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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry.
Indian summer has come. It is more summer than aborigine.

The nation was saved several times the past week, over the NBC and the CBS.
The Mel Hogan boy was downtown Fri. and was trimmed by a barber.

The horrors of the campaign were intensified Fri. by a couple of poems.
The C. Pleasant season opens this week, and already country cats have retreated under the barn.

A couple of grapplers are scheduled to don gloves tomorrow night at the military base. Customers who have been unable to tell when a bout was a prize fight, and when it was a wrestling match, will thus be able to reach a verdict.

It was reported last week there was going to be another gas hike. Investigation showed the owner of a vacant lot was plowing it up, just to be doing something.

Peoria Bill Gates writes from Quincy, Ill., that he is having a fine time stining up the mid-west economic situation and devouring luncheons.

Leaves are falling spooltually. On Acacia trees a bit is being used, and others are waiting for a lively breeze.

The Sunday boots of many valley cowmen squeaked last week in the lobby of the Imperial hotel in Portland, due to the local buckaroos attending the stock show.

The Sr. Hi school student body marched downtown Thurs. noon, and all participants had a good yell.
B. Harrell, late of Wyoming, is here. He is in the army now.

The Ot. Bohner girl has her photo in the V. Shangle window. She is a likely looking little gal.
The first trade voters showed up last week. Only 75 per cent can remember what they were mad about in 1932, but think it was Herb Hoover.

Ah Banwell of the CotCo, was on the other Fri. noon, and praised Jackson Co. nimrods, for the way they handled their weapons and matches, in the timber during the last week of September. He received many compliments on the logic and lucidity of his comments. No better argument for a venison ham was ever uttered.

County candidates for office have started asking citizens about their crops and babies.
The railroad-to-the-Cook is making good progress. It has been increased and approved, right and left. There is nothing much left to do but build it and argue which side of the track is best for the depots.

6th and Central is coming to the front rapidly as a place to have an auto mishap.
The new turf football field has been scuffed up two Saturdays in a row.

It's only 15 days until election, and 75 of the same to Christmas.
J. Kort Hall, the horticulturist, has finished the pear harvest, and is enjoying a rest from fretting about what the frost will do next April.

T. Waterman now denies he is the Lemke vote in Jackson county.
Strong Temblor Shakes Helena
HELENA, Mont., Oct. 10.—(AP)—An earthquake, described by the weather bureau as "fairly strong," shook Helena for five seconds at 3:21 a. m. (Mountain standard time) today and was followed by two "weak to moderate" tremors at 5 and 5:34 a. m.

We Don't "View With Alarm"

FOR many years there has been a somewhat obscure cult in this country, whose chief article of faith has been the world, on a certain day and date is coming to an end.
We haven't heard so much of them of late,—perhaps because that tragic eventuality appeared probable without any organized effort to anticipate it. But many years ago, we distinctly recall, a sunrise meeting of these "world-enders" was held on the bluffs of Rock River back in Illinois, not far from where the famous Black Hawk statue now towers (badly weather-beaten), above the trees.

But as the fatal day approached, local citizens made no move to call in the undertaker, or arrange their affairs, spiritual or material, for the impending crack of doom. They just went along as usual, unalarmed and unconcerned, and paid no attention to it.
BUT not so the men and women down at Black Hawk. They wrote their wills, settled up their estates, gathered in their children, and properly attired and arranged in family groups, prepared as the sun rose, to meet their Maker.

The sun rose but nothing happened. And since then there have been a great many such meetings,—unless we are mistaken there was one near San Francisco not so many years ago—but the sun has always risen, and nothing has ever happened.
We have often speculated as to the mixed emotions, which must be aroused among these devout World-Enders, when after going to all the work and trouble, nothing out of the ordinary has occurred.

What has been the predominant emotion,—relief over their escape, and gratitude for a few more years of living? Or a consciousness of having been duped, and resentment against those who misled them?
WELL, however that may be, the present writer feels toward two of the campaign cries, very much as we would if these "world-enders" made another announcement, that the world was going up in smoke and cinders, at some certain date in the future.

We wouldn't call them a bunch of liars, or for that matter question their sincerity. They may be right—who knows? Only those who can accurately predict the future, can be CERTAIN, of what the future may contain, and we CAN'T.

But we WOULDN'T take such dire forebodings very seriously. We certainly wouldn't adjust our lives to them, or even let our future political actions be governed by them. Why? Well the same false alarms have been sounded so often before, and nothing has ever happened. What reason is there to believe they will happen this time?

ONE of these alarms comes from the Republican side, and was used in a somewhat diluted form by Governor Landon Friday night. The general idea is that if he isn't elected president and Roosevelt is, this country is doomed financially, that uncontrolled inflation is unavoidable, that bankruptcy is just around the corner—or words to that effect.

It isn't new. In fact those who attended the Cleveland convention heard this same speech—in slightly and only slightly different form—at least a dozen times. It might have been accurately termed the Old Guard theme song, and followed the well established technique, of a party out of power, to view with alarm, and conjure up all sorts of evil things, if that unfortunate condition should be continued.

THE other comes from the Democratic side, and while it has not been used as often,—nor at all we believe by responsible leaders,—it does bob up now and then.
This is: if Roosevelt isn't elected and Landon is, nothing can save the country from revolution.

As far as this paper is concerned, we are going to put both of these appeals to fear, these false and childish alarms, with the prediction the world is coming to an end on a certain day, in the near future, into one pigeon-hole marked "hokey" and pay no further attention to them.

They may be true. Surely. ANYTHING may be. As far as we are concerned what the future holds, only the future can disclose. BUT,—we don't believe they are,—and one of the reasons is, they and similar catastrophic forecasts have been made so often before—and particularly at election time,—yet nothing of the sort or even approaching it, has ever happened.

NO matter WHO is elected November 3d, this paper doesn't believe this country is going bankrupt—or suffer anything slightly approaching bankruptcy.
No matter who is elected, we don't believe, this country is going to have a revolution—like the revolution in Spain or any slightly approaching it.

THIS paper favors the re-election of President Roosevelt, not because we fear revolution, if he isn't, but because we are heartily in favor of what he has already done, and believe it to be best for the country and all concerned, that he be given the chance to finish it.

More than that, we would regard his defeat as a glaring example of the traditional ingratitude of republics, and a regrettable step, backward, in sorely needed social and economic reform.

But if the people should decree otherwise—well, what ho!—we can take it. We will no more polish up the family musket and get ready for barricades on Haymarket Square, than if it goes the other way, we will gather together what gold we can find, and take the nearest boat for the South Seas.
Let those who can seriously entertain such fancies bother with them,—we can't. This may be poor politics, but it happens to be the only politics in which we are interested, at the present time.

COAST RESIDENCE BUILDING GAINS
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—(AP)—The wave of residential building sweeping over the far west rolled over all previous monthly records for years in San Francisco.

\$21,000,000 mark topped for the first time in the recovery period.
The tabulation made by Sam Eubank, editor of the Daily Pacific Builder, showed permits at \$21,063,333. This compared with \$20,901,610 in August and \$10,037,288 in Sept. 1935. It was the fourth consecutive month with permits exceeding 20 millions.

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, Calif.)

PREVIEW OF X-RAY PHOTO

An expectant grandmother inquires anxiously whether an X-ray picture made shortly before the birth of the baby will cause death of the baby shortly after birth. Which reminds us of the nulliparous husband who, after a long, long night of pacing the floor and watching the door to the delivery room, received at last the great news that the baby had arrived all right. "Quick," he cried, "tell me, is it a boy or a girl?" The nurse informed him it was a girl. "Thank heaven, then," breathed the new father, "she'll never have to go through what I've suffered tonight!" But, snickers, becoming a father is mere child's play compared with becoming a grandfather. And from what I hear it is rather an ordeal becoming a grandmother on the distaff side.

The Young Snip approached the great mystery and miracle of life with assurance and composure. From her calm attitude she might have borne a dozen children before. When the computed time for delivery came and nothing doing her doctor remarked that she herself was a small person and the baby seemed large and so it might be necessary to resort to Caesarean section.

That was all Jake with the Young Snip. Didn't upset her at all. She confided the secret to her dad but she made a promise that he would not tell mother, because mother might get worried.
With her doctor's consent Dad took her to a friend of his who is an X-ray technician. A picture was made, and it showed that the child was in the right position and that the size of the head was in correct proportion with the capacity of the pelvis. A week later the Young Snip sat back from a bridge game, suggested that her husband take her to the hospital, and had her baby after only six hours of labor. The baby was of average weight and size. The Young Snip had simply miscalculated, as do a good many expectant mothers. The probable date of confinement is a variable one, just averages 280 days and may actually occur a week before or after the computed time. It is rarely

Are there any good qualities in buttermilk? Is it good for the kidneys? (H. H.)
Answer—Yes, it tends to favor a healthful predominance of lactic acid fermentation in the bowel and to prevent excessive putrefaction. Buttermilk is a wholesome, healthful beverage for any one. It has just half the nutritive value of fresh sweet milk.

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D. 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Some Republican Humor
Will you please reprint the article in the enclosed paper entitled "Auc 10. And next morning the mother hummed a bit tremulously something like this: "Should I never see him again, I would be comforted always by the glow of happiness that lighted his face as the bus with a lurch lumbered off into night." What many of us would give to recapture the thrill of that first trip alone!

Mid-town bus depots lollop with feverish activities, somewhat like a few news-reel, at midnight. The clearance hour at most terminals—especially for long journeys. One of the girl passengers, an engagingly pert Bette Davis looking sprite, arrived in pink pajamas. The informality is marked in contrast to train travel. Neighbors begin to talk at once. Comfortable established folk with homes and jobs to go to. People who are not clawing for some walloping idea to change the world.

Of all the rich, beautiful American heiresses, Doris Duke seems to take to the role most becomingly. A tall, marly blonde, she controls one of the largest fortunes. She likes athletics without stressing a booming outdooriness. And she shunned all the European hand kissing exquisites to marry an American boy. Girls in her position at this moment in the world's history can do much to aid the earnest citizens working for a solution of that formidable problem called Social Unrest. It takes only a caper or so by a foolish heiress to throw the whole machinery out of gear.

Art so often pays discouraging dividends along with the pleasant. A fellow on one of the papers is paid \$100 a week for doing two thumbnail sketches for a sports page daily. The other day I bumped into a lad totting a bundle of drawings around to editors. He had landed one sketch with a weekly in Philadelphia after two years of trying, but the sale showed a loss. He had spent \$35 for postage and \$20 for a trip to see the lady editor of the funny page.

It was foggy on the Drive this morning and such weather—cool and muffled—gives dampish souls a sudden spring. Liverpool weather, I call it. After such a summer, many of us long to be where it is spitting snow to feel those key little dots flick the cheeks. Or to stroll mid the moose and ferns of a sunless glade. Say it rambles on the centuries of dead leaves that carpet that heavily lowered stretch of Pontainblais, a soggy stretch the sun never reaches.

Our housekeeper's 17-year-old son, Robert, an unusually fine lad, made his first trip from home alone recently by a bus journey to Augusta, Maine. His thrifty French mother went with him to purchase his tickets a few days before the high adventure. Walking from the (under, he suddenly squeezed her arm and gurgled ecstatically: "Nothing can happen now. Mother, for I have my tickets." Of course, nothing happened. How could anything happen to the sublimity of such faith?

Robert's bus fell at midnight. His first trip! He could eat only a few scattered bites for dinner. So eager was he to be off he was at the depot at 10. And next morning the mother hummed a bit tremulously something like this: "Should I never see him again, I would be comforted always by the glow of happiness that lighted his face as the bus with a lurch lumbered off into night." What many of us would give to recapture the thrill of that first trip alone!

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Communications
Spank, Spank—Papa's All Wet!
To the Editor:
Your editorial in reply to Mr. Marshall's letter invites presentation of views opposing those expressed in your editorial column. I thank you in advance for the privilege.

I venture the opinion that if our county officials had increased in the name of relief, the bonded debt of the county to the same extent proportionally, that the Roosevelt administration has increased the national debt, and had as little to show for it, you would be leading a movement to replace them with a group having a little ordinary business sense.

No sane man objects to adequate relief; every thoughtful man objects to reckless, wasteful expenditure or visionary, non-productive schemes. If it continues long enough, government pledges to pay, insurance policies, and every other form of investment will be endangered, and Colonel Knox's statement which you criticized so severely would be an understatement.

thoughtful man knows that the corporations must pass their taxes to the ultimate consumer in the form of higher prices or go out of business; in short it means a concealed sales tax which every man, garbage collector or millionaire, pays in addition to those taxes which he pays to the government.
The Governor Landon long ago said that the principle trouble with the president was that he had never had to meet a payroll. Personally, I feel like the man who held the baby during the christening ceremony, and after it was over remarked, "Here I was holding him up all the time, and he kept smiling and smiling, and all the time he was soaking me."
So I am going to vote for Landon. GORDON VOORHIES. Medford, Oct. 8th.

An Answer to Mr. Marshall.
To the Editor:
As to the necessity of your writing clean-cut, clear-thinking political editorials and attempting to clarify the issues, Mr. Vern Marshall recently asked "What is the use?" I think you can not be accused of bias as long as your statement of facts is fair and your conclusions the result of sound reasoning. If you were not intelligent enough to form an opinion, and to help keep some of us posted who have, perhaps, less time to study the daily news—you should be hunting another job.
The Republican party is generally accepted as the party of Big Business. A great many of the rank and file are proud of that fact and apparently want to bask in reflected glory of former idols who, in the recent crisis, exhibited feet of clay, and an I. Q. of 18 years. Probably 40 percent of our citizens habitually vote Republican for the reason mentioned, or because their grandfathers "fit with General Grant."

The Democratic party, generally speaking, includes a more run-of-the-mill type of citizen, who is not favored by special interests and privileges and does not find his philosophy of life on the hope of one day attaining them. It also includes many who instinctively distrust Big Business. Probably 40 percent of our people habitually vote Democratic either for that reason, or because their uncles were elected on the county Democratic ticket in 1882, or for some other cause not remotely connected with an analysis of present day problems.

These two relatively balance each other—leaving the result of any given election up to the remaining 20 percent who attempt to do their own thinking and give to their political responsibilities the same careful analysis and scrutiny devoted to their business affairs. It is to this group that your editorials will appeal, and if you can attract to this group more men of the intelligence of Mr. Marshall, latter's question will have been answered.

H. VAN HOEVENBURG.
Sams Valley, October 8.
Now a word as to wages and machines.
In 1870, there were 2,733,000 wage-earners in factories in this country, and they were paid \$648,000,000 in wages. In 1929, the number of wage earners in factories was 8,222,000 and they were paid \$1,507,000,000.

That is to say, while the NUMBER of wage earners in these 50 years increased only three and one-fourth times the WAGES PAID TO THEM increased twelve and one-fourth times.
DEMOGOGUE politicians about to us from every housetop that under the American system conditions in this country have become steadily worse until NOW they are so bad that something DRASTIC must be done about it. By "something drastic" they mean overthrowing the American system under which we have lived and setting up something else in its place.

THE FIGURES tell another story, proving that instead of getting worse conditions in this country (for EVERYBODY) have got steadily better, until today we all live far more easily and comfortably than our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers did.

IF we are wise, we will study the figures FOR OURSELVES and draw our own conclusions, instead of listening to the demagogues and accepting their honeyed words as gospel.
G. M. Sales Heavy During September
NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Sales of General Motors cars and trucks to consumers in the United States totaled 85,201 in September, the best for that month since 1929, the corporation reported today.

Sales for the first nine months of 1936 totaled 1,346,915, a record high, and compared with 851,373 for the same nine months of 1935.
A WORD TO SPORTSMEN
To the Editor:
This is to sportsmen. Every season there are one or more fatal shootings in the woods, fields or lakes. Why not have an average taken of them over a period of say five years, then an average of hunting licenses over the same period.

Charge a very few cents extra on all hunting licenses to be used as a sinking fund to pay a liberal insurance on the dependents of all persons killed in such manner, and a provision made to pay a reasonable amount to ones seriously injured.

I believe 25c (two bits) would amply provide funds enough to cover such killings and make a lot of wives and children feel a lot more secure when they see Dad packing to hurry into the woods at the opening of the hunting season.

CHARLES E. ROSE.
Rt. 4, Medford, Oct. 9.
North Bonneville Buildings Burned
NORTH BONNEVILLE, Wash., Oct. 10.—(AP) Fire destroyed the national hospital, the "H.B." club and vacated offices of the Columbia Construction company, all one-story frame buildings, here last night.

The cause was believed to be an exploding oil barrel caused by spontaneous combustion. An occupant of the buildings escaped without injury.

Comment of the Day's News

Comment of the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS
ONE of the wrong ideas current in this country (during the recent years in which our thinking has been unduly influenced by demagogues) is that machines TAKE AWAY JOBS. They don't. THEY MAKE NEW JOBS.

FOR example:
In 1879, total horsepower installed in factories in the United States (horsepower is the unit by which use of machines is measured) amounted to 3,411,000. In 1929, fifty years later, total horsepower installed in factories in the U. S. had risen to 42,800,000—an increase of twelve and a half times.

If it is true that machines take away jobs, jobs in factories should have DECREASED in those 50 years. But they DIDN'T. Instead, they increased three and one-fourth times.
FROM 1880 to 1930 (the years of our greatest machine development) the population of the United States increased 218 percent.

But JOBS increased 291 percent.
THE horse and buggy age was pretty largely an age of hand labor. In 1900, when the horse and buggy was about at its peak, approximately ONE million people were working as drivers, stable hands, wagon and buggy makers, etc.

Then the automobile (a new machine) came along, and now THREE million people are working in the automobile industry.
CONSIDER the typewriter and the adding machine.
In 1880, there were no office machines and all accounting was done by hand. In that year it took 4369 clerks, bookkeepers, etc., for each million of population.

In 1930, with typewriters, adding machines, cash registers and all the complicated machines now used in offices, the number of office workers per million of population had increased to 40,805—or more than ten times.

NOW a word as to wages and machines.
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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 11, 1926
(It was Monday)
St. Louis Cardinals win world series with a 3 to 2 victory over the New York Yankees. Grover Cleveland Alexander, strikes out last batter, when he enters game as relief pitcher. Yankee errors prove costly.

American Legion to launch drive against "vote slackers."
\$15,000 needed for a fish screen at Savage Rapids dam.

Autolites ordered to dim auto lights on wet pavements.
J. Adam Bede to open Republican campaign in county with speech at Nat.

Snow appears on hills, with heavy rain in valley.
Jackson county's share of O-C tax refund to be \$1,132,543.22.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
October 11, 1916
(It was Wednesday)
Boston wins fourth game of the world series from Brooklyn, 6 to 2.

Sen George (Our George) Chamberlain discusses issues of the campaign at the Nat. A count showed 1,676 people present.
Virginia Pearson in "A Tortured Heart" at the Page; Margaret Clark in "Sin vs. Satins" at the Star.

City council discusses paving re-bonding plan.
W. G. Tait is elected new president of First National bank.

Rogue River Valley Canning company paying \$10 per ton for tomatoes.

U.S. NATIONAL WILL TAKE PASS BANK OVER ON TUESDAY

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 10.—(AP)—Paul S. Dick, president of the United States National Bank of Portland, said today the institution had purchased the Grants Pass and Josephine County Bank at Grants Pass "to further round out our state-wide banking service in Oregon."

The Grants Pass financial house "will be operated as a direct branch of this (Portland) bank with Sam H. Baker manager and W. J. Baker as assistant manager," Dick said.

Sam H. Baker was vice-president and cashier of the Grants Pass and Josephine bank, of which J. L. Calvert was president.

"Grants Pass and Josephine county are sharing in the business upswing and offer excellent opportunities, we believe, for commercial, industrial and farming operations. Growth and expansion are in order," Dick said today in announcing completion of negotiations.

He said the Portland bank would take over operation of its new Grants Pass branch starting Tuesday, October 13.

Sir Malcolm Done With Land Racing
SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Sir Malcolm Campbell, world speedway king, has abdicated. Capt. G. E. T. Eyston of London seeks his throne.

"Sir Malcolm definitely has retired from racing so far as land speed records are concerned," Gus P. Backman, secretary of the Bonneville Salt Flats Speedway association, quoted Eyston as writing.

Eyston said he is building a car for a 1937 annual against the 301.123 miles-an-hour record established in 1935 by Campbell on the glistening salt beds of western Utah.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Oct. 10.—(AP)—Coroner H. C. Stearns was called to Tiller this afternoon by a report that William Shannon, a prospector in the Coffee creek district, had been found dead near his claim. Death, the coroner was informed in the message received by telephone, apparently was due to natural causes.

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