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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Saturday was a day to rejoice and remember. Tokyo and three other Japanese cities were bombed by American warplanes, and several piscatorial enthusiasts caught a fish.

Today is the birthday of Herr Hitler, the runt of Berlin. Let all stand and BOO! fervently and long.

The logic of Madam Perkins secretary of labor is stemwinding, and like one of her hats, astounds. She now proclaims talk of repealing the wage hour law is playing into the hands of the Axis, and right up that group's alley. It is just as reasonable to argue, a vote against a democratic congressman is scratching the back of Mussolini.

YOU COUNTRY-JAKE!

(Red Bluff (Cal) News)

"As I walked back to our table I stopped suddenly to stare at Adolf Menjou and a party of movie stars who were sitting at a table near ours. I have lived in the country so long that I never see a movie actor or actress unexpectedly without stopping to gawk."

The fair sex now come forth in "wash ranch wear suggestive of the range." This means they won't go near the wash-tub, the ranch, or the range, except to keep the Hollywood toast from burning.

"A late issue of the esteemed Congressional Record carries 23 pages of undelivered speeches, none of which, curiously enough, concerns a paper shortage."

(Detroit News)—A saving of wind, and a waste of paper.

The leading week-end prosperity item was the appearance of Peoria Bill Gates wearing a new suit, and a new pipe.

The "acid test" is now being applied to Pierre Laval, the French traitor, and Nazi codder. What that bird needs is the arsenate of lead test—more lead than arsenate.

After May 1, there will be no co-ordinators of ping-pong, horseshoe pitching, and bowling, to make the people strong for defense. Thus passes the ping-pong paddle as a dangerous weapon.

"Take an average bride at the altar and shake her upside down. What do you get?—(Good Housekeeping Mag.)—A good slap, and you have it coming."

SPRING MOVING

"The conglomeration of junk and stuff one finds when he moves from one house to another is appalling. There were false faces, used at some time—saved for the future. There were pieces of pipe when we took out a stove—saved for the next demand. There were boxes of old clothes—worn to a frazzle, but saved for they might be needed some time. There were old pictures—the kind concerning which one says, "Didn't I look terrible when that was snapped?" There was a paper sack of brass tacks, the one we could not find the last time we moved and wanted to put up the curtain rods. Then there was the placing of the piano, the shifting of the davenport here and there until it found its perfect balance, the putting up of the beds, the piping for the kitchen stove, the stacking of the dishes and glasses, hanging of curtains, and on and on far into the night, no foolin'!"—(Baldwin (Neb.) Ledger)

The Devil Is Sick?

Berlin, April 20.—Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels, at a party meeting on the eve of Adolf Hitler's 53rd birthday, called on the German people to pray for "our Fuehrer so that he may increase and multiply his works."

Well, well, are the pagan-supermen already on their knees praying to a divine power for aid?—a higher power than they!

From the outset there was nothing more certain, that **EVENTUALLY** they would be so humbled,—those who sell out to the devil and his evil works, always are.

But for the break to come thus early in the game, with the decisive campaign of 1942 just about to begin, certainly comes as a stunning surprise.

CAN it be these slaughter stories from Moscow are true, the wholesale butchery of Nazis claimed by the Kremlin propaganda bureau are not mere wishful pipe-dreams after all?

Hard to believe.

And yet what but **FEAR** based upon such losses, would so completely change the tune of the once bloodthirsty and sinister Dr. Goebbels, the chief of propaganda, who only a year ago was chasing the Christian church out of Germany, because the worship of a Christian God interfered with the necessary worship of the Nazi super-state and the All-Highest Fuehrer.

"PRAY for our Fuehrer, so that he may increase and multiply his works!" Might one ask with-out too great risk of blasphemy, what God's reply would be, on receipt from **SUCH** a source of **SUCH** a message!

Shades of the tortured Jews and crucified Poland!—the fiendish slaughter of helpless men, women and children!—the lies, the treacheries and the betrayals,—the doctrine of the anti-Christ carried to its pitiless and logical conclusion!

And now by the Grace of God, the **SAINTLY** Dr. Goebbels asks that such works may be multiplied!

CAN it be that history will show these self-appointed apostles of Nordic supremacy these would-be conquerors of the world through terror, along the highway of death and blood and iron,—can it be these "blonde warriors" so proud of their beastliness when everything goes their way, at the first real test, show they lack even a beast's **COURAGE**!

It is probably too early to draw any definite conclusions.

But if this dispatch and others, indicate the **TRUE** Nazi spirit on Adolf's 53rd birthday it certainly begins to look that way.

Joe Singer

Only a couple of months ago we talked with Joe Singer as he sat at the door of the U. S. Senate, and complained of a sore throat.

It didn't seem right for Joe to have a sore throat. Or any other ill for that matter. It wasn't in character.

ONE always joked with Joe. But a sore throat, Joe assured us was no joking matter. We knew that, too, and yet somehow couldn't take it seriously. So we persisted in trying to draw Joe out regarding the general political situation, and as usual got some gems of native shrewdness concerning this or that, largely the Oregon delegation.

JOE was that way. He couldn't entirely turn down a friend, particularly a newspaper man, no matter how wretched he might feel. And as a result we know now, we of the press often imposed upon him, and failed to appreciate the real Joe Singer, who like most of us, found life at times far from a laughing matter.

A FEW days later Joe came to one of the regular Oregon vespers sessions,—he seldom missed them,—still with his smile and wisecracks, but he looked far from well.

Asked about the throat, Joe grinned, shook his head and remarked he had been to the hospital where they "cut it."

Joe with his throat cut, drew a few laughs, in which Joe tried to join but couldn't get very far.

THEN, for the first time we realized Joe Singer **WAS** a sick man. Even so the report the next day was not alarming. But the throat got no better. Joe finally left his chair at the Senate door and headed for his home in Oregon.

Then all his friends feared the end must be near,—for nothing short of a life or death matter, would ever get Joe away from his job during a Senate session.

And now Joe is dead!

And because we know nothing in the world would please him more than to read the editorial in this morning's Oregonian about him,—for, the Oregonian was his Bible and publicity therein, his dream of immortality,—we will close with this tribute, as deserved as it is well phrased:

Joe Singer was what the colloquialist calls a "character." The term was never applied to him in unfriendly meaning. It was applied in recognition of a unique personality. One could not liken him to anybody one had ever met before.

Pictureque of speech, quick to observe and recount the humorous side of events, shrewd in political judgments, ready in the making of acquaintances and friends, and possessed of a beaming smile, he was for many years a figure in this community. A gifted author could have written a best seller around Joe. He was one of the greatest unstoried characters in the country.

Joe had a liking for and an aptitude for politics. This liking was not expressed in aspiration to important office, but in ambition to be in the midst of affairs having to do with the making of state and national laws. That ambition was served in the Oregon legislature and in the United States senate as doorkeeper and prolonged over many years not so much

by his ability to influence election votes, which was considerable, as by his faculty for making friends among the lawmakers.

In all the years of his activities, we never heard his attention to duty questioned, his honor challenged, his word doubted.

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.

DIAGNOSIS OF DEFICIENCY

A favorite ready-made or second-hand remark of the busy practitioner who has not kept abreast of the newer knowledge of nutrition is—some allusion to vitamin pills or capsules as "shotgun conceptions." This implies, if you are credulous enough, that a competent physician must first determine



precisely which vitamin or vitamins may be deficient in your case and then prescribes precise "doses" of the vitamin or vitamins his examination reveals you need.

The truth is that no physician and no nutrition authority at present can determine by examination of a patient or by any scientific or laboratory test precisely which vitamin or vitamins may be deficient. The art of diagnosis is not that far advanced. In fact it is a matter of opinion whether the symptoms or functional disturbances due to vitamin deficiencies are deficiency disease or the manifestations of some constitutional disease not related to nutrition. Of course the opinion of a physician is better than the opinion of a layman about that. And the opinion of a physician who had kept abreast of progress in our knowledge of nutrition is better than the opinion of the old-timer who still regards vitamin therapy as a fad.

When a vitamin deficiency is severe enough to bring out the typical or characteristic signs and symptoms of one or another deficiency disease, such as scurvy, rickets, beri beri (multiple neuritis), pellagra, then, of course, any doctor knows there is nothing fanciful about it, no fad or craze, and a liberal amount of the vitamin or vitamins lacking will do more good than any other treatment.

What too many doctors do not seem to comprehend, however, is that for every case of such frank deficiency disease recognized or diagnosed by a physician there are many thousands of cases of moderate deficiency disease, not well enough developed to be ticketed scurvy, pellagra or beri beri, which never come under medical observation at all, or if they do come under medical observation it is only casually when the patients happen to require medical or surgical attention for some accidental or intercurrent trouble.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

(Continued From Page One)

chicanery. He is extremely angry with the British, but seems to like the United States well enough. He has no reason to be thankful to the nazis for shoving Laval in over him. And what he privately thinks of Laval is only equalled by his opinion of the British.

Petain shares these views, but Petain is too old now to stand up against Laval. He practically bowed himself out by accepting the new arrangement. He has been subjected to considerable behind-the-back knifing by the rest of the Vichy crowd.

He too has no reason to love the Germans. He once said he had but one ambition which he could die happy— the release of the French prisoners, but in all negotiations with Hitler to accomplish that aim, he has been deceived or circumvented.

Consequently there may be considerable scrambling for position among the men of Vichy, with their variety of ambitions and hates, before Hitler can get his way.

A PUZZLING feature of the Vichy manipulations was the withdrawal by the French of their first communique rejecting their position. An hour or so after it was given out, an official order came through to hold it up.

This was done at the instance of a German official, who told the French officials he did not want to offend the United States. That sounded strange, coming from a nazi with whom we are at war.

The only plausible explanation

is that Hitler is afraid we will move in on Martinique and other French possessions, if provoked too far. An aircraft carrier is there and we could use it.

Laval, either did not care what we thought or believed the matter had gone too far to be rectified. He later ordered the communique released.

RATIONING of gasoline is in the making to begin around June 1. Ration books will be issued to holders of registration certificates, and the number of your car will be stamped in the book so it cannot be used for any other car.

IN all this ado about sixth columnists, there is no indication of a concerted campaign to circulate subversive material among the soldiers or sailors in the service. The activity strangely seems directed toward civilian morale.

JOHN M. PARKER PASSES AGED 56

John M. Parker, 56, a resident of this community for 11 years, passed away suddenly Sunday morning at his home, 1016 Stevens street.

In December, 1923, at Spokane, Wash., he was united in marriage to Emmeline Yabsley. To this union six children were born, who survive, Jean, Maxine, Robert, Kenneth, BettyLou and Jerry.

Services will be held in Conger Funeral Parlors Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Interment will be in L. O. O. F. cemetery.

TIRE FOR HOME Portland, April 20.—(P)—Classified advertising columns in a newspaper here carried this offer: "7.50x20, 90 per cent tire and tube as down payment on home."

Kelly's Comment

From Washington, D. C.

Stimson Behind On WPB Orders

Little Business Will Receive Aid

Plan Air Field In East Oregon

By John W. Kelly

Washington, D. C., April 20.—

Secretary of War Henry Stimson (who is reported as soon to retire) is not as up to date on war requirements as is the war production board. The secretary wrote a letter to the National Skeet association saying it should carry on its activities, as good skeet shooting makes good marksmen and that curtailment of this and that would not apply to their shotguns and shells. Now, however, WPB is having its say. Shotguns are to be turned over to home guard organizations; shells are verboten. The scarcity of copper and lead makes curtailment of shotgun ammunition necessary. However, the manufacturers and dealers have a two years' supply on hand and there will be no increase in price while the shells last. If the war runs longer than two years there may be an end to shells unless WPB reverses itself.

Most of the larger communities have skeet clubs. One of the best is on Jefferson island, in Chesapeake bay, where every member is a democrat, although not all are new dealers. President Roosevelt is a member and the club built a special bedroom for him. It was there that the president on a famous occasion held a "charm" school when democrats in congress were becoming restless.

LITTLE business is expected to receive a helping hand from the army, navy and maritime commission. President Roosevelt issued an executive order authorizing those departments to recommend loans. Up to now any loan made had to be through RFC with the personal approval of Jesse H. Jones. RFC insisted on good security, for Jones undertook to make sure that the government would recover every dollar that he loaned. This has worked well with big corporations but concerns requiring from \$50,000 to \$500,000 have had little success. To bypass this situation the executive order was issued, and recommendations by army, navy or maritime commission will be sufficient to get the money. Neither of these agencies has exercised the power yet. Some Oregon people who wish to undertake important building operations on Puget sound have received the approval of all three; it is acknowledged that the menace experienced and that what they wish to do is vitally needed, but none of the agencies will assume the initiative and recommend a loan.

THE phosphate plant which location somewhere east of the has been under consideration for Cascades may be ordered placed in the south by WPB and get its power from TVA. The greatest deposit of phosphate rock in the United States is in eastern Idaho, extending from Montana to Utah. The northwest plant proposed taking the rock from Idaho and processing it to commercial form, an enterprise which expected to thrive after the war and farmers of the northwest become fertilizer conscious. Unless there is something to prevent it the new industry will settle in TVA territory and use phosphate rock from that locality.

IN blueprint stage is a proposed field for the army air corps in a barren section of Oregon, on the high desert. There is no town nearby, no postoffice and the name of the place means nothing to the average native. It is somewhere between Lakeview and Bend, out in the sagebrush and volcanic ash. Principal purpose of this contemplated field is to afford a landing place for army fliers passing back and forth between California and Washington air bases.

NAVY has suggested to a Columbia river organization that it build steel barges on Puget sound to take gasoline to Alaska. There is concern at the way Alaska steamers are being taken by the armed services and diverted elsewhere. Gasoline is required in Alaska for the large air bases. Oil companies are not sending tankers with gasoline (soon there will be none

Wins Contract



Lucille Norman (above) of St. Louis in the costume she wears in her first picture under a movie contract won from a half-sung song. Auditioning an aria in New York December 7, she was cut off the air in the middle by a bulletin announcing the Pearl Harbor attack, but a talent scout had heard enough to sign her.

available for Oregon and Washington), hence negotiations for steel barges and scows. These, providing steel is made available, are intended to take north a cargo of gasoline and return with a cargo of chrome. Navy is anxious that gasoline go north; WPB is equally anxious that the chrome be brought south. Before a pound of chrome is brought to the stockpile near Seattle there must be settled a controversy between longshoremen and mine operators as to the amount of cargo that can be removed in a day. The operators plan using machinery that will unload in a jiffy, releasing the barge for another trip.

AMONG the heroes of Bataan were 75 American Indians recruited from the west and representing most of the far western states where there are reservations. General Tinker, commanding air forces at Hawaii now, is an Osage Indian, educated at Haskell.

METEOR sighted SATURDAY NIGHT

A brilliant green and blue meteor burst across the sky east of the cantonment Saturday night, according to R. J. Knight, who is employed at the camp. Mr. Knight, who resides at 440 North Front street, saw the meteor about 9:27. No other reports have been received. The meteor was traveling northwest to southeast and disintegrated just before going over the hills, Knight said. He stated that the fragments forming the long trail maintained the green-blue color of the main body.

Two Killed When Plane Wing Folds

Prosser, Wash., April 20.—(P)—Dave Wooden of Prosser and Basil Shield of Kennewick, both 20 years old, were killed yesterday when their light monoplane failed to pull out of a dive and crashed after glancing off a warehouse inside the city limits. Homer Hoyt, CAA instructor, said he was flying nearby and saw a wing fold up on the doomed plane at about 1,500 feet.

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