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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The public admonished by the railroads and the government not to travel on trains during the holidays, as a defense measure, ignored the pleas, flocked to the depots in hordes and filled trains to overflowing. The spirit of gad was rampant and from all accounts, nobody stayed home but Mrs. R., the gracious and charming First Lady. Washington, D. C. should order the people not to pay taxes and brace themselves for an avalanche of cash.

The Germans are retreating in the Ukraine with great gusto. It may be the commanding general will prove another "Flying Dutchman," able to outrun and break the record of Marshal Rommel in North Africa.

"Wanted—One-arm painter, for special work. Good pay. Answer, stating age, experience and which arm is missing. Box 3-V, Dallas News." (Want ad Dallas (Tex.) News.)—In the horse & buggy days, they always had the hives.

The new Governor may not be inaugurated at Salem on time, because the legislature may not be organized on Monday, January 11. The state can get along without a legislature better than it can a governor.

WE WON'T DO IT! (Scientific Mag.)

"We must oscillate between a radical transcendentalism, frankly reduced to a solipsism of the living moment, and a materialism posited as a presupposition of conventional sanity."

A number of cases of "Spanish influenza" are reported with the victims wishing it would go back to Spain.

Admiral Tojo of Tokyo is the most entertaining of enemy radio broadcasters, giving his imagination full play in scoring victories on land and sea over America. If he keeps it up, he will be known as "Fibber" Tojo.

One of the Older Girls reports somebody in her household has broken into the closet she told everybody to keep out of, and thinks it must have been Junior because she found a pipe belonging to his father or Santa Claus and there was a distinct odor of tobacco.

Farmers are coming to town and in the doing wear out both their tires and rubber boots. One had a C-card marcel in his rear right fender.

THAT'S DIFFERENT!

"Although the letter from Oliver Currie, found on this page today, asks for 'clarification' of the editorial appearing in today's (Saturday's) Bulletin it appears that it is not so much 'clarification' that is wanted as a knowledge of what caused the editorial to be written. The editorial, it seems to us, was quite clear. It asserted the simple proposition that even if The Shevlin-Hixon company were not fulfilling its patriotic duty to produce all the lumber possible—a charge that the company denies—criticism of the company could not properly be voiced by a group that insisted last summer on taking a week's vacation regardless of a government request that it forego the vacation in order that lumber production be not interrupted."

(Bend Bulletin).

"DUD" SHELL EXPLODES

El Centro, Cal.—(U.P.)—C. M. McAllister, 27, had the misfortune to be wounded in World War I by a shell from World War I. He was examining what was supposed to be a "dud" shell, a souvenir of 1918, when it dropped to the floor and exploded. His wounds were all injuries to the feet

What Next?

It is hard to determine which is the more startling:

Women replacing men as stevedores on the San Francisco waterfront or—

Five WAACS taking replacement jobs on the U. S. war front in Africa.

THE women stevedores it is claimed are in some ways better than the men. "They don't take time off to smoke" (this is a quote, we never heard of male stevedores taking time off for that purpose either) and they don't come to work late Monday morning "with a hang-over."

To return the compliment, a spokesman for the curvaceous stevedores declares the gals like stevedoring fine:—

"We can eat all we want and still keep our figures!"

That certainly comes close to having ones cake and eating it also!

THESE five WAACS, meanwhile, have discarded their becoming blue uniforms, (\$200 worth donated by the benevolent Uncle Sam!) put on khaki, which isn't so becoming, and are doing real manual labor (precisely what is a military secret) so the men they relieve can take part in the actual fighting.

What next!

We thought women wrestlers were exceeding the speed limit of this feminist revolution, but after all there is a certain touch of exhibitionism and the green room, to that department of gymnastic vaudeville. Moreover wrestling is at best a roving and occasional assignment.

But nothing roving or occasional about stevedoring—it's a day-to-day job these war days, and the stevedores has to have, what it takes.

As to service behind the lines of this man's war,—the air bomber has made the service of supply just about as hazardous as the front line trench.

ALL this is not intended as a criticism,—quite the contrary.

All praise and all hail to the military gals in their khaki and the muscular ones also in their overalls!

But the idea is somewhat startling to some of the older boys who can recall how terribly the family was shocked when Sister Sue came down to breakfast in a divided skirt, spurs and waving a cowboy hat!

AYE verily Time marches on,—and war speeds up that march to a double quick! In one direction the situation is clarified, however. Less doubt about the post-war era. While the details are still obscure no question the world after the war will be far more a woman's world than the one that is so rapidly disappearing into the mists of the past!

Is Franco Anti-Axis?

To the editor:

I have been interested in your comments about keeping an eye on Spain. I am not a Spaniard but I have visited Spain, talk Spanish and sometimes have taught it. I also get a Spanish newspaper from time to time. So I think I know a little about that country. And I think your fears regarding that country are baseless and for two reasons:

First, Franco is an out-and-out opportunist like your friend Darlan and seeing the writing on the wall, has switched from being pro-Axis to being pro-British. This may not be apparent in the press reports, but it happens to be true. And No. 2: If Franco did try to join the Axis in this war, or even allow Hitler to march through his country, there would be a revolution and this time the revolution would win and Franco wouldn't. And Franco does not want to lose for this time he would not only lose his job but his head!

Professor JTL
(Name on file)

Very interesting. And it may well be true. We have always regarded Franco as an opportunist (dictators have to be!) and his attitude since the allies marched into Africa has therefore greatly surprised us.

True, Franco has repeatedly pledged his neutrality, and maintained vociferously he would resist any foreign power, that tried to disturb it.

On the other hand, however, he has continually expressed his sympathy with the Axis powers, and his hostility toward the allies,—particularly toward Russia.

YET as things have broken more and more disastrously for Hitler, we have doubted more and more that Franco would EVER become involved in what must be apparent to him, and every other informed military leader, is a hopeless cause.

On the other hand listen to some of the things Franco has said over the air, since Rommel's defeat:

"May your arms triumph (this to Hitler!) in your glorious undertaking of freeing Europe from the Bolshevik terror."

"When the war ends the old Europe will be dead, with its capitalism, imperialism and plutocracy" (direct quotation from Der Reichfehrer!) And (following Premier Churchill's scathing attack on Mussolini) Franco addressed Il Duce as "great leader who had given justice to the Italian people."

We submit it is rather difficult to justify the above remarks,—and they have been public pronouncements of an official nature,—with the claim that Franco has recently transferred his affections and loyalties from the Axis to the United Nations camp.

Or can this be some new and baffling form of the dictatorial "double-cross"?

IT'S all extremely confusing. We admit we have no such direct information or factual background as our learned correspondent, and we grant Franco would be a terrible fool to join Hitler in this war,—or any other.

Yet in view of ALL THE FACTS, it still won't surprise us a great deal if we wake up some fine morning and find the Nazis marching through Spain on Gibraltar!

Personal Health Service

By William Brady, M. D.

Signed letter, 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, 345 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ALCOHOLISM

Dipsomania is morbid uncontrollable craving for alcoholic liquor. Some alcoholics crave the narcotic influence or "stimulation" as it is falsely termed daily or several times a day. Others, called periodic drinkers, have lucid intervals lasting in weeks or months during which they neither desire nor take alcohol, then without apparent cause they suddenly crave it again and go on a bender.



Dr. Brady

Well known is the characteristic mental or moral attitude of the dipsomaniac toward drinking. He can "take it or let it alone," and with that attitude he is likely to resent the suggestion that he needs treatment or aid by relatives, physician or anybody who may be concerned about his welfare.

When I have referred to this peculiar attitude here numerous correspondents have chided me for my apparent lack of sympathy and informed me that I might do more good if I showed a little sympathy for the unhappy victims of alcoholism.

I have a great deal of sympathy for the victims of alcoholism—the family, friends and innocent bystanders who suffer in consequence of the drinker's indulgence.

Nevertheless there is something about the abnormal psychology of the dipsomaniac that I can't understand. Although the steady or periodic drinker represents the suggestion, by relative, physician or friend, that he needs treatment or help to break the habit, strangely enough the same individual will react or respond kindly to the same suggestion when it is offered by another drinker who has conquered the habit.

This seems to be the secret of the remarkable success achieved by Alcoholics Anonymous in helping alcoholics to conquer the habit.

I have been astonished and delighted by the many letters received from men and women who testify to the efficacy of the help given them by Alcoholics Anonymous groups in various parts of the country. These groups are made up of men and women who have themselves

overcome the habit and are ready and eager to extend their help to others who are addicts. There is no "treatment" or "cure" for sale, just the friendly encouragement such groups know so well how to give.

Anyone may obtain information about Alcoholics Anonymous by writing to the headquarters, The Alcohol Foundation, P. O. Box 638, New York City, inclosing self-addressed stamped envelope. The headquarters will also give the address of an Alcoholics Anonymous group in the nearest city.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

The Old Garlic Legend

Have heard that the eating of garlic or taking garlic pills is good for one troubled with high blood pressure. Is there any truth in this statement? (D. V. Mch.)

Color Blindness

Answer—No.

Understand there is a pill which will eliminate color blindness, and that you have recently had an article on the subject. (A. E. P.)

Answer—There is no known remedy or cure for color blindness, except in some instances of acquired color blindness in heavy tobacco users—their color perception may improve enough, a few months after they have ceased using tobacco, to enable them to hold or get a job in which perception of red, green and yellow signals is essential.

No Substitute for Quinine

Following your recommendation of quinine for a variety of ailments from prevention and treatment of malaria to stopping Charleyhorse, we tried it the past two winters with excellent results—no member of our family had a serious ailment since we began using it. But now doctors say the government has taken over all supplies of quinine. (C. S. A.)

Answer—I never knowingly suggested quinine for Charleyhorse—but I plead guilty to the other charges. I know of no substitute for quinine. The limited supply in the country should be reserved for the prevention and treatment of malaria in the armed forces. Civilians can get along with out quinine, except when it is required by the physician to treat malaria.

Asthma

Girl, nineteen, flat-chested, suffers much from asthma. Young man contemplates marrying her. Would their children inherit asthma? (Mrs. L. W.)

Answer—No. Asthma is not transmitted to children—that is not true bronchial or spasmodic asthma which occurs in periodic attacks, with intervals of normal breathing and normal chest condition. Much that is called "asthma" is not asthma at all. (Copyright 1942, John F. Dille Co.)

Ed. Note: Persons wishing to communicate with Dr. Brady should send letter direct to Dr. William Brady, M. D., 345 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.



(Continued from Page One)

farm help being the secretary of agriculture. Now that Brown is not assuming responsibility for what the Record says he said, Byrnes is somewhat out on the end of a limb.

DEPARTMENT stores of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane should be on the alert for snoopers from the Office of Price Administration. Already two of the largest department stores in the national capital are having OPA troubles. Investigators have priced garments and sworn to complaints that the ceiling on the articles has been ignored. One of these stores employs 27 men and women, full time, keeping track of the orders of OPA, adjusting prices and issuing mimeographed instructions to all departments. Despite this array of special help the investigator discovered sufficient to start proceedings. The second store used a lesser number of employees to keep posted on the shifting ceilings.

COMPLAINT comes rolling back to the national capital that the rains of several weeks past in the northwest have made living in most of the war emergency housing projects far from comfortable. Absence of pavements and sidewalks has left a mire and reaching these temporary units is a task, especially during hours of darkness. Apparently there is nothing that can be done by the officials in Washington, D. C., the matter being in the hands of local housing authorities. Another kick: The more recently built houses are not as good as those constructed in Bremerton, Seattle and Tacoma when there were no priorities.

'SWEEPERS DOING HEROIC TASK ON VITAL SEA LANES

United Press Correspondent
Tells of Patrolling With U. S. Minesweeper.

By Pat Patterson

United Press Staff Correspondent
Aboard a United States Minesweeper, Eastern Sea Frontier—(U.P.)—Officers and men of Uncle Sam's minesweepers are today performing a vital job—a job with little dash or glamor, but ever hazardous and more often monotonous.

Our craft, the YMS, and her sister ships are the workhorses of the offshore patrol. Theirs the prosaic task of keeping sea lanes free of enemy mines that American men and munitions may safely reach their destination to battle the Axis.

We pulled away from the section base as a blood-red sun peeked above the Atlantic. As we rose to the first billows, the crew began unreeing our "sweep" and "Red," the signalman, hauled the black sweep-balls into place—one on the foremast and another on each end of the yard-arm.

Lt. Carl R. Cunningham of Atlanta, Ga., our skipper, explained that the triple balls warn all nearby craft to stay clear of our stern. At night, green lights replace the three balls.

Joke About Jackets

As he handed me a life jacket he commented, "The crew joke that we don't really need these, for our ship is mostly wood and if a torpedo hit we'd be so full of splinters that we'd float, anyway."

Soon our sweep was in place and we began to clear the area of possible mines.

A large blob off our port bow became a freighter wallowing along in the Nor'easter. Small convoy craft protected her fore, aft and on the seaward side.

As the merchantman approached, our crew on the big gun forward wheeled their darling into position. "Are you dead on her?" Cunningham asked.

"Oh, we already have her on the bottom, sir," the gun pointer replied.

Ensign Julian A. Campbell of Vicksburg, Miss., the executive officer, explained the three types of mines—contact, magnetic and acoustic.

Two Types for Offense

Contact mines are primarily for defense, while the other two types are offensive weapons. The first are moored several feet below the surface and may have long antenna eddying in the currents. Any ship touching the antenna or the mine itself will be blasted.

Magnetic and acoustic mines are used only in shallow water and lie on the bottom. The first explodes whenever a ship enters the magnetic field set up by the mine's mechanism, while the acoustic mine lets go at the sound of the ship's engines or the beat of her propellers.

For protection, the mine-sweeper is built of wood and the hull banded with secret coils to neutralize the ship's presence within the magnetic field of any mine.

"O. K., but what about acoustic mines?" was our next question.

"We're pretty safe from them, too," Ensign E. V. Carter of Atlanta, the engineering officer, replied.

Ship Well Armed

A tour of the ship revealed her armament and the comfortable officers' and crew's quarters. The YMS—carries a big gun forward, two smaller canon on the wingbridge, machine guns and depth-charge "K" guns amidships, and depth charge racks on the stern.

Shortly before lunch, Lieutenant Cunningham complimented us on the nice, calm day we had for the trip. A few minutes later in the wardroom, he apologized for the sandwiches on the table, saying it was so rough the cook could not keep any pots on the galley range!

And such sandwiches—thick, stick-to-the-ribs, man-sized sandwiches—served with huge, handless navy mugs of rich, black coffee.

The sandwiches looked good, but from a peek at their interior, the cook might better have been a surrealist artist. In fact, he was a rabid surrealist and sandwiches his media of expressing a thwarted childhood—peanut butter and pickles; butter, raw onions and bologna; butter and jelly; peanut butter and jelly; cheese, peanut butter and onions—even one masterpiece of bread, butter, onions, pickles and bologna!

But it really didn't make any difference—we had long since found out that we could keep nothing down but apples, and munched on them throughout the cruise.



Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

December 23, 1932

(It was Saturday)

Al Smith of New York slated for senate seat.

Plane sighted at low level in Dead Indian country, and fears felt it hit a mountainside.

Warm and wet weather promise for Christmas day.

Sales tax is favored by local committee for balancing state budget.

Occasional rain, unsettled. High 38, low 31 degrees.

Local petition favors abolishment of the state game commission.

There will be no issue of Mail-Tribune tomorrow.

Moscow celebrates completion of second five-year plan.

PORTLAND KLAN threatens to revolt against "Grand Dragon of the Province."

Oil stocks skyrocket on Wall street.

Turkey prices drop when big shipments hit upstate markets.

Public schools of city close for Yule holidays.

Find victims of mob rule in Louisiana in bayou, tied to wagon wheels.

Women of nation protest against return of Fatty Arbuckle to films.

Fire marshal urges more fire equipment for city.

More rain predicted. Light showers over valley, with snow in hills.

Rogue River

Rogue River, Dec. 23—(Sp.)—Mrs. M. Patterson and Miss Marie Jones of Medford are spending the Christmas week at the home of Mrs. Tom Knox. Marie is recovering from a major operation.

Arletta Tyrrell is home from Corvallis, where she is attending school.

Ladies Aid met Dec. 18 at the home of Mrs. Maude Breeding. Mrs. Maude Heifrich and Mrs. Crozier were hostesses. The afternoon was spent in rolling bandages and sewing.

Mrs. Mary Mattson returned recently from Los Angeles, where she visited her son Paul and wife. A baby boy arrived at the Paul Mattson home Nov. 21.

Harry Nourse and little daughter of Portland were overnight guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Nourse. He reports a baby boy arrived at their home Dec. 19. Mrs. Glenn Nourse returned home with him.

Cloyd Porter was a week-end visitor from Jacksonville with his grandmother, Mrs. Mae Shultz.

Students of the high school enjoyed a Christmas party Friday night at Girl Scouts hall.

Mrs. Carl Christenson left for Los Angeles Tuesday, called by the illness of her son.

Mrs. Leda Skinner of San Jose, Cal., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Cloyd Dick.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Cacan of Los Angeles are spending a week here visiting Mrs. Cacan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Shepherd.

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Breeding are grandparents of a baby boy born in Central Point Dec. 7. The parents are Mr. and Mrs. Morris Jones.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Raphael Toner at the Josephine General hospital, a baby girl, weighing 8 pounds 8 ounces, on Dec. 14.

Civic Improvement club held a Christmas meeting Dec. 11 at their club rooms. Mrs. Reed Carter gave a talk on Christmas seals. An exchange of gifts caused much pleasure. Mrs. Maude Dengler and Mrs. Irene Jones were hostesses.

Glenn Nourse is improving his home on Cedar street by adding a new bathroom and back porch.

CHANGE "DIET" FOR RATS

San Francisco, Cal.—(U.P.)—Owing to war shortages, the city has been obliged to change diet for rats in its rat extermination campaign. Formerly they were fed poisoned bacon, but City Physician Geiger states they now are dying with equal facility on a diet of poisoned cheese and cake.

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TALK ON LIBERIA GIVEN ROTARIANS BY EX-PRESIDENT

Mrs. Mildred Swain, who recently returned on a Pan-American clipper from Africa, told Medford Rotarians about the interesting country of Liberia, as a feature of the club's Tuesday luncheon meeting. Joseph Swain, her husband, was present at the meeting at the Hotel Medford. The Swains resided on a large rubber plantation in Liberia for the past two years, where Mr. Swain managed the interests of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company. Mrs. Swain formerly resided here.

In her introductory remarks, Mrs. Swain told of the historical background of the tiny African country, founded as a refuge for American slaves after the Civil War. The "civilized" government of the country follows the American pattern with a president at its head, she said, while the native Africans are still governed by their tribal chiefs.

Rubber is the principal product of Liberia, while an excellent grade of coffee, and gold, ivory and mahogany are also exported.

The Firestone rubber plantation directed by Mr. Swain extended over an area of 82,000 acres, while the company's two plantations in Liberia exceed 100,000 acres.

Gathering of the rubber crop is handled by 20,000 natives, working under the supervision of about 100 white overseers. About 200 different tribes, with their varying dialects, are represented in the native personnel. The average wage scale for natives is equivalent to 12c to 15c per day, with native house laborers receiving 20c a day.

The animals of Liberia are, for the most part, of pigmy size. They roam the lush jungles of the beautiful African country and hunting is the popular sport of plantation workers. Average rainfall sometimes reaches the amazing total of 350 inches a year.

In concluding her interesting address, Mrs. Swain told of her experiences while returning to America by airplane, highlight of the voyage being a forced landing in South America.

Mr. and Mrs. Swain brought some interesting items in their Liberian collection to display at the Rotary meeting.

A tour of the ship revealed her armament and the comfortable officers' and crew's quarters. The YMS—carries a big gun forward, two smaller canon on the wingbridge, machine guns and depth-charge "K" guns amidships, and depth charge racks on the stern.