

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Daily Except Saturdays.

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OREGON NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot

with F. F. (Fletch) Fish

of Phoenix, Punsmist and Ex-Tenor, as GUEST CONTRIBUTOR

I Knew Him WHEN

Today it is my privilege to

join the distinguished group of

contributors who, beguiled by the

PROMISE of a box of pears, pull

the chestnuts out of the fire for Art. This column will

not be witty or facetious, but rather a

thumb-nail sketch of the dim, distant past that saw

the birth of the Smudge Pot.

Years ago when Medford, Central Point and Jacksonville

were padding their census figures to achieve supremacy, one

over the other, for population, a freshly made bridegroom from

the middle west got off the train to buy a package of cigarettes

and before he got back the train pulled out. So he decided

to start a newspaper, and there being an evening sheet, he

decided the field was fertile for a morning daily which

appropriately enough was named the "Sun." Upon the advent of

the first edition we had six straight weeks of fog and no

one saw the sun.

A callow youth, who, at the request of the authorities, had

terminated his residence in Spokane, rolled off an Espee

train, smelled the ink of the overheated press in the Sun of

office two blocks away, and the law of gravitation led the rest.

In other words, he sank comfortably into a swivel chair

behind a battered desk which post he has not relinquished for

the past 30 odd years. (I use the term ODD deliberately). One

day the classified ad column was only half full and Art

couldn't wheedle any more space out of the three local

merchants so he dashed off a space filler and he's been doing

it ever since.

Art saw the job-lolly of Main Street replaced by new fangled

pavement, the Union and Nash livery stables supplanted by

garages and machine shops, the horse drawn fire wagon

superceded by gasoline and he and I stood on the corner and

watched the old Wilson opera house go up in smoke, the last link

connecting Medford with the golden era of road shows at

\$3 a throw.

Through all these years Roxy Ann has stood guard over the

valley and Art has SAT brooding over his antiquated Smith-

Premier typewriter, production of which was suspended about

the time they quit making the aged model car that the venerable

columnist drives. Yet both Roxy Ann, funny to look at,

and Art, ditto, symbolize something that is peculiar to the

Rogue River Valley—and I use the word peculiar deliberately,

too.

(Last of Guest Series)

Rain Slows Logging

Sweet Home, Sept. 5.—(P)—Logging operations in this area

have been slowed and in some instances suspended as a result

of heavy rains. Many operations are on dirt roads where heavy

equipment has been unable to move.

The Dalles, Sept. 5.—(P)—Bids on \$18,000 general obligation

The Dalles airport bonds and \$10,000 industrial bonds have

been accepted by the city council.

Seaside, Sept. 5.—(P)—About 20 planes owned by members of

Oregon Sportsmen Pilots of Oregon, Inc., are expected to fly

here Sunday.

Editorial Correspondence

Portland, Oregon,

September 4, 1941.

Portland back to normalcy,—raining steadily and has been for three days!

Perhaps it is no better in the Rogue River valley for rain

was predicted for today,—on the other hand when the "Cannon-

ball" pulled out, stars were sparkling in a crystal clear sky, and

we surmise the Medford weather man was "wrong again."

Into the Union station here half an hour late, being held up

at Oregon City by a troop train.

As usual the Cannonball (relic of the war of 1778) had

grown like the famed snake of Angora,—from a stub of five cars

to a train of 15,—mostly fast freight. A Pullman from Marshfield

evacuated a golf fan, who predicts Dick Hanen will be national

amateur champion before he is 21. (To non-golf fans might add

Hanen recently won the Southern Oregon golf championship at

Medford for the second time.) Well, hope he does,—that would

even beat out the late Chan Egans' record who won the national

title (if we remember correctly) at the age of 22.

However not having been inoculated with similar local pride,

we wouldn't advise anyone outside of Marshfield to risk any cash

money on such a circumstance.

Up here with several other Oregon citizens,—largely from

the Fourth Estate,—to advise the State Highway commission on

next year's advertising campaign. The travel department of the

commission has done a marvelous job in this direction for a

number of years,—even California Incorp., praises it and in certain

directions has followed Oregon's example,—which is certainly

the plus ultra in orchid pinning. The question before the

house is not so much on how the work can be improved,—although

of course that is always desired,—as to how to sustain the high

quality established. (Incidentally this praise can be showered

with all due modesty, for the advisory committee by no stretch

of the imagination can take any credit for the results).

If you care to hear the latest political gossip, take a seat in

the lobby of the Imperial hotel, and keep your ears open. There

is a strong underground effort in state GOP ranks to persuade

Earl Snell to forget the governorship and run against Walter

Pierce for congress,—but nothing has jelled as yet. The Oregon

Commonwealth Federation which had such a high batting average

in the last state election, will probably endorse Attorney Roy R.

Hewitt of Salem, as gubernatorial candidate on the democratic

ticket. Lawyer Hewitt, is Earl Fehl's attorney, and speaks the

language of certain other former officials of the Good Government

congress. We wonder if the Republican organization could be as

fortunate two times in succession, as to have the Democrats

choose a gubernatorial candidate of that stripe!

Small things are often more important than large ones. A

newspaper friend here finds a recent photograph far more cheer-

ing than all the optimistic Russian war reports, added to the sales

talk from G.H.Q. The picture showed Mussolini, Hitler and

Goering somewhere on the eastern front,—and "if ever a crew

of crooks looked beaten that crew did!"

Readers of the M.T. probably recall the picture, it appeared

on Page One only a few days ago. Certainly it was in marked

contrast to all the other pictures of the same trio,—if they see ANY-

THING encouraging in the present situation, they completely dis-

gusted the fact.

There are over 6,000 persons on the W.P.A. rolls in this state.

And yet hop growers of the state, can't get enough pickers to

harvest the present crop,—it is even stated they are 30,000 short!

We see no reason why that 30,000 can't be reduced by 6,000 at

least, and the tax payers benefit as well as the hop growers!

Straight from the feed box:

Earl Snell will run for the Republican nomination regardless.

R. W. R.

The War News Today

By Dewitt MacKenzie

Confucius in his boundless wisdom doubtless would advise

us to take it easy in reaching conclusions about the mystery

of the submarine attack on the United States destroyer Greer.

If for the sake of argument we adopt the British idea that

it was a German U-boat which fired the torpedoes, then the

question immediately arises whether the action wasn't the

result of a mistake.

There has been no indication that Herr Hitler wants to see

America in the European war although he might be praying

that we become involved in the orient. In fact, all the signs

have been that he hopes we won't intervene in the western

theater.

The point isn't that the fuhrer loves us the more but that

he likes the idea of the United States navy getting into action

at this critical juncture the less.

His reason is that he likely will undertake major operations in the

Mediterranean in the near future; he presumably will intensify his U-boat campaign in

the battle of the Atlantic; and he doesn't want American war-

ships supporting the British when the allies invade the

continent.

In short, the Nazi chief has plenty of trouble on his hands

already,—and so much for that. The British invasion, by the

way, probably won't be tried before spring, unless unexpected

developments in the Russo-Nazi war make it advisable for Brit-

tain to strike sooner. Meantime the bloodletting which the Nazis

are undergoing in Russia is paving the way for the allied as-

sault across the English channel.

Sanguinary fighting continues throughout the entire length of

the great battle-line in Russia, but there seems to have been

little change in position during the past 24 hours. The au-

thoritative German commentary Dienst Aus Deutschland says the

reds apparently are carrying out extensive attacks on the central

front, but belittles their effectiveness.

Dienst misses the point. The significant fact is that the Bol-

shevists are able to inaugurate big-scale attacks at all, after

standing off such a violent assault. It is indicative of reserve

power and good morale.

It is interesting to see the Germans again resorting to

what the Muscovites describe as the "psychological attack"—

a sort of stage-play which is calculated to confound the enemy.

In the case in hand the reds report that two companies of

picked Nazi troops advanced in close formation, "preceded by

a band as on parade, kettle drums rolling and bass drums

thundering." Moscow says the attackers were annihilated.



SO GOOD IT HURTS.—Cletus "Boots" Pottenberger himself is authority for the statement that he's no longer baseball's Bad Boy. He has reformed, says he, avoiding his audience-heckling stance. He pitches for Buford, Ga. team.

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.

CAUSE AND CURE OF CLUBFOOT

All babies are clubfooted before birth. The position and form of the feet are similar to the position and form of the common type of clubfoot which physicians call pes varus which means foot bent or grown or turned inward.

The cause of clubfoot is not known. Some physicians believe it may be due to crowding or insufficient room for normal growth, cramping of the infant in a narrow space or loop, especially when there is not enough water to keep the infant afloat and free to develop in the amniotic sac. To such faults or defects of the mother some physicians attach the theory that clubfoot may be inherited, and so they would explain the occasional instances of several successive generations of clubfooted members in a family. But that is a mere speculation. There is no good reason to think that clubfoot is hereditary.

However, there is another notion of the cause of clubfoot—that it is due to "marking," some unpleasant emotional impression on the mother in the course of pregnancy. This is a free country and any one so disposed may take stock in such tales if only he be ignorant and superstitious enough.

Not all clubfoot is congenital (present at birth). In some instances the deformity results from paralysis (usually poliomyelitis, infantile paralysis) in early childhood.

Characteristic of ordinary clubfoot is the position of the foot, exaggeration of the normal position of the feet of the newborn infant. The foot is turned inward, the outer border lowered, the inner border elevated, the sole sharply flexed so that the arch is greatly exaggerated, the toes point downward and inward toward the opposite foot. If the child is permitted to walk on the foot, he or she walks on the outer side and back of the foot with the toes curled up near the inner ankle.

Of all curative measures for clubfoot manipulation is most important. This means regular handling, as carefully administered three times a day as tho it were the most imperative medicine, under the instruction of the physician or orthopedic

News Behind

The News

By Paul Mallon

(Continued From Page One)

certainly be nothing greater for the country as a whole than a farm price of 110 percent parity, which is the point at which congress now is trying to fix it. There would be nothing better from labor's standpoint than a wage which gave it a similar superior hold on the economic system.

But what about us other people? What about the consumers? You can't fix a farm price at an astounding degree of prosperity, and a labor wage at what labor thinks it should be, and still have a functioning economic system. That's simple common sense.

In a runaway situation, such as we have now, it is obvious that someone has to step out and exert some measure of control. You just can't let a democracy run away with itself. There are fundamental things that you must correct, in their inception. And as a columnist here, writing about what I see and hear, I think the time has come when Mr. Roosevelt should stop asking the farm and labor bloc what he should do, and step out and assert the leadership which we know is for the common good of all.

Unless he does, the country is sure to arrive at the destination which he and Mr. Henderson have so gloomily forecast. Defense expenditures now are running about \$1,300,000,000 a month. The government wants to get them up to \$3,000,000,000. They tried a tax bill to siphon some of the superfluous defense spending back. They are trying to sell bonds, but are not selling very many, because you can't sell bonds against an inflationary situation. They are trying to curtail the availability of credit to effect the same result.

The results so far are nil. They are faced with a predicament

Lieutenant Commander Lawrence Hugh Frost (above), 39-year-old Washington resident, is the commander of the United States destroyer Greer which the navy department reported was subjected to an unsuccessful torpedo attack by a submarine while enroute to Iceland with mail. Frost, a native of Fayetteville, Ark., became commander of the Greer a month ago.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Kelly's Comment

From Washington

Bonneville Boss Drops Bend Line

Left Hand Don't Let Other Know

Wage-Hour Law Takes A Beating

By John W. Kelly

(Note: During the absence of Mr. Kelly on vacation his daily column will be written by Mr. Paul Dunham, member of our Washington, D. C., staff.)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 5.—

Paul J. Raver, Bonneville administrator, has no intention of stringing a transmission line into

Bend unless there is more demand for the government-owned power. No final reports

has been made on the project, but the administrator is shoving

it into the background for the present and giving his attention

to what he considers as more important things—such as national defense industries.

Owing to the government policy of not letting the right hand

know what the left hand is doing, Mr. Raver has been unable

to learn from the war department whether or not a military