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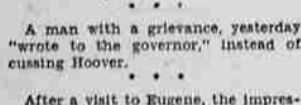
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Salem press dispatches reveal that visitors to the state fair last week lost \$15,000 or more, trying to beat "skin-games."

DNIEPROPETROVSK (formerly Ekaterinoslav), Oct. 1.—Russian trains have taken to running on time—(Oregonian.)

A man with a grievance, yesterday "wrote to the governor" instead of cursing Hoover.

After a visit to Eugene, the impression is gained that banning of autos from the University of Oregon campus, also O.S.C., is the most terrible thing in the way of an atrocity, since the Turks got after the starving Armenians.

The high tax haul, which has been overworked the past two years, in propaganda circles, is now being employed as a means to thwart the re-routing of the Pacific highway over the Siskiyou.

Three experts concolated in this office yesterday, and only an open door and a kindly Providence saved you corr. from being ruthlessly taken apart and readjusted.

What does a hunter, who shoots a white horse for a deer, think about during the closed season on deer?

An upstate sports editor wants to know why it required three hours to play the Stanford-O.S.C. game last Saturday. Well, from this distance it looks like the O.S.C. players did not get up fast enough, and maybe the Stanford coach was striving for a victory, instead of a tie score.

Atty. Doug Neff and Judge Kelly plan to drag their vocal organs across the county, in behalf of the Democratic party, and a number of Republican orators will rally forth to save America, before October is deceased.

The city, county, and nation are now in the midst of the campaign slogan business, and believe it or not, they are purposely intended not to mean anything. Take the Democratic slogan, "Haw! Haw! Haw!" Nobody knows whether they are laughing at themselves, or the Socialist candidate, or the Republican victor. And, what does it mean, and what does it tell? Take the homegrown slogan: "Keep Your Hand on Your Pocketbook, and Your Mind on Your Tax bills." Why not save wind and say, "Safety First, and Taxes Never."

A much more fitting war cry would be: Foundations Shaken and Salvation Free. Getting back to the pocketbook angle of the slogan, why not chirp: "Open Up the Wallet, Before the Moths Chew Their Way Out, or LEND ME YOUR EARS, and \$3. The slogan lack sincerity. They don't mean what they say, any more than the candidate in the country, who sizes up his audience, and noting the women, says, "I'm glad to see so many babies here tonight." Deep in his heart he wishes the babies had whiskers and could vote. Understand, no candidate would deceive you. He likes babies, and fire-locks, and the pure country air, but most of all, your vote. No slogan is worth the lung power required to shout it. Our own slogan, "Leave Hell Enough Alone," does not come under this classification, and is too good to be true, or followed, or used. The Democratic party gave the creator of the "Haw! Haw! Haw!" a \$1000 prize. They wouldn't run the government that way.

Good Music Is a Civic Need

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."
IT IS from this standpoint that the present drive for membership in the Civic Music association, becomes a movement of real local importance.

When discouraging economic conditions have released so many "savage" instincts, when the road of life is strewn with so many "rocks" of adversity and lined with so many "knotted oaks" of fear and doubt; the charms and subtle curative powers of good music are needed in a community more than ever before.

There is no need this year, as there was last, in trying to sell the idea to the people of this city. The members know by experience, the high quality of the music, the diversity and stimulation of the programs offered.

The only question for the individual is "can I afford it?" For those who enjoyed the concert series last year however, the question, better expresses the true situation, when phrased as follows:

"CAN I AFFORD TO MISS IT?"

The benefits of good music,—to those who love music—are real benefits,—benefits to body and to mind. Music, perhaps better than anything else answers Milton's prayer:

"What is dark in me illumine, What is low, raise and support!"

And in that answer, the poor struggling humans, particularly in this "winter of our discontent" go forth strengthened and inspired, better able to bear their burdens manfully; better able not only to think better things, but to do better work.

So we are glad to endorse the drive of the Civic Music association this year as we did last. Instead of regarding it as of less importance, we regard it as more.

The Local Movie Tangle

THE Mail Tribune hopes some satisfactory arrangement may be reached whereby the Holly theatre can be kept open.

This is an independent theatre, locally owned and operated, and a genuine asset to the town. To have it closed would give the town a black eye.

The Holly theatre makes certain public charges against Fox-West Coast, of unfair competition, such as buying up all the high grade pictures, so independent theatres can get none,—buying more than they can possibly use, merely to crush out competition.

The Fox-West Coast representative flatly denies the truth of this charge, and maintains they are naturally buying up the best pictures they can find, but they will USE THEM ALL, not to crush competition, but to raise the standard of their product.

We refuse to take sides in a controversy of this sort. It is a matter for the courts not the newspapers to decide.

BUT WE DO FEEL, that Medford is a big enough place, and a good enough movie town, to support two FIRST CLASS theatres, and we believe the people feel the same way about it.

We suggest to the two leading movie theatres, that instead of fighting each other, they get together, and perfect an arrangement looking toward this end, . . . in the long run, a better arrangement not only for the town, but in OUR CONSIDERED JUDGMENT for BOTH parties concerned!

A Great Contrast

THERE is certainly no question of President Hoover's courage. In speaking in Iowa, he is invading the enemy's territory, the most hostile section in the entire farm belt at the present time.

And he is going to speak to the farmers, on the farm problem. If that does not take intestinal fortitude, then what does?

THE progress of the president's special across the country, certainly presents a marked contrast to the Franklin Roosevelt train.

The president looks "sad, worn but determined." He doesn't bounce about, shake his hands above his head, in true "movie star" style, cheerily chirp about what he is going to do after he enters the White House, on March 4th next.

He greets the crowds with quiet friendliness and sincerity, Mrs. Hoover by his side. But to orator for a speech he shakes his head. He is no professional orator, no rear platform rabble rouser. He merely says:

"WE ARE DOING WHAT THE GOVERNMENT CAN, AND SHOULD DO, TO HELP ITS PEOPLE." That's all.

BUT when all is said and done, we wonder if that isn't a GOOD DEAL. We wonder if the American people along the right of way, from Washington to Des Moines, when they return to their homes, won't remember those quiet, simple words:

"We are doing what the government can, and should do to help its people."

No boasting or bravado. No political clap trap. No glittering generalities. No gilded promises. No claim the government is doing anything more than it should do at such a critical time.

But, every day, in every way, it is doing its very best to help the people of this country.

IN spite of the rural parades of protest, engineered by the opposing politicians; in spite of the hoots and cat calls, of hired provocateurs; we wonder if the complete truth, and deep spiritual significance of those words, won't sink into the hearts and minds of the people of this country, before this campaign is over.

We have an idea they will. We have an idea the rank and file, the plain men and women of this country, not partisans for either side, but those who determine elections nevertheless, will come to appreciate the real worth, the genuine ability, and the deep, unswerving and unselfish devotion of the man who has occupied the White House the past three years. The man who has done all he could do to help the people of his country during a most critical period, and who if re-elected, and with the benefit of that experience, will do his very best for four years more.

Back to School—James C. Hayes, Jr., who spent the past week-end here visiting his parents, left yesterday for the University of Oregon, where he is a freshman this year.

From Grants Pass—Among visitors in Medford today from Grants Pass are Miss Elza Ditto, manager of the Ardenee shop in the neighboring city, Dr. Bailey and O. L. Blanchard.

Today

By Arthur Brisbane

Japan Asks What About It?

The Road With Traffic, Short, Yes. Funny, No. Where Gold Slumbers.

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Anybody who does not know already will soon know how much the League of Nations amounts to when it comes to dealing with a nation of importance.

The league solemnly passes judgment on Japan's course in Manchukuo. Japan is condemned, VERY WICKED, INDEED.

Newspapers in Tokio call the decision an insult, and Japan announces that she will proceed in Manchukuo as hitherto, paying no attention to the league. She will decide later whether or not to resign from the league.

What will the league do about it? Exactly nothing.

Interesting things are seen looking out of a window. The Irish lady in Eva Gore Booth's poem preferred the little Irish road that passed her house to "the grand road from the mountain," with "traffic on it, and many a horse and cart."

The East River flows as the tide rises and falls, just below the window where this is written. There is much traffic on that, and occasionally things more exciting than tug boats, passenger boats and hydroplanes. You see a ship landing a cargo of boxes neatly wrapped in brown paper. That means "bootleg."

You see mild excitement at the edge of the wharf, a policeman running. Some man "sleeping it off" on the stringpiece, just above the water, has fallen over.

Yesterday the event of the day was unusual. On the Manhattan bridge, a little to the left where heavy suspension cables run at a sharp curve from the floor of the bridge to the top of tall towers, George Kennedy, 70 years old, undoubtedly demented, could be seen walking steadily up one of the cables.

He reached the top, looked around. His plan was to jump down 300 feet and go to another world of other rivers. While he thought about it, two policemen, as swiftly as possible, were scrambling up the cable after him. They could be seen presently, arguing with him as he stood at the edge. They all came down together. Hundreds gathered, traffic was blocked.

The Grand Old Party, listening while women make speeches for the Republican ticket "on the air." Campaign managers, fearing that women will make speeches too long, implore them to be "brief and funny."

Brevity is good, humor on the air is not so good. Speakers should remember that their "unseen audience" is 90 per cent "broke" and talk accordingly.

If you lack a job you want serious talk, not jokes.

President Hoover knows that. Before he was elected or nominated Secretary of Commerce, he paid much attention to radio. He told this writer:

"Those that listen do not care for jokes, and, above all, they object to anything in the way of unpleasant personalities or abuse."

In singing you may do as you like, but in talking you are expected to stick to facts and make it short.

Here and there one man "flays" a candidate on the other side of the fence. Another man "flays" and "skins alive" the candidate of the first speaker.

And nobody pays much attention.

The average citizen would like to be told how somebody, anybody, proposes to start the wheels turning and the payrolls increasing. Nobody seems to have definite plans about that, and "flaying" your opponent is not particularly consoling, no matter who does it.

The vault in which the Bank of France keeps the French billions of dollars in gold coin and gold bars, including much American coin, is a real vault.

The gold is far down in the earth, surrounded with fifteen feet of steel protection. Three sets of elevators lead down to it. The vault door is of hardest steel two feet thick. When officially closed, a little electric locomotive moves a turret of solid steel fifteen feet wide which is locked to the walls in front of the door, closing it up.

Provision is made for employees entrusted with the care of the gold, enabling them to stay under the ground indefinitely if Paris were taken.

Times have changed. When Germany took one billion dollars from France after the war of 1870, she

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.

THE BUSINESS OF BREAKING DOWN FLESH.

The jolly, solid, wholesome looking young woman who conducts a successful beauty establishment came staggering from a treatment room, panting and perspiring and fell limply into a seat. From the room had come for twenty minutes a sound as though a couple of tough girls were having with a lively bout with six-ounce gloves.



"My dear, what has happened?" inquired an anxious aunt. "Nothing, nothing," panted the proprietress, sagging wearily down upon her back. "Just a reduction treatment."

"But, why under the sun? You don't need to reduce, child!" "No, I know it, but I have to. These fat dames must have their massage and pounding to break down the flesh, you know."

Now that the diet fad is on the wane, a good many of our parasitic class are going in for reduction by physical methods—massage, baths, electricity, pretty lights, etc. These attentions being guaranteed to break down the superfluous flesh or fat or to melt or soften it somehow so that it can be readily "absorbed" or caused to vanish.

A lot of people in the moronic grade believe that some kind of mysterious soap or salts or other ingredient of a bath will reduce or aid in the reduction of superfluous fat or flesh. To the millions of morons in this country the beauty experts unblushingly promise either reduction or "development" of any part of the body to which the ample minded dupe will apply this or that salve or similar concoction.

If this sort of humbug were perpetrated only or mainly upon the paralytic it might be excusable, for I like to see such people outsmarted by their intellectual superiors. But, alas, the racket derives its support largely from poor little factory hands, shop girls, stenographers and salesgirls. These have to work hard for their wages, and it seems a scandal that the fake reduction business is sanctioned here in Dollarsland.

I can state as an absolute physiologist buried the money, paid largely in five franc silver pieces, in the ground at Spandau. One good bomb would have blown the whole thing into the air.

For France it is gold, not silver, and if anything could be bomb-proof that gold vault is bomb-proof. And, of course, if Paris were taken, engineers would soon find a way to get the gold, but the vault has much psychological value. It makes the French feel rich, and they are rich.

opinions therefore must be taken with a grain of salt, believes they haven't made a good start yet. We're going to see far better times in the future than we've ever seen before.

When needing duplicating safe books, flat-packs or fan-fold cash register forms, ledger sheets for bookkeeping machines or any other kind of printing, don't order from out-of-town firms and pay more. Phone 73 and one of our representatives will call.

Jenkins' Comment

SO DON'T despair of the future. Don't listen to the croakers who tell us that our best days in this country are past, and that we shall never again see times as good as they have been. Remember that the croakers were saying this same thing away back in the eighties, telling people that industry and progress had gone as far as was possible.

In the eighties, we know now, industry and progress hadn't even made a good start. This writer, who is a constitutional optimist, and whose

Fifty and Fit



A MAN is as old—or as young—as his organs.

At fifty, you can be in your prime.

Why go along with "fairly good health" when you might be enjoying vigor you haven't felt for years?

There's a simple little thing anyone can do to keep the vital organs stimulated, and feel fit all the time. People don't realize how sluggish they've grown until they've tried it. The stimulant that will stir your system to new life is Dr. Caldwell's syrup of pepsin. It will make a most amazing difference in many ways.

This famous doctor's prescription is a delicious syrup made with fresh herbs, active senna, and pure pepsin. It starts its good work with the

Communications

La Follette's Defeat.

It is getting habitual—the crashing of your columns. Even at the risk of seeming presumptuous, the undersigned wishes to amplify your excellent editorial on the losing out of the "radical" Governor La Follette of Wisconsin in the recent election.

Splendid as was your editorial dealing with the situation, high lights were omitted, which, in the opinion of the undersigned, makes it a jail-bird. They are (1) The heavy swing of the Reps. to the Dems.; from 17,000 in '30 to 125,000 in '32. This in itself explains much. (2) The 210,000 families in dire want. They will require \$20,000,000 for the coming year, a sum not sufficient for them to live on but too much to die on. La Follette would, in the event of his re-election pay this money a rat hole. (3) The income of the upper ten per cent. Accordingly, (3) something had to be done.

Something was done. About \$250,000 was spent by Mr. Kohler and his well-to-do associates in the name of everything that is American and holy; and the law still holds. I. e. the law that holds that that party succeeds which spends the most money. (Buchanan is a notable exception.)

La Follette lost out. Kohler's workers were efficient and a finer bunch of political pirates never scuttled a ship. (5) All is fair in love, war and politics. Mud oozed everywhere where it could do the most good. "Radicalism" was played up plenty. It seeped into the thick skulls of the voters like water into a rat hole. "Radicalism" was driving capital out of the state" was shouted everywhere. The case of the Parker Pen company building in Canada to handle their export trade, was cited as an illustration. The president of the company, Parker, denied that radicalism had anything to do with the move, but the tariff explained everything.

La Follette, no doubt, considers himself lucky in his defeat. Since office-holders are held responsible for economic situations, the king-pins will sure have the sympathy of

R. HEGNER. Gold Hill, 10-2-32.

Klamath Council Backs Rate Stand

KLAMATH FALLS, Oct. 4.—(AP)—The city council here last night voted to confirm any action that Mayor Fred H. Cofer and City Attorney Harry Bolvin may take at a conference in Portland Wednesday evening with State Utility Commissioner C. M. Thomas, relative to rates charged here by the California Oregon Power company.

Cofer, in a letter to the council, said he had been in communication with Thomas and the latter had suggested a conference.

GRANGE DANCE, Lake Creek, Sat. night. Butte Falls orchestra. Pender and body repairing. Prices right. Brill Sheet Metal Works.

James J. Corbett survives operation for appendicitis—a rare surgical feat.

CENTRAL POINT, Oct. 4.—(Sp1)—Mrs. Lettie Gregory underwent a major operation Saturday at the Sacred Heart hospital, and is reported getting along nicely under the care of Dr. Edwin Durno.

Mr. and Mrs. James Weaver of Sams Valley were business callers in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Mottern were visiting friends in Central Point Thursday.

LOCAL PAPERS NOW SUPPORT PHIPPS

That the entry of independent candidates for county judge has turned the tide to William E. Phipps is now evident. Note what independent newspapers say:

"This paper was among the supporters of Mr. Fehl last spring. We have never supported the Medford 'gang' and never will. We lived in Medford many years and have had first-hand knowledge of how these men have worked. We decided some time ago that if we could no longer support Fehl we would turn to a man who has long been known as a strong opponent of 'gang rule,' a man who started an opposition newspaper in Medford for the sole reason that it was at that time impossible to get anything published which disagreed with the wishes of the 'gang.' We mean William E. Phipps. Here is a man of mature years, who has the proper legal training necessary to handle the probate and juvenile court matters and who thoroughly understands the needs of Jackson county. The Medford political machine does not want him. They saw the handwriting on the wall in regard to Fehl. They saw that he was losing support on account of the recall agitation and feared it meant Phipps for judge. So they hastily thrust Mr. Gates into the race to save their 'grave train.'"

—Central Point American.

We believe, for the office of county judge of Jackson county, there is but one man fitted for the job who has qualified himself in the primaries, William E. Phipps, who made a creditable race in the spring, came by the nomination fairly and without muddling and is the logical choice. Others have filed for the position as independents, but they should not be considered by fair voters because they have attempted to enter the race in the last lap without taking their chances in the primaries. And, as the American people are noted as clean sportsmen the world over, we believe that more and more voters will see the advantages of electing Phipps county judge and shy away from noisy Earl Fehl and self-seeking independents who were not 'petitioned to enter the race,' but were admittedly out trying to chisel in on a county job."

—Jacksonville Miner.

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