

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturdays. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. Phone 11. 35-37-39 No. Fir St.

ROBERT W. RUEL, Editor. EUGENE H. GILBERT, Manager. An Independent Newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at Medford, Oregon, under Act of March 3, 1917.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail—In Advance: Daily and Sunday—One Year \$10.00. Daily and Sunday—Six Months \$6.00. Daily and Sunday—Three Months \$3.00.

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OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION. Ye Smudge Pot. By Arthur Perry.

Chairman Dies of the senate committee announces he intends to root out "communists in key federal positions," to which the majority of Americans will breathe a fervent Amen! The President calls this "a sordid procedure." The only "sordid procedure" is the ill-concealed coddling of Communists by persons in high places, including at least one, who though acting it, has never been elected by the people, or appointed by their servants, to any position of public trust.

Two California aviators have landed, after 30 days up in the air going around in circles. This is a new world's record that pales into insignificance when compared to the length of time the economic affairs of the nation have been doing the same thing.

The Third Term notion has been revived by the vote in the senate on the neutrality bill. This is as good as anything to blame it on, but it might have been because the wind was in the north.

THE BACKSLIDER. "I remember Cal Tuller when he was the occasional preacher who came to the Pine Creek school house to throw his weight against the local body of sin. On one occasion he set the date for the end of the world so distressingly near that, night after night, we sat before him and fairly stizzled in the hereafter. He had a daughter who led the singing. I remember well how she made those hill billies bleed. When Cal missed the date of destruction he went to selling mining stock."

"PROGRESS INDI-CATES ADVANCE" — (Siskiyou News Hdlne)—As "sure as shootin'." The "pork pie hat" is now all the rage, as a bit of feminine headgear. It is said to be poorer eating than the late "pancake beret."

ZIPPER HAZARD. "Were you ever locked in by a zipper? They don't always do as they should. A zipper that's zipping, is positively slipping. But if sticking is not quite so good. For instance, you're in a big hurry. And you hasten to change your clothes. That frock you are dressed in. You may work your best in. But that is as far as it goes. And you're all fastened up with a zipper. Which you eagerly start to zip down. It sticks in the middle, and now comes the riddle. How to extricate you from your gown. You pull up, you pull down. You pull out and you twist. Such a small seeming thing, but such power to resist! You try next to pray, and you try not to cry. You use words that would not date millions of years ago. But it seems as if nothing but dynamite ever would loosen that devilish invention! Economy now is the least of your cares. As you grab for the actors, by heck! And force an exit with a desperate yell. And you and your dress are a wreck." (Found by Miss L. T.)

Weather. Northern California: Fair to night and Tuesday, continued warm; light northerly wind off the coast.

Editorial Correspondence

Montreal, Quebec, October 25.—Wow-ee but it's cold—so cold we called the local weather bureau to get the official figures. Here they are: Maximum, 38. Minimum, 26. Spread on that, a stiff gale directly from Hudson Bay, and you may have some conception of the extent of the goose pimples besetting the epidermis of the editor from Oregon,—with nothing under his summer suit but B.V.D.'s! No wonder Montreal is the Mecca for winter sports,—apparently one can skate here from OCTOBER TO APRIL!

Before we forget it, another floral horseshoe must be hung about the sturdy neck of the Green Mountain state. We were charmed by the trip to Bennington, but from Bennington to the Canadian border, words completely failed. For a large portion of the time, the train skirted the shores of Lake Champlain, (which the porter informed us is the largest lake in the United States,—and barring the Great Lakes no doubt he is right), and with the fall colors on one side and this beautiful lake on the other, the scene was something to write home about. What a place to spend the summer,—but the lake residences are closed now, although there was one large sail boat, bent far over under a stiff breeze, scurrying across the whitecaps, like a wild goose going places.

The Canadian customs are more particular here than in the Puget Sound area, our typewriter coming in for a great deal of attention. We finally talked them out of charging us \$7 however for the privilege of packing it from Montreal to Vancouver. We had to produce newspaper credentials to do so. Business men who take in their typewriters, have to contribute that amount to the Canadian treasury. As it was they had to fill out an elaborate permit, so there will be no trouble en route or when we enter the U. S. A. We were two hours late reaching Montreal, which knocked our schedule into a cocked hat. Well so it goes! Seeing Montreal lighted up like a giant Christmas tree, from the bridge across the St. Lawrence—one of the longest in the world—was some compensation. Perhaps—who knows!—there may be others.

Except climatically, Montreal isn't at all as expected. The metropolis of Canada, considerably over a million in population, were prepared for a sort of enlarged Victoria. Montreal is no more like Victoria than Paris is like London. In fact after 24 hours we have yet to hear an Oxford accent, or see a typical Englishman. As everyone on the coast knows, Victoria is packed with both. On all sides one hears French and sees Frenchmen and women. Our station porter was French, ditto the taxi driver, and when we registered at the hotel the clerk was talking French with the man in line before us. This goes also for the hotel waiters, bellboys and chambermaids. So don't come to Montreal looking for a job unless you can speak French. It's a bi-lingual community with French predominating.

One would never suspect Canada to be at war. We have seen two or three small troops in khaki, marching up the street, without flags, bands or even drums,—some of the soldier boys in street clothes. They march by unnoticed by the crowds. And while all in all they are a sturdy looking lot, there is nothing martial about them. There also are sentries marching before the armory day and night, and a single one standing at attention in front of the Royal Canadian Hussars. The most striking feature about these volunteers of 1939, is their YOUTH, they don't look in their 20's but in their teens. At least those we have seen. One can't see them without a certain sinking feeling in the vicinity of the solar plexus.

It is all quite different from 1914 when your correspondent happened to be in Victoria, B. C. There was a martial note in the air, night and day, at that time. The "Empress" at tea time was brilliant with officers, exceedingly alert and handsome ones, particularly the Scotch Highlanders. Gaiety and excitement were in the air. Out at the race track, the soldiers were in training, the general air of youthful vigor and enthusiasm suggested a college football practice field at the start of the season,—only instead of TACKLING the "dummy" those lads were plunging COLD STEEL into him!

No doubt there are soldiers in similar training here now,—but that exciting, stimulating, thrilling atmosphere has gone—and our guess is, this is true not only here but throughout Canada.

As a newspaper man here in Montreal expressed it to the writer only a few moments ago: "TWO wars are ONE too many in ONE generation!"

Then, as before noted, Montreal isn't English, it's French,—only 35% of this city's population is Anglo-Saxon, while in the province of Quebec the percentage is around 20! As the cabbie said this morning—(Montreal has real russet-checked cabbies and one-horse victorias, which take you up to Mt. Royal park where motor cars are not allowed)—"This would be a great place if there weren't so many Frenchmen." He had an Irish brogue you could cut with a knife, and a merry Irish eye.

And the Frenchmen DON'T like the war! They would like to keep Canada out of it. This isn't our opinion,—having been here only 24 hours we have no opinions,—it's the opinion of the above-mentioned newspaper man.

In fact tomorrow there is a provincial election which has caused considerable excitement all over Canada with the war as the chief issue,—the incumbent Premier Duplessis opposing conscription and favoring a policy of complete Canadian isolation, while his opposition is anti-Hitler and pro-British.

Again quoting our newspaper informant Duplessis is going to be beaten about three to one. BUT,—with that issue removed the people of Quebec will return to the status quo ante,—which status is marked by the complete absence of any war enthusiasm. The people AS A WHOLE are loyally behind the present British government in its determination to sweep Hitlerism out of Europe, but they wish,—and HOW they wish,—it could be done without sending a gun or a soldier to Europe. That, says our newspaper friend, is the low-down on the Canadian war situation.

And while this newspaperman may,—or may NOT,—know what he is talking about (newspaper men err and have prejudices like all other humans of course)—our hunch is he's essentially right in his analysis. Don't know just what it is,—but we doubt if anyone could come into Montreal from the states and not SENSE it,—the utter lack here of ANY war enthusiasm.

Last night we had dinner at the "Chez Maurice" for example—one of the more popular night clubs. There was the usual floor show and perhaps due to the French influence an exceedingly naughty one. The place was crowded and the table of honor was occupied by four lads in khaki,—they looked like high school freshmen, out on a spree.

Three efforts were made by the performers to stir up some war enthusiasm, concluding with a song entitled "Let's hang our washing on the Siegfried line" in which the entire company joined. Every single one fell COMPLETELY FLAT,—while Nan Blackstone who at the piano stressed the dirt (in a nice way) and let the war motif entirely alone, brought down the house every time,—the soldier boys leading off in the general enthusiasm.

What's the answer? Well, as we see it, it's simple enough. In 1914 there had been no depression, there had been no war,—the people as a whole didn't know what they were going into, and had no faint inkling of what would come after. War was still a romantic, thrilling and exciting thing. It isn't now. The majority of the people were alive in 1918 and those who weren't HAVE BEEN TOLD!

Believe it or not there are chunks of ice floating in the St. Lawrence river! R. W. R.

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, Calif.

CRU—COMMON RESPIRATORY INFECTION



Frankly I tell you it is hard for a doctor writing or speaking in his medical personality to remain in popular parlance. He has spent years acquiring a collection of powerful terms or words which may not mean much when decoded but, gosh, you have no idea how satisfying it is to the doctor's self-esteem to utter them, and especially if he can persuade laymen to learn to repeat the whoppers after him.

So I insist upon the cru. You laymen may as well understand it once and for all. Cru (pronounced kree) is a coined word, made up from the initial letters of the term "Common Respiratory Infections." The list of everyday ailments which physicians recognize as common respiratory infections—any one of which, in its earlier stages before a definite diagnosis is made—should be called the cru, includes simple coryza (acute rhinitis), diphtheria, acute "catarrh," head "cold," tonsillitis, pharyngitis, sinusitis, laryngitis, bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, influenza, "grip," measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, mumps, cerebrospinal meningitis ("brain fever"), poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), chicken pox, tuberculosis and (in the orient) pneumonic plague.

These diseases are called common respiratory infections for the good reason that, to the best of our present knowledge, they all spread from person to person in the same way, via droplet or spray infection, that is, the germ or virus of the disease is present in the visible or invisibly fine droplets of moisture or secretion sprayed forth from nose and mouth of the person coming down with the disease when he sneezes, coughs, laughs, shouts or speaks. No doubt infection

with any such disease sometimes occurs in some other way, but as a rule the mode of infection is as described. And it is not so much from unguarded or unscrupled or open-face sneezing and coughing in the vicinity of other persons that the cru gets around; it is, in my opinion, mainly via conversational spray infection. The mouth spray in ordinary quiet conversation carries up to five feet—far enough to get a victim across a counter, through a grill, across a table in the next seat, across the aisle, beside your desk. We'll talk more about this tomorrow—so come back.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Aunt Versus Grandmother. In reference to your statement that throwbacks never happen in the human family, I have heard my aunt tell many times of a white woman who gave birth to a negro child. My aunt said her husband had some negro blood.—A. C. P. Answer—I have heard my grandmother tell some whoppers that make your aunt's story seem tame. Such instances are always legendary. The child is never more negro than the more negro parent. If one of the parents is part negro,...

Your valued advice in regard to (personal ailment) has been received, used and, I am happy to say, it has proved excellent. Our paper would not seem like a home paper if your cheerful column did not appear daily.—J. F. M. Answer—Thank you. Your pleasant message came at a time when I felt pretty low. It reassures me that everything is all right. The Cru Season is Here. I believe we have more cru in our family before the winter season begins than we do during the winter.—Mrs. C. P. K. Answer—Have you tried quinine as a prophylactic? Each adult should take one grain of quinine sulphate (puff, tablet or capsule) three times a day as preventive; if you come down with anything take two grains every four hours for the duration. (Protected by John F. 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.

The Capital Parade

By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner

Released by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Oct. 30.—When the president decided to remove wage-hour administrator Elmer F. Andrews, he gave Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins the task of finding a suitable successor. Miss Perkins, always thorough, gathered a small group of new dealish advisers, discussed the matter at length, and finally managed to evolve a set of standards for the absolutely ideal man. The Perkins paragon was required to be non-partisan, bold with job-grabbing members of congress, not personally ambitious, unobjectionable to labor and an experienced administrator.

Unfortunately for Miss Perkins, her last standard had scarcely been sketched in when the president rendered all her efforts fruitless by naming a friend of his own. The new administrator, as everyone knows, is Lieutenant Colonel Philip B. Fleming, a favorite new deal trouble-shooter, who fortunately happens to meet most of the Perkins specifications.

He will need to be near perfection, for he is now faced with the toughest administrative job in Washington. Just about a year ago, the competent Elmer Andrews began to administer the wage-hour law with high hopes and a cheerful heart. He promptly ran head-on into Miss Perkins, who thought him too independent. He got tangled up in office politics among his subordinates. He antagonized labor by being too mild, and business by being too tough. He failed to recruit an adequate enforcement staff. Before six months were passed he was in a hopeless mess.

His troubles ended when he was harassed into threatening the president in a letter demanding additional enforcement appropriations, and stating that if they were not forthcoming, the president himself would have to "take the blame" for breakdown of the wage-hour law. The letter earned Andrews the distinction of being one of the rare officials whom the president has actually told to go, although another place was already held in the WPC.

plaints pending, and the first of the wage-hour law's progressive shortenings of maximum hours and raising of minimum wages just now in effect, Fleming's task will be no easier than his predecessors.

The new broom of the wage-hour administration is a slender, graying fowling with a neat mustache and an ingratiating manner. He was first in his class at West Point, is considered one of the army's ablest engineers, and has already survived many and various employments. At one moment in his career, he was West Point's director of athletics, learning the diver's art by participating in the football tickets among tough senators and congressmen. At another, he was the manager of the ill-fated Passaicquoddy project. His best records, outside the army, were made in the rural electrification administration and the PWA, where he was one of Harold Ickes' top executives.

Mild in appearance, he can be tough enough when need arises. In his PWA days, he was once faced with trouble over a transit tunnel in Philadelphia. PWA inspectors said the contractor was not using enough cement. The contractor and local officials plaintively denied the charge. Fleming, annoyed by the fruitless controversy, jumped into his car, drove to Philadelphia, tested the cement himself, and told the contractor and local officials to go to hell. There was considerable uproar, but Fleming would take no argument and shut off money supplies. Such decisive action may seem a little brusque, but it is what is needed at the wage-hour administration.

Fleming will have to use all his ability to be tough and diplomatic by turns, for he is beset by Miss Perkins, the job-grabbers, labor and business men. Miss Perkins continues anxious to incorporate the wage-hour administration in her reorganized domain, and Fleming recently announced, "I'll run it." Labor does not love army officers, and the business men are unlikely to cherish much affection for anyone who enforces the wage-hour law with real firmness. Fleming has one great asset, however. He enjoys the president's confidence.

Possibly Fleming may fall in the end, but his appointment is significant. He belongs to the group who have been called in when the president was convinced a particular job needed a man of independence and sound sense. It would be far cheaper and easier to have other government services, besides the army, which would supply this type of man automatically. The army would not have to be periodically pillaged if a decent career service were set up.

Communications

Over Enthusiasm To the Editor: A great deal of misleading information has been given out on the bond issue and park plan by its sponsors. I do not think that this has been done on purpose, but I have had a slight overflow of civic enthusiasm and have, as

a result, lost sight of discretion. Mr. Cleland gives the impression that the \$30,000 bond issue will take care of the entire development and that \$3.75 a thousand will pay off the indebtedness in six years. Unfortunately this is not the case as these figures overlook the cost of development, and more important, the cost of operation and maintenance. They also overlook the fact that reliable estimates place the cost of such a park nearer \$50,000 than \$30,000. Proponents say that the WPA will pay for the development, but there is no certainty about this at all. They insist that the cost of operation and maintenance will be so little that it will be almost negligible. In fact, Mr. D. D. Davis says in a letter to the Tribune that the per capita cost is "almost nil."

All this is, of course, absurd. Just have a look at the proposed city budget for 1940 as it appears in the Sunday Tribune. It calls for \$5,223.35 for maintenance of parks and playgrounds. That, for our present parks. Your guess is as good as mine as to the maintenance cost of one covering 17 acres. Of one thing you may be certain. It will not be almost negligible or "almost nil."

About eight months ago you will recall a meeting of the taxpayers and business men which was held at the county court house auditorium. Its purpose was to protest the high taxes in Medford. The committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to investigate the situation reported that the only way to reduce taxes was to stop spending money and stop voting in additional bond issues. I wonder what became of that committee.

So folks, if you don't want to increase a tax burden that is already back-breaking, go to the polls and vote against this bond issue. If we are going to call a halt to reckless municipal planning and thoughtless spending, let's do it now. Let's quit grumbling about high taxes and do something about it! Let's vote NO on this one.

Very truly yours, JOHN NIEDERMEYER.

At The National Capitol with John W. Kelly (Continued from Page One)

administrator Raver, of Bonneville, is arranging to furnish the Seattle municipal plant with needed power. Present installation of the Seattle plant is insufficient and to generate more power another dam is necessary. A dam is costly and to avoid this outlay Seattle is to be supplied with energy from Bonneville. This is one of the heavy loads, needed by Bonneville, now in contemplation.

Whether the Bonneville administrator will attempt to dictate the resale rate by the Seattle plant is not stated. When Bonneville legislation was being drafted, Senator Homer T. Bone, Washington, said that Seattle was not interested in Bonneville as the Skagit could develop as much power as the plant in the Columbia river.

WIFE of a Douglas county, Ore., turkey raiser, arrived here a few days ago from England, and thankful to be on American soil. She was in Scotland when President Roosevelt addressed congress and with a group of Scots listened to his speech on the radio. The Scots were confident that the president would announce that the United States would join Britain in the war and they were bitterly disappointed and downcast when no such assurance was made. The Oregon woman, a former school teacher, says that wherever she went in Scotland and England the people she met were certain that American troops would be sent as they were in 1917, and they could not understand the delay.

Crossing the Atlantic on a British liner was a nightmare, no one played cards, there was no drinking, music or gaiety. Those who had Bibles occupied their time reading the Scriptures. So secret was the sailing that passengers were practically smuggled aboard and did not know the name of the ship until they were in their cabins. After her experience she looks forward to a genuine Thanksgiving with one of her husband's turkeys as a sacrifice.

RATHER than listen to the speeches in the senate on the neutrality bill, Senator Rufus C. Holman, Oregon, took his car and drove to North Carolina to learn what the hog-raisers do with their grunters. Senator raises hogs, but says he never gets the price quoted, so he figures that the best way is to process them. Down south he found an excellent ham (price \$8), and was given the recipe. Twagman Holman intends going into the ham business to make his McCalla farm pay. He may also specialize in senatorial sausages.

The senator was so far down in the deep south that three roll call votes on amendments offered to the neutrality bill were taken before he returned. WHILE the neutrality bill will carry in the house, the margin is expected to be so close that even the administration is a bit concerned. If present polls are accurate, the bill will carry by less than two dozen votes.

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins HENRY Wallace, secretary of agriculture, tells the conference of western governors at San Francisco "it's time for America to knock down the trade barriers which have risen to absurd heights between the '48 states."

TO this all who live near state borders and do business back and forth across state lines will say "Amen!" In theory, at least, we're approaching the point where state boundaries are frontiers requiring delay, red tape and annoyance to pass.

IN Europe, frontiers and nationalism carried to the point of absurdity have made a mess of human happiness.

ARRIVING in San Francisco, Wallace remarks to the reporters that Roosevelt should be re-elected for a third term because of the European situation. This insignificant writer disagrees with that—believing that President Roosevelt's sympathies are so STRONGLY with Britain and France that he will get us into the war on their side unless restrained by a militant congress and a militant public opinion.

SOMETHING to think about—and KEEP ON thinking about: In less than four months of the present fiscal year (which began July 1) the United States treasury has spent \$3,040,436,961 and has TAKEN IN only \$1,686,004,851.

WHEN will this reckless spending stop? Not until the people of the United States begin to DEFEAT SPENDERS and ELECT TIGHTWADS.

HERE'S a cheerful note on the other side of the fence: In the first nine months of this year, according to the department of commerce, Americans received TWO BILLION DOLLARS more in wages, dividends and other forms of income than in the first nine months of 1938.

IN 1938, please note, there has been much less RECKLESS EXPERIMENTING by government than in 1938.

Nazis Buy Bibles Eugene, Ore., Oct. 30.—(AP)—More Bibles than ever are being sold and read in Germany despite Nazi feuds with the church. R. H. Edwin Espy, executive secretary of the Amsterdam World Youth conference, told the Oregon youth assembly here Saturday.

Hotel Burns Toledo, Wash., Oct. 30.—(AP)—A fire destroyed the Reed hotel and an adjacent tavern early Sunday and threatened the entire business section before it was controlled by volunteer firemen and fire trucks from Chehalis and Winlock.

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 30, 1929 (It was Wednesday) Wall street to be closed for two days, to halt selling trend. Rally underway.

Eugene woman, aged ninety years, gets her hair "bobbed." First car of copper from Blue Ledge rolls this week.

Medford high plays Eugene high here Saturday. Additional officers to be on duty tonight to curb Halloween vandals.

Tax committee urges city budget be cut. TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY October 30, 1919 (It was Thursday)

John L. Lewis, head of the miners' union, assails President Wilson in speech. Army and navy prepared to stop threatened coal strike.

Deportation of alien agitators recommended by congress. Police announce they will "stand for no nonsense" in Halloween celebration tomorrow night.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, famous poetess and author, dies at New Haven, Conn. D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" at the Page.

French charge Germany fans revolt in Alsace.

Ye Poets Corner God is Nigh (By Grace Haynes) This land our forefathers bled and died for, its constitution formed with prayer While every coin of precious metal "In God we trust" inscribed there; The glad sun shines on fertile plains, Our song birds love the smiling sky, The spirit of our homeland whispers to us: God is nigh.

The Grange

Jacksonville Grange Jacksonville Home Economics club's Halloween party Monday, October 30, will start at 8 p. m. All Jacksonville Grange members are invited and are asked to wear something old. Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Hanson and Mrs. Marsh are hostesses.

Kayoed at Funeral Middleport, N. Y., Oct. 30.—(AP) While funeral services were being held for David H. Smith, a man was found unconscious in the driveway of the Smith farm. He was David H. Smith of nearby Medina, injured attempting to crank his car.

Hotel Burns Toledo, Wash., Oct. 30.—(AP)—A fire destroyed the Reed hotel and an adjacent tavern early Sunday and threatened the entire business section before it was controlled by volunteer firemen and fire trucks from Chehalis and Winlock.

"I know what I'm talking about" Lowe Brothers' HIGH STANDARD HOUSE PAINT. I've painted hundreds of homes. And I know that when you use LOWE BROTHERS HIGH STANDARD House Paint, your house is painted to stay painted. HIGH STANDARD is economical paint. "I find that HIGH STANDARD outlasts ordinary paint two and three years... and so the average per-year cost for protection is much lower." "Another thing I like is the Big Pines Lumber Co. PHONE 1 SIXTH AND FIR