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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

A war correspondent reports: "The allies will find nothing in Berlin but ruin, rats, starvation, and death." Name the leading Nazi rat. Then apologize to the rat.

Seeley V. Hall, the air line official of Oakland, made a flying trip here the middle of the week.

The Ninth army's Hell-on-Wheels armored division crossed the Elbe last week, in a helter-skelter dash. Some hell-on-wheels are loose around here, and where they get gasoline baffles both the police and the public.

Joe Early lately had a birthday, also Al Leighton and G. Carter, co. clerk. All are hustlers and going like 60.

The Commercial Club building is in a fine state of demolition, and the civic water trough alongside awaits the same fate. The structure in its prime was the center of the 1910 boom, and community oratory.

The Frost & Fret season is half over.

H. Dunn, the C.P. district planter has his onions in, and will start on spuds the last of the month. For many years these two vital products would not grow in this section, when not planted.

Five tons of old clothes were contributed last week to the needy of Europe. One pair of pants left in the receptacle, had a pair of suspenders with rubber in them. The discoverer of this windfall will not have to go to Europe to wear them.

The Jens Jensen boy John writes from some place in Germany, he and cohorts captured a Rhineland pullet, and fried and ate same.

Spring is still dilatory about arriving. Nothing is growing like it should, but kids and weeds.

The Specific Diway from Wolf Creek to Graves Creek will be straightened. It was notorious for its crookedness, and left the weary traveller feeling like the letter S.

Farmers report cheat grass is showing up, and shows signs of cheating them worse than last year. Bent grass is also plentiful, and bending the right way.

Snow the Older Girls wanted last Christmas appeared the past week. They are afraid to ask for any next Christmas, for fear it will come in late July.

V. Brophy, the Tolo stockman, is up north letting his new grand-daughter get an eye-ful of him.

A resident of south of the Rio Grande flaunted the first straw hat of the season on the Main Stem in mid-week.

The discovery of 100 tons of gold bullion in a German salt mine the past week, excited valley argonauts. Several miners have shafts started in the general direction of where the cache was located, but the army beat them to it.

TRADE LOT S. Riverside, Klamath Falls for Suburban Lot Dr. A. A. Soule M. D. Phone 2870

Editorial Correspondence

Mexico City, April 12.—(By Telegraph).—The shock to this nation and the historical and political effect of the sudden death of President Roosevelt can only be compared to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln died after the war, Roosevelt during it, but we believe that in much the same sense that Lincoln had completed his job, history will show that Franklin Delano Roosevelt's job—that of liberalizing the politics of his country and placing the United States at the head of world political liberalization and on the road to a eventual world peace—has been done.

Actually, military victory has been won. The big job of the future will be, just as the great task following the Civil War, one of reconstruction—world rather than national reconstruction. And, as millions of Americans lived to deeply deplore the loss of the guiding hand of Abraham Lincoln, there will be similar millions who will feel a deep personal loss in the death of their Second World War president and will miss this great leader during critical times ahead.—R.W.R.

Mexico City, April 8.—The delay in mail—air and train—has been explained. It is very simple,—war censorship. All mail from here to the states is collected in San Antonio, Texas (perhaps our ex-star reporter Fox looks it over) and there is examined before it is forwarded to its destination. A week in transit for air-mail between Mexico City and Medford is regarded as expeditious. (We could get no report on train-mail.) In short if one wishes to correspond promptly with Mexico City from the states, follow the old Western Union "ad": "Don't write,—telegraph!"

For years we have heard of "Jal-Alai"—an exciting Cuban form of handball,—(or is it Spanish?) Whatever it is, we went down to the El Palacio de La Poleta, in the Plaza de la Republica last night to see it.

And it is an extremely fast, exciting and interesting sport,—a REAL sport not a form of one-sided animal-baiting as is the bull-fight.

In "Jal-Alai" or "Fronton Mex", the best man wins,—you don't know the result of the contest before it starts, as at the "Arena May-he-co—torres hippodroma."

The place was crowded,—as everything in Mexico City from street-cars to the movie theatres, are crowded. But there was no betting. At least none officially with bookies and all that. The betting resembled that in the big league baseball games in the states today,—unorganized and informal.

But if you WISH to make a bet and take your chances, you can do it. The betting section in fact, was directly next to ours and peso paper bills were flying about like paper-snow in an old DeMille melodrama, toward the end of the final contest,—which incidentally was won by the "red" by one point! (35 is the game, and in this star bout the two teams, red and black of two players each, were never more than three points apart.

The essential difference between Jal Alai and handball is the larger size of the court and the fact that the ball instead of being thrown by hand—as Jim Corbett threw it,—is thrown by a basket STRAPPED to the hand and with a speed that is positively devastating—like a rifle-shot!

In fact several times during a brisk rally, the ball was faster than the eye, one couldn't see it, at all, only hear the crisp smack as the pellet (a sort of cross between a tennis and a polo ball) hit the walls with a crack, and shot back.

As in bull fighting your correspondent cannot rate as an expert,—or even an intelligent commentator,—but we can say Jal-Alai is interesting to watch, and you must be in A-1 physical trim to play it.

As in tennis the players wear white flannels, and appear to be of the literate class,—some of the players last night might well have qualified at the old Casino in Newport, as far as general looks and bearing were concerned. There are judges both at one side-line and end of the court and the spectators are protected by a huge net that falls from the roof of the "palace" to the floor. (If one of those balls in full flight ever hit a human skull it would certainly be "good night!")

The behavior of the contestants formed the principal interest for your correspondent,—it differed so entirely from the behavior of Anglo-Saxons—of the tennis players we saw at Palm Springs for example a few weeks back.

Here there is no dignity,—no restraint. In the final match the two "red" players, when one of them muffed a shot, and the score was tied, flopped against the wall, one of them slipped to the floor and lay prone as if mortally wounded, and there he lay moaning and grieving for the entire length of the breathing spell which apparently follows a brisk rally. In the second match of the evening one of the players—also a red,—was particularly sour, losing point after point. He did everything but cut his throat,—pulled off his hand baskets, jumped on them, shook his shoes off, had new shoes put on by one of the bus-boys,—cursed, kicked himself,—did everything but keep his composure and play the game like a good sport.

He was an extreme example, of course, but only one of the players behaved as a normal American would have behaved. He missed and muffed at times but took both in his stride and executed no compensatory dramatics. He did not look like a Latin, in fact, and of course may not have been. (Jack O'Brien of Massachusetts for example is one of the local—and popular—bull-fighters.)

Strolled over to the Reforma Plaza again for a bit of sunshine and fresh air. An attractive girl, looking chic and French, was exercising two large French poodles and a "puppy"—just a bunch of thick curly fur, not clipped as yet, and as full of capers as a monkey.

A Mexican "senor" came along with a French bulldog, harness and leash, let his dog loose and all four canines joined in a gay romp on the grass. We feared for the results as motor cars were dashing by on both sides, but the dogs must have been trained for none crossed to the street,—where they would have been hamburger "tout suite." The Senor sat down on a nearby bench and chatted with the French looking mademoiselle, animatedly,—no doubt friends of long standing accustomed to meet with their dogs in the park.

Nearby the "enfants" played on the green attended by their

Indian nurses.—"Na-Nas" in white with huge blue ribbon bows in the back and hair in braids twined with ribbon. Good nurses too, we should surmise after watching the care with which they guarded their charges and the restraint and kindness shown them.

An Indian bootblack strolled along and we decided to have the well-dusted editorial "dogs" shined up a bit. The Indian characteristically saw an easy mark—another "rich American", of course,—and boosted his price to "una peso" making a terrific fuss when we refused to pay it. Incidentally the Mexican Indians here strike us as being a pretty spirited and enterprising lot,—they do practically all the menial tasks, but our impression is their spirits are not broken as a result—far from it in fact.—R.W.R.

CABINET CHANGES UNDER TRUMAN AT EARLY DATE SEEN

Unofficial Advisors Like Hopkins and Frankfurter to Pack Soon.

By Lyle C. Wilson United Press Staff Correspondent

Washington, April 14.—(U.P.)—The dawning of a new political era was marked here today as this capital said a sorrowful farewell to Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Despite President Truman's invitation to Roosevelt cabinet members to "stay on," the time is near after more than 12 years for new faces in high places.

Political Washington is asking "what next," and is telling itself "plenty." Mr. Roosevelt's intimates predict a clean—or almost clean—sweep of top White House personnel.

A cabinet shake-up within a very few months is almost inevitable. The so-called Roosevelt palace guard—the unofficial advisers variously on and off the government payroll—is expected to be packing shortly. Or, if they have significant and permanent positions here, they will spend more time on their official duties and considerably less, if any, giving the president advice. There is, for instance, Associate Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter.

For the time being, however, Mr. Truman will carry on about as is. His first formal declaration of policy comes Monday when he addresses a joint session of the congress, in the house chamber. On Tuesday the president will address the armed forces. His associates say that he has decided not to attend the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. His opening address will be broadcast from here.

Senators and representatives may expect to be consulted and already high on the list of advisers is James F. Byrnes, who this month resigned as director of the office of war mobilization.

Byrnes has been invited to accompany Mr. Truman to the Hyde Park funeral. For the moment, at least, he seems to be the Harry L. Hopkins of the Truman administration. Whether he will continue in that role cannot at once be determined.

Hopkins is being counted out hereabouts. He was the closest of Mr. Roosevelt's advisers, who was bitterly mistrusted and often disliked by the regular Democrats who gave the president grudging support. He is ill and will return to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota after the Roosevelt funeral. Today Mr. Truman conferred with Hopkins. Chances are he asked Harry to "stay on."

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BRITISH, SOVIET PRIME MINISTERS TO ATTEND MEET

Washington, April 14.—(U.P.)—The White House announced tonight that Soviet Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov will attend the San Francisco conference.

The White House revealed that Soviet Premier Josef V. Stalin decided to send Molotov after President Truman had advised Stalin that such a move would be welcomed "as an expression of earnest cooperation in carrying forward plans for formulating the new international organization."

There had been great disappointment over Stalin's original decision not to send Molotov to San Francisco. Soviet Ambassador Andrei A. Gromyko had been named head of the Russian delegation.

Disclosure that Molotov will attend the conference gives it added importance. Forty-eight hours ago President Roosevelt's death made it questionable whether the conference would even be held. Now, with President Truman pledged to carry on Mr. Roosevelt's objective of a durable peace and with Eden already here, the conference's chances of success seemed much improved.

GERMANS FORCED BY ARMY TO BURY TORTURE VICTIMS

Nordhausen, Germany, April 15.—(U.P.)—It was a day of reckoning today for protesting German civilians who began part payment for their country's sins.

The German civilians buried the dead—2,700 Allied political prisoners who had died after months of starvation and torture while imprisoned in this industrial city.

It probably was the first time that the American military government had forced the German people to pay personally for their misdeeds. They didn't like it. Some became violently ill. One husky young man collapsed with a heart attack.

Cattle raising is the oldest Texas industry. Mission records show the number of cattle shortly after 1718.

Mystery Show Booked Here



Trudy Marshall and give himself up to the police for a murder he didn't commit. The companion feature on the same program will be Joe E. Brown in "Polo Joe."

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 April 15, 1935 (It was Saturday) Drought in mid-west states worse than a year ago.

Mushrooms make seven Applegate people ill.

CCC camp to be installed on Roxy Ann to create park.

Unsettled with showers. High 71, low 49 degrees.

Gene Childers wins President's cup in golf club tournament.

Moore Hamilton gives Kiwanians resume of last session of legislature.

Rain again delays resurfacing of No. 2 Riverside avenue.

Polish mobs break windows of German residents in Gydnia.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY April 15, 1925 (It was Wednesday)

Two new mail carriers added to local postoffice delivery force.

Opening ball game of season in Portland next Tuesday.

American fleet sails for Hawaii waters for winter maneuvers.

Unsettled with showers. High 75, low 41 degrees.

Thieves ransack local churches and Salvation Army hall.

Record crop of pears predicted for coming season. Estimate 2,500 cars.

Holly street and P. & E. sites favored for new high school.

Marshal von Hindenburg of Germany announces firm stand

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY

April 15, 1912 (It was Saturday)

Smudge pots put frost to rout in valley orchards.

Elks to install new officers tonight.

Salem mad at Medford Commercial club.

Gov. West names Ben Olcott secretary of state.

American hospital ships carry 8,000 quarts of frozen vitamin D milk in addition to 500 quarts of fluid milk and 600 to 700 gallons of ice cream.

BOOKS APRIL NOVELS

YOUNG BESS by Margaret Irwin

—The dramatic story of the young girlhood of Queen Elizabeth who was surrounded by intrigue and crime while still in her teens. Literary Guild selection. \$2.50

FURY IN THE EARTH by Harry Harrison Kroll

—The earthquake that hit the town of New Madrid, Tennessee, reduced it to rubble and brought all its evil to the surface—the town peopled by a few Spanish and pioneer American settlers and visited by roistering rivermen. \$2.50

YANKEE WOMAN by Eric Baume

—A dramatic novel of California in the '40s and '50s and of a woman who managed to build an incredible empire on all the evils the Barbary Coast had to offer. \$2.50

THE CHILD AND THE EMPEROR by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein

—A legend of the meeting of the Child Jesus and the Emperor Augustus in Rome, with the underlying theme of spiritual power contrasted to temporal power. \$1.50

BREAKFAST AT THE HERMITAGE by Alfred Leland Crabb

—A notable love story that centers around the Hermitage, the home Andrew Jackson planned for his beloved Rachel. \$2.75

THE UPSTART A NEW NOVEL BY EDISON MARSHALL

—Love and high adventure in the exciting England of George The Second. \$2.50

THE POWER HOUSE by Alex Comfort

The drama of a machine worker and a scholar in a French provincial city and in occupied Paris, portraying a gigantic struggle of good and evil. \$3.00

TELL SPARTA by A. C. Sedgwick

This book portrays the "phony" journalists some of the swaggering glamor boys who as foreign correspondents, interpret the news with complete objectivity and ignorance. \$2.50

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