

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads the Mail Tribune." Daily Except Saturday. Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 11-11-23 No. 5th St. Phone 74

Subscription Rates: By Mail—In Advance: Daily and Sunday—One Year... \$4.00 Daily and Sunday—Six Months... \$2.50 Daily and Sunday—Three Months... \$1.50

Official Paper of the City of Medford Official Paper of Jackson County. MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Receiving Full Leased Wire Service.

Member Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association 1938

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry.

Henry Ford, the auto king, reports "a million dollars means no more to me than an old belt."

"Well, I didn't get enough votes," observes a Linn county candidate, in a letter to the editor of the Albany Democrat-Herald, giving thanks for those he did get.

Reports from Salem indicate a number of holders of appointive offices fear in January they will get the axe, where the turkey is now getting it.

Amateur theatricals are now the order of the day in the rural areas of the state. No country correspondent as yet has reported: "After the performance of last evening, it was the general opinion the cast should go far."

The fair sex have started appearing in winter dresses. Some have sleeves big enough for a skirt, and some have skirts big enough for sleeves.

APPLAQUE FIESTA A bunch of citizens gathered at Hermy Offenscher's Sunday, and helped him dedicate his new bridge across the Applaque. The structure takes the place of a swinging bridge, which squeamish guests always tackled as if he was going over Niagara Falls in a saucer.

Sheriff Syd I. Brown was present wearing his campaign hat and smile. The sheriff inspected his pet domestic science theory. He washed the pots and pans, and put them away, when used. The sheriff stated for 27 years, he had vainly endeavored to have this efficiency practiced in his own kitchen. The two cooks managed to mess up the pots and pans as fast as the limb of the law could wash them.

Constable Nick Young, another guest before the feeding, persistently insisted he was going to wash the dishes. Afterwards, before he could sneak off, he had to wash the dishes. The constable, without trying to be funny, declared he had no attachment for the job.

Everybody complimented Hermy upon the sturdiness of his bridge, and the tenderness of his chicken, but it remained for Col. Tou Velle of the state highway commission to exhibit politeness plus. The Colonel was not alone enraptured by the fried chicken, but put in a good word for the boiled potatoes, and the 14 other vegetables.

A furniture plant strike in Portland continues. Efforts to settle it appear as futile as American Legion posts adopting resolutions, urging Madame Perkins to send H. Bridges of Australia home.

YE ED SPECULATES "The press agent of a big circus aggregation which is to give a performance soon, in another Alabama city, sent us a reading notice which, at our regular rates for advertising, would amount to \$10.00, and in payment for same enclosed a reserved seat ticket for two which would be good if presented at the box office with two copies of the newspaper carrying the advertisements. The order called for an additional notice, but since it was not enclosed we do not know just what it would come to. But, assuming that the notice would be as long as the first one sent, the cost to us for two tickets would be exactly \$21.50. This press agent overreaches us with his generosity."—(Annihilus (Ala.) Star.)

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

How Crazy Is Hitler?

"Those whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

This column has applied the above to Hitler and Fascist Germany for many months past. "The man is crazy,—his followers are shell-shocked,—the essential problem presented in Central Europe is not political or military, but psychopathic, etc., etc."

Considerable truth to that. But as the drama of terror unfolds, it becomes increasingly clear that while the madness charge is true, it isn't the WHOLE truth. For just as a surprising shrewdness and cunning often accompanies an unbalanced mind so there is method in this Hitler madness,—a diabolical, and perhaps even an effective, method.

We refer to the Jewish problem, of course.

FOR a government like Hitler's,—or any other absolute Dictatorship—must have two things to endure:—

- 1. Enough money to pay its bills. 2. A people,—or at least a majority of the people,—in a constant state of fear,—of agitation, of apprehension.

No government, unable to pay its way, can stand for long. In this day and age no people free from fear,—that is a contented, happy, at-peace-with-the-world people—will long tolerate the tremendous sacrifices a dictatorship demands. Personal liberty, freedom of thought and action, are too universally cherished by human kind everywhere, in this 20th century.

BUT when they ARE kept in a state of fear,—fear of their lives, their national existence, fear of extinction, fear of enemies within or without,—they ARE willing to surrender their liberties for the sake of their security,—for the sake of self-preservation,—but only as long as they are CONVINCED their security is in danger.

SO we have the Jewish problem made to order for Der Fuehrer's purposes. From the first, he has made the Jews a scapegoat for the loss of the World war,—the Jews betrayed the Fatherland, sold out to the Allies,—are a menace within to national rehabilitation, or any return to self-respect and power.

Not a day has passed, since his accession to power, that this Jew-baiting, Jew-hating propaganda has not gone on its cruel, malevolent destructive way,—and as above noted with a definite purpose from the standpoint of effective Fascist statecraft. Dictatorship to endure must have a constant peril,—if Jews had not been available, some other race would have been created.

AND racially the Germans had in its millions of Jews a problem, which, human nature being what it is, could be made a burning issue, a national menace, at any time. This was done the moment Hitler came to power.

Moreover, Germany was overcrowded, had a serious unemployment problem and was bankrupt,—so could any dictator wish a sweeter set-up.

With the driving out of the feared and hated Jews not only would the essential burning issue be created but there would be one he businesses to take over; paying jobs to fill,—and last but not least, the appropriation of millions of dollars' worth of Jewish property, to fill the empty coffers of the government.

SO, perhaps Adolph Hitler isn't so crazy after all,—or if so only in the sense that no human being, without any moral sense whatever can be regarded as entirely sane.

At any rate the more one learns of Hitler and Germany under his direction, the more clearly the fact appears, that from the standpoint of Fascist ideology, Hitler is not so much a maniac at large, as a Dictator, in the modern industrial world merely running true to form!

In short from the standpoint of national behaviour in a civilized world, or rational government, a dictator to be successful, must be a trifle insane.

Cleveland Strives to Make Citizens Vitamin Conscious

CLEVELAND (UP)—The Cleveland health council, theorizing that the city's diet largely is inadequate, is striving to make the citizens here the most vitamin-conscious of any in the United States.

Radio, nurses, physicians and public health organizations—virtually every medium possible—are being used to tell rich and poor, alike, of the importance of vitamins in their breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Families of low-wage earners are being warned against trying to live healthfully without adequate vitamin contents in their diet.

They are being told how to get the best food to keep them going properly despite their limited finances.

The well-to-do are being taught the art of more judicious money spending to get the most advantage from food they and their children eat.

The council is showing the city's general public how many vague illnesses and fatigue are attributable to improper diet and how the right sort of food is as vital as sunshine, fresh air and exercise.

Mrs. Alice H. Smith, leading Detroit dietitian, who is in charge of the educational program sponsored by the council, has suggested that a study be made to show how the simple addition of inexpensive food, such as milk, to the diet improves adult health and children's growth.

"The family of the average working man needs the most help," Mrs. Smith said. "The indigent, when there is adequate money for relief, have a better diet than the low-salaried working people."

"These are in the majority," she said. "In Detroit, we found borderline families able to spend on the average on up six cents a meal for an individual."

In Detroit, Mrs. Smith was a member of the nutrition staff, department of public welfare, assistant dietitian at Grace hospital, a nutrition instructor at Wayne university and dietitian at Jennings hospital and the city physician's office.

DAM WORKERS DINNER ON GIGANTIC SCALE GRAND COULIER, Wash., Nov. 22.—(AP)—Talking in "solid turkey" terms, the "biggest" superlatives of this Grand Coulee dam construction site reach right into the kitchen.

Chief Cber Bill Arndt pointed to two tons of turkeys in the icebox today, and predicted he would dish out the birds Thursday at one of the nation's biggest Thanksgiving feasts, a 10½-hour affair in the construction company's mess hall. Arndt said he expected 4,000 holiday diners, and was prepared for one pound of turkey per plate—not to mention 1,000 pounds of cranberry sauce and 800 pies.

Weather Northern California: Fair tonight and Wednesday; temperature above normal Wednesday but light frosts in morning; gentle north to east wind off coast. Oregon: Fair tonight and Wednesday; continued light to moderate east wind off coast.

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.

THE CRAVING (Continued from Yesterday)

It is characteristic of alcoholism the disease, for the subject to assert that he or she can let it alone without the aid of any treatment but that is the acid test of the deficiency or degeneracy—the fact that he or she can't avoid indulging again, after a longer or shorter interval.



What I don't know about the nature of the craving, alcoholism fills many times. I do know, from professional experience, that the method of treatment given to the medical profession by Dr. Alexander Lambert in 1909-1910, restores some of the most depraved bums to sobriety and industry, rids them of the craving. Any good doctor anywhere can administer this treatment, provided he can have full control of the patient for ten days to three weeks. Physicians may obtain all the details of the technique from Lambert's original reports published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, September 29, 1909, and Feb. 9, 1910. A fairly comprehensive abstract of the method may be found in Forchheimer's "Therapeutics of Internal Diseases," Vol. II, p. 593-595.

"At times I drank to excess," says a reader, "because I felt the need of a stimulant or just wanted to feel better."

"Felt the need of a stimulant" and "just wanted to feel better" may be interpreted as manifestations of vitamin deficiency, especially deficiency of daily intake of vitamin B complex and vitamin D. How much such vitamin deficiency, which is common in people whose diet is chiefly refined foods, has to do with the craving for alcohol and tobacco, I do not know, but I believe it may be a common factor. Indeed the reader goes on to say: "But I have completely broken away from it now and no longer seem to need it since I have been taking a daily ration of vitamin B complex and vitamin D to supplement my diet. My digestion and bowel action is better..."

It is a well established principle of medicine that alcoholic patients are almost certain to suffer from vitamin deficiency, in proportion with the steady or hard drinker's inability to take and retain adequate food. In fact, the cause of multiple neuritis, which paralyzes many chronic or periodic drinkers, or open or secret tipplers, is due to lack of

vitamin B and large doses of vitamin B, injected into the veins at first, will most quickly cure it. Don't turn to booze, you poor good, when you "feel the need of a stimulant" or "want to feel better." Instead, try supplementing your deficient diet with adequate daily rations of vitamin B complex and vitamin D. These vitamins do something for you that alcohol never can do—they really pep you up or keep you feeling fine.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Insulated My father and I have an argument, and we hope you will settle it. Father says it is dangerous, and I say it is harmless for one with earache to go out in the sunshine on a cold day for a while, with his ear stuffed with cotton.—J. R.

Answer—Father loses. I think it would be better for one with earache to take the cotton or other stuffing out of the ear before he goes out. In fact such stuffing should not be kept in the ear, except to absorb discharge if the ear is running, and then it must be changed often enough to avoid interfering with drainage or proper ventilation. It is usually a mistake and harmful to keep the ear plugged. Let the air exert its natural healing action.

Gentlemen Only It would be of supreme interest to your readers afflicted with enlarged prostate to obtain, through your column or by mail, the experience of some who have taken your advice and submitted to operation.—L. A. P.

Answer—I have a monograph on the subject of Prostatic Obstruction which any gentleman may have if he asks for it and enclose a stamped envelope bearing his address. It is human nature to forget it, say no more about it, when you have been cured of anything.

Boy Needs No Meat Eleven year old son does not care for meat. He eats all kinds of vegetables, cheese, drinks a quart of milk a day, is healthy, not underweight. His father thinks he should eat meat and forces him even to the point of punishment. . . . the boy will eat hamburger, but there is a scene at table when his father insists . . . the boy becomes very upset. . . .—Mrs. M. F. C.

Answer—If he were my boy I would not mind if he never ate any meat. (Copyright, 1938, John P. 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, Calif.

Man About Manhattan

By GEORGE TUCKER

NEW YORK—To Mary With Love: People speak of "a flood of memories." I know what that means now. I was standing under the clock in the Biltmore today, which used to be a famous meeting place in the old days, and it all came back.

It seemed for a moment as if it were exactly as it had been on that dim Saturday of the middle 1920's, when college boys wore coonskin coats, and everybody was drinking

bathub gin, and girls from everywhere came into New York on Saturday afternoons for the tea dances. The same clock was there and the same walls. But the faces were different. I remember on that day that everybody was speaking of Ted Grange, and Coolidge was president and the orchestra kept coming back to "Tea For Two," which was new, and Dartmouth was still undefeated, and it was November.

I had come there from the fraternity clubs at 38th and Madison, where I was spending the night, and couldn't get over the excitement of meeting F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had been in the lobby when I registered. I had a bottle of gin wrapped up in the desk of a young man with a gay sort of waltz-the-bell manner come in. He spoke to everybody and pretty soon he came over and picked up the bottle that was heavily wrapped in a copy of the New York Times. "Hummum," he said, sniffing it, "gin." And then he put it down and walked away, and for a moment I thought he was a detective and that he was going to arrest me for breaking the law.

But when he was gone I asked the clerk, "Who was that?" And he told me, "F. Scott Fitzgerald." And I was pretty excited, because everybody had read "Tales of the Jazz Age," just as everybody was reading "The Green Hat" and talking about Michael Arlen.

And then I went over to the Biltmore and stood under the clock because that was where I was to meet Jack McQuade, my roommate in school, and presently he came in like a great bear in his coonskin coat and his red knit tie and his Rosenberg suit.

"Well," he said, "this is the nuts, eh? I told you you'd like New York," and then we went in and sat at a table with about 200 other people and danced with a lot of girls he knew, girls from Smith and from Wellesley and other schools too. And I met Florence Rice there and she

danced with me, and ever after that when I'd see her picture in the papers—in Hollywood, in Miami, in New York—I'd say to myself, "I remember you. I danced with you at the Biltmore one Saturday afternoon in November. You were Grantland Rice's daughter then, but now you're an actress and everybody knows you."

It's fun to think of old times sometimes—sometimes when you turn a corner, or happen by chance to pause under a clock. There are a lot of corners in New York, and a lot of clocks. But you shouldn't pause under too many of them, it sort of gets you down.

Comment on the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

AT THE point where these chronicles left off, this writer, in Portland to attend a meeting, was twittering with joy like a little bird in a tree, having just found a place to sleep.

(The national convention of the Grange is being held in Oregon's metropolis, and hotel rooms are about the most precious things in existence. What you want, you know, is pretty apt to be the thing you haven't got and don't stand much chance of getting. Hotel rooms in Portland certainly fall into that class this week-end.)

IF YOU want to find out what it feels like to twitter like a little bird in a tree, just face the prospect of sleeping in the street with a nice Portland rain falling, and then stumble unexpectedly upon the only room left in a radius of a half mile. You'll twitter, all right.

NO POOLING, one Oregon publisher, here to attend the meeting already referred to, couldn't make the grade in the way of hotel accommodations and had to spend the night in the back seat of his car in a public garage.

Dependable Building Advice AT BIG PINES LUMBER CO. PHONE 1 6TH AND FIR

ANYWAY, the delegates to the national Grange meeting are having a grand time (all of them having reserved rooms in advance) and the hotel lobbies are lively places.

These Grange delegates collect in the lobbies along toward evening and have a grand time visiting with each other and talking over the events of the day.

In that, they differ sharply from the delegates to a lot of conventions, who are inclined to collect in somebody's room and see how many they can hit and still walk.

None of that at the Grange convention, whose delegates are sober, industrious, sincere—and are also having a mighty good time.

THAT is, all but one of them. He was cornered this morning by a wild-eyed New Dealer who was telling him what a wonderful thing rural electrification is—"we loan the farmer 100 percent of the cost, and do all the work," he was saying excitedly. The Grange delegate's disgusted expression went a long way to explain what happened last Tuesday.

TO YOU from Washington by Ethelyn Evans

MARY PICKFORD in Washington: We would live in Oregon and repeatedly visit California, and yet wait for the Woman's National Press club luncheon in Washington, D. C. to hear and meet Mary Pickford. From her subject, we expected to hear a peace-at-any-price talk, and we got a "Spirit of '76—Liberty Loan" patriotic appeal for international justice, an attack on Hitler as the "Madman of Europe" ("Mad as a March hare, that fellow," said Mary), and a demand for adequate preparation, especially in the air, and heavy taxation to foot the necessary bills.

One witty gal—and they are legion in this club—had hoped she would talk on "love and lotions." Mary being in the cosmetics business now—but we noticed the many questions following the address were predominantly thoughtful and purposeful.

Miss Pickford told of a hotel manager in Germany sadly remarking between Doug Se's first and second wives Jack Whiting is a popular stage and screen star. Both Fairbanks Whiting is a number of years his senior, but reports have it they are ideally happy, that she is his constant traveling companion, prompter, and inspiration. Also that she is smart, extremely attractive and very young appearing. Likewise, Mary Pickford, now wife of young "Buddy" Rogers, is as petite, pretty and golden haired as when "America's Sweetheart," and, apparently, ageless, insisting that "time is only the noise the clock makes, nothing more." (Our one comfort was that she DID use glasses to read.) She wore a stunning black velvet suit trimmed with sable and a smart, small black hat perched on the right eyebrow.

At the guest table to greet Miss Pickford sat Mrs. Cordell Hull, wife of the secretary of state; Mrs. Swanson, wife of the secretary of the navy; Mrs. Wallace, wife of secretary of agriculture; Mrs. Roper, wife of secretary of commerce; Mrs. Wm. E. Borah, Idaho; Mrs. Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan; Mrs. James J. Davis, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Jouett Shouse, wife of the one-time democratic angle, now Liberty leaguer; Mrs. Reed, wife of Supreme Court Justice Reed and many others.

UNUSUAL Social Note: Diana Hopkins, 6-year old daughter of WPA'er Harry Hopkins, leading the baby social stars with a movie party at the White House, followed by a supper for her tiny friends in her father's Georgetown home.

AN OREGONIAN in Washington wishing to be remembered to old friends in Medford, particularly in the park service where she worked for two years, is Miss Geraldine Thompson. Miss Thompson is one of the accredited civil service employees from Medford, and is now with the agricultural department, stationed at that fabulous experimental horticultural plant at Beltsville, Maryland (just across the District of Columbia line). Many visitors to Washington spend at least a day there, becoming familiar with the scientific developments in orchards and gardens. For

the sake of variety, we hope some day to find someone who doesn't like the work in Washington. Miss Thompson disappointed us, however, by declaring her satisfaction with and interest in her position.

Empty gestures of defiance or disapproval, however brutal the fascist provocation, were always opposed by the career men. As a consequence, liberal critics, who have the unpleasant trait of suspecting the motives of their opponents, have called the career men "pro-fascist."

Nothing could be more significant, therefore, than the sharp alteration of opinion among the career men. The president's denunciation of the career paroxysms of Nazi bestiality is a case in point.

Ill-informed persons, who think this country can be the world's moral mentor without assuming a mentor's responsibilities, glory in the president's defense of decency, without thinking through to the consequences. The career men, on the other hand, thoroughly understand that the president's words were a step toward intervention abroad. They see the chance that Ambassador Wilson and Ambassador Dieckhoff, now both homebound bound, may never return to their respective posts. They know the meaning of a possible break in diplomatic relations. And they approve.

Opinion among the career men has changed for a simple reason. Before Munich, they and everyone else in the state department clearly foresaw that economic conflict with Germany was inevitable. But they expected the conflict to end there, because, like everyone else, they thought that the democratic nations of Europe were a first line of American defense. If Germany goes too far, they thought, she will have to fight England; England will win, perhaps with some assistance from us toward the close of the struggle, and that will virtually let us out.

Munich's meaning, as it has finally been digested, is that the supposed first line of defense just isn't there. There are certain possibilities to be sure. The will and the power to resist may be stronger in Great Britain than it now seems. A vast eastern European empire has already been resigned to Germany, but half the empire remains to be conquered, and perhaps Germany will stumble in her march to the east. The process of subduing their new empire may also be too much for the German allies, Italy, and, even more likely, Japan.

But these are only possibilities. Meanwhile, besides the public difference on the Jewish question, this country is already involved in a bitter dispute with Germany over Brazilian trade. The prospect is for constantly worsening relations. And the United States must be prepared for the worst. One way of preparing for the worst—strengthening potential friends abroad—is repeal of the Spanish embargo and the mandatory clauses of the neutrality act. The state department is likely to test the country's capacity for realistic thinking by asking for one or both of these when congress convenes.

Remember then when you are on the highway—CONTROL that driving power in YOUR Chevrolet!

Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 North Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

SERVE Model Bakery's Plum Pudding FOR THANKSGIVING

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 22, 1928

President-elect Hoover, at conference of governors, outlines plan for "panic insurance," with a reserve of three billion dollars for use in slack times.

Revolt flares in Bulgaria.

Citizen reports to city police his auto is stolen. Missing car afterwards found where citizen had parked it and forgot.

Medford high football team to play Benson high at Portland Thanksgiving day in final game of year.

Farm relief to be main issue before next session of congress.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 22, 1918 (It was Friday)

Mayor Gates announces that the theaters, schools, churches and other public gathering places ordered closed as a precautionary measure during the flu epidemic will reopen tomorrow. Medford was one of the first cities in the state to apply the ban, and among the last to lift it.

Congress adjourns for two weeks.

Medford soldiers overseas, last reported on the Meuse front, ordered home by the war department.

Rains of past fortnight have left the country roads in bad shape.

Bolsheviks growing rapidly throughout Germany; Kaiser fails to sign abdication order.



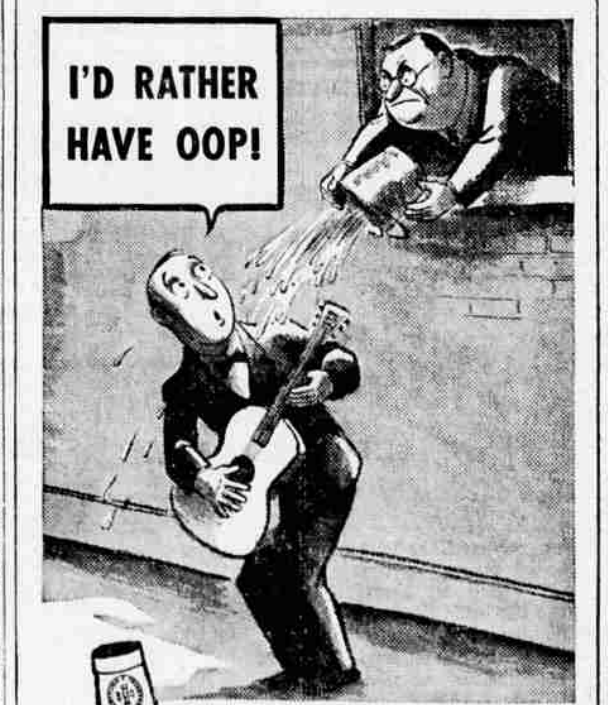
Chevrolet JINGLES Copyrighted

Ever see the ocean surf beat on the rocks With a roaring 'boom' you could hear for blocks? See those angry waves batter a rocky cliff— And toss around a fisherman's heavy skiff! Boys! That's uncontrolled POWER—runnin' wild! You couldn't tame it were it half as mild. Remember then when you are on the highway— CONTROL that driving power in YOUR Chevrolet!

Chevy M. Hurd

Rogue River Chevrolet Main and Riverside Service Dept.—32 North Riverside Used Car Lot—Riverside at 4th

SERVE Model Bakery's Plum Pudding FOR THANKSGIVING



What's your choice—whiskey mixed or straight?

RATHER have it mixed? Then you'll surely like OOP (Short for Old Oscar Pepper). For every drop of OOP is whiskey—so it stands up in any mixed drink.

Prefer yours straight? Then you'll swear there's nothing like OOP! For OOP is a combination of straight whiskeys—specially selected to give you a combination of robust flavor and mellow smoothness.

So try OOP—today! Frankfort Distillers, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

Old Oscar Pepper BRAND A blend of straight whiskeys—100% straight whiskeys—90 proof 95¢ \$1.85 FULL PINT FULL QUART ALSO AVAILABLE IN RYE