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OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Since April 1 more than 40 boys have escaped from the state training school at Woodburn. Parents could keep them home almost as well as that.

Only ten more days till hunters can go onto the hills, and miss the barn and hit the deer.

The Nazis, who specialize in delight in persecuting the Jewish people, in their own land, and lands they have conquered, are now confronted with some of their own meanness at the hands of the Soviet. They have ordered that 390,000 persons of German extraction in the lower Volga area, be uprooted from their homes, and hie themselves to Siberia. The way is long and wintry, and those who make it, will be given land, and a chance to start life anew. The lower Volga country, it seems, was a haven for Hitler spies and sympathizers, ready to do Fifth column work when ordered. Russia, never notorious for thinking ahead, are using a rough ounce of prevention.

Squirrels are busy filling their cupboards with acorns that might have grown to mighty oaks.

OY YEAH!

(Bend Bulletin)

"Today we are favored by Madam Perkins with a report on the net reproduction rates of the population by states (preliminary) 1940, the statistics of retail sales in independent stores in Seattle in July, 1941, and the same for like stores in the state of Washington by cities and city-size groups. Six perfectly good sheets of paper and two envelopes were used. Of course, there is a paper shortage."

A rumor was run to earth yes, up against the sady side of a bank.

"For years we had wondered what was the matter with China. Today we learned: It has never recovered from a New Deal it tried out 2000 years ago." (Olin Miller in the Oakland, Cal., Tribune). Dark future item.

It now comes to light minor, insignificant employees of the government fly from Washington, D. C., in style, to attend to important business, viz: getting a speech off their chest. They even hint they are on a defense mission, which they are,—defense of the New Deal chances in the spring primary.

The latest shortage is a copper shortage. Patriots may soon be requested to donate their "Never-Rip" overalls with copper rivets at strategic and vital spots.

"The mountains south of the city present a most magnificent appearance, the woods being on fire."—(75 Yr. Ago Item in Portland Oregonian). Pre keep Oregon green stuff.

The "basic causes" of the European war have not been definitely determined, a high-powered commentator alleges. All the world knows for sure is this: It is fought by boys, and started by men, old enough to know better.

Lipsticks now come in "lovely red," "romantic red," "glamorous red," "dramatic red," "blonde red," "brunette red," "brownette red," and "redhead red." Everything seems to be covered but a spanked baby red.

Editorial Correspondence

Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 8th (by airmail).—The absence of war atmosphere here still puzzles your correspondent. Strolling along the waterfront saw the familiar veteran, the "Princess Louise", the CPR boat on the Victoria run, and beyond it towering over the freighted roof, the bridge of a huge ocean liner.

We supposed the latter was another CPR ship, but rounding the bend discovered it was an Australian liner in from "Down Under" for a week, in its war paint, a strange mixture of olive-green and khaki, which may or may not be the latest in camouflage.

The name on the bow had been painted out but being in raised letters, we finally deciphered it as the "Awatea" of Wellington, and a fine looking ship she is, between 30 and 40,000 tons we should say, with elevators between decks, swimming pools, ball rooms, restaurants and all the modern comforts of a deluxe hotel of the deep. We know, for we walked all over her.

Which brings us to the point: this strange absence of war atmosphere, and even normal and we should suppose necessary, war precautions.

The gangplank was down near the stern, and while there were roustabouts lounging around, a gang of paint-spotted tramps, daubing the hull a dull black, no one to challenge us and no one paid any attention to us, as we strolled along, around and about, and up and down, until we finally reached the bridge, high up above the bow where we struck the first sign of there being a war on—a crew of men were building bomb shelters around the bridge, piling blocks of concrete, roofed over like an Esquimaux igloo.

Also found one deck which apparently had been cleared of all cabins and was to be used for freight, or perhaps troops.—Imagine what one wandering Nazi with a time bomb in his suit case could have done!

When we returned to the dock there was a Vancouver "Bob" on guard at the end of the gangplank, but instead of stopping us he merely saluted smartly as we passed on.

Through the picket gate near the street there was another policeman, but he also paid no attention. We finally asked him if one could go on board the ship. He shook his head, explaining there was war work going on, and visitors were not admitted. So we decided we just happened to be on hand between watches or something of the sort, and were perhaps lucky not to have been shot for trespassing.

However, the lack of war excitement what it is, no guards for the ship would not have been so surprising.

From one of the ship's crew we later learned the "Awatea" is a new passenger liner built for the British, American-Australian trade, but now in war service, and instead of returning to Wellington will proceed soon to England, with war supplies and probably several aviation ground units.

The Japanese curio store on Grenville Street, has been hit hard by the war, altho a large sign at the entrance "owned and operated exclusively by Canadians" may have helped.

Having some time to kill, took a bus over the Lion Gate suspension bridge to West Vancouver and on to the Whiteside cliffs near the Vancouver channel entrance, about 12 miles west of the harbor. It was a clear, beautiful day, and from the cliffs one could see the outlines of Vancouver Island plainly, as well as in the other direction, Mt. Baker's snow-packed elegance. The sound, far below, was dotted with putt-putt fishing boats, and here and there were shore parties in bathing suits,—we sat on the rocks an hour but saw no one catch a fish, or take a dive.

Called at another Vancouver newspaper office, and had our first impressions confirmed. The people of British Columbia are supremely,—even sublimely,—confident of final and complete victory. This view, however, is not shared by either the army or the press, but the belief is so deep seated, there seems to be no way of soon correcting it short of some far-reaching and unexpected Nazi triumph.

The second newspaper spokesman, explained it all on the suspension of the bombing of England and the abandonment of any German invasion attempt. "Conditions are so much better NOW", he explained "than they were a year ago, that there is no comparison. As a result, a sense of false security has been created in this section of Canada and I guess throughout the Dominion. The Canadian government doesn't share this view and certainly Prime Minister Churchill doesn't, but you can't convince the man in the street that the danger isn't over, and from now on all we have to do is put our feet on the handle bars and coast."

"Perhaps the fall of Leningrad will wake them up. Might be worth it,—altho as long as the army, navy and air force don't share the same complacency I can't regard the situation as really serious, or alarming."

Seattle (en route to Portland by train).—The train trip between Seattle and Vancouver is a very beautiful one, for fifty miles or more the Great Northern tracks skirt along the sound shore and through the timber,—we would recommend it as definitely superior to the boat trip. And the G. N. diner service,—why can't other railroads (they there A. S. R.) learn a thing or two from the Hill lines as far as cuisine is concerned. The dining car steward was a slender, white-haired veteran, who knew Jim Hill himself, and yet appeared to take as much interest in each new guest as if he had just reached the bottom rung of the ladder and was starting to climb up. And the baked potato and garden peas,—not museum pieces behind a dusty show case, but fresh, piping hot and delicious!

A slip of a girl with a new baby got on at Vancouver, with about fifty people, including her parents, also soldier and navy brothers seeing her off. The latter totted the baby, sleeping in a huge clothes basket covered with white satin and blue ribbons, while the grandpappy carried in a white porcelain bucket, and placed it gingerly beside the young mother's chair.

And when the train started the trouble did also,—his Nibs (rather "her" for the offspring was a daughter only 7 weeks old!) didn't like the noise, and proceeded to broadcast the fact. We expected the young mother to show great concern,—young mothers on a train for their first transcontinental trip would be excused if they did,—but not at all. This young woman,—she was only 17, delicate looking and very pretty,—was as calm as a veteran "mummy", and after completing her Red Book story put down the magazine, pulled out the porcelain pail, put on a clean pair of gloves, pulled out a pair of tongs and with the latter procured a nipple and a bottle, while with the other hand she produced a thermos which she uncorked with her pearly teeth and proceeded to pour the contents in the nursing bottle,—we expected milk but it was steaming clear hot water!

Then another thermos, and more water,—not hot this time,—one portion was carefully measured and added to the first portion the two shaken up, the nipple applied to the bottle and then,—and NOT UNTIL THEN,—was the infant, pretty well worn out now, but still sobbing, carefully drawn from the ribbons and fluffy blankets, and given her proper ounces of sterilized aqua pural.

The baby was about as big as a minute, and cute as a kitten,—and after ten or 15 minutes, was sound asleep and never peeped all the five long hours to Seattle. We then learned Mrs. S. had been with her family in Vancouver and is going to join her husband in Montreal,—saving a day by taking a U. S. train instead of a Canadian, and going it with basket, pail and baby all alone!

The present writer could never qualify as a "mother's helper" but did offer to assist with some of the impedimenta. Aid, however, was smilingly declined, a "red cap" being on hand with a truck when the train came in and the transfer being made safely and promptly to the St. Paul rr. We were allowed to buy and

deliver the girl mother's Pullman ticket for Chicago, and did get another smile.

So what? Oh nothing, except, we are not going to worry about the present generation as far as competent Canadian motherhood is concerned.

Walking over to the other tracks we ran into our Russian aviator friends,—ten of them,—They still looked somewhat bewildered and were taking the eleven o'clock train for Spokane, although the papers said they were going by air. That's one of their great indoor sports, however, to fool the U.S. newspapers.—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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

WAIT, CHILDREN. TILL I CATCH UP

Editor's Note: In today's very interesting article Dr. Brady tells us things we never knew before about the circulation of the blood.

Maybe you'll learn something too when you read the article.

We were surprised to find out there is no such thing as a capillary vessel—and that the diaphragm is a "booster pump" for the circulation—and also—well, read what the good Doc says.

One reader drops this in the Tough Question basket: Please tell me whether the following statement is correct:

The blood is returned from the capillaries, which are really internal, to the heart without waiting, to the heart through the veins by the action of the diaphragm which creates a negative pressure (suction) in the thorax and large veins. This action is assisted by muscular contraction pressing the blood along the veins, most of which have valves that prevent backflow.

It is my contention that the muscular force exerted by the heart, supplemented by the elasticity of the arteries, is entirely dissipated by the time the blood reaches the capillary spaces.

In the American Textbook of Physiology, Prof. William Howell of Johns Hopkins University, editor, I read: "It is the force generated by the heart's contraction and made uniform by the elastic arteries which drives the blood into and through the veins and back to the heart itself."

These statements seem to conflict and I hope you can clarify the question of the pressure in the capillary spaces or vessels or whatever they are, and in the veins.

By the time I finish reading the letter I am entirely surrounded by authoritative works on physiology, including, of course, a late edition of Howell's textbook—his own book, not the bill of goods he "edited."

Move up closer, children, lean over the side of books before you and listen carefully, for I'm nearly exhausted—haven't laid eyes on the howling green for five consecutive and dreary days. These letters are usually interesting and instructive, but when they get me juggling ponderous medical works around the playroom here, I swear, they get me down.

The real Howell, in his textbook, observes that "it is not possible to connect a manometer directly with the capillary vessels, and recourse has been had to less direct methods" of estimating the pressure in the capillary bed of spaces. Of course you can't connect a manometer, that is, insert a tube or hollow needle in a vessel if there is no vessel there—and I still say there ain't no such thing as a capillary vessel. When the blood passes thru the finest artery or arteriole at the distal end of the arterial vessel it merely seeps thru the spaces between the cells of the tissue, gives up its oxygen and nutrients, such as blood sugar, to the tissue cells, takes on a load of carbon dioxide and other combustion by-products and comes along into the finest microscopical venule on its way back through the veins to the right auricle and on into the right ventricle of the heart to be pumped to the lungs where it dumps the carbon dioxide and picks up a fresh load of oxygen to carry back to left auricle, into left ventricle, and thence is pumped into the aorta or great artery and out into the entire arterial system again.

The physiologists agree that there is about twenty millimeters of water pressure in the capillary spaces or bed. That is pretty low pressure, though sufficient to keep the blood seeping through. The pressure in the veins is a little higher, mainly because of muscle tone or contraction pressing on the veins, and the valves in the veins preventing backflow under this pressure. But in the system of great veins in the abdomen, where at least a pint of blood is constantly contained, there is almost no pressure at all, except the pressure put upon the system (all of the large veins) and also on the great splanchnic pool, that vast network of veins and venules around and in the abdominal organs and membranous structures, which, in healthy folk, those in some physical condition, those without physical training, and especially those in a state of fainting or shock may hold one-fourth of the entire volume of blood in the body.

With such natural intake of breath—mind, I say natural, and that does not mean chesty breathing—the diaphragm squeezes down upon all this venous slush and

aplanchnic pool and raises the blood pressure therein from negative or nearly zero to a level higher than 12 pressure in the right auricle. Consequently the diaphragm, in natural breathing, serves as a booster pump to maintain or improve circulation, and these goes that bell—if your circulation is not better than it should be send a stamped envelope bearing your address—send it to Dr. Brady in care of this newspaper, and ask for monograph on "Belly Breathing." Of course the belly is not the diaphragm, but after all, if you take care of your belly your diaphragm will take care of itself.

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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.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

(Continued From Page One)

RUMOR has it that Mr. Monroe Sweetland of Portland, former secretary of Oregon Commonwealth Federation and now a resident of Washington, D. C., where he is employed as an assistant in the labor division of the office of price administration, will be given the once over by the powers that be concerning his alleged political activities in violation of the Hatch act. Mr. Sweetland, a few days ago, flew to Portland on "government business," but it so happened that he arrived in Portland right on the dot in time to attend the executive session of the Commonwealth Federation, the members of which were busy picking their slate for governor, senator, representatives in congress and endorsing Mr. Ickes' one-man power bill.

Incidentally, the federation put off the matter of electing a secretary to succeed Mr.

Sweetland, who had resigned when he accepted his government job.

"MR. SPEAKER, I ask unanimous consent to extend my remarks in the appendix of the Congressional Record in a speech I delivered about 18 months ago" . . . and so goes the show in the house of representatives each day they meet during the summer recess period. With only a handful of the lawmakers in attendance, all of those who could not get home are not letting an opportunity pass by which they can keep the home folks informed. So the "remarks" go into the Congressional Record. No less than a dozen or so such requests are made each day, and unanimous consent is always forthcoming.

The senators and representatives from Oregon and Washington are beginning to arrive in the national capital for the convening of congress next Monday, September 13. Senator Holman of Oregon arrived a few days ago and Senator McNary, the minority leader, has been here through most of the recess period. Senator Wallgren of Washington is expected in a few days, also the entire congressional delegations of the two states. From reports heard here, things don't look any too good, from a political standpoint, for some of the congressmen. Several found their fences badly in need of repair and it is thought that at least two of the Washington delegation are casting an eagle eye in the direction of a good federal job rather than run the gantlet of the ballot boxes next spring, unless the political situation changes more to their liking.

THE capital city is eagerly awaiting the president's nationwide radio address Thursday evening. Those in the know say it will be plenty hot and he will call a spade a spade. Mr. Roosevelt may also take a healthy swing at the isolationist bloc who have been, and still are, opposing his foreign policy. One well known anti-new deal senator had a lengthy press release all prepared, taking the hide off Mr. Roosevelt, but did not release it when press news carried the report of the death Sunday of Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt. His colleagues told him the psychological reaction would be very bad at this time, so the release was put in cold storage for the time being.

There is genuine sorrow among the nation's leaders here and the rank and file over the passing of the president's mother, Mrs. Roosevelt was well liked, and always ready to help and give full aid to the numerous charitable activities with which she was for so many years closely identified.

War On Moths

San Francisco, Sept. 10.—(P)—There'll be a lot of disappointed moths in this country if they fancy a feast on army woolens. The quartermaster corps has purchased 2,500,000 pounds of anti-moth flakes.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

September 10, 1931

(It was Thursday)

Hundreds killed in Honduras hurricane.

Sales tax urged as means to raise state and national revenue cause debates in service clubs.

Football practice starts at Medford high, with good turnout. Bill Walker and Max Galinski looms as best half prospects.

More rain needed to end forest fire danger, forest service reports.

Low water in the Rogue hurts fishing and aids mining.

Fair and slightly warmer weather predicted, with a high of 79 and low of 48.

President Hoover plans relief measures for aid of jobless coming winter.

Twenty Years Ago Today

September 10, 1921

(It was Saturday)

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, movie comedian held in custody because of death of Virginia Rappe, actress, in his San Francisco hotel rooms. Scandal shakes Hollywood.

Mayor Gates leaves for Portland to confer with leaders of movement for World fair in Portland in 1925.

Roy Gardner, escaped mail bandit from McNeill Island prison, positively seen on island last night. Is believed to have stolen and eaten a chicken.

Standard service station on South Riverside held up and robbed by lone bandit last night, who got a sackful of silver.

The weather: High 83, low 39.

San Antonio, Texas, swept by cloudburst. Middlewest raked

Tulare, Calif., Sept. 10.—(P)—Dale Rankin, 18, son of the famous acrobatic flyer, Tex Rankin, has joined the royal Canadian air force.

HEY—WHAT'S THE BEST WHISKEY VALUE?

OLD OSCAR PEPPER!

Old Oscar Pepper Brand—Bourbon Whiskey & Blend & 66 proof—51% straight whiskey, 49% grain neutral spirits & Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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There's a lot of disappointed moths in this country if they fancy a feast on army woolens. The quartermaster corps has purchased 2,500,000 pounds of anti-moth flakes.

Now!

MAIL TRIBUNE

BARGAIN

DAYS