

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

There is deep and widespread Democratic disgust with the Literary Digest straw vote poll. It is as wrong this year as it was right in 1932, and an abomination to Republicans. The uncanny accuracy of the periodical in determining which way the political cat will hop, always surprises one and mystifies the other.

It is now alleged doors on autos are "unsafe and unhandy, and retard speedy exiting." With all their faults, the doors still beat going through the windshield as a way to get out in a hurry.

There is not much talk about the candidates for the job of handing over the keys to the city for the coming two years.

A blind curve that did not see a speed idiot in time, caused an auto accident late yesterday.

The hunting season ended Sunday. Stockmen have started rounding up cows that failed to succumb as deer.

"All any football coach needs to make a fine team is a group of players good at running, passing and blocking. The alumni will do the kicking." (Saginaw (Mich.) News)—OSC-UFO grid mentors note.

Heimy Offenbacher of the Applegate left yesterday for Klamath county, but will be back in time to come to town, as usual, next Sat.

The Older Girls have inventoried Mrs. Simpson, the girl friend of the King of England, and returned a verdict she is not good looking. On the other hand, the King, himself, is no Gary Cooper.

The autumn leaves are now thick enough on lawns to cause the slight of a rake to give a bowler the lumbago.

J. Curtis Barnes, the ex-Kansas money expert, spotted a Landon ticket Monday, and looked at it like he had never seen a coat before.

WHAT AILS US. "A chief cause of the confusion in higher learning is the love of money. Dependence on the casual interests of donors means that nobody can tell from one year to another what a university's policy is. Universities should have an educational policy and then finance it, instead of letting financial accidents determine their educational policy."

Oppose Hospital Change. EUGENE, Oct. 27.—(AP)—General Lawton camp of the Spanish War Veterans here went on record as opposing any change in the present setup of the National Veterans' hospital at Roseburg. Telegrams to that effect were forwarded to Oregon's congressional members following a meeting of the camp here last night.

Improved Daggett & Ramsdell Cosmetics. An inexpensive cream for young's skin needs. Make-up kits \$1.00. Young's Drug Store.

Save middleman's profits. From maker to you. Klein the Tailor, upstairs.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Editorial Correspondence

EUGENE, Ore., Oct. 25.—Social note: Among the Medfordites at the Oregon-W. S. C. game glimpsed by your correspondent were: Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Biddle, Otis Booth, former ranch colony tycoon, now of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. J. Emmens, Mr. and Mrs. Corbin Edgell, Heine Fluhrer, "Irish" Coleman, Max Peirce, Donald Clark, Sprague Reigel, Miss Roberts, Tom Emmens and cetera et cetera. Also Fred Colvig and Judge Phipps' handsome boy—for merely a handshake—they are two of the most promising products of the Oregon School of Journalism, who would like to run William Randolph Hearst to cover and grab his crown—and one of these fine days maybe they will!

If we were lucky enough to own a movie theatre these piping days of Roosevelt prosperity, believe we would either take out riot insurance (a la Bill Gates) or show no more talkies of the respective presidential candidates.

Dropped in last night to see "The General Dies at Dawn," which somehow, we missed when it came to Medford. One of the most truly romantic and exciting films we have looked in on for many a day. Perhaps all the intrigue and gun-popping had something to do with it, and perhaps not. At any rate, your correspondent was sleepily noting the progress of the usual news reel, trying to decide whether to stick it out or call it a night, when directly from behind there came a war whooping "boo" that would have taken his toupee off completely if he had one. This was a signal for boos, hisses and cat-calls from all over the packed house, in fact general pandemonium broke loose. The cause of it all was the presentation of one of the mildest and NICEST presidential candidates who ever sprayed his larynx and stood before a microphone—Governor Alfred Mossman Landon of Kansas. We failed to notice where the speech was given, and because of the racket couldn't hear a word he said, but we can't believe—it was any more provocative or incendiary, than the others he has delivered the past several weeks.

One would have supposed it was General Wu or Wang or Wung, suddenly appearing in person right before the footlights. It was terrible, we expected at any moment a riot would break out.

But nothing happened. The ushers took it all as a matter of course and we have an idea the manager didn't even emerge from his private office. A partial explanation was forthcoming when the aspirant for the White House was immediately followed by the President himself. It may have been our seat which was uncomfortably close to the screen,—(only 3 singles left in the house, Miss Spank, the pulchritudinous usherette informed us)—or perhaps the owner is a rabid Landonite,—at any rate the President looked terrible, the teeth on one side of his mouth stuck out, painfully reminiscent of Frederic March in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and he had at least 3 double chins instead of none at all. At such a spectacle we expected the roof to fall in, and to be numbered among the innocent victims of another movie holocaust, but the Landon demonstration was an anti-climax,—in fact very disappointing—or must have been to the loyal Republicans who participated in it. A deep chested gentleman across the aisle, hissed malignantly throughout but he was the only demonstrator in our immediate section of the house we could pick out. Perhaps the fact the leather lunged booper behind us maintained a dignified silence, partially accounted for it. However all partisanship aside, we were confident if Fred Allen's sound machine had been there, it would have reached about 90 degrees for the pro-President demonstration and not more than 55 degrees for the G.O.P. claquers. Which may or not prove that Lane County is going Democratic.

We were amused at the comment of the lady on our left, after the presidential talkies had passed and peace and quiet reigned once more.

Said she to her escort, "Well, I will say this, the Landon supporters were more GENTLEMANLY about it!"

We felt like inquiring if she considered the spectacle of the portly Mr. Babbitt across the aisle, hissing the President of the United States, as a demonstration of gentlemanly behaviour, but didn't. She had maintained a dignified silence, throughout both demonstrations, as had your correspondent (silent at least) so why start anything, that time of night!

Ran into a fellow member of the craft up here, who paid us the highest compliment a newspaper man can receive—or at least we so regard it. When football died out—that game wasn't much to talk about—politics came up of course.

He didn't start out so well, but the conclusion is what we liked. Said he:

"Why do you KEEP on writing political editorials anyway! They don't do any good now—it's too late. Besides you said it all last April or May. You said if the country is prosperous in November nothing can beat Roosevelt, and if it isn't nothing can elect him." That's all there is to it. The country is prosperous. Why not forget about politics and talk about something that is really of moment. Now you take the situation in Europe—etc., etc.

That's the highest compliment one newspaper man can pay another. Not only READ his stuff, but REMEMBER it! Good advice no doubt, but Ye Editor suffers from such a deep seated infection, fear only the treatment November 3rd can cure it. (Though at the moment we are, by force of circumstances enjoying a little breathing spell,—ditto we hope Verne and the agitated boys up near the corner of West Main and Holly!)

Oh, well, it will all come out in the wash—only one week more—hot dickety—that's SOMETHING! R.W.R.



(Continued from Page One.)

Wallace's recent hypothetical novel on the Constitution had a good sale, but the Fayetteites do not believe his speeches have been effective lately with the common ordinary run of farmers.

The housing shortage in Washington is beginning to pinch the brain trusters. For instance, Prof. Tugwell had to give up his home here recently because the landlord wanted to live there himself. As no other suitable place could be found, he moved it back near Columbia University, in New York, and immediately rumors were started that his brain trusters' days were nearing a conclusion. His resettlement administration friends ardently cony this, and most authorities here are inclined to believe them.

The general assumption is Tugwell will take a more active part in governmental affairs as soon as the campaign is over.

In White House circles, there is some talk about Thomas Corcoran, the financial brain trust, being appointed as a literary secretary to the president, after election. The talk grows out of the fact that Corcoran has been doing some excellent ghost work on the president's campaign speeches. No decision has been made. Anyway, he probably would not care to leave the R.P.C. where he has enjoyed one of those many strenuous amuses, seeking the apple over the stars and a neatly fielding shoe lace drive. I was about 19

All her candidates have attained a celebrity. I suppose a notable one, including myself, only a very mild so-so. However, the lady will find many reactionaries to her list. A careful historian at a small dinner the other night, observed that in his opinion America has produced but one figure in the last decade who would be generally known 100 years from now. His selection was Lindbergh. I do not agree, but the list will not include more than half a dozen.

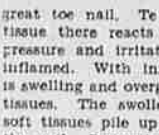
The majority caucus to hero worship after 40. They have seen too many clay feet. The flaming zeal of idolatry flares highest between 15 and 18. No idol to me has come within a mile of attaining the stature of the swaggering Mike Donlin, belaying amuses, seeking the apple over the stars and a neatly fielding shoe lace drive. I was about 19

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.

INGROWN TOE-NAIL IS NOT GROWN IN

The condition commonly called "ingrown" toe-nail is nothing of the sort. It is actually inflammation of the matrix and the soft parts about the nail. What happens in this, Nature gives us five toes. They need five toes' room. But we give them only three or four toes' room. From crowding the five toes into a three-toe or four-toe shoe we maintain fairly constant pressure upon



great toe nail. To matrix and soft tissue there reacts to this constant pressure and irritation by becoming inflamed. With inflammation there is swelling and overgrowth in the soft tissues. The swollen, hypertrophied soft tissues pile up over the edge of the nail. Presently infection occurs, and if the irritation is kept up the inflamed, infected, soft tissue suppurates more or less, and granulation develops—commonly called "proud flesh." To the ordinary observer it looks as though the toe-nail has grown into the flesh. In truth the flesh has grown up over the edge of the nail.

Horse hairs never turn into hair snakes either. That's another story but it just goes to show.

Neither has any great surgeon here, in Russia or in Timbuctoo, ever taken out a patient's eyes, carried them over to the sink, to wash them and put them back in again. Nor for that matter has any barber ever caught a hair or whisker in the act of "growing in," though several barbers have killed their unwary customers with blood poisoning from their crude attempts to dig out so-called "ingrowing hairs."

Many operations have been devised to cure "ingrown toe-nail." I'd think a while before submitting to such an operation, even though thinking were painful. Simple treatment always cures and the trouble does not recur if the faulty footwear is not resumed.

Wear no shoes or only shoes several sizes too large, to insure against any pressure. Having washed and dried the foot well, apply narrow strips of adhesive plaster, beginning at the edge of the nail and extending spirally under and around the toe to keep the soft tissue drawn away from nail. Keep the groove powdered with alum. Trim the nail nearly straight across

when he reigned. Life could have offered nothing more than to walk with him from the players' exit to his street car. And a big emotional pickup came years later when in the mail one morning I found a letter from Mike—a fan letter at that! And one which occupies a prominent place in my memory book.

I was also one of the big army of Della Fox worshippers. Night after night I sat moon-struck in the gallery while, in lavender tights and smoking a cigaret she sang that babbling brook thing. My next stage crush was Flora Zabelle, and I colored up like everything when someone told "Zaz" about it as I was talking to her one day.

I stopped at one of those free health exhibits on Broadway the other night. A Vandyked Flexer, banded to the waist, was flexing his muscles, heaving his chest and expounding his idea of the More Abundant Life. The crowd was becoming chafely restless and drifting out until he boomed: "And now we come to the problem of sex!" Everybody halted and stuck around awhile. The professor knew his Broadway!

In tenement areas of the 40's westward from Broadway, where asphalt is the playground, there come weekly innovations from monotony. One is the Victor Herbert looking Pony Man with his three saddled Shetlands for a penny a block ride. Also the horse drawn carousel, whirled crankwise by an aged charioteer. Their arrivals are gala days in the slums.

From a letter: As chairman of a bridge party for doctor's wives we had George Ade as a guest. He was in rare form. As a preface to one yarn he ventured casually: "You read McIntyre?" One of the ladies leaned forward and beamed: "Oh, religiously." Mr. Ade shook his head rather sadly and replied: "My heavens, that is no way to read him." Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate.

ZONTA CLUB ENJOYS LUNCHEON MEETING First luncheon meeting of the newly organized local branch of Zonta club, women's classified service organization, was held yesterday at the Hotel Medford, with Mrs. Margaret Patrick, president, presiding. Included on the program was a short talk by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann, first vice-president, who discussed the visit of herself and Mrs. Patrick to Portland and Salem last week, when they met officers of other Zonta clubs.

Music included two piano solos by Helen Young, daughter of Mrs. Lola Young, and a vocal solo by Effie Hertz, chairman of the program committee. Miss Josephine Kirby addressed the group briefly on her recent visit to Japan.

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BROTHER GREET'S 'DEATH VICTIM'



Jesse Owen Gifford (right), 41-year-old World War veteran who had been missing from his Tennessee home for eight years and had been listed as slain five years ago, met his brother, Henry, again for the first time at a Reno hotel. The missing man was located through fingerprints filed with an application for a soldier's bonus. (Associated Press Photo)

G-MEN CATCH KIDNAPER'S PAL



This picture shows Edward Filas (right), asserted pal of William Dainard, alias Mahan, convicted kidnaper of 9-year-old George Weyerhaeuser, as he was hustled out of department of justice headquarters at Tacoma, Wash. Filas, also known as Red Lane, who was captured in San Francisco, faced harboring charges. The government also hoped to locate the missing portion of the Weyerhaeuser ransom money. (Associated Press Photo)

Another campaign development was a bitter court fight between Harry L. Hopkins, relief chief, and New Jersey Republicans. The latter sought to have a federal court here compel Hopkins to open WPA records, saying they suspected relief funds had been diverted to political purposes. Hopkins opposed this plea, declaring it was a political move.

Coach Frank Thomas of the University of Alabama predicts the 1936 southeastern conference championship race will be the hottest in the history of the organization.

When Eimer Layden was appointed head coach in 1934, Notre Dame appointed its first Catholic member in 23 years. Knute Rockne became a

Notice. Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the town council of the Town of Eagle Point, in Jackson County, Oregon, at the office of the town recorder of said town until the hour of 3:30 p. m. on the 4th day of November, 1936, for the purchase of an issue of general obligation negotiable bonds of said town in the amount of \$11,000.00, to be designated "water works bonds" and to bear interest at the rate of 5% per annum, payable semi-annually on the 1st day of May and November of each year until maturity, interest to be evidenced by coupons to be attached to the bonds. Said bonds shall be dated November 1, 1936, shall be in denominations of \$500.00 each, and shall mature in the order of their numbers as follows: \$500.00 shall be paid on November 1, 1940, \$500.00 each year thereafter on the 1st day of November until and including the 1st day of November, 1951. Thereafter \$1000.00 per year shall be paid upon said bonds on the 1st day of November of each year beginning with the year 1952 and ending with the year 1958.

Said bonds, or any portion thereof, may be called in the order of their number by the town on sixty days notice on the 1st day of November of any year after the year 1946.

All bids must be in writing and must be for not less than par and accrued interest. Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check of some bank of the State of Oregon for five percent of the whole or any specified part of the issue. The council reserves the right to reject any or all bids. W. H. YOUNG, Recorder of the Town of Eagle Point.

Why Slow Laxatives Fail in Stubborn Constipation Twelve to 24 hours is too long to wait for REAL QUICK RELIEF take ALKALINE ASTORIA CONSTIPATION CURE. It acts on the stomach and BOWEL passages, already have spent \$9.00, at once and usually removes bowel congestion in two hours.

Reports to Capitol Hill showed that the two major parties in their titanic struggle already have spent \$9,016,978. This is more than double the cost of the 1932 campaign.

Hamilton Hits Back. John Hamilton, chairman of the Republican national committee, hit back at James Roosevelt for criticizing the administration of Kansas schools under Landon. Changing young Roosevelt with "disregard for the facts," Hamilton said "not a Kansas child has been deprived of schooling." Dr. Francis G. Blair, former head of public instruction in Illinois, said any charge that Landon closed schools was "political" and "without any foundation."

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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 27, 1926 (It was Wednesday) Newlywed couple and male friend traveling in stolen car confess holding up Jacksonville service station and receive five-year sentences.

Work starts on building of sawmill at Tomlin box factory. Medford gridmen, aroused by Klamath Falls charges of "roughness," practice hard for game Saturday.

State plans to get share of O-O tax refund money from counties. Police warn boys and girls "no malicious nonsense will be tolerated this Halloween." Special cops will be on duty.

Construction of a service station on East Main protested. Otto Hecker of Jacksonville leaps for life with his pants burning when his motorcycle caught fire.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 27, 1916 (It was Friday) Irrigation urged for the Gold Hill district.

J. B. Coleman on a trip to the Applegate last week saw a deer swimming in the river but had no gun.

"A party was held at Nelson Nye's last Friday evening." (Florence Rock Post).

Great interest in football game with Klamath Falls here tomorrow. Lloyd Williamson will lead the "loyal rooters."

Fruit growers of valley face heavy losses due to shortage of cars for shipments. "Co-operation" is adopted as slogan of Democratic party, as well as "He kept us out of war."

Ye Poets Corner

Cod-Liver Oil By T. V. W. (Apologies to Bryant) The melancholy days are come, The saddest of the year, Of hacking cough and running nose, And reddened eyes, and blear. Poor Mother's winter job's begun, Her faithful patient fingers, Reluctant upon the smelly stuff— My goah, how long it lingers! Yes, MELANCHOLY days are come, The saddest of the year.

The Flame Of The Writers

It may flame from a cabin or castle, Or vella down under the hills, But wherever its fine light is flowing, It cures the keen mind of its ills.

For the flame of good writing enlivens The readers of poems or prose, As it moves to the magic of music And rhythm of life as it flows. When uplifting the heart of the worker, And warming the soul who would sing, While conquering the rigors of winter, And bringing the song of the spring. —DELROY GETCHELL, (Banker Poet)

Weather Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday, but local fogs on coast; no change in temperature; gentle northwest wind off coast. Oregon: Fair tonight and Wednesday, but morning fogs in west portion; no change in temperature; gentle northwest wind off coast.

COATS you would want to wear \$19.95 - \$29.75 ETHELWYN B. HOFFMANN

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