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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry.

Savants who predicted 1940 would be a year of earthquakes were right. The first shock was the learned findings holding Harry Bridges, the Pacific Coast labor leader is not a Communist, words and deeds, to the contrary, notwithstanding. The decision bars possibility of his much needed deportation to his native Australia, but there is talk in California of sending him to the legislature.

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A census of fruit trees will be taken next summer. They will only count the trees, and pass up those on the limbs thereof.

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This is Leap Year. Even at this early date, a number of the so-called stronger sex, have not leaped quick enough.

• • •

MUFFING THE MUFFINS
(Upstate weekly)

"Miss . . . was given a very lovely shower last Saturday afternoon which was well attended and she received numerous useful gifts. This is the harbinger to wedding bells that will be ringing soon announcing a marital drama in which Miss . . . and Mr. . . . will play the leading rolls."
(Via Portland Spectator).

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The railroads of the land have been cautioned to keep their locomotives in first-class shape. With all the mechanical messes, that are cluttering up the highways, it is about time this step was threatened.

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"The fence-straddler isn't always without convictions. Sometime his pants are caught."—(Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times)—So that's what made him take a stand.

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A number of the Outdoor Girls returned from week-end skiing, with their hands as red, as if they had washed the dishes.

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Optimists urge the people to "look at the doughnut, instead of the hole" during 1940. First catch your doughnut.

• • •

DANG! IT ALL!
(Ashmead, Kas., Argus)

"The hanging at the county jail did not take place as expected. The culprit was all dressed and ready, when a reprieve came from the governor. The large crowd were much disappointed."

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A Toledo, O., man won the national liar's contest New Year's Day. He made a fair showing, considering he was not running for any office.

• • •

NO HIFAULTIN' STUFF

"In this office we do not commence, we begin. We do not peruse a book, we read it. We do not purchase, we buy. We have no souvenirs, we have keepsakes. A spade is called a spade.

"In this town we do not reside in residences, we live in homes. We do not retire, we go to bed. We do not pass away, we die. We are buried in coffins, not caskets. We have no morticians. We are not all gentlemen, but we are all men. All women are not ladies, but all women are women.

"And if any reporter writes of a body landing with 'a dull, sickening thud,' he will land on the sidewalk with a jolt, his hat in one hand and his pay envelope in the other."—(Philadelphia Enquirer).

Restores Lost Voice

Sydney, N. S.—(U.P.)—Three years ago, Raymond MacDonald, 23, lost his voice in an automobile accident. Today he can talk again. Physicians believe the hemorrhages shocked paralyzed nerves back into action.

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

It Wasn't a Whitewash

TO CRY "whitewash" at the acquittal of Brother Bridges is the easy way out. But it isn't at all convincing.

Certainly those who followed the Bridges hearing with an open mind, were not surprised at the verdict.

For the fundamental rule that an accused person is innocent until his guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt, applied in this proceeding. And ONLY THOSE who were convinced the radical laborite was a Communist BEFORE the hearing, started, had no REASONABLE doubt of it when it ENDED.

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AS THIS column remarked at the outset, we felt confident Bridges, had been too smart to sign anything on the dotted line. That his sympathies were with the Communists and he himself believed in ultimately replacing our present form of government with a "dictatorship of the proletariat" we had little doubt. But to prove he ever became a bona fide member of the U. S. Communist party or was at the time of the hearing was a horse of another color.

And that HAD TO BE done, before the man could be deported.

Commissioner Landis in a decision so voluminous that it is doubtful if anyone but he and his stenographer have read it,—or ever will read it,—decided it had not been done.

Those who followed the hearing with their heads rather than their emotions, will be disposed to agree with him.

The Football Results

WELL speaking of "reasonable doubt," the various and sundry "bowl games" yesterday, left none, regarding the superiority of Pacific Coast football over the rest of the country.

Here were the coast champions, tied twice in the 1939 season, and only nosing out Washington by an eye lash and considerable Lady Luck.

And the champions of the rest of the country, undefeated for two years, and unscored on for the second, a record unequalled by a major team in the history of modern football.

And what was the result?

In the opinion of this column, there hasn't been a more decisive defeat administered to an invading eastern Rose Bowl team, in recent years than the one Southern California handed out to the highly-touted warriors from Tennessee. The score wasn't so bad,—only 14 to 0. But if the acid test favored by some coaches, that of yardage and first downs had been applied, the score would have been about 50 to 0.

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NOT only that but Southern Cal. outclassed the Volunteers in EVERY department of the game, including the fighting spirit. They ran harder, hit harder, and the stronger the opposition, the tougher they got.

Only once in the entire game did Tennessee get within sight of pay dirt, and then a fumble spoiled their chances, and it wasn't one of those unlucky fumbles either, it was the way those Trojans hit, when the 15 yard line was reached. And the Volunteers,—to be perfectly frank,—crumbled under it.

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THE East-West game at San Francisco, supports the same thesis. On the basis of their respective records there was little to choose between the opposing forces,—no All-American stars on either side.

But the Pacific Coasters, with many of their best men, out with injuries, shellacked the Easterners, with the largest score of the day, 28 to 11. There is no explanation but Far-West superiority.

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FOR the clinching argument, however, one must go back a few weeks to the Stanford-Dartmouth contest. Here was the "SWEET PEA" of the entire Coast conference, the once mighty "Cards" without a single victory to their credit, beaten by everything they met.

And there was Dartmouth, with a team below the Green average, but still one that ranked among the first 25% in the East, with overwhelming victories against both Yale and Harvard.

And yet the lowly Cards made monkeys out of the boys from Hanover winning pretty much as they wished.

• • • • •

SO WHILE there is nothing more uncertain than football, as it is now played, there is, on the record, no doubt of this:

Pacific Coast football was far superior to football of the South and East, during the SEASON OF 1939.

The Best Chance of Peace

THE best hope for peace in 1940, is not what England can do on the sea, nor what Germany CAN and Russia CAN'T do on the land.

The best hope indeed, has little to do with what either side can do to the other,—for an overwhelming and decisive victory either way, isn't among the probabilities within a twelve-month.

The best hope for peace today in fact is exactly what it was when the war started.

That is a break, not from without but from within,—a collapse not at the front, but back home in Moscow and Berlin.

Yes this is the big chance for an end to this war, in "our time". And the Russian debacle on the Finnish front, may well be the exciting cause of such a beneficient turn of events.

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 numbers 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 MYSTERY OF CANCER

More than forty years ago a laboratory was established by one of the largest states as an institution for the study of cancer, in conjunction with a hospital where citizens of the state might receive treatment for cancer. Of course the state's purpose in founding and conducting such well equipped and ably staffed institutions these forty years or more is to aid the fight against cancer and if possible to help solve the mystery of the cause of cancer and so bring about discovery of a cure or at least the most effective treatment.

Shortly after the opening of the laboratory and hospital a young doctor, fresh from several years of study in famous European universities, was taken under the wing of the distinguished teacher surgeon who had inspired the foundation of the institution and was chosen by the state as head man, and set to work carrying out studies projected by the chief. The protege, either from the spirit instilled in him in German universities or from an unfortunate complex, displayed toward undergraduate students a certain snobbishness which made him unpopular—unlike his eminent chief who always showed students every courtesy and friendly consideration. Yet in spite of the young doctor's manner the students all respected his mind.

Not long after his advent the brilliant young doctor electrified the medical world with the announcement that he had discovered the cause of cancer. He invited physicians to assemble in the amphitheatre of the medical school to listen to his recital of the story of the discovery and to see for themselves the organism, which he would demonstrate microscopically.

Long before the time for the demonstration the amphitheatre was crowded with doctors eager for the great news. It looked like a great moment in medical history. The young man's introductory remarks were delivered with plenty of atmosphere, not to say wind.

Finally the discoverer of the cause of cancer carefully set up a hanging drop preparation, focused the oil-immersion lens on it, found some typical organisms and invited the physicians to line up and have a look, but kindly make it brief so that as many as possible might enjoy the same privilege this evening.

Well, anyway, it was a wonderful build-up. Not that the young scientist was insincere. No question at all but that he honestly believed he had isolated the specific germ of cancer.

But, alas, no one else could see it. Not one of all the doctors present, many of them specialists in histology, pathology, bacteriology, could see the putative cancer germ. The affair dissolved in the tender darkness of the night. Next day, and forever after, no one recalled it. The young scientist resumed his laboratory work where he had left off. Cancer is as great a mystery today as it was fifty years ago.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Playing Wind Instruments

Daughter, eleven years old, plays the oboe in school band. Ben Told it is hard on the lungs, and that oboe players only live a few years. (I. F. A.)

Answer—There is no injury to lungs or health from playing any kind of wind instrument.

Blue Flame

Are coal oil heaters that burn with a blue flame and without flue connection unhealthful? (R. K.)

Answer—Any fuel burning uses up oxygen, produces carbon dioxide (carbonic acid gas). Under some circumstances any fuel burning may produce some carbon monoxide. Therefore it is always best to have pipe connecting with chimney flue or carrying the combustion products out of the house. It is always dangerous to use any fuel-burning heater without such pipe in a small closed room, such as a bathroom or a small bedroom. Electric heat is safe in this respect—does not produce carbon dioxide or carbon monoxide nor consume oxygen.

Cream In Coffee

Our economics class in doubt as to use of milk or cream in coffee—does it lessen food value of milk or cream? (Miss V. J.)

Answer—No.

(Protected by John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 265 El Campino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE CAPITAL PARADE

By JOSEPH ALSOP and ROBERT KINTNER

Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance, Inc.

Washington, Jan. 2.—A sign of the times is that the president's annual message "on the state of the union," to be delivered at the opening of congress, is actually expected to be largely devoted to the state of the world.

Foreign problems are now the president's main concern. Foreign problems are also the exclusive province of the top officials of the state department, Sumner Welles and Adolph A. Berle, Jr., working under the wise eye of their chief, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, have done most of the preparatory spade-work on the message. They cordially dislike the new deal advisers and amaneunses who always used to move into the White House around the new year. They brook little interference from them.

As so often happens, the change in personnel symbolizes the change in governmental emphasis. At the same time, numerous domestic matters have also required to be dealt with. On these the president's old advisers have had their say.

In the domestic field, the budget takes the lead. Shortly after the message on the state of the union will come the special budget message. Where the message on the state of the union is reported to be kindly and conciliatory in its tone toward congress and its references to internal questions, the betting is that the budget message will be decidedly tough. The president is hopping mad at what he regards as ill-informed criticism of his financial policies, particularly such Republican criticism as that of Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio.

The watch-wood is that these attacks are mere "half-truths." The president will reply by putting what he regards as the whole truth on the record, and grimly asking his attackers to do better. In the White House circle the message is described as "educational rather than provocative," but it may be said that the model for this type of education is rubbing the little dog's nose in his overturned dish.

The strategy behind the two messages is different for foreign and domestic problems. In the field of foreign affairs, the president wants above all to retain the newly-won confidence of congress and the country. Legislative authorization is not required for most of his moves in the foreign field, and his careful forthcoming exposition of the international situation and his policies with regard to it is primarily intended to soothe opposition and banish remaining distrust.

Aid for Finland and renewal of the trade agreements act are the two issues which will have to be passed on by congress. At least in the matter of aid for Finland, the president will follow the precedents set in the neutrality fight, carefully consulting all groups in the Democratic party, giving his congressional leaders broad discretion, and avoiding the dragooning tactics of the past. He has decided, very wisely, that foreign policy is one field where the consent of virtually all shades of opinion is a vital preliminary to action.

In handling domestic questions, the president's aim is somewhat different. Here general consent is obviously not attainable, and in any case he cares little for it. He only wants his plans to be approved, if possible without starting another intramural row in the Democratic party.

With this in mind, he has reverted to his old trick of letting congress feel what responsibility is like. The cuts in the budget are very deep. If the legislators cannot conquer their usual aversion to stinginess in a campaign year, it will be necessary either to levy new taxes or to remove the present limitation of $45,000,000,000 on the federal debt. Congress can take its choice between accepting the president's budget or one of the two disagreeable alternatives.

Broadly speaking, the president's plan for handling domestic issues is to make congress do the work, compromise where absolutely necessary, and if possible avoid any knock-down, drag-out fights. The motive for this novel mildness of spirit is, of course, the president's desire to bring his party into the election in first class shape. As most Democrats share this desire, and as all Republicans must think of politics first between now and next November, the president's plan of walking warily may well succeed. As of this writing, the likeliest prospects for a really good show during the coming session are long-shot bets, like a sudden disturbance in our relations with Japan, followed by a drive for an anti-Japanese embargo.

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

In The Day's News

By Frank Jenkins.

LAST week, in Portland, the Equitable Savings and Loan association celebrated its 50th anniversary, marking the end of a full half century devoted to preaching, practicing and demonstrating the economic value of THRIFT.

THRIFT, in these days, is in bad repute. Thrift leads people to ACQUIRE a competence, and a competence provides the feeling of security.

That, the demagogues tell us, is ALL WRONG. Security, according to these gentry, should not be ACQUIRED. It should be CONFERRED. Acquiring smacks of rugged individualism—and the rugged individualist pays for what he gets and is beholden to one one. Conferring, on the other hand, conveys the idea of favors given and received, and those who receive favors are expected to be GRATEFUL.

The demagogues want it understood by all of us that whatever security (or other good) comes to us is the result of political wizardry PRACTICED BY THEM. For what we receive they expect us to be grateful to them.

SINCE demagogues have been extensively in charge of our affairs in recent years, it follows that thrift is a thing that has been seldom mentioned. When referred to at all, it has been in a tone of scorn.

AT THIS 50th anniversary celebration, countless instances were cited of men who had been taught to save and of the BENEFITS accruing to them as a result of saving.

Sometimes their savings provided them with the money to build a home. In other cases, the saved money paid hospital and doctor bills. In others, it made possible getting into business for themselves.

And in MANY, MANY cases savings tided over men who lost their jobs as a result of the depression, enabling them to get back on their feet again without the loss of self-respect involved in becoming objects of charity.

(Equitable Savings & Loan association, it should be explained, is an old-fashioned institution, run since its beginning on old-fashioned ideas of business sanity and honesty. Never, since its founding, has it promised SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. Hence, when the depression emergency came, it remained solvent and able to pay its depositors when they needed their money.)

LISTENING to this 50-year record of devotion to the idea of thrift (which means saving in order to get ahead in the world) this writer became less apprehensive of the future than he had been. Thrift has done a lot for humanity. It can do a LOT MORE if we will only close our ears to the demagogues and get back to its sound principles.

Communications

Too Much Crepe Hanging.

To the Editor:

There is so much of negative thought rampant in the world at the close of a year crowded with fateful events that it seems to me men of good will should reaffirm their faith in themselves and in their fellows.

Ministers of melancholy regularly spring up whenever crises occur. Apparently it has been so since history began. We look backward 90 years to wonder that a man of such eminence as Disraeli could have said "In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope." Yet his pessimistic pronouncement differed but little from much heard around us in these days.

The most needed men are those creative optimists who face the future with courage and intelligence, not those drippers of tears who beat their breasts and spread ashes on their heads.

We have reached a new year in our calendar. Let us give thanks to an Almighty Providence that we here in America are able to think clearly and plan carefully with the confidence born of values within ourselves.

Sincerely
J. T. Mackey,
President Mergenthaler Linotype Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

With Nets.

Fairfield, Me.—(U.P.)—Fish nets were used on the main street recently to rescue two raccoons that had climbed a telephone pole.

AT THE
National Capitol
WITH
John W. Kelly

(Continued from Page One)

Grand Coulee and slow down the massive Shasta enterprise.

The budget for flood-control for the nation was estimated by the army engineers at $130,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt has lopped $50,000,000 from this estimate (sum the engineers said could be used effectively in fiscal year 1941), leaving $70,000,000 to spread over all such projects. Out of this sum must come whatever is allocated to the Willamette Valley Project, or flood-control projects elsewhere. There will be very little money available for continuing the flood-control work on the Lower Columbia river which, however, is practically completed.

• • •

FUNDS for river and harbor improvement have also been placed on the economy list. It is possible that there will not be enough money placed at the disposal of the engineers to complete repairs to the south jetty at the mouth of the Columbia river. Coos bay and Yaquina bay can expect little in the way of improvement and the proposed deepening of Yaquina river from the bay to Toledo is dubious. Harbors on the Washington coast will be hit with an axe.

With the president in his present mood, things look black for the proposed Umatilla navigation dam and any dams on Snake river, which were part of the development the president had in mind.

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BUT severely as items for Oregon and Washington have been trimmed, they are as nothing compared to what will happen to California. Publication of the budget will give southern California the worse shakeup it has had since the big earthquake. Elaborate plans for a supercolossal, stupendous flood-control program have been worked out and funds were expected to start the ball rolling in the new budget.

Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will probably have convulsions and California become a doubtful state in the November election unless something is done. California's 20-odd representatives are an influential group in the house.

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THE millions of dollars being pruned from the estimates filed with the director of the budget are not actually economies; they are not intended to save the American taxpayers a dollar. President Roosevelt is simply trimming all these projects—giving them enough to stagger along—and the money thus "saved" is to be used to build battleships and other instruments for national defense.

To the taxpayer it is six of one and half a dozen of the other; he will pay as much (probably more) but instead of his tax money going into flood control, reclamation, river and harbor improvements and similar internal developments, he will be given an array of warships, war planes, anti-aircraft guns, etc.

For national defense something more than two billion dollars will be asked, and what Mr. Roosevelt's budget slashing will do to agriculture will be plenty—these "savings" contributing toward the two billion. What the president cut from Bonneville will buy about ten bombers of the "flying fortress" type.

Due to Needle

Lorain, Ohio—(U.P.)—A needle imbedded in her foot since infancy has resulted in 12 operations on the right foot of Mrs. Cornelius Hageman, here. The 12th and final operation was for amputation of the entire foot just above the ankle.

Shaft

Spokane, Wash.—(U.P.)—The Spokane County Pioneer society has erected a 15-foot granite monument at the spot where Antone Plante, a French-Canadian scout, established the first ferry across the Spokane river in 1851.

Painting Arranged

Windsor, N. S.—(U.P.)—Sir Wyly Grier has been commissioned by the Nova Scotia government to do a full length, life-size painting of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who wrote his famous 19th century Sam Slick stories here. The Haliburton estate is being rehabilitated.

Sacramento, Cal.—(U.P.)—The problem of migratory farm workers in California, brought to the public eye by recent publications, has been made the subject of a report by the state re-employment commission.

The commission, chosen by Gov. Culbert Olson, recommended construction of 5,000 low cost dwellings to house part of the 50,000 or 60,000 agricultural families who, according to the report, "are unhoused, living in jalopies or jungle towns."

The commission also recommended aid to migratory workers from the federal government with added contributions by the state, and encouragement by the state and federal governments to private housing projects.

The report pointed out that the state relief administration is making rent allowances to relief clients totaling more than $10,000,000 annually.

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

Flight O' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
January 2, 1930.
(It was Thursday.)

Start of a new year finds stock market still shaky and uncertain.

President Hoover and wife greet 6,000 New Year's visitors at White House reception.

Production of corn sugar for bootleg whiskey shows record increase during past year.

Rush of Jackson county autoists to get new license plates.

Southern California defeats Pittsburgh, 47 to 14, in Rose Bowl game.

Strangler Lewis to meet Bob Kruse here next week.

High school basketball squad to open season against Klamath Falls coming week-end.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
January 2, 1920.
(It was Saturday.)

Government, in series of raids in east, arrest 4,500 radicals.

Last of American soldiers sail from France.

Public market offers pig backbones for sale, and there is a record rush of customers.

Oregon is fifth in land in production of apples.

Chauncey Olcott in "Macushla" at the Page tonight; May Robson coming next week in "Tish."

Ye Poets Corner

Sunset
By Russell Mitchell

Dendentric forms of clouds intrude,
Like mineral trees or ferns or moss,
The sky's deep blue their shapes protrude
Above a base of smoke-black mist.
The top-most points are gleaming bright
Where sun beams pierce thin edges through,
And crown the mass with silver white.
While underneath the ebon base,
The setting sun gives all a glow,
A blood red scene on painted vase.
Above the forest's sombre green.
Fantastic splotch of colors gay—
Abrupt contrasts of every hue,
Which paint the closing of a day,
With charming disregard of rules,
An artist's mind conceived this scene
And matched contrasting colors' rush.
The blue, bright silver, orange and green,
Depict the power of nature's brush.

Song of An Okie
By Russell Mitchell

Cowboys riding the wide prairie,
And cattle as far as the eye can see.
Oil well derricks and mining mills
And bad men hiding away in the hills.
My home—ah,
Is Oklahoma.

Bucking broncs and charging steers,
Where the Indians drink unlawful beers.
Where rattlesnakes bite you on the heel,
And gamblers beat you when they deal.
My home—ah,
Is Oklahoma.

I long to see the wide prairie,
And all the things that USED to be.
I love the land of the low blackjack,
But—you can bet your boots I DON'T go back,
To my home—ah,
In Oklahoma!

Salem, Ore.—(U.P.)—A pair of swans, secured by the Salem Chamber of Commerce from Bend, will soon be at home on a pond at the state penitentiary.

Wild ducks and geese have already taken advantage of the sanctuary afforded by a pond at the back of the prison which is surrounded by a high wire fence. They assemble there in large flocks, under the watchful guns of the guards on the prison walls, and quack and honk derisively at the hunters passing on the road nerby.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Thousands Praise Simple
PILE RELIEF
This Quick, Easy Way!
Simple piles need not wrack and torture you with maddening itch, burn and irritation. Stuart's Pyramid Suppositories bring quick, welcome relief. Their 7-way medication means real comfort, reduces strain, helps tighten relaxed membranes, gently lubricates and softens. Protective and anti-chafing, so easy to use. It's wonderful to be free of pile torture again. Get genuine Stuart's Pyramid Suppositories at your drug store without delay—60c and $1.20.