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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Oregon's distinguished secretary of state declares "politics and religion are the two vital topics before the people. He urges (verily, unnecessarily) that the people start talking about the principles involved in the 1938 primary. The last time politics and religion mixed in Oregon, many pulpits became stumps, and politicians raced pastors to the front door for the first shake of the voters' hand. The two mixed in this county once, with widespread quoting of the scripture by candidates. At one "Grand Assembly" a belligerent patriot was floored by bouncing a 20-pound Bible off his head.

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The forest service announces standard distress signals for persons lost in the timber. The basic rule is to whistle three times, or build three fires, and make smoke signals with a coat. The best way to keep from getting lost in the forest is to keep out of the forest.

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Mica Womack, after a considerable absence, has returned to these parts and is once more pursuing the rainbow, in yon low-lying foothills. At the end of the rainbow, for Mr. Womack, is not the proverbial pot of gold, but a Klondike. He has mines in a thousand hills. Tomorrow—as always—Mr. Womack leaves for the end of another rainbow—and not getting there.

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TE EDITOR'S RIDE.
(Coos Bay Times)

"For people go and deal with.... ...an editor in person, with fury and with venom, on everything his paper has contained with which they have not agreed. He gets it, so to speak, from fore and aft, starboard and port, and grows immune to abuse."

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The Dubb Watson boy wants to be a blacksmith. This is a good sign he will turn out to be a dentist.

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Now that the frost danger season is over, there is a lull in the detrimental things that are going to happen to the pear crop.

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There is considerable disgust among the Older Girls, due to the way the British government and his folks are treating the Duke of Windsor, ex-king. They are not doing right by Eddie. The New York World-Telegram mentions something nearer home to be irked about, as follows:

"It is with pride and shame that America learns, twelve days after the event, of the birth of a third son to Anne and Charles Lindbergh over in rural England.

Pride in their courage and faith that even the heart-wounding death of their first-born did not sour into cynicism about life. Shame that they considered it necessary to flee to a foreign country and seclude themselves behind a wall of secrecy during the confinement."

SITDOWN STRIKE BY PATRONS, WINS

ROSEBURG, Ore., June 4.—(AP)—The sit-down strike technique was put to new use here by an audience at a carnival show for men only. When the scantily-clad performers announced that the entertainment was at an end, some of the audience apparently felt that they had not had their money's worth. Someone called "sit-down strike." Immediately the audience of about 50 men sat on the dirt floor of the tent and resisted all efforts of the show management to eject them. The strike ended after about 20 minutes when the girls presented a performance more satisfactory to the tastes of the spectators.

O. S. C. Grad Honored.

PORTLAND, June 4.—(AP)—Capt. Samuel L. Damon, native of Independence and graduate of Oregon State college, became first Portland district engineer today, succeeding Lt. Col. Milo Fox, transferred to Fort Dupont, Del.

Welcome Shriners!

THERE is something refreshing and stimulating about a gathering of shriners such as Medford will witness tomorrow. The brilliant Zouave costumes, flags, music, laughter—all seem to dispel worries and fears and bring a glad note to the humdrum of every day existence. Their coming is an antidote for gloom and Medford, always a welcome Mecca for shriners, extends her warmest welcome and most cordial hospitality to the wearers of the fez.

There is, and will be, a definite need for such fraternal organizations as the Shrine . . . they provide a safety valve where grown-up boys may let off accumulated steam; a place where men who bear heavy responsibilities to their families, professions and society itself, may indulge in the pleasures of harmonious fellowship.

It takes more than this, however, to make such an organization of a half-million men grow and prosper . . . there must be a CONSTRUCTIVE purpose; some other reason for existence than just a "good time." It was in 1920, just 48 years after its inception, the Shrine FOUND that purpose and began writing into her archives a record of splendid, humanitarian achievement . . . the Shriners' Hospitals for Crippled Children,—one of the best in the land being in Portland.

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LESS than two decades ago a suggestion was advanced at an imperial shrine session that a hospital be erected for the treatment and relief of crippled children. Initial investigations disclosed an appalling number of youngsters with crooked legs and twisted backs; youngsters who might run and laugh and play if given proper treatment.

HERE was a PURPOSE for the Shrine.

So, out of a fraternity conceived and devoted to a "good time", one of the world's greatest charities was brought to life. With an enthusiasm typical of the order and an earnestness inspired by the vital need, the Shrine undertook a leadership in the work of making strong, useful citizens of children who otherwise would become a burden on society; of bringing happiness to kiddies whose hearts were filled with humiliation and despair. Here's the splendid record of this self-imposed stewardship:

Fifteen hospitals have been placed in operation in the United States, Canada and Hawaii, representing an investment in buildings, land and equipment of $6,500,000. The average cost of maintenance is nearly a million dollars a year.

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MORE important still is the record of these fine shriners' hospitals with their complete facilities and their staffs of skilled and able physicians and surgeons. More than 60,000 crippled children have been cured or materially benefitted. The ability to take their useful places in life; to enjoy those things formerly barred by physical deformities, have been given to 60,000 youngsters because of the human sympathy, generosity and understanding of shriners.

These hospitals serve only those children whose parents cannot afford orthopedic treatment. Race, color or creed are not considered . . . the actual NEED alone is important!

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WHAT a splendid record! Every shriner can be justly proud of his part in this admirable work.

It is with the knowledge and appreciation of this GREATER purpose for the Shrine that this newspaper greets the visiting shriners here tomorrow with our best Moslem salaam. Medford is glad you are coming, hopes you will have a thoroughly enjoyable time!

H. G.

Editorial Correspondence

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3.—Returning to San Francisco from "Mervellous Marin", after midnight, in a thick fog isn't so hot. On the bridge proper it's O.K., for the bridge was built for fogs, and is brightly illuminated with fog lights. But the long approach has no lights at all, except in the tunnel: the road hasn't been surfaced, is without guard rails, and we had to crawl along at a snail's pace for several miles, in constant fear of going over the edge. We made it safely however, but a great deal of work has to be done on the Marin approaches before night driving in a fog, can be classified as pleasant.

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Some of our friends in Marin maintained the new bridge would not cut the old Golden Gate ferry time materially. So going over we timed ourselves and pretty well shattered this impression. We made it from our hotel on Sutter street, to a friend's house on a hill in Ross in 45 minutes. A former trip via the ferry to the same destination took us 95 minutes, including a five minute wait for the ferry, and taxis at both ends. In a car of course there are no waits or changes ahead. The bridge therefore wins to the tune of about 50%.

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"Dead End", the New York stage success is playing its last week here and we decided to take it in. The theatre was less than half full, but the audience made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in numbers. "Dead End" is pretty strong fare, with considerable gunplay in the third act, when Baby Face Martin gets his quietus, after doing in another G-man who tried to tag him. A group of young water front urchins, ranging in age from about six to sixteen,—the product of tenement squalor and poverty—carry off the honors, although all members of the cast are excellent. It provides a strong argument, for a fairer distribution of wealth, an enlightened housing program, and something better than the reform school, for meeting the adolescent crime problem. We can't understand how the Pulitzer committee chose first honors for Sherwood's "Idiot's Delight" over this forceful drama, which goes to the heart of a social problem, so typically American. "Idiot's Delight" by the way, follows "Dead End", next week, so the theatregoers of San Francisco can judge for themselves.

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M.G.M.'s latest super-movie "Captains Courageous", is showing next door to "Dead End", all seats reserved, at approximately one buck per each. We found another small audience—the theatre people claim the hotel strike is responsible, and we dont doubt they are right. In any metropolis, the cream of the theatre business is supplied, not by home town folks, but by the outsiders,—suburbanites and tourists.

This is Freddy Bartholomew's picture, and he makes the most of it. In fact we would place his characterization of the spoiled brat, of a New York tycoon, who falls from an ocean liner to be rescued by a "Portegee" fisherman, and thrown on his own resources aboard a foul smelling fishing schooner, off the banks—the finest piece of juvenile dramatic work ever seen in the movies.

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We can't say so much for the rest of the cast, or for the rest of the picture for that matter,—barring the ocean scenes, of fishing schooners in full flight. Perhaps that chicken liver omelette was responsible, but even Spencer Tracy seemed slightly phoney to us, while the fish were obviously made of rubber, in the dory scene,—they never wiggled a wiggle going over the side, but after they disappeared there was a great deal of flopping, done by some hidden mechanical device, inside the boat,—we bet a hat. Also the pathos was put on a bit thick toward the final fadeout,—too much of the tremelo tear-jerker technique, for our taste. They should have given Freddie the job of directing—he was alternately irritating and appealing, but he never overdid it. He was always in the part, and he always exhibited just the proper degree of restraint, something the film as a whole lacks.

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, Calif.

NO ILL EFFECTS FROM SOLAR RADIATION

A popular columnist who had an odd obsession that rays of the sun might penetrate the skull and cause deplorable damage to the membranes of the brain itself, for years published a warning to that effect, and I fancy, kept a good many milquetoast readers well covered when they would have enjoyed going bareheaded. Also this funny teaching probably kept many children from enjoying the advantages of exposure to sunshine.

Aside from sunburn or in extreme circumstances sunstroke, there is no such mysterious injury to be feared from exposure to sunlight. On the contrary, it is practically impossible for child or adult to absorb too much sunshine thru naked skin, as long as the skin can take it without burning.

A group of 28 children ranging in age from 6 to 15 years was exposed to sunlight from May to October. These children became beautifully tanned, of course, but none of them show any ill effects from long continued insolation. Biochemical studies of the blood and the secretions were made regularly, these tests showed an increase in the amount of calcium and phosphorus in the blood, but no disturbance of normal mineral balance and no evidence of excess production of vitamin D. Another study of 20 children who had been exposed to the sun during several summers in succession, also showed only beneficial results.

Where the popular commentator got his strange idea about sun rays penetrating the skull and injuring the brain it is difficult to surmise. Out of his own highly imaginative inner consciousness, perhaps. Or maybe it was just a refinement of the old superstition of "dog days"—hot summer days when dogs went mad. Rabies, however, seems to be as prevalent in the cooler months as it is in the hottest season of the year.

The only harm exposure to sun does is to burn the skin that has been protected from the sun most of the year. To avoid sunburn, which is painful and sometimes serious, persons unaccustomed to exposure must err rather on one side of timidity in the first week—strictly timing the first exposures and limiting the duration of a sunbath to five or ten minutes forenoon and afternoon. After the first few days of this, if there is no excessive reddening of the skin, the duration of exposure may be cautiously increased to fifteen or twenty minutes twice daily, and thereafter gradually longer exposures. The idea is to avoid burning but to acquire a coat of tan. Incidentally, taking internally a daily ration of vitamin D in any form, most conveniently and pleasantly in irradiated yeast tablets, seems to help the tanning process. Vitamin D is the "sunshine vitamin"—irradiation with ultraviolet light (in sunshine or from an artificial source) converts ergosterol in the skin into viosterol, vitamin D, just as irradiation converts ergosterol in dried brewers yeast into viosterol, vitamin D.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Hair and Eyelashes

I am using your recipes for dandruff and hair tonic. They seem to be very good. Now please give me a formula to make my eyelashes and eyelids longer and thicker. (Miss J. S.)

Answer—I know of nothing that will make the eyelashes longer, thicker or heavier. Cosmetics just make them appear longer or heavier. Glad to send any correspondent who asks for it and provides a 3-cent stamped envelope bearing his address (not "City" or "Local") monograph on Care of the Hair and Treatment of Dandruff.

Contact Lenses

Please give your opinion of the practicality of contact lenses. I am extremely myopic, see nothing without my heavy unattractive glasses. I know these lenses are put out by a German company. Is there any firm in the U. S. A. that puts out satisfactory contact lenses? (R. K. S.)

Answer—I believe they are especially suitable for such cases as yours. Contact lenses cost a hundred dollars a pair and upward. Various optical firms in this country supply these "invisivle spectacles." Send stamped envelope bearing your address, and I will give you the name of the nearest responsible firm I know.

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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.

NEW YORK Day by Day

by O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK, June 4.—The illustrator, E. Simms Campbell, is the only Negro to achieve recognition in top ranking magazines. Such as Cosmopolitan, Esquire and the rest. His flair is for the pretty debutante against the drawing room background. He uses models of his own race for white delineations.

A very serious-minded young man, he occupies a studio and home in The Dunbar, an apartment house built for his race in Harlem. His wife is his constant companion and often poses for him. Much of his ability to paint and draw comes naturally although he has studied prodigiously.

Just now he is anxious to lay aside enough to study awhile in Paris and Florence. His first drawings he sent out by mail as he feared his color might be a hindrance. But he found no such attitude exists among art editors.

He is now receiving the same pay for his work as ranking artists. Many colored folk have shown a talent for the drawing board that was never marketed. Bert Williams was a deft caricaturist and the late Florence Mills did some creditable water colors.

Culinary scoop: I have the recipe for the pie dough that has made the crust of Mrs. Frank Menke's pies the admiration of every celebrity who has put his feet under the Menke table. Ted used to drool just talking about it and Babe Ruth would often invite himself to share in the gustatory joy. Anyway, here's the secret: Before mixing water with pie dough, add one tablespoon of olive oil to water. Then stir into dough in the usual way. One tablespoon of oil is sufficient for pie for four people. Increase the ratio.

No one ever rose more spectacularly in Wall Street than Jesse L. Livermore in the sky-rocketing days when he was known as "the fair haired boy of the markets," and from which dizzy whirl he plucked fabulous fortunes. He was a head-turner in the cafes and at big sporting events. One of the outstanding celebrities. Then came his reverses, losing a fortune today and regaining it tomorrow until the final crack-up. Then he dropped out of sight. But he's in circulation again. Now and then he is seen on the avenue going to a building where he maintains offices. He sends out for his lunches and is no longer on view at first nights or other spots where he was so long a personage.

Bill Robinson, the deservedly popular Bojangles of Harlem, can neither read nor write. When he appears as a guest star on the radio the studio warns script writers not to change his dialogue or cues because he has already memorized them from the script reading. He has an uncanny memory and after lines are read to him twice he never forgets. While he is not sensitive to friends knowing of the educational lack for which he was not to blame, he doesn't care to have the studio audiences know, and always appears before the microphone with script in hand. His mentor is Jesse Owens, the sprinter, whom he admires greatly because of his college education. Owens reads and rehearses the stuff with him.

I lived at an uptown hotel where Shoeless Joe Jackson of the Chicago ball team put up when in New York. He could not read nor write but had been taught a scrawl what could be deciphered as his signature for registering. In the dining room he ate with a fellow player who knew of his deficiency, but Jackson always studied the menu carefully as his friend wrote out their orders. In the evenings he would sit in a conspicuous place in the lobby as though earnestly reading an opened magazine.

Thingumabobs: The Arthur Samuels are motoring in France this summer. . . . Irving Hoffman with whiskers would be a ringer for Joseph Pulitzer as a young man. . . . Hannen Swaffer, fiery London critic, has writeen a play with a ritualistic theme. . . . Jed Kiley, who started the night club vogue in Paris, has visited only two night clubs in America. . . . Andre Maurois thinks no food is so inspirational to writing folk as hot onion soup. . . . Jim Tully is writing a book of hobo verse. . . . Grover Whalen was selected by a London tabloid as New York's best dressed Coronation visitor.

Speaking of illiteracy, Kin Hubbard's pet story concerned the illiterate in an Ohio town who ran a drug store speakeasy. One of those places with a window full of empty corn salve boxes and nothing behind the prescription case save a barrel of whiskey. Every morning the proprietor would sit out front as the town went to work, professing to read the Cincinnati Enquirer. One morning as he held the paper upside down upon which was the picture of a battleship just launched, a passerby called: "What's the news, Uncle Billy?" It was during the Spanish-American war and, holding up the upside down newspaper, he replied: "Those Spanish scoundrels have sunk another battleship!"

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Pie Counter Union.

PORTLAND, June 4.—(AP)—Carl C. Donaugh, U. S. attorney for Oregon, was named president yesterday of the Portland Federal Business association.

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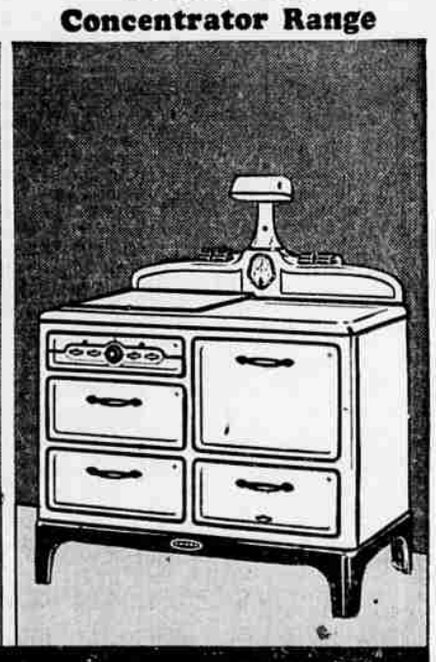

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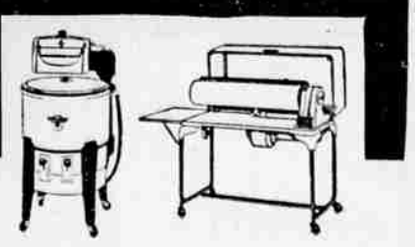

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