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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Veterans of Pacific theater naval operations are returning home, from campaigns beneath a tropical sun, as brown as a berry, Indian, or nut, and sporting whiskers, tattoos, earrings and battle ribbons.

Some concern is expressed over "the postwar place of the OPA." Among the majority of housewives, out of red stamps, it is figured the place has not yet been dug.

Many top nazis are not "fighting to the last ditch," as ordered as by Herr Hitler. Some are "bumped off" in the night by straight-shooting patriots of conquered lands. The slicker variety get captured, via Rudolf Hess, No. 2, for several years, the star boarder of a number of British jails. There they feed and fatten and are out of the rain.

YE ED REVOLTS
(Sweet Home New Era)
"Several New Era subscribers complain that their neighbors keep pestering them by borrowing their New Era. State some subscribers, these Friday morning borrowers are right on deck Friday morning to borrow the paper before we get a chance to read it. In order to stop this sort of thing we have decided to give the paper free to anyone in Sweet Home who is so poor they cannot afford a little over 4 cents a week for a paper of their own."

Woodchucks, more or less rare, are reported cavorting in the hills. It has not yet been determined how much wood, if any, they could chuck.

Golf, a sport critics observe sapiently, "lacks the madness of the late 1920s." It is apparent golfers are not mad enough these days to wear golf pants. In 1928 they wore "plus fours," they were so mad. The "plus fours" were a voluminous pair of britches that caused the casual observer to fear they would fall, before the wearer could get to the nearest alley.

Farmers are getting ready to shear sheep. The sheep, as easily led as the German people, represent a lot of wool and lamb chops, of which there are none, due to government by shortages.

Gas silos report the sunshine has caused an increase in washed and greased auto business, just as if the owners were going some place.

MAKING IT OFFICIAL
(Grif Mag.)
"The United States bureau of labor statistics solemnly announces that its recent study reveals that women spend more money on clothes than men. How much of the taxpayers' money was spent to find out what every married man knew?"

All reports from upstate indicate the trout season opening last Sat. saw a great outpouring of piscatorial enthusiasts, to the hills and the rills. Due to lack of co-operation from the trout, few were caught. Fishermen who swore they would catch a fish, returned home swearing because they didn't.

Editorial Correspondence

Mexico City, April 13.—They have a strange custom here regarding death notices. Bereaved families use large display ads in the papers, to announce the fate of the deceased and add tribute of various kinds. We have an idea the size of the ads vary according to the wealth and prominence of the individual though this may not be true.

At any rate the death of President Roosevelt resulted in a perfect flood of such advertisements with broad black borders, expressing sorrow and regret over the sudden demise of that "Excelentissimo Presidente,—Franklin Delano Roosevelt", many of them signed by labor union officials on behalf of their members. Most of the ads signed by business firms announced closing in honor of the "Su Excelencia el señor Presidente de los Estados Unidos de Norte America", etc., etc. Some of the ads were of half page size, certainly quite a tribute for citizens of a foreign city to pay to the chief executive of our own nation.

But all these expressions of sorrow and regret would come under the heading of OFFICIAL Mexico we would say. Official Mexico and the Mexican intelligentsia. A survey of hotel-waiters and bell boys, taxi-drivers, bootblacks, and clerks indicates the man in the street, as far as Mexico City is concerned, is not affected or even interested in what has happened to the President of the United States. Many of them had not even heard of his death.

Of course these opinions, like others that have been expressed on our voyages abroad, are IMPRESSIONS not judgments. We have only been here two weeks,—it seems like two years!—and expect to be back in the good old U.S.A. in another one, so there is bound to be a large margin of error in any generalization we may make, regarding this country and its people. On the other hand, Mexico is, in this department's judgment, one of the most fascinating and interesting countries in the world today, and one of the most picturesque and colorful. We can imagine no American travelling through it without having very distinct and vivid impressions, but we can see no reason why such impressions should be repressed!

The status of the mis-called gentler sex is very different here than in the states. This is true of all Latin-American countries, of course. Women or girls,—nice ones—simply don't go out unattended at night. It isn't done.

Well we ran into a couple of older gals from Long Beach, Calif., last night—people from Long Beach are almost as ubiquitous these days as people from Texas—and they told us a new one in this direction,—at least new to us. (If you have heard it—why you know the rest.—!!)

Well anyway,—two school teachers from Long Beach took one of these many ten-day tours to "May-hee-ko" and back for a bit of a change and a lark. They were no longer young, but neither were they old, and as school teachers these days often are, they were attractive and self-reliant.

They went over to the "Geneve"—where most U. S. tourists go,—and the very first night decided to take in a movie. They took a taxi to the theatre, but it was a warm, beautiful and moonlit night so they walked back.

About halfway to the hotel they were hailed by a police car, one of these over-dressed Mexican police officers stepped out, and asked the ladies if they had a license. If not then they would have to go to jail or pay a 50-peso fine.

Both gals had a sense of humor and the police officer did not. Well, there is more to it than that but perhaps that is sufficient. We wonder if the "May-he-ko" censor will pass it!

We also wonder if there is another Mr. Terhune available? If so he should come to Mexico and write a book on Mexican dogs, especially the country dogs.

We don't care how humble the shack—and there are no more humble ones in Darkest Africa than here in May-hee-ko—but you will find a dog in or near it. A Mexican would no more be without a dog, than he would be without a wife, and Mexico has only one bachelor to each thousand square miles according to the latest census.

And the strange thing is all the Mexican dogs,—we are still considering the country ones,—look as if they were related and were suffering from acute inbreeding. A really husky, self-respecting, up-and-coming canine, has never been seen in rural Mexico as far as our observation goes. They are of various colors, sizes and shapes but they have one thing in common, i.e.: a long drooping tail large and blonde in color, that never stands erect and never goes completely beneath the purps hind legs but always seems to be on the verge of doing so. These dogs never play and never fight, they just mosey around and hunt for hand-outs as the train comes in. Some of them follow the train out of town, in fact a dog-path has been worn beside the tracks,—it is all rather like the sea gulls that follow the steamers between Seattle and Victoria as far as desires are concerned but with far from the same salubrious and nourishing results.

As a result of this train habit, there are undoubtedly more three-legged dogs in Mexico than anywhere else. One wonders why there are not more ONE-legged dogs in the way the flea-bitten purps run under the trains and in and about the tracks. And this may be noted the three-legged dogs always have far more energy and speed than the four-legged ones.

And while on the rural life of Mexico, every peon not only has a wife and a dog and of course children, but a pig and a goat. These Mexican pigs are also unique. There are no fat pigs in Mexico—and for a very obvious reason. While piggy is allowed to use the parlor, and takes advantage of it, he is not allowed in the kitchen or within a hundred miles of anything to eat. In other words the Mexican pig,—has to support himself and he spends all his wakeful hours trying to do it,—foraging about for nutriment. This takes a lot of travelling so Mr. Pig, instead of being built on the lines of an American pig is built on the lines of a greyhound or a race horse,—his chassis is lean and high above the ground, his legs long and thin.

We have never seen a Mexican dog chase a Mexican pig and we believe there is a reason,—in a fair race the pig would beat the hook-worm mongrel to the tape by at least six lengths! Why chase something you can never catch?

Which accounts partially perhaps for the unsatisfactory quality of Mexican ham and bacon.

In looking over the Excelsior more carefully,—the Excelsior is one of Mexico City's leading morning papers,—we find the Mexican Silk Mill incorporated beating all the others. They have a solid page with deep black border, the pronouncement addressed to Mr. George Messersmith,—not schmidt!—the U. S. Ambassador, expressing the profound sorrow and heartfelt sympathy of the Mexican people, and their great grief over the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the world's "Buen Vecino"—(Good Neighbor), and the crusader for the rights of man. The tribute is signed by all the officers with their titles, of the Mexican Silk Mill, Inc.

In another direction the tragic and sudden passing of President Roosevelt, in its political implications, reminds the student of American history of the passing of Abraham Lincoln. For then too sentiment was divided, the northern half of the United States was plunged in the deepest grief and sorrow, the South was not.

Well there is only one word for the reaction of the Americans we have met here since President Roosevelt's death,—not only at this hotel but in restaurants and on the street. That is SHOCKING!

Here they are, put down for the record and in the order received:
No. 1: "My God, now we are going to have Truman!"
No. 2: "Not surprised a bit, always said he would never live out his term. They ought to call a special election."
No. 3: "No, I hadn't heard it. Is that so? Well all I can say is it came six months too late!"
No. 4: "You don't say. That's too bad for the Roosevelt family, now we will have four years of Bendargast!"
No. 5: "Well I betcha stocks will go up!"

We grant that sounds unbelievable, but it is true, an exact reproduction of the verbal reaction produced among Americans in two hours time as the undersigned walked from the Cathedral Square to the Hotel Maria Christina, and chatted in the lobby of the latter for half an hour.—R.W.R.

News Behind The News
By Paul Mallon

Washington, April 17 — The coal mine wage settlement is a joke — a grim joke upon the government and its wage policies perpetrated by the old policy-scutler, John L. Lewis.



They made it look real, Lewis and the operators handed out to the public earnest statements dripping with literary perspiration from their six weeks of dual negotiation, adding in an undertone that, of course — ahem — there was a small matter of the government approving the wage boost and the price hikes to be made necessary by the wage boosts.

The inspired news accounts suggesting the hourly base rate was not increased and the hidden increases (vacations, lunch hours, travel pay, etc.) were in accord generally with war labor board policy, implying government approval, therefore, was a mere matter of routine. Nobody laughed.

WHAT they really did was to shatter the government's little steel formula by carrying the evasions to an extreme which makes mockery of it.

The miners already were receiving wages above the little steel formula under the old contract. They had received allowances for lunch time, vacation time, travel time, underground, and practically everything except breathing time after hours, bedtime and recreation time.

Ordinarily the operators would have stood for the little steel formula or for any practical means of avoiding cost increases which will inflate the nation's coal bill another \$150,000,000 annually and may hurt their business.

But my inner information is they felt they had been double-crossed by the government in previous stands upon this ground. The government encouraged them to resist Lewis, and then, in the last four strikes, gave no help in resisting him.

This time, just before the agreement was announced, the disagreeable Mr. Ickes had begun seizing their mines, taking first the captives of the steel companies. Rather than hold the line for an administration they could not count on, they let Lewis have his way and pushed the whole matter right up to War Labor Board and Office of Price Administration.

NOW the Lewis deal really constitutes a new labor onslaught upon the little steel formula.

The Lewis formula shows all labor how to crusade, the administration policy and, if the WLB and OPA accept it, all labor will be upon them seeking similar allowances for standing time, sitting time, walking time and talking time. By whittling it down they may save some face, but not much else. The government simply cannot get away from the fact that anything it gives is a violation of its formula. Consequently A. F. of L. and C.I.O. are watching Lewis approvingly and with a grin on their faces, to see how government will get out of this new hole.

It may decide to hide away in the hole for a few weeks. The government's economic directors have already promised to break their hold-this-line order after V-E day. WLB might then accept a goodly portion of the Lewis proposition without too much embarrassment. Lewis is not in a hurry, as the agreement provides any increases must be retroactive.

During the Lewis-operator negotiations, an attempt was made to handle the problem in a new way by bringing it under the wing of Frances Perkins, the labor secretary, instead of the curmudgeon or the war labor board. Lewis did his part, and was perfectly willing to accept Miss Perkins' direction, but the operators played safe by throwing the matter into the board.

That is about the only point they won, excepting exclusion of the preposterous Lewis demand to collect a tax of 10 cents a ton on coal.

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.

Fire Aid Lauded

To the Editor: We had a fire in our neighborhood Sunday shortly before noon. The fire, discovered in the garage was quickly spreading and threatening the home dwelling. Thanks to assistance of the forestry truck and crew together with willing help of fine neighbors, the fire was quickly put

under control. The only loss was the garage and small storage barn.

The home, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hank Holman, is on Victory Lane just off Thomas road.

The thing that impressed me was the splendid work not only by nearby neighbors, but those who came from miles around.

Anticipating threatening eventualities, the "neighbors" removed completely everything from within the home, carrying furniture, etc., a good distance from the threat of fire.

All praise and thanks to such kind neighbors and also to the crew of forestry fire equipment truck.

Ralph Ettel, Rt. 1, Box 250.

1945 Angling Laws
To the Editor: The official synopsis of Oregon angling laws covering the season for 1945, just off the press, consists of 24 pages, of which the laws governing angling on the Rogue and also Jackson county take up paragraphs on five pages of the pamphlet.

The laws state clearly that the trout season opens Saturday, April 14, and does not mention Squaw lake, but on opening day, there was 14 anglers, including two children angling at Squaw lake, when a game warden came up on the lake and told them all that angling for trout was prohibited on Squaw lake until April 28. He had a letter dated a few days ago, declaring that Squaw lake and Hiatt lake were closed, as they are watersheds to the Rogue river.

A reprint of this was in your paper Friday night, but by far too late for those who had planned to fish at Squaw lake on the following morning.

The individuals, who represent our Oregon state game commission, should be intelligent enough to draft laws, by which an average law-abiding citizen should be able to read: Therefore in order to conserve paper and court actions, why do they not insert Squaw lake in the synopsis, as they do Hiatt, Fish and Diamond lakes?

It states that the angling season opens April 14, 1945, and then instructs their men in the field that Squaw and Hiatt and Emigrant lakes are closed. In other words, the angling season on trout is not open in Jackson county until April 28. May I ask the readers of this article: Would you pronounce guilty any fellow angler who remained steadfast in purpose, according to the Official Synopsis of Oregon Angling Laws?

Al Pitche, 47 North Peach Street.

MEDFORD W. U. AIDES TO CONFERENCE SITE

Miss Lois M. Ewing and Mrs. Dorothy M. White, Western Union teleprinter operators, have been selected by the Western Union to go to San Francisco for the United Nations conference, according to Frank H. Gray, local manager. They will assist in handling conference telegraph business, expected to be the largest volume in the history of the company.

ENOUGH ON HER MIND

Toledo, O., (U.P.) — Jury commissioners Leonard Osborn and Charles Strance decided to excuse a woman from jury duty after she told them she wouldn't have time to serve on the panel. The woman said her husband was recovering from pneumonia, four children had to go to school, she was helping to care for a grandchild, a son was on the way home from a German prison camp and four other sons were in the armed forces.

Daily Weather Report

Table with weather forecasts for Medford and vicinity, including temperature, precipitation, and wind data for various locations like Boston, Chicago, Denver, etc.

Business Opportunity

For Sale. Established variety, gift and souvenir business in Ashland. Approximately \$750 stock (wholesale value). Furnishing, fixtures and supplies \$250. Store size 15x30. Can be enlarged easily to twice the size. Low rent. Good location for postwar boom in this type of business. Owner in draft, must sell immediately. Best offer taken. Write P.O. box 504, Ashland, Ore.

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 17, 1935
(It Was Wednesday)
Clipper plane crosses Pacific in 17 hours.

Germany sharply censured by League of Nations, for army rearmament. Reich ignores protest.

One hundred and fifty Jackson county farmers apply for seed loans.

State to wage war on relief fund chiselers.

Heavy smudging in orchards last night to be repeated tonight.

Fair, followed by unsettled weather and rain. High 69, low 31 degrees.

Bonus bill, with bond payments, ready for President's signature.

Twenty years ago today
April 17, 1925
(It Was Friday)
Film fan suspected of stealing \$5000 diamond bracelet from Mary Pickford, movie queen.

Klamath Falls in furore over mayor's refusal to sign resolution giving O.C.&E. railroad exclusive franchise.

Rain. High 64, low 38 degrees.

Mrs. E. C. Jerome, with the high school typists, leaves for state contest at Corvallis.

Record acreage of garden truck planted in Eden precinct area.

Phoenix high students to present the "Elopement of Ellen."

Anniversary of Battle of Concord observed at Central Point.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY
April 17, 1911
(It Was Sunday)
Troops rushed to Mexican border.

M. F. & H. company offers prizes for biggest fish caught in Rogue coming year.

Ben Olcott now secretary of state for Oregon.

EATS BANANAS FOR YEAR
San Francisco, (U.P.) — Rationing doesn't bother six-year-old Liam Murphy as long as bananas are plentiful. Liam recently left the hospital after a year's stay during which he ate nothing but bananas due to a dietetic condition. Although back in school he still eats eight to 12 bananas daily.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8:30 a. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:15 p. m.

Cancer Donations May Be Mailed To Local Postoffice

Additional information concerning contributions by mail to the cancer control campaign, which opened yesterday in all parts of the nation, was furnished today by Frank DeSouza, postmaster. The contributions may be placed in a stamped envelope addressed merely with the word "Cancer" and mailed in care of the local postoffice, the postmaster stated.

The annual campaign of the American Cancer society is being pressed more vigorously than ever this year, campaign workers report, in an effort to disseminate information about the early symptoms of cancer, clinics for early diagnosis and other health facilities available for the control of the disease.

FISHERMAN ARRESTED FOR WRONG LICENSES

Charles Frank Konopasek, 624 Victory street, was arrested by state police Sunday and charged with false application of an angler's license. He was taken before Judge W. P. Tucker where he said he came to Medford from Nebraska in January and bought a resident fishing license, claiming he did not know he should have applied for a non-resident license. His case was continued until April 30.

A person must be a resident of Oregon six months before becoming eligible for a resident angler's license, state police said.

CELEBRATES WITH CUBS

Oakland, Calif., (U.P.) — Another holiday special was achieved by an African lioness, "Buttercup," who gave birth to quadruplet cubs just before midnight on St. Valentine's day at the Oakland Zoo. Two years ago Buttercup became a mother for the first time when two cubs were born on Easter. Last year, three cubs arrived on Easter.

Pfc. Robert Stacy Returned To Army

Pfc. Robert Lowe Stacy, reported missing in action on March 5 in Germany, has been returned to the army, according to information received here by relatives. The young man was hospitalized, this being the fourth time he has been in the hospital since going overseas.

Sgt. E. F. Edwards Reported Missing

T/Sgt. Eugene F. Edwards has been reported missing in action over Germany, according to a message received by his brother, Ray Edwards, 323 King street. Sgt. Edwards was a turret gunner on a Liberator bomber of the 303d bombardment group. Edwards, who has made his home in Medford and Phoenix his entire life, was employed at H. U. Mitchell's car-painting shop on South Riverside avenue before entering the service.

LONG MEMORY

Lakeside, O., (U.P.) — A man wrote to E. E. Braithwaite, clerk of nearby Danbury township, the other day and offered to pay for a lock he broke while attending school there 40 years ago.

SPRING MERCHANDISE

Coats, Suits, Millinery Alterations by Experts Specializing LADIES' COATS & SUITS IN HALF SIZES Burelson's Ladies' Ready-To-Wear 31 No. Central Avenue

Advertisement for Societe CHOCOLATS featuring a box of chocolates and the text 'Your Gift of Societe CHOCOLATS is a Compliment'.

Large advertisement for Kryocide Natural CRYOLITE insecticide, featuring a large sign that says 'BE PREPARED!' and 'That Codling Moth is Coming Again!' along with a list of benefits and contact information for the Agricultural Chemicals Division of Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Co. of Washington.