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Ye Smudge Pot

The President has called "a healing spell for business." It will be the end of the week before Administration critics discover, the breathing, (if any) is not being done right.

A method has been discovered whereby whiskey can be aged in four days, and the result thereof in the same period of time. In the moonshine period, the whiskey gained maturity by the manufacturer cooling ten.

Outdoor cafes on the sidewalks, an Eastern custom, are urged for Portland. Any diner caught trying to sneak down the street, without paying for his ham sandwich, will be thrown back into the restaurant.

Jane Steele got her first job because an advertiser wanted a frowning girl and Miss Steele frowns beautifully—(La Grande Enterprise). Recognition for a noble achievement.

"FORMATION OLD CAR OWNERS ASSOCIATION POSTPONED"—(Holliston SF. Chronicle). Don't wait until everybody has a new one.

A mule was noted in our midst Sat. accompanied by a wagon, and a man. The mule is a great combination of stubbornness and willingness. This one is in no hurry, and had no worry.

Now that the maddening season is ended—or nearly so—the price of gasoline has dropped. The Older Girls look for sugar to do likewise, as soon as they get through canning peaches.

1935 TEA PARTY (Lakewood, Ore., Examiner) Mrs. Wahn cast aside her Bostonian dignity and "yipped" along with the rest of the celebrants at the Hotel Lakewood dinner room Saturday evening.

Many in Oregon do not know about Little Crater Lake, and where it is. Can you tell?—(Portland Spectator). Neither do we. It lacks 17 towns, as does the major or parent lake, all claiming to be "the gateway" to it.

The Prospect ball team was massacred 28 to 1 yesterday by a CCC team. According to Dewey Hill, the unquenchable leader of the vanquished athletes, the game was closer than the score indicates. About 11 people witnessed the atrocity.

The prediction of 1933 that "Americans were too proud to accept a dole," seems to be correct, except that now they are too proud to let go of it.

A number of Manas stood bravely weeping on the front porch this morning, as they chased their kids off to school and later were heard singing on the back porch.

Peter (Brent) Rabbit, narrowly escaped death beneath the wheels of an auto late yesterday, and was scared worse than the time he was yanked out of a plug-hat by a magician.

BARNYARD MUSSOLINI The rooster. Even stop the manure pile he always appears to be strutting the stage. A noble bird, as long as he is not in a hurry; for when he runs he is as ridiculous as if one leg were shorter than the other. He stalks into the kitchen, very erect and draped in his brilliant cape, beneath which one looks in vain for the tip of a spitter. His round eye, dull as a split pea, considers you haughtily. On his cheeks two lime-like tears have coagulated. He is astonished that you do not render a military salute and shows annoyance because his spurs do not ring upon the tiles." (Mid-West Farm Journal).

Wild Ducks Halted for Decoy. DEWEY, Wis. — (UP) — Charles Ford is raising wild ducks for hunters, to be used as decoys, as a side-line to his farming, which he started with a Mallard duck he believes to be 15 years old, and a hen.

TED & EVELYN SCHRAEDER announce opening Fall Classes, Thursday, Sept. 12. Enrollments may be made now, Dreamland Hall, Phone 256-2.

The Expected Happens

THE expected has happened. Huey Long has been shot. The would-be assassin is dead,—his body riddled with bullets, from the guns of Long's bodyguard. Whether Huey lives or dies—his recovery at the present writing is expected,—conditions in the state of Louisiana promise to get worse before they get better.

Such an outcome is practically inevitable—the natural product of such a one-man dictatorship as Huey Long established. Let anything happen to that one man,—and the lid is off! Huey Long ruled Louisiana through force and fear. Not only the force of arms, but the force of his extraordinary personality.

While the tactics adopted by Huey Long INVITED violence they did not, and nothing in a government such as ours, can JUSTIFY violence. It is a hard struggle and sometimes a discouraging one, but there never was a time in this country, when the people should unite more solidly for the upholding of law and order, regardless of the temptations, to do otherwise, than the present time of stress, strain and perplexity. The only way orderly government can be maintained, is to uncompromisingly uphold and defend it.

This attempted assassination will arouse Long's followers to a fury. Every political opponent of Long will be suspect. Fear breeds fear, hate lives by what it feeds on, force leads to force. Small wonder the state of Louisiana is in an uproar. Until Long is again able to take active command, confusion worse confounded, will continue. The state will be fortunate if it avoids civil war.

THAT is the fatal weakness of any absolute dictatorship. There is never a second in command—no one to fill the dictator's shoes. On one hand, such a tyranny inevitably arouses an opposition which frustrated and thwarted, having no medium for expression, progresses steadily to the explosion point; on the other, the dictatorship has within itself the seeds of its own destruction, for the chain binding it together, has only one link, and as time goes on, that link by the nature of things becomes weaker and weaker.

WHATEVER the IMMEDIATE outcome the attempt of Huey Long to establish a dictatorship in this democracy of ours, was bound to fail. It can't be done. It never has been done in the history of this country, and it never will be. If Senator Long recovers, his popular support in Louisiana will no doubt be stronger than ever. The demand for revenge on one hand; and his determination to entrench himself more securely than ever, on the other; will only lead to more extreme and incendiary methods, hastening the inevitable showdown, and his final overthrow.

NO one questions Huey Long's extraordinary ability. Nor is there any doubt that he secured certain reforms in Louisiana which were desirable from the standpoint of the welfare of the people.

His methods were at fault, not his purposes,—at least not the purposes which originally actuated him. But when a man tries to set himself up above the law, above the people of his state, gets so drunk with power and the sense of his own importance, that he recognizes no authority but his OWN,—well such a man is, in this country at least, riding to a certain fall. His downfall, tragic or non-tragic, is merely a matter of time.

It's Very Different

WHEN the American government protested to Russia against Soviet propaganda for overthrow of the United States government by revolution, Russian Ambassador Trojanski replied: "Anything said in Moscow by American citizens about the United States is very insignificant compared to continuous propaganda in the United States against the Soviet Union."

But America is not conspiring and intriguing to lead Russian people in Russia to overthrow their government. This country is not sending secret agents and secret money into Russia to use in persuading Russians to change their form of government by violence, if necessary. There is no effort by the American government to organize anti-Communist movements in Russia. But in America, Communists under instructions from Moscow are causing riots, organizing strikes, and by "boring from within" as instructed to do, are leading many labor union members into strange and regrettable fields.—Portland Journal.

The Wall Street View

AMERICAN business this year has rounded that traditional turning point—Labor Day—fortified by a greater degree of confidence for the fall outlook than has characterized sentiment in some years. Although by no means without misgivings over restraining influences, forecasts generally point to a continuation of the upward trend in business activity during the balance of the year.

Restrained optimism over the current business prospects are backed, more than by any other single factor, by the gains which have been made and held for the most part during the past several months. The improvement shown in August over the same month last year was even greater than that registered in July. The Administrative and Research Weekly Index of Business Trend averaged 70.6 for the four full weeks of the last month, as compared to 61.7 during the corresponding weeks of 1934. This is a gain of 14.4%. The average range of the index for July 1935, was 9% above July of last year.

Summarizing the general opinion on advances that have been made, the National City Bank of New York states in its September business bulletin, "The persistence and spread of the business improvement over the past nine or ten months, despite both political and economic handicaps, have made a strong impression upon all observers. None of the previous upswings during the depression has extended as widely into the durable goods industries; also, and doubtless for that reason, none has shown such staying power."

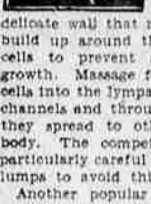
In confirmation of these views, Standard Statistics points out that "fundamental considerations justify the belief that the present trend of activity is upward, and that business will continue to move ahead this fall in spite of punitive laws." Dun &

Bradstreet states that preparations are under way for a wider fall advance, following a summer season marked by "some of the most spectacular increases in many years recorded for both production and distribution of merchandise."

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.

A LUMP IN THE BREAST
One foolish notion about lumps in the breast is that they may be massaged away or caused to disappear by rubbing in various ointments. While the majority of such lumps are not of a serious nature, occasionally they are the beginning of a dangerous growth. If the lump happens to be malignant, cancerous, the rubbing or squeezing may break down the delicate wall that nature is trying to build up around the primary cancer cells to prevent spreading of the growth. Massage forces some of the cells into the lymphatic or drainage channels and through these channels they spread to other parts of the body. The competent physician is particularly careful in examining such lumps to avoid this possibility.



Another popular notion which is dangerous is that such a lump in the breast is not cancer unless it is painful. The truth is rather the contrary. That is, if the lump is painful at the beginning, the chances are it is benign in character, and will require no treatment. But a lump which is discovered accidentally and is not painful is more likely to prove the beginning of cancer. Too often doctors hear this tragic exclamation: "Why, doctor, I didn't think it could be serious, because it has never given me the slightest pain."

Having been a member of the U. S. Volunteer Life Saving Corps for 29 years, I assure you your teaching about the proper method of artificial respiration is right. You might make it clearer by saying "extend both arms forward past the head" rather than over or above the head. (Commander W. J. D.)
Answer—Anybody who looks at the illustrations of the proper method in my booklet "Resuscitation" will know precisely where the subject's arms should be placed. Copy sent on request, if you inclose ten cents coin and stamped addressed envelope. The stamp must be a three-cent stamp. (Copyright, 1935, John F. Dille Co.)

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, Sept. 9.—Diary: With my wife to call on Valerie Edwards, an erstwhile London Gaiety girl, brought to bed of a burn. Then through the Highgate section of Washington market and home to find letters from Thyra Winkow, Edwal Jones and treasured telegrams from C. G. Norris and Leonard Uric.

In the afternoon palavered with Gene Buck, among first of my friends in the city and still mighty high in my affections. Then to see Florence Kahn, congress lady from California, and tried to sound her as to the next Republican nominee but she evasive. I think Borah, or Landon, of Kansas.

Ethel Roche to dinner and we talked of a novel she is planning. And afterward driving through Chinatown, Little Italy and along the docks. Then dropping her at the young Will Hearst's and reading vignettes of the notables Ralph D. Blumenthal has met in London.

One of Broadway's over night pitter-patters is launching something new in a soft drink. There's a small army that will try out any strangely named libation at least once. As a result enterprising drink stands put out almost daily concoctions, with banded balloons, to assuage this curious thirst. The popularity is usually for the day but, as ingredients are inexpensive and nothing to think up, the innovations stay on the profit side. I noticed one today called "The Owl's Hoot."

Hollywood bootleggers predict a cycle of pirate pictures. G. man yarns are about played out, the public still hankers for strong meat, vinegar and violence, and since gangster films are frowned on what better than pirate epics? Teach, Bluebeard, Little Red Riding Hood, the Lambkin and Captain Kidd—what were they but gangsters in cocked hats? And what was Captain Morgan but a shiver-my-timbles super-Captain?

Valentine Williams in a postscript from the Quaxid Club, London, observes: "I sat next to Shaw at the theatre. At 79 he has a ruddy complexion, clear eye, vigorous gesture and the darting mind of a wren in a hedgehog. Few at 40 equal him in alertness. In a tour of the Cotswolds we met James Laver (Sympy Grant), Francis Brett Young and other Pennant Jims."

Personal nomination for the state most famous of the poor little rich girls—the former Barbara Hutson.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SIX-THIRTY A. M. Awakened by a chipmunk galloping over the tarp covering the bed from the high country winds, sounding like a troop of cavalry cantering over a loose-board bridge. The chipmunk crosses the bed from bottom to top, stepping on this correspondent's face en route, then executes a sharp about face, sets himself for a leap, leaps, lands in the middle of this writer's hair—doubtless thinking it a concealing thicket—discovers his mistake, leaps again, his toe-nails digging in sharply as a part of the take-off, lands on the side of a tree, flirts his tail, scampers up the trunk to the first branch on which he squats long enough to thumb his nose and bark derisively: "Yah; never touched me, you big stiff!" then goes about his business of gathering and eating immature pine nuts which may or may not give him a tummyache.

SUCH is life in the woods. And such, also, is the chipmunk, the gayest, cockiest, sassiest, most all-around irresponsible denizen of the big woods. Long may he wave. The big woods and the high hills would be lonely indeed without him.

THE sun is just slipping over the rim of the bowl in which this camp, which is at Devil's lake—camp under the Bachelor on one side and the South Sister on the other—is located.

The ideal camp has wood and water easy of access. Preferably it is in a scenically beautiful location, although this requirement depends somewhat upon the purposes of the camper. If one is a sheep herder, for example, intent upon caring efficiently for his sheep, he doesn't choose his camp so much with an eye to beauty as with the thought of utility.

This camp is everything it takes. As to water, a crystal stream, springing from the lava perhaps a half mile away and about a degree or two above freezing, wanders some 10 feet from the fire. As a source of wood, a big jackpine has fallen some 40 yards away—just far enough to provide a little exercise.

As for scenery—well, one glance upward at the towering peaks that stand around, another downward at the sparkling waters of little Devil's lake and another roundabout at the goldenrod and the asters that sprinkle this mountain meadow will be enough to prove the existence of that.

There is no lovelier country on earth than this high backbone of the Cascades, with its myriad lakes, its clear creeks and its flower-spangled meadows.

ANOTHER requirement, which means little enough in these days of almost universal ownership of automobile and roads that lead everywhere, but which once meant everything—grass. This camp has it in abundance, soft and luxuriant, green and fresh.

THIS column's fresh out of school, more years ago than now are flustering to enumerate, wandered along these same summits for several seasons with saddle and pack horse, typewriter and camera, writing outdoor stuff which editors of Sunday newspapers were deluged enough to buy.

In those days, grass was a prime requirement of a good camp—for horses have to eat, just as automobiles now have to stop at filling stations. And besides, there is no pleasanter sight than to see tired horses, freed of binding cinches, first roll in the dust and then plunge up to their eyes into deep, rich grass.

This string of mountain meadows along the eastern slope of the Cascade summits is horse heaven. The pity of it is that few horses are left along here to enjoy it. Nowadays, everybody from sheep-herder to forest service man travels by sporting automobile.

The trails that once were pounised smooth by iron-shod hoofs are now growing up to underbrush, and everywhere are roads with outstuttering cars skittering along them. Oh, well; such is progress. We'd cry our eyes out if we didn't get the roads, and our chambers of commerce would pass resolutions that would blister the paper.

But a fellow has to be allowed to wear a little now and then over the good old days that are gone. He wouldn't know he was growing up if he couldn't do that.

CROWD AT CIRCUS IN SOVIET ENJOYS SAME OLD ANTICS

Clowns and Acrobats Have Same Appeal As in Capitalistic Countries—Girls' Act Gets Poor Hand

By Webb Miller (United Press Staff Correspondent) MOSCOW (UP)—When the firecrackers went off in the clowns' pants at the Soviet circus in the Park of Culture and Rest it brought down the house just as it would in a capitalistic country.

The form of government doesn't seem to make any difference to the sense of humor. When the clowns fell on that portion of the anatomy where clowns always fall it brought delighted roars of laughter every time. And the clown who got socked every few seconds gained a little sympathy and as much laughter as he would under a non-proletarian form of government.

But the blonde "cuties" who danced what was apparently designed to be a version of the Charleston didn't go over too well. The girls did their best and snapped their fingers right vigorously but conveyed the impression they were dancing in rubber boots, or at least, something heavy. Even when they threw their "strip act" and shed sleazy red-and-yellow costumes down to panties and brassieres they didn't get as much applause as the clown who made a running jump over eight horses' backs. And they were far from unattractive.

Acrobats Rained At Par The acrobats used the immemorial maneuvers of acrobats the world over. Their tightrope wasn't silk but their act was as good as you'd see anywhere. One of the high spots of the evening was funny soccer football games played by dogs hitting a big rubber ball toward goals with their noses. The dogs became so intent upon scoring that several rights ensued. The dogs were so busy dog-goalkeeper deflected good shots. In one melee the human referee was knocked down, to the delight of the spectators.

One reason for the hit the dogs made, it was told, was because dogs are a rarity in Moscow. I don't recall seeing a dog in the streets. The smartly dressed, well-groomed American women in our party attracted nearly as much attention from the spectators as the circus. Russian women stared with polite but undisguised interest at their long, fashionable dinner dresses, shoes and hats.

Sitting three rows behind us was Robert Nathaniel Robinson, the American negro recently elected to the Moscow soviet council. He is a gold-speckled, scholarly-looking negro, an expert toolmaker by trade. Robinson's companion was a comely white woman. In the Soviet Union racial prejudices are frowned upon. That point is emphasized in a play now showing in Moscow. The heroine is a foreign white woman who becomes the mother of a negro baby. The Soviet hero, who confounds the machinations of the white foreign villain, tells her there are no racial prejudices in Russia and she is at liberty to have babies of any color without damaging her social standing.

Ice Cream Is Missing There was no ice cream, pink lemonade, peanuts or pop-corn at the Soviet circus. But the general atmosphere of the place reminded me of circuses I had seen in my boyhood in Michigan. The circus was a one-ringed show in a regulation tent with semi-permanent seats and ring-side boxes which cost 10 rubles a seat. There was an excellent 20-piece band, ring-masters in gaudy uniforms, educated horses and ponies and some-what dogs, but no elephants, camels or exotic animals.

The featured performer of the circus, whose picture was on billboards all over Moscow, who is honored as "People's Artist" was a flop so far as we were concerned. He was a pretty middle-aged chap with buck teeth, dressed in a clown-like costume. He indulged in some windy back-chat with a stooge which didn't seem to be funny. He fulsomely praised his son who assisted in the act by playing a xylophone off-key, praised the new Moscow subway, then jumped over eight horses.

Girls Appear Awkward After their dancing act the blonde "cuties" (some of whom were pretty) and all of whom displayed attractive curves draped themselves in reclining attitudes on a red-ringed bench which ran around the ring just outside the spectators' box. The poses were intended to be seductive but the girls were obviously unaccustomed to exhibiting themselves half-naked before crowds and succeeded in looking merely awkward and self-conscious. This in the land famed for nudist bathing.

Life has been real and life has been earnest in the Soviet Union these last years. The patrons of amusement have been scanty. So anything amusing gets a great hand. It was an all-Russian cast. Teddy Hamilton might have improved on the ballyhoo and Flo Ziegfeld on the girls and their costumes. But the crowd liked it.

Spike Bender Tups Rivals BROCKTON, Mass. — (UP) — The "village smithy" has nothing on Elmer Kasper, 17, of Montello. For Elmer is a spike-bending champion in contests held almost daily in his father's safe, he has topped all comers in the art of bending a six-inch spike into a narrow letter.

Counties Keep NRA Clause. HUNTINGTON, Ind. — (UP) — The U. S. supreme court's decision in ruling the NRA unconstitutional doesn't mean a thing to the Huntington county commissioners. They have ordered that all bidders on county supplies first must produce a certificate of compliance with the National Recovery Act.

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Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Matl. Tribune 10 and 20 Years Ago.

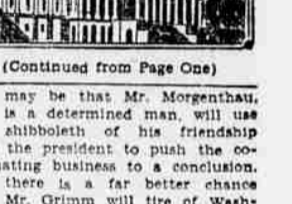
TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 9, 1925
Wild blackberries plentiful in the Applegate and Gold Hill districts, attracted many pickers.
929 cars of pears shipped east to date from the valley.
High top shoes for women coming back; fashion decrees. Men will wear colored shoes.

The Owen Oregon Lumber company announces it will expend \$500,000 enlarging its local plant.
Many local hunters leave for hills to be ready for the opening of the deer season tomorrow.
Cloudy skies, with a temperature 81 degrees prevail.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 9, 1915
(It Was Thursday)
President Wilson requested the Austrian government to recall Dr. Dum-bas, its envoy at Washington, D. C., for war activities.

The street department over-watered the road to the county fair, to settle the dust, and it is now too muddy.
The Water Users association files for water for irrigation of the valley.
Big crowd attends the opening day of the county fair.

At the Page, Blanche Sweet in "The Last Drop of Water"; at the Star, Pathe News No. 66, with all the late war pictures, and "Spitball Sodie" and four comedies.



(Continued from Page One)
It may be that Mr. Morgenthau, who is a determined man, will use the shibboleth of his friendship with the president to push the coordinating business to a conclusion. But there is a far better chance that Mr. Grimm will tire of Washington's first.

Political bees will undoubtedly be buzzing with rumors about the coming (September 25) meeting of the Republican national executive committee to change chairman. It is with a possible resignation of Chairman Fletcher and promotional moves for various presidential candidates.

Those who know the national committee inside and out laugh at both rumors. For one thing, the agitation for Fletcher's withdrawal has not been mentioned much. It is with a possible resignation of Chairman Fletcher and promotional moves for various presidential candidates.

There may be something in the other gossip about candidates, but not much. Anything done for or against any of the candidates will have to be very, very subtle. The best inside check is that the executive committee, now in committee, already has a possible resignation of Chairman Fletcher and promotional moves for various presidential candidates.

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