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Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

Republicans need to think faster and often. What does it profit them for former President Hoover to speak on the sacredness of the Constitution Saturday night, when President Roosevelt comes out for bigger and better paydays on Monday afternoon.

The proposal that Main Street be lighted up so it would look like a Main Street has been branded as a diabolical bit of civic filthiness, and a power trust plot.

Citizens of Brownboro, Ore., have petitioned their council to calm down a church meeting on the grounds "it is conducted in a loud manner... to unreasonable hours, frequently as late as 11 or 12 o'clock."

What's going to become of the relief administrators who have learned the trade, and expect to follow it for life?—(Indianapolis News)—Sad to contemplate item.

The report that the Elks' cat is so shiftless the Temple mice are eating his ears off is incorrect. The Temple mice have not finished eating off his tail.

Col. TouVelle's new state highway commissioner, last week corduroyed two young men and sent them to Normal school.

H. Flewber, the demon baker, has acquired a Klamath Falls bakery, and his bread should sell like hotcakes over here.

After next Saturday's football games, the optimists should start doing their stuff to remove the sting from losses. Something like the 1934 prize winning deduction: LOCALS TURN DEFEAT INTO ENCOURAGEMENT is in order.

Atty. G. McHenry has returned from the Middle West, where he was mistaken for Sen. McAdoo. This event up Atty. G. McHenry going to Washington, D. C., and being mistaken for Sen. H. Johnson last spring.

The first "No Hunting" sign in the rural district for the year was riddled with bb. shot late yesterday.

A reader desires to know what Col. Robert G. Ingersoll said about the home. He said a lot about the home. He said, in part, in one writing or speech: "The home is the patriot's shrine. He will defend it with his life. No man ever shouldered a gun to defend a boarding house."

One of these days there is going to be a big argument over whether a 11-year-old boy has sense enough to drive an auto, while praying the victim of his skill gets well.

THAT'S SETTLED. (Pennington (W. Va.) News) We have a letter from Mrs. W. B. Hogue, of Beech Grove, stating that she is not the janitor to this school, but that she is a matter of accommodation to the teacher she is temporarily staying at the school-house with the children between the arrival of the first and second school buses, during which time she supervises the house.

There is considerable talk about the heavy diplomacy of H. Duce Mussolini, in offering to shake hands with Great Britain, while pointing a cannon at Ethiopia. If H. Duce acted in accordance with the extent his chest is poked out, when making a speech, he would shake hands with Ethiopia, and point a cannon at Great Britain.

AWAKE, YE GODS. The wild wind blows the drifting sand. Of far-off, dross Bismarckland. Where weary men await the word to draw and wield the warring sword. But who would kill the human race? A crazy cry, "to save his face?" Awake, ye gods, to tell him dead. Before the fateful word is said. —(Banker-Poet)

The Fundamental Issue

SO Oregon's AAA is ruled out by the state supreme court as unconstitutional.

Very interesting. The decision dealt with the ice cream marketing agreement. The control board fixed the minimum price at forty cents per quart. One Fred Meyer, Inc., of Portland sold ice cream for 29 cents.

Thus violating the agreement of the ice cream makers, the board brought action to compel obedience to the agreement. Meyer refused and brought action himself.

Meyer was upheld by the Multnomah court, and is now sustained by the state supreme court. That's that. The state AAA is out as far as Oregon is concerned.

WHAT does this mean? That the people of Oregon can't regulate business in their state, if they wish to regulate it. Probably not. The people can do practically anything they wish to do, by passing laws legalizing their action.

But it does mean that under the constitution as now drawn, they can't go as far as fixing prices for ice cream or anything else. That in any one industry a majority can't impose rules and regulations upon a minority, for this is an illegal delegation of legislative powers, etc., etc.

This decision regarding state business, is in general agreement with the U. S. supreme court decision regarding interstate business, in the now famous chicken case, and would seem to settle the matter, as far as the legalistic issue is concerned.

THE next question is: can the constitutional objections be removed, by changing the wording of the measures invalidated? The attempt has been made by congress. A similar attempt may be made by the state legislature. Opinions differ regarding the probable outcome, but that matter must be left of course to the courts.

WHAT this paper is interested in is the essential principle involved, which we predict, will sooner or later become a very important issue in this state and throughout the country.

The principle is this: in a government of the people, for the people and by the people, HAVE, or have NOT, the people the right to regulate business, as they desire—intra-state or interstate—whether it is a matter of fixing prices, regulating methods, imposing standards of size and quality, or what have you.

And if they HAVE that right is it desirable that this right should be exercised, in this country?

THOSE who not only long for the good old days but believe this country can return to them, will reply with an emphatic "no". There is too much government in business now, too little rugged individualism; what we need is less government in business and more business in government, etc., etc.

Those who believe the good old days are not only passed but will never return, that the world was responsible for certain fundamental changes in our social and economic structure; and that the old free for all, of unregulated and unorganized competition must, if the capitalistic system is to endure, be replaced by some intelligent economic plan, will hold to the contrary view.

Between these two extremes will be those who have no definite opinions one way or the other, will form none until the issues involved become clearer, but who will, eventually, with their votes decide the question.

It is going to be a pretty warm battle when it comes, and unless all signs fail, it will be the chief issue between the two major parties, if not in 1936, certainly four years later.

"Of the Transgressor"

IF you think you are smart, if you have a sneaking notion you can beat the game, if you feel that most people are just a bunch of suckers compared with your smart ways, read these few lines from the day's news:

A broken old man—Albert B. Fall, 71 years old—now—sits in a wheel chair in a spacious ranch house at Three Rivers, N. M., amid the faded glories of the days when he held high office. The discredited former secretary of the interior, who was convicted of taking a bribe, who lost his ranch by foreclosure, even lost his citizenship, and efforts to have it restored have thus far failed. Now he faces a final struggle to hold his home and the last 100 acres of the 750,000-acre ranch. The letter requesting him to vacate his ranch home was signed by Mrs. E. L. Doheny, wife of the oil magnate who was Fall's partner as a prospector and was later involved with him in the oil scandals.

"The way," declares a book, which despite its pietistic uses as a religious mentor, nonetheless, contains in stark and beautiful language the shrewd, hard-boiled wisdom of the sophisticates of the ages, "of the transgressor is hard!"

In the end and in the long run "the game" is unbeatable. Sooner or later, death or the devil will get you!—Exchange.

TALMADGE MUM LIVING COSTS UP ON HEARST CLAIM FOR LOWER PAIR

ATLANTA, Oct. 2.—Governor Eugene Talmadge today declined to comment directly on a statement by William Randolph Hearst, publisher, that Talmadge could lead a third party to victory in the 1936 presidential campaign, but predicted that American voters will prefer "an extremely conservative system," in the next election.

"He's right about Parley Tammany," said the country," Talmadge commented on the Hearst statement. "This tax craze and fever will be short lived," the governor added, "the 1936 election will swing back to real Americanism and stop the most gigantic tax system that was ever forced upon an unsuspecting people."

"When this is done, then natural recovery and a actual recovery will come back to this country, and not until then."

Until 1914, Lithuania was under Russian rule.

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.

WANTED: AN OLD DOCTOR BOOK

I am 72 years old and in perfect health, writes a correspondent. But I am worried because I think I would feel better if I had a few diseases or at least some symptoms. Wasn't it a famous doctor who said that some slight ailments promote longevity? It seems natural with a great many people including myself to feel uneasy unless there is some kind of distress. I think everybody ought to have a few diseases in order to feel comfortable. I have wondered lately whether I haven't too many organs inside of me, and if so whether an operation might be feasible to remove some of them. I remember a model or manikin I saw in our family doctor's office back home years ago, and it seemed to me the organs were rather crowded and that if one or two were removed the rest of them would have more freedom to function properly. Where would you suggest to begin with, and how many should be taken out at the first operation? Studying anatomy is like studying anatomy—it is hard to tell the exact distance from one organ to the next. If you can give me along this line, I feel a little ashamed of my innocence and inexperience when I converse with friends.—(E. J. B.)

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said that with care chronic bronchitis might prove to be the slight ailment that prolongs longevity. And there you are, equipped right off the bat with a first-class disease which should fill the void in your life with great satisfaction. Gives you the right to fuss about your diet, the weather, climate, clothing, household ventilation, your circulation, your sleep, the Townsend plan, exercise, your own tobacco, the horrendous brand your neighbor smokes, the use of alcohol, freak remedies and fad systems of treatment, the lax enforcement of traffic ordinances, the wild and ruthless conduct of children who use the sidewalks for bicycling, roller skating and other games you don't play any more, the high cost of medical care, the worthlessness of pills and potions prescribed by physicians, and, if you don't keep one, dogs.

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. 2.—Just as the old-time bars had their ingratiating moosehairs and barflies, so have the modern, dainty cocktail bars their butterflys. Far up the scale from the cocotte of the bistro, they are nevertheless, in the eyes of the cognate cognizers who receive the house percentage.

Many are girls from college and fashionable boarding schools, maids who can discuss intelligently the world's changes as well as indulge the pattern of the latest slang. The slump in family fortunes and the death of jobs brought about the new calling.

They are not the vicarious girls of the cabarets and night clubs. They never leave the establishment with which they are identified. Their job is to look smart, fall unobtrusively into whatever the bar promotes, drinks and sip non-alcoholic cocktails made especially for them.

A bartender tells me it is not difficult for the girls to earn from \$20 to \$30 a week between the hours of 5:30 and 7:30 p. m. They must be smartly dressed and know how to handle gentlemen who have over-indulged. Not much as a career, but a living!

Many Broadway funerals, such as Tex Guinan's and Valentine's have taken on the hoopla of the circus arena. Perhaps one marked with the greatest simplicity was that of Chas. K. Harris, dean of Tin Pan Alley and composer of "A Kiss in the Bush" a few years ago. A gentle soul, kindly beloved, the services consisted of reading the 91st Psalm and a soloist singing the ballad "Harris wrote." "Somebody the Sun is Shining."

Ployd Gibbons was like an edgy fighter awaiting the ring to be off to Ethiopia. He likes those overnight rushes up the gang planks. For several years he has been restless, trying to find something to do, playing the hermit in remote log cabins, fishing for salmon, and other gestures in outdoorsness. But always he was scanning the European horizons for the first dark cloud. When the word came to go his apartment in the Washington, where he has lived so long, looked hurricane struck. Piles of escapades all over the world were tossed into warehouse boxes pell mell. Frasier Hunt, who has trudged through battlefields with Gibbons, stood by viewing the havoc with a gleam and wondering if he will fall down to a leisurely Canadian slant to write more books was just the proper thing. He did not look overly happy.

A trail of the long-gone was stumbled onto accidentally in turning east from Convent avenue across 12th street, midway to St. Nicholas.

The Saku, a tall people of French Guinea and Sierra Leone, tattoo three lines on the breast and beneath the

truck with mucous colitis or with auto-intoxication or with acidosis or with high blood pressure. You'll never get any pleasure out of these, and besides, nearly all the old women have fooled with them for years and compared with chronic bronchitis the effects you can get with them are quite limited and stereotyped. Besides, chronic bronchitis is a suitable of a great variety of complications each of which is attended with a set of special symptoms, so that you have to stand on your head or roll someguts every morning in May, go north, south or east in November and in general keep everyone around you upset, guessing or wishing you would hurry up and get it over with so they can renovate and turn things into the modern way.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS CHILD EATS SAND.

Two-year-old daughter craves sand. In fact will eat any kind of soil.—(Mrs. K. G.)

Answer—So did ours, but now she objects to even a few grains of sand in her spinach. A child with a fondness for sand, soil, ashes, plaster, usually suffers no ill effects and outgrows the odd appetite in a year or so. Just see that she shall not have access to any polluted soil.

Strength and Hair. Is there such a thing as a person's strength or nearly all of it going into the hair? Will you please us stamp inclosed to mail to my address your prescription for...—(E. C. McG.)

Answer—No, strength cannot go in to hair or the growing of hair, and cutting or shaving the hair has nothing to do with strength or weakness of the body. Do not send stamps. If you want a reply by mail send a properly addressed envelope bearing your address.

Instruction of Children. What book would you recommend to give my daughter, aged 13 years, for instruction on the matter of puberty, sex and health?—(O. P.)

Answer—Pamphlets "Sex in Life" by Donald and Eunice Armstrong, American Social Hygiene Assn., New York City; "Healthy, Happy Womanhood," Social Hygiene Press, 123 W. 41st St., New York City; "Margaret, the Doctor's Daughter," and "Life Problems," American Medical Association, 535 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 10 and 25 cents, respectively. Do not send me for them, but to the publishers I mentioned. (Copyright, 1935, John P. Dille Co.)

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razed lawn sat one of those porchy frame houses of the 80's even to the horrendous saffron of the paint. To complete the picture, a cast-iron fire-dotted race track folk. The fence was an old milestone bearing this whitewashed inscription: "Six miles to New York." On the front porch sat three knitting ladies. I looked for grinding movie cameras, but it was the real thing.

Ben Riley is one of the few successful restaurateurs on the outskirts persistently refusing to invade the Lobster Belt. He began catering at Saratoga Lake, where his "creamed potatoes" and "roast beef" folk. Later he moved to his present location on hour's lag on upper Broadway and became known for his version of frog legs with creamed potatoes. Today he's richest of his guild.

The most informal of the comedians is the loose-gaited Ted Healy. He refuses to bow to Thespian customs and of all actors is most himself—a rowdy harlequin with an impudent smirk. He will not wear shoes on the stage, preferring old bedroom slippers and in his own home, he wears footlights never put on make-up. He will wear a tie if loosely tied and if given a new hat stamps on it awhile. Once in a Broadway musical, he rehearsed up to curtain time and then throwing away his part, yelled: "What do I know 'em books?" went on and ad libbed into a riot.

I'm sympathetic to the photographic tributes Secretary Henry Morgenthau receives daily in public print: Every cut of his suggests a hood owl trying to act coy. My face is nothing to sigh over.—(Voice) You're telling us—but I don't remember these thumbs-nail atrocities often noted in my column. In fact at times, with favorable lights, children pass me without screaming.

PASSENGERS OF LINER GO ASHORE IN JAMAICA

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Oct. 2.—(AP)—The 450 passengers and about 250 of the crew of the marooned liner Rotterdam were ashore today in the peace and hospitality of Jamaica.

They landed from the rescue ship Ariglan in happy frames of mind, apparently unperturbed by the interrupted nature of their pleasure cruise on a coral reef at Montserrat, 60 miles southeast of Kingston, early Monday.

Weather. Northern California: Unsettled and mild tonight and Thursday; scattered showers extreme north. Tuesday: over mountains; gentle south to west winds off the coast.

Winds: Increasing cloudiness tonight and Thursday; showers west portion; cooler interior west portion Thursday; moderate southerly wind off the coast.

MEICO CITY, Oct. 1.—(AP)—Four men were killed in the federal penitentiary today in connection with an alleged plot to assassinate Gen. Sanguino Cecilia, minister of agriculture.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

PWA REJECTS OREGON'S application for a gift of money with which to buy more land as a site for the new capitol building. FWA's refusal, a dispatch from Salem tells us, raises this question: "What is to be done about it?"

IF THIS writer, who is just one of the million residents of Oregon, were to offer an answer to that question, it would run something like this: "Let's do nothing at all about the site problem, merely going ahead and building an efficient, modern, businesslike capitol, adequate for the state's present and future needs, attractive in appearance but not extravagantly ornate, on the ground we already have."

THIS answer, of course, will be open to criticism, especially by those whose way it is to BUY and BUY and let somebody else worry about paying the bills.

They will say: "For shame! You have no vision! You're unable to see forward into the future. You're short-sighted and can't anticipate the needs of posterity."

TRUE enough, probably. But one of the things chiefly wrong with us now is that we've had too much vision and too little common sense in recent years.

As for posterity, its outstanding needs will be enough to eat, enough to wear, shelter from the storm and enough left over from these fundamentals for reasonable recreation so that life may be made more enjoyable.

If the uplifters and the visionists go on piling up debt at the rate of the past few years, posterity will be crushed under the burden of PAYING these debts.

DON Fisher, chief ranger at the Lava Beds national monument, tells this one: "The youngsters at the Lava Beds CCC camp caught a cub bear last spring and proceeded to make a pet of it. Cub bears are about as intriguing pets as can be found, and everybody fell in love with the little rascal. The cub, for its part, returned all this affection with interest, and everything was lovely."

Then, one unlucky day, the little bear strayed too far from camp and became lost. The camp was buried in gloom.

SEARCH parties were organized and went out and did their stuff, but came back empty-handed. No pet cub was to be found. The gloom deepened.

Then, one lucky day, a work detail was out on a job and as the boys were laboring away somebody heard a whimper back in the rocks and looking up saw the pet cub coming in on the run. He dashed into the midst of the party, and it was pretty hard, Don says, to tell which was the happier over the reunion—the boys or the cub.

The little bear had all the return to the wilds he wanted and was as happy as a small animal could be to get back to civilization.

THE next time you're tempted to break down and cry over the sad fate of some wild animal in captivity, think of this Lava Beds bear cub that went native and then was tickled within an inch of its life to get back to the comforts of captivity.

Communications

"Let Us Fly Into the Dawn." In the Sept. 27th issue of the "Cavalier Press" there is an excellent article under the caption "Claims Citizenship Lacks Intelligence" in which Col. Church reminds us, let us forget, that the motto on Oregon's coat of arms says—"She flies with her own wings."

It is well in these days of disillusionment and struggle to let our minds dwell upon the lofty significance of that motto, bequeathed to us by the founders of our state. Surely they must have envisioned signs of purest white, tipped perhaps with rose and silver as they soared into the dawn of an unlimited future for our beloved state.

And indeed, why not—could any future loom too great for a land so beautifully endowed by a benign Providence?

Her crowning glory is the mighty rivers flowing between palisades of perpetual green; those pine-clad billows of a continent that sweep across our state and break in majestic headlands to greet the yet greater majesty of the sea.

The rushing, white loveliness of Oregon's rivers are at once her supreme glory and her imminent peril, for do they not represent the white-gold so coveted by the Power Trust?

Cheerily because of this fact, our people today are in the coils of this rapacious clutch. We feel it's unmistakable grip upon our credit system, our courts, and the personnel of government itself. We have fallen upon evil days.

our wings of state have been relinquished into furtive hands, and are propelled by a force that is predatory in its methods and ultimate objective.

Thus our wings have drooped and the feathers thereof have become defiled from misuse. What are these wings but emblems of our inherent privilege of self-government as expressed in the bill of rights of the constitution of the United States? However, rights beget responsibilities and therefore stern duties confront us.

Even as in a far land long ago "the Lord stirred Israel," as in our day the American "eagle stirs her nest."

When I speak of the American eagle, I do not by any manner of means refer to the blue vulture of the N.I.R.A.; that brain-child of Felix Frankfurter, fathered by Bernard Baruch, and fostered by the present administration. No indeed!—but I do refer to the real eagle, that all-American bird whose wings like mighty symbols stretch from sea to sea across a nation of liberty-loving citizens. The wisdom of the eagle knows just the right time to "stir her nest" and force her brood to use their God-given wings.

So here in Oregon, we must no longer cower in a political nest that has long since become foul and outgrown, but, casting aside all fear and in the spirit of righteousness, let us "fly with our own wings" triumphantly into the dawn of a better day.

ARIEL BURTON POMEROY, Central Point, Ore., Oct. 1.



(Continued from Page One) largely republican. It's purposes are democratic, but it will be called fascist. Everyone seems to like European political words out here, since fascist methods killed the general strike.

The regular politicians (republicans and democrats) are doing considerably coy flitting with all the wild movements this side of communism. They want the support.

A tip on this was offered a few days back when President Roosevelt appointed a Sinclair man (George Acret) for the Guffey coal board. Postmaster General Farley is supposed to have fixed that. It was the first patronage recognition he has given Sinclair. Of course, he hopes epac will be sold in New Deal bottles next year.

A similar explanation lies behind the news some time back that Republican Governor Merriam had come out for the Townsend plan. His pals say he was misquoted, that he never favored \$200 a month for anyone, but only a "reasonable" sum. Whatever he favored, it was mindful of the Townsend strength out here.

What every visitor asks first is how California comes to be the testing ground for all these fancy ideas. There are few heavy industries here, consequently little industrial unemployment. The papers are currently publishing statistics showing that the Pacific coast states have recovered faster than others. (No bank failed in San Francisco.)

How radicalism can flourish in such a situation is explained by Californians with the same answer they give to all other local phenomena—the climate.

Strangely, that seems to be the right answer, at least partly. Not that the weather is so balmy it makes peopling that way, but transients have been pouring into the state throughout the depression. It is estimated that as many as 200,000 without support came into the state during the depression. The federal transient bureau has figures showing that it has been caring for 30,000 to 40,000 incoming destitutes each month. Also, the expansion of California during the last decade lifted all classes of unsettled and dissatisfied people, living on investments not yet recovered.

At any rate, it is not too much to say that anyone could get nearly any kind of movement going in this state, even if its purpose were solely to start an exploration expedition to the moon.

Governor Merriam is acting very much like a vice presidential candidate, and he is. His folks are trying to get the California delegation pledged to him for president, with a view to trading it off for the vice presidential nomination in a McClellan-Garner. The most influential republicans are privately working for an uninstructed delegation or one pledged to Hoover for impersonal trading purposes. They will win.

Frisco is already preparing for a world's fair in 1938.

There are 11,000 members of the longshoremen's union, but only 4,000 are working. Relief therefore is supporting a considerable portion of the left wing labor movement.

Strong Knox sentiment exists among regular republicans.

The Republican Progressive Senator Johnson told a delegation of camera men of the record the other day that he would support Mr. Roosevelt in '36. The support probably will be quiet.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY October 2, 1925 (It Was Friday)

Two state prohibition agents arrested for bribery, selling moonshine, and drinking intoxicants.

The controversy over the football field fence has been adjusted by a school board by "agreeing to erect a lovely green fence, which they hope will be satisfactory to the eye, and all concerned."

John C. Mann started 15th anniversary at his store.

Epes freight hits a loaded truck at Gold Hill crossing. The driver leaped to safety. The truck was reduced to kindling wood.

Right of way to Big Butte springs water rights is definitely established by courts. Bond election for new water system to be held October 8, brings mass of rumors.

Mail Tribune will broadcast world series games, between Pittsburgh and Washington.

Twenty Years Ago Today October 2, 1915 (It Was Saturday)

Both allies and Germans claim progress on western front.

Regulation of train whistling within the city limits will be considered at the next meeting of the city council. As the whistles are all heavy screens they frighten horses by day, and wake people up at night," the complaints say.

The sheriff estimates that "about 13 per cent of the taxes of the county are delinquent and unpaid."

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Warner are rejoicing in a new daughter born September 29, and christened Margaret Nye.

T. E. Daniels is out after a few days illness the first of the week.

Curfew to be rung at eight o'clock, and boys and girls must be home at that time, police direct.

FRANCE BARGAINS FOR BRITISH AID

PARIS, Oct. 2.—(AP)—French air forces Tuesday were given unexpected orders to begin maneuvers today in the British assistance in the event of a German air attack in exchange for French aid if Italy attacks the British fleet formed in the Mediterranean in the Italy-Ethiopian crisis.

DEATH OF HUNTER HELD ACCIDENTAL

LA GRANDE, Ore., Oct. 2.—(AP)—Green Hudspeth, 29, of McEwen, near Baker, Ore., was almost instantly killed yesterday afternoon in the Minam hills east of here when struck by a bullet from a rifle belonging to Clarence Richards, 55, of Cove, associated with Hudspeth in operating the Minam dude ranch.

Coroner George Walker flew to the scene in a plane operated by Art Walters of Baker, and after investigating and flying the body back to La Grande, conferred early today with District Attorney Carl Helm. The officers exonerated Richards and declared no inquest would be held.

TWO HURT IN CRASH NEAR MYRTLE CREEK

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 2.—(AP)—Mrs. E. M. Morgan, 38, suffered critical head injuries, and her 10-year-old daughter, Annie, suffered a fractured leg in an automobile accident Monday night near Myrtle Creek. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and their four daughters were returning to their home at Canyonville Monday night, when their light truck went off the highway and rolled over a 16-foot bank.

Mrs. Morgan, with concussion and a possible skull fracture, unconscious at a local hospital and is reported to be in a very critical condition.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—(AP)—The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, the share-the-wealth man from Louisiana, told an audience of Manhattan newsmen today that six members of his organization "are in grave danger of assassination."

"We are on