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Our Hardest Working President

WE DON'T believe even the amalgamated union of "Hoover haters and baiters" would deny that he is the hardest working President of this generation.

At his desk early every morning, whether congress is, or is not in session, he works steadily until late at night. He always exceeds an eight-hour day, often it is 16, his average is said to be 12. Unlike his predecessors, he takes no long trips even during the summer, while he even devotes his week-ends on the Rapidan, more to conferences and study, than to recreation.

LAST night the President offered a definite plan designed to better the country's financial situation, and assist in a general business recovery. According to press dispatches President Hoover has been working on this plan for nearly three months.

The promise of this plan must be left to the financial experts; its actual value to the test of future experience.

But it does seem to us only fair, that the President should be given some credit for his effort, and praise for his unremitting industry and tireless devotion to duty, regardless of the constant barrage of criticism and abuse he suffers from his political opponents, and from the marplots and malcontents in his own camp.

Free Fruit for All

HUNDREDS of boxes of pears were given away this season to local people who supplied the boxes and hauled them away. This plan utilized fruit that would otherwise have been wasted.

There are now hundreds of boxes of cull apples, at local packing houses, which can be similarly utilized and we suggest that those who wish apples at no cost, except hauling, get in touch with packing houses which we know would be glad to supply them.

Cull apples are just as good for pies, baking and apple sauce as extra fancy. They can also be canned, and of course made into cider.

The apple season offers an opportunity just as the pear season did. The people of Medford should take advantage of it.

Where Movies Fall Down

WE HAVE often commented upon the vast improvement in the movies in recent months. The silver screen art is rapidly coming into its own as a TRUE art.

But there is of course still room for improvement. This is particularly true in the so called comedy films, not the features but the short reels shown with the features. In our opinion these have declined in quality almost as much as the legitimate films have improved. With very few exceptions they are terrible.

THERE is another criticism. This is the lack of originality among the directors in the matter of individual characterization. Because Greta Garbo made a sensational success, the directors are either encouraging, or stupidly allowing, an army of aspiring female stars to try to be second Garbos.

The directors don't seem to realize that Miss Garbo made a tremendous hit because she created a new type, in striking contrast with the then approved Mary Pickford type. But just as ten years ago all the Hollywood girls were trying to be Mary Pickfords they are now trying to be Greta Garbos—and of course making a mess of it.

THAT the directors, not the individuals, are at fault is suggested by the case of Miss Tallulah Bankhead, a young American actress very successful in London, a person of intelligence and individuality.

In her recent film "My Sin," now showing in Portland, Miss Bankhead's style is badly cramped by her evident attempt to affect the Garbo style—both in appearance and manner. As a result her entire portrayal is imitative, and lacks conviction, neither Greta nor Tallulah, a confusing mixture of both.

We predict that unless Miss Bankhead is allowed to be HERSELF, establish her own identity, both in appearance and manner, she will soon be leaving Hollywood and returning to England. This would be unfortunate for her and unfortunate for the industry.

THIS habit we repeat is stupid—it not only tends to destroy the popular appeal of the Garbo type, but it renders the creation of a new type, the establishment of a fresh and individual personality impossible.

And in all directions, either of art or commerce it is something new that is wanted.

This is strikingly demonstrated by the sensational success of a new comic weekly called "Ballyhoo." In a short four weeks it has surpassed both Life and Judge in sales stand circulation, not because it is so superior intrinsically but because it is NEW. Instead of making money through advertising, it carries no advertising, and makes rowdy fun of the best known advertisers. As a result it has taken the country by storm.

INSTEAD of trying to standardize movie types and blindly attempting to cash in on successes of the past, the movie industry should always be looking for new and original types, with a view to striking a fresh vein of pay dirt. Thus the movie industry would keep alive, broaden its scope and go steadily on to better and finer achievements in the realm of original and creative art.

Talks To Parents

By Alice Judson Peale.

Albert is the apple of his mother's eye, but the boys on the block say he is a "sissy."

He doesn't play ball and he doesn't use rough language. His hair is always neatly parted and he has never been seen with dirty hands.

At 16 Albert finds life just a bit difficult away from home and mother. In the classroom, to be sure, his good intelligence and really excellent habits of work bring him recognition, but on the street and playground he is miserable.

A glance into Albert's home suggests an explanation for his predicament. His father is one of those business men who are interested exclusively in making money.

He has never shown the slightest personal interest in his son. He has never played games with him, taken him anywhere or given him the least companionship.

His mother, on the other hand, has loved and adored him and made him the center of her life.

Until it was necessary for him to go to school, they spent their days together. Even now she looks forward to the week-end chiefly because it brings long hours with her son.

Albert's story is a fairly typical account of the making of a "sissy."

Where a father refuses his son the companionship and affection which enable him to follow him as an ideal, it often happens that the boy unconsciously patterns himself after the mother who gives him the companionship his father has withheld.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Bears Down, Stocks Up.

Mr. Storey Grieves Them.

To Fortify the Banks?

Japan and Genghis Khan.

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You have read about short selling in Wall Street, by which is meant selling stocks that the seller does not own in the hope that values will go down. For such short selling purposes, brokers, otherwise respectable, lend stocks that their customers have purchased on the "long" side, using their customers' stocks to injure them.

Yesterday the stock exchange made up its mind to do something, in a small way, telling brokers they must let the exchange know when they or their customers sold stocks that they didn't own. The result was the sharpest price recovery in two years. Commodities as well as stocks went up.

Mr. Storey's Santa Fe road gave the bears, yesterday, one of those "mauvais quarts d'heure." The conditions affect the Santa Fe profits in spite of excellent management, as they affect every other road. The bears said "Go to now, let us sell Santa Fe short." They did it, and got their little necks twisted to the tune of fifteen points, with more to come, probably. Mr. Storey declared the regular dividend.

Nothing prettier has been seen, since old Commodore Vanderbilt long ago, referring to Drew and others, said, "I'll squeeze them soundly," and did. They were selling one of his roads short, forcing the price from 150 below 20. The commodore let them sell short to their heart's content, while he gathered in the stock. When he had it all, he invited them to settle, and generously let them off at \$285 a share, when he might have asked \$1,000.

He ruined many in Wall Street and also many dishonest politicians working against him.

Roy Howard remembers the incident, and is fond of telling about it, and says modern bears should take warning. He is right.

Cheerfulness was born of President Hoover's meeting with congressmen of both parties, to discuss remedies for the depression.

Speculation as to topics to be discussed at the president's meeting will cease with this morning's newspapers.

When this was written yesterday afternoon it was believed that the plan was to set up a national "finance control board" such as we had in the war, with the idea of fortifying banks and helping them to carry frozen assets, and securities, perhaps extending some relief to real estate mortgages.

This would be no more than extending the financial power of the federal reserve, which was intended for emergencies and has failed to live up to its reputation because it lacks flexibility.

"Hoarding currency" and some hoarding of gold, cause uneasiness. A certain percentage of the public, ill-informed, frightened by false rumors exaggerate the situation.

Why not reassure all by making the postal savings bank a real bank on a big scale, instead of the mere pretense?

If the government can afford to borrow eight hundred millions at three per cent, for a considerable number of years, it can afford to pay depositors in postal savings banks two per cent, letting citizens draw out their money on a week's notice, paying them interest all the time. How many millions would go into the postal savings bank, if access, deposits and withdrawals were made convenient? Deposits under proper safeguard could be put back by the government into business channels through banks, the federal reserve or otherwise, the government making a reasonable profit on each transaction.

Ultra conservatism fears that "government banking" would interfere with private banking. On the contrary it would create and encourage small government bank accounts that would afterwards become big private bank accounts.

If Japan has any plans for more territory in Asia, all statesmen know that this is as good a time as any to take the territory. Accordingly, Japan orders her fighting squadrons kept in readiness. British and United States authorities discuss the meaning of this order, but won't do anything about it.

While Japan confine her enlargements to Asia, there can be no objection. It makes no difference to us which Asiatic race owns Asia, although we should deplore any injustice to our good Chinese friends.

China, through the centuries has

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.

NOW, THEN, FULL YOURSELF.

Recently some correspondent sent me a mean one that has been bothering me nights when—or rather mornings when I am relaxing for sleep.

The correspondent asked me to explain the meaning of the common exhortation to "pull yourself together."

In the oracle business any little thing like that upsets you, and you find yourself retreating to it whenever you have a moment to relax. Not a bad habit, either, this one of thinking along a line so suggested, thinking in installments, taking the subject up where you left off last time.

Here and there you come within sight of known or established landmarks, and if you make it your practice to pause briefly and look such landmarks over, or even to take little side excursions to consult authorities they suggest, your exploration is likely to be worth while.

Not that I have made any discovery of note in my meditations upon the significance of "pull yourself together." But just that I believe this habit of cogitating divers little questions is a good one and many young persons particularly should cultivate the habit in place of day dreaming or idle or aimless musing or contemplation. It is organized or orderly thinking instead of mere drifting. At reasonable intervals you pull yourself together and find your position in relation to the premise or idea from which you took off.

I have recommended here the practice of better breathing as an aid to relaxation and composing oneself for relaxation or sleep at night. I don't believe I do much thinking while I am going through with this little rite myself. But I do believe the exercise aids in general relaxation and puts one in a suitable condition for a little profitable thinking for a time before one falls off to sleep.

Any reader who wishes to practice better breathing may have the instructions on request (no clipping). Inclose stamped envelope bearing your address. The better breathing helps to lower excessive blood pressure, too.

A lot of folk in the habit of loose thinking are also in the habit of slouching physically. That is, they have poor posture when sitting or standing or walking. If such folk can be induced to cultivate better posture, better carriage, they generally develop better judgment and will power if not more efficient thinking capacity.

Here are a few practical suggestions for better posture:

1. Never mind your chest.

2. Don't try to pull in your belly.

3. Don't try to throw back your shoulders.

4. Don't turn out your toes.

become accustomed to conquest and strange rulers. Whatever Japan may do in China, they will be gentler than was Genghis Khan and his three sons, who overran China with great ease, sending word to the unfortunate enemy, "By the decree of heaven you are now as weak as I am strong."

Thanks to civil wars in China, Japan's mikado may also say to China, "You are now as weak as I am strong."

For the first time yesterday Thomas A. Edison's doctors have admitted the real and very bad condition of their patient. Mr. Edison, only semi-conscious, is sinking slowly, surely. Doctors report that his death is a matter of but a few days. Mr. Edison, of course knows it, and you may be sure that he does not worry. He is not concerned about what happens hereafter to one who has done his best here.

"Humph," grunted the walrus, "it is a lucky thing for me we don't need clothes, for they'd be impossible to get. We have our own comfortable skins."

"But you're pretty light in weight, aren't you?"

"He has just gained two pounds and mother is ever so pleased," Peggy chimed in.

The walrus laughed, a funny, barking laugh, and said:

"That doesn't seem much to me. I'm big now, but I expect to gain more. I want to live up to my mother's pet name of big old walrus."

"I weigh around 1000 pounds at present."

"Whew—www—ew," exclaimed John.

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

October 7, 1921.

(It was Friday.)

Report that oil has been struck in paying quantities at Trigona well untrue, but ample signs prevail this will come to pass.

Giants defeat Yankees, 13 to 5, in third game of world series.

Jerry Dickson reveals he earned his first dollar picking cherries.

Medford apple show to be held October 29.

California Oregon Power company takes option on tract of land at end of Grape street for yards and warehouse.

Local Japanese object to talk of war with their native land.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

October 7, 1911.

(It was Saturday.)

Medford girl of 19 summers strangely missing.

Josephine county votes bonds to build road to the coast.

Many dead and thousands homeless as result of Wisconsin floods.

Two of the young rowdies who threw rocks at H. C. Garnett's auto while he was driving along the Jacksonville road, have jumped their bonds and skipped the country.

First heavy frost nips tender bulbs and flowers.

Deed of East Main street to be paved.

Deed for Federal building site formally filed.

SAM

BY FREEMAN LINCOLN

SYNOPSIS: Problems crowd thickly upon Sam Sherrill, climaxing in the marriage of her half-brother, Nelson, and their maid. The burden of family finances falls upon Sam, but the dispraise of Nelson's escapade is felt more severely by her stepfather, Fourth Alderson, who felt his sense of social distinction when he lost the family fortune. Alderson has just read Nelson's note, announcing a runaway marriage and the fact that he has taken with him money needed for a mortgage interest. Sam's need of money has made her consider the suggestion of Peak Abbott, wealthy owner of the Express where she works, that she marry him on a business basis. She loves Freddy Murray, also on the Express, and had planned to marry him that evening, but was prevented by Nelson's message. Hearing a car, Sam goes out to meet Freddy, who is angry because she did not meet him at the train.

ment. Then he said: "What am I going to do?"

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, but I must do something." He ran a hand through his thick white hair. "Where do you suppose they are?"

She shrugged. "It's hard to say. Elktion, probably. Isn't that where people go when they want to be married in a hurry?"

"Yes, of course it is." He got to his feet. "I'll go to Elktion, Joan. I'll drive down there now."

"Why? It's only a chance, and you couldn't do anything, anyway."

"I'll go to Elktion," Fourth said. "I'll leave immediately."

She moved across the room. "I'll get your coat."

She helped him into it and handed him his hat. Then, surprisingly, he kissed her. "Don't wait up for me, Joan, because I'll probably be late. If I have any news I'll wake you."

"All right," She nodded. "Drive carefully. Fourth. There's apt to be ice on the roads."

He went out. Sam waited until the roar of his motor had died away in the distance, and then she went to the telephone and called Peak.

There was a buzzing sound and then Peak's voice. "Hello!"

"This is Sam, Peak. I'm sorry to bother you, but I wonder if you can come over for a little while. It's important."

Peak said quietly: "I'll be there in a minute or two."

Sam hung up the receiver. It was like Peak not to be bothersome or to ask questions. There were a lot of nice things that were like Peak when you stopped to think of it.

He came into the living room without knocking a few minutes later, and he found Sam still seated by the telephone. He took one brief glance at her face and said sharply: "What's happened?"

Sam said: "Nelson is married. He ran away this afternoon and got married."

"No!" Peak whistled sharply. "Married? The young idiot! Who is the girl?"

"That's the thing. That's the really important thing, Peak. He married Martha. She was our maid."

"Your maid?" Peak again whistled and took a half step toward her, struggling with the idea. "I can't believe it!"

"It's true," said Sam, almost indifferently. "He ran off somewhere and married her. He left a letter that I found when I came home this afternoon. You can read it if you want to. It's on the floor over there."

Peak picked up the letter. He read Nelson's scrawl carefully twice. "This is bad," he said slowly. "I suppose it's too late to do anything about it?"

She shrugged. "We don't even know where they went."

"Does Fourth know about this business?"

"He's on his way to Elktion to see if he can find them, but it won't do any good. I suppose it will be in all the papers tomorrow morning."

"I'll tell you one paper it won't be in," said Peak grimly. "Let me have the phone. I can do that much, anyhow. I only wish I could do more."

Sam was thoughtful. "I think you can do something more, Peak," she said slowly. "If you really want to."

He stared. "If I really want to? You can bet I want to! Just tell me what it is and it will be done."

She almost smiled. "Do you still want to marry me, Peak?"

He shook his head sadly. "That's the second foolish remark you have made in the last ten seconds. Are you sure you feel well?"

"Yes, I'm quite normal." She looked at him steadily. "And I take it that I can assume that you still want to marry me?"

"You can."

"Good." She was grave. "Then, in that case, you and I are engaged."

Peak said nothing. He merely looked at her for a long moment and then sat down on the couch. He took a handkerchief from his breast pocket and unfolded it. Then he folded it again and put it back. Finally he shook his head. "You'll have to pardon me, Sam, but I'm in sort of a fog. This is—"

"Yes," said Sam, "it's rather sudden. Things seem to happen that way."

He drew a long breath. "You mind very much if I ask a few questions?"

(Copyright, Freeman Lincoln)

Does Peak agree, tomorrow? His decision depends on Sam's answers to his questions.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE

Farmers & Fruitgrowers Bank

At Medford, County of Jackson, Oregon, at close of business Sept. 29, 1931.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts \$188,067.37

Overdrafts 1,167.09

Bonds, securities, etc. 84,500.34

Banking house, home, furniture and fixtures 7,000.00

Real estate owned other than banking house 1,000.00

Cash, due from banks and cash items 70,947.61

Total \$319,772.41

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in \$50,000.00

Surplus 1,000.00

Undivided profits—net 1,000.00

Demand deposits 105,629.40

Time certificates 23,078.24

Savings deposits 39,772.26

Total \$319,772.41

State of Oregon, County of Jackson, ss:

I, F. E. Wahl, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

F. E. WAHL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of September, 1931.

MYRTLE PANKER, Notary Public for Oregon.

My commission expires January 23, 1935.

Correct—Attest: Melroy Gatchell, C. E. Gates, Gus Newbury, Directors.