

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Official Paper of the City of Medford, Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS. MEMBER OF UNITED PRESS. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

WEST-HOLIDAY

Member of the Associated Press. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B. C.

Ye Smudge Pot

The mother of a criminal, superficially wounded, when with two notorious pals, he engaged in a gun duel Monday at Bangor, Me., with G-men, declared: "It's too bad he wasn't killed suddenly, like the rest of them." Then she fainted.

Postmaster-General Farley, at banquet at Eugene the coming weekend in his honor will eat Chinese Pheasant. Afterwards, the heavy thinker for Democracy, and the greatest politician ever to occupy a human side, will deliver an address in which, no doubt, he will predict the Republican party will eat crow next year.

Football fans will head north late tomorrow, by auto. They are warned to go slow, and not lateral off a phone-pole, in their haste.

NICE WAY TO PUT IT! (Yreks (Call) Journal) "There are reasons why Deputy Sheriff Ed Mathews is standing only on one side of a chair. Ed accidentally dropped his pistol from his hip pocket and it discharged, the bullet glanced up wards towards his head, but whereas there were other parts that projected farther back than the crowning part of his anatomy, the shot plowed its way thru there making a slight flesh wound. The Deputy cannot see the furrow, but he says it feels as though it were at least a foot deep."

An Oklahoma physician announces five rules (not including regular breathing) whereby people can live 100 years, if they feel they can stand it.

Press reports reveal a Clatsop county farmer, apprised by a neighbor lady venturing on the hoof was embroiling his hay, rushed from his bath-room, with his pants in one hand and his trusty rifle in the other. Confronted with a question of propriety, he let the pants go willy-nilly, and killed a 2-prong deer. A somewhat similar circumstance befell a Prospect district farmer a few years back. Submerged in his bath, he was informed a buck was fooling around his hayrack. Not bothering about his pants, he grabbed a rifle, and as a full-fledged nudist, plunged into the young blizzard raging outside. Leaping upon a saw-horse, he blazed away. The target gave one skyward leap, and folded up. Our hero, still in the raw, then raced through the blinding snow and bitter wind to view the fruits of his marksmanship. There, on the lee side of the hayrack, in the fast falling October dusk, he discovered he had shot one of his own steers—square between the horns.

Patenting of turkeys for Thanksgiving feasts has started in the rural areas, but as yet market reports contain no items that the cranberry crop is short and the price will be accordingly. The turkey is an interesting bird, and when dead the autopsy often reveals a tincup full of gravel in his craw. The phenomena of how a turkey that spent his days on a Jackson county side-hill, shows up in a San Francisco butchershop with a craw full of Alaska black sand, has never been satisfactorily explained.

DANGEROUS DAN MICROBE (Early Flu Victim) A bunch of germs were hitting it up. In the bronchial saloon; Two bugs on the edge of the larynx Were jazzing a rag-time tune. Back in the teeth, in a solo game, Set dangerous Ask-Kerchoo; And watching his pulse was his light of love— The lady that's known as Flu. (Washington State Journal)

Fill That Chest

THE Community Chest is an established institution in this community, its purposes so well known to all, that any comment upon them would be superfluous.

So as the annual drive for contributions to the chest opens, there is really nothing much to say, and nothing NEW that can be said.

Everyone knows that the Community Chest campaign is, by its nature, a test of good citizenship. Its results reveal, how many residents of the city, who have more than they absolutely need, are willing to give something to those who have less. Every contribution will be used to help, not those who live abroad, but those who live here in Medford,—our neighbors and our friends, and in the final analysis, OURSELVES.

To generously support the Community Chest therefore is clearly a matter of enlightened self interest. For to eliminate want, to reduce suffering, to advance health, makes Medford a better place in which to live,—a permanent investment, which pays dividends to every member of the community, throughout the year.

Those who are able to give something, but refuse to do so, place themselves in the position of those who are willing to profit from the efforts of others, but will do nothing to deserve the benefit themselves.

We are sure there are few of this type in this community. We are equally sure that the present drive, under its capable leadership, will this year, as it has in the past, meet with the complete success which it deserves.

Support the P.-T.A.

PROBABLY never before in the history of the country, has education been so important as it is today.

This is particularly true of public school education, for as the youth goes, so goes the nation.

Therefore any force that will lead youth in the right direction on one hand; and raise the general level of the ability to think—and think clearly—on the other, contributes to the preservation and perpetuation of a democracy such as ours and its institutions.

This is particularly true at the present time: when there are sinister influences abroad in the land, which must be resisted and defeated if popular government is to endure. Our best defense—one might say our only sure defense,—lies in an educated and enlightened citizenship. And the cornerstone of such citizenship is the public school.

THIS may be rather a portentous prelude, to a brief and very simple statement we have to make. A state-wide drive for membership in the Parent-Teacher association is on in this state, and we wish to urge all parents with children in the public schools, to join. Nevertheless the essential fact, as stated we believe to be true.

There is nothing more vital than education,—the right kind of education. And no factor is more important in making that education—especially primary education,—what it should be than a large, well organized and well directed Parent-Teacher Association.

For it is this organization that brings the school in direct contact with the home, and the home in direct contact with the school, a relationship that is of inestimable benefit to both, to education, and ultimately to the country as a whole.

SO we are glad to join with others in endorsing the P.-T. A. campaign in this state. The nearer we can come to the ideal of a truly EDUCATED citizenship, the nearer we will be to that permanence, security and stability, which will make—not the world necessarily—but THIS COUNTRY safe for DEMOCRACY.

He Can Do No Right

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is wise to go his way, and pay no heed to his critics—at least the most persistent and bitter ones.

A less experienced, and more sensitive type, might make an effort from time to time, to mollify the hymn-of-haters,—to go out of his way to show them what they claim to be true, isn't true.

But the President refuses to do so. He knows what he wants to do and he intends if possible to do it. He regards any attempt to please the radical opposition, as a waste of time and effort.

In this he is EXACTLY right. It is foolish to try to please the Roosevelt-phobias simply because it CAN'T be done. No matter what he says or does, the President to them can do no right.

THE President's recent fireside talk is an excellent example. For months and months the great opposition cry has been against the President's incendiary methods over the radio,—rapping the heads of the Economic Royalists, appealing to the prejudices of the masses, arousing class against class, etc., etc.

This was the burden of the outburst, in some quarters, against his recent Constitution Day address, although viewing that speech as a whole, it was a very liberal and effective, interpretation of that document, almost entirely free of anything that could be termed, partisan or even provocative.

AND now what do we hear about Tuesday night's radio talk? Certainly an even tempered, friendly discussion of certain important issues, as devoid of animus and heat, as Junior's favorite bedtime story.

Why it was a lot of blah, a mess of glittering generalities and tiresome platitudes, not worth turning the dial to listen to.

So there you are. When the President is concerned, he is damned if he does, and damned if he doesn't. If he smashes back at the reactionary opposition he is trying to bring on a class war, if he devotes himself to present issues, and their elucidation, he is filling the air with a lot of whang-doodle and sweet nothings.

The President is wise in going his way, and paying no attention to such opposition.

In territorial days, the name Arkansas was officially spelled "Arkansas" to conform with its pronunciation. Watch for announcement about fire sale on Pianos. Every piano will be drastically reduced.

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, Calif.

EUGENICS AND THE SUPER-RACE

Pigs is pigs. Cross a pure black guinea-pig with a pure white guinea-pig and you get only black guinea-pigs in the first generation. But some of the blacks of this first generation carry a white trait nevertheless. When a pair of these all black guinea-pigs mate three-fourths of their offspring will be black and one-fourth will be white, just as white as the grandparent was.



If your ambition is to develop a "blue" or a gray breed or strain, you will surely not give up so soon. Fortunately, too, guinea-pigs are enthusiastic performers when they get the general idea of what you hope to prove. So take a walk or bowl a game or two. When you return you'll find simple arithmetic no longer adequate—it takes integral calculus to keep tabs on progress of the experiment from now on. It goes like this:

White and black pigs crossed. First generation, all black (black is dominant; white is recessive). Second generation—three-fourths of the offspring black; one-fourth white.

Third generation—some of the blacks breed true. Some contain a mixture of white and black characters, traits or factors, and hence some of their offspring will be black, some white.

While the guinea-pigs would probably carry on as long as you wish, you may as well conclude the experiment as hopeless. A "blue" or gray mottled or barred strain of guinea-pig might conceivably be developed in the course of a few hundred years, but who cares? If you want quick results, try crossing a black Andalusian cock with a white Andalusian hen. You'll get a brood of "blue"—that is, grayish chicks out of the first setting. In the course of the season, as these blues mature and start families of their own, you'll have some more blues, but also some more blacks and whites. Here is the way the protocol of the chicken ex-

periment will look: One interesting and important fact is that black bred with black in any generation produce only black; white bred with white only white, but blues (grays) bred together produce a progeny sorting into three classes (blacks, blues, whites) in the same proportion as that produced by the blues of the first generation. It is impossible to produce a race of "blues," because they always produce blacks and whites as well as blues and the proportion of chicks having the fine mixture of black and white tends to decrease with succeeding generations.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Husband, 28, 60 inches tall, 162 pounds, drives truck, has to lift cases weighing 100 pounds many times a day. Is it advisable for him to wear belt or special support as protection against hernia?—(Mrs. R. H.) Answer—Only if his doctor recommends it for some particular trouble. Pink.

Your daily articles have been a great help in keeping my family in the pink of condition. How may a man 40 years of age find out whether he is sterile, from complicated mumps?

Water. Can a person drink too much water? Have been on diet for diabetes for over two years, but recent examination showed blood sugar normal, no sugar in urine. I crave and drink over a gallon of water a day.—(W. A.) Answer—If you can keep the water intake around three quarts a day (less in cold weather, more in hot weather) you will be all right. (Copyright, 1937, John P. Dille Co.)

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.



NEW YORK: Oct. 14.—The art of ambuland is almost lost to the metropolis. There are no accomplished strollers, such as Robert Cortes Holliday. Out of 100 walking clubs ten years ago, only a half dozen remain. About the only upholders of walking are the members of the Boy Scouts.

Even that old stand-by, the 5 o'clock promenade on 5th avenue is gone. Men who used to walk from offices to clubs now go in motor cars or taxis. Kin Hubbard used to say the only way to cross a New York street was to lead a cow. The reason, of course, is traffic jams. Plus the feeling of danger in braving so many crossings, checkers have found that all the important corners have from 20 to 30 per cent fewer pedestrians at the peak hours. Visitors who have not been here in several years immediately notice the slow-up of the sidewalk flow.

One of the most auspicious survivors of the walking age still is Dr. John Finley of the Times, who heels off his five miles a day no matter the weather. Most of the valiant who used to circle the gravel path around the Central Park reservoir have called it a day. And are seen no more.

That odd home of William Gillette, the octogenarian actor, on a fling of Connecticut countryside, continues to be for sale, although it represents an investment of \$600,000 and an asking price of only \$150,000. And for that it must be sold to the right person. Only one in sympathy

with the actor's labor of love. There winds through the grounds a complete, practical miniature railroad. This was the hobby that engrossed the delinquent of the Sherlock Holmes role for years. And while fascinating to children, is likely to be met with a yawn tap by most grownups. Yet unless one can show

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proper sympathy and agree to preserve the estate as it is, it will not be sold. And driving along past the Gillette estate we veered off on an unused back road and passed a broken down goat's nest of farm houses, proclaiming utter desolation. Someone in the car remarked: "What poor souls eke out existence here?" And then there was noted a "For Sale" sign and a gaunt farmer and his entire brood were assembled in a side yard, all ready to depart in a trailer, loaded with valves and bundles, for greener pastures. And we hoped better fortune.

Also one wonders whence come the patrons for the jinkijumbies of ceramics on sale at those roadside pottery stands. Big vases of scarlet, green and yellow, large enough to take a bath in. Every day they are placed in the yard in precise geometric array and a member of the family stands in waiting anticipation. Yet in years of motoring by them I have never seen a customer.

Too, we came on an ancient ice house, riddled and ridged with age. The roof was sagging and about to cave in and the clapboard walls were silvered with the hoariness of years. The ice house, once a sort of mysterious cavern in small towns, has given away to the progress of modern refrigeration, and this was the only left-over I've seen in a decade.

Ed Swamy, of the advertising biggies, is America's No. 1 airplane customer. He, more than any other aviation layman, is a human bird of

passage and always on the wing. He flies in to New York from California almost every week, sometimes twice, not to include his side trips to Ft. Worth, New Orleans, Cincinnati and where not. Indeed, nearly all of the crack advertising men are air passengers in a large way. Art Kudner even has a private plane from which he flies to and from his New Mexico ranch for week-ends. Bruce Barton is also a consistent traveler along the air lanes. Among the Hollywoodites who are giving the planes a big play is George Jessel. He flew in the

other evening, for instance, to have dinner with some friends and winged westward again the same evening. One of the rangers was rabble-rousing from his step-ladder in West 72d, off Broadway, the other evening. In climaxed his hot-gossiping he inquired shrilly and peevish for an answer: "What do we see on every hand?" And a passing smart alec in a roadster shouted: "Four fingers and a thumb, you mug!" (Copyright, 1937, McNaught Syndicate)

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