and can rarely be induced to sign some of his editorial pronouncements, which are invariably polished and lucid. I have never seen a picture of him in print or caught him flitting from table to table in the Algonquin lunch-time show-offery. One of his great assets is his enthusiasm. When an article turns in a serial, short story or essay, he has an immediate impression by telephone and telegraph that the entire editorial force has taken a day off to sing hoanahs and dance in the street.

The late Horace Lorimer had the reputation of having the least exterior of the great editors. He had his favorites and stuck to them like glue, even when their best writing went very bad. He especially hated New York and was not here more than a dozen times in his life. He suggested Cobb's story, "Twist The Bluff and

the Sound." He would invariably detour New York when going to cities farther East. The elevation of Wesley Stout to Lorimer's post has resulted in many changes. Stout has a younger viewpoint and perhaps fresher enthusiasms. Many old guard writers have been dropped and others are to be cast away when their contracts are fulfilled. From a financial standpoint, it is certain Lorimer was America's most successful editor. He had large stock interests in his publication and was several times a millionaire. He farmed as a hobby, but made it pay.

Most Saturday Evening Post editorials, I hear, are now written by Wesley Stout, although Harry Leon Wilson and several old time stand-by's turn in an occasional screed. Certainly, under the new order, they show more vigor than the dull plattitudinous pap that for many years when the Post readers merely glance when they come to that page and hurry on.

The Boston, Nimble, has given way to a series of his goofy spells again today. And word is not going on as usual around this shop. When he puts on an act everything stops in all departments. It started when he awakened from a nap suddenly and began barking as though something had him. When fully awake and realizing how sappy he had been, he sneaked off in a corner and hid his face between his paws for another snooze. But every now and again he would pop up suddenly, the hair on his back would bristle, and he would circle about stiff-legged with a menacing growl. The cause of his condition—a big left-over bottle-fly that was giving him the buzz, the fraidy! (Copyright 1937, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

Communications It Was Wright Not Griffin To the Editor: I would like to have this mistake corrected in the papers. It was Griffin, not Griffin, who was killed on April 10, 1930. This is at the family's request. MRS. WHITE, Medford, Nov. 15.

final analysis, according to prophetic truth, one has just the same end as the other, as merely such; but there is a vast difference in many respects. Communism is the sworn and organized foe of the Christian religion, and proposes to clear the earth of what it believes to be the enemy of true progress. The terms: Anti-God, anti-Christ, and anti-Christian are common with its teachings; and little children are taught to doubt, spurn and hate all that is Christian. Communism is the avowed foe of God himself; and while we must make a difference between the individual and the movement we must take our stand against those who have set about to destroy our citizenship. "Am I not grieved with those who rise up against thee?" is the right attitude. When I speak of old made affinity with one of God's enemies, God, after, sent his prophet to ask: "Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? Therefore, is wrath upon thee from before the Lord."

And, after all, we are not so far removed from those countries of which you write that we may be able to say we are alone and safe. No, by no means, for they have come to us. They have brought both communism and fascism to us, and our people are taking sides in spite of their desire to keep clear. Fascism is the only (so far at least) known cure for communism. If the communistic forces keep on forcing their cause and dividing our people there is only one remedy—a fascist dictator. I think he will be ready by the time he is called.

Mr. Editor, the eleventh chapter of the book of Daniel is interesting reading these days; especially the latter part of it. This contains some of the things which our Master told us would be done at the end of the Gospel age. Let all who read notice that both the "king of the north" and "the king of the south" will have their hands full with the one who will "come in peaceably and obtain the kingdom by fiat-teries." Yes, sir, these are bad days for democracies.

JOS. M. JOHNSON, Gold Beach, Ore. November 16. More Bounty, Less Yarmints. To the Editor: R. H. Sims has hit the nail on the head in regard to the bounty in Jackson County.

As a taxpayer, I see where Jackson county high save \$1000, but I can not see where it will cut down the amount of coyotes and cats, for the county is covered with traps every winter from corner to corner and I would like to know how two or three government trappers can do as good a job.

If some of our farmers found one of your valuable sheep dogs poisoned, you would put up a bigger bounty than you did to get the government trappers in here, as I understand they also use poison. Well then, what is to prevent our fur-bearing animals from eating the innocent birds and squirrels, etc., that have fallen victims of it?

Last week I made a 400-mile trip in eastern Oregon to look over the coyote situation there and I found plenty of trappers who were depending on trapping for a living this winter, the same as they are here, and many of them are opposed to having federal trappers in that section also.

The 43 bounty with the price of the pelt in this section about equals the price of the pelt in eastern Oregon, but with no bounty here and our fur-bearing animals fast disappearing and what with the hunter-trappers license, we had just as well pull up our traps and quit it, quit it.

Now, I have no "bones to pick" with the federal trapper, nor am I trying to run the Jackson county budget committee, but I do believe that if the government would take that money and pay a state bounty and if the counties that were able would pay a bounty, there would be less yarmints. E. D. BEERY, Rt. 4, Medford, Nov. 15, 1937.

Ye Poets Corner Dawn to Dusk. Crispness is the morn in fragrance born. Held in by azure blue, The earth with dew Like jewels worn.

Brilliance in the sun For day half done; As benediction sings On warbling wings, What dawn begun.

Blankets for the night, Soft, star awest aprite, Descends in billows gray To kiss the day— Good night! Good Night! IOWA.

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Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS PRESIDENT Roosevelt, in his message to the special session of congress, makes conciliatory gestures toward business, mentioning particularly the importance of readjusting the tax structure to remove some of the heavier burdens on small business men, and summons private enterprise to a "co-operative" campaign of expansion to offset the present decline.

Then he presses for enactment of his program for farm aid, wages and hours regulation, regional planning and reorganization of the government to give him even greater power than he now holds.

THE most significant reaction to his message, perhaps, is that of the stock market, which DECLINES STILL FURTHER after a brief rally at the opening.

In other words, business listens to the President's message, which is clearly intended to be conciliatory in tone, but is NOT greatly reassured.

THE nation is experiencing a business recession following a boom. It is a peculiar recession. Basic conditions of supply and demand are not unsteady. The world business picture, in spite of war alarms, is not bad. Progress is being made on many fronts. But instead of leading the world recovery, the United States is lagging.

Most business men, and many of the leading economists, believe that the recession that began here in mid-summer is due to destruction of confidence by New Deal policies. The President himself is obviously

concerned over what has happened. His message makes that clear. IT IS true that business in this country is receding because of lack of confidence in New Deal policies, why does not business respond more buoyantly to a Presidential message that is plainly intended to be conciliatory? The answer is rather obvious. Business wants to KNOW that there is going to be a change in the government's attitude before it steps out and takes further risks in an effort to restore the momentum that has been lost as a result of fear. In other words, it will take DEEDS to restore business confidence. Mere words can't do it.

But truth prevails. I've let ambition waste, I've let ambition waste, With other doin' I ain't had me a taste. Ain't heard no knock From Opportunity.

Perfidy! I've let ambition waste, With other doin' I ain't had me a taste. Ain't heard no knock From Opportunity.

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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 16, 1927 (It was Wednesday) Jack Dempsey, former world champion, narrowly escapes death when elevator falls.

John Johnson sells his jewelry store to Leland Brophy. Corvallis high in telegram predicts defeat for Medford in game here Saturday. Fans aroused.

City Treasurer Mose Alford leaves for Portland for medical treatment. Council to decide on new milk ordinance at next session.

Captain Giles to hop off on flight to Hawaii from San Francisco tomorrow. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 16, 1917 (It was Friday) Rum got stationed on the Skippyous by Jackson county to prevent liquor coming into state, is discharged by County Judge Touvelle.

Fred Luy of Antelope enlists in the aviation division but is unable to report as a wagon ran over his leg in an accident near his home, and broke it. Attorney Porter J. Neff wins bet by not wearing his hat.

Public market to be opened only twice a week after December 1. Americans in France engage in lively artillery duel with Germans. More local Red Cross workers are needed.

Ye Poets Corner