

MEDFORD TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot

The mercury rose Sunday to 72, causing the men to loosen a vest button or two; the grass grew greener, and the birds sang sweetly.

Sad news, if true, drifts down from upstate to Astoria high school basketball squad. It seems the always flashy, fancy Finns are encountering trouble with the flu, and the competition. It is hoped they conquer both, for a state tournament without them would be sad.

Wild Life in Kansas (Lyons, Kan., News) A Kansas wild life society is being formed at Wichita. It is about time, we read yesterday about a farmer's faithful old dog being caught in the pasture helping two coyotes eat the farmer's calf.

Skeptical reared its ugly head Monday. A citizen whose mate cooks on an electric stove exclusively, appeared with a black eye, caused by a stick of kindling flying up, sudden-like.

The esteemed Corvallis Gazette-Times questions the faith of the esteemed Eugene Register-Guard, in its own editorial claim: "The left hand doesn't ride 'red' on the Oregon campus."

In Texas, a patriot shot a fellow patriot in the thigh, to conclude a heated argument over the tenure of the coming campaign. Hot-tempered, gun-toting voters should remember there are no polling places in penitentiaries, and they were just as mad in the last campaign about something they can't remember now.

The Wales plan never has looked good. The Record editor, we have been told to mind our own printing business and leave engineering matters to the menfolk. (Merrill, Ore. Record). Wherein an editor gets told.

Dessey Hill, the valiant Prospect hillbilly shifter, came out of a basketball game last Sat. eving with only a sprained ankle, a smashed finger, cuts on the left ear, and a lacerated left hip-pocket.

Editorial Correspondence

LOS ANGELES, March 1.—March not only came in like a lamb today, but like a lamb stew bubbling on a hot plate. All heat records for March since the 1920's were broken, and when we went down to breakfast the elevator boy remarked it was "perfect earthquake weather."

Well the elevator boy was right. Returning to our room about an hour later, preparatory to meeting a Sunday dinner engagement in Pasadena, the ice in the water pitcher started to tinkle, then the bed quivered into a gentle shimmy, and yours truly started for sanctuary under the nearest door jamb, prepared for the worst. But nothing more happened. That was all. Having been through a real shake in El Centro several years ago, we decided this was nothing worth recording.

The races at Santa Anita are over, and the auditors are now busy figuring out how much of the \$25,000,000 taken in can be transferred to profit. Quite a tidy sum we imagine. The state of California gets a cool million, and as (according to report) the stockholders paid for their investment out of last year's profits, with a 100% increase this year, there should be quite a hoost in the sale of Rolls Royces, in Pasadena.

Being imbued with the Boy Scout spirit, we threw our PERSONAL inclinations to the wind and agreed to chaperone a young man from the middlewest, to his first horse race on the last day. The young man happens to stand six feet four in his socks, tip the beam at around 225, and was an All American tackle this last year. He hails from the University of Minnesota, played in the East-West game at San Francisco and has just returned from Hawaii, where he lost his first football game in three years,—to the Detroit Lions—the pro team—if we remember correctly. We might as well go the whole hog now and introduce him as Dick Smith—incidentally one of the most attractive young men it has ever been our good fortune to meet.

In fact we could devote an entire article to Dick Smith—and perhaps one of these days we will. In which case we shall dedicate the same to those sour-faced, jaundiced-eyed old boys and girls, who spend so much time deploring the laxity and self indulgence of the modern youth, and thanks to its decadence, see the entire world going to the demitison bow wows. Here is a lad who has been a college and football hero for three years, with all that such a role implies,—just as simple, unspoiled, clean cut, and modest, as even that Polyanna of juvenile fiction, the late Horatio M. Alger, could have envisioned, in his palmist days. Nor will we concede he is the exception to prove the rule. No, ladies and gentlemen, modern youth is all right,—all in all better equipped we believe to make a success in life than the generation that preceded it. If you doubt it, come down and meet Dick Smith.

Our chief performance as chaperone for this All American linesman consisted in grabbing his coat tail and letting him clear the way through the mass of struggling humanity, that packed the Santa Anita track on the final day of the meet. There was no resistance—the crowd just melted away when they saw him coming. That and trying to determine without impairing our reputation as a great judge of horse flesh, just which quadruped he would put his money on provided he had any to put. For the boy had beginner's luck. He hadn't come to bet however, but to see the spectacle, and some of the best horses in the country do their stuff. His aunt had given him a couple of dollars to put on Ariel Cross for the big race because the odds were attractive. Dick studied the question and as the horses filed up the track looked them over carefully. He discarded the racing dope and characteristically followed the technique he KNEW SOMETHING ABOUT—that of the football field. The biggest horse, the most powerful animal, appealed to him. "Look at Whopper, what a running guard he would make!" So those two dollars went on Whopper, on the nose! And did Whopper win—by three lengths—and was leading the pack all the way. At that Auntie wasn't so far off, Ariel Cross came in show.

Well it was a great day, and when Dick returned home and gave Auntie her winnings, she proclaimed him a great horse race expert—which of course he is. Anyone who can pick a winner is just that,—and anyone who can't—is something else again.

The meet came near ending in tragedy. We happened to be at the starting line when the gong for the last race rang out. Eight horses jumped as one (incidentally one of the most interesting things about race horses is the way they start—like a shot from a gun,—a lot of training has to go into that). Well, the horse on the rail, Mark Pal—a Vanderbilt entry—had been nervous all the time. Not two feet away from him we had observed his prancing and pawing with some interest, also the jockey who pink cheeked and frail, looked more like a little boy taken out of grade school, than most of the jockeys do. As the gong sounded Mark Pal plunged forward, stumbled, went to his knees, got up, dashed on with stirrups flying on a bare saddle. The little jockey lay still in the dust! One of the handlers and a policeman rolled him over, picked him up, his arms dangled, like those of a rag doll. "He's dead," said the woman at our side, "see his back stiffen out, they don't do that when they are just knocked out." The horses thundered on, the crowd yelled, no one paid any attention to the accident, they wanted to see how the race was coming out. No doubt the woman's remark was responsible—like most horse women she was so positive, self assured—we too thought the jockey dead, and were unable to take further interest in the race. Just a school kid,—done in,—so this mob of people could enjoy a Roman holiday—not the sport of kings or any other sport,—just an excuse for winning money and losing it. Eight horses on the card, not more than 15 or 20 minutes of racing—five hours devoted to getting ready to bet, betting, and cashing in on bets, or tearing up your tickets! What fools we mortals be! Only one in a thousand wins, and 900 of the losers can't afford to lose. The moth and the flame,—the spider and all these poor saps of human flies,—and death ends it all for that boy with his white, red and blue sash, his pink cheeks, those blue chevrons on his sleeve! "Death in the afternoon."

Half an hour later we found all our fears were unfounded—the jockey was knocked out but not badly hurt,—we had only thirty minutes of unpleasant speculation and a lot of foolish moralizing for our pains!

Yes, foolish, for what good does moralizing do? Whether we like it or don't, just living is a gamble, and the dance of life goes on!

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, Cal.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE FLU

There's little new I can tell you. From the very multiplicity of theories and laboratory observations it seems likely that the influenza virus is not a specific disease, but rather a group of diseases which happen to have certain symptoms in common, especially fever, chill, prostration and general aches and pains, qualifying adjectives such as "stomach" flu, "Spanish" flu, "nervous" flu are vague attempts to describe the particular type of illness.



Although no germ or virus as yet discovered can be regarded as the cause, it is fairly certain that the disease is communicable and further that it is usually a respiratory infection. By that we mean the germ or virus is spread through the secretions from the mucous membrane lining the breathing passages, and it gains entrance to the body of the next person through the respiratory tract. It might seem logical then to assume that the germ or virus is carried in the air and inhaled. That assumption fits in with the old belief that most epidemics were air-borne and that sometimes great scourges were brought into a country in the wind blowing across the sea. But we know that these notions were absurd. We know that a disease germ or virus never travels in the air; it has to be transported by human or animal or insect agency in order to retain enough life or virulence to survive and gain a foothold in the new country.

The public has been duly warned about the danger of catching such disease through the open cough or sneeze. The moisture spray given off when a person coughs or sneezes without carefully masking or covering the nose and mouth carries as far as ten or twelve feet, and may carry virulent disease germs or viruses, which is thus directly implanted upon the mouth or nose of another, perhaps inhaled, so that it lodges on the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract.

The public has not been fairly apprised of the more subtle danger of catching such disease through polite conversational spray. This carries less than five feet, ordinarily two or three feet, but the invisibly fine droplets of moisture given off when a person talks may carry the virus or germs of disease and implant infection directly upon the mucous membrane of the breathing passage of another person. In my opinion this is indeed the most frequent mode of infection from respiratory disease, anything from coryza to tuberculous, from grip to cerebro-spinal meningitis. Old timers who hold important political positions in health departments still endeavor to make a to-do about the agency of dish-washing, shaking hands, getting one's feet wet, change of weather, forgetting one's heavy underwear—but then, isn't it characteristic of the medical profession to prefer the roundabout, complicated, to the plain, things we don't understand very well? Weren't it the doctors who authorized or ordered the quaint shotgun quarantine we formerly employed against yellow fever in the south?

(Editors Note: The Third Article by Dr. Brady on influenza will be Published Tomorrow.)

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY March 3, 1926 (It was Thursday) Governor Pierce visits valley with state bonus board.

Corvallis voters ban Sunday movies. The almond trees of the city just coming into blossom.

Leonard Carpenter returns from a trip to the West Indies and California.

'Al Melvin, high school basketball prospect, will not be started in game with Astoria tomorrow night. Coach Callison announces. Bill Morgan will play at guard.

Upstate counties urged to unite to secure O.-C. tax refunds.

Republican leaders in congress quash Democratic plan "to tinker with the tariff and monkey with the money system." C. Aldridge "economy plan" approved in committee.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY March 3, 1916 (It was Saturday) Northern Oregon swept by snow, sunshine in the valley.

If the grounds are in shape the first practice of the year will be held by the Medford baseball team.

Epidemic of whooping cough prevails in the Table Rock area.

Ashland high defeats Medford high, 7 to 5, in basketball game at the Nat. The score at the end of the first half was three to nothing in favor of Ashland. "Dutch" Thomas scored all the points for the locals.

British channel towns rated by Zeppelins, deadlock at Verdun continues.

Newton D. Baker, former mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, is named secretary of war by President Wilson.

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, March 3.—Irving Berlin, attaining fresh triumphs with his tunes for the talkies, continues shyest of the current celebrities.



He is one of the first nighters who arrives on time and does not flit around showily between acts. In a close-up he is soft-spoken, an excellent listener and has a good word for everybody, especially contemporaries in composing. And he's been loyal to friends of other days.

Physically frail, he is a careful eater, moderate cigarette smoker and rarely indulges in more than a single cocktail on festive occasions. One of his eccentricities on an evening out is to motor to a Broadway barber solely to have his hair brushed.

His marriage to the beautiful and socially prominent Ellen Mackay, despite the head wagers, proved a union of unusual devotion. He is reputed to have written a lyrical sentimentality for her eyes alone every week since they were married. Just leaves it around.

Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin are richest of the living popular tune makers. Each in the millionaire division. Kern's fortune was augmented by royalties but it was chiefly from his marvelous collection of first editions, sold shortly before the crash. He could realize little on them today. Berlin's fortune is almost solely from his songs. He is said to have loaned his father-in-law, Clarence Mackay, a million when the vast Mackay estate was in jeopardy.

An all-time record aggregation of autograph collectors clipped a few weeks ago at the premiere of the Chaplin picture on Broadway. Scores of them took places hours before the hand-picked crowd began to arrive. For a time they stood dumbly, like cattle in running water, while the current of celebrities swept from limousines and taxis. All seemed to awe to make usual requests because of the surfeit of ermine, mink and monies. Then one broke the police corral and the stampede was on, giving Broadway one of the most disconcerting spectacles of "celebrity consciousness" it has ever seen.

others operate an electric shop, elevator factory, broom factory and second-hand shop.

Campus Gets Giant Clock AUSTIN, Tex. (UP)—Soon there will be no excuse for University of Texas students not knowing what time it is. A tower clock 12 feet in diameter will be erected on the new administration building. It will be visible five miles. Fifty-five clocks will be in the new building.

Squirrel Dominates Pets BOURNEMOUTH, Mass. (UP)—Mrs. Eugene Stowell's pet squirrel harmoniously plays with her cat and dog, and drinks water from a glass. Harriet, the squirrel, is the ruler among the household pets and takes what it wants from them.

Beatrice Kaufman, wife of the playwright, George S. Kaufman, and who has contributed a play and many magazine articles herself, stepped right out front in her new role of fiction chief with the sophisticated Harper's Bazaar, edited by Carmel Snow. What a name for a Colony desert! Mrs. Kaufman has several surprises for the take-off and her wide acquaintance with the Dorothy Parker, Noel Coward types of literary preages a lot of contacts editors dream about but seldom realize. For no known reason the most reluctant and scantiest outputs of writing come from those who bear the brand of sophistication. They toss much of it off gratis at cocktail parties.

Sudden memory: Center tables with legs carved into claws holding clear glass balls. One of the chronic story tellers came bursting into the Lamba card room with a new one. "Stop me if you've heard this," he began. And Joe Laurie, Jr., looking up from a pinocchio game, drawled "How?" (Copyright, 1936, McNaught Syndicate)

Family Dominated Town GRIDLEY, Kas. (UP)—There is a possibility that this town's name may be changed to "Kaufmanville." Frank Kaufman recently went into the grocery business, fifth member of his family in business here. The

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A Practical Guide for Mothers Each year, more and more families are being helped to fewer colds, shorter colds and milder colds by following Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Vicks Plan has been clinically tested by practicing physicians, and further proved in everyday home use throughout the country. Full details of the Plan come in each package of Vicks Vapo-rinol.

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