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Editorial Correspondence

En Route to Chicago (Somewhere in Wyoming), Sept. 9: Unfortunately the best railroad in the U. S. A. runs through the most uninteresting country. The railroad to which we offer this unsolicited bouquet, and free advertising, is the Union Pacific on which we are now being efficiently transported in the general direction of Omaha, Neb.

It is really a "super-super" railroad but there is nothing much on it to see. However, the old law of compensation works in this department also, for the customers deprived of scenery make it up in drink, which makes the club-cars on the U. P. paying-operations, instead of losing ones, as on the more scenic D. & R. G.

Our subscription list in Dunsmuir, Calif., is meagre—so meagre we feel at liberty (always deferring to the business office, of course) to state that this S. P. section-stop in northern California is not distinguished by its attractive night-life. Or, at least without a guide we couldn't find it. So after eating a snack at the corner cafe, and trying out the slot-machine there until the place locked up we went to the lobby of the Travelers hotel up town to wait for the announced arrival of No. 19 at 2 in the morning!

There was only one person in the lobby, besides the night clerk, who was busily sweeping up. This one person looked surprisingly alert and cheerful for 30 minutes after midnight, the reason being explained later by the fact he works as a train mail-carrier and was waiting—if we recall correctly—for the "Cascade."

He was telling the clerk about Alec, another mail-car operator who was "a skinny little runt" but a glutton for work,—in fact, did more than any other two men,—and the other two men,—he being one, were willing to let him do it!

This statement interested the night-clerk so much he stopped sweeping, and sat down in one of the dozen delapidated leather chairs he had collected in the center of the lobby rug remarking as he relaxed and made himself comfortable:

"That's me too,—I don't play much pool or go out nights, but got this job till 6 a. m., sleep till lunch, then go to school!"

"You see I am going to be an engineer, unless I go in for medals,—had a bit of both, at base-camp. Do you know what I did,—learned a year of anatomy in six weeks! And I went through trigonometry as far as calculus,—do you know much 'trig,' Bert? You know they sprung an exam on us suddenly and so I went up to the library just as it was closing. Miss X always liked me so she kept it open and showed me the 'trig' book and there was all the answers, and I got a C plus—would have got an A but the light was dim and I couldn't read my own notes. You know Bert I guess this is going to be a bad winter."

Whereupon the clerk arose and started to sweep up again.

"How do you mean, bad, a lot of snow?" asked the mail-clerk. "Yep" was the reply, "probably as bad as '37 when the snow was 17 feet deep on the level right out there on the street. Say Bert, might help me with this couch, it's hard to handle alone, though I usually do it."

So Bert helped "the glutton for punishment," not only with the couch but with the chair we had selected for a cat-nap, putting it smack against another so we had difficulty getting back into it.

In fact we felt decidedly the unwelcome guest, even considered asking what the charge might be for occupying a lobby chair until 2 o'clock, then thought better of it and bundling up in our overcoat—it gets cold in the Dunsmuir canyon in the early morning—we returned to the S. P. station, which was well warmed, but all the seats were occupied, one sailor boy occupying two and apparently sound asleep.

The accommodating station porter offered to get us an "upholstered chair" from the "ladies' room," a very much appreciated bit of attention but one we declined with thanks! We may look like the President Emeritus of the Townsend club, but we refuse to be treated abroad as such!

More than that. The "ladies' room," which opens directly off the depot waiting room in Dunsmuir was so extremely popular that we did not feel the porter should get in the way of the traffic,—particularly as he, too, is an employee of the "FRIENDLY Southern Pacific." Two or three little girls in pig-tails, who did not look at all alike, but appeared to have the same mother,—and a very tired and harassed one!—kept going in and out all night, so frequently in fact that as the mother did not appear alarmed, we decided was some sort of game, the nature of which, however, we failed to discover.

Where the men's "rest room" was we never found out!

When the belated No. 19 finally did come in, we could see no signs of the bull-dozer on the cow-catcher, but the engineer way up in his cab, did have a most bored and "regusted" look on his face.

The station porter sprang to life with the luggage, divided the passengers into day-coach and Pullman groups, and believe it or not, served both!

We had to walk far down the track and around the curve nearly to Black Butte, before we found our car, but our bags were there—thank the Lord!—though the porter wasn't, and Ye Editor made a new record in the direction of disrobing and getting beneath the blankets!—R.W.R.

Westbrook Pegler

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New York, Sept. 13—The reaction of some Americans to disclosures of certain of the late President Roosevelt's operations and connivances has been that it is unseemly to bring out such information regarding a great man so recently dead. This thought has been expressed by some who speak not in the fanatic and cynical tones of the political action group, but appear to be fair-minded if over-sensitive citizens. It is argued in this connection that history should be allowed to form the verdict on Mr. Roosevelt's character.

To this I agree to the extent that history will give the final decision. However, two other facts should be remembered. First Mr. Roosevelt, himself, impudently lumped the gun and acknowledged his own greatness during his life by erecting historical monuments to himself, being our only president who ever did this, although Hitler and Mussolini, of course did. And, second, as every trial lawyer knows, the time to prepare a case is when the evidence is still at hand and witnesses are still alive and their memories good.

HISTORIANS COMPLAIN that they are hampered in their work by the carelessness of living generations. But they have been hampered by timidity, also, and by an exaggerated sense of the nice thing which forbids the recording, while the facts and the witnesses are still alive and before documents can be destroyed, of information bearing on historic causes, events and personalities.

Years afterward, patient, studious research men prowling the libraries trying to restore history from fragments and bring distorted versions into symmetry. This has been called debunking.

tory and, indeed, deceive itself in its own judgments, by covering up evidence that he did?

IF IT CAN BE SHOWN that he contrived to throw a burden on the common man in order to relieve his own son of an enormous debt, what is the duty of the current historian as to that? And if evidence of that is concealed or allowed to vanish for lack of timely initiative, how can history, years afterward, reach a correct verdict?

If, for all his denunciations of tax-dodgers and of "clever little schemes having the color of legality" Mr. Roosevelt left his heirs could escape a certain inheritance tax, would examination of the facts here be sacrilegious or conscientious reporting?

Is it a violation of decency or a service to truth and history to point out that the most lavish giver of other people's money to the needy, even in foreign lands, himself, when he died, left \$100 apiece to his personal employees, and he a millionaire, and provided for less than \$20 a week for a loyal confidante and helper of many years' service?

Agreed that history should be allowed to give the verdict, but it is impossible to produce a valid verdict from a one-sided case.

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13—The foolishness is starting up again. Nevada's Senator McCarran has introduced a bill, and California's Downey is promoting it, to reduce the federal payroll sitters' work week to 30 hours—five hours a day, six days a week—a sort of WPA without shovels.



PAUL MALLON

Mr. Truman reduced it from 48 to 40 hours at the war's end, and now the new-dealing senators are trying to drop it to 30, with the usual hour or so for lunch, no doubt, and 30 days' vacation with pay and 30 days' sick leave (usable for headaches or whims). This would make a federal job so nice, you would hardly have to go to work at all. The payroll sitters naturally look kindly upon Senators McCarran and Downey and say: "They are great humanitarians; they have the interest of the common people at heart," and the objects of this adulation naturally are swelling their chests at the good work they are doing, realizing how superior are their emotions toward the common man. Thus the racket is starting all over again.

HUMANITARIANS, eh? Listen:

Behind this proposal is the overmanned condition of the federal payroll. In war, anyone could get a job doing anything or nothing here—and did. Stenographers who did not know how to put paper in a typewriter drew their salaries and got away with it, through help of associates who did know how to work. There was plenty to do then. Now there is little to do yet no one wants to give up the soft jobs. They want to keep all the war employes on the payroll, and share the work by reducing the work week, all at the expense of the working man in this country who pays taxes, to support more people than are needed to run the government. That is the basic proposition here.

HUMANITARIANS, eh? Destroyers would be a more accurate term, as I think I can clearly prove. It is plainly evil.

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Harsh laxatives got you feeling down? If yours is the common type of constipation, caused by lack of sufficient bulk in the diet, follow this pleasant way to lasting regularity.

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dent and conceded by all this nation would be at its best for all the people if every man was employed in full production of his energy and talents. In this world of financial fictions, only production is real wealth. We saw this so clearly in the war. We won because we marshaled our productivity beyond that of any other nation and fully supplied the victory of every allied nation. They could not do the job. Their productivity was insufficient to meet the task.

Work, then, is wealth. To the individual, his productivity is his only real security. With prices, money, federal debts and all financial factors running toward inflation, the ability of an individual to produce is the main guarantee of a safe place for him. Economically, also, his work generates more work for the more people.

He produces an auto and perhaps 100 men help get a living from that auto, dealer, salesman, mechanic, shipping clerk, railroad agent, gasoline filling station proprietor, etc. If he did not produce that auto, the 100 would suffer. If 1000 men did not produce autos, 100,000 would fail of their livelihood.

Economically, therefore, work is the stimulus of the nation and production is national wealth and well being.

NOW inject into the system a reduction of the work week. Cut it from 48 to 40, then 30, perhaps 20, 10 or 1 and you cut the heart muscles of your system. Somewhere along the way, your production declines and your nation declines and falls.

Specific experience, we saw of this, also, in the war. French politicians got their work week down to 30 hours before the war. This was not sufficient to sustain the country, much less provide the armaments with which to fight a foe, producing the utmost of its deficient manpower energy and using its facilities to the fullest.

France was a pushover because she could not make the guns, planes, ships, to meet the effort of her adversary, although her available manpower was greater in numbers and she had

access to raw materials beyond the dream of the Germans.

IF WE are again to take up the wrong end of the economic telescope and look toward negation of production, non-use of manpower, "spread the work," etc., we will not measure up to Russia, which worships the goal of production; indeed, eventually we could not match infantile Japan.

That work week is best for this nation which produces the best nation, not the most ease and least work. What this nation desperately needs in the continuing world crises is a work week which is just and sound for the workers and people, and yet will do the job of work and production which must be done. With all the work crying to be done in this country, the place for surplus government employes is to do some of it. They should be put to useful production.

Flight o' Time Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO September 13, 1935 (It was Friday) State constitution provides new state capitol must be built in Salem.

Harry Hopkins placed in charge of WPB by President.

Transient relief to end September 20. Expected to put stop to aimless drifting of many families.

Gold Hill school opened with enrollment of 222.

Unsettled with occasional rain. High 71, low 50 degrees.

Mussolini rejects any compromise to avert war with Ethiopia, and veiled challenge to England seen.

Twenty Years Ago September 13, 1925 (It was Sunday) Adm. Moffatt fires broadside at Col. Mitchell's unified air

policy, and condemns it as "Bolshevik propaganda."

Race horses arrive for county fair next week.

Cloudy, with 16 of an inch of rain. High 78, low 57 degrees.

Sixty per cent of American people now eating bakery bread statistics show.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO September 13, 1911 (It was Wednesday) Postoffice sub-station to be opened.

Good Roads meetings to be

held throughout county for next ten days.

Work to start soon on street lights for Main street.

Gold Hill as a building boom.. Closing time for Classified Ads 6:30 p. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:15 p. m.

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