

## MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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1938

## Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Owing to the pressure of other household, and general shiftlessness, your corr. employs the following dodge, to get out of any more work:

SMUDGE SMOKE

From the files of 11, 13, and 15 Years Ago This Week.

Drove of citizens paid their taxes over the week-end, with the usual picturesque comment.

People have been warned not to eat peas with the hides on, as it will upset them.

Many of the Older Girls are driving brand new autos, and gosh how they hate to foot the horns.

E. Ulrich of the hill regions was a business, pleasure and social caller last week.

We are in receipt of a paper from Mr. George Vile, who is now hung up in Shanghai, China. Mr. Vile writes that he will be glad when he gets back to the U.S. as he can have a bowl of Chinese noodles. Mr. Vile is working for a steamship line in a major capacity. He was a 2nd loot during the late francs.

Peoria Bill Gates who wants more peas, parsnips, and other hoecake produce raised in the valley, will not get very far with his idea to inflict crops that interfere with fishing, and other established industry.

Jim Owen is in the throes of moving from one house to another.

Master Robert Conroy has a new sister, of which is justly proud.

Not to be outdone by Peoria Bill Gates, who uniquely dumped a sack of potatoes in his suit window, C. Whillock, who quit catnip stumping to weigh beans, countered with two sacks of old-fashioned boarding house prunes in his window. It is a sign of get-up-and-gumption to see the live wires indulge in such good natured rivalry.

Erin Coleman has bought a sedan of considerable aristocracy, after losing money all summer running a gas sile.

Turkey fattening time is at hand. Our wide awake merchants are exhibiting fuzzy blankets.

A healthy lot of citizens called on the county court Wednesday in behalf of the health unit.

Len Carpenter is figuring on taking a trip to Mexico.

The Hiney Fleisher music store is tore up worse than the fields of Flanders, owing to some artistic improvements that are underway. The Italian form of architecture is being employed, and the ceiling is sublime.

Nothing is apparently being done to call Main street, Broadway.

The young lady who tried last week to starve out a cold failed owing to the cold not getting hungry.

Eme Britt of Jville Fridayed in town. He spoke disparagingly of the architecture of the water-trough.

Your corr. has read all the publicity about the Copco woodpecker, and is unable to state definitely whether it was the woodpeckers or Horse Bromley who put the nuts in the light pole. There is evidence to show that the idea was Horse's, and the woodpeckers did the work.

The letter writing epidemic has passed. Several of the epistles were written with fountain pens the writer did not know were full of ink.

The fine weather continues, and it is marvelous that it has not driven anybody to write a poem about it.

The Humdingers, Inc., of the burg have been ordered to consort with picks and shovels and iron out the plane field this week. It will do them good.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

## No, It Isn't Poker

THE farther away one is from the scene of the European crisis the simpler it appears.

Oregon is about as far away from Czechoslovakia, as any inhabitable point on this planet could be, but we all—or almost all—see the situation very clearly.

It's nothing but a poker game!

This unspeakable and neurotic Hitler, only holds a couple of deuces,—or at the most an inside straight,—but he has got our "Aunt Hattie" Chamberlain, backed into a corner, scared to death, and tremblingly fingering his hole card.

All the British Prime Minister has to do to win, is to match the ante and CALL. Show a little spirit and fight, talk a little turkey,—and watch the cataleptic ex-Austrian drill sergeant, run for cover!

NO wonder the communists and anti-Fascists are parading London streets shouting, "Shame, shame, down with Chamberlain!" Such a spineless old woman, as Neville, who doesn't know a bob-tailed flush from a full house, should have been kicked out years ago!

And so on and so forth. It's all very plain. If someone with card sense and a few guts, only had control of the government in England, what a different story it would be,—England, France and Russia would call Der Fuehrer's bluff and it would all be over but the shouting.—Hitler would get out of Czechoslovakia, so fast you couldn't see him for the dust, etc., etc., etc.

WE wish it WERE as simple as that, but it isn't. That poker game simile has been very popular, but we have an idea, the closer one came to the scene of the trouble, and the more one really knew about it, the less one would be inclined to apply it, so literally, if at all.

FOR when one comes down to cases isn't it rather naive to believe, that two mature and carefully trained statesmen, like Chamberlain and Deladier, don't know about all there is to know, about the ancient and honorable art of bluffing, where the vital interests of their countries, and the elements of international diplomacy, are concerned?

This column believes it is,—DECIDEDLY.

Those who think either men don't know about all there is to know about the ACTUAL cards that Hitler holds, and how he intends to play them,—just don't know much about the foreign offices of either country, or the resources of their respective secret services.

No, it may well be Messrs. Chamberlain and Deladier are adopting the wrong—or at least the unwise,—course, today, as far as Germany is concerned but if so it isn't because this ex-Austrian sergeant, is merely a better poker player than they are.

IN other words there is more in the present European—and world—situation than meets the eye, and if we remain patient, no doubt, just what it is, will eventually become apparent.

Meanwhile it does no harm to guess. Here are a few stray guesses put out for what they are worth,—(which isn't much)—

Neither France nor England are ready for war, and must avoid it at all costs.

Public opinion in neither country would support war, to protect Czechoslovakia at the present time.

Hitler has promised to leave France and England alone, and devote all his energies toward securing an extension to the East, with Soviet Russia as the only obstacle, in his path.

England and France would rather have German Fascism march east, than Russian bolshevism march west.

If war comes now, Italy will strike England in the Mediterranean, and Japan in India and the Far East.—John Bull isn't ready for anything like that. Can't risk it.

England is negotiating a secret agreement whereby Germany and Italy will agree not to interfere with England's vital interests, ANYWHERE, nor the vital interests of France, in return for which the two Fascist states will be given a free hand in Africa and toward the Persian gulf,—in other words,—an entire new deal in Central Europe, primarily directed against Soviet Russia.

So one might go on, and on speculating, but this much is certain,—the situation in Europe has long since passed the poker game stage,—is no longer a matter of bluffing on either side, but is a grim and realistic, TEST OF STRENGTH.

## Biting Off the G. O. P. Nose

POLITICS not only make strange bedfellows but strange logic. Some anonymous communicant sends us a clipping from a Portland paper, liberally underlined with red ink, to support the conclusion that as far as federal relief and Harry Hopkins are concerned, there is nothing to either but POLITICS.

As supporting evidence Mr. Hopkins is quoted as saying he regards it as rather absurd, for a candidate to lambast the federal program of public relief in one breath, and in the next, ask for its benefits.

Further, Brother Hopkins conferred with two fellow Democrats, Messrs. Mahoney and Hess while here, and declared they would have a great deal to do with federal relief WHEN they are elected.

Ergo, there is nothing to federal relief and Administrator Hopkins but politics,—vote for a Democrat you get relief, vote for a Republican you get nothing. What a disgrace!

WELL if our anonymous friend, finds any satisfaction in that conclusion let him have it, and if the Republicans wish to keep that idea alive, and thus play directly into the hands of the Democrats let them do it,—it won't be the first time, their cynicism and stupidity has defeated them.

But this column will continue to maintain, the above quotations do NOT sustain such a conclusion, and continue to believe, that when any state, any community or any individual is in need, that need has been supplied, regardless of politics, and will continue to be.

To point out the inconsistency of those who oppose relief, for others, but favor it for themselves; and to give a couple of fellow Democrats a friendly boost, by assuming their election, certainly don't refute such a conclusion, in the slightest.

Moreover the fact that the only two Republican states, Vermont and Maine, in the last election, have been as generously supplied with relief, as any of the Democratic states in the country, tends to uphold such a contention.

However if for the sake of smearing wicked Democrats like Harry Hopkins, the Republicans of this state are willing to run the risk of practically certain defeat in November, we see no way of preventing it.

## 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. Due 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.

## SALINE CATHARTICS

Among the scores of saline laxatives or cathartics or different kinds of salts there are none I'd have in my own medicine cabinet but two or three. I recommend for those who will take salts occasionally. This is not the place to explain why I would not use saline laxatives.



If you are curious about it, read "The Constipation Habit," a copy of which will be mailed on request if you inclose ten cents coin and a three-cent-stamped envelope bearing your address.

Epsom Salt—Magnesium sulphate. Cathartic dose, from one to eight teaspoonsful dissolved in from a tablespoonful of water. It is a constituent of sea water and of spring waters, in crystalline form in caves in the Allegheny Mountains, and at Basque, British Columbia. Magnesium sulphate is manufactured as a by-product in the manufacture of carbon dioxide from magnesite where the carbonate is decomposed by sulphuric acid.

Persons with kidney disease who take magnesium sulphate may suffer serious poisoning by magnesium, becoming first drowsy and then comatose—the coma may be mistaken for uremic coma. Intravenous administration of calcium salts is the best treatment for magnesium poisoning. Calcium and magnesium are strongly antagonistic. Remember this about calcium and magnesium. Glauber's salt (sodium sulphate) is safer for nephritis patients.

At the Radium-hemmet in Stockholm, Sweden, they do not give radium treatment now for leukoplakia (white patches in the mouth) ordinary warts and papillomas—all of which are regarded as precancerous conditions, but instead give as a rule about 15 grains (a gram, one-fourth teaspoonful) of magnesium sulphate three times a day for three months. Leukoplakias and warts are markedly reduced by this treatment.

Common warts on the hands of children and others often disappear under the same treatment.

Some investigators have observed that cancer is far less prevalent in regions where there is considerable magnesium in the soil and water. This led to the practice of prescrib-

ing a yellow sweater and a plaid skirt, sitting with her knees buckled under her, waiting her cue. Mr. Koller, the juvenile, has a lot of on-stage business to perform and he misses some of it. He forgets a line or so. Finally the director shouts, but pleasantly: "How did you get through Yale if you can't remember a four-word sentence?"

Meanwhile, a nattily garbed figure saunters in, looking better than I have ever seen him. This is Walter Huston, who will play the part of Peter Styvensant in the play. He isn't supposed to do much rehearsing today, and he plops down next to Anderson and Wells. They talk in low tones. Koller gets his lines straightened out and calls "Tina!"

Meanwhile, Miss Madden has been sitting in one position so long that her legs have gone to sleep. At her cue she leaps up and almost falls. She stamps prettily to restore circulation, and then goes on.

All this seems of minor importance, but it isn't. It is an integral part of a vast and costly production which may make a lot of money and some reputations, or cost a small fortune and relegate certain people to a workless winter. The rehearsals go on day and night. There are about 25 of them on at this writing. It is the great "hurry" season, preparatory to trying the lid off the Broadway season for 1938.

Josephine Bids Asked  
GRANTS PASS, Sept. 23.—(AP).—Josephine county today issued a call for bids for construction of an annex and alterations to the county hospital with the estimated sum of \$21,200 available.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE FICKER

NEW YORK.—Rehearsal shot: time, 2:45 p. m.; place, Ethel Barrymore theater, 47th street; characters, Maxwell Anderson, author; Kurt Weill, composer; Walter Huston, star; Joshua Logan, director; Jeanne Madden, ingenue; Richard Koller, juvenile; incidental people, noises, etc.



The title of this play is "Knickerbocker Holiday," based on early Dutch New York. Maxwell Anderson, his mouthcake faded by a long summer in the sun, is sitting in an orchestra seat up near the stage. He is garbed in inevitable, loosely fitting tweeds. With him is Kurt Weill, who wrote the music for the play.

"Knickerbocker Holiday" is not exactly an operetta, and yet it is something more than a play with music. You'll have to decide for yourself.

There is a glibbet on stage and a group of the townsmen are gathered about it gleefully making laws. Joshua Logan, the director, is a young man who kicked around the Broadway theater more or less anonymously for several years and then leaped into prominence overnight. Last year he directed "On Borrowed Time," a great hit, and this year he directed "I Married an Angel," reigning musical triumph on Broadway.

Off to one side sits Jeanne Madden, a pretty little blonde, whose part in the play will be that of "Tina." Dick Koller, a Yale graduate, pleads with her. While he is pleading, "Tina," the director halts the action and turns to Anderson. "I think it would be better if we put an extra 'Tina' in there and called her name Tina, like this—'Tina, Tina'—if it's okay with you."

"Sure," agrees Maxwell Anderson amiably, "go ahead." This is a line of "Knickerbocker Holiday" amplified. Anderson is easy to work with. This action gives the lie to the belief that creative artists are touchy prima donnas who refuse to have their brain children tampered with.

Miss Madden, clad fetchingly in

nothing takes the place of a HOT cereal!

Only a "hot" cereal can provide the needed energy and nourishment at breakfast... TRIANGLE cereals will wake up the drowsiest appetites and start the day right for the whole family. TRY THEM!

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## Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

MONDAY morning.

Well, it happened! Hitler won the poker game. Bluffed Britain. France and Russia right off the table. What a man! Look out for Germany in the future.

ENGLAND and France, obviously ashamed of what they have done, have decided that no sacrifice is too great for CZECHOSLOVAKIA to make to save the peace of the world. But such is diplomacy.

STARTLING as the headlines are this morning, they convey no real news. It was clearly apparent when Chamberlain came home from Germany that he was licked and that Hitler had triumphed.

If you are running a bluff on a pair of deuces and you saw the other fellow cringe and begin to count his chips, you'd know right then that the pot was yours.

When Chamberlain came back from Germany, he was counting his chips and there was a frightened note in his voice.

That told the story.

WHILE we're at it, though, let's be candid about this thing.

Sunday night's crisis, with its realistic outcome, HAD ITS BEGINNING back in 1919 when an idealist with his head in the clouds fixed up the impractical Czechoslovakian scheme with its pretty story of "self-determination of small peoples" and tied it with a baby-blue ribbon with bows and knots and presented it to a cynical world.

It was a foregone conclusion that it couldn't work, but it looked nice and it SOUNDED nice.

With impractical idealists, that's all that counts.

WILSON'S ideal of a Czechoslovakia, surrounded by powerful and bitter enemies, could only have worked if all men were angels. And angels, unfortunately, don't exist outside heaven.

Once again we see it demonstrated that impractical idealists are very, very good indeed at talking and tragically inept when it comes to delivering the goods.

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## The Capital Parade

(Continued from Page One)

phant; the supervisor of the stabilization fund, Archie Lochhead; Treasury Economist Harry D. White; several independent experts, and representatives of the New York federal reserve and other New York banks.

Assistant Secretary John W. Hanes took part when he was not too busy talking over the exchanges' potential troubles with the S.E.C. commission, and men like federal reserve economist E. A. Goldenweiser were consulted.

So serious was Secretary Morgenthau's view of the situation that the meetings were practically continuous. Day after day, the conferees worked through the morning and afternoon at the treasury, and then carried on until late at night at Secretary Morgenthau's house.

The results of the meetings might be described more as hopes than plans. With reference to the tripartite stabilization agreement, for example, it was decided there was hope its abandonment would not be necessary. The quiet joint operations hitherto undertaken by this country, England and France could hardly be continued. Yet the agreement itself—the three-cornered understanding to engage in no currency competition—could be maintained in the event of war. Probably mutual consultation of the American, British and French treasuries would not have to stop, although the question of neutrality might be involved here.

The treasury takes for granted that, if they should become belligerents, France and Great Britain would impose the strictest currency controls in order to peg the franc and the pound sterling. An immediate effect of war, therefore, would be an equal extension of control, to safeguard the dollar. General Counsel Herman Oliphant and his assistants have been busy searching the statutes for the needed authority.

In the government bond market, it is thought that the treasury will only have to broaden the field of its open market operations. A more puzzling matter is gold buying. Already a great flow of gold is coming to this country. If war comes, the gold-pooling nations, France and Great Britain, may be expected to try to exchange vast amounts of bullion for dollars with which to buy supplies here. By taking their gold, the treasury would be helping to finance the belligerents' campaigns. Yet the most careful search discloses no treasury intention of an early change in gold-buying policy.

To be sure, these matters are all in a future which may never take place. At this writing, the war clouds are clearing. If war does not come, the treasury discussions will be so much wasted effort. Whatever happens, in their small way they dramatize the madness of the world, which can still count its cash and balance its ledgers while preparing for suicide.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—(P).—The public works administration announced today \$7,734,985 in grants previously allocated to federal projects.

Administrator Ickes said \$2,000,000 would be given immediately to the national park service for construction work in 24 states.

The \$2,000,000 given to the park service was allocated for work, generally for extension of facilities, including:

Isho: Craters of the Moon national monument, \$4,200.

Montana: Glacier National park, \$201,000.