MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 25-27-29 N. Fir St. Phone 75

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance
Daily, one year.....$5.00
Daily, six months.....2.75
Daily, one month.....50

By Carrier in Advance—Medford, Ashland, Jacksonville, Central Point, Phoenix, Talent, Gold Hill and on Highways.
Daily, one year.....$6.00
Daily, six months.....3.25
Daily, one month.....60
All terms, cash in advance.

Official paper of the City of Medford. Official paper of Jackson County.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Receiving Full Leased Wire Service
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper and also to the local news published herein. All rights for publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
M. C. MOGENSEN & COMPANY
Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco Los Angeles Seattle Portland.

MEMBER OREGON EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

NRA MEMBER U.S.

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

The economic theory that the more the government spends, and the more the individual loafs, the richer everybody will be, is not panning out as expected.

• • •

While on her way to get the mail, Mrs. Alice Widell encountered a lioness and her cubs near a lonely mountain trail near Woodleaf. The lioness and her young fled upon the sight of Mrs. Widell.—(Olathe, Mo., Times.) So will the editor.

• • •

A horse and buggy rolled down the Main Stem yesterday, and frightened several 4ds.

• • •

Sandwiches, cream, vegetables and how to pack a school lunch were interestingly discussed.—(Lake County Examiner). Ignorance again repelled and rebuked.

• • •

It's about time the government was doing something about raking up the fallen leaves, if they know what is good for their candidates.

• • •

LATEST style tuxedo, originally priced $85, in good condition, worn twice, price $15. Inquire Domestic Laundry.—(Oregon Emerald). Even a social lion must eat.

• • •

Two weeks from today, citizens with nothing else to do, will pour out to the polls, and vote. If the campaign is going to produce any excitement, it will have to hustle. So far it has been very gentlemanly and quite ladylike, with the lying below normal, and not a rascal in sight. Not a soul has been accused of being "maliciously false." A campaign without hysterics, is like a circus without pink lemonade.

• • •

POLITICS IN OREGON
(Portland News-Telegram)

In the first town the crowd was there, but the lights were not. The committee had forgotten the theater owed more than a little money when it folded. It was far into the night before the local power company was contacted and the juice turned on. Then there was the matter of globes.

The lone hardware merchant was a Democrat, and he'd be this-and-that if he'd open his store long after closing time.

"Oh!" said Dunne, "he's a Democrat!"

The senator not only got his bulbs but the Democrat occupied a front seat during his speech.

• • •

Citizens returning from the Washington-Oregon football game report the battle over the goal posts, between students at the finish, was alone worth the price of admission, and a policeman was knocked colder, than if he had been hit by a longshoreman.

• • •

A farmer was in town this morning bragging, that one "No Hunting" sign, nailed up by his own hands, had not been peppered for a Chinese phessant, yesterday.

• • •

KILLING PACE ITEM
(Youngstown, Ohio, Vindicator)

While Mrs. Claude B. Norris' guests chatted yesterday, at her beautiful tea for Miss Olive Martha Owen, fiancee of Homer Geddes Williams, a decrepit person, wrapped in a shawl, rang the door bell and craved an audience with Mrs. Norris. After repeated pleas from the visitant, Mrs. Norris bade her to enter. She came in, stood before the bride-elect, opened her shawl and out came dainty packages in a bathroom shower that was a surprise in the day's delightful entertainment. Everybody enjoyed the dramatic episode and then had tea.

The first quarantine against communicable diseases are believed to have been enforced by religious taboos.

Yellow fever now is found only in a few isolated districts of South America and Africa.

Forty forest fire lookout towers were included in a CCC construction program in east Texas.

The Chameleon and the Plaid

EVERYONE knows about the unfortunate chameleon on a Scotch plaid who finally succumbed in an effort to match all the colors on the pattern.

We sometimes wonder if Joe Dunne's political ambition to be governor of Oregon won't suffer the same fate.

• • • • •

FOR Mr. Dunne is very like a chameleon. Just as this harmless little animal can't resist the temptation to match any color of the rainbow that is presented; so "Airflow Joe" can't resist the temptation to match every political opinion, with his own opinion of an identical, or similar, complexion.

We don't know that Joe should be blamed any more than the chameleon is. It isn't a matter of will. It doesn't involve deceit. It is an inherent reflex of the essential organism, which many times is embarrassing, but simply can't be avoided.

• • • •

TAKE the G.O.P. candidate's attitude on the matter of national political issues for example. All his close friends and advisers are 100% partisans and therefore ardently anti-Roosevelt. When he is with them—which is most of the time—he is naturally the same.

But when he goes afield, and runs into Roosevelt Republicans—which he can't avoid doing,—that uncontrollable mechanism within, starts to function and his political complexion promptly changes from a deep Republican blue to a shimmering New Deal purple.

Responding promptly to his FIRST environment he stoutly maintains that the New Deal is all wet,—a lot of un-American regimentation and impractical hooey; responding similarly to the SECOND environment, he just as stoutly maintains there is much that is good and much that isn't in the New Deal; but national policies—and therefore national parties—have nothing to do with the governorship of Oregon, anyway.

• • • •

THIS isn't so bad. It is comparatively speaking a painless process, just as it is painless for the chromatic lizard when he can hop from one solid color, to another.

But as the campaign progresses, and the political pattern of the state is revealed more and more, like Joseph's coat of many colors,—jumbled and confused—we have a definite suspicion that the genial "Airflow" is finding himself rapidly approaching the predicament of that Scotch plaid chameleon—with so many colors about him, that he no sooner finds himself adjusting his chromatic scheme to one, than he feels an irresistible appeal for another,—and the stress and strain is simply too much for his political equilibrium.

• • • •

AT least this is the only explanation we can find, for the most RECENT political pronouncement of Airflow Joe to the people of southern Oregon.

Through his official spokesman, Dr. Dunne now maintains that one of the chief reasons why he should be elected Governor is that he is a REPUBLICAN! The state legislature always has been Republican and will be this year. THEREFORE to elect a democratic Governor would lead to such internal strife and confusion at Salem, that nothing constructive or beneficial to this state could possibly be accomplished.

Ergo: vote the ticket straight and put a cross on every ballot for Airflow Joe,—REPUBLICAN!

But only the other day Mr. Dunne emphatically and solemnly proclaimed that national politics had nothing to do with the state election. Whether a man was a Republican or Democrat—whether he approved or disapproved of the Roosevelt policies—had nothing to do with the case. That was merely a smoke screen behind which certain designing Democrats were trying to get General Martin into office, hanging to the tail of the F. D. kite, etc., etc.

Well that MIGHT be true. Or the contention that Roosevelt policies have a great deal to do with the state of Oregon, and the gubernatorial election MIGHT be true. But obviously they BOTH CAN'T be true!

Yet we have the G.O.P. candidate, urging the people to vote for him because he is a Republican, one day, and urging them not to vote for Congressman Martin because he is a Democrat the other, and for good measure, assuring them time after time that whether a man is a Republican or Democrat—for the Roosevelt policies or against them—has nothing to do with the election in November anyway!

We submit that such a position—to say the least,—is slightly confusing. And rather hard on the political anatomy of any candidate who tries to assume it.

Just as hard as was that Scotch plaid, upon the chameleon, so unfortunate as to be placed upon it!

Communications

Favors State Bank.

To the Editor:

You know that I do not always disagree with you about things, and I am not sure that I disagree with you at this point, but your editorial quotation from the Oregon Journal in the item, "A State Bank," makes me want to ask a few questions. I need a bit more information on this state bank proposition, and I am sure that there are others who are a little dense on the thing, and would like some help also. So if you will take a little time and space and clear up a point or two we will be glad to hear from you.

The Journal makes clear that it would be the money of the taxpayer that would establish and keep sound the state bank. Whose money is used to finance the banks under our present system? I supposed that the most of the money they have in the banks belongs to the taxpayer; only out here at Central Point I know there is an impression that it USED to belong to the taxpayer. The Journal also implies that it would be the taxpayers' money that would make up the shortage, the loss, etc., but I have been under the impression that the taxpayers have been making this up (and then some) under the present program; only the burdens have not been very evenly distributed.

Again, the Journal implies that there would be a very ungodly relationship develop between the state bank and the politician, but does not tell us that the politician's proclivities have been developed to an abnormal degree under our present system. What? Would the Journal imply that the state bankers and the politicians would be so very much worse than the bankers and politicians who are operating with our taxpayers' money now?

I think the case would be amusing if it were not so serious. Did not you and the Journal help elect these state officials? Would you not also help elect those who would have charge of the state bank if the proposed change is elected? Now, brother, does the Journal mean that we could not find honest men for state offices who would give us a square deal? Are all state officers so corrupt—so infernally dishonest—that this article is a true picture of how it would work out? Read that again, will you? "Public money loaned to finance the campaign of a candidate, public money in a state bank to become the plaything and partisan plunder of politics." No way around it, sir. The state officials would just naturally become corrupt if this banking business is interfered with this way.

I have heard of mudslinging and political "blister blight" all down through the years of my experience, but I think this has them all beat a mile. To take for granted beforehand that in case the new proposition carries, and the state bank is established and put into the hands of our state officers, that those same officials must necessarily become so corrupt that they will debauch themselves and us in such fashion as here represented is just mere political balderdash. What pretentious care and generous oversight of the interests of the "dear taxpayer!"

One would think that the Journal might have named at least one other institution other than the one Andy Jackson exposed that had been found wanting in business ethics. But no it sees only one.

JOS. M. JOHNSON.
Central Point, Oct. 15.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

FOR ASTHMA, EMPHYSEMA, BRONCHIECTASIS OR CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, PRACTICE B. B.

(This is one of a series of articles dealing with winter cough. Others will follow at intervals of several days.)

To the layman it is all asthma. But we doctors are a bit more finical about it. Wheezing and difficult or labored breathing is the most striking symptom in all four conditions, but the character and cause of the trouble is not the same in all; consequently the same treatment cannot serve in every case where there is wheezing and coughing and hard breathing. But don't let me stop you, Mr. Wiseacre, if you are about to try some nostrum; I'm just an ordinary doctor with nothing to sell.

Asthma is a functional derangement and not an organic disease. In this respect it is akin to epilepsy. That is to say the derangement manifests itself by an attack or seizure at intervals, and in the interim there is no physical sign or clue by which the physician can determine that the patient is asthmatic or epileptic, as the case may be. Of course one may be subject to asthma and also have chronic bronchitis, and the chronic bronchitis persists indefinitely and is recognized at any time the physician happens to examine the patient. But true spasmodic bronchial asthama is a periodical disturbance like migraine.

Emphysema is atrophy or thinning of the walls between the air-spaces or vesicles in the lungs, so that the lungs remain constantly distended with air, blown up, as it were. This occurs in some instances as an hereditary affection, but usually it develops as a consequence of whooping cough, neglected obstruction by adenoids or enlarged tonsils, or chronic bronchitis.

Bronchiectasis is a ballooning of a bronchus, bronchial tube, with formation of a kind of cavern or cavity which is inadequately ventilated and drained by the bronchus. Pleural adhesions following influenza have been a prolific cause of bronchiectasis in recent years. In the given case there may be but one large bronchiectatic cavity or a number of smaller ones. Patients with bronchiectasis are likely to have clubbed finger-tips, incurved nails and a bluish cast of skin—cyanosis. They have a spell of coughing every morning, which they should encourage by assuming the knee-chest position for five or ten minutes, or by lying prone across the bed with hands and elbows resting on the floor—to get the aid of gravity in the drainage of sputum or secretions from the cavity.

In all of these conditions the difficulty is with expiration or expulsion of air from the chest, and not with inhaling. The patient's problem is not how to get air but how to get rid of it.

Nevertheless Belly Breathing is always good medicine for one subject to asthma, emphysema, bronchiectasis or chronic bronchitis—but it is very bad medicine for one who has tuberculosis, so I warn you Mr. Wiseacre. Have your physician pass upon this before you try it. He probably knows what ails you. I don't.

Detailed instructions for this breathing exercise are given in the booklet "Art of Easy Breathing" which sets you back ten cents and a three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address. Belly breathing is a study in relaxation, and not an attempt to increase chest expansion.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Aniline Dyes

Son works in chemical plant. He graduated from University of ——— three years ago. His clothes are saturated continuously with a deep red or matroon dye which eats holes in all his clothes. Will this job mean his life or health? (Mrs. G. M. F.)

Answer—The plant where your son works is well equipped with safety devices for the protection of workers. I am unable to advance an opinion without specific data about the nature of the chemicals—your son, being a chemist, could give me the information.

Fatal Fifth

Some time ago you told how the thinking power is slowed down by a drink of wine, a highball or cocktail, or a glass of beer. Please give me a reference which I may use in a talk to young men about Alcohol and Health. (M. E. H.)

Answer—Psyxiologists have determined by precise scientific measurement that the reaction time is slowed from one-fifth to two-fifths of a second by a drink of wine, beer or whiskey. Figure for yourself how far a car will travel before the driver, under effect of a glass or two, can act to avoid danger. Undoubtedly this is the explanation for much of the daily toll of traffic accidents. In this land of liberty anyone who has the price can be his own judge as to wether he or she was "intoxicated" in such emergencies. In Sweden every police station keeps on hand boxes with capillary tubes for the use of physicians in taking a drop of blood from the person suspected of being under undue alcoholic influence. If the test of the drop of blood shows more than one per cent alcohol, intoxication is proved regardless of whose acion the culprit may be.

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Cal.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—Few Americans have been so surprised at success as Bob Ripley. He continues to think his career most astonishing of his believe-it-or-nots. His income today not only tops every other member of his calling by a wide margin, but his by-products alone have made him a quarter million.

Born Robert LeRoy Ripley in Santa Rosa, Cal., he is known to his intimates as "Rip." He came out of the same cartooning world in San Francisco that produced Tad, Goldberg, and too many others to list here. Although his life has been cast in hard-boiled sporting circles, he is still so shy he blushes.

His ambition, at 43 almost realized, is to visit every civilized spot on the globe. Four months every year are devoted to explorations. When in New York his home is in a penthouse atop the New York Athletic club. He was once a champion runner and is now a fast handball player.

He was in the depth of a dull day dolor as a sport page action artist, when he turned out the first of his now famous limnings. He had about decided to tear it up, but an office boy liked the idea and he turned it in. The result is history. He has enough ideas on hand to last 150 years, believe-it-or-not.

Somebody tells me Rudy Vallee no longer reads his fan mail. Instead, he receives weekly a geographical survey of the letters, the number, how many are enthusiastic and how many not. Because of various legal entanglements, his mail goes direct to lawyers for detection of any amatory and blackmailing dynamite.

More than 1,000 restaurants have closed doors in New York since the first of the year. Chiefly they are the smaller lunch counter spots, but 100 big places have also given up the ghost. Along Broadway was once a distinct 6:30 dinner crowd—orchestra musicians, chorus girls, actors, stage hands, theater treasurers and ushers. Then came diners-out going to the theater. Both crowds have almost vanished. And there are no more picturesque restaurant men such as Churchill, George Rector, Joel and Shanley. Mine hosts who greeted one at the door.

All night restaurants have a 4 to 6 a. m. patronage that consists largely of the gamblers sprinkled with the usual wandering drunks. It is the gamblers' hefty meal of the day, and the winners, naturally, order extravagantly. Many fine feathered ladies join them, regularly rouged and now and then buoyantly bunned. Waiters look upon this early clientele as a golden harvest. Nick, the Greek, after a profitable night, has been known to leave a $50 bill at the side of his plate, and so on.

Max Gordon, who popped up from small time theatricals to become at the moment the leading producer, has a prevailing New York phobia about being alone. In his office, at rehearsals, on the street or wherenot, he manages to have a companion near. Even in his visits to the barber shop he drags some employe or hanger-on along. A French doctor once healed a Paris banker of this hypochondria. He motored to an obscure spot beyond Fontainbleau with his patient, induced him to alight ahead and then shot away. The patient was four hours reaching the nearest village. He sent his doctor 5,000 francs but never spoke to him again.

There was a cartoonist on Park Row who could not—or would not—ride in elevators, and tioled up and down five flights. A few fellow workers decided it imaginary tosh and maneuvering near the ascenseur one day, dragged him in and shot up to his floor. He not only fainted enroute but had to be carried out feet up to a hospital where he remained two months with a nervous crack-up. So breaking the spell does not always have the same result.

Probably the most indefatigable photographer in New York is Charles Phelps Cushing. His life is just a long roll of unexposed kodak film. There is not a nook or cranny, petrous peak or breathless vista he has not caught at some entrancing angle. He's an alumnus of the Kansas City Star's reportorial staff, confirmed bachelor and writer of articles for magazines.

Charlie Hughes, Detroit's well-known citizen, goes to those brassy and beefy places catering he-man food—meat that fairly drips blood. He was inspecting a sandwich in one on Seventh avenue the other day when the waiter inquired if his roast beef was rare enough. "I'll say," replied Hughes. "I've known a steer hurt worse to get well."

(Copyright, 1934, McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)

There will be a Townsend old-age pension club meeting at the courthouse, Wednesday evening, Oct. 17, at 7:30. Everyone interested is urged to attend.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works

Phone 542 We'll haul away you refuse. City Sanitary Service.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

"BUCK" BUCKHORN is an entomologist employed by the U. S. department of agriculture. An entomologist is a bug expert, and the bug that Buck is specializing on just now is the pine tree beetle.

His job is to get it before it gets the pine forests.

IN HIS job of getting the pine tree beetle, Buck and his crew have quite a lot to do with trees, and a while back they cut down a big tree out south of Bly, and found on investigating that it was 825 years old—which is quite a ripe old age for a pine tree.

They determined the age, of course, by counting the rings, each ring representing a year of growth.

BUT these rings tell more than the age of the tree.

By observing their width, you can tell whether a particular year was a wet one or a dry one, as in years of abundant moisture the tree grows rapidly and makes a wide ring, and in dry years it grows slowly and makes a little tight ring.

(As a matter of fact, Buck says, this record "slops over" about a year, the wet years providing moisture to carry forward about a year in the way of growth. But a year more or less in 825 years doesn't amount to much.)

GETTING down to the point of the story, Buck says that over these 825 years wet and dry cycles have followed each other at regular intervals of from 10 to 20 years, the average being about 15.

That is to say, a dry cycle of some 15 years has been followed by a wet cycle of approximately the same length.

So, in dry periods, such as the present, we can console ourselves with the thought that a wet period is coming.

That means a lot here in the irrigated country, for if dry weather kept right on, without a break, our reservoirs would in time go dry.

BUT here's the interesting part of the story:

Back in the early 1700's, Buck says—the date, of course, being determined by counting back the rings from the present time—there was a dry cycle of some SIXTY years!

That is to say, there were 60 of the tight little rings in a row, indicating that for this period of time there were years of insufficient moisture, resulting in small tree growth.

That was a long time for a drought to continue. We'll all join heartily in hoping that it doesn't happen again.

HERE on the Pacific coast, our recorded history—except in Spanish California—runs back only about a century. In this period, we know there have been frequent wet and dry cycles.

Goose lake, for example, was dry and dusty when the first emigrants came. This is proved by the old wagon road whose ruts showed up plainly when the lake went dry again a few years ago.

At some time since then, there is tradition to the effect that Goose lake filled clear up and ran over to the south. Many people remember when they ran a big steamer on it, and if further evidence is needed by those of today, the steamer itself is piled up on the shore of the now dry and dusty lake.

UP NORTH of the Three Sisters is a lake named Clear lake, because of the clearness of its waters. It was formed by a flow of lava damming a canyon. The filling up of the lake killed the trees on the floor of the canyon, and these dead trees on the lake floor may now be seen from a boat. Not long ago, the forest service lowered a charge of dynamite into the waters, blasted off one of these trees, sawed it across and exposed the rings. But the rings are undated.

If Buck could relate these rings with the rings of his 825-year-old tree, he might be able to establish the age of the lava flow along the summit of the Cascades.

That would be interesting.

Communications

Smooth-Running "Airflow Joe."

To the Editor:

It appears from your editorial of October 11th that the remarkable Mr Martin gets younger every day. Those who judged from his campaign utterances that he must be at least 74, are mistaken, as he is ONLY 71.

You state that General Martin is "the best qualified man, for governor, this state has ever been offered in two or three decades." The General was the first to admit it. He has been going up and down the state for weeks, preaching that same doctrine and subtly implying that all former state officials have been signally lacking in the gray matter with which he is so abundantly endowed, and that he is the Great Moses come to lead us out of the governmental wilderness with the imaginary halo he acquired in Washington, D. C.

True, at ONLY 71 Elihu Root and Supreme Justices Holmes and Brannels were still able to carry on in a profession they had followed since their youth; but not one of them urged upon the public that at 71 he was qualified to become a major-general of the army. "Unthinkable!" (we hear Mr. Martin say). Yes, but no more unthinkable than that a 71-year-old pensioned major-general, with practically no training or experience in, or knowledge of, the internal affairs of the state of Oregon, should urge our people to elect him governor. Our military presidents served when the country's greatest problems were military. Oregon has no military problems.

The experience of General Martin, even in national governmental affairs, has been quite limited. In the last session of congress, a Democratic congressman had only to answer roll-call and inquire, "Mr. President, let me know what you and your Brain Trust have figured out and desire, and I will O. K. it and get back to my vacation."

Anyone who has attended a full session of our state legislature knows that the problems faced by the governor of Oregon are almost wholly internal problems that are of no concern to the national government or congress.

To avoid four years of turmoil and backsliding as a state, Oregon must elect a governor who has the ability, disposition and experience to co-operate with the legislature. No governor of Oregon can carry out any state program without the co-operation of that body. The legislature, as has been demonstrated too often in the past, can almost completely tie the hands of the governor. Our legislature is always at least three-fourths Republican. With the power at its command, the legislature respects only a governor of wide experience and knowledge of the complicated affairs of Oregon, a governor who is willing to co-operate with it and to consult with it. Mr. Martin is best known for his bluntness of expression, his pride of opinion, his cold reserve and dictatorial attitude, his caustic criticism, and a major-general's pardonable desire to command. He has never had any legislative experience in this state, and no connection with the internal affairs of the state that would be his problems, if elected. Would such a man be able to lead a legislature and bring about mutual co-operation and respect? I think not.

Genial, hard-working, experienced, "airflow," smooth running Joe Dunne has won the respect of Oregon legislators by eight years of gruelling teamwork with them. He is one of them and they would be glad to follow his leadership as captain.

DON R. NEWBURY,
President, Medford Chapter of Oregon Republicans.
October 15th.

Another Boston Tea Party

To the Editor:

I see you are attacking the 20-mill tax limitation bill, so I should like a word of defense for it.

This bill is not intended to be an end in itself but is intended for the purpose of limiting the amount of taxes that can be piled onto our properties. We are about tired of the idea of every last item of expenditure that any public official can think of, being piled onto the poor old abused property tax just because it is easy to do and the property owner has absolutely no come-back. When the public official says he has to pay it, why, that's it, either pay or give us your property.

You might class it as a sort of "Boston Tea Party" proposition on the part of the desperate taxpayer. We have hollered our heads off ever since the depression started for some sort of tax relief and nothing being done about it. We feel that it is about time for the tax users to take a little bit on the chin. Yes, the roof may go to leaking and the paint peeling off and plaster cracking, etc., but you would find that the "public machinery" house would still be standing, just the same as in private life; just like one of our most prominent southern Oregon citizens said to me, "I used to give my wife two hundred dollars a month for house expenses but since this depression I have had to cut her to seventy-five dollars, and blamed if she doesn't seem to do just about as well on it."

We property tax payers are getting just about desperate, and the large tax payers are just as bad off as anyone. I have taken a prominent part for tax relief and have had talks with all kinds of them, from Copco officials down to shack owners, and the story is the same; in good times they could all take care of it, but with the reduced incomes and taxes staying as high as ever it has become a real calamity.

No attention at all is paid to our cry for relief, so we just simply want to stage a "tea party" and we may get some results. You remember how the last one turned out. So now if anyone wants to join our "tea party," all you have to do is to vote for this bill.

GEO. IVERSON.
October 15th, 1934.

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 16, 1934
(It was Thursday)

Records show 64,632 people visited Crater Lake the past season.

President Coolidge, in Boston address, says: "I am for economy, and after that—for more economy."

"Epidemic of divorce cases" filed in circuit court, blamed on 'disgust with prohibition."

This is "Sportsman and Shotgun Week," and is being observed here.

Annual meeting of Southern Oregon pioneers held in Jacksonville.

Candidates for city offices start "epistolary duel" in the newspapers.

Jackson county is "on the eve of its greatest agricultural development" according to R. R. Howard, head of the land department of the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 16, 1914
(It was Friday)

British cruiser Hawke is torpedoed in North Sea; Russian and German troops battle for possession of Warsaw.

Names of four high school boys who stole spark plugs from an auto left in front of Page theater are known, and will be published unless the spark plugs are returned.

Work on the second story of the Barnum hotel, near the depot, has begun.

A heavy rain fell over the city early this morning, causing the storm sewers to become choked, and flooding the crossings near the Washington school, in front of the Holland hotel and at Fir and Main streets.

Donald Clark defeats Delroy Getchell in the class A division of the golf semi-finals at the Country club.

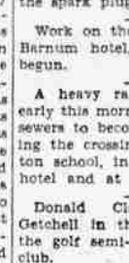
"Portland Democrat" in speech at Page theater, refutes "Republican slurs on democracy's efforts to redeem mankind."

Card of Thanks.

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to the many friends for the kindness and sympathy extended us during our recent bereavement; also for the beautiful floral offerings. —Mrs. V. E. Conser, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Conser, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stinson.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

A GREAT AMERICAN LIQUOR



Hildick is aged to perfection, 100 proof, mellow-mild, pure, delightful. Makes a great old-fashioned or any other drink that calls for whisky.

Pint $1.25 Quart $2.40

HILDICK Applejack BRANDY

For recipe booklet, write Van Landingham Co., Bedell Bldg., Portland

Use Your CREDIT and make the OLD CAR LOOK NEW

Reasonable Prices
A-1 Workmanship

Small Down Payment
No Carrying Charge

Wilkie's Paint Shop
35 South Riverside
Back of AAA Office

"MATTE"

Famous Exhilarating Drink from South America

—Is Not a Fad—Centuries of Use Have Proved Its Value

IN FAIRNESS TO YOURSELF, GIVE MATTE A TWO MONTHS' TRIAL

TRY IT TODAY—The "Daily Drink of Millions" Imported Direct From South America. Mailed or Delivered on Receipt of check, money-order or Sent C.O.D. on order.

JUST PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS HERE and check size desired

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

¼ lb.—25c, ½ lb.—40c, 1 lb.—60c, 2 lbs.—$1.00, 5 lbs.—$2.00

Mail Coupon to IVANHOE, Box 274, Medford, Ore.