

## MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturday.

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**Ye Smudge Pot**

By Arthur Perry.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain dramatically flies to Berchtesgaden to confer with Adolf Hitler, German chancellor, to end the crisis that is menacing world peace. There was pomp and much polite formal diplomatic language. Nothing must be done to defile the colossal egoism of a little man with a funny mustache. Conversations for peace are always conducted by emissaries wearing hard-boiled shirts and clawhammer coats. It is quite possible that some of the emissaries are tough guys, who talk out of the corners of their mouths, and mean business. The spokesman should say informally: "Listen, runt! Tell me you want war. Okay! Button up your kisser about it, or your chin gets acquainted with my uppercut! ... That's a good palooka. I knew you'd listen to reason, Adolf! The method might not be proper, but it would be potent. Peace needs a righteous punch."

Citizens are reported roaming the timber with rifles, on the eve, or nearly so, of the deer season. They claim they are not hunters, or hunting. If a deer grabs the gun and commits suicide, that's different.

As a result of the complete flop of all Presidential piques, the Oregon candidate, who boasted, "The Administration wants me, it is expected to report, 'I was misquoted.'"

**A LADY ADDS UP**

(Love Agony Col.)

"Well, anyhow, I was deeply troubled because I had been unable to find employment, so I decided to try and fall in love. But gee-wh! It just can't be done. The modern young man is such a run-around. Of course, there are always those nice, gentle, old-fashioned gentlemen. But it's no fun, I can assure you, trying to convince one of these elderly Lotharios that he doesn't look a day over 30 when you actually know he is waiting for his old-age pension check to arrive. (And I'm not a gold-digger, either.)"

F. Fry, the topographical, climbed Bald Mt. the first of the week. When he got to the top, Mr. Fry had less wind than the hill had hair.

"Elroy Haight has filled his modern garage with the wood he cut during the spring and summer." (Mt. Hebron (Calif.) Items)—The car radiator may freeze but Elroy won't.

**HORRIBLE TRUTH FLARES**

(Oakland (Calif.) Tribune)

"No government can long continue to live beyond its means of support and maintain its credit and integrity. Certainly we must take care of the hungry and starving, but you and I know that there are thousands on the WPA rolls that have no business there. There are too many people in America who think the government exists just to take care of them."

An English auto racer traveled 30.20 mph. on a Utah salt bed Thursday. This is something for a milk wagon disputing the right-of-way with a taxi to shoot at.

**THE CORNFIELD**

"Corn shocks dot the field—tents of an army that stand nearby in whispering ranks. A multitude of peace and plenty; no arms, no equipment, but a harvest of golden grain on hip and shoulder. Have a weary few the stars expectant, awaiting to deliver their garnered wealth, be mustered out and with empty pockets, light heart and fluttering banners retrace their steps via the moldering way to the place whence they came, and rest. In rusty velvet fields, big dusty haystacks stand in herds or gather in about the barn, shouldering one another in pensive good humor. "From the inspiration of the caressing air, the peaceful, pensive view, satisfied achievements of a farmer's work, of goodly store from Nature's plenty, we look with brightened eye, bounding blood and defiant head, to the north, undaunted by the icy breath that tells of coming snow."—(Emporia (Kan.) Gazette)

## Welcome to Aviation Delegates

TODAY and tomorrow the Northwest Aviation Planning Council convenes in Medford and this city, alert to her responsibilities and opportunities as the host city, extends a warm welcome to her distinguished guests.

It is an important convention. Problems of commercial aviation must be ironed out; solutions will be sought to questions involving the air service's role in national defense. A free interchange of ideas between men conversant with ALL phases of military and commercial aviation is certain to prove enlightening, productive of harmony and highly stimulating to the Pacific coast's air program.

WITH war clouds hovering over three-quarters of the globe, America looks to her army and navy air service as vital factors in national defense. At this critical time, it is significant that Major General Oscar Westover, chief of the United States Air Corps, will come across the continent to attend and take part in the Medford sessions.

Meeting with Major General Westover and other army officers will be government officials, executives of air lines, private flyers, fixed base operators and representatives of municipalities.

FROM the full program announced for the Northwest Aviation Planning Council, it looks as if the visiting delegates will be a busy lot. It is to be hoped, however, that sufficient time will be taken out for PLAY. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—generals, air line executives and flying experts are no exception!

Likewise, we hope that Medford's guests will see the Rogue River valley, enjoy PLENTY of our world famous pears and, of course, visit Crater Lake.

INCIDENTALLY, if influential military officers and government officials eye Medford's excellent airport with plans for a SUPER AIR BASE in mind, that, too, will be very much in order!

This city, with obviously a highly strategic location on the air map of the west coast, has long sought recognition in the picture of national defense. It is hoped that this effort will soon bear fruit!

NEW YORK'S aeronautical expert, Prof. Alexander Klemm predicts that within the next five years Americans will be buying small planes—family runabouts—at the rate of 10,000 a year at a cost no greater than the low-priced automobile of today.

Gadding in the clouds will become America's number one sport; hopping down to Santa Anita for the races or soaring up to Eugene for a football game will be commonplace events five years hence, BUT—

Aviation development—coming so fast we can hardly catch our breath—will bring with it a multitude of problems.

That is the reason for the existence of the Northwest Aviation Planning Council and similar groups meeting periodically in other sections of the United States. Military, commercial and industrial aviation recognize the need of solving these problems as they arise in the swiftly expanding field of air travel.

The skyways must be traveled with maximum SAFETY if aviation achieves its destiny!

AND so, to Medford's air-minded guests the Mail Tribune voices the warm welcome of an AIR-MINDED COMMUNITY. We hope that your stay will be an enjoyable one; that your meetings will be of benefit to you all and the vital profession you represent.

To the program committee, headed by A. H. Banwell, should go a generous measure of credit for the success of this convention—for this success seems already assured. Medford's own United States senator, A. Evan Reames, likewise contributed generously in time and effort.

With the optimistic prediction of a good convention and a grand time, this newspaper wishes all who attend smooth flying, unlimited visibility and HAPPY LANDINGS!—H. G.

## Editorial Correspondence

TIMBERLINE LODGE, Mt. Hood, Oregon, Sept. 15.—Tired of trekking back over the Pacific Highway, and the hair-pin turns of the Umpqua Divide, so turned the "coop's" NOSE east instead of south, and here we are.

Whether you believe in WPA or don't, this is a nice place and for a long time to come, will serve as a monument to that federal work relief organization. In fact no matter what happens to the hotel business or to democracy, this edifice promises to remain, for it's built of heavy stone and solid timber, is 50 miles from the nearest railroad, over six miles from the highway, and has an automatic fire fighting system guaranteed to put out a forest fire. So what's going to destroy it except decay or air bombers—unless we are greatly mistaken it's due to endure in some form or other, as long as Mt. Hood.

The main hotel is completed, but the WPA men and the CCC boys are still on the job—making a fine slow motion picture. (But unless one is accustomed to it, heavy exertion is not advised 6,000 feet up in the air—at least this is the alibi.) The CCC boys are constructing easy-grade mountain trails, for those who wish to ascend Mt. Hood; and the WPA men are building an amphitheatre near the lodge—a huge affair also built of boulders, for outdoor lectures, pageants, movies or what have you? When that is finished they will start on a swimming pool. When it is all done there should be everything here even J. P. Morgan-en-tour might desire—and even some things he might not, for we doubt if J. P. is much of a skier.

There is a direct road here from Portland via Sandy, which is only between 50 or 60 miles, but not having been up the Columbia river for a long time, we decided to come via Hood River, which is at least twice as far. But it was well worth it—the Columbia River highway with its grades and sharp turns is a nuisance if you are in a hurry, but if you aren't, and want to rest your eyes on some of the finest scenery in the world, there is no motor ramble that can equal it. It was a warm, gorgeous, Indian summer afternoon, the sun was starting its dip toward the Pacific (scenery should always be viewed when the sun is near one horizon or the other) and we understood as never before why when the early pioneers reached the high wooded bluffs along the lower Columbia and looked up and down that majestic stream they decided they had reached the Promised Land—didn't care to go north or south, east or west—but there they would remain!

What a country! And how slightly it has changed in a hundred years or more. No large towns, no smoke or smoke stacks, no hot dog stands or unsightly highway signs—a beautiful pastoral landscape framed in blue sky and soft wooded hills,

a few fields of grain and corn, a few farm houses and barns showing among the trees—a land visually at least of peace and plenty, of beauty and harmony, of milk and honey, if ever there was one.

Having bade goodbye to the Spanish war veterans, and given them what we thought was quite a fulsome parting salute, we expected to see them no more. They had the same idea, APPARENTLY, for wherever we stopped—and we stopped every few miles—(bridal veil, horse-tail, Multnomah falls, Crestview, Bonneville—it made no difference where)—they were there, before us!

Which only goes to show there can always be too much of a good thing.

We didn't mind the men so much, but the sight-seeing older gals, did before the end, get in our hair. One in particular at Multnomah Falls, her ample bosom plastered with medals, badges, gold fringe and bunting had the nerve to accuse "ye editor" of bumping her car, when he backed up to turn around. We granted the bumpers did touch, (about as roughly as the hummingbird's beak touches the dew kissed rose) but Mrs. Rough Rider who was seated within munching a cheese sandwich, declared it was a rear end collision, that the paint had been scratched and your correspondent "was to wait right there, until the owner of the car returned!"

Well we couldn't very well run away, so waited for the owner to return—whom we visaged as about the size of General Shafter, but far quicker on his feet and a wallop in each hand. Greatly to our relief, however, the owner proved to be another woman, and a smaller one—with thank the Lord some sense, as well as sense of humor.

The battle-scarred old dragon gave her story with several embellishments and we repeated ours, adding that while the car undoubtedly had been scratched, we had had no hand in it, and that while we granted a new paint job was indicated, we failed to see why a total stranger and unoffending one should pay for it—or any part of it. Old Battle Axe glared but her friend—at any rate her companion—smiled and said to forget it, she couldn't see the car looked any different, than it had before.

"I told you, Mame, you got up on the wrong side of the bed this morning!" said she, so raising the editorial chapeaux in salute to such generosity and graciousness, we departed with as much dignity as the speed of same could command.

Unlike Rufus Holman we couldn't call it a frame-up, but shades of Henrietta—the next time we get tangled up in a Spanish war veterans convention, we are going to stick TO THE MEN!

Speaking of Rufus Holman, they have two big St. Bernard dogs here and they look just like him. Particularly Merlin, the larger one—he tips the beam at 200 pounds. We venture to say if some clever Hollywood make-up man would dress Rufus up in a fur coat, put a wooden brandy flask around his neck and drape him before one of these huge fire places with the other two Swiss Retrievers, it wouldn't be long before some of the lady tourists would be walking up and patting Rufus' head and saying "Nice doggy, nice doggy!"

We hope if Rufus sees this he won't think we are trying to belittle him—for we aren't, in fact our intention is exactly the reverse—it's a compliment for him and the dogs as well. The resemblance is in the ample drooping jowls, the sad and drooping eyes—and the atmosphere of quiet strength and wisdom, that pervades them.

Now Merlin might be clumsy and inept and rather boyish at times—but we couldn't imagine him ever doing a mean, or insincere, or even a SLIGHTLY tricky thing. And that's a lot whether one is dealing with dogs or public officials! So don't get us wrong, Rufus, we are for you and always have been! 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.

**HAVE YOU A LITTLE ALLERGY IN YOUR HOME?**

Hypersensitiveness to this and that, commonly to some particular food, especially in infants or young children, may not be more frequent today than it was when gran sported her first bustle, though it seems so. That is probably due to the fact that doctors recognize it now, whereas in the gay nineties we had never heard of it, and hence we dubbed the various manifestations of allergy "Indigestion," hives, ptomaine poisoning, colic, acute eczema, hyperaesthetic rhinitis, asthma, angioneurotic edema and so on.

It would take us far from the medicine cupboard to consider the manifold forms of allergy here, if you think you are allergic mention the nature of your trouble, inclose a three-cent stamped envelope bearing your address, and ask for folder giving the Daily Requirement of Calcium, Calcium Feeding, High Calcium Diet, Vitamins Everybody Needs. This gives practical suggestions for the correction of allergy. If I have material bearing specifically on your complaint I'll send it along with the folder.

Here, in view of the low estimate given earlier, it is fair to say that

where allergy is associated with a deficiency in digestion—the incompletely digested protein is a likely factor—it is the practice of many good physicians to prescribe adequate doses of pancreatin or extract of the whole pancreas gland after every meal—by adequate doses we mean not less than one-half dozen capsules of the extract even for a young child. This promotes more complete digestion of proteins and so prevents absorption of incompletely changed proteins through some fissure, ulcer or other damaged spot in the alimentary tract.

The immediate exciting factor of the allergic reaction is entrance of foreign protein into the blood, whether it enters through a break in the alimentary mucosa, through the mucous membrane of the nose, or through a scratch or other break in the skin.

That constitutes the sole use of digestive agents which is at all effective, in my opinion.

Now take laxatives. No, no, don't even take 'em, but consider them. At first sight you'll think a medicine cupboard without a good laxative or cathartic in it is hardly the sort

to have in a well regulated household. That notion has been inculcated in your mind and in the minds of your ancestors for generations back.

Castor Oil—This excellent airplane lubricant has one questionable virtue which just preserves its place in materia medica: When it is all through nauseating, gripping and purging it exerts a binding influence and therefore it is still prescribed by quaint practitioners in cases of acute gastrointestinal upset associated with diarrhea—the purge sweeps out the offending food or food residue, then locks up the bowel. That's a first logical theory, but in actual practice I have never seen it work as well as it looks. Castor oil has other properties which it seems only fair to mention next.

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS**

**Feeding the Dog**

Please advise whether it is sanitary to feed a dog from the same dishes used by members of the family? (W. W.)

Answer—It is all right if the dishes are washed with hot water and soap. But why not keep special dishes for the dog only?

**Man About Manhattan**

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK.—The wailing moan of a clarinet insinuates itself into the shrill, mixed confusion of Manhattan after dark.

What does this mean? Don't ask foolish questions, honey. You know Ted Lewis is in town as well as I do.

You see Ted Lewis one day, and he goes out of town, and maybe 6 months later you run into him in Omaha, or Pierre, or Macon—big towns and little towns—and always he packs them in.

I think if you analyze it you will find that Ted is the only big name attraction that was famous 20 years ago who still flies high without benefit of the cinema or radio. I think he did make a picture once. And now and then you pick him up on the airways. But there is never sustained program. He never receives the push of a coast-to-coast publicity campaign such as the movies put on.

But Ted Lewis goes on dragging down his \$500 a week. How does he do it? He can't sing a lick, and yet who can sell a long better than Ted Lewis? Al Siegel calls this "synchronizing personality to song." Al Siegel says anybody can sell a long, whether you can sing or not, if you adapt the song to your own personality. You must listen to Siegel when he makes statements like this because he has had too much success to discount him. He found Ethel Merman at a party one night, singing. She was terrible and no one paid any attention to the broken-hearted girl who, embarrassed, was sobbing behind the piano when Siegel found her. So Siegel said, "Do as I tell you." And she listened to him. He taught her style—a style that suited her personality.

Another of Siegel's finds is Dorothy Lamour. Still another is Martha Raye. His latest is Patricia Ellis, whom you will find as the Casa Manana, on the same bill with Ted Lewis.

But we disagree. Consider the success the late O. O. McIntyre enjoyed. He never got away from the homey qualities. Yet Ted Lewis' home town at Circleville, Ohio, is just as famous as is McIntyre's Ohio town. He will tell you, "Me, I'm a farmer at heart. You ought to see my farm near Circleville."

His old battered high hat with the silver lining is as much a symbol as Charlie Chaplin's mustache, or Duranthe's nose. It sits at a perpetually rakish angle, as always, on the head that was once bald but now is quite gray. But Ted still has all of his hair. He has his pep and his enthusiasm. He always gives the old college try.

I think it will be a sad day indeed when old Dr. Sunshine decides to turn his hand over to someone else and seek the comfort of his Buckeye farm. Maybe he won't ever do this. I have a hunch that he won't. Twenty years of roaming up and

down country, sleeping in elegant hotels, sleeping in drafty hotels, eating in railroad stations, dining in exclusive clubs, shaking hands with bums, shaking hands with big shots does something to a man that he can't ever quite shake off. Good fire horses are like that. They don't ever quit till they drop in their harness.

I was walking in 50th street the other night and the nostalgic wail of a clarinet came floating out into the street. The wind caught it and blew it back into Seventh avenue. I followed, and walked through a door, and Ted Lewis was there, showing the boys how it was done.

Mighty glad to have you back, Ted. Stay a long time. And when you go away, stay only a little while and then hurry back.

**Comment on the Day's News**

By FRANK JENKINS

**BIG NEWS:** Sir Neville Chamberlain, British prime minister, flies to Germany to talk to Hitler face to face in an effort to bring about a peaceful solution of the European crisis.

WHEN a Britisher breaks precedent as dramatically as that, it may be taken for granted that the situation is serious and that a determined effort is being made to do something about it.

(The prime minister, you know, is the real head of the British government, corresponding quite closely to the president of the United States. The king is just an ornamental and traditional figurehead.)

NOTE, please, that in Czechoslovakia the news of Prime Minister Chamberlain's dramatic journey to Berlin is received with "apprehension."

Why? The answer is quite simple. The Czechs figure they are going to be thrown to the wolves to save Britain and France.

If that happens, it will happen this way: Chamberlain will agree to a "plebiscite" among the Sudeten Germans. A plebiscite is a four-bit diplomatic word meaning election. If the question as to whether the Sudetens want to stay with Czechoslovakia or go over to Germany is submitted to them at an election, it is expected that the Sudetens will vote to go with Germany.

That would mean that Hitler has made good his bluff and taken the pot in the big poker game.

HITLER probably doesn't want Czechoslovakia badly enough to fight for all of it NOW. It is to be suspected that he would rather eat the Czechoslovakian pie a bite at a time.

If he can bite off the Sudeten minority by means of a plebiscite now, he will probably be able to bite off other minorities later on in the same way, thus weakening the Czechs down gradually to the point where Britain, France and Russia will figure they are too small to be worth fighting about, anyway.

**Economic Error**

To the Editor:

The local wooden box campaign and the increasing use of oil heaters in Jackson county afford good illustrations of a common economic error—taking one set of producers for the benefit of another class.

Take the wooden boxes. For the sake of a little present gain, they would use valuable lumber needed for building purposes. Pastboard boxes are made from waste wood and make just as good containers as those composed of wood, over which they have several advantages, such as lighter weight and cheapness.

In this connection it is refreshing

to note that an Ashland lumberman prefers to sell lumber substitutes, such as cement and preboard he, cause such business conserves our forests. We need more citizens who place public good above personal gain.

Perhaps woodcutters and haulers, together with those who have stumps for sale, will organize a campaign to discourage the use of oil heaters. The latter solve the heating problem cleanly, comfortably and easily, but use fuel produced elsewhere, therefore doubtless will incur the enmity of home industry boosters. The principle involved is the same as that which inspires opposition to pasteboard boxes.

Some fuel merchants handle oil as well as wood. Sensible creamery-men are doing something similar in selling orange juice, as well as milk, which suggests dairymen opposition to the poor man's butter, oleo. It isn't a question of which is the better food. If that justified taxing a commodity, then consumers of white flour should be penalized, because dark bread is more wholesome.

Taxing any wholesome food product, such as nut butter, is taking an unfair advantage of impetuous consumers. A lady who works with children says that poor boys and girls look forward to a can of nut butter, because then they get butter on their bread, something many cannot afford at home.

OWEN H. BARNHILL, Ashland, Ore.

Sept. 14, 1938.

**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 16, 1928 (It Was Sunday)

Lightning storm over valley damages power lines.

Tampa, Fla., swept by hurricane, and stricken city is isolated from world. Extent of damage unknown.

Ashland exhibits at county fair win high honors.

Federal court term to open here October 2.

Con DeVore's garage burns when lightning hits radio aerial and starts fire. Showers over valley and hills end forest fire hazards.

Twenty years ago today

September 16, 1918 (It Was Monday)

Public schools of city open.

Peace offer by Austria is rejected by allies. German rout on western front continues.

President orders manufacture of beer in nation stopped after December 1.

Women urged to enlist for work in canneries.

A ton of apples are made into apple butter for soldiers in France. Corporal Paul Schuler of Fort Columbia is home on a short furlough.

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