

MARY FINDS H. FORD A PETER PAN

Mail-Tribune Reporter Gets Interview With Famous Automobile Magnate — Henry No Thought of Retiring — Youth and Cars Are Getting Better.

By Mary Greiner
DETROIT, Mich.—(Special)—
These are old men working in the Ford plant at Dearborn, Michigan—thousands of them. Some are 20 years old and some are 50. I spent two days among them, watched them at their various monotonous tasks and felt depressed. One in particular interested me. He must have been all of 25 and his poor, weary smile seemed to be fighting a losing battle behind its dull, blue coated windows. He drilled two holes in a cylinder block and passed it on to another cylinder block in which he drilled two more holes. Life for him is just one cylinder block after another. And he is growing old—wearily old on his 24 a day.

Of course there are younger men there than this—some who have snow white hair too. But the youngest one of them all is Henry Ford, a lad of 65. His



HENRY FORD

smile is the glow of a school boy who, with his text books still held under his arm, starts off on his first trip of adventure in the world. There is so much to learn and so much to accomplish along the way that there is no chance to turn back or no desire on his part to do so.

Henry Ford is young for several reasons. In the first place he has never lost track of his own youth. Instead of dropping his school days and leaving them behind, he has carried them, little red school books, text books and all along with him thru life. On his desk at Dearborn one can see the several volumes of McGuffey's readers, that the automobile magnate has had reproduced for the benefit of future generations.

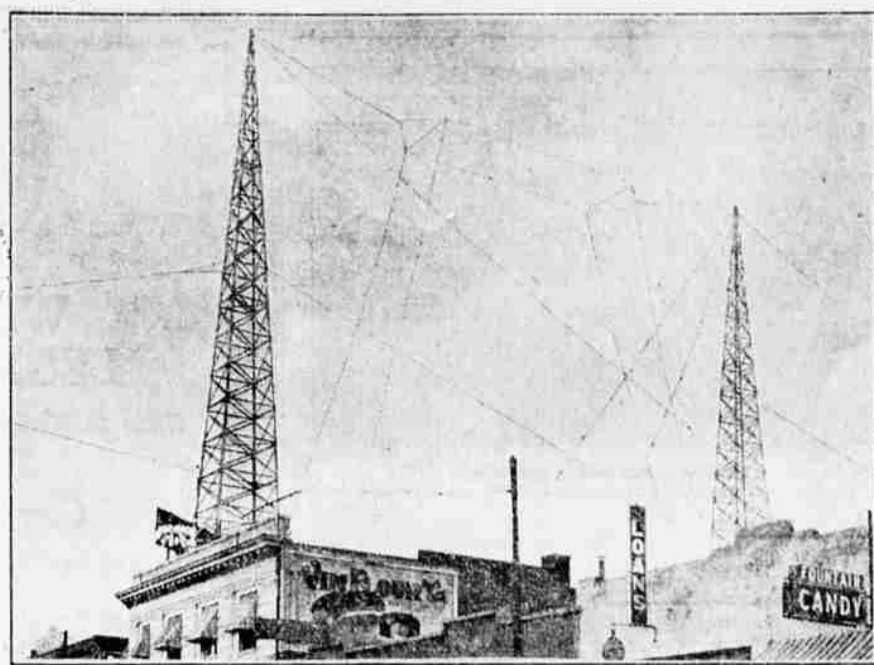
The old songs, that had so delighted his heart in early boyhood, are also part of his treasured possessions, and in his spare time now he often plays them over on an old family melodeon that occupies a cherished place among the souvenirs of his youth. His collection of music as it now stands reaches far beyond his own recollections and traces the evolution of popular American "tunes" that had their origin in the days of George and Martha.

With him are the early vehicles and conveyance of travel, including the quaint ancestors of the present day bicycle, the old-fashioned bugles, coaches and railroad engines, in their various stages of development. To the part of Ford's "antique collection" thru which he will pass down the history of American transportation. To the famous manufacturer these treasures are not antiques. He likes to think of them as the undeveloped "children" of the various industries represented in young America. Ford thinks always in terms of youth.

"Human beings, like automobiles are growing better all the time," he said in answer to my question concerning the modern reputation. "The last batch out are always the best." This rather unique simile was not arrived at through a series of generalities on Henry Ford's part. As he himself explained, he has had ample opportunity to observe youth developing into manhood right under his roof—in his technical school of 2000 students at the Fordson plant. Besides furnishing a general education to the boys who are fortunate enough to be enrolled in this school, the student is taught any trade or trades he might wish to pursue upon graduation.

"If youth was as helplessly on the downward grade as some writers today would have us believe, it seems that we would have a splendid opportunity to see it here among this large gathering of students, ranging in age from 12 years upwards," the manufacturer said and smiled. "Instead of that, we've found more serious minded youngsters, intent on accomplishing big things in the world than we would have found in as large a collection of boys in my youth." The white haired

Medford Legionnaires Broadcast Frolics From KMED



The American Legion radio frolics have been regularly broadcast from the Virgin-Mail Tribune station, KMED, located in the Sparta building at Main and Riverside. KMED's programs are enjoyed by radio fans in all parts of the Northwest and Canada and members of Medford Post No. 15 have been letting them know about the veterans' conclaves in Medford via the ether waves.

man leaned back in his chair and reminded a bit. His long fingers crossed McGuffey's First Reader, and he smiled again as he called my attention to the illustrations which form a study in themselves in costumes worn during the generation in which these books were published.

The interview was given in the presence of Mr. Cameron, former editor of the Dearborn Independent, and now director of public relations for Ford, and Cameron's secretary, a Mr. Gilbert, and John, but he might be his brother or as far as looks are concerned who asked me how my heart was before he broke the first news that I was to be granted an interview. It was sort of nice having Mr. Gilbert there. He has some relatives or other over in Bend, Oregon, a fact which instantly drew us into a spirit of comradeship.

But that terrible, dear, little Mr. Cameron. How I wished he'd suddenly develop a coughing spell and leave the room for a few seconds so I could ask Henry a few of the insidious questions I had prepared for him—including how much he was contributing to Herbert Hoover's campaign (if anything), what he figured the result would be in November, and how he was sleeping over those much discussed mergers in the automobile world.

Mr. Cameron, however, had found out my childish motive before he let me see his chief of all, and warned me to steer clear of politics, mergers and the like, to be independent. To see that his orders were carried out, he arranged the interview in his own office, which has an illuminated likeness of Henry Ford on one side of the room and a large picture of Abraham Lincoln on the other. But in other ways, Mr. Cameron is very nice.

"This digression while Henry was reminiscing. You remember we left him with the McGuffey reader in his hand. The discussion followed as to how much more Henry Ford remembered about the titles and contents of his text books—even as far back as the first grade, than the present generation of college students do about their senior class books upon graduation day.

"Memory is a matter of training, I believe," he said. "In my work I was forced to retain what I had learned and have it at my finger tips. The mechanic and the scientist must have his tools on hand or he will lose time and sacrifice results. That no doubt is partly responsible for my ability to remember so many of the details that fill my boyhood days.

"Then perhaps another reason why I have been able to recall not only the titles but the contents of the McGuffey readers, while the present day students forget theirs as soon as they discard them, is because the readers of today have no tangible grasp upon the imagination. The McGuffey books are full of poems and stories that have an appeal to the childish fancy. Today the children concentrate on mastering sounds and words, and the old themes or stories are either discarded or made secondary."

One of Henry Ford's favorite pastimes is dancing. In this field also he has not only mastered the modern methods, but has done probably more than any one individual in the United States toward reviving and preserving the dances of past generations. In his administration building at Dearborn is a large and beautifully equipped ball room, where experimental work is carried on in this art. A large class of deaf and dumb children have been taught to dance and keep perfect time to the music. This has been accomplished by training them to feel the vibrations of the music coming from a piano and drums placed upon the floor with them.

After the others have given up, although Henry Ford is the personification of poise, gentility and good nature when under a battery of questions, there was one question during the interview which obviously disconcerted him. It was "When are you going to retire?" He asked to have the question repeated—cleared his throat—hesitated a moment and finally answered.

"Well, I've never thought of that. He paused again and asked, "Retire?" That was one word he had heard back in the days of his boyhood, when he used to spend afternoons on the ground now occupied by the building in which we were sitting. But unlike so many of the other things he had heard in those days, this word had somehow escaped his memory and he couldn't quite grasp its meaning and significance. Finally he leaned forward in his chair and smiled.

"If all the men over 40 were suddenly swept away, it would be rather a top-sided world, wouldn't it? The world needs youth, but it also needs experience, before progress can be attained. By knowing the past and acting upon experience, results that shape the future can be developed much more rapidly, than if the youth of today were deserted at the helm by those who can pass on that experience."

The white haired man then elucidated his argument by a few specific examples. He told of some

men of 70 and 75 that were still employed in the Dearborn and Fordson plants.

"I like to go around and talk to them. Out of their experience I find that I can always learn something of interest. Perhaps it won't be of any great constructive value, but into their conversation generally comes some quaint little thought or perhaps a bit of hardly simple philosophy which usually clarifies or recreates my own line of reasoning—and at times my whole viewpoint of life."

And as I left his office, I knew that Henry Ford would always be a very youthful man.

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STUNT SHOW AT CONVENTION IS STILL MYSTERY

The stunt show to be held in conjunction with the aerial circus late this afternoon at the fair grounds is surrounded in deepest mystery. Fairground legion posts from various sections of the state have signified their intention of competing for the two automobiles and cash awards for the most novel and startling stunt.

Francis Page, Astoria, Corvallis, Wilson, Kely and Ashland are among the towns having an entry. Schlem is to feature a great stunt, but which is to be given under the able direction of Rex Bates, who sets his stall at Roseburg. Charlie Davis, who has gained a wide circle of friends as announcer over KMED, is to handle the operations of the stunt show competition.

Medford post is not permitted an entry, but to give the folks from outside a chance to see some local talent, the Junior high school has promised to send, with some 15 students under the direction of Miss Marie Williams, will be a part of the program.

Several local people will also participate in the stunt show as individual entries. The dull funny parade was called off, as well as

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