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Ye Smudge Pot

October, the glory month of painted leaves, is upon us. The weather is perfect, and people enjoy it so thoroughly, it is felt they would not notice a tax, imposed for grandeur in Indian summer. Such grandeur and such perfection should not be dispensed to the masses without somebody making some money out of it. Under the proposed big-hearted plan, the nights with a harvest moon beaming, would be free to all.

The NRA has now reached the point where it will be necessary to issue a combination drop-kick and Boston rhabdoid, to tear some of its noisiest supporters loose from a dollar.

Plans for a revolution have collapsed, due to a Kranger ruddy inquiring the whereabouts of the revolutionists of yesterday.

Prosperity sign: "GYPSY WOMEN FRISK MARION COUNTY FARMER FOR \$248 ROLL" (Hillside Salem Capital-Journal.)

The slogan, "Oregon First," should be amended to read, "Portland Don't Beat the Rest of the State to the Benefit."

Concentration of hitch-hikers in concentration camp by government this winter, is not to provide some excitement. It does not seem possible that a rover who has not remained in the same place ten days in 13 years, will be easily concentrated, and just stop hitchhiking spontaneously. The wine of vagabondia is in the blood.

J. H. Grand, Salinas fruit and vegetable company executive, will run for governor, he says with the political slogan of "We have too many damn, fool laws." (Needles, Calif Nugget.) Such sanity will be rewarded with the lowest vote.

One of the Galahelviks has announced a Diamond Jubilee of her own, via the third finger of the left hand.

A fine combination of feminine wear is the pancake hat and knickers, and the same is resulting in a lot of impolite snickers.

While the threatened special session of the legislature is doing something for the "Forgotten Man," it might also do something for the Forgotten Taxes.

Rumormongering continues very brisk over the county, a relic of a year ago, when some people believed lies because they were tired of hearing the truth. The latest rumor reported, a suicide, which was not very convincing as the alleged suicide showed up Saturday and was positive he had not committed suicide, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Before that a rumor was circulated that another citizen had met death in an auto accident. He was very much surprised to hear of his demise. One of these days a rumor-monger will get caught, and it will be rumored that the district attorney is getting mean again.

We note from the staff lists of the various high school newspapers this year that our scholastic journalists are operating in the latest approved style—most of the papers have from ten to twenty editors each, and three or four reporters.—(Kansas City Star) This is in conformity with the theory that anybody able to operate a lead pencil is an editor, and the main duty of a reporter is to keep the lead pencil sharp.

The pumpkin crop of the valley is now waiting for the frost to get upon them. The supply is short, and will not be enough for the Halloween need, let alone the pie demand. The shortage will be welcomed by the country cows, who about this time every year start chomping on pumpkins not chopped fine enough.

"Recovery is now impeded by uncertainty as to what the dollar will do."—(Eugene News.) The certainty of what the fellow with a dollar will do, also has something to do with the impending.

The World Series, Etc., Etc.

PLAY ball! The world series started today. The American people will not only forget about the N.R.A., rational inflation, unemployment relief, and the Cuban revolution, but they will forget about hoarding and pungle up hundreds of thousands of dollars, for the privilege of sitting in on the annual baseball classic.

Last night there was a second-rate wrestling match in Portland. The arena was jammed, every seat was taken. Dog races are equally popular, the promoters are making a killing. Beginning this coming Saturday the football season will get into full swing, and hundreds of thousands of football fans will take Saturday off, and pack various and sundry stadiums, spending time and money on the country's most thrilling out-door sport.

EVERYONE claims to be broke, but when the people want something they seem to be able to produce the where with all to get it. And plainly they want sports,—some good, and some not so good,—but from the grunt-and-groan melee to the bat cracking fiesta, there appears no dearth of customers.

According to government reports there also appears to be no decline in beer sales. Beer costs more than spring water and fresh milk and isn't as refreshing as the first nor as nourishing as the second, but the people prefer the former, presumably because there is a "kick" in it.

There is a kick in a world series ball game too, a hard fought football match, a wrestling vaudeville—even if it's faked,—and a dog race, provided one has a bet on it.

WHAT is the answer? The answer is, we like to get away from it all,—we crave to be diverted and amused and thrilled. We may need a new pair of shoes or a set of woolen undies, but there is no kick in buying what we need; there is a kick in buying what we don't need,—if there is a bang in it.

Ho hum—a strange world, mates! Perhaps some Wise Man, can devise a scheme to capitalize this passion for diversion,—enlarge rather than restrict the field,—and then clap on a tax that will finance the country as a whole, and pull Uncle Sam out of the slough of despond.

Yes, that would be a sales tax! But we wouldn't mind a sales tax on something we don't need, but insist upon having. No tax will ever keep us from a show we want to see, or a game we want to attend, or a contest we want to bet on.

Why not utilize this very human disposition, and make it carry our up-keep? We herewith present it, with our compliments, to the Roosevelt brain trust.

Don't Scoff at Brains

SPEAKING of the brain trust—recently we have detected a certain skepticism among the rank and file, regarding the value of the high brow experts milling about the White House.

We don't share that skepticism. We believe this is a specialist age, and we need all the brains and the expert knowledge we can muster. The most hopeful thing about the Roosevelt administration, in our judgment, is its dependence upon the best ability and technical skill, it can muster. In our present fix, we can't have too much of that sort of thing.

THE fact that no Miracle Man has appeared, and that recovery after its midsummer burst has slowed down somewhat, should not result either in discouragement, or a demand that the Brain Trust be disbanded, and the professional politicians be put in.

The country needs above everything else the man that "KNOWS." He doesn't know everything, of course, he certainly isn't infallible; but with more knowledge than the average, he is the best bet we have.

So let's be patient. Rome wasn't built in a day, and the worst depression in the world's history can't be dispelled overnight.

Keep the experts on the job, support the administration that is engaging them, and with a long pull and a strong pull, we will rank the ship of state off the rocks yet, and have it floating in calm waters before another year goes by.

The President Is Right

IN frankly telling the American Legion what the government can and can NOT do, President Roosevelt follows the precedent established by every president since the World War.

Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, all adopted the same attitude,—particularly the last two. They refused to be stampeded by the radical wing of the organization, they refused to sacrifice what they regarded as the welfare of the country, for the special privilege of any group; they met the convention face to face, and fearlessly accepted the challenge.

THIS is as it should be. The president represents the entire country, no faction within it. He wouldn't be worthy of the position he holds, if he sacrificed what he regards as the national welfare to political expediency.

Although some of the leaders of the legion disagree with President Roosevelt's policies regarding veteran relief, we have no doubt they respect him for so frankly stating them. Eventually we feel sure the rank and file of the organization will agree, that in the PRESENT CRISIS, confining relief to those who actually suffered from war service, is the sound and patriotic thing to do.

CANFIELD AGAIN COMMANDS V. F. W.

At a meeting of Crater Lake Post 1833, Veterans of Foreign Wars Monday evening the following officers for the new year were elected: Commander, I. D. Canfield; senior vice-commander, Tom Fuser; junior vice-commander, Floyd Croasin; quartermaster, N. R. Walters; judge advocate, George Codding; chaplain, O. E. Hukilli; officer of the day, E. W. Wall. Auxiliary officers elected were: President, Julie Canfield; senior vice-president, Lillian Flynn; junior vice-president, Agnes Serber; conductress, Charlotte Drummond; trustees, Ruth Walters and Margaret Ingling.

HUCKLEBERRIES WASTE FOR LACK OF PICKERS

Hundreds of gallons of huckleberries are going to waste on Huckleberry mountain, between the Crater Lake National park boundary and Union creek. The heaviest crop in years attracted pickers from all parts of southern Oregon, especially Indians from the Klamath reservation, but a heavy frost a few nights ago ruined remaining berries, which were just becoming ripe. Huckleberry City during the month had a population of nearly 1000 people, including dozens of families, but the village is now being rapidly deserted, with bushes still heavily laden.

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M.D.
signed letters pertaining to personal ailments and hygiene not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady in a stamped self-addressed envelope enclosed. Letters should be arial 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, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ONLY A FEW OF US KNOW HOW TO BREATHE.
Whereas, primitive savages and a few civilized persons whose brains have not been added by physical culture bunk, breathe more efficiently and have greater endurance than ordinary folk; and



Whereas, our chest is a complex mechanism, and its operation is unnatural and unphysiological and ought to be discarded along with the toiling-out affection of the past generation; and
Whereas, the habit of costal or chest breathing commonly cultivated by persons with quaint conceptions of physiology handicaps those addressed to it. Therefore, be it

Resolved, that all who now wear the emblem of the B. B. club—and who don't?—should abide by the rules of the order.
The ideal of the B. B. club is to free the diaphragm.
All chest breathers are belly bound. Belly breathing is not "deep breathing." It is only natural breathing.

The answer: Try to obtain your drinking water only in the cities you pass through. If you have to drink water from the roadside place, better boil it. If you can't boil it, add one drop of tincture of iodine to the quart of water, and let this stand 20 minutes before you drink.
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Baby Wanted.
Please give the name and address of the parents in Wyoming who have the baby for adoption. We have been married seven years and it seems we are not going to have any children.
—Mrs. W. A. D.
Answer—I can do that only by personal letter. The baby was expected in September—for all I know the baby may have been snapped up by someone before you wrote.

Cramps in Legs.
Will state a good method to relieve cramps in the limbs below the knees (legs, my dear Madam, legs) is to lie on back and slowly lift the limb to an angle. This never fails to straighten out the kinks.—Mrs. L. B.
Answer—Thank you. A half dozen methods have been suggested by our readers. Perhaps we had better have a referendum and find out which method is best.

Safe Water for Tourist.
Going on automobile trip to the coast. What method do you advise for purifying drinking water along the road?—Mrs. A. T. V.
Answer—Try to obtain your drinking water only in the cities you pass through. If you have to drink water from the roadside place, better boil it. If you can't boil it, add one drop of tincture of iodine to the quart of water, and let this stand 20 minutes before you drink.
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Ed Note: Readers wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letters direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 3.—Newark is the only stop on this tour that has shown building construction activity. New Jersey's jostling metropolis has always been dwarfed in public thought because of nearness to New York. Thousands think of it as an excited Gotham and faubourg—like New Rochelle.



A completely independent community, it's the 15th city in size in the union, depending more on New York than San Francisco. Most travelers are so excited by its proximity to the big town, they scarcely give Newark a thought, en passant. So there is surprise exploring it.

Tall buildings scrape the skies, there are enormous department stores and smart specialty shops that would vie with those along Fifth avenue. All this, despite that in a few minutes one may whiz through the Holland Tunnel and be in Manhattan. Newark does not permit this proximity to be a handicap.

History also furnished the city with romantic background. In 1666 Capt. Robert Treat and a band of 30 Puritans traveled through the wilderness and purchased the site of Newark from the Indians for a few gaudy trinkets. That's why Robert Treat is so venerated.

Having visited airports of Crocyden, in London, La Bourget, in Paris, and Tempelhof, in Berlin, I somehow thought Newark was largest. But I learn Newark's total transport in aviation is larger than all three. Only two miles from the city's heart, the airport is the official base for air-mail operations for New York. It's one of the ports of entry for European planes. Too, one thinks of Newark somehow as inland, yet there are 13 miles of busy water front.

New Jersey's marshlands have been largely reclaimed and the mosquito has vanished. But there is still the fatal solitude of a soggy stretch here and there, where one thinks of ugly crimes and haunted houses. Predatory birds circle over morasses that suggest such grand locales for shuddery J. S. Fletcher type of mysteries so appealing on wintry nights before blizzards.

The shores in autumn are dreadfully glut with all summer gayety tightly confined. No vista is so sad as a merry-go-round, sheeted and still, behind locked doors. The roller-coaster with only a lonely night watch seems a world's stepping off place.

Summer resorts have winter populations peculiarly their own. They have spent summers chowdering clams, frying fish, peddling ice cream and attending drop-in amusement balls. In the fall and winter they fish from bridges or littoralis of deserted piers, read the Billboard and look forward to the best season ever. Optimists all, they have found a way of living pleasantly and working five months a year.

Hitch-hiking is so prevalent every roadside is dotted with hand-wavers seeking free hauls. It is surprising what extraordinary types beg rides—people of education and refinement who have cast themselves adrift to move from town to town in search of the illustre job they do not seem able to find.

Near fashionable—or it used to be—Lakewood we came upon a stranded lab-show. Nine collegiate youths who had gone bust playing an open air theater at one of the dinkier resorts. They were on their way back to Beattie, walking, hitch-hiking, and making of what would seem to many a depressing experience a Borrovia love of vagabondage.

One told of running into Will Rogers in a depot in St. Louis. He approached shyly with: "Mr. Rogers, would you shake hands with an ordinary actor?" Rogers gripped his hand, struck a pose and cried: "Two ordinary actors!"

We asked the young troubadour to join us in lightening the larder at a gayette caravansary. Afterward they got out musical instruments, put on an impromptu performance and we wound up with an old-time Virginia reel—do-it-going and balancing all. About 40 motorists collected and a haul was passed. The collection was \$18.35 and a cast button. As we motored on I noticed Harry Silvey's four-buttoned coat had but three buttons.
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Ye Poet's Corner

Lupine.
The lupines curve and sway,
They nod from everywhere,
They seem no more a part of earth
Than of the summer air.
They tint the hills and plains,
Gather by roadsides and far country lanes.
As though entreating you to be
Mindful of their company.
Away from city heat and glare
They are so free from any care.
They view the vast blue summer sky,
They feel the light warm winds go by.
They tint the hills and plains,
Gather by roadsides and far country lanes.
Hazel A. Blonker.

TURNER BREAKS FLIGHT RECORD



Col. Roscoe Turner, who set a new west-east transcontinental speed record by flying from coast to coast in 10 hours 5 1/2 minutes, is shown here as he was greeted by his wife as he landed at Floyd Bennett field, New York. (Associated Press Photo)

Col. Roscoe Turner, who set a new west-east transcontinental speed record by flying from coast to coast in 10 hours 5 1/2 minutes, is shown here as he was greeted by his wife as he landed at Floyd Bennett field, New York. (Associated Press Photo)

Just WHAT Does Inflation Mean?

The following discussion presents the various suggested methods of raising prices by monetary means and the difficulties in bringing about the desired results. The conclusion is reached that recovery is impeded by the uncertainties in the situation and that business activities would be promoted, with resulting higher prices, if the dollar could be stabilized. The stabilization would have to be with a lower gold content of the dollar to prevent speculative selling that would carry prices down.

What do people mean when they say, "We need a moderate, controlled inflation?" They usually mean they desire to see prices put up to the level perhaps of 1926 (particularly of farm products), by manipulation of the money or credit system.

Why is the 1926 price level desired? Because it is contended a large share of the existing indebtedness was contracted when prices were up, and cannot be paid with prices down. Thus, if a farmer borrowed money on his farm when wheat was \$1.25 a bushel, it is difficult or impossible for him to pay off the mortgage with wheat at 65 cents, or lower.

How could inflation be brought about? Three ways are generally urged. One is by decreasing the gold content of the dollar. If the gold content were cut in half, as is permissible under the Thomas amendment, that would mean that every old gold dollar would be worth two new ones. The country's gold reserve would then be counted not as four billion dollars, but as eight billion dollars. Those who believe in this devaluing of the dollar contend that such action would automatically double prices.

What is the second method? By issuing additional paper currency. A little more than 5 1/2 billions is now in circulation (all of it secured by bonds, commodities, or gold). The Thomas amendment authorizes the issuing of three billion more, without any specific security. And the third method? By "pumping" credit into the banks by the purchase of government bonds by the federal reserve banks. The reserve banks pay for these bonds by creating credit. Under the Thomas amendment the President is authorized to direct the Federal Reserve banks to buy bonds up to three billion dollars, presumably setting free three billions of new credit for use in business. Thus a Kansas City bank might sell one million in government bonds to the Federal Reserve, and be credited with one million dollars on the books of the reserve bank, which it could lend its customers. As bank checks are largely used for currency in the United States, an increase in bank credit is equivalent to an increase in possible currency in circulation.

Would devaluing the gold content of the dollar have the effects expected by advocates of that policy? Experience is against such an outcome. By the embargo on gold payments the dollar already has been devalued 35 per cent. Some prices have gone up, others have not been affected, others have gone down. The average increase has been only about 15 per cent. In some cases prices undoubtedly advanced because of the expectation of inflation.

What is the reason for the failure of prices to respond to the depreciation of the dollar? As was said, if the dollar were to be devalued by 50 per cent, the amount of gold reserves would become eight billion dollars instead of four billion. That would mean the banks could lend more money. But they have means to lend much more money than they are lending today. They say they cannot find good loans for the credit they have on hand. To increase this unused credit would not help prices except through speculation based on fear of the dollar.

Would the increase of currency by three billion dollars from 5 1/2 billion, increase prices? It would if people became alarmed over the prospect of uncontrolled inflation and got rid of their money by buying things. But the things bought would be held merely as a speculation. Good so bought would not pass into consumption and eventually prices might fall. The mere increase of currency to 8 1/2 billion dollars would not of itself affect prices, because bank checks, and last year transactions totaled 600 billion dollars because of the velocity with which the checks circulated. The additional three billion would be only a drop in the bucket in relation to the 600 billion of transactions. As an expert has said: "You cannot make up for velocity by volume."

How could inflation come by printing currency? As the Committee for the Nation—which favors devaluing the dollar, but not printing currency—reported, such "a terrifying amount" of currency would have to be printed as to create a panic and thus lead to a runaway inflation such as Germany had soon after the war.

Could not the amount of currency be controlled? Panic flights from currency are very difficult to control. If a genuine scare over the possible value of money gets under way and people generally start to spend, how are they to be made to stop? Pressure becomes almost irresistible to continue to print more money to sustain the higher price level. In Germany it proved impossible to withstand this pressure. In France the situation got out of hand until the franc had sunk to one-tenth of its gold value, when the implacable Poincare was given dictatorial powers to stabilize. An Austrian delegate to the recent London conference remarked it was no trick to raise prices provided you were willing to print enough currency. "We increased ours 15,000 per cent," he said, "but we weren't happy about what happened."

Is there any sound way to raise prices? Yes. Business recovery which is on the way in the United States and other countries will bring up prices. The government hopes to help this by large expenditures on public works. Recovery is now impeded by uncertainty as to the dollar. If that uncertainty could be definitely ended, the dollar stabilized and confidence thus restored, there would be reason to expect prices to rise. Stabilization, however, probably should be with a lower gold content of the dollar around the present level to prevent a selling rush that would carry prices down.—Kansas City Star.

OLD MINING DAYS RELICS FOUND BY WALDO RESIDENTS

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 3.—(Sp.)—John Egger of Waldo had his friends guessing here as to the name of a opium into their pipes. Also the "gadgets" with which Chinese lifted name of a "doo-dad" used to pick the drug loose when it caked. An instrument of this nature, made of silver and linked into a silver half dime of the mint of 1853, which also had a silver chain was found by Egger's son, Sherman, recently at the Placerville mine near Waldo, and Egger was showing it to friends in Grants Pass. Egger said his son found the instruments while tinkering around a mound of earth left in the old Chinese graveyard at Waldo. It seems that years ago, after some of the Chinese who operated mines in the original "Sagehen Gulch," now Waldo, had been dead for some years,

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 3, 1923.
(It was Wednesday.)
Rush of taxpayers to pay last half of taxes keeps sheriff's office busy.

Forum hears lecture on "Scientific Salesmanship" by a "efficiency expert from Baltimore."

Theodore Roberts, "Grand Old Man of the Screen," at Page in "Grumpy," and Dorothy Dalton in "Fogbound" at the Riatio.

Salem paper declares "politico robbed Jackson county of first prize" at the state fair.

Mann's store celebrating 13th anniversary.

Prohibition enforcement cost Jackson county \$1121.80 during September, and "twice that much would not be enough," says Special Dry Agent S. B. Sandefur.

City council debates Sixth street crossing for five hours without coming to a decision.

Twenty years ago today
October 3, 1913.
(It was Friday.)
Attorney Porter J. Neff leaves on a trip to Duluth.

Burglars enter the farm home of L. Niedermeyer and steal \$40.

Harry A. Thierolf and Phoebe A. Hance were united in marriage by Rev. W. F. Sheld of the Presbyterian church at the home of the bride's mother, Amanda E. Hance, on West Tenth street, at 8 p. m., Thursday, October 2.

The quail season is in full swing, and farmers report disregard of trespass notices, and much reckless shooting.

Eagle Point files a petition to vote on local option. The town is now wet.

Construction work on dam at Hitt Prairie starts.

Communications

Veteran Gets Aid Here.
To the Editor:

On September 29, 1933, a World War veteran, No. C-842,578 in the Army of the United States and No. 264,303 in the Canadian army, with 14 years' service in the army of the two governments and with an established claim from wounds and injuries that should be a total disability, but with claim pending under the new rating established by present administration, and known as public No. 2 of the economy bill.

This veteran stopped in Medford on his way to where his service record is, in a California veteran's bureau. For under this bill there is not any transportation provided under certain regulations. He wanted the Red Cross to help him out with a few provisions and would they please give him a second hand blanket or two, to help him on his way to his local hospital. This veteran claims that he could not get by the clerk's desk to explain his case.

Also this veteran was carrying instructions from the Ottawa Pension Bureau, Canada, advising and instructing him to call upon all local chapters of the Red Cross, asking for help on his way home. And also he had letters from a major general that he was injured in service and a letter from President Roosevelt admitting his disabilities, and return to his local veteran hospital.

After making the rounds of a couple of relief in the city of Medford, the veteran called upon Mayor Wilson. When he found out that there was a D. A. V. in the city and being a member of the Los Angeles chapter he next hunted up the adjutant and commander of this chapter. He received an order for some provisions and cigarettes and the Four Square Gospel gave him his blankets and they were free of all charge.

ARTHUR E. SALLIE,
Adjutant Disabled American Veterans of W. W.
Medford, October 3.

Ted and Evelyn Schrader's Dance Studio open every Thursday at the Army. Phone 278-J.

Heating costs can be reduced. For complete heating service call Art Schmidt 418-1692.

Why Liquid Laxatives are Back in Favor

The public is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that the properly prepared liquid laxative will bring a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after. The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. A child is easily given the right dose. And mild liquid laxatives do not irritate the kidneys. Doctors are generally agreed that senna is the best laxative for everybody. Senna is a natural laxative. It does not drain the system like the cathartics that leave you so thirsty. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a liquid laxative which relies on senna for its laxative action. It has the average person's bowels as regular as clockwork in a few weeks' time. You can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drugstore, ready for use. Member N. R. A.