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ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor
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ARTHUR PERRY, Sunday Editor
MRS. OLIVE STARCHER, Soc. Editor
GERALD LATHAM, Circulation Mgr.

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

A Japanese truck gardener as unable to sell his vegetables, mostly carrots and parsnips in Portland. The late "little brown brother," seems to have lacked what it takes to butter parsnips.

It is now suggested there be a "G.I." representative at the peace conference. From all indications, what will be needed is one politician, entirely surrounded by "G.I.s."

The legislature is now in its tenth week, causing some up-state citizens to write editors urging "reform" in the legislature. The way to "reform" the legislature, is not to have any legislature.

Last year 70 "special weeks" were observed in the land. With the war on, and only 52 to start with, this is a good showing.

The supreme court has declined to rule on the validity of the government seizure of Montgomery Ward stores, a very hot legal potato, due to a technicality. This thwarts any speedy decision. It is predicted it will take longer to unravel all the red-tape involved, than to deport H. Bridges, to Australia.

IS HIS FACE RED? (Grants Pass Bulletin)
"Tuesday he built a roaring fire in the office stove and then backed up to it to get warm before sitting down in his cold chair. His posterior nerves soon telegraphed a message that 'things were getting mighty warm,' but the message didn't get through in time to save the seat of Ed's pants."

Rain has dispelled the early January fears of a spring drought hereabouts. It was predicted, things would be so dry in June, it would take three buckets of dirt to revive a farmer, who fainted when hit by a rain drop.

A number of city streets need fixing. They are run-down from being run-over.

The cream of Oregon high school athletes start battling tomorrow in the annual state tournament at Salem, and, as usual, brings out the diplomatic cuteness in sport editors, lest civic dignity be soothed, instead of ruffled. No weak sisters are entered, up to now. All entrants are "favorites," "small but fast," "dangerous," "giant-killers," or "dark horses."

WHY DAIRYMEN QUIT
"The respective resulting amounts in each class shall be known as the 'net pooled Class I skim milk,' 'net pooled Class I butterfat,' 'net pooled Class II skim milk,' 'net pooled Class II butterfat,' 'net pooled Class III skim milk,' and 'net pooled Class III butterfat,' the sum of the 'net pooled Class I skim milk,' 'net pooled Class II skim milk,' and 'net pooled Class III skim milk' shall be known as the 'net pooled skim milk' and the sum of the 'net pooled Class I butterfat,' 'net pooled Class II butterfat,' and 'net pooled Class III butterfat' shall be known as the 'net pooled butterfat.' — (Federal Register)

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Editorial Correspondence

Palm Springs, March 11: This is Sunday. But not the traditional one. In fact completely the reverse. For Sunday in Palm Springs instead of being a day of rest, is the busiest and noisiest and most tiring day of the week. In fact if you are in Palm Springs, it is the best day in the week to get out.

We don't know where all the gas comes from but practically everyone with a car in Southern California seems to choose Palm Springs for week-end or a Sunday picnic. They rush in and out from sunrise to sun-up like a pack of swarming bees—all kinds and conditions and types. And they come down from the mountains on bikes—two tandem bicycles today, boys and girls, all in sun-suits of course. They were new arrivals for their skins were white as milk—but how proud they are going to be with their sunburn when they appear for work tomorrow.

"My what a sunburn!" all their friends will exclaim. "Yes we spent the week-end at Palm Springs," will be the very casual answer.

The army and navy come in force also—mostly little boys in ill fitting suits, out for a spree but hardly the Kipling type. "damned from here to eternity." Everything is open on Sunday, but we would say beer and coke, rather than the various and sundry hard liquors are in greatest demand. Needless to add this is the day when there are long lines before the entrances of the two movie houses, so even they offer no escape.

In spite of all the military in evidence we should say this is the place in the country—at least the Pacific Coast—where it is most difficult to realize this country is engaged in war and the most terrible and sanguinary war in all its history—with casualties running every week (also including Sunday) from 20 to 30 thousand!

Probably the chief reason is Palm Springs is really not an American community but only a winter tourist resort. There are permanent residents here of course—and very worthy, and hard working ones no doubt. But they are not representative of the place, and most of them for nearly half the year, send their wives and children somewhere else. In short Palm Springs like the Palm trees, is good to look at, but has no roots.

While the customary war drives are conducted here, and Palm Springs has an enviable record in all patriotic directions, there are few service stars seen in windows and no evidence of war whatever in what might be termed the community atmosphere and spirit.

So for anyone who wishes to get away from it all, as far as war is concerned this is a good place to roost—if you can find the roost. Which is no doubt one reason why one of the largest naval hospitals on the coast is here—the former very swank "El Mirador."

Bob Hope is here for the week-end, and the Medford group went off the first tee just before him. Bob was as smiling and jaunty as ever, attired in conservative blue jeans and long sleeved golf shirt, his wife playing in the 4-some with him. Mrs. Hope is also a very nice looking and appearing person, and how she can whang a golf ball—with, we should venture to say, close to 160 pounds of aviridupis behind it.

They say they are a very happy couple and playing golf together pretty nearly proves it. Bob will broadcast from here today but only servicemen will be allowed in to hear it—they said "no" even to a press card.

Had another chat with General X, who finds the rest of the world out of step, as usual. Washington is predicting Germany will surrender in a few weeks but the General doesn't expect Germany ever to surrender as far as SIGNING any formal peace or armistice agreements are concerned. The fall of Berlin definitely will not end the war he believes. Hitler's last stand, he thinks, will be in Munich, and organized German resistance will not end until Russian and the Anglo American forces meet in Munich.

We followed the G. T. technique of suggesting a modest wager but the General never bets! There are so many picture postcards going out of here on a Sunday the P. O. has to put on a special postcard sack.

Palm Springs like Gaul—and New York—is divided into three parts—tenement, business and residence districts—the latter including hotels. In N. Y. these districts are segregated—First Avenue, Fifth and Park, but here they are all mixed up like raisins in a fruit cake—the Desert Inn backyard being practically an unkempt Indian reservation while the Colonial House is only a stone's throw from a trailer and shanty dump.

Speaking of Bob Hope he remarked in a recent broadcast that Palm Springs is a barbecue stand with a cover charge. The local Chamber of Commerce is furious, but there is far more fact than fiction in the statement.

The bungalow in which your correspondent has a room is shaded from the sun by a large grapefruit tree—a real one with large and luscious fruit. In fact the entire establishment was built in a commercial grapefruit orchard, formerly owned by Dr. Reid of the local Reid "clinic." Many years ago when we (the family included this time) spent a winter here Dr. Reid was a physician. He does not need to practice anymore—he is one of several early Palm Springs arrivals who bought land when they arrived and is now in the millionaire class.

An advantage in being a guest here is that guests are allowed to pick and eat the grapefruit—and unlike most California grapefruit these are large, sweet and delicious.

One of our pet aversions, Charles Boyer, dined at "Chi-Chis" last night. Charles is rather better looking off the screen than on, but far from as robust in appearance—his hair is getting grey on the sides and very thin on top. (Not that the condition of the hair is of any importance as far as the male animal is concerned) We trust we are not aping another of our pet aversions, Key-Hole Winchell, when we state Charles was not eating with his wife. — R. W. R.

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

Duty and Privilege
To the Editor: During the past week it has been my duty (which turned out to be a privilege) to collect for the Red Cross. The district assigned me was one of modest homes, and as a majority of the dwellers were subscribing through their places of employment, the amount collected was small in dollars, but tremendous in other ways.

Let me describe just one block. In nearly every window hung a service flag, and I made a point of going into each house and inquiring about the men represented by the stars. I looked at photographs and listened to stories of the boys' experiences, and when (as too often) I was told the boy was gone, I was thrilled with the dignity, pride and calm acceptance displayed. It was not necessary to "sell the Red Cross" to these people—their boys had already done that—and their contributions represented their deep appreciation.

I have recently returned from California where I lived in one of the defense areas. I was disgusted and repelled by the greed and extravagance and general breakdown of morals displayed. Everything was mass production, even the soldiers and sailors were swept along in the general hysteria.

If anyone needs to be convinced that this war is being fought (not by just the army and navy, but by individuals; or needs to have his faith in humanity restored, just go out and collect for the Red Cross.
MRS. ALBERT BURCH.

News Behind The News
By Paul Mallon

Washington, March 14—The Byrnes supercommittee on food exports was appointed to draw a shipmaster over the mess which various government agencies have made of the foreign food supply programs.

The deft Mr. Byrnes is taking hold of the loose-running, open-hearted, benevolent food dispensing bureaus in an effort to effect some equity between civilian needs here and further shipments to Europe.

Behind the move lay trustworthy reports of high accumulations of food supplies in Britain and some other places abroad (no one seems to know where) while a somewhat desperate shortage exists in Greece and our occupied part of Italy (where published news reports say food is scarcer than in the Nazi-held part).

This puzzling condition has been accentuated by simultaneous prospects that our own domestic food supplies are going to become tighter and tighter for the housewife until fall at least.

Furthermore we are entering planting season with the most difficult production outlook since the war started, with help shorter and implements scarcer than in the previous war years.

THE move was absolutely necessary—and overdue. A foremost business man, just back from Europe, is my authority for reporting an over-accumulation of food in Britain. For one example, he learned in London from business sources of four Argentine ships, loaded with beef, refused entry and required to cruise around in the waters offshore because storehouses were filled and docking facilities limited by other supply ships unloading.

In Italy and Greece he was informed that the Russian party (the local people there no longer use the word communists, but call Stalin's devotees "the Russian partisans") had offered importations of food for political considerations. Where the Russians could get food for export he did not learn.

He found the Italians, nevertheless, generally favoring the American occupation, despite the shortages of fuel and clothing as well as food.

BEYOND this report, the Nazis have flooded Holland with salt water. Southern Italian fields have not been cleared of mines and shrapnel and cannot be fully planted. Clearly Europe cannot grow enough this year. The problem of feeding Germany is coming up.

Now while no European seems to be getting food (Greece being in the same boat as Italy and France nearby) the army, lend-lease, the Lehman outfit and the Commodity Credit corporation have been buying and sending billions of dollars of foodstuffs abroad, according to their announced figures.

The question, "where is it?" is not the only one raised by these facts (the dependability of their source raises them above the category of unauthoritative reports) but the condition also seems to inquire if Britain and Russia have stored or intend to use our lend-lease food for the purpose of building influence and prestige on the conquered continent. If so, our lend-lease commitments could well be whittled down.

THE Byrnes announcement made it quite clear we cannot be too easy hereafter with our supplies. Shortages of meat, butter, lard and canned fruits and vegetables will continue to tighten for an indefinite period. Why?

Well, a year or two back, the government still feared over-

abundance, and grossly miscalculated all along the food line. Even last year the production of hogs was arbitrarily cut, also poultry. Spring production of hogs was reduced 29 per cent. Likewise, too much labor was taken from the farms, too little machinery allocations were made.

We would not be even where we are had not been provided with unprecedentedly good weather the past two years. Can we get three years of weather like that in a row?

The only indication so far is good. Winter snow has piled high throughout the agricultural belt and promises good subsurface moisture. Also winter wheat is bountiful.

But the condition is enough to alarm the whole inner circle. Certainly it should discourage continuance of the free distribution on a "what-do-you-want-we-have" basis for Europe.

An end of the continental war might allow release of some men for harvesting and perhaps might ease lend-lease demands, but we will have to take on a third of Germany, at least, and certainly the end will not solve the situation for this year.

The job of feeding the world seems to have proved too great even for us—at least in the free and easy way we tried to do it.

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
March 14, 1935
(It Was Thursday)
Legislature adjourns after 59 day session, second longest in Oregon history.

Unsettled and mild. High 66, low 36 degrees.
High school students to join campaign for safe auto driving.

Forty-five turn out for spring football practice at high school.
Old age pension applications in state for year total 9,377.

Large crowd attends model home opening sponsored by Weeks & Orr.
Rogue River Valley Irrigation district bondholders get RFC cash at bank.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
March 14, 1925
(It Was Saturday)
Heaviest snow of the winter falls in the Reese Creek district.
Walter Camp, father of American football and famed Yale coach, found dead in bed.

Rain and warmer. High 61, low 41 degrees.
Phoenix defeats Jacksonville 28 to 12 to win county basketball title.

Ashland plans a municipal golf club.
Move started for a baseball club here.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY
March 14, 1911
(It Was Tuesday)
Edward W. Carlton of Table Rock spent the day in the city.
Ball team holds first spring practice. Claud Miles, John Wil-

kinson and Ralph (Kid) Burgess among first turnout.
Temporary Central Point bridge over Bear creek opened.
Time to spray fruit trees says Prof. O'Gara.

Noted Missionary Speaks Thursday At Presbyterian
Guy W. Playfair, internationally known missionary, will visit the First Presbyterian church, Holly at Eighth street, Thursday to address the members and friends of the congregation at 7:30 p. m., following the potluck dinner to be served at 6:30 in his honor and which is open to all who may wish to come.

Mr. Playfair spent 30 years in the African Sudan, distinguishing himself as one of the outstanding missionaries of his time. He has been instrumental in extending the preaching of the gospel in the entire area of Africa south of the Sahara and north of the equator.

Mr. Playfair will speak on Ethiopia and will tell the firsthand story of the Italian conquest and occupation of that land. "It is a story every intelligent citizen should hear," according to Rev. Hansen, pastor of the First Presbyterian church.

Primary Teachers Meeting Saturday To Discuss Books
Jackson county Primary Teachers Council will meet in the court house auditorium Saturday at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. Una B. Inch, rural school supervisor, will speak on "New State Textbook Adoptions." Mrs. Marjorie Hopkins, Jackson county librarian, will discuss "Library Books."

Mrs. Edith Thornton, of Lone Pine school, will lead the first grade discussion group; Mrs. Rhoda Newton, of Howard school, will lead second grade group and Mrs. Audrey Shults, of Oak Grove school, the third grade group.
All primary teachers are invited to attend and bring any

questions regarding library books or library orders.
Gold Hill Band Concert Friday
Gold Hill, March 14—Gold Hill band and some members of the Eagle Point band under the direction of Steve Whipple will give a concert in the Gold Hill school gymnasium at 8 p. m. Friday. The concert will be free to the public and a large crowd is expected.

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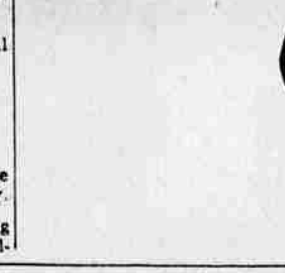
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