

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
An Independent Newspaper.
Subscription Rates: Daily and Sunday—one year \$7.50

The Electoral Vote

Many requests come by mail and over the phone, to this office. Since the election (late and lamented!) there have been several with the desire expressed the Mail-Tribune do away with the electoral system and the pro-Democratic "Solid South."

BUT extirpating them from our political economy is another matter. We doubt if every daily paper in the country joined in a concentrated effort of this sort, anything of a constructive nature could be accomplished—for a decade at least.

HOWEVER we believe the effort, as far as the electoral college is concerned, should be made. For it really has no place in a modern democracy like ours.

IN fact any student in the 6th grade could take the votes cast in the recent election, distribute them differently in only a few states and put Governor Dewey in the White House instead of President Roosevelt.

SEVERAL efforts have been made to do away with the electoral college but for one reason or another they have all failed. Perhaps something exceptional and sensational like the actual election of a minority President will have to occur—or be seriously threatened—before the people become sufficiently aroused to get up on their hind legs and DEMAND this relic of colonial days, be thrown out.

Political Control By South

Why do the people of the South, election after election, regardless of conditions or even their actual personal desires, vote the Democratic ticket straight? Two factors are responsible—the Civil War and the Negro.

THE Civil War has long been forgotten here in the North, but not in the South. Dig beneath the charming social amenities only a few inches in Magnolia Land and one will find they are still fighting the war down there, and Heaven only knows when they will make peace!

To vote the Republican ticket, therefore, is equivalent to voting for the "higger lovers and carpet-baggers," who brought such devastating ruin, destruction and suffering to their forefathers, some of the forefathers still living, who can give eye-witness accounts of the horrors inflicted by the damned and detested Yankees—the men who founded the Republican party and started the "War between the States."

THEN there is that deep-seated, inbred fear of the negro. The negro is liked and well treated by the South as long as he keeps in his place, which is a place of "sweet obedience and servility."

SO what chance is there, really, of ever breaking the Solid South politically? Precious little, as we see it. The late Al Smith made a slight dent in it, because of the religious issue.

The racial-social feeling extending over the years, has now become a fixed and cherished Southern tradition, and nothing short of a complete political revolution as we see it is going to change it.

IT is wrong, un-American, from the standpoint of our constitutional government, shameful in fact. But there it is! Every Democratic candidate for President regardless of what his views or those of his party may be, starts out with that great advantage; every Republican candidate, also regardless of his views or those of his party, starts out with that great disadvantage—his opponent only needs the electoral votes of two or three of the largest northern states, to win.

The people of the North have it within their power to correct this situation of course—but the election of ten days ago, indicated no special desire to do it!

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, Nov. 17—Mr. Churchill's estimate of six months for the end of the war in Europe is generally accepted here, although no official has said anything about it, having grown tired of guessing.



even an optimist. It is what the British, with characteristic understatement, called wretched. True, the Patton drive is meeting with success, but the nature of it, as far as developed, plainly indicates its limited objectives which are the Metz forts.

WITH the weather likely to become steadily worse through the winter, Mr. Churchill seems to be counting mainly on a spring drive.

You can take your pick of the rumors about Hitler being in the burghouse, hospital, in hiding to his supposedly favorite rhobla, chewing rums, or any of the other secondhand stories out of Germany except the official explanation handed out by the German news agency as an excuse for the Himmler special broadcast—the one that Hitler was too busy to speak. None of the real authorities here had anything they would call valid information at the time Himmler spoke, although much circumstantial evidence was available to support the doubt about the official Nazi explanation.

In case anyone is cuddled up under the bed in fear of the German rocket gun, which the war department officially announced just before election might soon hit these shores, he can come out now.

It is true enough the V-2 now has a radius of about 300 miles and there is no known scientific impediment to prevent the expansion of this radius up to 3000 miles eventually. But this ordinarily would require years of development, and anyway the war department was not speaking of this vague future possibility; years distant may be never.

As for an attack by surface ships, the United Nations control the ocean and it would be difficult if not impossible for a surface vessel to get out of a German harbor and approach these shores without detection.

COMMUNICATIONS Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although the use of a pen name is allowed for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarity and conciseness.

An Answer to Mr. Yang To the Editor: Have just read (with considerable surprise) the letter by William F. Lang in your paper dated November 13.

He speaks of "rabid isolationists," but my observations lead me to believe they are far fewer and far less "rabid" than that peculiar breed spawned by the Hillmans, the Browners, et al.—(ad infinitum, ad nauseam)—who hope to take over our government and run it according to their ideas. (Even Russia would not put up with Hillman

(born there, as Zagare), but put him in jail for being a "revolutionist"—so he came to America).

Why did Mr. Lang stay "for years" with a company whose policies were so distasteful to him? For that matter, WHY does he now "bite the hand that feeds him," by INSINUATING he was told how to vote by his boss on the eve before election?

It is the policy of his company to hold personnel meetings on the first Monday of each month, after closing hours. Should such regular meeting be called off, because it happened to fall on the evening before election?

It CAN be that a forward-looking public is unwilling to be led back to the "right" way by a handful of Hillmans, Browners, Bridges, et al. of our labor (bleeders of the past AND PRESENT "dynasty" of "King Franklin!"

Helen Olsen, S. C. Star Rt., Eagle Point, November 16.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY November 17, 1934 (It Was Saturday)

Business backs New Deal, but labor still skeptical.

Federal outlay of money below Roosevelt's estimate.

City to vote of sewage disposal plant bonds December 4.

Medford high wallops Grants Pass 48 to 0; Trojans crush Oregon 33 to 0; Staters battle Montana to tie.

Rogue Snowmen lay winter sports plans.

Mother and child killed at Portland when motorist crashes into crowd at corner.

"Oregon Products Week" opens in state.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO November 17, 1924 (It Was Monday)

Pair arrested here for cracking Gold Hill safe and stealing \$200.

Rain. High 60, low 51 degrees.

President Coolidge waives aside suggestion of friends he take vacation.

John L. Lewis is backed by labor unions for cabinet post.

Parents urged to visit schools during Education Week.

France fearful she will have to pay her war debts.

Roseburg turkey demoralized with birds selling at 25c to 27c per pound.

Thomas H. Jonce of movie fame dies suddenly.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO November 18, 1910 (It Was Thursday)

P.&E. rails are laid into Butte Falls.

Eclipse of moon due tonight.

Standing army of America held inadequate by Maj. Gen. Grant.

Observations

"Dad and Mother are growing old. You should visit them soon." So wrote my sister. There was a portent about those words which put my heart in my throat. I've never thought of life without Dad and Mother. They simply are; will be; just as they've always been. Yet now there was this letter charging me to "visit them soon." I did.

Quiet, peaceful evenings the three of us had in the little living room with the braided rugs on the floor, the Story and Clarke organ in the corner. I'd learned "to play" on that organ as a very little girl. Jesus Lover of My Soul was conquered first; then Rescue the Perishing. "Olive has learned to play!" Mother could proudly announce to visitors. "Play something, dear," she'd suggest oh, so casually. That "something" inferred a familiarity with many tunes which had intended solely to impress the callers. She and I knew the paucity of my repertoire but I played the two hymns as though I had many more on tap, did I choose to give them.

In the pantry I found the big old black baking pans. "Do you

remember, Olive," from Mother, "the bread I baked and sold to help you through normal school?" As if I could forget! As if I could forget that any more than I could the cards and letters you wrote, stealing the time from the sleep you so sorely needed, Darling, giving me so much of inspiration and encouragement that girls who received more money but fewer letters seemed poor in comparison; letters so loving, so tender with yearning motherhood, it was like feeling your arms again about me to read them.

But the old black baking tins were reminders of the practical help you gave and if I were to erect a shrine to you, in one corner I'd place an old black baking pan, symbol of the things I'd do, of the woman I'd become in the years ahead; dreams which, like all dreams, never quite came true. But having them and having you, why these were true. All this I thought as I stroked the old

black baking pans hanging on a nail in the pantry.

BAILEY TRIAL SET FOR NOVEMBER 27

Trial of Fred Alva Bailey, 27, San Quentin prison fugitive indicted for first degree murder, is scheduled on the court calendar for Monday, November 27. Bailey is accused in the indictment of inflicting head wounds upon Ira Clyde Carman, 45, mill worker, on the night of September 3, for the purpose of robbery. Bailey is represented by Attorney Rawles Moore, appointed by the court. Bailey used a prison camp station wagon in which to come to this city, where he met Carman. He was arrested near Yreaka, Cal., the following day and returned here.

dicted for breaking and entering for the purpose of stealing drugs, are scheduled to be brought to trial soon.

MURDERER PAYS Rawlins, Wyo., Nov. 17—(U.P.)—With a smile on his face and an expressed desire to "get it over with," Cleveland Brown, 28-year-old Negro, went to his death in the Wyoming gas chamber here early today. Brown had been convicted of the slaying of 79-year-old Mrs. Elizabeth Kusnik 13 months ago.

We are now accepting applications for the following models of . . . International Trucks K-5, K-7, K-8 and KR-11. For delivery in the first quarter of 1945. ACT PROMPTLY! CULLEN MOTOR & IMPLEMENT CO. 123 S. Riverside - Ph. 3909

Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

The manufacture of "trick" cigars, the kind that blow-up in the smoker's face on the fifth puff, has been discontinued. The trick of making pseudo cigars out of oak leaves, cabbage leaves, and shredded clothesline continues unabated.

The "indifferent" nations of Europe will be barred from the peace table, the United Nations announce. Spain, Eire, and Argentina are listed as the first to feel the Allied razor strap. An "indifferent" nation is one that did not care which side won, as long as the war profits rolled in and was money. Sweden, the great peace loving land and leading iron, steel, and rumor source of the Nazis, wallowed in "indifference." With Russia dominating the Baltic and Finland, her nonchalance is not so pronounced.

The near-spring and bright with sunshine afternoons, has caused a hegira of males to the golf links for exercise. They would rather work off their lethargy on the links than in their own back yards, spading under dead leaves to fertilize next year's victory garden.

The Hungarian bastion of Jaszberony, one of the "vital railroad keys" has fallen. In vain we have looked through 40 exchanges in search of a typographical miscue listing it as Raspberry.

PIONEER CANDOOR (The Dalles Chronicle) "Last night's concert of the Orchestra Union was a decided success. The singing of both Signor and Madame Ferrari was fine, though the Italian was a little too rich for us bunchgrassers."—(50 Yrs. ago col.)

A West Main canary, serving life in a gilded cage escaped yesterday, but was cornered and returned before any of the neighborhood cats had a chance to look like a cat that had eaten a canary.

From the south comes word of a new cigarette on sale at all stands and called the "Bend". The clerk bends down and brings forth a pack of your favorite brand.

The First Lady has come out for the continuation of "Civilian Defense". At times it looks like the civilians were going to need it.

The city ordinance against jaywalking is now in force. This is not generally known as there seems to be more jaywalking than usual.

The situation in China "is badly snarled", the esteemed Astoria Astorian-Budget editorially notes, and requests light on the subject. Nothing can be done about it. Nobody, least of all the Chinamen, can make head or pig-tails out of the mess.

From the market pages of the metropolitan press, comes information of the annual cranberry shortage. It is one of the oldest established shortages, and the nation was running out of cranberries long before it was fashionable to run out of everything there was too much of. For old times' sake, the Governor should proclaim the inevitable cranberry shortage the same time he sets Thanksgiving Day.

CHAIN LETTER STUFF "This letter comes to you with the hope of bringing happiness to the tired business man. Upon receipt of this letter send 25 copies to your nearest and dearest friends. Then pack up your wife and send her to the man at the top of the list. When your name appears at the top of the list, you will receive 38,497 beautiful women. Have faith in this and please do not break the chain. One guy broke the chain and got his own wife back."—(Change.)

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