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Ye Smudge Pot

with

Ben Hur Lampman

famed editorial writer of the Oregonian as

GUEST COLUMNIST

I have had playmates, I have

had companions . . .

All, all are gone, the old

old familiar faces.

—Charles Lamb.

In the autumn silence, which

is a sound as of scarlet leaves

—up above Prospect—along to

ward twilight, John Hammersly

shook tobacco into brown paper

from a red can, while the lone

fisherman sliced fat bacon.

Then Charley Young came drifting

in soft-footed as shadow, to

lean his gun against the sugar

pine, and John, squatted there

on his boot heels, looked up at

him with a question. The silent

answer was no. Muffled and

distant they heard a single

rifle shot. They looked up, and

glanced down.

"It's too dry," said John

Hammersly, lighting a twig in

the fire, and drawing deeply at

his tobacco. "Did you see Lee

anywhere?" Charley Young

ceased his boot heels and shook

his head. But John lifted alertly,

while the fisherman paused

over the bacon, knife lifted. It

was so still seemed like you

heard, in the southern Oregon

woods, the voices that are yon

side of stillness.

"Yonder he comes," said John

Hammersly, relaxing, and pulling

again at his brown paper

cigarette. In a moment they

heard the crackle and swish of

forced brush. And, rifle in arm

crook, Lee came into camp.

Chuckle-chuckle-chuckle—ran

the flow of the hill stream,

where the trout had risen to

strike at the whiskers on Doll's

muzzle. Lee set his gun down

against the big friendly tree.

"You fellows get a shot?" he

asked, eyeing the bacon, and

was beginning to curl in the

pan. John and Charley both

shook their heads. The cool

shadows were lengthening.

"None," said John Hammersly.

Then Charley Young looked at

Lee as though it were over a

dingy green card table. More

still than silence, and an ember

crackled loudly.

"Well, boys," said Lee, "I'll

tell you—." The bacon was

scorching. Lee giggled. "I might

as well tell you," he said. "I

threw down on a deer, seemed

like it was a full hundred yards,

and I let him have it. I got him

all right, but when I walked

over, why, it wasn't twenty

paces. There was a long still-

ness, measured by some mo-

ments. The lone fisherman turned

the bacon again.

"Where's your deer then?"

asked John Hammersly—and

Charley Young, he just looked

at Lee.

Lee giggled again. "Well, you

see how it was," he explained.

"It looked like a full hundred

yards, in that light, but time I

walked up to that deer it wasn't

any distance, at all. It was only

a fawn. Yes sir, it wasn't any-

thing but a fawn with the spots

still on it."

John Hammersly spat crisply

into the flame. And Charley

Young, he never took his eyes

off poor Lee. It was getting

dark fast, and the shadows were

moving, bent-headed, into camp.

"Well?" said Charley Young, at

last. "Well, what?" asked

Lee.

"What did you do with that

(Cont. Yon Side Editorial)

Truth and the War

To the Editor:

I think you are right regarding the absence of any real fighting spirit in this country, but don't think it fair to blame President Roosevelt. In fact, the chief blame rests on the newspapers like your own, that have been printing lies about the war for two years. You continue to print them. Just tonight you claim, the Russians are throwing back the Germans and have killed two million of them, the losses so bad that Hitler has had to take all his troops from France and call on Mussolini for more. Why should this country be eager to fight and die for England, when Germany is getting so badly licked without any more help than we are now giving. This isn't anything new. Ever since the war started the newspapers in this country have fed the people propaganda instead of the facts, showing Germany getting knocked out all over the place, until Germany finally wins and the truth can no longer be denied. I have no use for Germany or Hitler, but I do grant them this much—they have told the truth about the fighting in this war and no other nation has. And the files of your own paper show it, and I am no pro-German and no Democrat either!

FAIR PLAY
(Name on file.)

Medford, September 2, 1941.

But the files of this paper DON'T show it!

A month ago the German High Command claimed Leningrad was surrounded and would fall in a few days. It is still surrounded and has not YET fallen! Far back in early July, D.N.B., the German official news agency, declared Russian resistance in the air had been destroyed, the Stalin line smashed and the road to Moscow was open.

Today the SAME agency admits, intense air fighting, all along the 1,500-mile line and Russian counter-attacks thrown back 200 miles away from Moscow!

We don't deny German official reports are more dependable than Russian—they ARE, chiefly because in spite of Russia's surprising resistance, Stalin as yet has staged no outstanding offensives, while the Nazis have.

But we certainly DO deny that Germany has told the truth about the fighting in this war, on land, at sea or in the air. And we predict the harder the going gets, the less the German war bulletins can be depended upon.

THE plain truth is, NONE of the warring nations tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. They didn't in the last war, they don't in this. They would be injuring their own cause if they did.

The extent of mendacity varies, but they all put the best possible construction upon the facts, and at times, as a matter of public policy, even resort to fiction.

WE would place Britain as the least guilty in this direction, Russia as perhaps the most, Germany and Italy somewhere in between. But if the roles of these latter three were reversed we doubt if there would be much to choose between them.

Other things being equal, Hitler and Stalin would prefer lies to truth-telling—mendacity and falsification, having been developed to a fine art and are a fundamental element in totalitarian policy. Britain on the other hand prefers to tell the truth, unless to do so, would aid the enemy.

AND there is an important lesson herein. For British morale surpasses any national morale in this war, or any other—it is the most inspiring example of the unconquerable fighting spirit, from the top of the social scale to the bottom, the world,—at least the modern world,—has ever seen.

And we are convinced the chief cause of this, is the fact that the Churchill government, has never underestimated nor overestimated the dangers confronting that nation, but from the outset of the war, has given the people the facts, told them the truth (as far as the demands of public policy would permit) and never in the slightest particular imposed upon or betrayed their confidence.

U. S. Leadership

SO we can't agree with our "Fair Play" correspondent, that the newspapers of this country are chiefly to blame for the poor fighting morale in the United States, and President Roosevelt is blameless.

A newspaper like the Mail Tribune, with no special correspondent at the front, can only depend upon the various official reports for its war news, and as stated, these are all doctored to a greater or less extent, so at no time can the reader be entirely CERTAIN of the true facts.

BUT President Roosevelt CAN be,—at least far more so, than any other individual in the country. For he secures daily confidential and reliable reports, from the various foreign countries, and the active war fronts.

And our criticism of the President is, that unlike Prime Minister Churchill, he has not in the light of these facts, taken the people of his country into his confidence, and is not doing so today. As a result there is some truth to the claim of our communicant, that for two years, the people of this country, HAVE been given a false picture of the European situation and, in all likelihood are being given a false impression of the Russian situation today.

THIS, we maintain, is extremely unfortunate, and the outstanding cause of the lack of war fervor today,—for why should the man in the street get hot and bothered about Uncle Sam jumping into the fracas, if Stalin for example is doing such a swell job of knocking out Der Reichsfuehrer himself?

President Roosevelt, we repeat, could correct this misapprehension—if it is a misapprehension, and we believe it is.

And we don't know anyone else in the country who could, nor do we know anyone else who could assume that forthright militant leadership, which is so greatly needed, to arouse the people of the country to the part they must play, if the totalitarian powers are ever to meet defeat.

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 here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANYWAY IT CHASES MELANCHOLY

At the suggestion of a friend (writes an eastern reader) I take this liberty of relating an experience of moment to me.

Some time ago I suffered from a catarhal ulcer of the eye. Dr. . . . the oculist, whom you probably know, treated me successfully and prescribed B complex capsules to strengthen my nervous system, particularly my eyes, which had been under considerable strain prior thereto.

After about three months on the B complex capsules I noticed, and my wife confirmed, that hair was growing on the top of my head, previously quite bald . . .

Oh-oh. There it goes again. I had been bald (resumes the reader) for approximately fifteen years, although now only 42 years old. Of course I have continued taking six B complex capsules daily. The growth is not readily visible since the hairs are very fine and blond in the main, but at certain parts of the head the hair line is slowly creeping up. Friends ridicule the idea, but I am definite in the assertion that my hair is growing I again. How far it will grow I do not know. (S.H.B.)

Attoboy. Cling to your conviction despite everything. The day you acknowledge your baldness is an immutable state is going to be a horrible one. Let me offer a suggestion—don't make up your mind about it all in a day. Take a year or so to let the fact sink in. That way you'll probably weather it without suffering any permanent damage to your temperament and disposition.

If it is any consolation to you, I may tell you I have had a good many letters like yours, most of them telling of restoration of natural color to graying hair, some of them declaring hair has started to grow in again after years of baldness, since the writers adopted the practice of supplementing their regular diet with vitamin B complex. In about half of these cases the writers mention that they have also been taking an iodine ration.

In no instance, however, has any such correspondent assured me that his or her hair has finally regained its full natural color or that the hair has finally com-

pletely covered the bald spot. But just the same, these testimonials have made me more faithful in taking my own medicine—I do believe the anti-gray hair factor in vitamin B complex and the iodine ration have helped me to stay young.

On request, if you provide a stamped envelope bearing your address, I am glad to send a monograph "Care of the Hair" which includes instructions for increasing the vitamin B complex intake and for taking an iodine ration. Whether these suggestions prevent hair from turning gray or from falling out or not, I know they can do no harm in any circumstances and I believe they will chase melancholy in many a case of anhedonia.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
Best Food Source of Riboflavin
How many gammas of vitamin G B2, riboflavin, in a quart of milk? (D. K.)

Answer—Perhaps 1000 gammas of 400 Sherman-Borquin units. Anyway milk is the best food source of riboflavin, and as riboflavin (G or B2) is water soluble skim milk, buttermilk, sour milk and they are practically equivalent to fresh whole milk in riboflavin content.

Blood and Health
In "Blood and Health" you mention that the iron and ammonium citrate may be taken in capsules, that two capsules would be equal to a teaspoonful of the solution. Does that mean undiluted, and what size capsules? (M. A.)

Answer—Undiluted. Each capsule to contain 7½ grains of iron and ammonium citrate.

Clippings
Please inform me where they can be procured and how used. Clippings enclosed explains inquiry. (Mrs. M.V.)

Answer—It might, if it came with the inquiry. But no clipping. Correspondents please ask your own question in your own words, and do not ask me to read clippings or other things to find out what you want.

Who Pays the Freight?
Kindly send your monograph on iron. (J. H.)

Answer—I wish I could afford to reply to every postcard. Accompany your request with a stamped envelope bearing your address, please. Meanwhile, here's one suggestion. Mop exposed portions of skin with clean cotton or cloth wet with benzene-mop just once and throw away. This dissolves out the irritant—but if you mop twice with same pledget you supply the irritant and aggravate the trouble. Hypodermic injections of homeopathic dose of the itchy toxin by physician give excellent results. In the treatment of itchy poisoning. (Copyright 1941, 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 Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

News Behind

The News

By Paul Mallon

(Continued From Page One)

cabinet rating, and thus will

continue to express themselves

in their own names.

THIS new defense theory the

Russians have developed is

one which may revolutionize

warfare also, although the U. S.

general staff has not yet con-

sidered it in that light, accord-

ing to some military authorities.

The red scheme may be called

"the goblet defense." Lay a

thin stemmed goblet down on

the table and you will get the

idea. Large armies are left in

the cup part, connected back

with the base line by the stem

maintained for communications

and supplies. The reds have

weakened their lines to let the

Germans be drawn in, on either

side of the cup, then the large

force in the cup cuts loose right

and left against the German

flanks. Nothing like it has ever

been done before in war.

That is one reason progress of

the campaign is almost impos-

sible to follow accurately.

SPUTTERING and fuming

around town has been a

southern shipbuilder, normally

chivalrous, but not in this in-

stance. He tells how he was

summoned to Washington to talk

about a navy contract for de-

fense. The Commercial Airline

down south told him all seats in

the plane were taken, but that

if he could persuade the wife of

a defense official to let him

ride in a second section alone

with her, he might be able to

make the trip. Why did she

have a second section to herself?

Well, you see, she was at a

costume party and did not want

to have the other passengers gawp-

ing at her. The airline has given

her the extraordinary courtesy

of a queen for a single ticket.

They like to keep in good with

the government.

The shipbuilder got the lady's

permission, but apparently is not

Kelly's

Comment

From Washington

Rainy Season Is

Worrying Raver

Truman Hearing

Displeases OPM

Congressmen Get

Derby Salmon