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Sinclair a Poor Loser

DEFEAT is a better test of character than victory. It is not hard to carry off a victory with grace and good taste. As one accepts the laurel wreath it is easy to be magnanimous. But it is not so easy in defeat. In addition to the natural disappointment, there is the matter of wounded pride, which cries for satisfaction. This is particularly true in the more vain and shallow natures. So few people can control it without betraying the real chagrin and bitterness they feel. Poise and magnanimity in defeat therefore is a test of true character.

WE regret to note that in this test Upton Sinclair completely failed. In the campaign he demonstrated he could dish it out, but when the bad news started to come in, he demonstrated he couldn't take it. Even before the final returns were in, yet defeat was certain, the Epic candidate refused to officially concede it. Instead of doing so and congratulating his victorious opponent, he rushed to the microphone to broadcast his hate and venom, charging his chief opponent and the opposition with every crime in the calendar.

TRULY a sorry spectacle. We had considerable respect and admiration for Sinclair at the outset of his campaign. His speeches were far superior to those of his opponents and he seemed to possess not only a real sense of social responsibility, but a nice sense of humor. That however was when Upton's campaign was going like a song. The moment the tide started to turn, and everything went dead wrong, the Epic candidate changed his tone and manner completely. He proceeded to reveal himself as a rather small, petty and vindictive egotist, who couldn't tolerate the idea of playing anything but the stellar role and denied this satisfaction, insisted upon doing everything in his power to break up the show.

UPTON SINCLAIR has gone far as a writer and militant radical. He may go farther in this direction. But he has shown in defeat, that he is temperamentally unfitted to hold high office in this democracy of ours. No man can go far in public life who isn't fundamentally a good sport. He must be big enough to take either victory or defeat in his stride so to speak. Sinclair has conclusively demonstrated he is NOT. As a writer he may make millions more, but as a political factor in California or anywhere else, we predict the Epic champion is through.

Joe Dunne Isn't

SPEAKING of good sports, we would like to pay our tribute to Joe Dunne, who started out with such high hopes in the race for governor but had to be content with third place.

We fought Joe hard during the campaign because we honestly believed he was unfitted for the position to which he aspired. We know he expected to win, and know what a bitter pill such a decisive defeat must have been. But if he felt either chagrin or bitterness, he certainly did not show it. Just as soon as the results were known he promptly sent his congratulations to General Martin, his successful rival. Here they are:

"To the winner goes my congratulations. I have fought a clean fight. I have made many friends and I hope to continue to serve my state as a private citizen, doing my part always for old Oregon.

"Good luck, General! May you succeed in your desire to aid Oregon."

Nicely expressed and unquestionably sincere. Only one man could win in this gubernatorial race. Joe lost. But in defeat he showed himself to be a good sport and a good loser, and in addition to the friends he made among those who supported him, he can add many among those who DIDN'T.

Political Crystal Gazing

ONE has often heard the question, "who will be nominated by the G.O.P. to oppose Roosevelt in 1936?"

We don't wish to put too great a strain upon the blood pressure of our Republican friends, but this MAY be the answer: "NO ONE!"

Before a hurry call is put in for the alienists let this be explained.

JUDGING by election results throughout the country, the next congress is going to be far more radical than F.D.R. A drive has already started to force immediate payment of the veterans bonus. To this the president is opposed. Another drive for the Townsend old age pension plan is underway, and as the basis of this is a national sales tax, it is assumed the present administration will be on the other side.

As time goes on, the main contest in Washington, D. C., therefore may not be between Roosevelt and the Republicans so much as between F.D.R. and the extreme LEFT wingers, of BOTH parties.

SUCH an outcome we admit is not probable, but it IS possible. Stranger things have happened in politics; and far stranger things are happening all over the world.

Upton Sinclair was beaten in California, but considering the terror aroused and his political vulnerability, he polled a TREMENDOUS vote. Unless economic conditions improve materially there will almost certainly be a Third party formed to contest either Democratic or Republican rule in 1936.

Under such circumstances, it is not so fantastic to foresee the possibility of a coalition of the democratic and republican parties throughout the country somewhat similar to the coalition that was formed in California. In that state prominent democratic leaders, flocked to the standard of Governor Merriam, standpat republican, who under normal conditions would have represented all that the party of Jefferson detests and distrusts.

BUT conditions were NOT normal in California, and they are not normal in the country today. Imagine if you will, that two years hence there will be an "Upton Sinclair" running for PRESIDENT, instead of for Governor of California.

Where will the Republicans go, if this NATIONAL Sinclair should threaten the country, as the California Sinclair threatened that STATE? They will go PRECISELY where the democrats of California

went, to the standard bearer of the strongest opposing candidate,—i. e. to Franklin D. Roosevelt!

INCREDIBLE! Mebbe so. But stranger things have already happened on the surface of that cooling cinder that we call the earth. At the present writing nothing is stable politically, but instability; nothing certain, but uncertainty.

Wait a year or so before you write down this bit of political crystal-gazing as completely "ga-ga". It might prove to be the bull's-eye of a prophet.

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.

VITAMINS FOR SKIN TROUBLE. Deficiency of vitamin A, vitamin C and vitamin G may account for various skin troubles. Here we are skating on thin ice and we cannot be too specific, for there is not yet sufficient clinical evidence available to warrant arbitrary conclusions.



In Pellagra, which is due to absence of or too little vitamin G, a peculiar dermatitis is one of the diagnostic features. This consists of the roundish patches the size of a coin, reddish to purplish in hue, appearing suddenly, on the wrists or backs of the hands, both hands, not one, and the patches tend to coalesce and form a diffuse roughened area somewhat resembling an old sunburn. Some swelling or irritation and itching may be present. In the course of a few weeks the skin peels off much as after a sunburn. In some cases instead of this dry erythema the eruption takes the wet form, with vesicles or small blisters or bullae, which break and leave fissures or erosions.

In sections of the south where poor people subsist on a monotonous diet of corn pone, tea, pork and sugar or molasses, pellagra has been a serious problem and many victims have become helpless and had to have institutional care. Besides the rash the disease is attended with gastrointestinal disturbances and often mental aberration or dementia. In any community certain individuals, for reasons of economy, or influenced by odd notions about health or by morbid or furtive appetite, have become helpless and had to have institutional care. Besides the rash the disease is attended with gastrointestinal disturbances and often mental aberration or dementia.

Any chance that aluminum sulphate may cause cancer or other diseases? If so, in what manner is it absorbed into the human system? W. E. R. Answer—Alum causes no such dire disease. You have been reading some of the propaganda peddled by the renegade dentist who calls himself "Doctor" and makes glibbie folk imagine he is a physician. Neither alum in making powder nor aluminum kitchen ware causes any disturbance of health worth thinking about. (Copyright, 1934, 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, Cal.

den scream would bring the law in a jiffy. The police call it "the swamp." Above 53rd on Broadway, Automobile Row is still holding forth. Not as go-getting as it was, but brisk enough for the times. The auto salesman was once the fashion plate of the White Way. He lunched in the showier cafes and was a Good Time Charlie of the cabarets. In the changing order, the auto salesman has acquired sedateness of dress, deportment and domesticity. He lives in Kew Gardens, Forest Hills, Jackson Heights or the like. And is a sucker for the neighborhood movie.

No one has humanized music, from barn fiddling to grand opera, as has Sigmund Spaeth. As the radio's tune detective he has flushed out the major fiddlings from the masters by modern composers and always good-humoredly. He has written books on barber shop harmony and revived "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." He has lectured from coast to coast, broadcast over radio and appeared in movie shorts, to simplify classics and make them understandable to the average man.

Gay Paree, from an American viewpoint, continues its dither into dilemmas. For those who loved the old haunts, there is no balm in Gilead. Ciro's has long since pulled down the corrugated iron shutters and now its bitterest rival, the Cafe de Paris, is closed tight. The Cafe de Paris had a high spot for the past two years as an American rendezvous. It was where the Castles danced. The only restaurant doing even a fair business with Americans is Moschovides.

One of society's frothy writers is a real noble attached to the Evening Journal. He is Baron Wrangel, who

overweight folks—they know it's safe, effective and builds up glorious health (see note below). A far faster way to get rid of bulging waistlines and sassy fat and to my surprise I lost 10 lbs. in 2 weeks. I feel 100 per cent better but not it."

Get busy, girls—be able to wear the new styles without looking ridiculous—get rid of bulging waistlines and sassy packs of fat on thighs and above your set line—without starting, loss of pep or leaving skin wrinkled or sagging. Just take one-half level teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Doctors prescribe Kruschen for

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turns out sparkling chit-chat under a non de farfante "Reggie." His position is captioned "Caviar and Cocktails." The Baron is a real life picture of the cartoon Reggie of the English weeklies—capper, nattily dressed, brightly bespoken, and knowing everybody in the whirl. He is almost a double for Clifton Webb, from restaurant nose to enormous pleated pantaloons.

Bethel Levey, the former Mrs. George M. Cohan, has ended her long London exile and will remain permanently in America. In keeping with the Dring Decade, she opened a little retreat two months ago in the East 90's, called "The Little Snack Bar." A cheerful intimate niche, it has become quite the lark of theatrical folk.

Thingamabobs: William K. Vanderbilt was the first to have a private plane on board his yacht... Jaggy Hopkins Joyce's gaudily painted town house is in the same block where Justice Samuel Seabury resides... Maury H. B. Paul, who stays up most all night, is nearly always up at 7:30 a. m. Mrs. Frank Campbell is now in complete charge of the undertaking business founded by her husband... Don Clarke, the novelist, has left New York permanently for his small town home in Massachusetts.

In the display ads one reads Frank Case's dictum that a dinner should end with cognac brandy and Miss Irene Purcell's that it should end with cream de menthe. Mebbe so. But at our house dinner these days ends with red peppermint drops some one slipped in a big wooden bucket from back yonder. And are they scrumptious!

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of our prominent hardware merchants of my home city, Franklin, Nebraska. He stated his reason for calling upon me—that he wished to enter Rush Medical college of Chicago, but was denied entrance thereto, as he lacked credits in Latin, botany and advanced algebra. He urged me to tutor him in these subjects. I undertook the task, and we worked hard together for two months. My standing as teacher was good and the student I gave him was accepted by the college.

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Flight 'o Time

(Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune of 20 and 10 Years Ago).

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 8, 1924. (It was Saturday) Tourist fined \$250 and given 90 days in jail for liquor possession, swears "I will never dirty my feet with the soil of Oregon again."

Catch of dynamite found in old barn back of Hotel Medford. California is favored to win coast football title. Christian Endeavor societies of county hold convention.

Jackson county subscribes \$1000 for "starving Armenians." Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, famed GOP leader passes. Jackie Coogan, "boy movie star," returns from European trip.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY (It was Sunday) Kaiser launches drive on western front in supreme effort to reach Dover. Local girl runaway eludes night police and parents.

C. E. (Pop) Gates received carload of Ford's with electric lights and self-starters. Late returns show that the measure to abolish capital punishment in Oregon is carried by slim majority.

Socialist orator at Nat speaks to small crowd on topic: "Even Distribution of Wealth and Happiness." Impersonator of Seth Parker at Christian Church

Seth Parker is coming to town. Yes, that most beloved of all radio entertainers is to be impersonated at the Christian church Sunday evening, November 11, by the well known dramatic artist and singer, John Howard.

Mr. Howard has all the earmarks of the real Seth Parker, appearance, singing voice and the ability to tell the stories which have made Mr. Parker so famous. Mr. Parker will be assisted by the members of the church choir in his production, "A Night With Seth Parker."

Beautiful stage settings, the old-fashioned costumes, old familiar music and songs and loads of fun from the local "Cephus" and "Lizette" will make this a delightful evening of entertainment. This entertainment is being sponsored by the Christian church choir, and a large crowd is expected.

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Busong Knows Townsend. To the Editor: Some years ago, say in 1927, while I was mowing my lawn in our Nebraska home, I was approached by a tall, fine-looking young man who in traces himself as Everett Townsend, and told me he was son of one

of our prominent hardware merchants of my home city, Franklin, Nebraska. He stated his reason for calling upon me—that he wished to enter Rush Medical college of Chicago, but was denied entrance thereto, as he lacked credits in Latin, botany and advanced algebra. He urged me to tutor him in these subjects. I undertook the task, and we worked hard together for two months. My standing as teacher was good and the student I gave him was accepted by the college.

Yes, I knew the family well; the father as a business man and member of the board of education, his mother as a lovely housekeeper and visitor in our family, his oldest brother, "G" Townsend, a farmer living near the city and who married a daughter of the Harmon family; his sister, Grace Townsend, a teacher in the city schools of which I was superintendent at that time; his brothers, Bert Townsend and Walter, who were in graduating classes while I was there. They were persons and citizens of the highest respect and standing in that Nebraska community. Francis Everett Townsend and I were young men together, the truest and best of friends. His "Old Age Revolving Plan" is now attracting national attention. More than twelve million citizens have signed petitions. I am told, memorializing our congress to give it serious attention toward making it one of our federal laws. Next to the name of our President, his name is probably most often mentioned at every home and fire-side in the United States, and to have known this man and shared his friendship in my life is an item of pleasure to me.

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.