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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Distribution of wealth promises to be a post-war panacea to be offered voters.

Many are opposed to this while wondering where they will line up to get their cut.

Re-education of the Germans, if any is needed after the Allied and Russian armies get through with them, is a problem before Washington bureau.

In the meantime Gen. Eisenhower advises the recent self-admitted "master race" they better get busy plowing and planting or they will miss many meals next winter.

They will get no nourishment out of Herr Hitler's promise, "no German will ever go hungry."

Packing back loot they have stolen from conquered lands, and rebuilding cities they have wantonly destroyed, when completed would be the first four-year course.

Honor students would be given permission to draw plans for World War III during vacation periods.

Before they returned for the fall term they would publicly eat them.

"The 124th strike at the Dodge Chicago plant has been ended. That's where they make B-29 engines."—(Chicago News.)

—Even Madame Perkins, the only lady cabinet member, is hustled to find an alibi for such.

A residential area reports a group on an early morning "lark" were endeavoring to sing like one. Their voices did not blend, like what they had been swigging.

Nazi guerrillas are now expected to go "underground" and conduct the war to the bitter end in the final display of Teutonic bullheadedness and savagery.

Once "underground" they will no doubt start shooting the "secret weapons" of which the world has been hearing, accompanied by dire threats.

"John Carson did not have the pneumonia as reported. It turned out to be a flivver."—(Thorn Hollow Items.)—Wonders never cease.

Metropolitan boosters are advocating a "tannery". It would help out business with Alaska, and is not, as the gentle and casual reader might suspect, a return to the old-fashioned method of handling juvenile delinquency.

Italy is now complaining of the amount of food she is receiving from the Allies. Just what Italy did for the Allied cause and preservation of European peace, other than surrendering to the Allies when she had to, is no \$63 question. There is no excuse to bury Italy alive beneath an avalanche of flour and beans.

Horticulturists report the "wooly aphid" is late in making his annual appearance. It is suspected the "wooly aphid" is not wooly enough for the current weather.

"Grapevine reports have it that the romance of a certain Montague hotelman has gone ph-t-t-t. Other reports say it went south."—(Siskiyou (Cal.) News.)—Social whirl item.

J. Tannehill Walker, 6, and about 100 head of horses pranced in the parade yes. p. m.

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Editorial Correspondence

Mexico City, April 1.—The Rio Grande at El Paso is a dirty little stream, not much larger than Bear Creek. But it separates two very large and very different countries. On one side El Paso, on the other Juarez, yet as different in language, customs and traditions as London and Bangkok,—and in appearance and general atmosphere a million miles apart.

The National Railways of Mexico train left El Paso at 2 p.m. and left Juarez at 4:20 p.m., for Mexico City. It consisted of one Pullman sleeping car, one Pullman combination sleeping and cafe car and five day coaches (Mexican) of the first, second and third classes.

A Mexican day coach of the first class, is about like one of those bare hard leather smoking cars the Illinois Central used to run on its suburban service from Oak Park to Chicago. The second class is an enlarged edition of a freight train caboose on the Milwaukee, in 1890, while the third class is a renovated cattle car in which bare wooden benches are placed for the Mexican families to sleep on in transit.

Incidentally let it be stated we in the "states" think our trains are crowded as a result of the war. How much the war has to do with it in Mexico we don't know (very little we imagine) but we Yankees don't know what a crowded train is compared to the established practice south of the Rio Grande! Not only as every available space in both Pullmans taken with luggage cluttering the aisles and wash rooms; but before we reached Mexico City natives were riding on the top of the baggage car, and literally hanging, sombreros and all, out of the windows of the coaches.

We were puzzled by the long stop in Juarez, as our luggage had been inspected by the U. S. customs (another war measure) at the depot in El Paso, and we only had to pass the Mexican customs, which on our former trip (16 years ago) was a mere formality, conducted practically speaking en route.

But times have changed down here as well as up there! In the first place although we had checked our bags from Palm Springs to Mexico City and the American Railway Express official (an extremely accommodating man by the way) had assured us they would be bonded through and would not be inspected until we had reached our destination, we discovered they were being held in El Paso and had to be rechecked at Juarez. Believe it or not this simple process took over an hour and the porter who attended to it charged us \$2.50 (Mexican) and upon our protest was upheld by none other than the Juarez chief of police!

When the Pullman conductor inspected our tickets it then developed we could not use them until the federal tax had been paid,—a matter of 10%. And to pay same we had to stand in line for 35 minutes before the one ticket window in the depot,—the slowest moving line of humanity, incidentally, we have ever stood in.

(Now upon our return we have to pay another 10% tax. We asked why this tax was not included when we purchased our tickets, and the conductor, an extremely odd-looking but very poised and competent-looking individual said the Mexican federal tax could not be imposed until the trip within Mexico had started! So that was that!)

These formalities concluded we presumed with the presentation of our tourist permit, tickets secured at the Mexican consul general's office in El Paso we would be on our way.

But such was not the case. The tourist permits were taken by an immigration official but not returned and then we were contacted by another Mexican major-domo, also impressively attired in khaki uniform with a white band around his crest-bearing helmet.

In solemn silence he gave us two forms to fill out, requesting age, residence, occupation, sex, etc.; then after checking them over carefully he rattled off some Spanish, which proved to be (on translation) an inquiry as to whether or not we had any telegrams we wished to send to Mexico City or the United States! (We hope Miss Cameron of the late and greatly lamented Postal Telegraph reads this!)

Well at long last our tourist permits were returned, receipts were signed,—and the train actually started on the 1200 mile trek to the national capital of the Republic of "May-Hee-Ko," two hours and 20 minutes having been consumed getting through the various and sundry entanglements and complexities of Mexican red tape.

Yes a striking contrast as a result of crossing that little chocolate-colored creek from the 18-car "Sunset Limited" to the seven-car Mexican National Express—the first 100 percent American, except for a diplomatic "student" from Chile; and the second 100 percent Mexican except for the Medford party, an English woman from Los Angeles and an American banana buyer also from L. A. And then of course there was "Tasha"—but Tasha although an American citizen by birth, spoke Spanish like a native, and is pure Mexican on both sides of the house.

"Tasha," dear YOUNG "TASHA", only 24 years old, on a visit to her brother in Vera Cruz and perhaps her father in Guadalupe—although the latter deserted her mother, who remarried and the two parents now have,—in all,—close to a dozen children in other words she may pass up "pa-pa,"—playboy and scapgoat.

A really beautiful face has Tasha,—deep, limpid dark eyes, raven hair; a sweet cupid's-bow mouth,—facially resembling very much Mary Astor when Mary was in her 20's,—yes and that pure Madonna-like quality that Mary had. But her figure, nothing less than a flour sack in a cheap pink-flowered dress!

Well it was really amusing and quite a study in Mexican male behaviour. We have never had the opportunity to observe the antics of a group of young tom-cats, into which a bunch of catnip had been thrown; but we can imagine such a scene of spontaneous activity, and believe it would pretty closely resemble the reaction of the young males on this train, when they caught sight of Tasha. Even the young diplomatic student from Chile, a tall well dressed, sophisticated appearing young man, promptly fell like a ton of brick. And when these Latin boys fall,—there is no half-way at all, they go all out, with their desired destination quite apparent!

Tasha didn't sleep much the first night and tried to catch up the following day curling up like a sweet pussy-cat against a pillow—the porter threw pillows all over the car that morning as soon as the berths had been made up—we were given six!

But could one sleep? Not on your life! Every young Mexican in the car,—and some not so young gave her a tender pat on the cheek, or even a passing and covert cheek-to-cheek as they passed.

Tasha started out by saying "don't be foolish,"—"you silly thing!"—"oh now, please let me sleep", as she was thus awakened, smiling and obviously pleased by such romantic attentions, though in no way responding to them. But after a time even Tasha's sweet disposition wore out, she turned her back to the aisle her face to the window, and when the young Chilean prowled along the next time, she showed she had claws and could use them,—the Chilean was pretty subdued, romantically,—for him,—the rest of the trip.

But the best example of Tasha's peculiar lure to the Latin genus homo was when, on the top of the railroad grade about 40 miles from Mexico City the one engine which had been puffing like a Marathon "runner" on his last lap, gave a final gasp and,—QUIT. There was nothing to do but split the train in two parts pulling four cars and the "express" the first trip, the heavy Pullmans and one coach on the second.

During this process the day coaches were at one time on one track and the Pullmans on the switch track directly opposite Tasha as usual, was looking out of her window taking it all in. But not for long! Every window in the day coach opposite was

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soon framed with an eager, ardent male Mexican face,—what they said we don't know but we can guess,—the verbal equivalent we imagine of the doughboy's whistle. At any rate Tasha couldn't "take it",—she pulled down her window shade, irritated and yet laughing and presto,—in the shake of a lamb's tail, everything again was quiet!

Tasha is en route to Vera Cruz to meet her brother,—she has to go through the torrid zone to get there,—well we hope brother meets her at the train and we are sorry the English woman could not share her section as she did from Juarez south!—R.W.R.

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, April 6 — The happiest hope of the opposition to the manpower bill was to get a majority of ten votes against it at most, yet they got 17.

The measure had been painfully thrust through the house by a margin of only seven votes under the utmost pressure from Mr. Roosevelt.

The unexpected senate strength can be traced to reports the senators received from back home when voting was delayed over the week end by the administration in expectation of mustering votes.

THE reaction from the country was unfavorable to the confused conglomeration of ideas proposing compulsion in the freezing of labor, and the administration lost ground by the delay.

The public failed to respond warmly to the idea of imposing compulsory work upon the people now at the very verge of victory on the most dangerous front, especially as the victory is being won by voluntary democratic production methods.

The Byrnes report left the impression with senators that the administration wanted compulsion to keep men at work for the Japanese front, but many a senator suspected with Taft of Ohio it was intended to be used on into the peace.

FROM within the house ways and means committee, considering Mr. Roosevelt's plan to cut tariffs about 50 per cent. come reports that this also is doomed. My information is the committee is likely to report out a bill continuing the existing reciprocal tariff power another year or two—but without authority to whack the tariff more than the 50 per cent already accomplished.

The Bretton Woods agreements also are in some danger, according to administration authorities, who want most ardently to see the bank and foreign exchange plans both adopted. At least the coming economic generalissimo, Fred Vinson, who is to take Byrnes' place, was found wagging his head dubiously about them the other day.

THE main portions of the Roosevelt postwar program thus far presented have run into a land-mine area in congress which is likely to blow it to bits. What worries the administration is lack of popular enthusiasm for these prospects. A public impetus necessary to sway congress against its natural wishes is lacking. The foreign policy has been running into similar troubles which have cast doubts upon its

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fulfillment. Enthusiasm for it is not noticeably running at a high pitch.

I would not be surprised if considerable reshuffling of the whole postwar deck develops. The trend we have been following may be sharply altered in directions not yet fully discernible. It will not be toward free trade and compulsions on the home front. Nor is the trend toward what is known as isolationism on the international front. But it is developing against international spending (as per Bretton Woods). This is as much as can be seen so far. We are still being directed by events beyond reckoning.

Eastern Oregon sheepmen need federal financing to avert ruin.

Military moves on many fronts worry Europe. Germany plans a series of non-aggression pacts with neighbor countries.

Good fishing in Rogue River.

Archbishop Christie of Oregon passes.

Doukoubours threatens to disrobe if Canada enforces school law.

Cloudy. High 54, low 43 degrees.

Public opposition to P&E tract as site of new high school breaks out.

Grade schools of the city honor football players. Among those receiving letters were Bernie Hughes, Alvin Melvin, Fred McDonald, Elmer (Bill) Morgan, Orbin Cooksie and Harold Anderson. (Ed. note. All later were members of the state title squad coached by Prink Callison, and Hughes, Morgan, McDonald and Anderson, played either college or pro football.)

County tax collections below last year.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY April 6, 1912 (It Was Thursday) Work on P&E to be continued.

Jap aggression in Mexico cause of army mobilization.

Col. Roosevelt approves "Oregon System."

Big Butte bridge across Rogue is planned.

Haiti is the only French-speaking West Indian republic with its cultural focus in Paris.

Desperado Raymond Hamil-

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY April 6 1935 (It Was Saturday) President blamed by Iowa senator for recovery delay and failure of NRA. Charges Secretary Wallace favors abolishment of constitution when it hampers the New Deal.

City of Portland founded 84 years ago today.

Unsettled with rain. High 56, low 32 degrees.

Drs. Howard and Sherwood launch hospital project.

Desperado Raymond Hamil-

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

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PFC. RETHEMEYER KILLED IN ACTION

Pfc. Robert Rethemeyer, son of Mrs. Ruth Rethemeyer, Gold Hill, was recently killed in action with the army in the European region according to an April 6 release of the Office of War Information.

Pvt. John P. Simpson, Ashland, was listed as having been wounded while serving, with the army in the Pacific region. Next-of-kin is his wife, Maudie I. Simpson, 264 Seventh street.

BOWLING

In Ladies' league last night Medford Alleys took three straight games from First National Bank (Smith 178-Swoape 500). Tolly's Gilmore took three straight over Henry's Drive-In (Willet 175-Nordstrom 447) and Rolling Pin won two out of three from Wainscott's Drugs (Frisbie 181-DeVors 473).

BABY FALLS TO DEATH NEW YORK, April 6—(U.P.)—Four months-old Peter Francis was killed yesterday when a high wind blew his carriage from a second-floor roof, used as a sunporch.

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify 5:30 Saturday afternoon—Please remember.

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Something to cheer about! This popular shirtmaker model Bobbie Brooks Original is a favorite of the Junior miss and her mother. A classic of crush-resistant gabardine, featuring a flattering neckline, softly gathered shoulders, shirring at waistline, and tailored pleated skirt with two side pockets and double buckled belt. You can hear the compliments. Lovely new colors.

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