

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 175... ROBERT W. FUEHL, 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, with Sunday, year... Daily, without Sunday, year... Sunday, one year... By Carrier, In Advance—In Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Tule Falls and on Highways...

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS... Official paper of the City of Medford... Official paper of Jackson County... A. B. C. average circulation for six months ending March 31, 1930, 4,822.

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION... Advertising Representatives... M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY... Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland.

Smudge Smoke

Fore-armed citizens are using their face-brush and getting in the winter wood... Matsui Kinoshita's oldest doll cut an artery Tuesday and about ran out of sawdust before the breach was healed... The hayfields of the valley looked pretty all last week in the moonlight.

Perspiration poured Fri. as the mercury mounted, and summer frosts will soon be noted... Tommie Swem rammed the small of his back into a keg, and had the pertness knocked out of him one day recently.

Genius with whiskers on their chests are dreading around the country in bathing suits, and now they plunge into the water, it is said... Gasoline is selling for as low as 7c. in the coast metropolitan.

The C. Strang pillery is getting a good going-over at the hands of Verge Strang, who is a genius with a hammer, and ever ready to drop everything and fix something in the carpentry line... The new auto licenses are quite frequent.

Wheat is coming along fine, and will soon be threshed, in some areas it runs 45 bu. to the a., and in other sections it runs like a Democratic candidate for the legislature... Hobbs Deuel has returned from Portland, where he met some of the big guns and high moults of Oregon.

A prospective autumnal wedding showed up last week... Jim Owen was caught in an optimistic mood Thurs., and reported there was too much pessimistic yawning going on. He urged all good men to grab the bull by the horns, and put their shoulder to the wheel, and get up into the collar and pull for the shore.

A family of 320 gold pieces were seen nesting in the Jack. Co. bank Friday, out of reach... The 20 gold pieces had quite a vague before the war, and were quite plentiful in those days. They were bulky, made the seat of the pants sag, and hard to keep, so Uncle Sam put the light and crinkly paper dough into circulation, which can be packed without noting it.

Stockmen report there will be plenty of manure for the hogs the coming fall, which will be very early as the squirrels are racing back and forth across the highways, filling their pouches for a rainy day—if any. The Woodpecker colony have their beaks all sharpened for the first time out, and the ants have quit going to picnics, to replenish their stores. Only the grasshoppers and the butterflies are active human, and frittering away their days.

A good rain would be welcomed by all, as the ground was started to crack, and the news rainfall for the season was not as mean as it could have been, by .0024 inches... Mr. Bergner of the ice house informed the writer recently that if all the ice he made was transformed into paving material there would be a glare of ice from here to the sister city to the south, 12 feet wide, one foot thick. When this highway is built, there will be an opening for a hustler with a cartload of ginger ale.

According to a lecturer, a married man is a far more attentive listener than a bachelor. He has to be.—(The Humorist)

Freedom of speech is the demand of the Nationalists of India. It would be just like John Bull to refuse to give them either.—(Seattle Times)

We don't see what senators could hope to get out of confidential diplomatic papers if they can't solve a dial telephone.—(Detroit News)

Evidently Byrd will keep on being a hero forever, nobody having thought of making him president.—(Birmingham News)

THE POWER OF THE PRESS

MOST people agree with Mark Twain that while there is a great deal of talk about the weather, there is very little action. This is only another way of saying that what anyone says about the weather has very little effect on it.

Here and now, we challenge the truth of this belief! To-wit: On Thursday afternoon last we handled the local weatherman a nice bouquet, and maintained that the present summer was the best in 20 years—the coolest, the most comfortable, the furthest removed from extremes of any kind.

The very next day the obliging Weather Man, boosted the mercury in these parts up to 99-officially, and about 103 unofficially.

About a year ago, we remarked upon the perfect weather, then prevailing incidentally declaring this a "perfect picnic land, where May until September one could be certain of a "cheery sun in a cloudless sky."

The next day it rained, and lightning started a total of 17 forest fires.

LAST December, being rather low on editorial material we again tackled the weather, pointing to the delightfully mild winter, the inspiring spectacle of playing golf a few days before Christmas, contrasting same with the tragic situation in North Dakota where three farmers and several hundred cows had frozen to death in a blizzard.

The next day it snowed, the day following it froze and the day after that local plumbers were 24 hours behind schedule on water pipe thawing.

THESE are facts, related only from memory. Had we time to go over the files we could present a mass of evidence, that would be simply overwhelming.

The idea that what we say about the weather has nothing to do with what we get, is one of the most erroneous impressions, that a frequently deluded people have ever held.

We maintain (again reverting to the editorial "we") that what we say about the weather absolutely determines what we get,—in fact determines the rainfall, sunshine, temperature and humidity of the entire Valley.

If we want sunshine we have only to praise another million dollar rain; if we want rain we have only to eulogize a climate that gives us unlimited and uninterrupted sunshine. Controlling the weather as far as we are concerned is as easy as falling off a fence.

IF WE liked we could give the final clinching proof of this complete power over the elements, simply by adding to this editorial one complaining about the heat—slightly camouflaged of course by extolling the health giving and purifying influence of a collar-wilting atmosphere. No doubt about it,—there would be at least a light frost before sunrise tomorrow morning.

But that's the rub. Editorially speaking, we never like to complain about the weather, in this climatic garden of Eden!

THE WORM WILL TURN!

CUTTING through all red tape, and leaving details to be decided later, President Hoover last Monday sent a telegram to Las Vegas, Nevada, ordering the starting of construction work on Boulder Dam that day.

This action was part of the Hoover program, to rush all public work, thus relieving unemployment, and hastening the return of normal prosperity.

At the very time this wire was sent, the Hoover-baiting press, was firing every gun in the editorial arsenal, at the President, for doing nothing to relieve the country's widespread depression.

Other public work involving hundreds of millions, has been similarly advanced,—work that but for the administrations prompt action, would have been delayed for several years.

BUT does President Hoover get any credit for such action? Not that anyone can notice. Nor has he been praised for calling in the leaders of Big Business, at the time of the Wall Street crash, persuading them to undertake new construction, not because their business demanded such construction, but because the economic conditions of the country demanded it. Yet no less an authority than Owen D. Young, a Democrat, declared that this action probably saved the country from a disastrous and long-continued panic.

It's certainly a tough job being President,—particularly when economic conditions, which no individual can control, precipitate an acute industrial depression.

BUT, sooner or later, the worm will turn. It may turn too late, as far as President Hoover's political fate is concerned, but eventually, he will receive credit for what he has done. As has been so frequently remarked before in this column, "You can't fool all the people all the time."

In Southern California, Arizona and Nevada, the newspapers already reflect a better feeling. There is general agreement that this Boulder Dam construction comes at the proper psychological moment, and may well tide the entire region over until the fall harvest, starts the wheels of industry moving again.

As one newspaper remarks: "This project will give 1000 men steady employment, at good wages for a period of five to eight years. Uncle Sam will spend \$10,000,000 now and ten times that amount later. Unemployed men with families are given preference. For many years the construction will attract tourists from all over the country to Nevada. A new railroad will be built, a lake 100 miles long will be formed, a new town of 5000 people will be created. Property in Las Vegas and Southern Nevada seems assured for many years to come."

MEANWHILE the partisan press sneers at President Hoover, "the engineer" while the Senate concentrates solely upon thwarting him in every constructive effort he undertakes.

But, we repeat, eventually the worm will turn. And when it does those individuals who have stood by their President, and done what they could to make his task an easier one, will at least have the satisfaction of saying: "I told you so."

Things even up. The tariff makes sugar more expensive, but the stock slump made sugar daddies much cheaper.

Prohibition makes a great advance in efficiency. It doesn't take half as long now to drink yourself to death.

Among those who object to seeing people have a good time on Sunday are chiggers.



Give him a chance to get out of your way before you make a turn. The proper way to make a left turn is to get as close to the center of the road as possible and give the signal and then turn. Far too many motorists try to turn left after getting close to the curb. Information furnished by the Oakland-Pontiac local dealer, the Sanderson Motor Co.

Fifteen Years Ago This Week

(From the files of The Mail Tribune)

MONDAY

NEW YORK—A jury declares Harry J. Kendall Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, for the love of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, sane.

California-Oregon Power company offers to sell its electric light and power business to the city, price to be fixed later.

Twenty-two special trains, carrying Shriners to San Francisco to pass through city.

One of the spring fights came off rather late. It occurred Saturday night. Reports say it was over a card game.—Eden Precinct, Neva. Travel to Crater Lake exceeds all records.

TUESDAY

NEW YORK—Harry K. Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, freed after years of effort and expenditure of millions.

The camping ground for tourists back of the Natatorium is now ready for use and will result in great advertising for the city and valley.

Dave Wood has received a letter from a friend in England, which confirms the report that England feels she has done her duty if she keeps the sea free of German ships. There is opposition to sending large armies to France to fight the battle of the Allies.

WEDNESDAY

State Highway commission is charmed by view of the Siskiyou highway.

Germans capture Przemak on the River As from the Russians, who retreat.

Bud Anderson former pride of Medford was tyrannically mauled by Billy Weeks at Tacoma last night.

Glenn Fabrick holds a salmon bake on his lawn on East Main street. Move launched to re-hond city for paving debts.

THURSDAY

Another hot spell threatens city and valley. Klamath Falls defeats Medford, 4 to 0, in a hair-raising ball game.

Forest service completes preliminary survey of a road from Tillier to Star.

Water Users association open campaign for establishment of irrigation in the valley.

FRIDAY

Embassy of the French government buys 25 valley mules for use of the battlefields of Europe.

The mercury rose to 93, and it looks like thunderstorms over Rocky Ann.

Governor Hammond of Minnesota passes through city en route to San Francisco fair, and is greeted by local Minnesotans, who defer him to Ashland by auto.

Hob S. Deuel, cashier of the First National Bank, returns from a Ford tour to San Francisco.

Al Tolson, "the angler of melancholy" to appear at the Pigeon, in the theatrical event of the season.

SATURDAY

"How many want salvation in the shape of irrigation," queries an editorial.

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-president, and generally conceded as the leading "war jingo" by virtue of recent utterances, passed through Medford this morning on the Shasta. Arrived at 2:30 p. m. and Fred Mears and Colonel Abraham, and the rest of the thin ranked local brigade who imagine he is the savior of the land, slept on. There were none to greet him, no flowers, no fruit, no tribute of devotion. Roosevelt never knew he was in the home town of his most ardent devotees for he slept on and sent no message.

Press Comment

Figuring for 1932.

Already, in anticipation of an almost certain Democratic comeback in the congressional elections of November next, there is "the sound of a going in the tone of the mulberry trees" of the party, blowing toward the presidential convention of 1932.

Ordinarily the casual man would say it is yet too early to be identifying

contenders for the party nomination in that convention that is nearly two years ahead, but those who are in the know of how wires are laid for such an event are alert to what is going on even now in particular party camps.

In the forefront is the practically admitted certainty that Governor Franklin Roosevelt will again be elected in New York state and that the event will make him the outstanding candidate of the eastern Democrats.

The seemingly sole possibility of his having an eastern opponent is in the contention of some influential Democrats in the South and middle West that Governor Roosevelt will carry to much color of Al Smithism to be persona grata to large elements to the party. The Democrats who think that suggesting that Owen D. Young would be a more attractive candidate, if the party leader must come from the East.

Again, there are strong party leaders who favor a middle West candidate, such as ex-Governor Donahay of Ohio, whom they see as a Democrat with a record of popularity and successful administration in a great Republican state, and "Governor Vile" is reliably reported to be steadily closing in toward the party race-track.

Then, out in the Missouri valley region the feeling is growing that 1932 should be the time for the great West and Northwest to put ex-Senator Jim Reed squarely to the front and fight for his nomination to the finish, win or lose.

Singular enough, the leaders who are talking strongly upon winning the support of the Democrats of the South, but they appear to be still afflicted with the hoary superstition that the nomination of a southern Democrat for the presidency would be a total loss for the party from the starting post. —Mittie Constitution.

Simmering of Oregon Politics

The Joseph Platform

The "Joseph for Governor Club" has delivered an ultimatum to the Republican State Central committee that meets soon to select a candidate for governor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George W. Joseph that the committee adopt the Joseph platform without alteration or qualification and that the nominee must do so personally or the club will bolt the ticket and name an independent for governor.

The "Joseph for Governor Club" consists of R. C. H. Haiman, president and William A. Dahlstedt, secretary. The former is a tentative candidate for the nomination. The Joseph platform consists of three planks which read as follows:

First—Freedom of speech and justice.

Second—Abolishment of the public service commission, thereby relieving the people of the obligation guaranteeing any return to the utilities, leaving the various cities free to bargain with the utilities and placing the utilities on the same basis as private business, receiving their profits or bearing their loss as the case may be, and avoiding the situation as it now exists in Portland with relation to the 10-cent street car fare.

Third—Government, state or municipal development of our water power resources without cost to the taxpayers, providing cheap power in abundance for industrial enterprises and domestic use in our cities and throughout our rural communities. Such development will require the expenditure of millions of dollars in the employment of labor and result in enormous perpetual factory pay-rolls.

As both the federal and state constitutions insure free speech and justice and we have enjoyed both since the creation of the government as far as guarantees are concerned, the first plank is pure bunk.

Abolition of the public service commission would eliminate all state regulation of transportation and create chaos in utility relations with the public. If the commission does not function satisfactorily, it is the fault of its

issue—not the governor. This Joseph demagogic appeal to popular prejudices and really means nothing. It is merely political hokum to morons. The strength of Joseph lay in his personality—not his platform. Without the mastershowman, it will not even provide a good show and cannot be galvanized even by the goose-grease canonization of its author. If adopted as Republican gospel, the erstwhile Grand Old Party will sink to the intellectual level of the Housewives' Council." (Salem Capital Journal).

This Written Guarantee with every "Good Will" USED CAR

assures complete satisfaction even at these low prices

At regular prices "Good Will" used cars are the first choice of thrifty buyers. Reconditioned and guaranteed—and sold with a 48-hour exchange privilege, they offer a measure of satisfaction and value equalled by few other used cars. At these amazing low prices, they offer even greater value. Come today—select your car now!

Come! See! Buy! Save!

- 1926 STANARD BUICK SEDAN. In perfect condition. Good rubber and finish. A real buy at \$550. 1927 PONTIAC COUPE. Here is a fast little car good for mountains, town or travel. Look it over \$365. 1925 STUDEBAKER DICTATOR SEDAN. For a dependable family car this is unequalled. See this for \$460. 1927 PONTIAC SEDAN. If you desire satisfaction in a car here it is \$410. Here is a late 1927 Pontiac Coach in far better condition than the average year-old car. First come, first served. A real bargain \$400. 1927 ESSEX SEDAN. Thoroughly overhauled. A real value \$375.

1928 OAKLAND SPORT ROADSTER. Here's a real car, power, speed and easy to handle. New paint, new rubber and many extra accessories. A car anyone would be proud to own. \$660.

Easy G. M. A. C. Terms — Small Down Payment SANDERSON MOTOR CO. S. Bartlett OAKLAND-PONTIAC DEALER Phone 1385

be SAFE at ANY SPEED

TAKE a tip from Billy Arnold—the winner of this year's 500-mile Indianapolis Sweepstakes at 100.448 miles per hour—repeating two weeks later at Altoona, averaging 111 m. p. h. He gives full credit for his victories to the absolute dependability and stamina in the new Firestone High Speed Heavy Duty Balloon. Such speed with safety is provided by the extra gum-dipping process. Put on a set of these High Speed Heavy Duty Balloons. The first mile will prove their safety and positive control — the many thousand additional miles will prove their endurance

Firestone

TOP PRICES for USED TIRES Trade in your worn tires here. They represent a substantial payment on your new ones.

GILLMORE BLU-GREEN GASOLINE (A treated high-test gasoline at no greater cost)

"Jim" "Bill" SMITH & WATKINS FIRESTONE ONE-STOP SERVICE Firestone Bldg. Phone 520 Riverside at Ninth St.