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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

With gasoline again flowing freely, and the auto driving becoming more moronic every minute, a fine reconversion project for the benefit of pedestrians would be a series of cyclone-cellars along the leading highways and byways.

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"LOOK . . LOOK AGAIN HATS! Suddenly hats are outrageously beautiful . . ."—(Ad in S. F. Chronicle)—Hideously, is a better word.

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The Koreans are irked and irked by continuance of the land under Japanese rule, after the coming of American occupation troops, and recognition by America of their right to independence. A Korean spy in October gave advance notice of the Pearl Harbor attack in December, that later proved correct. The tip was gaily ignored.

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The $10 bill has four automobiles parked on its back-side. Many vow the next time they get hold of a $10 bill, (if ever) they intend to count 'em, and confirm this report.

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Quite a few are wearing large colored glasses, in our midst. Some are from Hollywood, and some are getting ready to go to the University of Oregon.

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Most of the juveniles are primed for the start of school next Mon. They have everything ready, including an apple for teacher.

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MEANING EVERYBODY
(Emporia (Kan) Gazette)

"Until those when who hate the philosophy upon which civilization has been building these 2,000 years, until the ruthless tyrants are beaten, until the economic maladjustments that bolster up the dictator's creed are overthrown and their philosophy discredited, there can be no peace among men of good will. A court martial of the generals and admirals in Pearl Harbor and Honolulu would be but a mockery. We are all poor sinners."

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Cowmen have started preparations for the fall round-up of their beef shortages now in the high hills. The mythical beef shortage will formally terminate October 1. All over the valley cows are not noted in green pastures, instead of the highway.

• • •

As far as girdles, (business of blushing) for the fair sex is concerned, there will be no early relief, as the War Production Board has promised, an organization interested in such things reports. "It will be four months, or six months, or eight months", the association head said, apparently unable to make up his mind.

• • •

HOW THINGS PAN OUT

People have different ideas about rearing children. The neighbor on our right reasons with her children, while the one on the left depends entirely on spanking. Mrs. Right treats her youngsters as if they were grown up and she listens to their side, showing respect for their ideas, but in a kind manner she points out to them the right path, while Mrs. Left screams at her little ones and threatens to thrash them soundly, and often she makes good her threat. Well, in view of the fact that these mothers have entirely different ideas about raising children it is interesting to observe the off spring of both. Both sets of children we have observed, are just as mean and troublesome as it is possible for little imps to be"

—(Kansas City Times)

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 4:00 Saturday afternoon Please remember.

Editorial Correspondence

En Route to Chicago, (going East) September 9:

Thanks to No. 19 and the bull-dogger engineer had a wonderful sleep last night—too durned tired to do anything else! Was only awakened by the bright morning sun reflecting from the glassy surface of the Great Salt Lake, and at 9 a. m. "we all" were in Ogden for a 10 minute stop.

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The Harvey Daggets are next-door neighbors, en route to Chicago after spending six months at Pebble Beach.

Don't know the Harvey Daggets? Neither do we. But we know their dachshund, a huge black-and-tan of masculine gender. He is the most perfectly house-broken canine we have ever roomed next to, also having the courtly manners of a Bavarian Duke. This train stops infrequently and then only for a brief period, but that Pullman door is no sooner opened than out he jumps and does he make hay while the sun shines! (That is not the perfect figure of speech but we trust conveys the idea we wish to convey which is one of EXTREME activity.) Because of this unusual canine characteristic, "Kimmel" is allowed to ride in a Pullman stateroom instead of a baggage car.

• • • • •

Mr. T. Louis Chess, general passenger agent of the S. P., greeted us when we boarded the train yesterday, and asked if he could be of any assistance. We said he could—give us a hand getting an oversized Gladstone bag up on the rack as it would not wedge under the seat. (The porter finally did it!) We mentioned the performance of No. 19 the night before and were on the point of asking him about that promise to return Medford's pre-war passenger service when we found ourselves with Mr. Chess' calling-card in our hand, but no Mr. Chess. He and his assistant had vanished into the thin air!

• • • • •

Lest the above be taken as criticism of one of the S. P.'s higher-ups—a very nice gentleman and a very capable one, no doubt, let it be stated that none is felt or intended. As usual we are merely recounting our experiences as they come for what they may be worth.

It was very nice of Mr. Chess to call at all. Were our positions reversed we are not sure we would do as much!

• • • • •

Just one more reference to No. 19 and we are—we hope—through with that sad subject. But the contrast between that S. P. train and this one is so striking it is worthy a note—in fact this is all a train should be, while that is all it shouldn't.

This train starts and stops so quietly one is barely aware of it; the Klamath train could do neither without creating an impression an atomic bomb had been dropped. This train is exactly on schedule, the Klamath of course, was very late. The service on this train is nothing short of FLAWLESS—the equipment new, shining and spotless—it rides as if on pneumatic tires—it glides rather than rolls across the country. The "Klamath" jerks, rolls and rocks. The latter was dirty, overcrowded, overworked, one had to wait for breakfast and then be greeted by a sullen colored youth who muttered something about "no meat of no kind," no melon or grapefruit, and all would be closed up in "about 20 minutes."

The diner on this train, clean, fresh, attractive; fine old-fashioned and courteous colored waiters, anxious to find out what you want and get it. And they do get it.

• • • • •

So what?

Merely this: No railroad in the future will get by with passenger service such as is now given on the "Klamath"—people just won't pay out their good money for it. No railroad should fail to get patronage, and well paying patronage—on a train like this. And with a few changes in construction there is no reason why the "Streamliner" of the future should not make the trip from San Francisco to Chicago with only one night instead of two or three en route!

• • • • •

L. A.'s Sunday papers flown up by air, put on at Ogden, by which we note Senator Connally, chairman of the foreign relations committee, favors giving the United Nations "League" a task force of U. S. atomic bombers, but not the secret of their construction.

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This is better than nothing—in fact more than one might expect from a Texas politician of the Connally type—but it isn't enough. That is if the United Nations is ever to be effective in preserving WORLD peace.

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For Soviet Russia is suspicious enough of the United Nations pact as it is. Because she feared it might eventually be used against her, she insisted upon that one-power veto, which would make any military action against her impossible.

But she still doesn't trust either England or the United States (note her recent strong protest against Anglo-American action in Rumania!) And she will neither trust the United Nations organization, nor act whole heartedly with it, as long as England and America know the secret of the atomic bomb and she doesn't!

In fact as long as this situation exists, the No. one item on Russia's agenda, national and international, will be to discover this secret, be in a position to manufacture her OWN atomic bombs, and nothing else.

And no one qualified to speak authoritatively on this subject denies that Russia will discover the secret, at a maximum of five years hence, perhaps in five hours from this moment!

• • • • •

So what?

Unless ALL nations are admitted to the United Nations the secret of the atomic bomb divulged to the Security Council of that organization, and by formal agreement its use confined to maintaining world peace: NOTHING on this green earth can prevent extending the international armament race to the realm of atomic energy and eventually producing a world war in that realm which would virtually destroy the human race.

Unless, as before stated in this department, the genus homo should so dote on fighting in the future as to cease to be a terrestial animal and live and work not on the surface of the earth but beneath it such a tragic outcome—as we see it—is inevitable!

—R. W. R.

Westbrook Pegler

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New York, Sept. 11—At this writing, the late Franklin D. Roosevelt stands indicted on a charge of dishonoring himself and the presidency for the private gain of his son, Elliott. It is further charged that he knowingly permitted members of his family to exploit the office for personal profit.

Regardless of any concern over his fair name, which his own followers should be diligent to vindicate but aren't, the nation and history deserve an opportunity to hear the testimony in full. Meanwhile, evidence is accumulating that Roosevelt connived or winked at corruption in other directions and there is not the slightest possibility that the department of justice is ignorant of such indications. Tom Clark, the attorney general, is the chief of the department of justice, and he is a Dallas man.

• • •

DALLAS, FORT WORTH, Houston and Eastern Texas, generally, have been the scene in recent years of political racketeering and fixing the like of which the Harding corruptioneers never dreamed of and which may be duplicated, if anywhere, only in the evil operations of the Pennsylvania chapter of Roosevelt's party of humanity. The department, itself, is involved.

It may be said that this additional material, thus far, consists only of rumors. That may be so but practically all grand jury cases and criminal charges and convictions begin with rumors. The confirmed allegation that Elliott Roosevelt borrowed $200,000 from John Hartford, whose interests were under fire from the New Deal Highbinders, and settled for $4,000 was only a rumor at first. There was only a rumor to go on, in the beginning, of the shocking transaction in which Charles Harwood, a New York Democratic politician, paid, gave or loaned $25,000 to someone before he received an appointment to the job of governor of the Virgin islands.

Harwood's story has it that he loaned the $25,000 to Elliott Roosevelt's Texas state network but it is so absurd in its details that any honest government or any honest friend of the late president, with confidence in his honor, should insist that Harwood be called on for a public explanation.

• • •

ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT has said that his father never "promoted or assisted my personal business affairs" and that whoever says he did tells "a deliberate, infamous lie."

Why would such a lie be infamous?

Because it would depict the late president as a venal racketeer and a contemptible imposter who, some years earlier, had specifically condemned such conduct as has been charged. Elliott recognizes this. All right, then, who charges that his father did promote and assist his personal, business affairs?

In this particular instance two men make the charge. John Hartford, president of the A. and P. chain grocery system, was called upon by the treasury for a statement of his loan to Elliott. In Washington, a member of the house ways and means committee, which is investigating this loan and the settlement, said Hartford, in his statement to the treasury, confirmed the original story that President Roosevelt, by telephone, approved the loan and thanked him for helping Elliott. As far as the public has been allowed to know Elliott hasn't denied Hartford's story.

• • •

AS TO SETTLEMENT of the $200,000 debt for $4,000, again the citizen must refer to remarks by a member of the ways and means committee who said Jesse Jones told the treasury he arranged the settlement, that the $4,000 was his money and that Franklin D. Roosevelt asked him to settle this and for trifling amounts. If Jones were asked who asked him to settle other loans for Elliott, again he would say that President Roosevelt did.

Now, if all this is true, on its face it is a shameful violation of Roosevelt's own professed ethics and the decent minimum standard of honesty in office.

• • •

HERE THE PRESIDENT of the United States, and he a millionaire, would be making secret arrangements with an important government officer to wash out his son's debts and pass on the tax burden to the old reliable, drooling political slob, the common man, who licked the gentle hand of Mr. Roosevelt and elected him four times while the other hand picked his pocket.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Sept. 12 — Ho hum. Electricity issues are being pressed bravely to the fore. Current thrill is the staggering challenge of Commerce Secretary Wallace to the nation to provide 60,000,000 jobs. (Gosh these mosquitos are thick at this time of year. I must get some DDT.)

Paul Mallon

The challenge is addressed, the promotion says, to "Americans who are not frightened of setting their sights in high; Americans who are not afraid to shoot." It's a book. The cost price is $2, from which I suppose the great humanitarian, Mr. Wallace, gets 50 per cent royalties. (Flocks of flies, as well as mosquitoes, this time of year. Did you ever see them worse in September? Staggering I call them.)

• • •

I THINK I will skip the thrill of paying $2. It is not that I am frightened or afraid to shoot, but a matter of economy. Free, I can get just about the same things, with actual facts and figures from the committee for economic development, Paul Hoffman of Studebaker, president — no royalties. C. E. D. made a business survey saying industry will have 53,500,000 jobs this first peace year, without molestation by Mr. Wallace. (Darn that fly again; he left a speck of blood where I swatted him.) If you count the men still in the armed services you have your or Mr. Wallace's 60,000,000,000, beg pardon, I mean 60,000,000 (for a moment I thought I was dealing in the budget which is $66,000,000,000 this year) without anyone getting staggered, or frightened.

• • •

IF you are not afraid to shoot, I suggest you, Mr. Wallace, C.I.O. et cie shoot at 130,000,000 jobs, which goal should bring $3 a copy. My aim is high. I hereby adopt the 130,000,000 job goal, without charge—but not altogether.

I have a new book out myself which sells for $1.50, not on this subject, but on a live one, the juvenile oligarchy and the progressive education trust. It is called "The Ease Era," and while Mr. Wallace will merely stagger you for $2, I will burn you for $1.50. If you do not burn I will refund your money personally, although I may wish to check you for scars. (Think of Wallace getting $1 per copy royalty for all that obsolete data, when I get only 75 cents for the studied collection of my sound viewpoint on the most thunderous question of the hour over a year and a half.)

• • •

SIMILARLY colossal is the way the Wallace-C.I.O. program is developing in congress — the forthright, daring ventures for the common man, the common unemployed man who presumabily will not get one of the 60,000,000 jobs. Proposal No. 1 would give 90 per cent of non-workers only $5 more a week for six more weeks, making $25 for six months in all (think of these amazing new dimensions.) Also what will make you catch your breath, the second stupendous proposal promising every man a job leaning on a rake for the government or warming those nice Constitution avenue chairs in air-cooled comfort, if unable to find the 60,000,000 jobs.

I wish I could afford air cooling; this abnormal September humidity is about to get me; 70 degrees, it is today.

Of course, this breath-taking full employment does not reach so far as Huey Long did in promising to make "every man a king," yet, then again, Huey got $3 a copy for his book.

Colossal is, as colossal does. Hence the jam the sponsors of this legislation got themselves into, had developed equal vastness. It seems the Kilgore bill says $25 a week, but not over two-thirds of a week's pay. Now $25 is two-thirds of $37.50, and a man on that salary, after old-age pensions and withholding tax really retains about $25. So if he is not afraid to shoot his job he can get just about the same pay by not working for six months. Yet this is not the cause of the rumor that someone may shoot the authors of the bill.

• • •

THERE is another error. Correspondingly stupendous . . . A large number of states have laws saying that if the federal government gives more, they will automatically give that much less, to maintain their $20 a week maximum. So if the bill passed in the form C.I.O. offered, the unemployed would get no more and the states would just take the federal money and pocket it. Why doesn't someone in C.I.O. think of these things? It generally requires two or three years to change state laws, so what to do? Frankly, I know what I am going to do; namely, get a nickel drink at the drug store right now. I suspect congress may do the same.

Ho hum. Thrill-packed theories ride high these days, for "Americans who are not afraid to shoot" and "are not frightened of setting their aims high." Well, mine are up to 130,000,000 jobs and $30 a week unemployment for those who can't get the 130,000,000 jobs. Hereafter I am not to be left behind. And when I get my new DDT gun I will bet these flies and mosquitoes will drop, because I am not afraid to shoot.

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO
September 12, 1935
(It Was Thursday)

Great Britain rushes troops to Malta its strategic island in Mediterranean; Italy still girds for war.

Partly cloudy. High 82, low 45 degrees.

Gold Hill fair to be held September 20.

Building boom here next year predicted.

Tomorrow is the 17th anniversary of the Battle of St. Mihiel in World War I.

RFC loan for Eagle Point irrigation district approved.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
September 12, 1925
(It Was Saturday)

World Series to start October 7.

Klamath Indians to get $200 apiece from Uncle Sam.

Cloudy. High 83, low 46 degrees.

Postoffice to be kept open until four in morning.

County Assessor Blin Coleman kills a 189 pound deer on Jenny Creek.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO
September 12, 1911
(It Was Tuesday)

More rain predicted for valley.

Maine votes wet after 60 years drouth.

Jacksonville lets contract for water system.

Valley pioneers meet at Ashland.

Tip to housewives: If sour milk and soda are used in place of sweet milk in a recipe, always mix the soda with the dry ingredients.

HELPFUL ASSOCIATED SERVICE

Has YOUR Driver's License Expired?

Here's a friendly suggestion, with no strings attached: Take a look at the expiration date on your driver's license. You may learn with surprise that it has already expired. Or that the time for renewal is nearly here. Driving with an expired license is illegal, and may also be embarrassing. And very few people, we have found, remember their license renewal dates.

Since even a new driver's license is useless unless you have a car to drive, here's another friendly suggestion: Get a Veedol Safety-Check Lubrication job today—and every 1,000 miles *or* sixty days—from your nearby Helpful Associated Dealer. That's a worthwhile custom that is helping to keep thousands of cars in operation under difficult conditions.

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