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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Arabs, smugglers, pirates, and

adventurers made coffee drink-

ing a world habit, a magazine

article states. Nevertheless,

many still like it.

Admiral Halsey, commander-

in-chief of the Pacific fleet,

talked straight from the jaw-

bone, in his warning and de-

fiance to Japanese war lords,

and raised the morale of the peo-

ples of America and other United

Nations. There were no ap-

peasing ifs, ands, or buts in his

comment. The Mikado, "Son of

Heaven," was advised, in effect,

in a short time, he would get

his Honorable Neck wrung. No

higher insult can be offered the

Nippon Emperor, or his sub-

jects, than to threaten injury to

any portion of the Imperial

Hide.

A lady letter writer to the

esteemed Oregonian arises to

protest to members of her own

sex, who brave the winter rain

and cold with naked shanks, "in

so-called shoes that belie the

name." She lists them as po-

tential tuberculosis patients, and

a heap of Red Cross seals will

have to be sold to provide ac-

commodations. She voices a

desire to declare war on bare

legs, both from a health stand-

point, and because when blue

with cold, and rough with goose

pimples, they are not beautiful.

The lady is right, but it doesn't

count.

IT DOES, DOES IT?

(Exchange)

"Hitler's mustache, which

he first adopted in imitation

of an anti-Semitic orator, Fed-

er, he has already regretted,

but he retains it, as he says,

"because now it belongs to the

world."

The President has wired the

Machinists Union of San Fran-

cisco to cease interfering with

the war effort. The question

now arises: why pick on the

Machinists Union?

French politicians are gum-

ming up the military works in

North Africa, commentators re-

port. 'Twas ever thus. It

would seem the better to whip

the Nazis first, and argue with

the politicians later.

"MAN LEADS IN BUTTER-

FAT PRODUCTION." (Hdline

Easton Press.)—Under stress of

war, nothing is impossible.

Neither Tokyo, Berlin or

Rome has yet contested the

awarding of the best rail cup to

a Alabama resident.

A rumor says there is so much

water at Camp White portholes

will be cut in the barracks so

the troops can see the world.

The Russians are now ad-

vancing so fast in the Caucasus

they have no time to stop and

sneez the names of the towns

they recapture.

A local jalopy now has its

engine in the rear as designed

by a stubborn phone pole.

G. Averill, the Butte Falls

seesaw man to town yes, and

lost his keys. Bill Bates, the

tonorialist, already in town,

lost his.

CAUSE & EFFECT!

"Take this morning, for in-

stance. I got the man's break-

fast while he donned his logging

clothes. As he ate, I put up his

lunch. All this time there was

plenty of talk. I can tell you.

Funny, how the longer a man

and his wife live together, the

more they can find to talk

about. This morning he said

he'd like to follow one of his

rafts of logs to its ultimate de-

stination." (Olive Barber in

Coco Bay Times).

Closing time for Classified ads 3

p. m.—Too late to classify 12:30

p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

Los Angeles, Jan. 3: If you like your butter avoid California. Its bullets, not butter, down here. One little pat and no more with dinner. None at all with a modest meal. Plenty of sugar—no butter. Its tough on one of Oregon's leading butter-hounds.

This hotel is jam-packed and has been ever since we arrived. There being 1500 rooms that makes approximately 3000 army and navy men on hand. For the general average is three in a room when the boys from camp come to town. And they certainly came over this week-end, and overflow everywhere including Pershing Square. And are they having a good time?—They ARE!!

However, let's repeat this for the army and navy. They are having whoopee and lots of it, but it isn't rough and rowdy. Moreover, at night from midnight until sun-up it is fairly still—whether army and navy orders or not we don't know. But the four or five hundred civilians in this hotel appreciate that.

From about breakfast time until midnight, however, it is a different story. The goings-on are much like those in the San Francisco hotels the night before the big game—heads sticking out all around the court, a great line of extremely masculine whoops and yells and banter going on, and bottles and glasses crashing on the tiled floor below at frequent intervals.

Here is a sample intra mural conversation just taken down in ye editor's best short-hand:

"Yayayayay-DOWKEE!"
"Hi there, that you Tayk-ais?"
"Sure is honey chile, what's you numbah?"
"8355, what's you-ahs?"
"Ask my pappy honey, got a drink?"
"Sure have, an it's sand-blast rye."
(Bass voice breaking in) "Who said they had a drink—bet it's saki!"

(Another) "Aw, pipe down an shut up here come the marines!"

"Who said pipe down? You come down here an jes try it big boy."

"Where you be?"
"Right over your head."
"Got a drink Dokee?"
"Sure 'nough—want a cahd?"
"Yep."
"Come an' get it!"

And so on and so forth most of the day and until the moon goes down. If that report doesn't sound particularly intelligible, then it's a good one, for after three days in this observation post we have yet to get any head or tail to the quadrangular pitter patter. But it is extremely virile and colloquial and good natured—and at least every five out of seven of the voices appear to be from Texas. The radio line about this being a war between Hitler and Texas had something—at least here on the coast they seem to be plastered all over the landscape.

In fact an early impression noted in this department before has now been confirmed beyond all question. Your correspondent has seen a good deal of the U. S. army the past year from coast to coast and is convinced it is the finest army this country has ever produced, and before this war is over, we believe, will demonstrate it is superior not only in the air but on land and sea to any army in the world. We hope that doesn't sound like the time-honored flag waving of Yankee Doodle days for the skipper of this column detests that sort of thing. We believe it is the fact, and two things—perfect physical condition and high morale, form the foundation—particularly MORALE.

In that direction we can't picture an army—or a navy—with a higher one. They are all feeling fine and rainin' to go.

Certainly it would be easy to improve on nature. Here in California they want rain as badly as they don't want any up in Oregon. The total rainfall in the Los Angeles area for the past 12 months was only slightly over six inches. In one month Oregon exceeded that all the way from 30 per cent to 200 per cent. If Mother Nature had any sense, she would have distributed the aqua pura more evenly and everyone would have felt better. Mother Nature HASN'T—at least from the human-need standpoint.

Broadway, Los Angeles, is getting more and more like Broadway, New York. A Saturday night walk along this local replica of America's most famous thoroughfare, trying to get into a movie (we finally gave it up) can only be compared to a similar experience in New York a few years ago. From store windows to curb and overflowing on the pavement there was one solid mass of humanity, trying to move in opposite directions at one and the same time. WHAT A MESS! We couldn't avoid thinking of what one little Jap bomb if dropped at the corner of Broadway and 6th last night would have done in the direction of a casualty list—and not all civilians either! No wonder they still maintain a blackout and a careful check of all approaching aircraft!

When it comes to local pride and local plugging the L. A. papers simply can't tell the truth. Listen to this from the esteemed Times regarding the situation here New Year's Day:

"Quietly and with understanding solemnity all Southern California welcomed the New Year 1943 yesterday. In prayerful thanks, etc., etc., etc."

No doubt the recumbent and semi-recumbent forms stretching all the way from the Rose Bowl to Pershing Square seemed to have prostrated themselves in prayer according to the Times romantic reporter!—R.W.R.

CORP. LUY FINDS FRIEND IN ARMY BUILDING PERMITS UP IN DECEMBER

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Luy of 116 South Newtown street have received an interesting clipping taken from "The Bealiner," Camp Beale, Cal., newspaper concerning their son, Corp. Paul Luy, 842nd Signal Serv. Co., Camp Beale and another former Medford resident, Pvt. Bill Walker.

"Three or four years ago Pvt. Bill Walker said good-bye to his good friend Paul Luy in their home town of Medford, and hadn't seen him since. Walker went to Riverside, Cal., to become southern California representative for a box distributing company and Luy later joined the army. They lost contact with each other.

"Then this week Pvt. Walker received a Christmas card from good friend Luy. The card had been mailed to Medford, forwarded to Riverside and then on to Camp Beale."

"You've guessed it, Luy, now Cpl. Luy of a signal outfit, mailed the card from Camp Beale. Not knowing where Luy's company was, Walker promptly sat down and wrote him a letter only to find out later Luy was practically within a stone's throw. If the postal service holds up, they should be getting together any day now."

CRAW YIELDS NICKEL. Pittsburgh, Jan. 5.—(U.P.)—Mrs. Martin Zoppola got a five-cent refund today on the chicken she bought. While cleaning the chicken at her home, Mrs. Zoppola opened the gizzard and found—one nickel.

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.

THE LADY WITH THE LITTLE GLASS STICK

"Oh, Doctor, I just took Tiny's temperature and it is up to 102. What shall I do?"



Dr. Brady all right?" asked the unqualified doctor.

"Yes, she seems all right every other way," the mother reluctantly admitted.

"Well, then," advised the presently to be qualified doctor, give her a cathartic, and call me tomorrow or next day if she isn't better."

The shrewd doctor knows how to keep mischievous mothers in line. Mischievous mothers bring him a good many fees which mothers with a little common sense would never have to pay. Last time I had the impudence to discuss this subject here I received some peppy letters from women who resented the imputation that it is not advisable for laymen to own or use a clinical thermometer except under special instruction of the attending physician. These women abashed me by naming a few eminent specialists (as they assured me) who approved of the wielding of the little glass stick by the neighborhood Saireygamp or the mischievous mother or the former or near-graduate nurse.

Further history of Tiny's case: The mischievous mother inflicted on Tiny a "good dose" of castor oil. As the effect of this was not what the mother thought it should be she next perpetrated on the child the atrocity of an enema. When the child had nearly recovered from that attack the mother repeated the enema.

In a day or so the child made a good recovery nevertheless. I say the doctor who advised the mischievous mother to do anything at all to the child, on the mere assertion that the mother had discovered the child had a temperature of 102 or 103 or whatever it was, is a shrewd one, all right, but a quack nevertheless. If he were honest he'd tell the mother to toss the little glass stick in the ashcan.

News Behind The News

by Paul Mallon

(Continued from Page One)

least, there seems to be nothing on the record to impede F. D. R. in seeking adoption of a quick peace formula if he chooses.

If Mr. Roosevelt has a plan, he is the only person in the world apparently who have one. While arguments have been started on every street corner in the land by mention of the subject, and an endless stream of words has poured forth from propaganda promotional groups, no one, including Mr. Wallace, has publicly suggested a formula.

No one can work out a solid basis for peace until conditions at the end of the war are apparent. For instance, one condition—perhaps the biggest condition in developing any economic formula for the future world—will be the little mentioned debt of \$10,000,000,000 to \$60,000,000,000 which will be owed us by Britain, Russia and China.

The last official figure of the debt was \$7,496,000,000 on last November 30, representing the value of goods and services already gone to our allies up to then. Congress has made total lend-lease authorizations amounting to \$59,526,650,000, and the debt may reach the top figure if the war tracks on.

The size of this debt will largely determine how it can be repaid, and whether it can be repaid. While the agreements have not been made public, congressmen who have looked into the matter say they are loosely drawn in obvious preparation for reconsideration of the whole subject at the end.

THE peace will be made, not by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wallace, or by the American people, but by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, representing divergent and conflicting popular Russian, British and American opinions. If we blind our eyes to the conflicting reality of what they represent, we will only be deluding ourselves temporarily.

Kelly's Comment

From Washington, D. C. Labor Leaders To Buck Longer Week

New Congress May Not Insist

More Censorship Employees Hired

By John W. Kelly

Washington, D. C., Jan. 5.—Organized labor leaders (AFL and CIO) are preparing to resist any attempt by congress to stretch the work week to 48 hours on straight time—they have not objected to the overtime or time and one-half pay. The administration forces continue to favor the union program. There are many whispers that congress intends to enact legislation not at all to the liking of the unions, but nobody knows definitely.

Out of 435 members of the house, 223 are democrats and 208 are republicans. (Three republicans and three democrats from Washington; four republicans from Oregon.) All of the democrats are not new dealers; the southern democrats, especially, are very much opposed to the new deal and, of course, all the republicans are opposed to the new deal. This does not mean that the anti-new dealers are less determined to win the war and furnish all equipment possible to accomplish that result; there is no division in congress on this point. It is the home front where the difference rests.

It would be comparatively a simple matter for the republicans and anti-new deal democrats to cooperate and pass any labor legislation that is reasonable. Union leaders realize this, and that is why they are preparing to resist. In the last session the house passed restrictive labor legislation but it was smothered in the senate on orders from the White House. The administration will not have a firm grip on the new senate as it had on the old one.

Dozens of republicans are itching to go into action to extend the work week; to insist that labor make no contributions to political campaigns; that they account for all their revenues the same as any corporation. Also, they wish to abolish the system which compels a workman to join a union before he can work on a government contract, whether it is logging, shipbuilding or aircraft construction, and they object to compelling employers to fire a worker who drops out of a union—the "maintenance of membership" clause. In this program the southern democrats are in hearty accord with the republicans.

WHETHER such a program will be pushed in the new congress is debatable, although it may well be. In the ranks of republicans there are members who are loath to urge this program for strictly political reasons. There are strategists who explain that if congress takes no action and the unions and the administration continue for the next two years as they have in the past the general public will be so disgusted that the republicans will not only capture the house in 1944 but that it will enhance the possibility of a republican being elected president. Some of the new dealers recognize the logic of this position and would like to stave off disaster by a modified labor program in the new congress.

The republican strategists argue that if labor is permitted to go on without restrictions the party convention in 1944 can raise this as one of the important issues. Others insist that something must be done immediately and not make the issue a political football; they believe the welfare of the nation is involved and it would be too large a price to pay to daily for two full years when action should be taken now. The democratic anti-new dealers are not inclined to delay.

The majority of the house are not concerned over opposition by the union leaders. They feel that the great labor strength—the rank and file—is trying to do a good job and that the average laboring man is not concerned with who is holding office, as was attested by the comparatively light vote in the November election, when the administration was expecting these workers to rally to the support of democratic candidates. And, thousands who are in the unions have been forced to join for the privilege of turning out munitions for their sons and brothers in the armed service.

ILLEGAL though it is and without sanction from congress, the office of censorship is still hiring scores of people in Seattle to slit open letters to troops in Alaska. Every letter from a soldier in Alaska to relatives at home is also censored. This is one reason why so little information comes out of Alaska. Censoring foreign mail meets with approval, but mail to and from American possessions, such

as Hawaii, Alaska and Puerto Rico (all under the department of the interior—which is Honest Harold Ickes) is something else. At Miami there is another censor station which inspects all mail coming from Puerto Rico, one of the prime hot spots at the moment, where Rex Tugwell sits as governor and where the people are hungry. Look for sensations when a congressional committee gets around to investigating Puerto Rico.

WAR BONDS PAY SIXTH OF COST

Washington, Jan. 5.—(U.P.)—War bonds and stamps paid about a fifth of the cost of war between the attack on Pearl Harbor and the beginning of 1943, but they are financing only a sixth of the current war bill, treasury figures disclosed today.

War bond sales from December 7, 1941, to January 1, 1943, totaled \$10,100,000,000; war savings stamps still outstanding represent \$260,000,000. Total bond and stamp receipts of \$10,360,000,000 are 20.7 per cent of the \$50,000,000,000 war cost.

War costs now are approximately \$8,000,000,000 a month. If war bond sales can be kept at \$1,000,000,000 a month, they will finance about 12 2/3 per cent of the current cost.

Government experts expect war costs to rise until they level off at a rate of about \$8,000,000,000 a month.

UNITY NEED SEEN IN WRITING PEACE

Washington, Jan. 5.—(U.P.)—British Ambassador Lord Halifax told a meeting of the United Nations information board today that the writing of the peace will demand the same unity among the Allied powers as does the winning of the war.

"I am convinced that, as the dream of Axis victory fades into the grim prospect of defeat, we shall receive from some quarter, in some shape, proposals for peace," Halifax said. "But we have no intention of allowing Germany the opportunity once again to bring disaster upon the world, and so to any such proposals we can forecast our answer now."

"We shall make no peace until the forces of the Axis, east and west, north and south, have suffered final, unmistakable and irrevocable defeat."

FINE FIRST DRIVER FOR LICENSE LACK

Troy R. Spauer, 22, Central Point, was the first county autist halled into justice court for failure to have a 1943 license sticker on his car. He was arrested January 2 and fined \$1 and costs before Justice of the Peace William R. Coleman yesterday.

M. E. Kress, Ashland, charged with driving an auto while intoxicated, was fined \$100 and costs, and sentenced to 30 days in the county jail. Justice Coleman suspended sentence upon payment of fine and costs.

Lorenzo G. Johnson, 17, Route 2, was assessed \$1 and costs for having no muffler on his car, and Cecil B. Coffin, Route 3, the same for having no taillight.

GOV. DEWEY BUSY
Albany, Jan. 5.—(U.P.)—Gov. Thomas E. Dewey worked today on his 1943 legislative program which is expected to call for immediate expansion of the state's war effort. Dewey was inaugurated Friday.

Flight 'o Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY

January 5, 1933

(It was Thursday)

Former President Calvin Coolidge dies suddenly of a heart attack in his Northampton, Mass. home.

County Judge orders arrest of county commissioners and county judge, as new turmoil breaks out in county.

Occasional rain and slightly cooler. High 48, low 32 degrees.

Fire destroys Balfour Guthrie dairy barn near Ashland.

Heavy killing of varmits in county causes increase in bounty payments.

J. C. Barnes attending legislature to lobby for sales tax.

Increase in state income tax slated.

Fake gold coins reported in circulation here.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY