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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

It is announced by a government agency, airplane production and performance has advanced to where "only time stands between America and world superiority in the air."

Only time—and a few defense plant strikes.

The sport pages, as usual at this time of year, are cluttered up with pictures of mighty hunters, their weapons, and the deer they slew. Outside of faces and places they all look alike. Some changes, it is opined, should be made in this rock-ribbed sameness. Originality would be revealed, by taking a picture of a sports editor frying a venison steak, cut about three feet back from the horns.

"Senator Wheeler says he will stop talking when Congress declares war. That's an awfully big incentive, Senator."—Maryville, Kan., Advocate-Democrat. It would be worth it.

A shortage of pots and pans for cooking now looms on the national horizon. The day is not far distant, when housewives will be making coffee in tomato cans, a la hobo jungles.

The lazy Indian summer afternoons now current leave the major portion of the population feeling the same way.

C. Clay is now a full-fledged Grandpaw and fluttering flabbergastedly as they all do when thus enraptured and enthralled. The father is a former Black Tornado athlete who always proceeded straight to his goal, or any way he could get there.

Mike DeVore, the juvenile cyclone in short britches, is now allergic to his grandpaw's farm on the slopes of Roxy Ann. The boy is more interested in being an army flier than a hay-hand.

A university scientist has discovered the scream of a woman, has the same volume as the grunt of a rhinoceros. If an editor said anything like that, he would have to have a hide like one.

The speech of Sen. Wheeler, isolationist, in Portland, was tamer than anticipated, and the boos of a low order, and directed chiefly at Col. Lindbergh, and Mr. Wilkie, the late GOP presidential aspirant and eminent target in the 1940 campaign of eggs, tomatoes and a waste paper basket. So much docility prevailed, a metropolitan writer to the editor went back to "the dark days of 1933" to take a long distance swing at Mr. Hoover, the only living exponent.

LINES TO A CAT

"They say you cannot think—You, worshipped as a God—Because you won't learn tricks, Nor heed their every nod."

Your half-closed amber eyes Regard them scornfully. You're not a fawning slave. Your soul is fierce and free.

And in the moon's wan light You prowl on silent paws, A gliding shadow, then, Obeying nature's laws.

You kill and steal and fight, And men call you a knave. Their armies do the same, But they are right and brave.

Your instinct is your guide, You cannot understand Why they should call you bad, Your villainy's not planned."

—Adrienne Lund in the Oakland, Calif., Tribune.

Don't Miss the 4-H Club Show

THIS is the time of year when young farmers of Jackson county—the girls and boys—proudly show off their fine cattle, sheep and hogs at the annual Four-H club livestock show and auction. The occasion is rapidly becoming one of the real highlights of the year in this community. More and more of "we the people" are on hand every autumn to admire—and some to buy when the final auction is held.

And so the three-day show, which opens at the fairgrounds today, should have a record attendance. It promises to be the LARGEST and BEST in Four-H club history!

THE yearly parade of livestock, raised by the farm youngsters of the Rogue River valley, is always a thrill. And those of us inclined to view with apprehension the giddy, rug-cutting generation of today are especially due for a surprise. For these Four-H'ers are learning, through actually DOING, the better practices in agriculture and home economics.

THE Medford Rotary club was quick to recognize the importance of the Four-H club program to the youngsters themselves, to the future of agriculture in this area, to the economic welfare of this community. Here, too, was an obvious avenue for fostering better understanding and cooperation between city and rural areas. So the local organization has sponsored this annual 4-H show,—this encouragement and inspiration have meant much to the 4-H movement here,—should set a good example for all citizens to follow!

THE Four-H movement is closely in tune with the work of the county agent and directly in line with the farsighted agriculture program of Jackson county. Proceeds of livestock sales in the past have, in a sizeable amount, been invested in purebred livestock. Thus the quality of local herds is constantly improving.

THROUGH the recently initiated "market steer project", youngsters are taught to keep accurate records of production costs while raising top quality cattle for market. In this way they prepare for the day when they will become full-fledged farmers—when raising good beef cattle at lowest possible cost will be far more important than winning blue ribbons.

THE beef cattle industry indeed has become a major enterprise in Jackson county. Because of the contribution which Four-H clubs make toward this important factor in the economy of Medford and the Rogue River valley, citizens generally should lend all possible encouragement.

And the best way to encourage these boys and girls is to ATTEND their show THIS WEEK. The one hundred club members participating have, for several days, curried and combed, scrubbed and polished their 215 head of cattle, sheep and hogs so that they look their best for YOUR visit. Don't disappoint them!

And don't forget the fat stock auction Friday afternoon. There should be plenty of bidders and prices should be good. A locker filled with this fine Four-H club meat will look mighty good this winter when the cost of living has climbed a few more pegs.—H.G.

Repeal the Neutrality Act?

WE have never been able to arouse much enthusiasm for Frank Knox, either as REPUBLICAN candidate for President, or Secretary of the Navy, in a DEMOCRATIC cabinet.

But we believe he is entirely right in his effort to secure repeal of the existing Neutrality Act.

In fact this measure is a perfect example of the ONE thing we heartily dislike in President Roosevelt's war policy.

That is its hypocrisy,—its constant pretense and make-believe.

We don't know why the President should persist in such a policy, but he does,—trying apparently to pack a loaded gun on one shoulder and provide a perch for the dove of peace on the other.

It just can't be done, and shouldn't be attempted.

AS has been stated in this department countless times, this country is actually, if not nominally, at war with Germany, and has been ever since the passage of the lease-lend measure.

Then why keep up the pretense of being at peace? Why waste words, as the President recently did, about this action or that, bringing the country "no NEARER war?"

We are already IN the war; and the only reason there has been no formal war declaration, is that neither Germany nor the United States wants it.

Then why in Heaven's name keep this Neutrality Act on the statute books, when it only serves as a hindrance in effective "defense action", and expresses an attitude and embodies a spirit that no longer exists?

WE don't wish to imply President Roosevelt doesn't wish repeal. Three months ago he didn't. But he does now. On the other hand many of his most devoted supporters, like Senator Norris of Nebraska, do not favor repeal,—precisely why, we can't figure out. However that may be by all means let the congress follow Secretary Knox's request and throw this Neutrality Act overboard, with a couple of flat irons tied to its broken neck.

Its retention not only impairs and cheapens the entire defense performance, but lies in its teeth!

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.

ANOXIA AND ANHEDONIA
The drawback about this new paper doctoring is that you can't take off from the place where you arrived yesterday or last week. You have to explain things a bit before you can continue the course.

ANOXIA means deficient oxygenation of the cells in organs and tissues. **ANHEDONIA** is incapacity for happiness, inability to enjoy life. I believe there is a relation between anoxia and anhedonia.

It is a well recognized fact that exercise is an antidote for "brain fog" or "nervous fatigue". Exercise increases the absorption of oxygen. When you're weary and worn from prolonged concentration on study or so-called "brain work", nothing is more refreshing than a brisk two miles of oxygen on the hoof or a run around the block if you can't take time for a two mile walk, or any equivalent exercise.

A mistake a great many persons make is in studying or doing mental work that requires close concentration—say a bout with your income tax blank—far into the night and then going to bed all tucked out, to sleep poorly if at all. Regardless of the weather or the environment, one should never fail to go out for a run or a hike, or to have a work-out at some other exercise, after such prolonged mental application, before turning in.

In their work on "Respiration" Haldane and Priestley suggest that a moderate anoxia accounts for the complaint often attributed to imagination in the "neurasthenic", a complaint that they cannot get air enough. Perhaps that is true, due to their long followed habit of chest breathing and the consequent functional weakness of the diaphragm. They should do the Belly Breathing exercise regularly at least three times a day. It is described in "How to Breathe" two-shilling booklet on anoxia, snoring, mouth breathing, foul breath, angina pectoris, artificial respiration, etc. Inclose

Hugh Johnson Eyes Men and Issues of Day

Washington, Sept. 24.—This is another column about the slaughter of the innocents that is as sure as sunrise to happen in this country as the vast war production with its arbitrary priorities goes forward into full blast. I mean the wide-spread destruction of the little fellow in business and the jobs of his employees.

The pressure is only beginning to be felt but the program has only started. When it gets into full swing the casualties are going to run into the tens of thousands and the justified squawking will create universal sympathy and probably universal soreness—which is bad for both unity and confidence in governmental management.

FARMING out of war orders by the big fellows is just a mustard plaster, first because most of these establishments are not equipped to take them and second because it slows production, reduces quality, increases cost and will be done with reluctance and half a heart by those under a stern responsibility for results in military and naval supply.

The problem rarely arose during world war one, because the demand was much less since this possibility had been foreseen and provided for and because much of technical military manufacture was contracted for abroad, we furnishing replacement raw material. It is all different now. We are the arsenal of democracy—including Russia and China.

It is high time before the slaughter commences to consider means to offset the destruction and the creation here of the greatest monopolistic concentration of business this country has ever known.

The bearing of this sacrifice is not like taxes, assessed on ability to pay, a principle of relative equality and leaving the bulk of small business in both manufacture and sale at least alive. Now it is literally to be wiped out on no rule of equality whatever but because

government administration will simply permit these people no supplies with which to carry on their business.

It is a difficult problem but not without its precedent. For centuries in the law of the sea there has been a principle called the "rule of general average." It has varied as among different maritime nations and at different times. It offers complications and only recently, in the last 30 years, has it become more uniform throughout the world. Still it is complicated and not to be compressed into a single principle.

But generally speaking it is something like this. When a ship is in distress and some of her cargo has to be jettisoned (thrown overboard) to save the rest, or when there is a fire and the sea has to be let in on some of the cargo to keep all from being destroyed, or when the ship itself has to be run ashore to prevent loss of the whole cargo and in several similar circumstances, the loss to the owners of the destroyed freight is not permitted to fall solely upon its owners. An attempt is made to average the loss over all the owners of all the cargo saved by this sacrifice of the owners of the destroyed cargo.

It seems to me that the principle and its application are very similar to the misfortune we are about to meet and that thought should be immediately given to this or some other application of the ancient rule of justice to the brand new circumstances in which we are bound to find ourselves.

There is a dangerous, if slowly rising, resentment growing up in this country already over the airy, unplanned and arbitrary application of harsh sacrificial laws by men untrained in their application and apparently heedless of their destructive effects. Can't this administration ever learn to act in time to avert or cushion unnecessary and unfair war burdens?

WOMEN ON JURIES

Spokane, Sept. 24.—(AP)—Federal Judge Lewis Schwellenbach announced today that starting with the spring court term next April women would be drawn along with men for jury service in the federal court. Previously women have been barred from federal court jury service here.

In The Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

SUNDAY. No Washington offices open to sit and wait in. Besides, under union rules, sitting and waiting on Sunday ought to rate double time. That's pretty steep.

Might as well turn sightseer.

ARLINGTON national cemetery.

Line upon line, as far as the eye can see, of little white headstones. Row upon row of grass-grown graves—the "little green tents where the heroes sleep." Forgotten, almost, by this generation.

The fruit of war.

THE grave of the unknown soldier.

Dead on a foreign battlefield. His bones, their identity known only to God, lying beneath the white marble Memorial, one of the world's imposingly beautiful structures.

Over them, 24 hours a day, year in and year out, a sentry marches post. His rifle at right shoulder arms. So many paces. Halt. A carefully counted interval. A smartly executed right face. Another carefully counted interval. Another smartly executed right face. Another carefully counted interval. Then so many paces back. And so on until relieved.

The pageantry of war.

ACROSS the Potomac, in plain sight of the Tomb, beyond the Memorial bridge, white in the surrounding bower of green, rises the Lincoln Memorial.

Beneath it the unbelievably lifelike statue of the tall, stooped man with the tragic face.

To Lincoln, there was no pageantry of war.

These are national shrines. No American can stand before them without being a BETTER American.

It's a pity more Americans can't stand here.

IT'S an especial pity that some of the little bickering, brawling men who are fighting greedily over the spoils of war effort in the city across the Potomac can't come out here and stand in the sobering shadow of these shrines.

Stand here OFTEN—yielding to the overwhelming impulse to bare their heads.

Feeling the lump that rises inevitably in the throat, the stinging moisture that comes to the eyes, the rising tempo in the beat of the heart.

It would be good for the nation if that could be.

IF you can spare the time, come to the capital city of Washington.

Come FIRST to Arlington. Gaze at the lines upon lines of little white headstones, the rows upon rows of little green graves.

Then across the Potomac. Stand in the Lincoln Memorial. Obeying the impulse that is as tangible as a command, bare your head. Look up into that tragic face.

You won't need to be told, because you will KNOW, that a part of the tragedy in Lincoln's face was written there by his knowledge that the fruit of war is what is scattered over the rolling slopes of Arlington cemetery.

BUT not ALL OF IT.

Stand first in Arlington and view the fruit of war. Stand then before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and view the solemn pageantry that is one of the aftermaths of war.

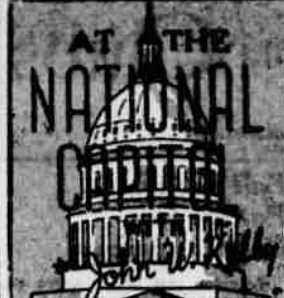
Feel the tightening in your throat, the hot moisture in your eyes, the rising tempo of the beat of your heart.

Then cross the river again to Washington. Watch the bickering and brawling of little men. Selfish men. Men greedy for more and ever more POWER.

Men willing to bicker and brawl and grab for power in the face of a war that if and when it comes will scatter Arlington anew with the bitter fruit of war and provide other unknowns for other tombs.

THEN remember that in Lincoln's day, as in ours, LITTLE men bickered and brawled and scrambled for personal power even as the roar of the guns across the Potomac was shaking the trees and scattering the earth with the bitter fruit of war.

That memory will explain to you the remainder of the tragedy in Lincoln's sculptured face.



(Continued From Page One)

by Japan toward the United States this country does not intend to be caught napping and it is the part of wisdom to continue the preparation of defense works. There is always Russia, they hint darkly.

A peaceful Japan will not affect the building of bombers and interceptors in aircraft factories of the northwest nor slow down the shipbuilding program of Columbia river and Puget sound yards, nor the satellite industries which are manufacturing parts for airplanes and ships. All these will continue at top speed for the next three or four years, until the emergency terminates.

PLANS have been prepared by the corps of army engineers for an interstate dam on Columbia river between North Dalles, Wash., and The Dalles, Ore. What will be done with these plans is uncertain, but it is possible that they will be brought to life and another link in the comprehensive development of Columbia river, as recommended in the famed report "103" of the army engineers (made in 1932) will be undertaken. Site of the recommended dam is west of Celilo canal, a project which limits navigation to boats of six feet draught.

Cost of a part of the dam can be written off in three directions—navigation benefits, power, and military purposes. Primarily, the dam would aid navigation, but principally it would be a source of power, as more or more than is developed at the government-owned Bonneville project; and, suitably constructed, the top of the dam would provide a means of crossing the Columbia. Army is keenly interested in a method of passing troops from the Evergreen highway on the Washington shore to Oregon.

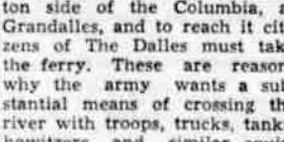
Three sites have been studied, at Five Mile rapids, Big eddy, and Three Mile rapids. Test holes have been sunk and the engineers report that a dam of any height can be built on the Columbia basalt which hedges the river on both shores.

WHEN troops moved from California across Oregon to Fort Lewis a few weeks ago part of the soldiers and mobile equipment was dispatched through central Oregon to Columbia river, to The Dalles. Officers had to cross into Washington, but the only method at The Dalles was a small ferry, whose owner volunteered to transport the troops without cost. However, the officers decided it would require too much time, so the army traveled west over Columbia, instead of Evergreen, highway to the Vancouver bridge. The moving troops disorganized traffic on scenic Columbia highway for several days.

This condition caused army officers to favor a trans-Columbia bridge in the vicinity of North Dalles and The Dalles as an essential to moving troops from one state to the other instead of the long, winding detour to Vancouver bridge. Until such a bridge is available the army can not use the Washington Evergreen highway. The Dalles has a municipal airport, a large affair now in the building, but instead of being located in Oregon it is on the Washington side of the Columbia, at Granddallies, and to reach it citizens of The Dalles must take the ferry. These are reasons why the army wants a substantial means of crossing the river with troops, trucks, tanks, howitzers and similar equipment.

DEER HUNTER KILLED

Burns, Ore., Sept. 24.—(AP)—Lionel L. McMahon, Jr., 21, of Albany, was fatally shot last night while deer hunting 38 miles north of here. His father, mother and a younger brother were in the hunting party.



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Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

September 24, 1931

(It was Thursday)

City Engineer Fred Scheffel, who was shot in the heel by the accidental discharge of a gun is improving and walking around.

Bosc pear crop is estimated at 538 cars this season.

Rotary club starts campaign to introduce high class dairy stock into valley.

Roxy Ann Grange to discuss irrigation situation at a special meeting.

Nellie Taylor Ross, former governor of Wyoming, and a member of the Democratic national committee, on visit to city predicts election of Democratic president next year.

Uncle Sam to ask China and Japan to cease hostilities.

Col. Lindbergh and wife on plane vacation visit president of China at Nanking.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY

September 24, 1911

(It was Saturday)

Cleveland defeats New York 9 to 0, and goes to within two points of Yanks in close pennant race. Babe Ruth makes costly error and is removed from game.

So many jail breaks in Klamath county jail, prisoners will be kept at Jacksonville until new jail procured.

Record crowd attends Sello-Foto circus here.

Rain and warmer weather predicted. High 77, low 37 degrees.

National unemployment conference to relieve effects of war, and "bungling" of Wilson administration opens in Washington, D. C. President Harding addresses meet and declares, "It is not your problem to change the social order of the nation."

Dr. R. M. Brumfield, Roseburg dentist awaiting trial for murder, raves in his cell, "growls like an animal", and pokes reporter in nose.

U. S. Soldier Held As Spy Suspect

New York, Sept. 24.—(AP)—

Rene Froehlich, 30, a private in the U. S. army medical corps at Fort Jay, Governor's Island, was held today on a federal espionage charge accusing him of being a member of an international nazi spy ring.

Froehlich was held in \$25,000 bail on the same charge that resulted in the arrest several weeks ago of Kurt Frederick Ludwig, described in the indictment as master spy in the alleged ring's American activities.

CALIFORNIA A.F.L. BARS SUBVERSIVE DELEGATES

San Francisco, Sept. 24.—(AP)

No delegate to a California State Federation of labor convention henceforth may belong to the Communist party, a Nazi Bund or labor's non-partisan league. The federation, in an annual meeting, voted yesterday to thus amend its constitution.

As phrased by the federation's constitution committee and adopted almost unanimously, the amendment further bars from affiliation with the AFL any union local holding allegiance, as a unit, to any of the three organizations.

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