

**MEDFORD MATT. TRIBUNE**  
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Matt. Tribune"  
 Daily Except Saturdays  
 Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 12  
 14-21-23 N. 7th St.  
 ROBERT W. RUEL, Editor  
 WENDELL R. GILBERT, Manager  
 An Independent Newspaper  
 Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.  
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### What Might Have Been

IT is easy to be wise after the event. There are a great many wisecracks now, who can explain to their own satisfaction why there was such a landslide last Tuesday.

This paper along with others has its pet explanation. It is concerned with the character of the Republican campaign.

OUR contention is that an entirely different campaign would have given Landon and Knox far greater support. The keynote of this campaign would have been neither hate, nor fear of Roosevelt. In fact it would have been granted that, all in all, the president had done a good job. He would have been given credit for having saved the country from economic collapse, in its time of peril, and given the country, many reforms that were needed, and the purposes of which were essentially right.

But it would also have been maintained that with these accomplishments the time had come to "stop, look and listen"—to consolidate the advance positions gained, and give the country a genuine breathing spell, from further experimentation and too hasty advancement.

We admit such a campaign would never have defeated Roosevelt, but it is clear that no campaign would. A Republican victory was simply not in the cards this year.

With the exception of Jim Farley—who in all likelihood, didn't really believe what he said—everyone was wrong in guessing the result this year. It has been revealed that President Roosevelt himself, predicted he would win by 360 electoral votes; while his expert election scout Mr. Hurja only gave him ten more... they were over 150 electoral votes out of the way.

WHAT made the popular sweep for the president so overwhelming we believe was essentially the American sense of fair play. When the opposition not only refused to grant anything of benefit had been accomplished during his administration, but claimed that if he were re-elected, the banks and insurance companies would not be safe, and the American form of government would be overturned, a resentment was aroused among the people as a whole, regardless of party, which reached a climax about election day. It was this resentment, that accounted for the extraordinary increase in registration throughout the country, particularly on the Democratic side.

Former President Hoover interpreted this as evidence of hostility—a protest vote—against the administration. Poor Mr. Hoover, was not only wrong as usual, but exactly 100% wrong.

Not only would a more rational and just attitude toward President Roosevelt have given the Republican opposition, more votes, and even in defeat a feeling of greater self-respect, but would have given what the country needs but now has lost, a well organized and effective opposition, in the upper and lower houses of congress.

THIS overwhelming landslide pleased the Roosevelt partisans of course but from the standpoint of the country it was not a good thing. Not only has the Republican opposition in congress been greatly reduced, but its morale has been destroyed, and it will be a long time before a feeling of self-confidence, and a spirit of partisan enterprise, can be restored.

No matter which party is in power, the country needs a strong party of opposition, as a balance wheel to progress, and an element constantly devoted to the better clarification of measures and issues.

For the time being this will be impossible. It's too bad, but the reactionary leadership of the Republican party, has only itself to blame.

### Why Not Be Sensible?

"Giving full consideration to all of the information which is available to me at this time, from polls and from personal reports which have come to me from representatives of the national committee in the field, and from state leaders, I unhesitatingly predict the election of Governor Alfred M. Landon of Kansas and Colonel Frank Knox of Illinois at the general election Tuesday.

"I have from time to time predicted that Landon would carry every state east of the Mississippi river and north of the line of the Ohio river and the state of West Virginia as well.

"In addition to these states, he will carry a sufficient number of states west of the Mississippi to total 70 (electoral) votes. My absolute minimum is 320 votes for the Republican national ticket and anything in excess of that would in no way be surprising."—Chairman John D. M. Hamilton, New York Tribune, Nov. 2, 1936.

So speaketh the G. O. P. national chairman on the eve of the election that gave his candidate two states, with eight electoral votes.

We are not blaming Hamilton. They all do it, just as all prize fight managers do it. Had Jim Farley been handling Governor Landon's campaign he would no doubt have said about the same thing.

It is an old army custom in pugilism and politics. But we wonder if the United States hasn't matured to a point where such childish and meaningless ballyhoo, hereafter can be discarded.

WHY not try an experiment in 1940. Eliminate all polls and straw ballots, all partisan predictions of the result, conduct a sane, energetic and sensible campaign devoted only to the salient issues on both sides and leave the result to the voters—and only the voters—on election day.

Just for one election of course. If after such a trial there should be a great popular demand for straw ballots hither and yon, and bombastic proclamations of landslides by all the campaign managers, no harm would be done.

We could go back to the war dance, three ring circus type of foolishness and go on from there.

But we don't believe there would be.

### Comment of the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS.  
**FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT** has just received the greatest vote of confidence ever given to an American president.  
 After four years of his New Deal, the states, on the basis of the electoral vote, have returned him to office practically unanimously. Only two small states, both in New Eng-

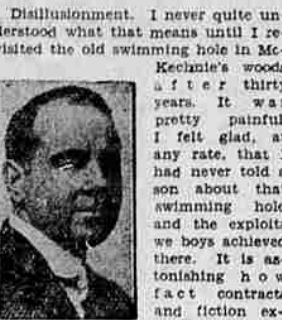
land, went against him, and these by majorities not at all impressive.  
 It is a wonderful tribute. No man since the world began could fail to be proud of it.  
**WITH** supreme power now in his hands, with a vote of confidence more impressive than any president ever received before, with a congress that will do his bidding unhesitatingly, President Roosevelt faces a choice.  
 During his first term, he has spent more money than any administration ever spent since the nation was founded. For nearly four years, he has spent each year approximately TWICE as much as the government has received in taxes, adding the dif-

### 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, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

#### GIVE ME A DIPPER OF MILK I CAN DRINK



Disillusionment. I never quite understood what that means until I revisited the old swimming hole in McKeel's woods after thirty years. It was pretty painful. I felt glad, at any rate, that I had never told a son about that swimming hole and the exploits we boys achieved there. It is astonishing how fact contracts and fiction expands with the years. It is still more amazing how you come to believe your own yarns in time.

I still think I am crazy about milk fresh from the cow, for two reasons. I recall fondly going across the street for our milk when I was a kid and the delight of a dipperful which the kindly old German woman always offered a kid when he came for the milk. Second, I recall as fondly a drive we used to take with our own kids a few miles south of town, out in the hills, to a hillside farm on a back road, where, if we timed our arrival accurately, we could watch the farmer send his colts down the valley, over the bridge and up in the woods to drive in the cows and then stand by while he milked, and drink as many dipperfuls as the good man considered safe for one stomach at one time. I'd be willing to travel by almost any means except the air for a week for the privilege of taking that ten-mile drive again, in the late summer or early autumn, after a rain. Wow! The very thought of it makes my stomach water.

A good goat dairyman, learning of my fondness for milk fresh from the cow, and of my endorsement of goat's milk as a safe and wholesome raw milk for infants or invalids, drove some forty miles as fast as possible with a quart of goat's milk to a publishing office where the good man assumed I worked. I learned some weeks afterward that the boys in the office pronounced the milk excellent. I was miles away.

Finally, a man who markets a fine high-grade raw milk milked some into a vacuum bottle and rushed it over the mountain to my playground one morning, still warmish and darn good milk, yet...  
 Some day before I die I'm going to get another dipperful of milk as nature. Maybe I keep putting off the day because of the way the old swimming hole betrayed me.

Meanwhile, my notion of a royal treat is plenty of plain fresh milk, oh, say a quart, with something to nibble along with it. Not only because I like milk, but because I consider it the most nearly perfect health food.

#### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Ab, There, Le Bimbe  
 I notice you use the term "bimbo" for baby girl or boy. In the Italian idiom *il bimbo* is boy baby, *i bimbi* the boys, *la bimba* the girl, and *le bimbe* the girls... (A. de C.)

Answer—Thank you, I wish I had known when getting out the Brady Better Baby Book a few months ago. No bimbo in the book, but I think I have everything else pretty well up-to-date in it. Copy to any amateur or rattled parent who can spare a dime and a stamped envelope bearing his address.

Meat and Meat Extractives  
 If a man has been advised by his physician to abstain from meat, would it be all right for him to eat soups made with meat stock or consommé or bouillon? (M. J. R.)

Answer—His physician can best advise about that, but as a rule there is no significant difference between meat and such meat extractives, except that extractives give flavor without nutriment.

Specific Disease  
 I may be morbid-minded, but I should like to have an intelligent idea of what syphilis and gonorrhoea are. (Miss W. S.)

Answer—Send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monographs on syphilis and gonorrhoea.

Ed Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D. 263 El Camino Beverly Hills, Calif.

hands or do a little on the shoulder, reclining during progress of a picture. That Automat nudging the Globe is one of the chief meeting places of the early crowd.

Too, there's that cul de sac dubbed Shubert Alley, a smooth pond in the whirlpool back of the Astor. It is the gathering place for those who live on nightly theatrical crumbs. Sparrows that fell—the bonneted flower seller, trembling pencil hawkers, chewing gum peddlers and such. A child that never invades the priority of one of their kind. It was Alan Dale, I think, who christened the blind aperture Shubert Alley. On hot summer nights the Shuberts used to meet prospective players there for conferences.

A dramatic high light in what many call transition instead of the harsher name of death took place in Shubert Alley some years ago. During a premiere at the theater next door a man suddenly faint asked his wife to go with him into the little breathing space for fresh air. Arriving, he keeled to the asphalt. Gasping a while, he suddenly grew still. Then a smile ineffable peace, his eyelids fluttered and opened. And to his bending wife he murmured: "You were right. I was wrong. It is true!" She—an actress herself, now a wardrobe woman—always believed he was referring to their religious differences. He was a non-believer and she was not. She is certain he received a sudden peep beyond.

Outside of Alexander Woolcott's stretched-on-the-divan part at the Belasco several years ago, no actor has had a more lackadaisical role than Clifton Webb in the recent Guild goulash of elegant ennui. Webb recited his foppish flippancies reclining on a chaise-longue and his strain for boredom sent many away yawning. Webb faces barriers George M. Cohan had to hurdle when he set out to desert hooding and become a serious actor. Like Cohan, customers expected Webb at almost any moment to go into his dance, and when he insisted on just acting they were disappointed. But many hoofers have become expert in dramatic ventures. Alfred Lunt, for instance, it's a world of contrast. Most of us in the audience would rather tap dance expertly than essay the fattest role on the boards.

I like to loiter near out-of-town newspaper stands. It's a fixation in the column credo that the plainclothes men who hang about them pick up homesick criminals must always be mentioned. Anyway, it is quiet fun trying to guess from what locale comes an approaching patron. I picked one from Texas today but

he asked for a Philadelphia Record. And another I was sure was a commuter from one of those Jersey towns with a rip-saw name, such as Hackensack, asked for the London Times.



(Continued from Page One.)

probably develop slowly. Most of the party thinkers are content to let political matters drift. Probably nothing important will be done for six months, but an educational organization may be set up to keep the fire burning.

As one pro-Republican publicity worker mourned after the congressional results came in: "We hardly have anyone left in the government to issue a statement."

### Flight 'o Time

Medford and Jackson County history from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 20 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY  
 November 8, 1926  
 (It was Saturday)  
 Hall-Mills murder trial started at Somerville, N. J.

President Coolidge proposes ten percent income tax refund coming year. Surplus in U. S. treasury prompts move.

Princeton defeats Harvard.  
 Medford defeats Corvallis, 14 to 10 in thrilling battle. Endurance of local squad proves deciding factor in final quarters. Barney Senn and Archie Laing best Medford ground gablers.

Ashland starts work on water extension plan.  
 Moonshine drinking in colleges revealed in report of wet committee.

Los Angeles woman held for cutting car and hair of a popular blond.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY  
 November 8, 1916  
 (It was Wednesday)  
 Nip and tuck race between President Wilson and Hughes for presidency. Result in doubt. Hughes loses Jackson county by 1200 votes. California close, may take official count. Democratic chiefs claim victory.  
 David Rosenberg leaves for Roseburg to attend to some business.  
 Now predicted European war will last as long as warring nations are willing to fight.  
 Bone dry law believed winner in Oregon by small majority.  
 Jackson county lays tentative plans to celebrate Wilson's election on Saturday night.  
 Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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### NEW YORK MAN Day by Day

by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The theater has netted but two out-standing hits so far this season. But it continues to zoom its skyrocketing fair across the night-ly pink haze of the Broadway heavens. From 8 to 9 p. m. midtown takes on a top hat gallantry and ermine elegance.

Restaurant crowds are in the ephemeral flush of their cocktail glow and noise under mar-quees and in foyers to include all their showy "Here I am" artifices with that expert off-hand casualness that stamps phoeneas on parade. You'd think they'd know it's comedy even to autograph addicts.

Every weekday evening of winter is an opening night along the Rialto. And the first nighters are as standardized as the gang at the postoffice waiting for the evening mail. To be in at the death of a play or acouchement of a hit is a stroke in the cafe society whirl. A symbol one "belongs."

All the traffic arteries are clogged with the finest in motor opulence. And the sidewalks overflow into the gutter. Midtown, Mardi Gras fashion, moves in inches. The spirit is carnival. The heavy boots that utter-resses light hearts the world over.

There is also the "movie hour" between 6 and 7. Not so starchy but adding a zestful zing to the street and sidewalk olla-podrida. They are chiefly commuters who dine at 5 in cozy restaurants niched in side streets. Unlike the hurrying Manhattanite they idle before window displays, stop to hear the pitchmen and as O. Henry once aptly described are "The sort who accept advertising handbills from the passers." They are mostly young Aprils who hold



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