

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
27-29 North Fir St. Phone 2141.
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An Independent Newspaper.

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, June 27.—Well the show is over and there is nothing left up at the Memorial Opera House today, but memories, janitors and various and sundry discarded press-releases and programs.

The big news at the moment is the resignation of Secretary Stettinius. If anyone cares to look over the files of this paper they will find a prediction in this department based upon the local underground sometime in April, to this effect. The report was frequently denied and as also noted in this column an effort to "build-up" the waning prestige of the Secretary of State was launched a few weeks ago.

According to the same report, Mr. Stettinius will now be the Council Delegate of the United Nations, representing the United States. This is a position far better suited to his temperament and his talents.

According to the radio every seat was filled at the final session of this United Nations conference marked by the presence of the President of the United States.

Like many other "reports" this was not true. There was an empty seat, for example next to your correspondent in the third row of the press gallery. We counted half a dozen others in the same section.

Rather reminiscent of a train trip we took from Washington a year or so ago when they said the Pullman space had been sold out for three weeks, and yet our car was only HALF-FULL.

We know very few people here around the bay district and yet had several pleas over the phone if there was not SOME WAY to get a ticket to the presidential session!

What was the matter with the final session? Was it ye editor's hasty lunch, or was there something really awry in the general atmosphere and the all-around set-up?

Throughout the session from 3:35 to nearly 6, your correspondent was constantly harassed by a sense of frustration, and the persistent feeling that it was all added up to a presentation of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There was more color and inspiration than at the opening of the conference; but not anything approaching what the importance of the occasion demanded.

And constantly we found ourselves saying: "If Franklin Delano Roosevelt were only here!" What a show the old maestro would have put on! And how impossible it was for anyone present to fill his place!

The speeches were good,—the President's and Masyrack's of Czechoslovakia,—also Lord Halifax's were, we thought, excellent. But there was none outstanding; none that really thrilled and inspired and seemed to be in harmony with what everyone agreed was a tremendously momentous and history-making occasion.

The only spontaneous enthusiasm as far as the audience was concerned was when Masyrack pleaded to "please,—please stop this talk of the next war!" (The Hearst representative winced!)

But otherwise,—well it was like a beautiful new motor-car, with all the latest appliances and fixings but with no spark-plugs in the engine!

The material elements of a great event were there; but not that subtle something that would have given it life and bounce and true GREATNESS of spirit!—R.W.R.

San Francisco, June 28.—The theme song of the final day of the UNCIO was:

"What a day in history!" When the U. S. delegation filed before the blaze of Klieg lights in the Veterans building to sign the charter, Secretary Stettinius intoned in a deep solemn voice:

"We are all aware of the great historical significance of this day!" They were, particularly Sol bloom who may be President some day for he has risen from the streets of San Francisco as a little newsboy to be a member of the House of Representatives of the United States!

Sol was so nervous he started to sign twice and then got as red as a turkey gobbler when he discovered it. Only two members appeared entirely at ease, one of the outstanding stars of the entire performance, Commander Stassen, and Dean Gildersleeve, the one woman member of the U. S. group and President of Barnard college.

The press and radio boys were also convinced of the epoch-making importance of the occasion. Steel towers had been erected around the baize table, three and four tiers and each tier occupied by movie cameras or Klieg lights, or recording machines and what have you. The press mostly stood on chairs so as not to miss anything.

There was a long wait. Finally a deep voice intoned through a megaphone from the crowd up front:

"One minute!" That was notice to the photographers that the U. S. delegation would appear in 60 seconds.

More silence then came: "Thirty seconds!" A machine somewhere started to grind, one of the boys on the top tier nearly to the ceiling, wiped his perspiring brow with a handkerchief and then got to work clearing the lenses of his glasses in rapid fashion. The drama was about to begin.

And then they were there, Secretary Stettinius leading, all blinking into the glare of the blinding lights and forming a curved line beyond the table.

As a fact for the record it can be stated the greatest applause was for Commander Stassen when he signed,—a great favorite of the press and radio, and for that matter the delegates and boys and girls of the Secretariat. In a straw ballot of the Secretariat incidentally he and Evatt of Australia were voted the two outstanding men of the conference.

And the theme song continued when everyone rushed over to the Memorial Opera House to hear the President speak.

In fact almost the identical phrase used by Secretary Stettinius was repeated by President Truman when he rose amid hearty applause to give his address.

"What a day this may become in world history!" That was his opening sentence, delivered with hands raised, almost as if he intended to ask for a demonstration, and it was the only ad-libbing the President did,—the rest was all in his printed speech, as delivered at the press entrance. We expected applause to follow that pronouncement, but there was none.

And when Secretary Stettinius took up the three (yes 3 of them) hardwood and gold plated gavels and banged them on the table to announce final adjournment of the United Nations Congress of International Organization the young lady on our right who had been all eyes and ears throughout, arose and announced to her escort:

"Oh I wouldn't have missed it for the world,—what an HISTORIC occasion! Thanks SO much!"

So the verdict was unanimous. Will June 26th, 1945 go down in history along with the signing of the Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States and "sich!"

Perhaps. But we have a pious idea that when everyone including the

participants are so CONSCIOUS of the historical importance of a celebration in which they are participating, there is apt to be a slip between the cup and the lip,—history being a perverse old jade, where its permanent and immortal record is concerned.

Have you ever seen these F.B.I. boys at work guarding a President? We found it difficult as speech followed speech to keep our eyes off them. Talk about vigilance being the price of security!

There were two of the plain clothes men in front of the platform, one of them standing throughout, the other seated; but neither of them stopped for so much as a second inspecting faces and the nooks and crannies before them from the orchestra to the topmost gallery of that tremendous auditorium. Not a movement or a sound escaped them, not a camera shutter clicked, a crank turned or a person moved that their eyes were not immediately on that SPOT!

On the stage in the wings there were four more of the huskies,—and fine-looking, well-dressed young men they are,—two on each side. They were keeping their eyes on the President and the rear of the stage. Now and then one of them would disappear and then return and resume his vigil. And when the President finally shook hands with Secretary Stettinius and departed—presumably he was surrounded on all four sides before he could take a step, by these men who are responsible for the safety of the President of the United States when he leaves the White House for a trip.—R.W.R.

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 June 29, 1935 (It was Saturday) Coal strike is called off, after conference with president.

Floods sweep Europe, and heat hits Japan.

Snow falls in the high hills today.

Von der Hellen & Pearson steam shovel plunges off Crater Lake rim road.

Stores to close all day July 4.

Shakespearean revival and pageant at Ashland next week.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY June 29, 1925 (It was Monday) Santa Barbara razed by earthquake, with many killed and property loss in millions.

Cloudy, rain predicted. High 75, low 67 degrees.

Yesterday 175 cars made trip to Crater Lake.

Billy Sunday, famed evangelist to talk for bill preventing teaching of evolution in Oregon schools.

Secretary of Navy Wilbur to visit Oregon on way to Panama canal.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO TODAY June 29, 1911 (It was Thursday) P. & E. to run special trains to Butte Falls for July 4 celebration, with special round trip rate.

Medford may get new theater building. Option taken on Page corner lot.

Rewards totalling \$5,400 offered for capture of Drain mail car robber.

Police round up 21 vagrants who have cash total of \$1.21.

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, June 29.—Last Wednesday I started a search for the answer to what is this thing called communism which is running over Europe and reached the conclusion that it was not communism, not socialism, not bolshevism, not Marxism,—but was simply a despotism of the proletariat.

The proletariat is the lowest class of society. The word is not new. It was used in ancient Rome to denote those who contribute nothing to the state. Synonyms for it are "rabble" and "peasantry" in our dictionaries.

The way Russia uses the word to describe its government

proudly as "a dictatorship of the proletariat" naturally assumes you must have a dictatorship to run things for the proletariat.

It is not only the lowest class economically, but also intellectually and spiritually. In truth, it has no spirit—not even for the one political party which Russia has.

ON the eve of war, the komonol (youth movement) had an announced membership of 12,000,000, although there were 40,000,000 of komonol age in the country. (Since then large blocs of the army have been blanketed in and the last figure showed 7,500,000 of the 40,000,000 available had joined the movement at the end of 1943.)

In a total population of about 183,000,000 (before the war) only 3,900,000 Russians are members of the only party allowed to function. Therefore the "proletariat" has been excluded from the operations of the government.

The soviet leadership conducts campaigns to enlarge the party once in a while, but Lenin's theory on popular representation was expressly put forward:

"Russia used to be ruled by 150,000 landowners. Why could not 240,000 bolsheviks do the same job?"

The point of this is that Stalin's government is a dictatorship over the proletariat, not by the proletariat. It does not get its power from the consent of the governed or even from consultation with those in whose name it conducts its dictatorship. I suppose it might reasonably be contended the proletariat is incapable of deciding or advising what is in its best interests.

A COUNTERPART in our country would be a dictatorship of the United States by sharecroppers, but not conducted by them or allowing them consultations, or any power, the sole power being wielded over them by a small political party of which few of them were members.

No Russian has ever known liberty. First the poor knew the terrorism of the czars, against which they did not protest (the revolution being led by our New Yorkers), and now they have another despotism in their name, and they do not protest it.

Throughout Europe, the common man is a docile mentality who has little of our kind of liberty. His mind is, therefore, fertile ground into which to plant dictatorships of any character. Our people would not stand them a minute—if permitted free knowledge and choice.

The wage of a Russian worker is fixed by government (averages \$20 to \$40 for a 66-hour week, six days with eight hours, plus three daily hours of overtime). He lives in a company house with fixed rent (government), buys at a company store (government) under fixed prices and complete rationing of all produce even in peace times.

Generally he eats at the company (government) table, because it is cheaper than buying and preparing his own food. He cannot strike. He cannot move to another plant. He does not find it healthy to protest. His whole life and that of his family is directed in every detail by the central one-party control from Moscow.

What American worker would want that completely despotic, autocratic authority exercised

Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The ODT announces it will be three years before the majority of autolists will be able to buy a new car. This throws a wet blanket on the speedists, who drive like they couldn't get out from under it. They figured on wrecking their current mechanical mess in pre-war Fourth of July recklessness, and then buy a 1946 model for the late fall and winter skidding off a mountain road.

Mrs Perkins, the only woman secretary of labor, retires July 1 and has bought a new hat. All the country gets out of it is a long needed new secretary of labor.

In honor of the rodeo, many prominent horsemen are wearing cowboy boots. Some walk as if the collar-button therein, they mistake for a corn, was very painful.

J. Cochran Robin won the annual Bird Lairs contest on the cthe lawn. He recited that while flying home to supper recently with a steelhead fish-worm, it fell from his mouth. "I thought of my hungry kiddies, nose dived, and caught their evening meal before it hit the ground." The decision of the judges was unanimous. "He has told better ones than that," chirped Mrs. Robin knowingly.

CORRECT SIZE-UP (Detroit News) Presumably all hands at San Francisco are for home and mother, and against sin, the common housefly and carrots on the 75-cent lunch — five sturdy cornerstones for any world understanding.

Shotgun shells will be scarce again this fall the government announces. There will only be 300,000,000. Even with this meager amount hunters ought to be able to hit something besides trespass signs, rural cats, farmers stooping over, and each other.

"OPENING GUN IS FIRED IN PLANS TO O. K. PEACE." (Exchange).—It seems like a time to boast about the length of the olive branch, instead of the limberness of the trigger finger.

The beef shortage situation in Oregon is nearing a crisis. In some sections the waitress can't bear the customers order a steak above the bawling of the steers at the kitchen door of the henery.

It looks like a "safe and sane Fourth of July." The pressure for safety and sanity is heaviest on the small boys without fire-crackers. With the birthday of the nation five days away, all juveniles with two thumbs have not been able to blow off either one for his country.

GIDDY GRANDMAW! "Grandma is shocked by the conduct of granddaughter, but the truth is grandma was wicked when she was a girl. She did things she knew her parents disapproved of. For one thing she deliberately exposed a pretty ankle in the presence of a young man. Could anything have been worse than that? Then, too, she and her beau sat on the back seat in church, back with the lost souls, although she knew her parents wanted her to sit far up toward the front. And once, shame on her, she turned back the clock five minutes so her mother wouldn't know that her beau, who was calling, remained past the late hour of 10.—(Kansas City Times.)"

The first transcontinental airplane flight in America was from New York to San Francisco in 1920.

by any arbitrary and irremovable political party—or by anyone?

ANY examination of Russian conditions must lead to the conclusion that it is not a legitimate challenge to our way of life, not a hot competitor to our theory of government, but in practice and theory at home a desperately striving movement to keep swimming against a real poverty and bankruptcy beyond anything we have ever known.

Only in its political nature is its government competitive against us—not its people or its system. The people seem to want nothing but peace. I cannot possibly conceive of the Russian peasant or worker thinking today of defeating or overthrowing the United States. They have every respect for our superiority. But it is their government with which we must get along and live in peace in the postwar world. We cannot reach the people, or they us.

Only politically, only in the realm of politics, does fear find valid roots. I will deal with considerations in that realm in a subsequent column.

The palace of the Legion of Honor, in San Francisco's Lincoln Park, is an exact model of the Paris original.

G. I. RAILROADERS TO GET FURLOUGH

Washington, June 29.—(U.P.) The war department today authorized emergency 30-day furloughs for 4,000 soldiers who are urgently needed on the railroads.

prevent a breakdown of rail transportation under the mounting pressure of troop and freight movements from Europe to the Pacific."

Men furloughed will be employed as brakemen, firemen, boiler-makers, electricians, car repairmen, mechanics, machinists and helpers. They must be at least 26 and preferably 30. They will not be chosen from those in replacement training centers or alerted for overseas.

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