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reads the Mail Tribune"
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.

Now is the time to re-tell that classic tale of the careful hunter, wherein an Applegate woodcutter climbed up a tree to escape the deer slayer, and was shot down for a bear.

"He pawth in the valley, and hideth his treasures..." (Job 36:5). The Scriptures for today.

6 o'clock autoists trying to get to work at 7:30 o'clock, grimly endeavoring to whizz down the Main Stem S abreast, but can't make it.

"If you are in trouble, and want to get more, call M. K. Easthouse, lawyer" — (Ad Mendocino County Court). Admirable candor, and every thing.

While reading a jungle story concerning gorillas the other evening we couldn't get away from the thought that human nature is pretty much the same everywhere. (Toledo, O. Blade). The muffled and unconscious knock.

It will be a tougher winter than predicted. Amateur actors are being corralled to present Shakespearean plays for the benefit of the poor.

Millbillies have started to flow down into the valley, and ostentatiously pick jerky out of their teeth, when nobody is looking.

The rain did not amount to much, as your corr. did not have a hole in the sole of his left shoe.

There seems to be considerable of a variance between the multitude at the football games, and the sprinkling of folks in the tax collecting department. If it was not unaccountable, the sheriff and tax collector might move down to the stadium and let nobody in who failed to show a tax receipt marked paid.

Miss Madeline Josephine Lark, of The Meadows, is among the birds who have flew to the campus and been ordained a Sigma Nests Dancer.

It is only 32 days until Halloween, and it's about time the juvenile ghosts started the preliminary devastation.

The Older Girls played bridge last night, and a summation of the conversation leads the innocent bystander to surmise that doubt and willans still prevail.

HEALTH AND CULTURE NOTE
(Press Dispatch)

A proposal to install a bathtub in the Youngs high school, long debated by county school board members, was abandoned today. "We don't have school on Saturday, so it won't be needed," a board member announced to the finance committee of the county court.

It is noted in the press, that after almost a year of rest and recuperation from foot reform efforts of all kinds, the war on cigarettes in this state, with Eugene as a base of operations, will be resumed, with the former valiant crusader again on the job. The voters have trampled upon the notion with all the vigor at their command, but this in nowise dampens the ardor, instead, it arouses to further action. The aforementioned crusader is extremely bitter against cigarettes, but no editor, reporter, or printer can smoke enough of them to chase him from the editorial rooms while seeking publicity. We know. We tried it.

The first finger of the 1932 campaign was pointed yesterday by J. H. Cooley, (Rep.) at Joe Brown, (Dem.).

TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE SALVATION ARMY COOKING STUDENTS—(Hillside Oakland Tribune). The doughnuts were fine!

A POEM CRITICISED
I offer a specimen from the New Republic:
Ayl Scripture fleeth stone!
Milk-bright, Thy chisel wind
Rescendish flesh from bone
To quivering whittlings thinned—
Sweet, whistling straw!
Is it plain here that something is being said, but just what it is not too clear. In the days when there were college yells, one got much the same effect from them. My belief is that the overwhelming majority of poetry fans prefer something more pellucid, and so I fear that the author has hard sledding ahead of him, despite his earnestness, industry and patriotism.
(Mercury)

No Criticism Intended
AS HAS frequently been stated, the opinions of this paper are expressed here in the editorial column and nowhere else,—not in its news columns, not in the feature columns.
Yesterday in a news story announcing that the world series will be broadcasted by loud speaker this year, instead of over the radio, the statement was made that this action was due "to the unsatisfactory service of radio broadcasting in the past"
This has been taken by KMED as a reflection upon the service of the local station in broadcasting sporting events, which was not intended and does not represent the opinion of this newspaper.

IN THE past the national hook-up of the world series has never been satisfactory because local reception in mid-day has been poor. IT WAS THIS CONDITION THAT WAS REFERRED TO.
Broadcasting by KMED has been PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY for those who have received the reports on their own radio sets and will continue to be so. But it has not been satisfactory for this newspaper's broadcasting of its own wire reports, and because of this a "public address" system has been installed.

This is the universal practice of newspapers, which do not have their own broadcasting stations. The Mail Tribune believes this will be a more satisfactory service than has been possible in the past, as far as open-air broadcasting in front of its offices are concerned.

ports of important sporting events over their office or home radios. They will continue in the future, as in the past, to get their reports via the broadcasting stations,—a type of service which has many advantages, but which, by the nature of things, only newspapers operating their own broadcasting stations can satisfactorily supply.

What Will Become of England?
ONE hears a great deal about how well off financially France is and how poorly off England is.
This is true: But few seem to realize how this reversal of positions came about.
Shortly after the war France depreciated her currency by pegging the value of the franc at approximately 5 instead of 20 cents. In effect she paid her debts 25 cents on the dollar.
John Bull refused to do this. With characteristic loyalty to his traditions and high sense of honor, he decided to pay his debts in full—100 cents on the dollar.
To do this put a tremendous load upon the British taxpayers. John was able to carry it during prosperous times, but when the depression broke, it also broke John Bull's financial back.
As a result England was forced to abandon the gold standard, to prevent a persistent run on the Bank of England's gold reserve. This placed her currency virtually on the same basis as the obligations of any confessedly insolvent institution.

HOW long this will last of course no one knows. But at this writing it appears highly improbable that she will be able to resume gold payments, without also doing what France did—repudiate the bulk of her debts. Germany of course even went further and virtually repudiated ALL her debts, by working her printing presses until the mark was worthless.
Such action would be entirely contrary to the traditions and personal code of that splendid old aristocrat—Johnathan Bull, Esquire. It would impair his cherished prestige, injure his pride, lower his self respect.
But the world is changing not only rapidly but fundamentally—new and tremendous economic forces are being released. Great Britain may well decide that she must either adjust her financial structure to these forces, or go down—take her place with third rate powers like Spain and Portugal.
Faced by such a dilemma there is little doubt how John Bull will act. He is a hard fighting and tenacious old bird—and while repudiation would be a bitter pill, he would swallow it if it rather than allow even his sense of honor to overcome his instinct for self preservation.

SUNDOWN STORIES

The Stowaway
(By Mary Graham Bonner)
"I thought," began the Little Black Clock, "it would be fun to turn the time still further back than I did for those last few adventures."
"I thought, too," you would like to see the stowaway."
The children found themselves once more on the lathum of Panama, in the same place they had been in when they had first come with the Clock and he had turned the time back.
"Now you'll see the stowaway," the Little Black Clock said.
"Why, it's Balboa!" shouted John.
"How did he arrive?"
"He came all the way from home cooped up in a big old barrel," the Clock said.
"Isn't he a marvel?" John exclaimed. "My, but I like him!"
Now the Clock was turning the time ahead a little more, and the people were proclaiming Balboa as their governor.
The Indians were cheering for him, too, and John liked that, for he felt that so many new arrivals had been so unfair and cruel to the Indians.
The Little Black Clock said, too, that Balboa was fair and would treat them well.
"Before long now," the Clock said, "he will go into the heart of the lathum and will not be discouraged by jungles or wild Indian tribes."
"And then in a little while he will make his wonderful ocean discovery

Flight 'o Time
(Medford and Jackson County History From the Files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago.)

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 30, 1921
(It was Friday)
Chamber of Commerce asks county court to set aside \$20,000 from next year's taxes for building of Medford armory.

Water question at Ashland is live issue, as bond election nears.
Special guards to be on duty during trial of Dr. Brunfield, owing to intense public interest.

Carl Winderer, Chicago wife slayer, hanged while singing "Dear Old Pal."
Macleay cannery at mouth of Rogue, closes for season.
Hunters warned quail shooting season does not open until October 15.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 30, 1911
(It was Saturday)
Good roads bonds carried by 1463 majority.
Jess Enyart wins loving cup in Mail-Tribune shoot.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Keene return from California trip.
The Colony club holds a lively bridge party.
Ira Dodge and bride return from wedding trip to California.
That we saw him make."

Today
By Arthur Brisbane
Happy Demon Rum.
The Whistling Moron.
Color for Rockefeller City.
Using Customers' Stocks
in Short Sales.

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The Demon Rum will learn with pleasure that respectable Republicans are on his side, against prohibition.
Senator Dwight W. Morrow is among those expected to discuss prohibition in New Jersey, with the hope of bringing back legal beer to replace, or at least compete with abundant bootleg whiskey.

The mention of Senator Morrow will cause one non-loquacious citizen of Massachusetts to take notice.

When 1936 rolls around the two conspicuous Republicans will be Coolidge and Morrow, unless conditions change. Not both can have the job that each has in mind.

Mr. Coolidge belongs to the prohibition era, now looked upon as mid-Victorian. Mr. Morrow, who swept New Jersey on a wet platform, belongs to the modern "prohibition is a crime-breeding failure" party.

Both parties will soft pedal prohibition and light beer and wine in 1932, unless conditions become too bad. In 1936 there will be no soft pedaling, for the politicians will know what the people think.

Dr. C. G. Shaw, professor of philosophy at New York University, says: "If men whistle, they usually are morose." The learned philosopher whom aimless whistling has doubtless annoyed, would of course make exceptions, in cases such as My Uncle Toby whistling "Lillibulero."

The young person acting on Burns' suggestion, "Oh whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad,"
"Homo Alalus," Doctor Shaw's ancestor, who whistled before language was invented.

Dryden put Dr. Shaw's idea in verse long ago.
He trudged along unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.

Darwin's book on the "Expression of the Emotions," gives interesting information on whistling, holding the breath, putting the hand on the mouth, etc.

Whistling, softly, may concentrate thought, or bewilderment, free of any moron taint. A man may whistle to keep his courage up, and be no moron.

Dr. Shaw means that whistling annoys him, as cracking of coachmen's whips annoyed Schopenhauer.
A boy with a new dog, a new jack knife and a fishing pole, whistling on his way to the brook, is the happest of mortals, and no moron.

Rockefeller City, a city within New York, in the heart of the Fifth Avenue shopping section, will develop new ideas, made possible by the ability of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to plan an investment of two hundred and fifty millions, at one time.

There will be park spaces on the ground, between skyscrapers and tower buildings, and acres of parks, planted with tall trees, on the roofs.
And instead of plain dull brick surfaced, ugly red or dull gray, soon blackened with soot, the Rockefeller walls will have pastel hues, tan, pink, etc., whatever the experts may choose.

California has long since abandoned dull brick colors. Italy did the same centuries ago, and Greece colored marble statues, in the days before Italy started.

Walter Chrysler, originator of "floating power," adorned his tower with brilliant rustless metal, and former Governor Smith has done the same with the Empire building.
It will be interesting to see what Rockefeller City will develop.

SAM
BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: Marriage for money means freedom, is the decision of Sam Sherrill, who lives in a picturesque stable with his half-brother and aristocratic step-father. He longs for new clothes and travel, instead of housekeeping and her work on a newspaper. But when Peak Abbott, the young owner of the Express, asks her to marry him, she finds her wish to do so "terrific" because she does not love him. Freddy Munson, a reporter, asks her not to marry Abbott, and suggests that she take an apartment in town and live her own life. Sam, however, is bound by the request of her dead mother to take care of Fourth Alderson, her stepfather, and her half-brother, Nelson. Peak Abbott finally tells Sam "I'm going to ask to marry me, even though you don't care for me the way you might."

Chapter 3
INTERLUDE BY FREDDY
SAM gasped. "But, Peak, I couldn't do that! That would be marrying you for your money."
He frowned thoughtfully. "I need you, Sam. For reasons that may be different, you need me. We need each other, Q. E. D."
"It seems like such a coldblooded business proposition."
"Consider it a business proposition," Peak said. "I want to marry you for two reasons. The first is, Sam, that I love you rather terribly. Second, I'm conceited enough



to hope that your feeling might change. Is that a foolish hope?"
"No," Sam said. "It very possibly might come true."
"Then that settles my side of the question. Why should you marry me? Well, I'm not such a bad young man. My gentle nature is a by-word in the community. In addition to that, I'm rich. I could give you—"
"Don't!" Sam pleaded desperately. "Please don't."
"All right. I wish you'd think it over."
"Fair enough." He got to his feet. "What about New Year's Eve?"
She smiled up at him faintly. "I suppose I'll go."
"Swell!" He grinned at her, and strode away down the corridor.

As Sam passed through the city room he met Freddy.
"I'm thinking about giving a party at my place the night after Christmas," he said. "Could you come? Good. Meet me here about nine."
The city room of the Express on the night after Christmas was quiet. Sam found Freddy Munson. "I want to thank you for my Christmas present," Freddy said. "You're welcome," Freddy said. "I wonder why I sent it. I must like you. That's it. I do like you. In my opinion you're a nice girl."

Sam laughed. "Freddy, you're becoming sentimental."
He grinned. "That's right. If I don't look out I'll become slushy." He was reaching for his coat, when a voice spoke his name.

When he came back he was scowling. "Sorry, but I have to go out on an assignment. You can go to my place, or trail along with me."
"Could I go with you?" Sam was pleased. "Come on, let's go."
That evening, Sam saw places she had never before seen, and she saw a new side of Freddy.

Freddy at his work was intent and efficient. As the story developed, Sam found herself regarding her tall companion with an increasing respect.

"Will you take me on another story soon?" Sam asked.
"Of course I'll take you," Freddy was as good as his word, and during the course of that week Sam became familiar with police stations, hospitals, and the long corridors of City Hall. "What do you think of the newspaper game?" Freddy asked one day.

"I love it!" Sam said. "I love being

Ivan Krueger, the Swedish industrial and financial genius, says he will pay the obligations of Krueger and Tell, not in depreciated Swedish currency, but in American dollars.
President Hoover knows better than anybody else what harm has been done by Wall Street's short selling.

If he will put the Department of Justice to work on the problem of stopping short selling conspiracies against value, he will do more to restore public confidence than could be done by spending ten billions on stabilizing.

About short selling, there are mysteries with which innocent lambs are not familiar.
They know that short selling puts down prices and cuts into their pocketbooks.

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady in care of the Mail Tribune.

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND THE INSURANCE RATE.
We're funny this way. We give a doctor a license to practice medicine, yet if one of his patients feels the doctor has not given him the right treatment the patient can demand from the doctor fair compensation for the damage, loss of time, pain or impairment of earning power he has suffered as a consequence of the doctor's lack of skill or knowledge or his carelessness. But we license a citizen to drive an automobile on the highways, and if he gets a little drunk or becomes criminally negligent and damages my property or person the chances are even that I'll have to stand the damage without hope of any compensation from the irresponsible individual who is clearly to blame for it.

Many honest, responsible automobile drivers are unaware that a drink or two of wine or home brew slows the reaction time and hence renders them less efficient drivers and makes them more liable to have an accident. Probably a considerable portion of everyday automobile accidents are due to the exercise of "personal liberty" by Americans who insist upon that privilege, even when there is no question of "intoxication" in the common or police sense of the word. Normally there is an interval of one-fifth of a second between the reception of an impression upon the retina and the response of the muscles of foot or hand on brake or steering wheel. After a pint of beer or a drink of whisky the reaction time increases to as much as four-fifths of a second. There is plenty of time for death or maiming to occur. Remember this next time you're out in the car and have a little drink.

A car traveling 35 miles an hour will go 30 feet farther in the three-fifths of a second, which may be the difference between life and death. I propose this toast for every snifter an auto driver takes: Here's hoping the child or old lady I'm going to run down on my way home will be no relation of mine. But don't let this stop you from having your drink. Remember, you're an American and this is a free and easy country.

Dr. H. M. Vernon, English physiologist, says that people do not seem to realize that the effects of alcohol are still present hours after the drink is taken. The graveyards and hospitals in America realize it, all right.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Uric Acid Obssession.
I am suffering from excessive uric acid which poisons my system to such an extent that I am just about unable to help myself. It causes soreness and stiffness of joints and muscles and every part of my body.
D. B. A.
Answer—Uric acid has nothing to do with any such trouble. How do you arrive at the conclusion that

you ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself?
Sam stared. "Don't you think that you'd better apologize?"
His smile was no pleasant. "I see no reason for an apology."
"Very well," Sam was furious, but she kept her voice calm. "I think I'd better be going now."
While Sam was waiting for Freddy to get his hat and coat, she saw her half-brother, Nelson. He was dancing with a girl who seemed vaguely familiar. Sam watched with interest, and saw that the girl in Nelson's arms was Martha Givens, the maid of all work.

Freddy found Sam half way down the stairs. In silence they walked to Sam's little car.
"Good night, Miss Sherrill," Freddy said mockingly. "I trust that you may have a delightful time with Mr. Abbott at the Cricket Club."
"Thanks," said Sam. "I'll try."
The Cricket Club was hot and crowded. The orchestra had been placed in a narrow hallway between the two table-lined rooms, which should have been a strategic point. At the far end of either room, however, its melodies were almost entirely drowned out by the babble of voices, with the result that the dancing couples were packed near the doorways in a struggling mass.

Sam tried to think about the beautiful spray of orchids on her shoulder. She wanted to forget Nelson and Martha Givens, and the necessity of speaking to him about her. She wanted to forget Freddy Munson and the problem he presented. Able to forget nothing, she was forced to surrender herself, smiling, from one pair of male arms to another.

Finally the lights were turned out, as she sat at the table, and Sam knew that the New Year had arrived. Someone touched her arm. "Miss Sherrill!" The uniformed attendant looked barred. "You're wanted on the telephone. I've been trying to find you for ten minutes, but—"
Sam, vaguely alarmed, pushed her way through the crowd. Who would telephone her at this hour? Had Sonny been hurt in an automobile accident? Was Fourth ill?

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

What does Sam discover tomorrow? Her next few minutes, with their startling surprises, vitally affect her future.

MAIL TRIBUNE DAILY CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Toward the left side of a vowel.
4. Not good.
8. Places in the mail.
14. Hindu queen.
15. Pertaining to first principles.
17. Plotted.
19. Statute.
20. South American.
21. Alternative.
22. Cover.
23. Series of tennis games.
24. Send out.
25. Pinch.
27. Cocky homes.
29. Couples.
30. Ventilate.
32. New comb form.
34. Very large.
36. This point.
41. Type of play.
42. Large vegetable.
44. Genus of the olive tree.
46. Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands.
47. Timid.
49. Alphabetical reference table.
51. Disgrace.
53. Unclosely.
54. This point.
55. Solution.
57. Upper limb.
58. Journeys.
60. Assault.
62. Plan.
64. Italian river.
65. Guided.
66. River island.
67. Negative.
69. Fall behind.
70. Pear-shaped.
71. Missions.
72. Height.
73. Fencing sword.
77. Withered.

DOWN
2. Attached with thread.
3. Peels.
5. Rodent.
6. Snake-like fish.
7. Aeriform fluid.
9. Attempts.
10. Carnivorous animals of the dog family.
11. Ordered.
12. Small mound of earth.
13. Type measures.
14. Exclamation.
16. Not an old.
18. Picked out.
26. Portrayal of the beautiful.
28. Period of the earth's revolution about the sun.
29. Papal scarf.
30. Commence.
31. Stagger.
32. European flesh.
33. Pet name for a cow.
34. Ignited.
35. Narrow fabric.
36. Passing fashions.
37. Terminate.
38. Burn.
39. A brother of Odin.
40. South American animal.
43. Long narrow boards.
45. Entrance.
46. First garden.
47. Greek portico.
48. Attention.
49. Desert.
50. Attached with thread.
51. Peels.
52. Rodent.
53. Snake-like fish.
54. Aeriform fluid.
55. Attempts.
56. Carnivorous animals of the dog family.
57. Ordered.
58. Small mound of earth.
59. Type measures.
60. Exclamation.
61. Not an old.
62. Picked out.
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71. Narrow fabric.
72. Passing fashions.
73. Terminate.
74. Burn.
75. A brother of Odin.
76. South American animal.

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