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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A high general and friend of Deputy President Harry Hopkins is mentioned as a probable successor to General Marshall as army chief of staff, if and when he is ousted. This should allay fears and suspicions, Harry himself would tackle the job.

Autumn starts this afternoon at 3:12 o'clock. Unlike the mail, Portland papers and the Espee, it will be on time. Astronomical mathematicians are always diabolically accurate.

Pear prices are now so good horticulturists face the rigors of struggling along next year in a 1944 Cadillac—if one could be purchased.

A Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce official charges women war workers are not what they are painted, and "not one in a thousand can do work as well as a man." This proves nothing except the alger is not going to run for anything in the next election.

Gov. Snell has proclaimed the week of October 10-16 as "Needlework Guild Week." This comes like a bolt out of the blue or a Ford, inasmuch as no directive for a Haystack Needle Searching week has been issued.

Commentators report Americans now hold the most cordial feeling of all time towards Russia. They even pretend they love to pronounce a 26-letter name of a Crimean city instead of sneezing it.

TWAS EVER THUS!
(New York World-Telegram)
"He's nice. You (pointing to the executives from industry) got attorneys. We got attorneys. Everybody's got attorneys. And 95% of them don't know what the hell this is all about."

The British, at long last, shed a tiny ray of light on the mystery of Rudolf Hess, No. 2 Nazi, who landed by parachute in Scotland in May, 1941. He came to wangle peace terms, conditional upon the removal of Premier Churchill from office. There is another mystery the British may some day shed some light upon. What happened in the English channel in late August and September of 1940, with an American presidential election a month or so away? Was a Nazi invasion, long threatened with Germany at the high tide of her conquests repelled? If so, one of the decisive battles of history is coated thick with secrecy? If not, why the secrecy? Many people wonder and recall press and radio reports they read and heard in those dark days.

A negro soldier in Los Angeles was hit square in the head by a .38 calibre bullet, knocked down and the bullet flattened. The incident indicates he would be fairly safe in battle or the timber in a deer season.

The Germans are now demonstrating they can run as well in Russia as in North Africa. At the same time they are getting into a fast lode in Italy.

THE TALL UNCUT!
"So Mr. Congressman, I would have you remember with pride, that you are a small-town guy. Where family scandal is not considered bigger news than a bumper crop of pigs at the Josh Snodgrass ranch. Where the ladies wear cover-alls and the men wear whiskers. Where a game of horseshoes on Main street still attracts a crowd. Where Emily Post is just a rumor, and the hired-hand eats peas with a knife. These are all pleasures. Not problems."—(Red Bluff (Cal.) News).

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify, 5:30 Saturday afternoon—Please remember.

Hess Mystery Cleared Up

Well the Hess mystery has been cleared up at last. Looking over the files of this paper we find there were two main schools of thought when the startling news of the Hess landing in Scotland first came over the wire.

The first, and most popular one, was that Hess had fallen out with his boss over the war, felt his life was in danger, stole a plane and escaped to friendly England with the Gestapo at his heels.

The second was that the flight was arranged by Hitler, that Hess carried official peace plans acceptable to Germany, based upon England joining Germany in war against Russia.

The Churchill government on Tuesday last, issued an official statement on the Hess incident which gives a pretty complete victory to the No. 2 school.

FOR Hess it seems DID make the flight with the knowledge of the Fuehrer, although for certain diplomatic reasons he first claimed he was acting on his own without Hitler's knowledge.

The mission was carried out in May 1941, five or six weeks before Hitler broke his non-aggression pact with Stalin and invaded Russia.

The German adventure up to then had been a series of victories and triumphs. Hitler was at the very height of his prestige and power. Even the initial success of the British in north Africa had been overcome and Rommel was preparing for his "come-back."

The time, therefore, was most propitious for a German peace move, for no one could ascribe it to fear or weakness.

YET analyzing those terms even in the light of conditions then prevailing, and one is amazed that any group of sane human beings, Nazi or otherwise, could have ever believed they would have been acceptable to England or even seriously considered.

FOR one of the MINOR demands was that the Churchill government be thrown out because the British Prime Minister had planned the war against Germany since 1936 and he and his colleagues were not persons with whom the Fuehrer would care to negotiate!

If this were not done then the British Empire would be destroyed—presumably without a trace!

THE irony and effrontery of such a statement were not lacking even in May 1941 when Johnny Bull was just getting slowly and painfully to an upright position after being knocked flat. But today with Hitler himself in a semi-recumbent, if not entirely horizontal position, no wonder the Churchill government believed the psychological time had come to give the bizarre and preposterous document its release.

Here are the six terms:

1. That Germany should be given a free hand in Europe.
2. That England should have a free hand in the British empire, except that ex-German colonies should be returned to Germany.
3. That Russia should be included in Asia, but that Germany had certain demands to make of Russia, which would have to be satisfied either by negotiation or as result of war. There was, however, no truth in rumors that the Fuehrer contemplated an early attack on Russia. (The attack was six weeks later).
4. That the British should evacuate Iraq.
5. The peace agreement would have to contain a provision for reciprocal indemnification of British and German nationals whose property had been expropriated as a result of the war.
6. The proposal could only be considered on the understanding that it was negotiated by Germany with an English government other than the present British government. Mr. Churchill, who had planned the war since 1936 and his colleagues who lent themselves to his war policy, were not persons with whom the Fuehrer would negotiate.

The comic fates above must still be making the walls of their Valhalla ring with echoes of their raucous and mocking laughter!

Going Great But Not Over

Yes, the war is going well—never better. Every day in every way and on all fronts—north, south, east and west—there isn't a dark cloud on the United Nations' horizon.

Under such conditions a feeling of great optimism can hardly be avoided, and with it of course a belief that the war will soon be over.

The latter fact is emphasized by the great increase in post-war discussions—what to do with this reconquered country and that—Italy, the Balkans, Greece, Crete, Sardinia, Corsica, Denmark, Norway.

Post-war discussions should be carried on. This applies especially to domestic, economic and financial problems. Peace, of course, can't be delayed forever and when it does come, as definite and as detailed plans of reconstruction as our intelligence and resourcefulness can devise should be ready to be placed in operation.

ON the other hand, the danger of OVER-optimism and a consequent letting down in the war effort, should still be kept in mind.

The war picture IS bright. But a large share of its brightness lies in the fact that both Germany and Japan have deliberately gone to the defensive.

And while defensive operations don't make the head lines, they do cause great destruction and they do hold up advances and delay campaigns.

THIS has been a great year and a victorious one for the United Nations and rejoicing on all sides is in order.

But there is much still to do and thousands of square miles of enemy territory still to regain.

The more these sober facts are realized the better, and the less chance there will be of any serious set-back in the steady march to complete allied victory.

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.

A reform sorely needed by the profession today has to do with the "clinic" evil. No matter how thin they slice it in the best advertised shops, the reason why some doctors like the "clinic" is, of course, that as an impersonal "clinic" you can get away with murder in the canvasing of the gullible public for customers where as if you are simple enough to practice under your own name you just can't exploit yourself without risk of becoming known for what you are, a quack.



The present Principles of Medical Ethics contains a section which reads as follows: "Solicitation of patients by physicians as individuals, or collectively in groups by whatsoever name these be called . . . is unprofessional."

But the way the best advertised clinic and its facsimiles throughout the country go about it, you can't prove they are really soliciting patients. No, no, they are merely trying to enlighten the public. And the A. M. A., promulgator of the Code (or Principles) of Medical Ethics, sanctions this dodge.

For years I recommended readers in a certain part of the country to a surgeon who did plastic sculptural surgery. I never knew him personally, but only by reputation, and I believed readers seeking such treatment would be fairly safe in his hands. You see, a good many charlatans purport to be "plastic surgeons" and it is unfortunate for the unwary customer who undergoes any sort of treatment by such irresponsible persons. But I was disturbed by complaints of some of the readers I had referred to the surgeon, not so much in regard to his surgical skill but in regard to the sharp business or financial terms of which they complained. Then came a new edition of the blue book—the American Medical Directory. I happened to come across the name of the plastic surgeon in question in the new edition, and I was astonished to find that his address was not a street number, but just something like this: Richard Roe, M. D., Squedunk Clinic. That was official confirmation of my suspicion of the

Dr. Brady

Attorney had a bad heart and his physician prescribed a drug for him to take. He took it as directed and afterwards had a checking-up by another physician who found his heart all right in every respect. This physician was astonished at what the drug had done to his heart, and the first physician then realized that the drug was vitamin B complex.

(J. C. A.)

Answer—In many cases of serious heart trouble an optimal daily intake of vitamin B complex is a better tonic than any drug. Incidentally I believe vitamin B complex should be combined with every dose of digitalis or other heart "tonic" so-called, which patient takes over a considerable period of time. And the B complex should be continued indefinitely after the drug is discontinued.

I have noted your occasional commendation of Alcoholics Anonymous. For years I carried the burden of alcoholism, tried several different "cures" including institutional incarceration, to no avail. Nearly a year ago I attended a meeting of the A. A. group here. It was a God-sent blessing, for I haven't taken a drink since. I am now the president of the group and my life is simple and easy to follow.

(J. B.)

Answer—Thank you, Yes, I do heartily commend Alcoholics Anonymous to anyone who wants to come back. If you haven't the address of a local group, write to Alcoholics Anonymous, Inc., Box 658, Church Street, New York, N. Y., for information. It is all a friendly affair, and there is nothing to pay for. (Copyright, 1943, 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.

What to Do With Italy

Editorial On Italy's Surrender by Famous Emporia, Kansas, Editor, WM. ALLEN WHITE

Apparently, after five days' negotiation, Italy surrendered unconditionally, with conditions. What the conditions were may develop in the next 10 days, or maybe not until the final peace treaty with the Axis is signed. Nevertheless, the fall (or perhaps the word "squashing") of Italy is a better word to raise considerable dust in Europe. Italy got in the war like a crook and went out like a coward. But there is no straight course for the man or the nation who goes into an enterprise as Italy went into this war—to line her pockets and to increase her empire. Italy's plight at the last was pitiful but it was the inevitable reflex of her strutting entry into the war when France fell.

NO NATION in all Europe has cut such a sad and shabby figure. Italy has under Mussolini. The best you could say of him was that he made the trains run on time. But he made everything else go whooper-jawed and slant-eyed. His regime was full of murder and corruption. The arrogance which came when he had great power made him blind to justice and the deep, blind Christian amenities of civilized man. Arrogance always blinds men. That is why tyrants always fall in overwhelming themselves. So Italy fell, not last Friday, the third of September, but in 1940 when she stabbed France in the back. Then was the day when Italy really disgraced herself.

It is hard to say what should be done about the Italian people. Apparently most of them followed Mussolini, either blindly or with enthusiastic pride. Probably most of them are no better than he at his worst. What is civilization to do with adults who lose their moral sense in mass movements? You can't treat them like children. You can't put them in jail. Mass punishment is impossible and probably would cost more than it came to. For 3000 years in human history, the phrase, "Vengeance is mine, said the Lord, I

will repay," has been a workable rule for men and nations. This situation presented by Italy's surrender will be, for the victors, and particularly for their leaders, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, a tough and terrible problem. What shall we do with Italy, now that we have her in our power?

HER fall is pitiful, not tragic. She just slumped over and quit. The Italian soldiers, for four years, have showed more cowardice than courage. Italy has no glory. The modern Italians are not fighting people. Italy going like a sheep to war was a joke in battle and a byword in defeat! She has no sympathizers. She has no consolations. She can still strut a little, brag a little, only to be laughed at in her silly pride.

To that, Mussolini has brought his people. Adolf Hitler can read the story of Mussolini's mean and miserable end and see what is coming in Germany. It is a matter now of a year or two, maybe, and maybe only a matter of months. But coming events have cast their dirty shadow before.

OFFERS SUGGESTION
Los Angeles (U.P.)—With war-workers constantly claiming that crowding roosters are slowing down the nation's war production, the city council is equally constantly receiving suggestions from citizens how to abate the nuisance. The latest one comes from Venice, Cal., where the writer says he has invented a small board to attach to each rooster's head so that he cannot stretch his neck to crow. He offers to submit plans and specifications for the manufacture of the board.

14 DESCENDANTS SERVING
Williamson, Miss. (U.P.)—Mrs. Emily Blair, 83, follows the war news keenly, keeps up with the doings of her 14 descendants. Of her eight grandsons and six great-grandsons, 12 are serving in the army and two in the navy.

Seabees Clear Munda Tunnel



This tunnel in historic Kokengolo Hill was once an office from which the Japs directed activities at Munda Airbase. U. S. Navy Seabees are now clearing it out for Yank use.

UNWARY JAPANESE KILLED BY TRAPS LAID BY YANKEES

An Allied Army Base somewhere in India—(U.P.)—A jungle warfare training school is in some ways as dangerous to nose around in as a regular battlefield.

That I learned during the last three days I spent with the officers who are training Allied troops.

It's not so much the jungle itself as what they do to it that makes it risky. On two consecutive days the conducting officer, our Gurkha guide and I were lost for more than two hours each time in the dripping jungle. While we were in the jungle the troops, as part of their regular training, had quietly moved the entire jungle trail so it led into a bottomless swamp. There wasn't a trace of their action to warn us.

They practice other little niceties. River fords are filled with thorns and jungle branches coated with two-inch spikes. Native volunteers love to paint the thorns with a poison that makes even a scratch fatal.

A favorite occupation is to dig a pit, 4 feet deep, and fill the bottom with sharpened, fire-hardened bamboo splints—"punjis" they call them. It looks like a pincushion in reverse until it's covered over with jungle weeds and vines and a trail led right up to it.

I haven't seen a Japanese in one but I have seen a cow which had fallen in. The more she struggled the deeper the splints worked in until they came out on the other side.

Bridges resembling an elongated oriole's nest, suspended at both ends, are swung over rivers in a few hours. The secret of the speed with which the troops work is the khurki, the curved jungle knife of the Gurkhas. Allied troops have adopted it.

Most fascinating was a jungle encampment. Vines served as telephones and a sentry signaled his commanding officer by tugging one. The cooks demonstrated how to live off nature if need be. Ferns, jungle sweet potatoes and figs all help make an excellent meal if you know where to find them.

I asked the commanding officer where they got their ideas and lessons, since there certainly were no textbooks on this kind of fighting. He said, "The tiger is our ideal of the jungle fighter and we try to copy his methods. He's ruthless, stealthy, always on the alert and he knows how to fight alone. If the enemy is too strong for him he slinks away but he always comes back until he's made his kill."

REINFORCEMENTS
A British Port, Sept. 23—(U.P.)—A large contingent of reinforcements and replacements for Allied forces in this theater, including more than 1,000 members of the Royal Canadian air force and 10 Canadian nurses, has arrived in Britain, it was disclosed today.

SHERIFF HELPLESS
Salem, Ore. (U.P.)—One of the smoothest hi-jacking jobs in Marion county's history occurred within hand-cuff length of the sheriff's office. It happened when a chip bird flew away with an angleworm which a robin had spent an hour digging out of the ground. The robbed robin sat down and looked at the sheriff's office, but there was no help, only embarrassment.

Men, Women! Old at 40, 50, 60! Get Pep
Feel Years Younger, Full of Vim

Don't blame exhausted, worn-out, run-down feeling on your age. You should instead be blaming it on what a little peping up with Quaker will do. Quaker's special formula often restores after 40-by restoring lacking pep, vitality, and courage. Try one even little tin. SAVE MONEY—get regular 3 1/2 size only 50c. For and larger sizes ask for one. "Quaker" size 4 1/2 size only 75c. (Quaker Oats Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.)

At all drug stores everywhere — in Medford at Chas. Strong Drug and Western Thrift Stores.

Olive Barber's Observations

Men laugh at the tea parties their wives are forever giving; say that we seize on the slightest pretext as an excuse for these. Maybe one of us has had a birthday; club anniversaries are always good for a party. Or, if no plausible reason presents itself, we give one "just because."

Our men's laughter holds much of raillery. We're still little girls at heart, they opine, and a bit of make-believe is necessary for our happiness. How else account for the putting on of formals and the fixing of our hair in a frivolous and foolish fashion only to spend a manless evening in light chatter and the drinking of tea.

The inference is that all this is wasted effort unless they, the men, are present. Which is impudent conceit on their part; unwarranted conceit. Of course it is true that we would, when with them, be all that we think they would have us be—alluringly feminine and daintily beguiling. Yet the reason for our love of partying goes deeper than that. Indeed I think a woman would occasionally put on her party frock, fix her face and curl her hair were she alone on a desert island.

That's the last choice, however, and she prefers to display her finery to others. With this change of clothes, we change our personalities. We speak more softly; use more gracious language. We compliment each other not to get a return compliment, but because we are happy at the metamorphosis which has taken place in our friends.

A woman at whose house a party is being given, makes her home as pleasing for the occasion as she can; flaps it softly lighted; places flowers about; makes it as nearly the place she would like it to be as she can contrive. Arriving guests are influenced by this, and severe lips curve with laughter; tired eyes come alive and crinkle in merriment. They find themselves cleverer than they supposed they could be. Their soft chatter is the flutter of butterfly wings. The magic of the party spirit has taken hold of them.

Oh, through the day we've been good wives and mothers, but this I know: We're even better wives and mothers if, for one night, we've been fine ladies all—fine ladies in trailing gowns, with flowers in our hair and perfume behind our ears.

So laugh if you will, all you who are our men folk, but let it be tender laughter, for made believe at times we must. We're funny that way; funny, but still rather sweet, don't you think?

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 a. m. — Too late to Classify 12:30 p. m.



From where I sit . . .
by Joe Marshall

At Job Crowell's the other day, we were havin' a glass of beer or two and talkin' about the kind of world there'd be when Peace came.

"Hear they'll have trans-Atlantic airplanes flyin' regular as taxi service," says Ed Carey.

"Yep," says Will Frost, "and television and plastic cars and air-conditioned homes and super-duper highways."

Finally, Doc Mitchell chimed in. "You know," he says, "we're talkin' about the future in terms of luxuries—like air-conditioned houses and television.

"But what really will shape tomorrow's world is what goes on in men's own hearts . . . like tolerance and understanding."

And from where I sit, Doc's right. Whether it's tolerance of another's politics or respect for a neighbor's right to enjoy a glass of beer occasionally, tolerance is a mighty good foundation for a peacetime world.

Joe Marshall

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
September 23, 1933
(It Was Saturday)
Senator Huey Long of Louisiana charges three attempts have been made to burn his New Orleans home.

County court would have power to name representatives to legislature in bill to be proposed. Repr. Earl B. Day and Edward C. Kelly both resign.

Occasional showers. High 56, low 41 degrees.

County home extensions units hold conference.

Oregon State college defeats Ashland Normal 21 to 0, in first football game of season for both squads.

Hot lunches to be served Lincoln school kiddies coming school year.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
September 23, 1923
(It Was Sunday)
Deep faith and common sense need of the world, President Coolidge declares in speech before international Red Cross convention.

Rain predicted. High 70, low 53. Precip. .03 of an inch.

Gov. Pierce asks for new tax assessment laws and more tax revenues.

New York loses to Cincinnati 6 to 3, in first game of series to decide National league pennant.

Prink Callison, new Medford high coach, arrives to assume duties.

Miss Doris Brophy leaves to enter the University of Oregon.

Anti-Saloon league president resigns, and says "Prohibition suffers most from its friends."

BOND SALE HEADS GREET OFFICIAL

A group of Jackson county war bond sales committeemen were at the airport yesterday afternoon to meet John L. Conner, Washington, D. C., official of the Federal Home Loan Bank system. Mr. Conner is touring the nation in the interest of sales for the third Victory Loan Drive, having been drafted from an Atlanta, Ga., savings and loan institution to lead the 3800 member institutions of the system in the campaign to sell a billion dollars in bonds during the current drive.

At the airport to meet the official were Henry Zacharisen, county chairman in charge of war bond sales; George Frey, chairman of the present drive; A. S. Rosenbaum, Charles Newman, R. F. Kyle and A. P. Butler, members of various sales committees.

Turn in Fuel Oil Requests, Is Plea

Persons who have not turned in to the ration board their R-1167 forms for renewal of fuel oil ration for the coming season are urged to do so at once by board members. Approximately 75 per cent of the persons who were issued fuel oil coupons last year have been issued renewals and the board is anxious that the remaining applications be sent in at once.

GETS RARE BOOK
Durham, N. H. (U.P.)—An edition of Diophantus' "Arithmetic," believed to be the only one in the United States, has been presented to the University of New Hampshire by Dean Herman L. Slobin of the university's graduate school. The "Arithmetic," written in Latin and Greek, was published in 1621 and is a fine example of the book-making of that period. Its author also wrote the earliest known work on algebra.

See Mail Tribune Want Ads.