

## MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily and Sunday

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LAUREL

Smudge Smoke

Pop Gates is again encamped behind his Model A mustache.

Pioneers met at Ashland Thurs.

and rebuilt the log cabins, and fought over the Indian money, while eating a piece of angel cake. Will Coleman told how he used to eat hog and hominy, and walked 7 miles to school, after milking 17 cows and washing his face in an ice cold spring.

John Mann acquired a new overcoat and haircut last week.

The mornings are quite bracing, but are not bracing anything.

Bricks for the courthouse are being hefted and viewed by the co. of, and are a bit too large for handy throwing.

Rural residents report that some of their turkeys have been embroiled.

The Democrats are finding fault with the Hoover plan to circulate \$500,000, just as if they would not have as good a chance to grab some of it as the racially Republicans.

Another young man, who always kept his pants pressed and his hair combed, is approaching the preacher at a rapid pace.

John Johnson whispered \$1000 Wed.

It was the first time the writer heard of that much money, since Gain Robinson returned from New York City, in the spring of 1929.

Hillbillies are out and around their hills, and think it will be safe until the last Sunday of the deer season.

The way the autoists observe the "Stop" signs, when they have to, is very gratifying.

Grapes are much in demand for jelly, to slap on bread next winter.

Bruce Hammond, son of Bob Hammond, and brother of another Bob Hammond, and a nephew of Frank Hammond, a sea-going postmaster, celebrated his 12th year on earth last week, and was very diplomatic about it, not to say suave. It is understood, from highly reliable sources, that Mr. Hammond has a girl.

The Knitted Ensemble is becoming quite popular among the maids and matrons, but how they stretch!

The society pages are telling all about the bride-elect, but nothing about the groom-nominated, who is as good as elected. Pairs have started to stand "amid a shower of gay-tinted autumn leaves."

As a result of the Marshallfield game, it is not likely that any Jaybirds will be freed before the opening whistle for some time.

A big-bug of the Erie road, will be here Fri., and has agreed to buy lunch for the shippers.

Several had birthdays last week, whose names we have forgotten as completely as a woman does her age.

Emil Britt of Jville was elected president of the pioneers. This is the first office Emil has held since he was mayor of Jacksonville for 24 years.

CORVALLIS PAPER

HITS BERTH RATE

The Corvallis Gazette-Times, October 7, editorially said:

"The Medford Tribune takes a whack at Pullman fares. We know of nothing more needing a whack whether it will do any good or not. If Pullman fares were reduced, it would be a good thing for the railroads for they would get more traffic. We can see no reason why the surtax on Pullman fares should continue as it does. For instance, during the cent-a-mile fare offered by the Southern Pacific, we figured out that it would cost us as much for Pullman fare to Los Angeles or San Francisco and back, as it would for car fare. Something wrong with this picture, about a third wrong."

There are said to be radies in a third of the houses in America. And all the two-thirds have to do is to stick their heads out of the window.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

The trouble with the world when it was flying high was that it gave no thought to the landing problem.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

About all there is to the political situation is that prosperity will have to come back before Mr. Hoover can.—Weston (Ore.) Leader.

If you wish to let the boasted tolerance of this age, try appearing among the pajama-clad in a night-shirt.—Publishers Syndicate.

What business seems to need just now is the command, "Cease firing!"—Christian Science Monitor.

## Develop Our Winter Sports

SCOTTY ALLEN, famous Alaska dog racer and sportsman, will be present at a meeting of the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland Association in Redding, California, October 26th.

What is Scotty doing in California? He is interested in developing winter sports in Northern California and Southern Oregon.

THE MAIL TRIBUNE has always maintained there is real opportunity in this direction, and perhaps Scotty is the man who can take advantage of it and sell the idea both to local residents and outsiders.

If statistics were available we believe they would show there is in the foothills and mountains of this section of the coast, as much blue sky and sunshine in the winter as in the summer. At any rate we do know this: that when the valleys are filled with fog, and for days the sun is never seen, the uplands, no further away than the Applegate, are bathed in an atmosphere of sparkling ozone and actinic rays.

WE ALSO know that the greatest deprivation our young people suffer, is the absence of winter sports,—coasting, snow balling, skiing, skating, etc. The greatest kick they get, on an eastern trip during the holidays, is this thrilling world, so new and enthralling to them—a world of ice and snow.

Yet during the winter above, the fog and rain belt, such a world exists AT OUR VERY DOORS. It exists here in Southern Oregon, and throughout the Shasta valley—literally a paradise for outdoor winter sports.

IF SCOTTY ALLEN can awaken the people of the Shasta-Cascade region to their opportunities in this direction, he will certainly confer a great and lasting benefit upon this section of the coast. And we know one young lady at least who will place Scotty Allen in that exalted niche in her Hall of Fame occupied until very recently, by Santa Claus!

## It Is to Laugh

THE supreme type of humor is unconscious humor. The individual who tries to be funny almost never is. The individual who tries not to be funny, but becomes involved in a humorous situation, invariably brings down the house.

Count over the famous comedians of the present and past, and practically without exception they are very serious, often glum,—either actually unconscious they are funny, like the Cherry Sisters; or able by their art, like Charley Chaplin and Fanny Brice, to conceal their awareness. As a result many excellent jokes have been completely spoiled, by the narrator giving the first and loudest laugh.

ALL of which is to prepare the way for our announcement, that at the moment, Chicago is the funniest city in the country,—or the world for that matter.

Why? Because it is trying hard not to be funny, but is involved in an essentially comic situation. To wit: With its world's fair in the offing the Windy City's humdingers are determined to convince the outside world that far from being the wicked and lawless Babylon it has been reputed to be, it is one of the most MORAL AND LAW ABIDING CITIES IN THE WORLD.

IMPORTANT visitors from the hinterland are met at the station escorted along the beautiful water front, shown the museums and planetarium, and told that Chicago is truly the Athens of America,—devoted to the arts, culture and the sanctity of the home. And—believe it or not—some of the more gullible swallow it.

A FEW days ago the Mail Tribune received a blurb to this effect, but this morning there came a large envelope from 139 North Clark street, which saved us in the nick of time from falling back on the editorial scissors to fill out this column.

For with the aforesaid blurb here was our perfect humor—Chicago trying not to be funny immersed in a situation essentially ridiculous.

IN THE Clark street envelope were pages clipped from Chicago papers, containing ads for "Billy Rose's Crazy Quilt" outlined in red pencil from which the following is a fair example:

"Kissable Nymphs, Voluptuous Houris, Chic Griselles, Statuesque Odalisques, Dashing Dames and resplendent Mannequins bedecked in vestments of cellophane until the most capricious critic could not blame the boys from Adam to 'What a Man' Hudson."

And (not marked) on a news page:

"Scarface Al escorted by machine guns to court,—Beer war in Loop declared,—Car Patrols put on the spot by Glecommen gang,—four found slain in South Side joint."

"CHICAGO, ONE OF THE CLEANEST AND MOST LAW ABIDING CITIES IN THE WORLD—COME TO THE BIG FAIR, BRING THE WIFE AND CHILDREN,—....!"

## With The Paragraphers

The boom years seem to have been succeeded by others that sound like the same thing pronounced by a chap with hay fever.—Boston Herald.

The big problem of a Democratic candidate is to keep Tammany friendly without speaking to it in public.—Akron Beacon-Journal.

Will the Eugene styles for women that are sweeping the country presently be followed by Gandhi fashions for the well-dressed man?—Boston Transcript.

It might be possible to popularize the slogan, "Buy until it hurts," as a means to end the depression, if we did not hurt so easily.—Boston Globe.

It is rumored that Senator Borah would be willing to seek the Presidency. There is a general feeling that it would serve him right.—Springfield Union.

More people than ever are saving money, but it doesn't appear to be the right way just now to save the country.—Weston Leader.

It seems that every time we have to get down to brass tacks, the darned things are resting point upward.—Thomaston Times.

A depression is a period when people do without things their parents never had.—Minneapolis Star.

A lot of the talkies are dumb.—Thomaston, Ga. Times.

A New York Judge rules that a novel published recently is not obscene. The publishers are expected to appeal the case.—Grand Rapids Press.

The reason another World war would be fatal is because the world could never survive another peace.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

And it begins to look as tho the next war is going to be fought over the payments on the last one.—Judge.

Past pontiffs treated kings with much less consideration than the present one has shown the duke.—Weston Leader.

The true worth of a man lies about half-way between what his wife thinks of him and what his mother thinks of him.—Brooklyn Times.

In Arkansas they had to call out troops during a revival. That's what you call the old-time religion.—Greensboro, Ga. Herald-Journal.

Another of Mr. Hoover's little problems is to find a man who can save the country without stealing the show.—Chattanooga Times.

Cable says British weather sets Gandhi's teeth to chattering. Sounds like a miracle.—Dallas News.

From its extent and ferocity, this must be the depression to end depressions.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

## Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Why Must We Be Foolish?

Are We Europe's Wet Nurse?

Two Cataleptic Scare-

crows.

2 Cataleptic Scarecrows.

Observe the Grand League

Copyright King Feature Synd. Inc.

News from Washington is

puzzling. You are told that

we plan to forgive our European

debtors, if they will promise

to cut down their arma-

ments.

Why do we do that?

First, we lent them ten bil-

lion dollars to complete the job

of butchering each other. Now

we plan to make them a present

of the ten billions, if they

will cut down their armaments

for future butchery. Can you

understand that?

What right has anybody to

saddle ten more billion dollars

on American taxpayers, in order

to make European nations

kind, gentle and loving toward

each other?

Does it make any difference to us

how much they arm, or fight, assum-

ing that next time we should have

brains enough to keep out of what

does not concern us?

Does anyone doubt that money due

us, and not paid, would be used in

Europe for the very armaments that

we seek to discourage?

The best way to discourage Euro-

pean armaments is to make Europe

pay what she owes. If she does that,

she will have less for big guns and

poison gas.

Let us collect our billions from as

many of our dear friends as are not

"welchers," and use the money to

make this nation secure with air

fleets, submarines, a full assortment

of explosives and gases, such as we

should need, in case of attack.

The business of the American govern-

ment is to protect America, not to

be wet nurse, or dry nurse, to Eu-

rope. Do you think any European

nation is worrying about our welfare?

Why can't we attend to our own

business? Do we elect officials to

protect Europe?

The truth is, our international finan-

ciaries stupidly loaded themselves

and their customers with foreign

bonds, as unsafe as lottery tickets,

now dropping in value. High finance

wants our foreign debts cancelled in

order that nationals of foreign gov-

ernments, with taxes lightened, may

have cash to pay private debts in

America.

The plan is to make the people sac-

ri-fice ten billions in debts that rec-

less financiers, and fools that bought

worthless bonds in Europe, may get

back their money.

And in the end they would not get

it back. Europe's plan is to first can-

cel the war debts, then to scale down,

or wipe out the private debts.

Those that see this column have

read many warnings against the pur-

chase of doubtful foreign bonds. Why

should the public be taxed to make

good such foolishness?

The Colorado Psychopathic Hospital

is studying a strange case of cata-

lepsy. An unfortunate man stands

rigid, hour after hour, his arms out-

stretched, never moving. He was

found in that condition in a corn

field, his hallucination making him

believe himself a scarecrow.

Science will deal with him, and

perhaps cure him.

But who or what will cure this na-

tion, that assumed a scarecrow atti-

tude in 1929, and still sticks to it?

That poor cataleptic needs only to

realize that he is not a scarecrow, and

this nation only needs to recover

from its fright and realize that the

end of the world has not come.

We have everything we ever had,

and if we never get back those ten

bombs, have killed 23 more Chinese,

as a further warning.

The Japanese know, as do the other

nations, how to make poison gas that

would kill 230,000 as easily as 23, and

that you will see proved, if real war

starts.

The grand League of Nations sits

still, holding its breath, saying noth-

ing.

The Japanese say their action is

justified because a Japanese officer

and two soldiers were killed by Chi-

nese, and perhaps it is justified.

But in any case, it is not our busi-

ness. We did not kill any Japanese

or seize any Chinese city.

Yet, with Britain, Uncle Sam is

investigating, meddling, while the

league does nothing.

Why does not Uncle Sam attend to

his own business? He has enough

of it.

State Highway Mess

(State Press Comment on Causes

and Effects of Van Duzer's

Resignation)

VAN DUZER RESIGNS

(Eugene Register Guard)

The resignation of H. B. Van Duzer,

for many years chairman of the

state highway commission, deprives

Oregon of its ablest and most de-

pendable highway executive at the

time when his firm judgments are

most needed. The appointment of

J. C. Alnoworth, Portland banker, to

take the place of Mr. Van Duzer is

a good one, but it will take time for