

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

Mr. Hoover, former president, hints he will take no active part in the affairs of the Republican party in 1940. So has everybody else—been hinting, and hoping.

Finland, engaged in a diplomatic argument with Russia, has long been noted, "for sanity in government." The same thing shows up in this country accidentally and occasionally, and not without walling.

Turkey-dressing schools are now the order of the day in many sections of the Pacific coast. The undertaker gets experience, and all the gold nuggets he mines from the crowd of deceased.

"Later in the day we drove over to Lenox, Mass., where the Democratic Women's Club held a non-partisan gathering." (From "My Day," the First Lady's Column). Sure! "Politics are adjourned."

The invention of a Nebraska inventor, to make an auto run on nothing but water, has flivvered. However, the exclusive use of water still produces the best driving.

The Older Girls have started knitting, causing a demand for "course yarns" for knitting, not blushing.

The current Pacific coast football season is pronounced the "most peculiar in two decades." It's the first time every halfback in California, isn't a red-hot candidate for the All-American team.

An Americanization school will teach aliens how to take orders from women. It is hoped the women have better luck than the average policeman.

"Things are in a pretty bad way all over. A large number of people can't think, and those who can think don't know what to think." (Richmond News-Record). What the Sam Hell?

A 15-year-old Michigan boy won a break-baking contest from 25 housewives. The lad's mother did fine work.

Washington, D. C., officials have discarded the view the United States must enter the European war (so-called), without denying its efficiency in taking the public mind off seven years of New Deal messing. This means the President will behold no more mythical U-boats off the coast of Florida, or make any more "I'll-be-back-in-h-spring, if-we-don't-have-war speeches.

"THE LORD GIVETH BEST" "Many farmers, including big ones who walk away from the treasury year after year with their pockets stuffed with unearned banknotes, answer the question by insisting that for sheer reliability in controlling production and thereby regulating prices at home and abroad, acts of God are better than acts of legislators." (Exchange).

Record Blast Furnace. Warren, O., Nov. 2.—(AP)—Republic Steel Corp. claimed a world record today: the largest blast furnace, capable of producing in excess of 1,200 tons of pig iron in a 24-hour day. An enlargement of a furnace shut down last August 12, it is 106 1/2 feet tall, will be lit tomorrow with city officials in attendance.

Portland, Nov. 2.—(AP)—Mrs. Florence Brown Slaymaker, wife of A. R. Slaymaker, Oregon Journal staff artist, died here today.

Editorial Correspondence

En Route Canadian National, North Bay, Ont., to Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 28.—We hope the quintuplets feel duly flattered. Your correspondent arose at 5:24 a. m. to see them, which necessitated taking the same train the next day at the same unearthly hour,—off the train in a rain, on in a howling snowstorm!

But it was worth it girls, not only to see you, "cute darlings", but to have such convincing evidence that all we need to build up a marvellous race on this northern hemisphere is to have a few more Dr. DeFoes and allow them to apply their scientific knowledge, from the time of the accouchment, until maturity. That shouldn't be so difficult.

The St. Lawrence river is the locale of the Thousand Lakes. This part of Ontario is the locale of the Thousand LAKES! Never have we seen so many lakes,—all shapes and sizes, with one common characteristic,—thickly wooded shores down to the water's edge.

Some U. S. hunters from Detroit came to the Empire Hotel last night after a hunting trip of two weeks, north of Lake Nispising, on the shores of which North Bay is situated. They had the largest Moose we have ever seen,—a cross between a giant perch and a small elephant. According to the hotel clerk the antler spread made a new record,—but as he was one of these glib greeter-and-local-booster types (decidedly rare in Canada) we took his blurb with a grain of salt. But they were huge.

As a result in every lake the train has skirted,—and no exaggeration there have been little else for a good 350 miles—we have expected to see a moose appear on the water's edge. But to date none has. In such thick, dense forests as these we wonder how a moose with a spread like that ever navigates,—should think it would be like a man with a Saratoga trunk bolted to his hat, trying to climb a tree.

Yes, it's surely "MOOSEY" looking country! For at least five hours none of the lakes was frozen, though a blizzard was raging and it was so cold on the observation platform that even the gal with a fur coat and a beaver hat, couldn't stick it. But now for several hours they have all been frozen, the train going so near to some, that one can see animal tracks on the flat, white surface.

The porter says the fishing in these lakes "can't be beat." We are inclined to believe him. Have been travelling steadily now for 12 hours—the train left North Bay at 5:34 a. m.—and there haven't been more than half a dozen stops. And in all this distance there hasn't been a place half as large as Medford. In such a vast and sparsely settled country, the fishing must be good,—nothing to make it otherwise. Again quoting the porter, pickers, pike, trout, and the renowned muskellunge, abound.

Speaking of fish the porter is a strange one. He has features like a Chinaman, the same being emphasized by the fact he wears a little round box-like black cap, a la Chinese mandarin. He is extremely talkative, but there is something vaguely sinister about the man,—perhaps someone has told him he looks like Akim Tamiroff. At any rate he has a way of half closing his eyes, and speaking very low and rapidly without the slightest change of expression.

He wasn't very cheering when he greeted us in the dark this morning with the snow swirling along the bleak and dimly lighted railroad platform: "It's hard to work when you're sick" said he. "What's the matter?" "I have got SUGAR diabetes!" We offered to help him but he would have none of it, though he declined with rather the air of an early Christian martyr being led to the lions.

He didn't have on his Mandarin cap then, but looked like any other porter of the "light completed" type. For a man with SUGAR diabetes! he has been extremely active and talkative.

One thing certain, no one need worry about Christmas trees, there are enough in Ontario alone, to supply the Christian nations until the next millennium. Hundreds of thousands of acres of them, mile after mile, and covered from tip to toe with fine, fresh snow. When the sun comes out, as it does at INFREQUENT intervals, the landscape is dazzling,—like one huge Christmas card,—the old-fashioned kind sprinkled with star dust. And we have yet to see a tree good for anything but stove wood. In fact nine out of ten of the pines are so small they would make perfect Christmas trees for the seven dwarfs.

This country reminds one of Maine, as the country around Callander, Ontario, reminded one of New England. Papa Dionne's farm for example, was a dead ringer for an old abandoned farm near Andover, Mass., with huge moss-covered rocks protruding here and there from the rolling fields and meadows, so one sympathized with Papa when he has to plow. Hitting one of those rocks would be no joke,—for the PLOW!

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Judging by this Canadian National train, railroad transportation in Canada is at least ten years behind the United States. This is the best train the C. N. R. operates, and while it has all the comforts of home they are old fashioned, and the schedule is ALMOST as slow as Rossey's freight.

Winnipeg is just about as far west as Omaha, for example, and Montreal corresponds to New York. It took this train, the "Continental Limited", 37 hours to make the run, which is at least ten hours slower than the "fastest" run from New York to Omaha. And while there is a dining car, observation car and valet, there is no ladies' maid or barber. We can worry along without the former, perhaps, but not the latter. Haven't had a hair-cut since we arrived in Washington, D. C., supposing of course the job could be done en route. (If one of these Doukhobor ranchers catch sight of us, we are lost!)

An hour stop here so we took a bit of a jaunt around the wheat belt metropolis, population 400,000. Seemed mild after that north wind in Montreal, so were surprised to find the thermometer at the Fort Garry hotel read exactly freezing—32 degrees. A very attractive hotel—as are all the large city hotels in Canada—but no one about.

No one about the streets for that matter,—the reason being the Sabbath of course. Returning to the station ran into a large procession of soldiers in khaki, marching four abreast,—as in Montreal some of them in uniform and some not. But a far finer looking lot of young men,—the outfits we saw in Montreal looked as though they had merely scooped in the nearest bread line and let it go at that,—all sizes and ages and practically none looked fit.

These mid-western Canadians, on the other hand, are a very different lot physically,—they will go abroad as the "Royal Winnipeg Rifles", known also as the "Black Devils" who made quite a name for themselves in France. As Ontario was like Maine and New England, Manitoba is like Nebraska and Kansas,—flat, spread out, probably the greatest wheat belt in the world, when it comes to quality and yield. The soil is black and deep, the wheat farmers making a good thing out of the war, they say, with wheat pegged at 70 cents. As far as we can recall Winnipeg holds the world's record for width of its streets. One would need field glasses to recognize anyone on 'other side of the Main Stem.

We see by the Winnipeg Tribune it IS warmer today than yesterday—here are the official figures for yesterday: 6:30 a. m., 17. Noon, 26. Sunset, 16. Should think the next train for Florida would be pretty popular hereabouts!

Before we forget it, there was an election-day incident in Montreal, which should be put in the record,—to our mind it shows the French influence in that part of Canada, in rather amusing fashion.

While on that sight-seeing bus, we ran into a large crowd in a residence street, so large the bus had to turn out—it was after the accident and the driver wasn't going to take another chance. We no sooner stopped than three or four shots rang out, and we then noticed that everyone in the crowd was looking intently toward the upper branches of a nearby tree. Our first thought was some fugitive from justice had been treed, for we noticed a number of policemen in the crowd, and one with a revolver in his hand directly under it. But as usual Nancy, the actress, was about six jumps ahead of everyone else,—"Why it's an owl!" she cried, "don't you see it, on that branch there?" Sure enough there was the wise old bird, turning his head slowly from side to side, but otherwise showing no signs of agitation.

Everyone got out of the bus. It took Nancy about half a minute to get the low-down from the nearest cop. "This being election day the Montreal police force had emphatic instructions to allow no crowds to gather anytime, any place. But this owl was doing just that, therefore it had to be done in before a riot could start. But the policeman simply couldn't hit the bird with his revolver, so a policeman had been dispatched to get a shotgun. It was hoped the crowd wouldn't get much larger—as it was traffic was being held up,—things looked more serious every minute," etc., etc.

Had we known how near we were to our hotel we would have left the bus and seen the drama out, but the driver couldn't wait,—he was already late and suffered severely from the jitters, so insisted upon driving us all on, to our starting place. That night, however, we found the denouement in the newspapers. A man living nearby with a shotgun was secured and he brought Brother Owl down at the first shot. But not down far enough,—the dead bird caught in a crotch of the tree.

WHAT TO DO THEN! The French-Canadian police squad had another consultation and decided the only proper way was to send for the fire department. So with siren screaming along came the Montreal hook and ladder contingent, ladders were yanked up and with great speed and dispatch the owl was brought down.

What to do with it? Another police huddle was held. It was decided to present the bird, which measured three feet from wing tip to wing tip to the helpful citizen who had shot it! Tableau of presentation,—very formal! So at long last the crowd dispersed.

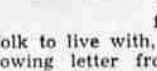
We can imagine an incident like that in France or some other Latin country, but not in any 100% Anglo-Saxon habitat.—R.W.R.

Personal Health Service

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.

NO COFFEE FOR KIDS

A few days after publication in this column of "Query From a Sourpuss," in which I, a teetotaler for many reasons, said that many elderly folk, not all, should have a daily ration of wine or other mild alcoholic beverage, to keep them from becoming sourpusses and being too hard for ordinary folk to live with, came the following letter from a veteran reader who, if I recollect, has sent me verses from time to time in praise of my teachings: Dear Doctor Brady:



A bit of a shock to your old friend to have a doctor of your great influence not only advocate... Here I fairly cringed in fearful anticipation, but happily for me my old friend had not yet lapsed into the sourpuss article — but, boy, when she does will some one please take me by the hand and tell me a story all about bears and Indians so I can forget everything else for the nonce?

... not only advocate coffee as a beverage, but give a recipe for making it. ... but to encourage the coffee habit, anathema to noted health authorities, such as Dr. Kellogg, Dr. Jackson of Sanada, and many others who declare emphatically...

Yes, I know some doctors can be pretty emphatic when they express their views and have no convincing practical evidence to support them. Remember how emphatic a lot of them were 20 years ago about removing tonsils and teeth? They're remarkably quiet about that now.

I can imagine youngsters (my own grandchildren among them) healthy and thriving on milk—food for babes and grown-ups — saying, "Mom, I'm old enough to drink coffee — Dr. Brady says it is all right for children and won't hurt anybody..."

And from that imaginary scene it is but an easy step to the inference that O' Doc Brady approves of feeding infants on tea, coffee, beer, wine, cocoa, whisky or almost anything you have around the house.

In my judgment coffee should not be given to children under sixteen years of age. Various in-

Boy Is Champion In Bread Baking

Traverse City, Mich., Nov. 2.—(P)—A 15-year-old boy, Jimmy Bowler, of Sparta, today beat 25 housewives at their own game when he won the grand championship in the bread baking contest at the Michigan State Grange convention here. The judges decided that the fine texture and tempting brown crust of Jimmy's home-baked bread had given him a clear margin.

British Band for Aid

Sacramento, Nov. 2.—(P)—Northern California women of British ancestry incorporated today to promote a home for aged British men and women in the western part of the United States.

Drain Meters

Portland, Nov. 2.—(P)—Workmen liquidated hundreds of Portland parking meters today. Instead of removing the nickels, they punched holes in the meter standards and drained rain water to prevent rust damage.

The Capital Parade

By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner. Released by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Germany's concessions to Russia are at the very heart of the present European situation. According to the best-informed American officials, they are even huger than is generally supposed. Under one article of their agreement with the Soviets, the Germans are now secretly dismantling the fortifications of Memel.

Under another, the Russians are beginning construction of powerful military and air bases just across the border of East Prussia. Still a third article, not yet acted upon, is believed to add all the old kingdom of Rumania—not merely Bessarabia —to Tussia's other territorial acquisitions.

With Russia threatening East Prussia in the north, and in the south probably commanding Germany's bread-basket, the rich Danubian valley, from behind the bastion of the Carpathians, the Germans are paying a cruel price for Russian support. That the support will be forthcoming, at least for the time being, seems to be abundantly proved.

The curious thing is, however, that, in the opinion of one high authority, the price was promised in the belief that the promise could be redeemed at the usual depreciated Nazi rate. In other words, Hitler is thought to have planned to repudiate his concessions to Stalin when it came time to make good on them.

This theory of the history of the Russo-German pact is unusually striking, both because it seems to fit the known facts better than any other, and because the authority who originated it is known for his brilliant analyses of foreign affairs. It begins with the strangest of all the facts now on the record — that, until a period several days after the pact with the Soviets was signed, and only a few days before the outbreak of war, Hitler and his advisers were unshakably convinced that the English and French would not fight.

The conviction was testified to in a number of important ways, notably assurances of peace given by the German foreign office to its banking connections in London and Paris. These assurances were in turn passed on, and caused the surprising misreading of the situation in the treasury here and in banking circles in New York. The reasons for the conviction were obvious enough.

First, the English had not originally intended to fight, and Hitler could not forget the strong signs of a year or so before that he would have something very like carte blanche to the eastward. Second, Von Ribbentrop, misinformed by his friends among the remnants of the "appeasement" group in London, persistently misinformed Hitler. And, third, there was the Soviet pact itself. This was intended to be a grand piece stopping the English and French in their tracks, making clear the futility of trying to aid the Poles, and insuring the truth of Von Ribbentrop's predictions.

The important thing to remember, according to the above-mentioned high authority, is that the Russo-German pact was signed in this atmosphere of semi-religious faith in the pacifist tendencies of England and France.

This being so, and taking into account all other aspects of the situation, the evidence clearly suggests that Ribbentrop was sent to Moscow with orders to sign anything. He was empowered to make any promise, subscribe to any Russian demand, offer any conceivable concession; but to return to Berlin with some sort of agreement. The agreement, which would confirm English and French pacifism, was what Hitler wanted. Then, with England and France out of the way, he could go into Poland with his whole army and his whole air force, meet the Russians at the Polish border, and toss the agreement in Stalin's face.

The only trouble with this Machiavellian schedule of the future was that the future did not work out that way. After a day of shocked horror, the English and French composed their minds and steered their wills. By August 30, the Germans were finally convinced that the democracies would fight after all. But, by August 30, Hitler had involved himself so deeply that he could not draw back. He had to go on,

and, going on, he has had to redeem his promises to Russia down to the last exacting detail. Such is the theory of the high authority. As a footnote to contemporary history, it deserves consideration.

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins. WINNIE RUTH JUDD, captured within a few blocks of the Arizona state asylum from which she recently fled, says that within her brief absence she "saw horrible things." "Visions of the two women she brutally murdered, probably."

QUESTION: Q Is the Judd woman any better off in her present state (of assumed insanity) than if she had been executed for the jealous murder of her two best friends?

MUCH more important question: IS THE PUBLIC any better off because of the display of soft-heartedness that saved Winnie Ruth Judd from paying the death penalty?

After all, we mustn't forget that the purpose of punishment is to PREVENT FURTHER CRIME. The fate of the convicted criminal is a mere incident.

AS THESE words are written, the City of Flint is still in the big headlines, having just shown up at a Norwegian port, from which she was promptly shooed out.

It is just as well to remember that the bulk of the ruckus over this ancient and not very valuable American vessel has been stirred up in an effort to smoke Stalin out and make him admit whether he considers himself a thick-and-thin pal of Hitler or still maintains the pose of neutrality. Unless you keep this fact clearly in mind, you are running the risk of becoming so excited over the incident as to regard it as a justifiable cause for war.

THE British have seized two dozen or more American ships on the same pretext (carrying contraband of war), but no headlines have resulted.

THIS mysterious dispatch comes from Rome: "The German embassy announced Tuesday that Ambassador Hans Georg Viktor von Mackensen had returned to Berlin for an extraordinary session."

Do you suppose he MIGHT have forgotten his toothbrush?

DANGER GUILTY OF SPYING ON SWISS

Geneva, Nov. 2.—(AP)—A 35-year-old dancer known as "Nina" was sentenced to five years in prison today by five Swiss judges who found her guilty of espionage and treason. Roger Joel, a former draftsman in a Swiss arms factory, jointly convicted on the same charges, was sentenced to three years imprisonment.

The dancer, accused by the government of heading a far-reaching spy ring but described by her own attorneys as a mere pawn of mysterious "higher ups," heard the sentence apparently unmoved.

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 2, 1929. (It was Saturday.) William G. Lee, noted labor leader, dies after long illness.

Plans completed for state horticultural society meet here next week. Arabs rise in Palestine, and are brought under control by British troops.

Criterion shows pictures of University of Oregon game with Idaho. California defeats U.S.C.

President Hoover's Armistice Day speech to be broadcast. Another booze auto caught in the Siskiyou.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 2, 1919. (It was Sunday.) New regulations for Medford school teachers issued by Supt. Davenport.

Speedy end of nationwide coal strike looms. Gov. Olcott is enjoined from purchase of state game preserve in Lane county.

Sen. Chamberlain of Oregon and Secretary of War Baker engage in lively tilt at senate committee hearing.

October was a very cold and dry month, weather report shows. Valley visited by hard rain.

Medford merchants designate November 11-14 as Victory week.

J. D. LOWE PURCHASES 71 ACRES IN ASHLAND

Ashland, Nov. 2.—(Sp.)—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lowe, recently of Melbourne, Australia, have bought 71 acres of land in three tracts on the northeast end of Mountain avenue here, and will build a modern home and dairy barn.

Lowe, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Lowe, had been employed with the Commercial Box Syndicate in Melbourne, and returned to his old home here on six months' leave-of-absence. Because of war conditions, he decided to remain.

The house will be constructed on Mountain avenue. Purebred Jersey cattle, some of them imported from Australia, will stock the farm.

Ex-Sheriff Killed. Woodland, Cal., Nov. 2.—(AP)—James W. Monroe, 72, who retired last December after serving as sheriff of Yolo county for 28 years, was killed when his automobile hit a bridge abutment west of here last night.

MUSCULAR BACKACHE - SORENESS - STIFFNESS PAINS-ACHES

If first good rubbings with soothing, warming Musterole don't bring you glorious relief from those torturing muscular aches and pains—due to cold—by all means see your doctor. But Musterole usually DOES THE WORK.—Musterole gives quick relief because it's MORE than "just a salve." It's a wonderful soothing "counter-irritant" which penetrates the outer layers of the skin to help ease local congestion and pain. Used by millions for over 20 years! 3 strengths: Regular, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40¢.



Better Than A Mustard Plaster!

REXALL 1c Sale 25th Anniversary Today, Friday, Saturday Listen to Rubinoff Over KMED, 1:45 P. M. West Side Pharmacy WEST MAIN AT GRAPE STREET