

SOUTHERN OREGON MINER

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The War Speep Limit

Oregon has nothing to be proud of, it seems to us, in the announcement that the average driving speed of Oregon motorists is nearly fifty miles per hour. It is the highest average in the United States. Several other western states are close to the figure set by Oregon, and they too, are much over the 35 mile war speed set by President Roosevelt and the ODT three years ago when it became very apparent that this country was right down to its last on crude rubber. That law is still in effect, if we remember rightly.

Of course these western states, all of them, are states of vast distances, between towns and cities, and when one starts to go any place, the thirty-five mile per hour restrictions, makes one feel that he is going at a snail's pace and that he would never get there. This very fact, we suspect, has contributed largely to driving faster than thirty-five.

But on the other hand, there is no question that a motorist will get many more miles to the gallon of gas, many more miles on his tires and a great many more miles from his car, all of which must be considered today, with no new tires available, restrictions on the amount of gas available and the very certain fact staring one in the face that when the present old bus is gone, there will be none to replace it for the duration.

We have no means, of course, of knowing at what method the average speed was arrived at. In driving over the highways, one does not see many motorists driving over the 35 mile speed limit. If the speeds of the long distance truckers and the buses are included, it might make up the difference, for they drive faster than the 35 mile speed limit, and they should be allowed, because of the congestion of both freight and passenger traffic. But if the everyday motorist is guilty of transgressing the speed limit of 35 miles per hour, a few of them should be brought up before the judge and be made to stop the too-fast driving.

Oregon has a fine record in all phases of war production, to see it endangered from over driving on the part of the civilian motorist is unpatriotic.

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The Vexing Fourth Term

After thinking over the president's announced intention of running for a fourth term, we, being a more or less lifetime democrat, hardly know what to say. We were not in favor of a third term, to begin with, and, frankly, we are not in favor of a fourth term either.

In our mind there is no question of the ability of Mr. Roosevelt in the diplomatic end of his duties, but there are many serious failures of home difficulties unsolved that could be pointed out, and are sure to be by the opposition party before this campaign is ended. And many of them will be stressed so hard, and with a lot of truth, that it will be a very close race. Mr. Roosevelt is well able to carry on the duties required of him, and he has so successfully hid any light from any successor that right now there appears to be none in the democratic ranks who could measure up to the job.

We have a hunch that Mr. Roosevelt will not be the president very long, anyway, if he is re-elected, for as we see it, when peace comes following the collapse of Germany, there will be an attempt made to set up a world court, or a league of nations or whatever they mind to call it, and who could better head it than Mr. Roosevelt? In case he was elected he might resign the presidency and whoever is elected vice president will become president. Now that is merely our opinion in the matter, and it may be all wrong and away off the mark.

The place to watch on the tickets for the coming election this fall will be the second place on the democratic ballot. As this is written, the day before the democratic convention takes place, the second place favorite is still uncertain, but we hope it is a strong man. It will certainly need to be.

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Lifted Editorial

Leslie Hore-Belisha, one time British war secretary, reached the age of 45 without marrying; but he has gone and done it now. He said, and became almost legend for saying, that he had never known a woman who could cook like his mother.

That bit of sentimental drivel would probably awaken echoes in the hearts of many American males. We'd not like to guess how many American marriages have gone on the rocks because the wives could not cook like dear old mom; or how many wives still live under that complaint. As we have observed it, the cooking of dear mom has more likely than not been something to forget rather than to brag about.

These mom boys, who grow up and get whiskers and superficially look like men, are a distressing lot. And it's not in most cases because the mother's cooking was so swell that they remember it with nostalgic mouth-watering. In most cases it's a matter of habit and prejudice. They prefer mom's cooking for the same reason that they drive the same make of car year after year; eat the same stuff for breakfast month after month; read the evening paper in the same chair under the same lamp; always smoke the same kind of tobacco and swear by it; grow up as Republican or Democrat because their parents were Republican or Democrat; and countless other ways follow the rut and the routine of habit.

As for Hore-Belisha, we feel sorry for his wife. It's bad enough heaven knows to marry an aging bachelor; but to marry one still mumbling in his beard about his mother's cooking—well, the gal named Cynthia Elliott was certainly desperate for marriage. —Idaho Daily Statesman.

The Low Down from Hickory Grove . . .

Every day you read about another convention, in your town or elsewhere, and in the same paper you see where you should stay home on account of crowded trains. And unless you have important

business, it is okay and proper to stay home, so that the railroads can move the guns, and 1,000 other things the soldiers and sailors and leathernecks have gotta have—if we are to keep Tojo and Adolph at arm's length.

A convention of beauticians being held in Chicago, or elsewhere, where the beautifiers must travel a thousand or 2 thousand miles, is a 100 per cent loss—except to the "lady intriguers." "Lady intriguers" is our name here around Hickory for the beauty shoppe folks that make mama and the girls imagine they are getting something for their mazpma that will give 'em appear, but which instead of doing so, is working vice versa. You take a fresh and glistening permanent on mama who is hurrying home via a side street and carrying her hat, and you see what I mean by vice versa.

Give the old "Iron Horse" half a chance, and he will do skookum job. There is gonna be plenty of time for a convention, with new clothes and a spree—later on.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

What Do You Know For Sure?

By RUTH TAYLOR

"Do you know it for sure? Remember that phase from your childhood—and how important it was. It differentiated between the things we glibly said or repeated and those things which we knew from actual first hand knowledge.

I wish we needn't have let politeness cause us to drop the phase as we grew up. I wish it were still possible to say "Do you know it for sure?" to those people who are so prompt and definite about every and all situations.

Yes—I admit it—I've been listening to the radio again. But I've also been reading columnists and modern essayists—and I've been listening to people talk on trains, in busses, in restaurants and homes! And it's been all I could do to keep from saying "Do you know it for sure?"

There are the people who know all about when the war will be over, and what Eisenhower's plans are and where the State Department is wrong and what is going to happen a week from next Tuesday. (The Gestapo smiles on them.)

There are the people who know all the motives back of every-one's actions, who tell you glibly just what self-interest prompts each act, who must have X-ray minds, for they see what goes on before it happens. (Goebbel's friends they are.)

There are the people who know all the bad news, who can and do talk of the cost of battles, the mistakes of commanders, the waste in lives, dollars and supplies, who can tell all the details of the chaos to follow. (Goering finds them useful.)

There are the people who sow dissension by setting group against groups, exaggerating Labor's shortcomings, pouncing on Industry's misdeeds accusing the farmer of selfishness, stirring up racial and religious hatreds by rank generalizations, judging the group by the sins of apostate members, preaching anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism wholesale. (Herr Hitler has a special decoration for these.)

There are the people who talk too freely, who boast of how they "got around" regulations, who try to outwit the censor, who brag of "inside knowledge", who tell of production, troop movements, ship sailings, betraying their own for the chance of appearing smart. (The bells ring in Berlin over the deaths they cause.)

To all of them—to you—to my self—I say, "Do you know it for sure?"

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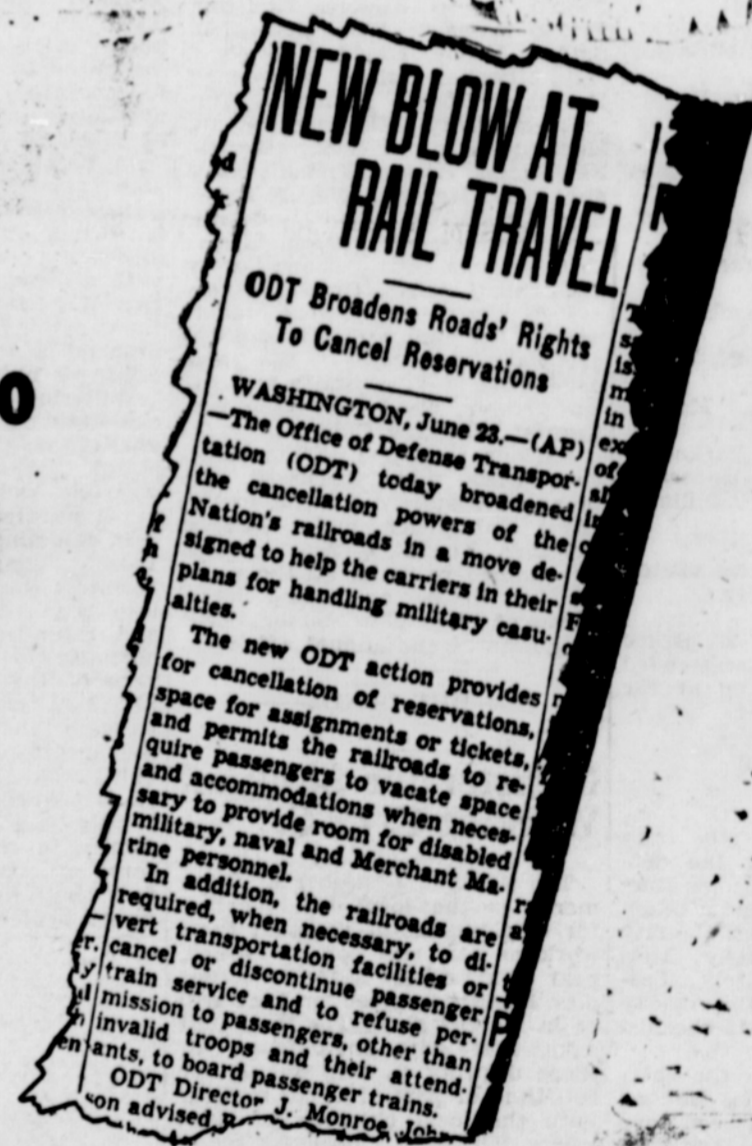
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We want you to be forewarned



As you may have read in the newspapers, the Office of Defense Transportation has given the railroad authority to take train space from civilian passengers at any time, to make room for wounded service men.

We sincerely hope that people planning trips not essential to the war effort will cancel their plans so that more room will be left on trains, and so make it unnecessary to take these drastic steps. We are going to take care of these wounded men first. They come first with us, and we believe they come first with you. But we and other railroads would dislike very much to cancel reservations at the last minute, or to make people already on trains give up their space.

The invasion of Europe has started, and how great the toll of wounded will be nobody knows. We have our wounded from the Pacific coming in too. And more and more cars must be taken for them from the restricted amount of equipment left after the regular military requirements are met.

We cannot guarantee that if you start a trip you will be able to get space returning. You must face that fact. If you're away from home on a pleasure trip and emergency space cancellations must be made, you may have great difficulty getting back.

For some time we have been urging people not to travel except on essential business. We haven't enjoyed doing this. For many years we have been trying to promote travel, and it "goes against the grain" to suggest that people stay off the trains. The very fact that we have issued these appeals should

indicate the seriousness of the travel situation. And the new ODT order emphasizes this still more.

Why don't we provide more cars, more trains? Virtually no new cars can be built during war time. Materials are scarce, and car builders have been making guns and tanks and other war equipment. With the biggest army and navy in our history, about 63% of all Pullman sleeping cars have to be used exclusively for military service. Travel by men in uniform on furlough, or traveling on orders, plus the greatly increased volume of business travel due to the war production effort, taxes the capacity of the remaining equipment used in regular passenger train service. There are no more passenger cars available. We must get along with what we have.

We have now reached the point where there just isn't room on our trains for people who don't have to travel.

People planning a vacation or other non-essential trip may think "There's always room for one more."

Well, there isn't.

If you are planning a train trip not essential to the war effort, we strongly advise you to change your plans, now.

S·P

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