

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry. Credit is bestowed upon four European premiers for averting war. They did their share, not to mention the Duke of Windsor, late King of England, who valiantly announced when things looked blackest, he was ready to quit dancing, and hop into a colonel of the Lancashire Guards uniform.

"As a timid start back toward normalcy, how would it be for the government to let the people manage their own affairs on alternate Tuesday afternoons?" (Ottawa (Kan.) Herald)—It's an idea.

A federal official reports an upstate youth is trying to be a Democratic dictator, due to success in mauling up the primary. This may be the opening wedge of a Young Dictator movement, with a dictator-chairman in every county, and Sunday picnics when ants are again in season.

DON'T STOP THE PAPER! (Grants Pass Bulletin) "Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Woodford celebrated their 25th silver wedding anniversary Friday, September 23. Mrs. Woodford doesn't look over twenty-five years old now, to say nothing of having been married that long! We offer our hearty congratulations." (Merlin Items)

The Department of Agriculture announces the establishment of a school in "the science of butchering." The layman has long felt the "science of butchering" consisted of whacking down the middle of the carcass with an axe, leaving two legs on each side.

Considerable local and state interest is manifested in the gubernatorial race in New York state, between Gov. Lehman (D.), seeking a fourth term, and Thomas Dewey (R.), and fiery prosecutor. This is a healthy sign, but Oregonians should make arrangements to stay home and vote next November 8.

LIFE IN THE HILLS (Yreka (Calif.) Journal) "SAWYERS BAR, Sept. 30. (Sp.)—The last rain was grand, but the lightning did a lot of damage in Whites Gulch. In the evening, while Bill Putman and Paddy Nelson sat and smoked in solid comfort and supreme silence, the lightning hit the lamp chimney and whizzed the sordid jar, and just as soon as the light went out, a four-point buck slipped into the garden and ate up the winter radishes and two ears of corn."

A majority of Oregon communities have staged 4-H club livestock sales, and are now eating junior bull, while listening to the senior bull.

A LADY BRISTLES "I knit socks in the other war. I hated to. The soldiers hated to have me knit them also. If the men do go to war again that's one liability they'll not have to work against."

But there is no humor in me when I think of war. I made, along with thousands of others over the land, so-called "four-minute liberty bond speeches" between acts at the theater; entered into a thousand and one wartime activities. Where did it get anybody, least of all the lads for whom we raised money to send over to be shot? Democracy, safety, the end of all war? Piffle! So if Hitler wants me, he can come over and get me. I bet he'll run his bargain." (Olive Barber in Cook Bay Times)

ASTORIA UNIONS REMAIN NEUTRAL. ASTORIA, Oct. 3.—(AP)—Circuit Judge Howard K. Zimmerman was endorsed yesterday by the Astoria labor council for the state supreme court.

The council refused to choose between Willis Mahoney and Rufus Holman in the United States senate race, or between Henry L. Hess and Charles L. Spigau for governor.

Now Let's Help Our Own

A GAIN the people of Medford are reminded that the annual Community Chest campaign is at hand. The need for community-wide generosity cannot be too strongly emphasized at this time.

Looking at present conditions squarely in the face, there are definite obligations and responsibilities that must be met. Suffering and want must be reduced; health must be safeguarded! The time-proven Community Chest is the agency through which the needs of less fortunate neighbors can best be met.

Medford has been fortunate in the able leadership of Community Chest drives in past years. This year will be no exception. Those who direct this campaign, and ALL who contribute their energy and enthusiasm in the solicitation of much needed funds, are to be commended!

SOME who are not fully informed as to the scope and activities of the Community Chest may be inclined to "pass the buck" to Uncle Sam to shoulder the burden of relief, which is after all but one of several functions of the chest.

The government, with state and county assistance, has through necessity assumed an important share of the task of administering direct relief here and elsewhere; the PWA and WPA, through various public works projects, have performed valuable service in meeting seasonal unemployment. It is to be hoped that eligible sponsors will take immediate steps to bring forth-while WPA projects here this winter... they will be needed!

The Community Chest, however, undertakes relief problems, a health program and character-building activities that are and have been PERMANENT responsibilities of THIS community. They are essentially LOCAL; the Federal government cannot and will NOT assume them!

THE annual chest drive affords those who never WANT, other than perhaps for some luxuries, an opportunity to consider the problems of their less fortunate neighbors. Here, as in all communities, there are families faced with deplorable impoverishment—in need of the bare necessities of life! By giving to the Community Chest some little part of what life has been good enough to give to us, we reach them! The result? A finer community of happier, healthier people!

TO contribute to the chest should not be regarded as "charity," but as SHARING in the true spirit of Christianity and brotherhood; to give to those less fortunate is to enjoy the deep satisfactions that sharing bestows!

This newspaper has pointed out upon the occasion of previous campaigns that the Community Chest is, by its nature, a TEST OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP. That test will be made again this year. It is to be hoped that ALL who can afford to share will measure up to that test this year, as they have through the years that have gone.—H. G.

"Heil Hitler!"

WE are grateful to Hitler for one thing,—his timing. If Der "Furioso" had decided to stage his Czechoslovakia putsch, this week instead of last, what a mess this country would have been in!

For we take our sports seriously, particularly football and the world series. On the other hand when another world war threatens, old merry "L" itself is popping in Europe, how many of us could have successfully kept one eye on the forward pass, or the homer over the left field wall, and the other on the latest flash from Europe.

Most of us, would have been in the sad predicament of the chameleon on the Scotch plaid, drawn irresistibly hither and thither not knowing in which way to go, and ending up by trying to go everywhere, and really getting nowhere.

SO intentionally or unintentionally Adolf showed some sense by cleaning up the Sudeten crisis, the day before the Oregon-UCLA contest at Eugene and nearly a week before the opening of the world series.

This, we believe, is the first time we have ever given Der Fuehrer credit for ANYTHING good, but as an ardent follower of both sports we feel a NON-fascist salute of gratitude, to him for not ruining the UCLA game and the world series, is only his "devil's due."

Not So Fast!

SPEAKING of that Saturday victory over the Uclans,—it WAS one of the most thrilling football contests ever staged in this state. And it puts the University and the new coach off to a glorious start. (Hearty congratulations to them both!)

But we trust the fans, hereabouts and elsewhere, will avoid the mistakes of the past and not proceed to count their chickens before they are hatched.

Enthusiasm is desirable in any sport, but going to extremes, ISN'T. And when we talk of winning the conference, bidding for the Rose Bowl, or having a "wonder team," we are collectively and individually talking through our hats,—and should have enough sense to think it.

Win, lose or draw Oregon has a fine fighting team this year, and a smart and resourceful coach. But everyone who saw that hair-raising finish Saturday will agree, Oregon was lucky to get away with it. And there was much to be desired, as far as super-football is concerned, on both sides,—too much to be talking about any championships.

WHAT we are getting at is this:

It is neither fair to the team nor the coach, to allow a couple of early season victories to go to our heads, and so arouse everyone's expectations, that when they are not realized,—as they won't be,—the net result will be deflation and disappointment.

This is the first year for Tex Oliver. He has a promising but comparatively inexperienced, bunch of boys, and while the results to date are worth cheering about, there is no justification for drawing any roseate conclusions, one way or the other, regarding the final wind-up.

So let's keep on an even keel, emotionally, and by avoiding extremes while on the winning side, also avoid them when, the team runs into the inevitable defeats.

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, 255 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

INFECTIOUS, COMMUNICABLE OR CONTAGIOUS?

In the gay nineties shotgun quarantine was still practiced in the south when an outbreak of yellow fever occurred.



Since that time the absurdity of that practice has been recognized universally and the success of any quarantine against "yellow jack" depends entirely, as we now know, upon the efficiency of the means employed to prevent the carriers, mosquitoes, from gaining access to the patient ill of the disease.

Formerly doctors and laymen alike believed yellow fever was contagious, spread through personal contact with one ill of the disease or by articles contaminated by the patient, or by persons who had been closely in the course of the illness. Hence the shotgun quarantine. Today we know, thanks to Drs. Agramonte, Lasear, Carroll and Reed, that yellow fever is conveyed only by the agency of the mosquito and cannot be communicated by contagion or by clothing or things that have been used by a yellow fever patient. We know, too, that the virus of the disease is carried in the body of the Stegomyia fasciata—only the female of the species—if the mosquito has taken a drink of the patient's blood during the first three or four days of the fever. The Stegomyia mosquito is sometimes called Aedes aegypti. After the mosquito has bitten the yellow fever patient a period of three weeks, more or less, elapses before the mosquito is able to inoculate another person. But once the mosquito herself has taken her drink of yellow jack, she remains a menace to human life for the rest of her career, which may be nearly a year. Indeed, by successive bites she may inoculate a whole series of persons in quick succession—a fact which indicates how futile was shotgun quarantine. The same quaint concept of the prevention of epidemics, or ideas founded on the same sort of ignorance, animates many of our "sanitary" regulations and practices today.

Infection primarily implies contamination. The world means to dip into, to stain, to taint with morbid matter. So in general infectious diseases include malaria, yellow fever, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, measles, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever, erysipelas, whooping cough, undulant fever, infantile paralysis, influenza, scabies (the itch), epidermophytosis (foot itch), etc., as well as many other ailments which are but slightly if at all communicable.

What the layman, to his cost and sorrow, conceives as infection is not at all what the pathologist calls infection. In the mind of the physician or pathologist infection necessarily implies invasion of body tissues by the germs. That is quite different from mere presence of germs on the surface of the mucous membrane lining a body cavity or on the surface of the skin. One important practical difference is that antiseptic, germicidal or disinfectant remedies may retard growth of or even destroy germs on the surface—if that does the individually any good—but no such agent can appreciably influence germs that have invaded the body tissues without at the same time too greatly injuring the tissues, and it is only the germs that have already invaded body tissues that can possibly be responsible for the illness or disease in any case. This may make it clearer why boric acid and mild tincture of iodine are the only antiseptics I, of Doc Brady, admit to the Medicine Cupboard.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Salmon We are very fond of canned salmon served in different ways. Can you tell me whether it is good food for adults and children. If it is good wholesome food it seems to be a blessing for poor folk. (Mrs. L. S. M.) Answer—It is excellent food for anyone. U. S. public health service recommends it as a good preventive against pellagra, hard-times disease formerly confined largely to the poor folk in the south, now occurring widely throughout the country. Canned salmon, moreover, contains considerable vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, which so many people, even well to do people, fail to get in sufficient quantity. Finally, canned salmon is an excellent source of food iodine and hence may be especially valuable for preventing goitre in young persons.

Answer—Take a drop or two of mild tincture of iodine in some water daily for a month in each of the four seasons of the year, or once or twice a week the year around. For further instructions send stamped envelope bearing your address and ask for monograph on "Iodin Ration." (Copyright, 1938, John P. Dille Co.)

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK — Until now I have been extremely chary about mentioning the New York World's Fair. There is a reason for this. But a railroad man in Oklahoma has taken me to task regarding this matter, and I can no longer look the other way.



GEORGE TUCKER

"You are falling down on your obligations," he writes. "This is likely to be the greatest fair the world has ever known, and not one little word have you had to say about it. Why?"

Well, Mister, I'll tell you. I hate fairs. They leave me exhausted and my disposition ruined. They put cramps in my legs and spots before my eyes. There is nothing so appalling as the slow, tedious trek that carries a man through ten thousand exhibits. Married men tell me that shopping excursions with their wives is every bit as bad. I have been on a few shopping expeditions myself. Of course they are awful. But nothing comparable to a jolly day of being choked by dust and walked to a frazzle as you try to make reason out of a bewildering maze of temples, arenas, administration buildings and shops.

When I think of fairs I instinctively begin to nurse a grudge against the men responsible for them. And that is silly. It is unreasonable and unjust. But it is my nature to regard things in this light, and so I may as well admit that even now I have to take myself severely in hand and say: "Whoa there, Buster, no tantrums now," whenever Grover Whalen's name crosses my mind.

Mr. Whalen is an important man in New York. He is a courteous and affable gentleman. But in unthinking moments I feel a resentment against his name because the fair is definitely his baby. Make no mistake about that. He IS the fair. And I think it will be a howling success. I will be howling myself.

every time I have to go out there, but I think it will still be big stuff for those who enjoy fairs. Once in Tennessee I attended a fair and had my pockets picked of \$7. It was all the money I had. Sometime later, as a cub reporter in Columbus, Ohio, I attended another fair, and my pocket was picked of a week's salary—\$30 this time. On another occasion my best friend attended a fair and got so much dust in his eyes, ears, nose and throat that he developed sinus trouble.

And so I hope you get a whale of a kick out of the New York World's Fair. It's going to be a whizz. The only adjective worth a hoot in this town is "biggest" you ever saw. And I'm sure the fair will measure up.

But, personally, I must continue to view with alarm. The prospects for 1939 are dreary indeed. I have already been warned by friends in various sections of the country that they intend to swoop down on me for protracted visits, so that we may "do" the fair together.

These letters leave me depondent, and a little desperate. There is no escape, no logical "out." Of course I could have my name taken from the directory, sub-lease my apartment, and take lodgings in a remote section of town. But I'm not the lucky sort. They would be sure to seek me out. And then I wouldn't even have any friends. This is what fairs have done and are doing to me.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

October 3, 1928 Odds favor Cardinals to defeat Yankees in world series.

Sen. James T. Robinson of Arkansas, invited to address Democratic rally here, October 14.

Statistics show "working man now enjoying best times in history of nation."

Federal court opens here with Judge Bean presiding.

Gene Tunney, retired heavyweight champion and Miss Lauder wedded in Rome.

Col. Lindbergh comes out for Hoover for president.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 3, 1918 September was a sunny month with only 1.66 inches of rain.

Germans start retreat from the Hindenburg line and retirement to Belgium underway.

Mann's celebrates eighth birthday of store.

City electrician's duties loaded on City Engineer Olen Arnsperger.

City passes \$200,000 mark in Liberty Bond purchases.



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Chevrolet JINGLES Did you notice the car that just drove way— Sputters and smokes as tho the rancher fed it hay. He doesn't seem to realize it needs good gas and oil, Just as much as it needs a battery and coil. What a shame it is to neglect and abuse, A car that was built for economic use. He wouldn't try to milk cows without giving them mash, But tries to run his car without spending cash. Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 North Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

Johns-Manville Rock Wool Insulation Conserves Fuel

BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1 6TH AND FIR

This advertisement contributed in the interest of the 1938-1939 Medford Community Chest Campaign by the Publishers and entire staff of the Medford Mail Tribune.

Large advertisement for the Community Chest Fund. It features a central graphic with a banner that says "WE NEED YOUR HELP" and another banner that says "Community CHEST FUND". Below the banners is a large crowd of people. At the bottom, the text reads: "MEDFORD'S CHEST CAMPAIGN BEGINS TOMORROW..TUESDAY Your Neighbors Need Your Help...Give Generously".