

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. The annual worry over the suspicion college football players are paid for their athletic services.

Der Runtzfuehrer Hitler Sunday barked defiance to the democracies of the world, and threatened them with peace.

HARMONIOUS HORROR (New Yorker) "Masajiro Kojima, an official author employed by the Japanese government, writing in the Osaka Mainichi Shimbun, commented favorably on the destruction of Shanghai: 'The thoroughness with which they (the buildings) were wrecked really enraptured me,' he remarked.

The treasury department plans a conference with artists on the design and durability of the \$1000 bills. They should last as long as it takes to get hold of one.

Edison Marshall who scribbles for the "lick paper" magazine is here visiting. Old timers recall his youth hereabouts, when he parted his name in the middle, and signed it E. Tolia Marshall.

"The two will be seen together at the dance tonight as will Emerald Editor Paul Deutschmann and his . . . well, anyway . . . Elizabeth Ann Jones." (Oregon Daily Emerald) "The deft touch!"

"FARMERS URGE REMOVAL OF HIDES" (Del Norte Calif.) Triplicate—Cruel, unusual, and it don't seem right.

PS: DON'T MEAN MAYBE! (Libby (Mont.) Western News) "I quit. I have been trying to sell the Oyster house for six weeks and no one will buy it. Have been keeping the lawn cut and watered—have picked the roses and berries and lost out on my fishing waiting for a buyer to come. Now if you want this house, just come up and get the key. I am not trying to sell it from here on—J. W. Barrett."

A number of editors confess their inability to understand the mad spending. Many understand the spending, but don't know why they should be mad.

London reports the late king, the Duke of Windsor, who abdicated his throne, may return to Britain. Presumably he might find some sort of occupation here, the dispatch adds. "At long last . . ."

A resident of Eugene reports the theft of an auto containing a flute. The culprit should not drive the flute across the state line, or federal authorities will be after him.

"Holes-in-one, bridge game prizes and fish, made, won and caught today, will be recorded as of Monday or Wednesday.

Bicyclists are combating the first winter's chill, with their hands in their pockets, and off the handlebars. In case of an accident, there is the humiliating prospect of rendering first aid by cutting off the pants to get the broken arm out of the pocket.

Set Wage, Hour Confab PORTLAND, Nov. 8.—(A.P.)—Oregon employers and employees uncertain about the operation of the federal wage and hour act will receive first hand information and instruction here November 30 when Elmer F. Andrews, the administrator, holds a conference.

It's Up to You, Mr. Voter

If you do not vote today and if unfit candidates are elected to office, you must carry your share of the responsibility for such results. If you do not vote and if worthy ballot measures are defeated while dubious ones are carried, you will be to blame. Make no mistake about this: Special groups and special interests seeking to elect their own special candidates and govern the course of ballot legislation will get out their votes and such votes will be cast. The way to offset that—the only effective way—is for citizens who have no axes to grind, but only the public interest to promote, to get out and vote.

WE have in Oregon this year the heaviest voter registration on record. That may indicate an aroused public interest. It also may indicate a herding of voters by interests seeking to promote their own ends. Herded voters are not likely to be cast unselfishly in the public interest. The way to offset them is for unselfish citizens who comprise the great majority of voters to go to the polls and vote. It is not only a right but a duty of good citizenship to vote. Any who fail to do it today will have no right afterwards to complain that unfit candidates have been elected or that results on ballot measures are not in the best public interest. Polls are open everywhere from 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Vote.

DOES the above have a familiar sound? If you happen to be an old subscriber no doubt it does—for an appeal to go to the polls and vote has been printed in this column, every election day for more years than we care to mention. Nevertheless the above is neither a reprint nor a rehash. In fact it is brand new and was taken bodily from this morning's Oregonian. It only goes to show that no matter how newspapers may differ before and after elections, they are practically unanimous when it comes to the duty that confronts all good citizens on election day.

Vote for Barbour!

WE trust we won't be accused of disregarding the Corrupt Practice Act, if we make a few remarks on today's election,—in New Jersey.

Not only is our circulation in New Jersey very limited, but by the time this paper is off the press, the polls in the big mosquito state should be closed. But you never can tell. For our remarks have to do with Boss Hague the Hitler of Jersey City, and if he should win (as usual) in today's election, there is no telling how far that brass-knuckle fist of his will subsequently extend.

Not so many years ago Adolph was an unknown agitator, pounding the tables in various and sundry Munich beer halls, with not a fraction of the political power Boss Hague enjoys along the west bank of the lower Hudson river, today. And no matter how obscure the German newspaper that opposed the ex-paperhanger then, it was promptly liquidated when Der Feuhrer came into power.

WARREN BARBOUR, former U. S. Senator trying to stage a comeback, is the candidate fighting the Hague machine, and every believer in good government prays that he will win. For his defeat will be the defeat of American democracy and another feather in the cap of corrupt politics and Fascist dictatorship, which is a far more genuine danger to this country than Communism ever has been or ever will be.

So here is a telepathic thought wave in the general direction of the New Jersey voters,—may they mark a ballot for Senator Barbour, and throw The Hague into the sewage swamps near Bayonne where he belongs!

In the long view of things, the New Jersey election is the most important test of American citizenship, being made in the country today. May the worst menace in American public life, get what's coming to him!

Death Report Exaggerated

AREN'T some of these Eastern columnists a bit premature? Like so many stamped sheep they are following their bell-wether, Walter Lippmann, and proclaiming the end of the British Empire. Of if not the absolute end, the end of British hegemony in Europe, and the virtual elimination of the British fleet, as a determining force in world affairs.

FOR what is that case? Essentially this: that because Germany and Italy were too strong in the air for England and France in October, 1938, the latter at Munich yielded to force and fear, and Germany was given virtually a carte blanche to do as she wished in Czechoslovakia. And because of this surrender, Japan dared to disregard British Hongkong, capture Canton, and in three short weeks, complete the conquest of China.

CONCEDING for the sake of argument, the truth of these claims, what does that prove? That the democracies of Europe are through, the totalitarian governments supreme, and there is nothing between Japan-Germany-Italy, and a conquered world, except the United States?

That is practically what all the high-priced columnists are saying, as they endorse President Roosevelt's super-navy program, but where they get their facts to support such a thesis, is more than this column can understand.

TRUE England and France were bluffed out at Munich, but what are they doing today? Both of them engaged in bringing up their air fleets to fighting strength at the earliest possible moment. Of course Germany and Italy won't be idle meanwhile, but does any informed authority deny, that when it comes to an armament race in the air, or under it, the democracies, in both financial and material resources, will have all the best of it?

And if Hitler should break his word, to seek no further territorial concessions in Europe, and try to gobble up Rumania and the Ukraine,—does anyone doubt England and France, probably with the support of Soviet Russia, would go to war to prevent it? And such a war being essentially a war of endurance,—how could the democracies LOSE!

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.

SOMERSAULTS, SAGGING AND DEAFNESS

When I say I roll a dozen or more somersaults every morning, always keeping personal contact with the floor, not withstanding Webster's definition of somersault, I express the simple faith of a therapeutic nihilist. I'm telling you I believe daily somersaulting is good for what ails most civilized, sedentary folk. I even go so far as to detail about it in the monograph "Invitation to the Somersaulting"—illustrated by brother Andy's gifted son Francis Brady, Geneva artist—and any reader may have a copy on request, if he or she incloses a three-cent stamped envelope bearing the correct address.

Recently some routine grimaces, lip, mouth, throat, eye, nose, scalp and ear exercises were described here, for persons affected with catarrhal or progressive deafness. Incidentally they improve facial expression. As stated this is the routine: First contract the muscles about the lips and mouth in a combination smile and wince, every night and every morning, for several seconds until the muscles feel slightly tired.

Then contract muscles about the nostrils and hold that grimace for several seconds in the same way. Then contract muscles about the eyes, ditto. Then forehead, cheeks and temples, ditto. Finally contract or try to contract muscles that draw back the ears or wiggle the ears, and every morning in private. Such exercise tends to keep the pan from going aggy, improves expression, and in many instances not only retards the progress of deafness but actually improves the hearing to a considerable degree.

I have described the routine as well as I can. If it isn't clear, drop in whenever you're in the neighborhood.

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.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER NEW YORK—I am not a man for prolonged farewells. When the hour of parting comes I like to take it on the run. I want to be reaching for my hat when the good-byes are mumbled, for there is no sense in dawdling over a hand in which you are not genuinely interested. It distresses you too much when you are being separated from loving friends.

Most of New York holds a different view than this. It must, at least in certain goes in for bon voyages in a big way. I have seen mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, lovers and sweethearts stuff themselves into the small room of a ship and agonize for hours before the all-shore hell is rung.

I have seen people so genuinely moved by emotion that speech was impossible, and yet they would not or could not tear themselves away. Why should this be? The answer is that, without knowing it, some people get a boot out of suffering. I do not inter that their tears aren't sincere; they are as honest as the dew from heaven. But they hang on to the last second, racked by sobs, frequently incoherent in their final protestations of love and devotion.

On a recent midnight I had occasion to take in a sailing and I arrived at my destination just in time to hear a mother scream: "Oh, my baby, my darling baby boy!" Then she faints. The baby, I was able to ascertain shortly after that, was a 33-year old six-footer with a happy grin on his face and a bright-eyed bride on his arm. They were off for a European honeymoon, but mother was ready for a sanitarium.

My pal who was billeted in the next stateroom had been enjoying himself, he said, for three hours. They had been there since 9 o'clock, weeping themselves into a state of insensibility.

And then again yesterday I went down to the train to say goodbye to a friend. She was leaving on the 20th century limited headed for Chicago, 8 p. m. Other friends of the departing one arrived by two and three until there was quite a hoopy gathering.

Then the gates opened and we all piled aboard the car. The bags were tossed into the drawing room. Everybody was excited, trying to say something. The moment we were all in the room that atmosphere of sadness which attends all farewells began to manifest itself. So I mumbled a hurried goodbye and broke for the trainway. I sat there alone 15 minutes, until the train began to move.

The others came piling off then, but I have never seen so desolate or forlorn a group. There were many unshed tears. One girl was seized by such a paroxysm of sobs that she could not speak. We stood in

stunned silence, and then broke up into two and three. I drifted on out into Vanderbilt avenue. As I walked along the street, it seemed to me that I had never seen the stars so sad. And so I want no part of long and enduring adieux. To me the extra dance is not worth the fiddle. When it is time to separate I want to say, "So long, Joe," and then get out of there. At least you aren't left in such a daze that you can't see the taxicabs coming at you when you cross the street.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

MILK consumption in Oregon is decreasing, and A. E. Engbretson, member of the milk control board, thinks sales of intoxicating liquor have something to do with the decrease.

Well, maybe so. It will have to be admitted that the money that is spent for liquor ISN'T spent for milk. In cases where there is only so much money, and a choice has to be made, milk sales HAVE to suffer if the choice favors liquor.

In all probability, there are such cases. (Intoxicating liquor, like gambling, seems to be an evil that we have to put up with. We don't appear to be able to get along with the stuff, and yet it looks as if we can't get along without it. Prohibition wasn't so wonderful!)

MR. ENGBRETSON adds that other factors contributing to the decline of milk consumption in Oregon are "general economic conditions, continued labor unrest and an increase in fluid milk substitutes."

What he doesn't add is that the milk business is rigidly controlled by law, with resulting rather high prices. High prices always tend to cut down consumption.

WHAT is happening in Oregon, as to milk, isn't true of Oregon only. Throughout the United States, the storage supply of dairy products is the LARGEST IN HISTORY.

And over the country as a whole consumption is decreasing, just as it is in Oregon. In August of this year, consumption of dairy products reached the lowest point since 1932.

In 1932, average consumption of milk in this country was 40.1 quarts per person per year. It is now EIGHT QUARTS LESS than that, or only 32.1 quarts per person.

WHAT is happening in the case of dairy products is undoubtedly happening in the case of other foods. People are eating less of them—especially the higher priced ones.

Why? Your answer to that question is as good as anybody's, for no one knows for sure, but the probable reason is that people haven't as much money to spend as they used to have in the better days before we started in to reform everything in sight.

When people don't have as much to spend, they have to do without things.

New Books

New books at the Jackson county library include: Fiction Costworth, Here I Stay; De Jong, Old Haven; Du Maurier, Rebecca; Gjerstad, Storevik; Greene, A Deep Root; Gunnarsson, Ships in the Sky; Hare, English Rue; Leslie, Concord in Jeopardy; Lucas, Old Motley; Nelson, On Sappy Creek; Frouly, Live Vain; Seifer, Young Doctor Galahad; Stern, The City Dachshund; Tate, The Fathers.

Non-Fiction Aldrich, Babes Are Human Beings; Thompson, Political Guide; Thompson, Refugees; Anarchy or Organization; Drew, How to Pass Radio License Examinations; Carmer, The Hurricane's Children; Hognben, Science for the Citizen; Sears, This is Our World; Lindbergh, Listen to the Wind; Du Puy, The Nation's Forests; Furnas, Man, Bread and Destiny; Gardner, The Book of Original Plays and How To Give Them; Lewis, Riding; Mantle, The Best Plays of 1937-1938; and the Year Book of the Drama in America.

Russell, The Living Torch; Nixon, Vagabond Voyaging; Nock, A Journey into Babel's France; Lewis, The Big Four; Bartlett, Intermittent in Europe; Hawthorne, The Memoirs of Julian Hawthorne; Hindus, Green Worlds; Thomas, Singin' Fiddler of Lost Hope Hollow; Ekman, Jean Sibelius; Duffus, Lillian Wald, Neighbor and Crusader; Oskison, Tecumseh and His Times; Buck, Vikings of the Sunrise.

Pamphlets U. S. Department of the Interior: 1. School use of visual aids. U. S. Department of Agriculture: 1. Facts about cotton. 2. Soil defense in the south. 3. Home canning of fruits, vegetables and meats. 4. Grading dressed turkeys. 5. Forcive control in the western state. 6. Erosion on roads and adjacent lands. 7. Soil-depleting, soil-conserving and soil-building crops. 8. Lemnages in soil conservation.

O.S.A.C. Experiments Station: 1. Potato diseases in Oregon and their control. 2. Corn drying. 3. Dried Italian prune products. 4. Coat and efficiency in fiber flax production in the Willamette valley, Oregon. 5. Barley production in Oregon. 6. The Willamette valley farm kitchen.

Engineer Named MOSCOW, Idaho, Nov. 8.—(A.P.)—L. R. Stockman, Baker, Ore., was named consulting engineer by the city council last night for a sewage disposal plant remodeling for which a \$40,000 bond issue was recently passed and a \$32,000 PWA grant approved.

Pioneer Lumberman Dies CLATSkanie, Ore., Nov. 8.—(A.P.)—A pioneer lumberman, O. J. Evenson, 70, the originator of the picturesque, cigar-shaped rafts which hauled thousands of board feet of timber and finished lumber down the Pacific coast, died here yesterday.

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The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

The president now thinks that the subsequent course of the New York struggle has confirmed his expectations. What is more, he sees parallels to the New York situation in many states. He will have a simple answer to defeated democrats who have made gestures to conservative voters. It will be, "You should have had the courage of my convictions."

There's much to be said for the president's theory on strategy, and much against. The important fact remains that he sincerely believes the voters retain their old enthusiasm for the New Deal. Nothing but an unlooked for political upheaval is likely to shake his belief.

In view of that fact, his speech on Friday gains added interest. Indeed, his belief in the continuing popularity of the New Deal may be held responsible for the speech's most significant passages—that in which he insisted on "reasonable continuity in liberal government," and that in which he firmly asserted government's responsibility to step in when private enterprise fails "to keep the national conveyor belt moving."

Of these passages, the second undoubtedly represents another shift in position toward the political left. The "failures" of private enterprise will be precisely the subject of the forthcoming monopoly investigation. The all but inescapable conclusion is that, when the investigation has exposed those "failures," the president will advocate still greater extensions of government ownership.

As for the president's remarks about "reasonable continuity in liberal government," the third term implication has already been widely observed. Perhaps the implication is not so strong as it seems. Yet it is justifiable to suppose the president was hinting that, if his party insists on supplanting him with another Taft, or if the republicans have some chance of electing another Harding, he will take the field again in 1940.

Among New Dealers, third term sentiment has grown stronger week by week through recent months. Even those closest to him do not now the president's own attitude toward a third term. They spend a good deal of time guessing, "does he want it, or doesn't he?" But they know pretty well what he fears. He does not look for the repeal of any of the great measures he has sponsored. He simply predicts that, if he is succeeded by a conservative, his great measures will relapse into the same administrative coma as overtook Wilson's federal trade commission under Harding and Coolidge.

He will not relent in his fight for liberalization of his party; that he is determined to insure "reasonable continuity in liberal government"—these things now seem certain. It remains for the voters to decide whether his intentions can be translated into achievements.

Ye Poets Corner

(By Fred Alton Haight) Of course, an election day You never can tell. Yet, all candidates for office Might learn this lesson well: That while they can fool and ignore some of the common people all of the time; And all of the common people some of the time; They cannot fool and ignore all of the common people all of the time.

For all men are leveled to an equal score At the polls, as on the hill, and in the five-and-ten cent store.

True Leaves of Autumn Autumn has arrived with leaves of red and gold. Ah! The wind comes whistling by to twist the stems from their firm hold. But the leaves rejoice for they are ready for their ride through October's skies: They go joyfully to their death when King Winter cruelly stamps out their beautiful dyes. How like a mortal is a leaf when one has reached the Fall and Autumn of life.

For after all life is but four mysterious seasons which cut the timid like a knife. And who does not believe that the Fall, that the Autumn is the most beautiful season of life. When you and I and all can reap the golden harvest, the golden harvest of life.

Drink in each rich abundance of what has been and might. Thus do we prepare for the winter and the night. —By Lois Gay Krugel, Age 13.

There's too much "bunk" in the political game— Some inefficient job hunters you have to tame! No siree—I'd rather stick to the job I have— Selling Chevrolets—don't have to dish out the salve! Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 North Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 6th

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Flight o' Time

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 8, 1928 (It was Thursday) Hoover receives the greatest electoral vote ever recorded a presidential candidate. Al Smith forswears further activity in politics.

Rainy weather holds up work on new fairgrounds road. Riverside avenue starts move for new street lights, the same as Sixth street. Petition to pave Park street filed with council.

Valley Democrats stunned by accuracy of Literary Digest straw vote, and Texas going Republican. Local Texan vows he will never again return to his native hearth.

City to celebrate Armistice day with greatest program and parade in history. Medford and Ashland football game main sports event, excites wide interest.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 8, 1918 (It was Friday) Nation is hoaxed by false report of the signing of an armistice ending the World war. Many celebrations started before truth revealed.

No Democrats were elected to office in Multnomah county in last election. Allied troops continue advance on Western front, while world waits for answer to peace terms sent by General Foch. French declare there will be no cessation of hostilities until Germans driven from France; President Wilson will announce signing of armistice; Mail-Tribune will post bulletins Sunday on the war crisis. Herbert Hoover, food administrator, to leave for Europe to direct feeding of people in reclaimed areas of France.

PRINCE OF PRUSSIA GIVEN PRISON TERM BERLIN, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia today was sentenced to two years' imprisonment on a charge of immorality. The prince, 43 years old, is the son of the late Prince Frederick Leopold who was a second cousin of the former kaiser.

How To Land A Salmon ROCKAWAY, Nov. 8.—(U.P.)—Harold Heath solved the problem of landing a 40-pound Chinook salmon without a gaff after the fish wriggled free in shallow water. Heath's companion, Dave Hackett, plunged into the water and emerged with the salmon in his hands.

Chevrolet JINGLES

I wouldn't be much of a politician, I'm afraid Hand-shaking, baby-kissing; couldn't make the grade! The kind of "babies" I'd probably have on MY knee Would start my wife out with a gun, looking for me! There's too much "bunk" in the political game— Some inefficient job hunters you have to tame! No siree—I'd rather stick to the job I have— Selling Chevrolets—don't have to dish out the salve! Chevy M. Hurd



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