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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

After vainly striving for 47 mins. Fri. to put a tiny gadget in the end of wrist watch bar, that holds the strap in place, and then losing said gadget, we have an increased respect for the skill, craftsmanship, and microscopes of Messrs. Larry Schade, John F. Lawrence and Samuel Gibson, a trio of local jewelers. After this experience your corr. would not bet he could drop a box car coupling-pin into a well.

Turkey and Bulgaria, the last named, a more moth-eaten nation than Spain, now threaten to leave the bed and board of A. Hitler of Germany, who is near the end of his tether (rope to you).

The Les Taylor boy Bob, high into four, of Phoenix, towed Thurs. looking for S. Claus. During the week he had an argument with his Grandpaw from Brownsboro, and lost it.

The Rocking Chair General on this front, fear the Nazi rocket blow at London, as proposed, will miss London and hit them.

C. Pankey, the pear expert, is out following a cold that kept him in his house on Apple St. most of the week.

The landscape was thoroughly whitewashed several days recently by the notorious Jackson K. Frost. He is a weather quailing whose April visits to this region keep horticulturalists up nights.

G. (Peepity-Peep-Peep) Averill, the B. Falls sex dog, after a seige in town went back to the forest primeval in mid-week.

The fair sex are showing up with earmuffs. They are fashionable, and keep their auricular appendages from getting red.

The chise lawn is now lush and green, and devoid of fallen leaves. Several tax payers have their eye on it, as a pasture for their cow.

The sun, these short days, is making it over yon eastern hills, about the time the barber shops open in the middle of the forenoon.

The lull in Dan Cupid's bustness has picked up, and Christmas will see many couples looking preachers in the eye.

The outlook is dark. Economists predict people who don't freeze in the alleged fuel short age this winter, will be in a famine, due to the beef shortage next February. No meat and no fire to cook it over.

Alf Landon of Kansas is the ringleader of a plot to "stop Willie" for the GOP presidential nomination. So far he has had no more luck than he did in 1936, trying to start himself.

The allies put 700 German locomotives out of commission by air bombings last month. This beats knocking them off the crossing with veteran 4ds.

The G. Cleveland Corum twin boys are coming along in the entertainment field. They can rattle off "Humpty-Dumpty's" accident on a wall with gusto for all and sundry.

The hs. bl. team now has a coach, and has started working to be a well-greased quint.

A WPB. ruling last week rendered the Community Christmas tree null and void. An order limiting the rotundity of Santa Claus to one pillow, and no cotton-batten whiskers is expected.

The Kubli boys of the Applegate, and two of the Brown boys of E.P.I. attended the Elks blow-out Thurs. eve.

Many women losing their hats most of them flat and well fitted

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, Dec. 8.—This is the day after the day before! Yesterday we wrote something about Upton Close and his Pearl Harbor, but did not exhaust the same. In fact we fear we did not get fairly started before we had to stop. (Which is only added evidence we have more paternal duties than editorial ones to perform.)

However to pick up the thread where we left it. Mr. Upton Close is a strange looking bird. He has a prize fighter's nose, an artist's appealing eye and a "hair-do" like the Circassian beauty at the circus side-show. Or for those who can't date back in their memory to Circassian beauties, he resembles a cross between Jack Dempsey and the late Ignace Paderewski, with just a touch of Larry of the 3 Hollywood Stooges thrown in. (Larry is the one with the hair sticking out all over his head as if he had just been hooked up with a strong electric battery.) Upton's hair-do is a rat's nest in eruption.

Which is only another way of announcing that physically speaking Mr. Upton Close is not what would be termed prepossessing.

However his new and very ingratiating wife is,—the former Julia Robinson of San Francisco and Town Hall. And it was smart stage management, therefore, to have Julia come out on the stage at the Curran theatre yesterday morning before Upton did and as far as possible prepare the way for him.

Julia who prefaced her remarks by announcing in a very breezy fashion that in her 40th year she has just presented her husband (the speaker of the morning) with a lusty and bouncing male chee-ld,—(to add to his four by some other and presumably deceased consort)—then went on to do what she could to soften the blow she realized was sure to follow. That reference to the 5th man-child did make a hit with the ladies present (and there were only three men in the packed package of femininity including your correspondent) but to be historically correct, it did not materially reduce the shock.

Just WHAT the older girls expected we don't know. But we DO KNOW,—now that the meeting is over,—they did NOT expect what they GOT! And they were NOT emotionally prepared for it.

For they got a straight-from-the-shoulder talk concerning the present global conflict from an out-and-out and uncompromising ISOLATIONIST. A man who agrees and makes no bones about it, with William Randolph Hearst, Senator Wheeler of Montana and Colonel McCormick of the Chicago Daily Tribune. In other words he is for:

AMERICA FIRST!

A great many were three or four years ago but very few today.

Now let's try to be fair and objective about this thing. This is a free country, and nothing is more important, among the four freedoms, than the freedom of speech. We are convinced Upton Close, who has lived many years in the Far East and studied it for at least three decades, knows far more about the actual conditions over there than anyone in that audience. Or anyone in San Francisco for that matter. (And needless to add far more than the present writer who has never sailed west of the Golden Gate.) So he has a background of experience and actual knowledge regarding the Far East which his critics—at least those at the Town Hall,—lacked.

Second: We don't doubt for one moment that Mr. Upton Close is entirely sincere in his views regarding the present war, and is just as devoted to his country and what he conceives to be the best interests of his country, as anyone in that audience.

So we don't malign him or his motives in the slightest. But we just don't agree with him. He has just as much right to his opinions as we have to ours and he has infinitely more knowledge of world conditions, both east and west. But when he sees only danger in concentrating on Europe first, and only danger in combining wholeheartedly with Great Britain against the Axis both East and West, we see safety and security, and a perfectly natural as well as necessary alliance with a country that not only speaks our language literally but figuratively,—and all the spiritual imponderables the latter statement implies.

Another thing before we drop Upton. The remark that caused the greatest furor in the assembled feminine ranks was the statement that the British Empire is "rotten". As before stated a wave of lady-like hisses followed this sensational accusation, whether the speaker heard them or not we don't know, but he undoubtedly sensed the hostile reaction of his audience, for he returned to the "micro" to explain.

"Don't misunderstand me," he urged. "I said the British EMPIRE is rotten. I did not say the British COMMONWEALTH is rotten. By the British Empire I mean essentially the imperial policy, by the Commonwealth I mean the loose political but close spiritual association of the British states, England, Canada, Australia, South Africa,—yes and India.

"India represents the British imperial policy, Canada the spirit of the Commonwealth. The less we have to do with the former, the better we will get along with the latter."

We give that explanation for what it is worth, and in fairness to the speaker. Trying to separate the British Empire from the British Commonwealth, however, seemed a bit too contrived for us.

The truth,—at least as we see it,—is that the British Empire, like any other large association of human beings has its faults. That India is a striking example of one of its most glaring faults as far as treatment of subject peoples is concerned. But that all in all, and particularly with the most terrible war in modern history raging, in which the forces of evil are ranged against this country and the British Empire, such faults should be overlooked, just as our faults in the British eyes should be overlooked, and all such differences and controversies of a political nature be adjourned until the war is over and the victory won.

However as before stated, we can't help but admire a man like Upton Close who has the moral stamina, to get up before such an audience as he faced yesterday at the Curran and give them the works regardless of the consequences,—tell them the truth as he sees it, letting the brickbats fall where they may.

For no one in that audience would question ONE thing,—the man's utter sincerity. If he did not believe what he said,—and believe it DEEPLY,—certainly there would have been no reason in the world to say what he did,—and bring down on his head such disapproval and condemnation. (His wife we are told was weeping in the wings!)

We would even go further. Political issues in the midst of a bitter war are one thing, in times of peace quite another. Here is a prediction, as ye editor again crawls far out on a limb:

The doctrine expounded by Mr. Upton Close on December 7, 1943, and so unfavorably received by the club women of San Francisco, will, a year following the close of the present conflict be extremely popular in many parts of this country, and the SPIRIT of the doctrine at least incorporated in the platform of one of the major parties. And many of these smartly attired older gals who hissed yesterday will cheer and applaud when that period of peace—and reaction,—comes.

That doctrine, let it not be forgotten, is not a new one. It is "America FIRST!" R.W.R.

San Francisco, Dec. 9.—This is the day of the "big wind." It is now noon and has been blowing for 12 hours around 60 miles an hour. The hotel building swayed so we dreamed we were on the New York-Bermuda boat, until we became wide awake and decided we were in the throes of a mild earthquake. Perhaps there was an earthquake. San Francisco called the earthquake of 1906 the "big fire", so this one may go down in history as the "big wind."

Street cars became almost as scarce as taxis, so we decided to walk—or rather sail—down to the S. P. offices to see about reservations. Stood in line for exactly one hour and 12 minutes before the necessary arrangements could be made. (This is not a complaint just stating a fact.)

Sidewalks en route littered with broken glass and debris,—many blocks roped off and guarded by cops. One large plate glass window completely demolished in the Emporium,—nice chance to pick up some Christmas knick-knacks but for the policeman, who is,—or was,—in a bad temper. (What is there about a big wind that ruins the disposition on shore, but is stimulating to good cheer at sea?)

for gliding through the air with the greatest of ease. Not so many men's hats,—though we salvaged a navy officer's cap which came sailing across the street like a derelict cartwheel, right into our hands. The naval officer's dignity was greatly disturbed by the accident and he didn't even say "thanks", as we presented the ambulatory headgear to him.

Glad we didn't choose today to go out to Daly City and did choose quiet and balmy yesterday,—for as W. C. Fields would remark the weather today is not "fit fer man or beast!"

We went out to see the result of the airplane crash of a few days ago, which killed the pilot and made a mess of a vacant house. No wonder these hari-kari Japs fly into U. S. ships, as a final demonstration of their willingness to die for the emperor. This was a small plane but it burned down one house, knocked another off its foundations, cut down three trees, dug up the street for 50 feet, tore out a piece of curb and injured half a dozen people. Repairs have already started on the damaged property but we could get no information regarding the vacant house. We did not suppose there was one from Santa Rosa to Palo Alto.

More Medfordites have bobbed up.—Mr. and Mrs. "Jimmy" Henry, newlyweds, the former piloting transports to the Antipodes and back, "Mr." and Mrs. F. Corning Kenly, Jr.—not quite so newly-wed, but still far from their tin anniversary,—and we heard rumors of Mr. and Mrs. John Day but failed to see them. Also Mr. and Mrs. Mark Goldy were at the Plaza trying to get some of the famous rare roast beef,—hope they were luckier than we were. If you want roast beef in this man's town you either have to order it at noon and put up a retainer fee, or dine no later than 6 p. m.

Speaking of newspapers we are again struck by the unreliability of San Francisco headlines and banners as far as war news is concerned. Yesterday they had Japan admitting crushing defeats at sea, and the day before Turkey was mobilizing to join the allies against the Axis. The first report was from Chungking, the second from Stockholm. There isn't a telegraph editor in San Francisco not well aware of the fact that Chungking reports about Japan and Stockholm reports about the European war, are NOToriously unreliable. Japan never has,—and probably never will,—admit crushing defeats via China; and when and if Turkey DOES enter the war, Stockholm will not be aware of it.

The only excuse for such news interpretation is to increase street sales a bit,—how long will it take the metropolitan press to realize the addition of a few pennies will never pay the sacrifice in public esteem and confidence?

Walked through Union Square, beautiful lawns and shrubs also victory gardens of carrots, artichokes, cabbages and rhubarb. But because of the wind the benches deserted. Stopped before the Spanish War monument long enough to read the roster of Admiral Dewey's fleet that captured Manila and destroyed the Spanish fleet, April 30, 1898. Think of the water that has gone over the dam since then! There were only seven ships in that U. S. Pacific fleet, the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord, Petrel and McCulloch,—in tonnage not equal to the task force that took Attu. Yet it won a war,—or at least half of it. R.W.R.

Your Health and Its Care
BY DR. WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

Readers should address inquiries to Dr. William Brady, 265 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

TIME TO INSTALL WINDOW SCREENS

Come to think of it, just why bother taking down and putting up window screens, even if winter comes and spring as usual is far, far behind? Is it to save the screens from wear and tear and deterioration? I reckon they suffer more wear and tear from one complete and workmanlike take-down and replacing than they do from the hardest winter. There is no apparent reason for the grand semi-annual window screen alternation, fellows, but this, that grandfather and father always did it that way.



Dr. Brady

In Odd House (all work on which is suspended for the duration) there shall be no spring and autumn brawls, I hope, for by the time that singular dwelling is ready for occupancy the cost of window screens mounted on rollers may be within the means of an ordinary citizen. You know—screens that roll up into a slot out of sight, like window shades.

With the use of various kinds of heating equipment in the home comes two important problems of hygiene or how to keep well. First, the question of safety from carbon monoxide gasing. Second, the question of protecting skin and mucous membranes from the depraving influence of excessive dryness of the air in the house.

In later talks these questions will be considered in a practical way. Here I wish to remind the reader of the value of the cloth window screen, for good ventilation of bedroom, bathroom, of office, workroom or any room in an artificially heated building in the winter time.

Anyone may make such a screen by tacking unbleached muslin on a frame which fits the window sash. The screen may inclose the entire window frame or half of it, as preferred. Such a screen excludes dust, rain, snow, wind, draft, birds insects and undesired prying. It admits daylight, fresh air, desirable moisture. With a cloth screen in bedroom or bathroom window the room will not be too cold for comfort but the air will be far less likely to become dangerously saturated with carbon monoxide in the event that some thing goes wrong with any fuel-burning stove or apparatus in the building.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS
Tartar:

Unable to find in any of your booklets or pamphlets what will remove tartar from the teeth. Dentist says it is a chemical deposit, and he removes it, but in a few months back it comes. (W. E. O.)

Answer—I know of no agent that

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JUVENILES ADMIT RIFLING CABINS AT UNION CREEK

State police and the sheriff's office Friday afternoon arrested three young local boys who allegedly confessed to burglarizing eight summer homes in the Union Creek vicinity the past two weeks. Lodged in the juvenile ward of the county jail, the youths will probably be turned over to Robert Elder, county juvenile officer, for action.

Arrested were Joseph Benjamin Dotson, 18, of Route 1, box 88, Central Point and two brothers, William Philip Orlow, 17, and Joseph Alford Orlow, 16, of 728 Summit street. The latter two are step-children of Jack Hude, serving a four-year sentence in the Oregon State penitentiary for grand larceny from Jackson county involving the theft last spring of tools from Timber Products company.

Cabins entered according to the arresting officers, were those of Andrew F. Anderson caretaker for summer homes in the area; Mrs. Helen M. Conroy of Medford, H. C. Cummings of Klamath Falls, Earl J. Hall of southern California, William F. Isaacs of Medford, Edna Prosser of Los Altos, Calif., Glenn C. Taylor of Medford and Myrie C. Adams of Klamath Falls.

The loot, most all of which was recovered in possession of the boys, has been turned over to Richard H. Tubman, ranger at Union Creek, for identification by the owners. It consisted for the most part of blankets, clocks, sewing kits, flashlights, pencils, razors, cameras and knives. Total value was estimated at not over \$25.

Entry to the cabins was effected by cutting screens and breaking the glass in door panes.

BENES READY TO SIGN RUSS PACT

Moscow, Dec. 11.—(U.P.)—Dr. Edouard Benes, president of the Czech emigre government, arrived here today from London by way of the middle east to sign what was expected to be an epoch-making 20-year Soviet-Czech war and postwar mutual assistance pact.

Informed sources believed the treaty would serve as a "master plan" for Russian relations with other central European nations, notably Poland, who presumably would be welded into an impregnable barrier against future German dreams of "drang nach Osten."

SGT. FRANK AGE LISTED WOUNDED

Washington, Dec. 11.—(U.P.)—The War department tonight announced the names of 298 soldiers wounded in action. Included on the list, with next of kin, were:

Mediterranean area: Oregon—Age, Sgt. Frank D.; Frank D. Age, father, Route 1, Box 550-E, Medford.

Last Rites Held For Paul Blixt

Salvation Army services were held Saturday afternoon in the Conger chapel for Paul Blixt who passed away Wednesday at the age of 86. He became a soldier of the Salvation Army, Swedish corps, in Superior, Wis., in 1903. In 1930 he moved to Medford and was active here until ill health forced him to retire. The services were conducted by Major Nettie Brown, Medford corps.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our thanks to our many friends for their kindness and sympathy during our recent bereavement. Also for the beautiful flowers. Mrs. Ada Matthews and family, Mr. Art Iverson and family, and Wallace G. Iverson.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY
December 12, 1933
(It Was Tuesday)
France decides to default on payment of war debt to America.

Unsettled with occasional rain. High 55, low 43 degrees.

Winter's grasp felt in Europe

Turkey growers to hold birds for higher price than they received on the Thanksgiving market.

Price of butter and eggs drops a cent.

Rotary club backs Christmas Seals sale.

State Horticultural society opens sessions here, with word next year's prices will be better.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
December 12, 1923
(It Was Wednesday)
Charter is presented to local Kiwanis club with Pop Gates as toastmaster.

City leads state in auto tourist traffic past year, with 39,055 registered.

Generally fair. High 34, low 32 degrees.

Washington state supreme court to decide if bobbed hair is hairdress or a hair cut.

W. G. McAdoo, democratic candidate for president's message "as counsel of dormancy."

Upstate deputy sheriff found guilty of accepting liquor.

Fruit growers to hold mass meeting Saturday.

HUON PENINSULA DRIVE TO REPEL NIPPS UNDERWAY

Allied Headquarters, Southwest Pacific, Sunday, Dec. 12.—(U.P.)—Australian jungle fighters, pushing their offensive to drive the Japanese from southern outposts in New Guinea, are engaged in stiff fighting in the Wareo sector of the Huon Peninsula and in the inland Ramu valley area where fierce patrol clashes occurred Friday, it was announced today.

Infantry occupied Bazuluo village a mile and a half west of captured Wareo Friday after driving the enemy from high ground in the area, and are fighting enemy rear-guards to the northeast and on the coast.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur's Sunday communique reported the outbreak of fighting in the Ramu valley, the first mention of activity in that sector in nearly two months.

Despite generally limited air activity on all fronts, escorted heavy bombers carried on the offensive against the western end of New Britain island with a 52-ton raid in the eleventh attack in 12 days.

A navy Catalina bomber over the Bismarck sea sank an 8,000-ton Japanese freighter near Dyuul island in the New Ireland area Friday, scoring several direct hits with heavy bombers. The ship sank within five minutes and casualties were believed heavy, a spokesman reported.

RECOVER RADIUM AT GARBAGE DUMP

Portland, Ore., Dec. 11.—(U.P.)—Three little vials of radium, valued at \$3,000, were back in medical service today after having been carried with trash from a physicians office and dumped with a load of garbage that subsequently was burned. Searchers found the radium today at the city garbage dump with an instrument devised by Dr. A. A. Knowlton of Reed college, after the garbage truck driver pointed out where he had dumped the load. Radium is unharmed by heat, but the ashes at the dump were so hot several days elapsed before the delicate radium-finding instrument could be used.

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