

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturday. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 24-27-29 No. 1st St. Phone 11

ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor. RENE R. GILSTRAP, Manager. An Independent Newspaper.

Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance: Daily and Sunday—One Year, \$4.00; Daily and Sunday—Six Months, \$2.50; Daily and Sunday—Three Months, \$1.50; Daily and Sunday—One Month, .75.

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

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MEMBER OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

It looks like employees of Uncle Sam, riding pretty on the gravy train, at \$10,000 per year and expenses, could find something better to do than attending meetings of a communist "front organization" to discuss plans to remake America, and yank his own job from beneath himself.

MAIN STREET SHORT, SHORT STORY

Small girl all dressed up runs ahead of Mama, falls down. Arises on all-fours. Mama mad, panks. Passing wiscacker yells "OUCH!" Mama madder.

"The Happy Homemakers entertained their husbands at a hamburger fry at John Rhodes, Monday evening." (Clear Creek Jottings)—The giddy whirl hits a rural area.

The Secretary of Agriculture comes out flatfooted for a Third Term. This would be more beneficial for all the people, and the incumbent Secretary of Agriculture four more years, he hopes.

Football coaches, addicted to running onto the field of action, to give the quarterback a drink of water, and the play to use next, should act like the band leaders, who never traipse madly out to the majorette, and snatch her baton, when her wrists get tired.

Hunters have started shooting decoy ducks, in mistake for the real thing. After all the barns that have been wounded while looking like a coyote, they must feel cheap.

One of the Older Girls reports the Russian mink fur she got at a front door bargain last August has started to shed, tom-cat hairs.

"But the best and soundest reason of all, seems, for being a democrat all these years has been more for the fun of the thing than anything else. You can see from this, Mrs. Johansen, how futile any hope you may be entertaining of getting anything worth while out of us, really is." (Harold Haynes in the Astoria Astorian-Budget)—Confession.

GRUB SALE (Stoughton (W.A.) Times) "This stuff ain't so hot! But we have it, and we're getting tired of looking at it. You probably won't be able to eat any of it. But we sure will express our appreciation if you buy some of this junk and make yourself a penny richer."

The seizure of an American ship by Germans, and internment in Russia, has not yet, in these parts, produced a single street corner authority on international law.

The rain freshened up the pastures, and gave a rough wash to 6345 autos.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES "When the fall has filtered finally and I feel the breezes spittingly. When A mental and a physical Froes frightens weak and phisical Men.

When the dawn contains no brilliancy And I get without resiliency Up. And with nerves all tense and quivering Go onwards like a shivering Pup.

A warning postcard brings a new Worry, and gives to things a new Zest: "Here comes your Opportunity To fatten the Community Chest." (—Exchange) Closing time for Too Late to Class Ad is 1:30 p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Oct. 22.—Those who don't wish to hear one of the "old grads" lament over the golden days and cry into the beer, better skip this installment. For we fear it's going to be shamelessly reminiscent and depressing.

Why not? This is our first visit to Harvard in 20 years, and we have just returned from Soldiers Field where the Crimson was torn into little shreds, stamped upon by a group of hob-nailed ruffians from Philadelphia, and thrown into the snow.

And the night before, the odds here at the Copley-Plaza were 6 to 5 in favor of the Cambridge razzle-dazzlers!

Oh, what a beating! It wasn't like that in the olden days. No, the first Harvard-Pennsylvania game we witnessed was in November 1898, and Harvard was a one-to-two underdog, against the famous "guard's back" and Truxton Hare. But a squatty young Californian named Ben Dibble, was the spark-plug of the "Hah-vuds" that year, and the Ben Franklin lads got the surprise of their lives, on the short end of a fighting score.

We waited near the gate to see Truxton Hare and his battered warriors file out to their horse-drawn bus.—Hare kept his composure but at least three of his men were crying.

They took football more seriously in those days. Probably we did,—but we fear not MUCH.

This affair was a strange one. Harvard started out like a million dollars scoring a touchdown and kicking a goal at the start of the second quarter. Penn came back to get a touchdown but their kicker was rushed and missed the goal. The half ended 7 to 6, the teams being so evenly matched it looked as though Harvard might hold that advantage if she couldn't better it.

We don't know what the Penn coach gave his charges between the halves but it certainly was effective,—the boys from Cambridge were pushed all over the lot, Penn scoring a goal from the field and two touchdowns. What breaks there were, Harvard got, but couldn't capitalize on them.

Well there was one consolation,—there was no doubt whatever as to which was the better team. One wasn't pestered by the thought, "Well if this or that had happened we MIGHT have won." Yesterday at least Harvard couldn't have beaten Penn with a machine gun!

We are not certain, but THINK this the first game against Harvard, Penn has had since 1928. If not there haven't been more than three or four since. The Penn lads seemed to appreciate the resumption of relations very much.

It was like old times to see the Penn players taken out of the game, hugged by the coach and their subs, while the Penn stands went wild. That is one of the bitterest pills in football defeats,—the enemy has such a grand and glorious time. The goal posts were torn down within three minutes after the final whistle, and the Penn band fairly danced up and down the field.

This time we saw the "Hah-vuds" march back to the locker room—we have never seen so many BLACK eyes outside of a golden-glove tournament, but no wet ones.

The boys looked pretty glum but not heartbroken. (No doubt we will lose our entire subscription list in Philadelphia and it's environs, but here's the truth,—Harvard football teams don't give a hoot about any but the Yale game—if they lose that game the season is a failure; if they win, it's a success—all the other games are merely preparation for the final one.)

We grant it isn't adult, but that is not the old-grad reaction. Walking back to Harvard Square,—returning to Boston on the subway—was a terrific chore, not alleviated by the inebriated "townies" who traipse out to Cambridge after early mass every Saturday and pray for a Harvard defeat, so they can have a REAL bust Saturday night. (Harvard in fact is far more unpopular in East Boston than in darkest New Haven,—the present "ruling class" in Boston hates Johnny's guts.)

Yes, even now, 20 hours later, we still have a vague sense of BEREAVEMENT.

Well it was a beautiful Indian summer day,—just a trifle on the warm side perhaps,—and for the first time in two decades we did see something of the modern Harvard, even going back to our senior year room, Hollis One, and shaking hands with the present occupant,—who was very polite but acted scared to death. (Perhaps this wasn't so surprising for there were three of us including a girl Freshman from Bennington, and as the door was open, we didn't signal our approach or take the trouble to knock,—just in we went!)

"O tempora, O Mores!"—and as our Freshman would say, O SPINACH!

But times "HAS changed", and the old college with it. It's bigger today,—yes and it's better, when the product is considered, and the academic environment,—but, frankly, we missed the old place and the old atmosphere,—the Hahvud of the hansom cab and the Brattle Street promenade and the "Old Vic".

We took luncheon at the old Vic just to get a postalgic twist of that never-to-be-forgotten-atmosphere, but it just isn't there. The ratskeller has been replaced by a second-rate store, and at the other end of the basement is what they call a Hunters Room, with a cloth sign on which is printed in red letters, "Businessmen's lunch 80 cents!"

The food is still good, and the waiters are old enough to have been there at the turn of the century,—but the old Vic has gone,—and we fear nothing will ever restore it!

And why not? Well just this. Boston, all in all, has changed so little,—is still so mid-Victorian, so OLD-ENGLISH,—the Old Vic could have stood still, like Jakey Wirth's,—but just HASN'T!

The Rogue River Valley is well represented at Harvard now. We saw three of the delegation,—David McCord, formerly of Fooths Creek, now secretary of the Harvard Fund; Roger Henselman, a sophomore and a National Scholarship winner; Granger Kenly, also a sophomore and business manager of the Harvard Advocate. John Ferry is there, doing research work as a Harvard "Fellow" but he was out.

Henselman and Kenly certainly looked as though the "worst climate in the country" was agreeing with them,—their rosy complexions being something no lipstick could paint!

Roger had just come in from horseback riding—a part of his R.O.T.C. training,—and was preparing for a dance in his hall that night—he being chairman of the dance committee. Granger was going to the Penn game and was disposed to be optimistic about the outcome. He was also seriously considering, putting the rugs on the floor of his room in Leverette (NOT Walter) House, instead of leaving them in the entrance hall, all neatly wrapped up in multi-proof paper! He joined us in lunch at the Faculty club with David M. as host,—which proved to be the happiest period of the day—though we didn't expect it.

Incidentally these lads don't have to go down into the basement to get a shower bath, or lug water up two or three flights on cold winter nights—they have "parlor bedrooms and bath", steam heat, a white and blue dining room within the magnificent structure of stone, steel and brick, and a library of 10,000 volumes with overfatted chairs that J. P. Morgan wouldn't scorn to use as footrests!

O Tempora, O Mores! O—7* (& S*)—We neglected to state the score,—Harvard 7, Pennsylvania 22—O nertz! R. W. R.

Roosevelt Birthday Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oct. 27.—(A)—Today is the 81st anniversary of the birth of the late President Theodore Roosevelt. A wreath from President Franklin D. Roosevelt will be placed on the Long Island grave of his distant cousin by Brig. Gen. Irving J. Phillipson. "Desert pavement," a phenomenon of arid regions of the southwest, consists of rocks arranged in such a flat surface that they appear to be the work of man.

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. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address: Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

FOOD FOR GOOD TEETH

Foods comparatively high in calcium content and therefore desirable in the diet for good teeth: Milk, Cheese, Peas, String Beans, Dried Beans, Cabbage, preferably raw (cole slaw), Lettuce, Carrots preferably raw, Plain wheat, Tomatoes or tomato juice, fresh or canned, Nuts, Peanuts, Egg Yolk, Oranges or orange juice, fresh or canned, Beets, Celery, Spinach, Turnips, preferably raw, Dates, All greens (leafy vegetables, cooked or raw).



Incidentally one gets more calcium (lime) from a glass of milk than there is in an equal quantity of lime water. Probably a quart of milk a day furnishes fifteen grains of calcium, nearly or quite sufficient to supply the daily requirements of the adult; at least half as much more is necessary to supply the greater requirements (due to growth) of the young child.

While a liberal amount and variety of these high calcium foods should be included in every diet, one should remember that Calcium is no more nor less important in building sound teeth than it is in building straight strong bones, healthy, steady nerves and firm, resilient muscles.

Foods comparatively high in phosphorus and desirable in the diet for good teeth: The high calcium foods are all more or less rich in phosphorus also, but plain wheat deserves greater emphasis as a source of phosphorus, as well as various products made from it. Even refined white flour contains a fair amount of phosphorus. In reference to wheat or other cereal in the child's diet, it is well to remember the Mellanbys' well established observation, that some factor present in cereals, notably oatmeal, interferes with the utilization of calcium in the body, so that additional rations of vitamin D must be provided to counterbalance this effect of "toxamin" when cereals constitute a considerable part of the diet—vitamin D being always essential for

first radio speech. He told them, as he has told his friend, that although the British and French have added many planes to their air armaments, it was his judgment they had done little to counter-balance Germany's greater technical skill. He stated that the British and French might catch up in the future, but in a rather distant future. Being an athlete, he believes that air strength will be decisive. For this reason, he flatly prophesied to his friend that the war would end in a bloody and exhausting stalemate.

Such being his conviction, so Lindbergh added, he would prefer to see the war end at once, avoiding the dreadful waste of a long struggle against a fait accompli which cannot be reversed. And this preference of his, of course, is what has given rise to the report that he is pro-Nazi. It is easily seen how his feelings about the war, combined with his enthusiasm for German achievements in his own special field, have been honestly interpreted as implying sympathy for the German political system. But it is German technique, not German politics, with which he sympathizes, and it is the prevention of fruitless bloodshed, not German victory, which he desires. He may be called a defeatist, but not a Fascist.

His friend's report of Lindbergh's views is strongly supported by the true story of his two speeches, which has been told only in fragments. The first speech, in which he called on his country to think about the war with the cold precision of a surgeon, using his knife, arose naturally from his feelings. Its true style was strong evidence that Mrs. Lindbergh had a hand in its composition, and this is said to be the fact. The first speech contained no reference to the arms embargo issue. After delivering it, Lindbergh visited the capital and saw anti-repeal as well as pro-repeal senators. In his talks with them, he did not mention the arms embargo in a positive way. He then left Washington for some time, apparently to think matters over, and returned only two days before his second speech. The first man he went to was Senator William L. Borah of Idaho, in whose hide-away near the senate chamber he

passed most of a morning and took lunch. It has been wrongly reported that Borah persuaded Lindbergh not to come out against the arms embargo, but to endorse the Hoover plan of a ban on offensive weapons as a substitute. Actually, Lindbergh showed the greatest indecision throughout the long discussion. He told Borah that, while he wished to keep America out at all costs, he was "not as much of an isolationist as you are," explaining that he did not think European affairs could be just forgotten. He said again and again that "we ought to be able to do something constructive" about the European situation. Borah, not knowing which way he was tending, made no suggestions in reply.

In the end, Lindbergh talked himself, as it were, into favoring the Hoover plan. When he disclosed his decision to Borah, just as they were parting, Borah replied that "he thought the plan was no good. Later, the same afternoon, Lindbergh also visited Senator Harry F. Byrd, one of the repealers. Again, he disclosed his decision, and again heard an adverse opinion. Nevertheless, he returned to the hotel where he was staying with Mrs. Lindbergh, barred the door against all his Washington circle, and wrote his speech. This time, he may have written alone, for Mrs. Lindbergh is reported to have disagreed with him.

In any case, the picture of a man honestly seeking the wisest course, without thought except for American interests, is implicit in the whole story. Lindbergh's decision may be held wrong, as both Borah and Byrd held it, but unless he has utterly deceived the friend aforementioned, his motives cannot be criticized.

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.

The Capital Parade

By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner

Released by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Since Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh has been accused of most of the theoretical crimes in the ideological calendar, it may be well to set down his real views on the war, as transmitted by one of his closest friends. This friend, with whom Lindbergh has repeatedly conferred in the last weeks, is intensely anti-Nazi and strongly in favor of repeal of the arms embargo.

According to him, three factors are important in Lindbergh's attitude. First, Lindbergh remembers with admiration his father's fight against American entry into the last war, and with bitterness the abuse which his father suffered for it. He is a convinced keep-America-outer. Second, Lindbergh also has a pacifist's horror of the mere fact of war. Third, and most significant, Lindbergh still regards the German air force as greatly superior to the British and French.

The comparative air strengths of the warring powers was the chief topic discussed (despite reports to the contrary) at his lunch with the pro-repeal senators following his

RODEO SUNDAY Oct. 29 - 1:30 P. M. Rain or Shine Crater Lake Highway at 4 Corners

to the park if it were established. Anyway, if they couldn't make the Rogue, I am certain they would not go to Bear Creek, park or no park. Yours truly, A. C. Allen, Jr.

Cleland For Park

It is my sincere conviction that the establishment of a creditable park and recreation center on the Olds tract is deserving of the unqualified support of Medford voters. This city unquestionably needs a suitable park; we have sorely lacked recreational facilities such as children's playgrounds and wading pools, tennis courts, a municipal swimming pool and other provisions for the enjoyment of young and old. Our present facilities are hardly comparable to those of neighboring communities.

Looking at the park project, however, from strictly a business man's point of view, and as a representative of one of Medford's largest tax contributors, I feel that the issuance of bonds is well justified. The cost of the entire park project amounting to \$30,000, plus the interest for the estimated six years that the bonds will be outstanding, will amount to a total of about \$3.75 for every taxable thousand dollars of property. This estimated total cost of \$3.75 will not be payable all in one year but will be prorated over the estimated six-year period. For instance, if you are now paying a tax of \$50 per year, your taxes will be increased, because of this bond issue, to about \$50.63, or 63 cents a year increase for the next six years.

In examining the financial condition of the city of Medford, I find that this city's bond obligations drop sharply after 1942. If installment on this \$30,000 bond issue begins with the year 1943 the park project will not increase the present tax millage.

After the period of actual development, the estimated cost of maintenance will average but 25 cents per year to each taxpayer, again basing this figure on the average taxable valuation of Medford homes.

The desirability of a city as a place in which to live and invest in a home is greatly enhanced by an attractive recreational center. It has a direct and unquestioned bearing on property values; it is reasonable to assume that increases in the actual value of Medford property will far exceed the very moderate cost of the proposed park.

As a substantial taxpayer, the head of a family and one who is interested in the welfare of Medford and all her citizens, I unhesitatingly endorse the park and recreational center development project and urge voters to make it possible by their support of the bonds at next Tuesday's election.

Communications

Favors River Park

In viewing the proposal for a new park to be voted on next Tuesday, it appears that Medford is overlooking a bet. Granted that Medford needs a park,—but why on Bear Creek? At best Bear Creek is little more than a slough, and at its worst it isn't even pleasant to think about. So why a park on the banks of such a park?

On the other hand, Medford has within its reach one of the most beautiful streams in this or any other country. I am speaking of the Rogue River which Medford talks a lot about to visitors and tourists, but completely ignores for its own benefit. And this is the bet which it appears the city is overlooking for a proposed park.

It is not more than seven miles from the center of town to Bybee Bridge where, in my opinion, Medford could establish and develop one of the finest parks and recreation areas to be found anywhere. With far less than the amount proposed for the purchase of property along a slough like Bear Creek, a corresponding acreage could be obtained along a river, a REAL river, which is not only a thing of constant and living beauty, but adds something even more valuable and pleasure-giving—swimming! What more could be asked of a park anywhere?

In crossing the Bybee Bridge on hot summer days and seeing the number of Medford people who put up with inadequate and inconvenient parking and undeveloped picnic grounds on private property, the thought always strikes me what a boon and a Godsend this place could be if it were opened and developed so all the people could enjoy it.

The only possible argument against the Rogue as a park would be the distance from town. However, in view of the towering advantages, I don't believe seven miles would be a deterring factor. I feel sure that there isn't a person in Medford who wouldn't rather sit by or swim in the glorious Rogue than hold their nose while passing, as quickly as possible, the inglorious slough that is known as Bear Creek. As for the distance, I doubt if there would be many in Medford who would not find some means of getting

Hance H. Cleland.

Sardine Creek

Sardine Creek, Oct. 27.—(Spl.)—The Governor family, now living in Klamath county, where the men are employed, visited here over the week-end.

Ray Sanborn of Stockton, Calif., visited here several days with the Howell brothers of the Gold Hill Placers.

Mrs. Alice Wilde and Mrs. Ira Kendall of Grants Pass visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Dusenberry, here October 15.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Dusenberry were dinner guests October 15 of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dusenberry of Sams Valley.

Mrs. H. H. Elhart of Ashland visited over the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Perry Wait and her sister, Mrs. Mary Sutherland of Portland, who is spending the week here.

John Mardon of Gold Hill and Ralph Dusenberry are erecting a stamp mill on the latter's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Walsh attended Grange in Rogue River Monday, Mr. Walsh was given first and second degrees.

For a fine bourbon at a better price ask for GLENMORE KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON. FROM GLENMORE THE DISTILLERY WITH MORE THAN A MILLION BARRELS EXPERIENCE. Pour Glenmore... you get more. Pint 85c, Qt. \$1.65. 602 So. Central, Phone 1937. The Little Store With the Big Values. Plenty of Parking Space.

Flight O' Time Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 39 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY October 27, 1929 (It was Saturday) Slump continues on Wall street market.

President Hoover issues eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt on anniversary of birth of Teddy. Budget committee discusses construction of a new road to Lake of the Woods.

Griffin creek farmer robbed by two young thugs who take his cash and car.

Oregon frosh with four former local stars in line-up defeat Washington freshmen, 19 to 0, for first time in history.

Corvallis high defeats Medford 14 to 3.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 27, 1919 (It was Monday) President Wilson vetoes wartime prohibition bill.

John L. Lewis, president of the miners' union, defiant of federal order to call off strike.

Picking of valley apple crop completed. Two hold-ups and four intoxicated citizens keep city police busy.

Report P&E railroad to Butte Falls can't be verified.

Congress passes dry bill over veto of the president. The importance of checking brakes with the advent of winter weather is indicated by the fact that engineers have found that when a speeding car is stopped suddenly, the operation may develop temperatures as high as 1,400 degrees in the brake drums.

RAY'S FOOD MARKET BOILING BEEF 8c lb. State Inspected

YOUNG STEER BEEF Round Steak, Sirloin, Rib. Lb. 19c State Inspected

PORK STEAK Young, Tender 15c lb. State Inspected

ORANGES WRAPPED 3 doz. 29c

COFFEE HILL'S RED 1-lb. tin . . . 26c 2-lb. tin . . . 51c