

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23-25 N. Fir St. Phone 15

Subscription Rates: Daily, one year, \$10.00; Daily, six months, \$6.00; Daily, one month, \$1.00

Official Paper of the City of Medford, Official Paper of Jackson County

MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS, MEMBER OF ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

WEST HOLIDAY

Office in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

Member Oregon Newspaper Association

Ye Smudge Pot

The knave the Kian intends to ride again in Ore., caused nobody hereabouts to wonder where he hid his knighthood.

A great many valley citizens had important business that forced them to spend the week-end in the vicinity of the Ore.-OSC football game.

The weather has been the recipient of many compliments, as it has been magnificent, and just what the Dr. ordered.

J. Marshall and P. DeSouza had their hands clasped by the Postmaster-General at Eugene last week, and are they exulted and enraptured and enthused!

The pears the orchardists will get nothing for, have all been picked and packed.

Prof. Reimer of Talent got his name and picture in the Agricultural Year Book, for his work fighting blight.

The home-made deed of conveyance known as a "bug" again clutters up the highways and byways.

The Elks' tomato is in the hospital with a bum eye, which was clawed in an alley brawl. No cat in this world receives more tender care, has more lights, or gets licked oftener than this fellow.

E. Ulrich, the Prospect mt-Wm., dropped his plow Thure, and came to town.

Galshewitski report their young men owing to the chilly evenings have started delivering fireside chats to them. The winter social whirl has not yet started to whirl.

The city dads have ordered bum sidewalks fixed. Some got that way for lack of pedestrians, and others couldn't survive having an auto driven over them.

Laws are carpeted with autumn leaves, that husbands intended to rake up, but their wives beat them to it.

A number of upstate officials called Wed. and helped open the Specific Dimey over the Siskiyou. A gentleman from Portland was pointed out to the natives as a likely bit of Republican gubernatorial timber.

The law caught up with a speed idiot Thure, night, who was driving like it was Saturday night.

G. Gates' boy Philip is wielding a trombone in a grade school orchestra.

Mica Womack reports he has a rainbow cornered in a hole in the ground on Whiskey creek, that will fix things so he will not have to make pancakes in the gold dust pan anymore.

The football squad eked out a scoreless tie with Klamath Falls Fri. eve. The field was as muddy as if it had rained 40 days and nights, though it has been that long since it rained there.

Hermey Offenbacher of the Applegate fetched Jim O'Brien of the same vicinity to town mid-week. They bought some ham and bacon on the hoof, to mix with their beans.

This is the last day for a hunter to look like a deer in the timber, at his peril.

Tillers have started to threaten to do their fall plowing, and some have fitted action to words, or their oldest boy.

The Older Girls are mad at the surplus of housewives, and call them "peaky," and heap other vindictive opprobrium upon them.

Discredited Diplomacy

INTERNATIONAL diplomacy is a silly farce. A few days ago, the Japanese foreign office, proclaimed it was fighting communism, and asked for the moral support of capitalistic nations, opposing communism.

Then Tokio received official notice that organized labor in this country had voted a boycott against Japanese-made goods, as a rebuke to militant imperialism, in the Far East, and the waging of an undeclared war of conquest against China.

Whereupon the Japanese foreign office issued another clarion cry for aid,—this time against its capitalistic competitors, particularly England and the United States, who are using the war and labor as a smoke screen, behind which they are determined to destroy Japan's markets, and grab aforesaid markets for THEMSELVES!

Both claims happen to be false. But if one were true the other couldn't be, for no country could be fighting communism one day, and capitalism the next,—such a contention just doesn't make sense. Yet this is the sober assertion of Japanese diplomacy, if the press dispatches are correct.

WE don't claim Japan is unique in taking such a position, or, diplomatically speaking, any worse than occidental countries have been in the past, when endeavoring to justify a war in which they became engaged.

We are commenting upon the incident, not so much to discredit Japan, as to discredit the entire game of international diplomacy, as it exists today, and as it has existed for two or three hundred years.

There is NO TRUTH IN IT!—never has been, probably never will be. From first to last it is as false as so many "dieters' oaths" and just as effective,—which means it has no instructive or beneficial effect at all.

AND that is the strange part of it,—not that great nations should lie to advance their cause, but that they should be so dumb,—i.e., falsify so crudely, and so stupidly. No one is fooled,—unless perhaps the propaganda originators themselves,—and yet the foreign offices, year after year and generation after generation, persist in it.

It is a form of mass hypnosis, hard to explain, and impossible to understand,—except on the assumption that while the nations of the world have advanced individually and internally, collectively and in their international relations, they remain in the dark ages.

NEW YORK Day by Day by O.O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—All great thinkers need solitude. And I have a swell hunk of it today—everybody is away. Any moment now I'm likely to begin drooping into one of my pensive moods.

Wonder whatever became of that kodak snapshot of me on a rock at Catalina, gazing out to sea? With a chin cupped in my hand, hair a bit tousled, and that far-away look in my soft brown eyes, you'd scarcely think I was of this world. So ethereal. What a sucker Pirie MacDonald is not to catch my profile for his side-walk cabinet. He'd do a turn-away bust.

Wish I could think up something dandy to moon about, now that I'm all alone. I'm tired of that old one about the state of the Empire. Oh, yes, a lot of people have been picking on me lately. For instance, that old policeman at dinner last night with the loganets.

Rebuking me before all those people for splitting an infinitive. That is what the loganette likely is for. Just to snoot through the newspapers and see what poor dub has misplaced a whom, doubled a negative or scrambled a metaphor. Fine little hobby, that!

Still, I must not let myself sag and get too dour. We Scots often grow so morose we just sit sulking for days. The last time I put on a protracted pout was when my wife refused to go to a Walter Chrysler, Jr., cocktail party with me unless I switched from a yellow and green striped shirt for something in white. For two days I just sat at a window looking out on a blank roof-top, nibbling only a Graham water or so and faking a canham in the last-act cough when anyone came in the room. It would wring your heart to see the sad little wisp of a smile I can stage in an emergency. One of those don't-mind-me-I-won't-be-here-much-longer anyway things.

But my brooding never gets anywhere. About the time I think I'll have everybody on their knees with crying towels, somebody barges in and organizes a party to go out rington door-bells or the like. And off they go, laughing and shouting "Good-bye Sourpuss, have a good time with your miseries!" or something un-funny such as that.

Maybe I should try to be gay when left alone. One of the Happiness Boys. Wait, I'll turn on the radio. There's a rousing, blood-pumping tune. Nothing like a zippy march to stir up the liver and jack up the spirits. Chin up, shoulders back. I'll make out I'm just home from the wars. Approaching the triumphal arch. The conquering hero! Here I go at the reviewing stand. The governor and the grand marshal at salute. Steady now, don't trip into one of those running alla-look at the show-off of confetti! Boy, is this a welcome home! Don't say anything now, but in making that quick turn in the front hall I seemed to have wrenched my hip. Sounded to me as though something snapped. That would be my neck. Trying to be all merry and bright and slip goes a puckering string!

But it will serve them right for leaving me alone, I hope when they get back the ambulance will be out front and they'll be carrying me out, wan and white-faced, on a stretcher.

Don't anybody mind me. I trust all of you have had a glorious day of gaily. Oh, it's nothing—just a slight touch of broken hip. I'll be home in six weeks or so. And in a year I'll be as good as ever. Fat the dog for me every day. It's no hardship to be plastered up in a cast and not able to move. Suffering I'll be out of the way. Nobody to fall over or sneer at. One less mouth to feed. Good-bye and bless each one of you. Drive on ambulance. And don't mind the bumps!

I guess it was just what Grandma calls a crick in the back, after all. Right where my galluses hinged. But I've had my fill of marching for the winter. I wish they'd come on home. Silly, of course, but it seems to me there is a funny noise in that bedroom closet. It couldn't be mice. I might ring for the elevator and have it wait while I take a quick peek. You know, zing zing and buckity buckity. And should you be in the outer hall, and see a pair of pants and coat flying toward the elevator don't try to stop them for I'll be inside. And you will know I took that quick peek and something moved.

THE MC is operated along with the Klamath Marsh is 80 to 100 miles from Adel.

It doesn't require higher mathematics to figure out that the outer edges of the Kittredge range are a long 150 miles or more apart. A cattle operation that stretches over that amount of country is quite an operation.

THE old West, you see, isn't entirely dead yet.

ONE of these riders is named John. He is blonde, and speaks with a distinct Scandinavian accent. Cow waddies of Scandinavian extraction are reasonably rare.

He is promptly dubbed "Awade" by the members of this expedition whose inside knowledge of the cow business has been gleaned chiefly from Wild West tales and the movies, and who can't stretch their imaginations far enough to include a rider of the purple sage named just plain John.

They'd always supposed that everybody who wears hair pants goes by some such handle as Alkali Ike or Slim or Cactus Pete.

THE other rider is named Harold. "Harold" just plain stumped the bunch. They scratched their heads and they gazed off meditatively into the dim desert distances and they chewed their fingernails, but they COULDN'T make a hair-raising nickname out of "Harold."

Logan said his plan could be put into effect without a constitutional amendment. He added he would present it to the subcommittee when it meets here early next month.

The Kentucky senator, a leader in the fight for the president's court bill at the last session of congress, said he believed his plan would make it "entirely unnecessary to revive the controversy over the judiciary."

Herons stand habitually on one foot.

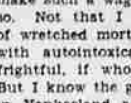
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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, 245 El Camino, Beverly Calif.

A THOUSAND NUTS ON A DESERT ISLAND

The other day I offered to wager 25 to 1 in each of a thousand cases that a thousand persons subject to habitual or chronic constipation and addicted to some special diet, emma, or aperient medicine, will no longer require such "aid" to bowel action after three months of absolute deprivation of access to such "aids."



No one has offered to accept the wager. I thought it would be fairly safe to make such a wager or to offer to do so. Not that I yearn to see a lot of wretched mortals slowly perishing with auto-intoxication or any such frightful, if wholly imaginary, fate. But I know the great wisecracker in Yankeland and I am confident I could get sufficient capital to underwrite the project if a few adventurers should volunteer to serve as the guinea-pigs for the experiment.

The conditions would not be so frightful as the thought of a thousand nuts on a desert island might suggest. Remember, they are to have everything they could have in their ordinary environment except their favorite physic. From subjective and objective experience I know that even the average badly educated layman can stand the strain of five days of worry and anxiety—that is the length of time usually required for readjustment of the normal rhythm after interference has ceased—and we'd cancel the bet on the few who would go quite batty under the strain. We must remember that the thousand guinea-pigs would necessarily be a bit weak in the head in order to qualify for the trip to the island, for after all a person of sound mind addicted to physic, no getting around the fact that the lower you go in the scale of intelligence the more fixed the notion that the bowels need constant watching and daily "regulation."

Booklet No. 25 of the Little Lessons series, "The Constipation Habit," which sets you back ten cent coin and a stamped envelope bearing your address suggests several substitutes for physic, things which favor natural or normal functioning of the bowel and help to support the

One big corn on ball of foot. Would your famous cough cure be good? (Mrs. F. A. B.) Answer—No harm to try it. Paint corn, callos or wart once daily with solution of 30 grains of salicylic acid in one-half ounce of flexible collodion. (Copyright, 1937, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 245 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"Sure, my job's all right," he said. Besides, it's all I know, and I've got to eat."

Harold hasn't been at it quite so long, but has never known anything else. Both are familiar with most of the big outfits of the intermountain country.

SHARKEY, intrigued by this business of combing the fall range for strays, went into sudden action. "When you guys ride a hundred miles or so, like you've been doing the past 17 days," he demanded, "how many cows do you bring back?"

John shrugged again. "Oh, maybe a couple dozen," he answered. "Maybe ten. Maybe only one. It all depends on how many we find."

Disgust showed on Sharkey's face. "Huh," he snorted, "no wonder the price of beefsteak's so high."

QUERIED as to how they liked their boss, John and Harold answered in unison: "Bill Kit's a swell guy." And they meant it. Their voices told that.

It's really refreshing in these troubled modern times to hear a couple of fellows praise their boss. Maybe, this cattle business is a pretty good business, after all.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE riders mentioned yesterday in this saga of the great open spaces are from Bill Kittredge's MC ranch at Adel.

Adel is 80-odd miles by road from this water hole, and these boys have been combing the sage for strays clear up to the base of the Steens, a good 40 miles on from here. They've been out from the home ranch for 17 days, and expect to be out at least a week more.

During these 17 days, they've been living mostly out of their packs.

THE MC is operated along with the Klamath Marsh is 80 to 100 miles from Adel.

It doesn't require higher mathematics to figure out that the outer edges of the Kittredge range are a long 150 miles or more apart. A cattle operation that stretches over that amount of country is quite an operation.

THE old West, you see, isn't entirely dead yet.

ONE of these riders is named John. He is blonde, and speaks with a distinct Scandinavian accent. Cow waddies of Scandinavian extraction are reasonably rare.

He is promptly dubbed "Awade" by the members of this expedition whose inside knowledge of the cow business has been gleaned chiefly from Wild West tales and the movies, and who can't stretch their imaginations far enough to include a rider of the purple sage named just plain John.

They'd always supposed that everybody who wears hair pants goes by some such handle as Alkali Ike or Slim or Cactus Pete.

THE other rider is named Harold. "Harold" just plain stumped the bunch. They scratched their heads and they gazed off meditatively into the dim desert distances and they chewed their fingernails, but they COULDN'T make a hair-raising nickname out of "Harold."

Ye Poets Corner

War Clouds. Hanging o'er the cliffs. Thiaestic robes between the bice, In tabature unweaving Synthetic bondings of strife— The birds and wind accompanying In symphonic wailing!

Now the Blue is gone! On opaque wings the clouds devour. This etching laid in mystery, With diabolic glamour. Hiding intent of a spreading gloom. Repeating history!

Hated black enfolds Vermillion from green mounds spring. Engraving deep within the souls A frame—to a Herod King While greed demands our sons stand by As Thunder rolls!

"'Tis Ever Thus!" Rumbled covers, where I'd patied amooth The whiteness, and imprints of dirty feet Prompted on by mischief and delight And daring Mother's ire to meet.

Curtains pulled aside, and window-pane Arayed with sticky fingerprints and lip-prints. Crumbs upon the floor so newly cleaned. And sink afloat with foreign ships.

Yesterday with frown I greeted these And made apologies for home upset. Today I wish I might find cookie crumbs And dresser scarf awry o'er which to fret.

The covers smooth about a feverish bed, The windows shining, with no sticky face to greet— Thru longonous folds of curtain neatly hung

"My Daddy"—coming up the street Neatness stares with coldness, in this house. The life and warmth, behind a bedroom door.

Get well, my sweet, and laugh with holterous glee— Oh Little Guy—you mean much more!

The Self-Made Man He claims to be a "self-made" man; His wealth amounts to millions; But still he's working on a plan

To boot the sum to millions. He started with a dollar bill And being shrewd and thrifty, He made it work for him until It grew to something tiny.

While speculating here and there, He found that in his dealings He'd have no sympathy to spare For someone's trampled feelings.

A "self-made" man, to reach the top Can waste no time on others; He cannot well afford to stop To aid his struggling brothers.

But even he, a "self-made" man, Must face some disappointment; We note as we his status scan, An spider in his ointment.

In spite of all his boundless wealth And skill, there is no question, That rich food undermines his health And gives him indigestion.

Now that he's climbed to such a height About his fellow-creatures, We venture to suggest he might Reshape his age-worn features; And build himself a stomach which Will work with perfect rhythm; And brain unhampered by an itch For wealth he can't take with him.

I do not envy men, "self-made," I think their antics funny; I really would not wish to trade My stomach off for money.

I'd hate to swap my appetite For wealth which might destroy it; For I can eat, when luck breaks right, Fine pastry and enjoy it.

—J. C. Reynolds, Rich, Ore.

Memorial. His old guitar hangs on the wall, Its polish long grown dim, but still reflecting glow light;

Its strings are mute save for an occasional passing breeze That touches its strings with straying fingers.

Breathing a long sigh that fills the room with an echo. Perhaps of happier days gone by.

Long years have passed since his fingers twanged the strings And sang his song at eventide of "Suanna"

Or "Campdown Races," making the cabin ring with merry lilt. And then a softer, plaintive tune, "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt"

Or "Kathleen Aroon," and then when pale stars appeared, Twinkling in the sky and golden moon showed later on the horizon.

Then would he sing "Lore's Old Sweet Song." A white moonbeam caught and held The look of peaceful happiness

That shone, reflecting heart and soul. Youth passed, faded, gnarled hands still plucked the strings;

His children grouped about his knees, their childish voices joining in the chorus. They grew as children do, and left the cabin home;

And still he sang, his voice more trembling. His fingers stiff with work and age. Still fingering the frets, not quite so quick and nimble as in days of youth.

"Silver Threads Among the Gold." And then the Master called and gathered one more sheep unto his fold.

His Song of Life was ended; The old guitar they gave an honored place, hung on the wall. Above the easy chair, where he loved to sit and sing. And there it hangs with silent strings, its work well done. And only those with sharpened ears or memory clear. Can hear the chorused sigh as wandering breezes pass it by —R. M. Bodenstab.

GIRL ACQUITTED OF LOVER'S DEATH PLANS TRIP, REST

ISELIN, N. J., Oct. 23.—(AP)—Dark-haired Margaret Drennan, acquitted by a jury, smiled wanly today as she spoke her one wish—to "get away" for a rest from this little town where on a night two weeks ago she shot to death Paul Revera, young father of two children.

Sitting in the warmth of her one-story home, and surrounded by her family to whom she returned after weeks in jail and five days of trial for murder, the 20-year-old secretary student declared she planned to pass "a couple of days" here first and then take a trip.

But none of her plans is definite. "Oh, I don't know," she replied to most questions in the same low, soft voice she used when she told her story on the witness stand.

She said she still wanted to continue the secretarial work that was interrupted by the tragedy September 7 when she told a jury of eleven men and a woman, she shot Revera because he attacked her a second time.

"Just walked up and down mostly," she answered to the question how she spent the three hours and twenty minutes during which the jury deliberated yesterday.

A crowd cheered the jury's verdict. Margaret said she still hoped to become a lawyer some day, a hope which her mother said was forestalled by lack of money. Her father, John Drennan, works as a metal lathe in New York to support his five children.

"She can't go back to Iselin and make that her home," her lawyer said. "She's got to break away from her family. In a few months she will have a child."

GRANTS PASS TO ENFORCE CURFEW

GRANTS PASS, Oct. 23.—(AP)—Council orders to ring the curfew bell again are causing no end of trouble. Police said they couldn't leave their posts to pull the rope. The high school coach was notified his football charges must have period or go home after the second half. Firemen demanded a new clock, declaring that residents set their timepieces by curfew and object if the signal is a minute or so wrong. Too, they added, the bell clapper is worn out. It has been turned around once and is now flat on four sides. The firemen received an electric clock last night but curfew did not ring. Somebody pulled the cordy loose and it was not noticed until 25 minutes after curfew should have rung.

Coincident. LONDON, Oct. 23.—(UP)—William Boyd, 50, was selecting a casket for his brother-in-law today. "I am going to have a coffin like this myself," he said, selecting one. Then he collapsed and died. The brother-in-law, Commander J. D. Williamson, 56, had died only a few hours before.

Ancient Greeks thought ducks hatched from barnacles.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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 24, 1927. (It was Monday.) Roller skating on sidewalks prohibited by city police order.

Pear record for last year broken when 2,358 cars shipped from local plants.

First rain since May falls over city and valley.

High school football team to play Klamath Falls next Saturday.

Verne VanDyke tells a Trail youth he will pay \$9 for a wildcat. Youth shows up with one, to the great surprise of VanDyke, who was joking.

Premier of England fears another European war.

County health unit to get full amount in county budget.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 24, 1917. (It was Wednesday.) Elks buy \$6500 worth of Liberty bonds, expect to pass \$10,000 mark.

Six miles of Crater Lake rim road now graded. All work stops for the winter.

Jackson County subscribes \$438,500 in Liberty Loan drive; \$452,000 is quota.

George W. Neilson, new superintendent of the P. & E., arrives to assume duties.

Attorney Evan Reames to make four-minute speech at theaters tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Mann have as their guests for several days Mrs. R. F. Hanna and daughter Dora of St. Paul, Minn., who arrived Wednesday and are en route to southern California, where they will spend the winter.

Official Rating. SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 23.—(AP)—Under the solemn letter head of the "office of the attorney general of the state of California," rats, fleas, moths and cockroaches were designated officially as pests today. The California structural control board, doubting the rats, fleas, moths and cockroaches were under its jurisdiction, sought the ruling.

STRENGTH OF DRUG WATCHED

Health is the birthright of mankind, and when one is sick it is certain that something is wrong.

To right that wrong, your doctor prescribes medicine. That medicine is a combination of from two to twenty drugs.

Its effectiveness as a cure or remedy depends upon the potency and strength of these drugs. Just as milk loses its sweetness, so do some drugs lose their potency to correct human ills when old and dried and too long kept.

Health's has always realized that fresh, potent drugs are often the secret of successful treatment—and we see to it that only such drugs are used in filling prescriptions.

This code of potency, about which we say little but do much, is your assurance that your doctor's prescription will fulfill its purpose.

Insulin 10 c. U 40 is \$1.15. We give S. & H. Green Stamps. Health's Drug Store, phone 884.

Financial News

We have arranged to have N.B.C.'s FINANCIAL NEWS and STOCK QUOTATION broadcast daily 8 to 8:15 a. m., over KMED.

M. N. Hogan & Co.

Investments and Brokers 214 E. Main Phone 1151 Medford

CAN ACCEPT

A Few More Orders for 12 inch or 16 inch GREEN FIR SLABS

FOR DELIVERY PRIOR TO NOV. 1st

\$500 FOR A BIG LOAD

TIMBER PRODUCTS COMPANY MEDFORD OREGON

Phone 7 End of N. Central