

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

A raid in Clackamas county Saturday produced two stills, 300 gallons of mash and six gallons of liquor. So some of the boys are drinking "Old Methuselah" whiskey, made every morning, and cooled on the way to town.

Soviet Russia, in an authorized statement alleges she is "not waging or interested in waging a war against Finland." From the way things are turning out, and the Finns are fighting, Russia is "not interested in waging a war against Finland," at least not as much as she was.

PLAIN ENOUGH!

"Unless willing to face the truth, please remain at home this Sunday. 10:00, Sunday school hour. 7:00, Sunday evening worship hour."

The Graf Spee, German "pocket battleship" departing from a neutral port where she sought refuge from destruction by British battleships, was scuttled with colors flying, and part of her bow showing above the waters. Such is war—and owners of small launches expect to reap a harvest, carrying sight-seers to the spot.

"WANTED"—Child of grammar school age to attend Bogus School to keep it going.

Will give good home. Board and room free.—(Yreka, Calif., Journal). Education hits a crisis.

A Baffled Printer

"Rain began to fall quietly Friday about noon and the delightful sound kept right on all through the night. Such a relief from the bang and roar of wind-ree baselwasayonem sound!"

ODE TO THE "FLU"

When your back is broke and your eyes are blurred, And your shinsbone knock and your tongue is furred, And your tonals squeak and your hair gets dry, And your doggoes sure that you're going to die, But you're "skewed" you won't be afraid you will—Just drag to bed and have your chill, And pray the Lord to see you through For you've got the flu, boy, You've got the flu—When your toes curl up and your tummy goes flat, And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat, And life seems a long and dismal curse, And your food all tastes like a hard-boiled harse, When your bones all ache and your head's a-buzz, And nothing is as it ever was—Here are my sad regrets to you—You've got the flu, boy, You've got the flu—What is it like this blamed old flu? Ask me, brother, for I've been through, It is misery, crossed with despair; It pulls your teeth and curls your hair; It thins your blood and dries your bones, And fills your craw with moans and groans, And sometime, maybe, you'll get well—Some call it "flu"—I call it hell! (Mrs. W.E.M.)

Heywood Broun

It was Emerson, we believe, who declared there is so much more kindness in this world than is ever expressed.

We are particularly impressed by that fact today. For Heywood Broun is dead, and we believe this is the first time,—or practically the first,—we have ever mentioned him in this column.

Yet, ever since the year 1920, we have not only had a kindly feeling for the former New York World sports writer, but (to shamelessly confess it) a deep and abiding affection. In fact the only reason we subscribed to the San Francisco News was to read his column. And at the last two national conventions we tagged him all over the place, just to get a whiff of his inimitable comments on the amazing assortment of stuffed shirts, sitting on the platform.

He wasn't so popular then, with the "active press," as he had been. For he had become a Communist,—or so it was reported,—and had been the militant leader of the radical Newspaper Guild, which raised all sorts of trouble in the editorial counting rooms and the journalistic upper-brackets.

BUT that made no difference with the worshipful country editor from Medford, Oregon. Ever since that one and only chat 19 years ago, in the sanctum of the now-defunct "Leslie's Weekly," we knew,—or thought we knew,—all there was to know about the REAL Heywood Broun,—his delicious sense of humor, his keen penetrating mind, and above all, and before all, his kind heart and genuine interest in, and devotion to, his FELLOW-MAN.

YES and then his CHARM. For the big, rambling, unkempt hulk of a man, had pure, unadulterated personal charm to the nth degree,—at least for the skipper of this somewhat pedestrian column. It was not only what he said and wrote, but the casual, Mona Lisa-smile-way he did both. And yet,—and one was aware of it all the time,—with all that gentle, superficial negligence he was deadly serious underneath, and wrote some of the finest and most stirring things, appearing in the American press, in the entire post-war epoch.

SO, as above stated, we have read everything Broun has written for nearly 20 years,—or at least everything we could find,—and at least a hundred times, after reading something we particularly enjoyed, have been on the point of writing the man and telling him so, and then for some reason (or more likely for no reason at all) never did.

So here is concrete evidence Emerson was right, as usual, when he said there is so much more kindness and good will in the world than is ever expressed. Heywood Broun died, entirely ignorant at least of one of his most enthusiastic and devout worshippers, in the newspaper profession, out in the wide open spaces.

AND now we are on the eve of the annual Christmas festival, when peace on earth good will to man, is expected to overflow,—and when for a few days at least it WILL overflow, in countless directions, over this troubled earth and land.

An appropriate time, say we, for Heywood's friends and followers throughout the land to do him homage. For, before closing, we might as well go the whole hog, and also confess that the real secret of Broun's appeal as far as this department was concerned was our conviction, from that first meeting, that at heart Heywood was really a TRUE Christian,—a Christ-like person,—something exceedingly rare these days,—or those—and especially so in the newspaper profession.

YES, Heywood loved his liquor, betting at the races, sports of all kinds, even a shady story now and then provided it was a good one,—but we don't use the term "Christian" in any theological or sanctimonious or even historical sense,—but in the sense of the true ESSENCE of Christianity and OF THE MAN,—his complete simplicity,—his unquenchable passion to serve and make better, the lot of the average man.

Yes, that's the truth about Heywood Broun, as we knew the man. That IS at least the impression our one meeting made, and it is an impression that was only strengthened by a pretty faithful perusal of his writings thereafter.

And finally we liked Broun's happy-go-lucky manner,—that cloak for an extremely sensitive and serious nature beneath, which took everything else and everyone else SERIOUSLY, but NEVER himself!

Yes life is pretty uncertain, and subject to sudden changes. So now Heywood Broun is no more. And just a week ago, from his bed, he dictated the following:

The medical man thumbed me over with a somewhat disapproving eye. "I don't like your bronchial tubes," he said, and when his exploration had gone a little further he also spoke disparagingly of my liver. This annoyed me somewhat, since I had not entered either my lungs or my liver into any contest in which blue ribbons were to be awarded. My only comment over the phone when I called the good gray physician was, "Doc, I've got a nasty cold and I'm coughing my head off. Could you come around and give me something to make me sleep?" Naturally I assumed that he would talk gloomily of hot whisky or hot rum, or the two in combination, with a little sugar and nutmeg so that I should wake in the morning bright as a lark and right as a trivet. But this time the Doc said nothing, or next to nothing, about the medicinal values of alcohol. Instead, he remarked gloomily, "I don't see how you can leave your bed for at least a week."

Of course, I gave him two to one on that, but he added, "I think you ought to go south. You need a change of climate. I want you to get to Florida and play a little mild golf and occasionally take a flyer on the horses."

"That's very nice of you, Doc," I told him. "But I doubt whether you could afford it. I play sixty-to-one shots, and they don't come in very much. I suppose that's why they are sixty-to-one shots."

"What I had in mind," continued the medical man, "was the assumption that as a columnist you could get your work done just as well from the clubhouse porch at Tropical Park in Miami as from a bed in Stamford, Conn."

I shook my head regretfully. "It can be done," I admitted. "But it's not the best way. As a physician you ought to know that life is real and life is earnest and that this is no time for comedy. It isn't even a good time for that last year's model bedside manner of yours. Turn it in for a new one."

My friend, the doctor, took the tirade calmly and persisted, "But I do mention that in your case, as in the case of many newspaper columnists, this is a time for comedy, or at any rate, a time in which you should stop writing as if you were all-wise about the affairs of Europe or any other spot, for that matter. It's bad for the bronchial tubes and for the liver to start off every day setting down your hatred of Hitler. Does it really become twice as strong if you say it twice as often? And in addition to driving yourself a little unbalanced by constant pressure against your favorite diplomatic villains abroad every last one of you has begun to work with a dagger on some conferee at home."

"That," I cried indignantly, "is a libel against the craft in which I am employed. Columnists may have a little spat from time to time, but under real pressure they stand as

brothers in the bond. Only the other day I had an anniversary. It was one of those somewhat significant celebrations which mark a man a veteran in his vocation. And from far and near, from people I hardly knew, I got picture postcards and blotters and letters and one telegram. Don't tell me that newspapermen haven't a deep and abiding sense of fellowship. Why, a former sports writer who lives down the lane almost gave me a crooked smile for my birthday. You got it wrong, Doc. We're all little pals together. But naturally it isn't a bad idea to check your good name at the door."

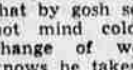
Personal Health Service

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.

YES, ALLERGY IS EXTENUATION

Yesterday when the bell rang I conceded that some individuals who insist they do "take cold" if they get their feet wet or are subject to undue exposure may have some extenuation for their silly notion.

Were it not for this allergy, which is quite frequent today and in my opinion steadily increasing in frequency (remind me to explain why I think so, later) and for the wide-spread chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh to old timers) no doubt the draft and wet feet dilution would have been relegated to the Victorian archives long ago. A person subject to either of these conditions is likely to be smug, mulish and exasperating in his insistence that by gosh some people may not mind cold, dampness or change of weather but he knows he takes cold whenever he gets in the slightest draft or even goes out without his hat or necktie on when it is at all chilly.



In the case of allergy with nasal reaction of course this inference the individual draws from coincidence. That is, suppose his hypersensitiveness happens to be to parrot feathers or to cat hair; every time he drops in to say hello to Aunt Carrie who keeps a parrot, or stops to pass the time of day with the corner druggist who keeps a cat, the poor fellow begins to stuff up, sneeze and run at the nose, and to review his recent life to discover wherein he erred—ah, yes, he crossed the drafty hall in his nightgown this morning or maybe it was when he went out on the doorstep without his hat to get the paper. It is no good—unless you keep your man wrapped in wool and employ guardians to see that his environment never varies from what he deems ideal, he can always find an out which, however absurd it may seem to you, seems perfectly satisfactory to him.

Seriously, the high incidence or frequency of occurrence of allergy in the general population, together with the comparatively small proportion of allergic persons who know the nature of their trouble, is today a grave obstacle in the way of progress in preventive medicine—in the most important field of preventive medicine from the viewpoint of morbidity statistics or sickness rate, the prevention of respiratory infections, which, according to surveys made by the federal public

prime minister and the prime minister's emissary, Sir Horace Wilson, head of the British civil service and, in the days of appeasement, as much a leader of the appeasers as Chamberlain. The psychology of the appeasers, so often regarded as sinister, was, in fact, very simple. They were convinced that anything, even a Europe partly dominated by nazism, was better than a war which would sweep away all the landmarks of the capitalist system. Kennedy, while hating nazism as fervently as the next man, was partially converted to this view.

Where Ambassador William C. Bullitt in Paris was the great apostle of activism, Kennedy was pacifism's Advocate up to the eve of the war. The appeasers, Kennedy's friends, were forced to change their policies, but not their minds, by British public opinion. Like them, Kennedy remains convinced that prolonged war means general ruin. This must be taken to mean that either Kennedy or his English friends do not believe that Hitler must be stopped. While they thought capitalism might survive in a Europe partly Nazi-dominated, they know general Nazi rule would sweep away the landmarks as efficiently as a bloody world conflict. Naturally, however, Kennedy is desperately anxious to see the war stopped as soon as possible. When he declared that it was "stuffed and guff" to say he had talked peace plans with the president, he was indulging in a little diplomatic stuff and guff himself.

MEANWHILE, on the diplomatic front, Count Galeazzo Ciano (pronounced chee-onno) Mussolini's son-in-law, addressing the chamber of fasces and guilds in Rome, lets some interesting cats out of the bag. The chamber of fasces and guilds is fascist window dressing designed to kid the Italian people into believing that they have some hand in their own government.

CIANO'S disclosures indicate: 1. Hitler, believing Britain and France wouldn't fight, was running a gigantic bluff against the Poles. 2. When it became evident that his bluff was called, and that Britain and France WOULD FIGHT, he had to do something desperate.

3. What he did was to make his deal with Stalin, in which it now begins to appear he LOST HIS SHIRT. Mussolini, being smart, stayed out.

PUT 2 and 2 together and you get this: Ciano (speaking for Mussolini) is probably saying to Hitler that after the mess he made by BLUFFING TOO FAR he needn't expect much Italian help.

Agriculturists predict the western chestnut, chief source of commercial tanning, will be extinct within 20 years due to blight.

SEVERAL weeks ago this space reported that President Roosevelt was still planning on military highways for national defense. Confirmation has now been received by Senator McNary from Thomas H. MacDonald, chief of the federal roads bureau, who admitted to the Oregon senator that a report is under way for the president and should be ready to submit to congress when it meets in the regular session.

Of particular interest is the study made for a military highway along the Columbia river, replacing the present Columbia river highway, which is winding and scenic, whereas a military highway wants as few sharp curves as possible. Attention is also given to the Pacific highway for the section from Eugene to Grants Pass. The report will indicate the bad spots and make recommendations for bringing these up to standard. Of special importance, the proposal for military highways that funds be appropriated directly for the purpose and no part of the regular federal-aid funds to be applied on other parts of the highway system.

WITHOUT fanfare, a fund is being raised for a secretary of President Harding, who is growing blind. Making the appeal is John D. Mumby, who was private secretary to President Wilson. There is custom in Washington that an incoming

Flight O' Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10 and 30 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

December 18, 1929 (It was Tuesday) Orchardists of valley to expend \$30,000 coming year in planting new pear trees, and installing spraying systems.

Heavy rains of past week cause Rogue River to rise.

For the first time in ten days, not a trace of rain fell in the city and valley last night.

Annual meeting of the Fruit-growers League to be held tomorrow.

Santa Claus to pay city visit today in airplane, and meet the kiddies.

Mabel Normand, one time screen star, dangerously ill in sanitarium.

Federal building at Ashland among projects proposed for state.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

December 18, 1919 (It was Thursday) Senate Leader Mondell announces United States expenses must be cut to minimum, and all appropriations to be pared to limit. National debt mounts.

Jacksonville street car has been running only as far as West Main street due to ice clogging the rails to the business district.

Eggs go to \$1. a dozen in Illinois, and housewives urged to quit buying at that price.

Drill for Trigonia oil well to reach city in few days, and be put in place.

Price of food in Oregon goes up ten per cent in last six months.

Indicted

Seattle, Dec. 18.—(AP)—Victor H. Johnson, 53, former federal superintendent of Indian schools at large, was in custody here today on a secret indictment, returned at Portland December 5, charging him with submitting false pay vouchers and forging government checks issued on the vouchers.

Weather

Northern California: Fair tonight and Tuesday but cloudy in extreme north portion with light rain on extreme north coast Tuesday; warmer on north coast tonight; light variable wind off coast.

Customers Got "Yipped"

Kansas City, Kas., Dec. 18.—(AP)—The little toy dogs barked all right for the salesman but when the customers got them home they wouldn't yip a single yip. The salesman was arrested for using ventriloquism.

Salem, Dec. 18.—(AP)—Hearing on the proposal to establish a people's utility district in Union county was set today for January 19 at La Grande by the state hydroelectric commission.

5 MORE DAYS TO BUY AND USE

CHRISTMAS SEALS PROTECT YOUR HOME FROM TUBERCULOSIS

They educate people about symptoms of tuberculosis in order that medical aid may be sought early.

The Capital Parade

By Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner

Released by The North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The state of mind of Joseph Kennedy is an object lesson for the times. To anyone who comes within hailing distance, our ambassador to England freely predicts the collapse of capitalism, the destruction of democracy and the onset of the dark ages. He says that only an early peace, at almost any price, can save the world.

As has been pointed out, it was this state of mind which led Kennedy to come out so strongly for a third term for the president. Though a member of the administration and a former close adviser of the White House, Kennedy is no new dealer. Indeed, few of the new deal's bitter foes have used such language as Kennedy about the administration's domestic policies. But he now believes that domestic policy is no longer worth the trouble of cursing at.

He thinks the world as we know it is on the brink of ruin. He is convinced that any man who might succeed the president would take at least two years to learn his job. He has a theory that an early peace can be achieved only by American intervention. And rather than face the risk of ill-prepared leadership in such a situation, he has become as ardent for the third term as Thomas G. Corcoran himself.

In assessing the value of Kennedy's opinions, it is important to know how he may have arrived at them and what sort of fellow he is. He, the general, overflowing with vitality, ostentatiously bespectacled, tough-talking, and, at the same time, rather emotional, he is the perfect portrait of the American go-getter as imagined abroad. This, together with his charm and shrewdness, accounts for his success in England.

He is savored as a picturesque bit of American local color, much as American tourists savor the tudor cottages in the Cotswolds. At the same time, he is essentially a stock market man and financial manipulator, accustomed to regard finance as the main prop of capitalism. Mercenary in his judgments and thoroughly imbued with the stock market's peculiar point of view.

At the National Capitol With John W. Kelly

(Continued from Page One)

Oregon and Washington; women and men in domestic service—the maid of "hired girl" or house boy; railroad workers who are covered by the railroad retirement act; employees of the federal government; agricultural labor; those who work for a son or daughter, spouse or, if a child is under 21 years, for a parent. Also not covered are those working for an educational, charitable or religious non-profit organization. In addition there are a few exceptions in professional lines. Your newsboy is unblanketed.

LARGEST groups in the Pacific Northwest not covered by old-age insurance are the fishermen, the farm workers, the railroad employees. Domestic workers are not as numerous in the northwest as in the east-ern and southern states. Mill workers and lumberjacks have cards; but not cowboys or sheepherders.

Cards have been issued to approximately 47,000,000 individuals throughout the country. There is a personal record for each of these millions, the record showing how much has been contributed. These record cards are run through a complicated machine which perforates the card and tells the whole history. The records are fed so rapidly by young women that many have cracked under the strain—several girls in headquarters who came from the far northwest are in sanitariums.

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Christmas Cards Appealing - Different Fresh and New Thousands upon thousands of them GAY ONES - FRIENDLY ONES FORMAL AND DIGNIFIED ONES CARDS FOR EVERY RELATIVE AND EVERY OCCASION. No matter what kind of card you are looking for, you will find it on our Christmas Card racks. Swem's BOOK and GIFT SHOP "Store of a Thousand Thoughtful Gifts"