

MEDFORD MAIL-TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Pezzy
Cigarettes are again out in the open, but shyly, like a country girl making her first trip down the Main Stem, with her midriff exposed, in a fashionable play suit.

Politics is now the national goat, and taking the blame for things, formerly laid on the war. It is now held responsible for the Pearl Harbor probe, and a California sheriff getting caught in a gambling round-up.

Whole blood donated by a Pennsylvania sergeant caused Gen. H. Tojo, Nipponese war lord, to rally and have better than an even chance to recover from his self-inflicted wound. The sergeant should be promoted to colonel, discharged, and given a medal for obeying orders in the face of great disgust.

"Crater Lake in the Northwest Country is the destination of Merle Wolf Marx and his bride."
—Social item published in the Tribune of Oakland, Cal., a Northwest suburb of Los Angeles.

"I know now why my old man has been so sweet, and helped me can peaches all week," commented one of the Older Girls yes. "He thinks he is going out into the woods, and be shot at for a deer, on the 29th."

A BIT COLLICED
(Collier's)
"Johnnie," she said, "there's never been anyone so right for me." And that was the answer.

He held her close then, her hair soft against his face, and it was like sitting in with Teddy Wilson and Benny Goodman. Only a million times better.

Thursday the 13th passed without any black cats having hard luck.

The senate banking committee has approved the "full (nothing to do with liquor) bill. It guarantees "all Americans able to work, and desiring to work" jobs. There is no contest on this part of the plan. The rub comes on the "compensatory spending theory", thought up by Henry Wallace, the little pig killer. Under it a citizen would receive remuneration for his ability to look for work, and never find it, and to sit down beside it, if he did.

Atty. R. Moore finds the news dull these days. He picks up the daily squeak, and finds the headlines singing nothing of battles, offensives, fleeing Nazis, parades in Paris, Russian skullduggery, and no "emergencies" while you wait coming out of Washington, D. C. Everything is different, but the labor strike news. This is the "reconversion" period. The nation is getting ready to receive its sensational news from Hollywood, instead of Tokyo.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR
The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly; You can hunt until you're dizzy, but it somehow will get by. Till the forms are off the press. It is strange how still it keeps. It shrinks into a corner and it never stirs or peeps. The typographical error, too small for human eyes, Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size. The boss he stares with horror, then he grabs his hair and groans; The proofreader drops his head upon his hands and moans. The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean as may be, But that typographical error is the only thing you see."
— (Editor & Publisher)

Editorial Correspondence

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10:
The Midwest from the Missouri river to Lake Michigan looks like April, not September. Everything is wet and green, which is certainly something for Ripley at this time of year. The corn is a bit high for April, in fact "as high as an elephant's eye," but it is also as green as the Emerald Isle, the rivers are high, also the creeks muddy and rampaging. Unexpected September rains are the cause, they say. The country really is lushly beautiful.

The "City of San Francisco" got in on time,—in fact, had to slow down around Oak Park or it would have been ahead of schedule,—an unpardonable sin in railroad circles! We believe everyone on board pronounced the voyage a most successful one. Some of the boys and girls had too much to drink, but then they can't blame the railroad—or railroads—for that. Anyone who drinks too much has only himself,—or herself,—to blame. We have never been able, in fact, to understand the reasoning of those who indulge too much. A snifter now and then yes,—but too much is TOO MUCH,—and there is NO GOOD in it!

"Kimmel" seemed to like Chicago,—at least the C. & N. W. station for there was an iron-post every 15 or 20 feet, and he and his leash got wound around about 90 per cent of them much to Miss Daggett's annoyance,—Miss Daggett, we should say, is all of eight or 10 and naturally takes her dog,—and life,—very seriously. Her brother, who is perhaps six or seven, is more nonchalant, and has a governess to run around with, anyway. Miss D. has no one but "Kimmel." (We are not sure of the name, it may be Himmel, but we are quite certain it is not Himmler!) and might we add, en passant, he is an oversized dachshund and a handful.

Guess the season in these parts is late all around. One of the two residents of Chicago we know well is still in the country and the other one had left his office for the day (1:30 p. m.) and would not return until tomorrow, when we don't expect to be here. Too bad,—we had hoped to get a free lunch at one of our favorite dining-rooms, on the top floor of the University club on Michigan avenue.

We got a room at a new hotel until the "Black Hawk" is due to leave for the place where the undersigned was born some years ago on the grassy banks of the Rock river.

That is it is new to most residents of Chicago but not to the old-timers. In the gay nineties it was called the "Annex" but now it is "The Congress" with face lifted and no longer under the control of the U. S. army—only under operation for a few weeks, and to date, we can't recommend it VERY highly. Too many flies! At luncheon we had to eat a sandwich with one hand and swat the flies with a copy of the Chicago Tribune with the other!

Well, we are within around 800 miles of the Atlantic ocean,—nearly across the continent in other words. And how would one sum up the situation?

Rather like this from what had to be a very fleeting observation: The country is in something of a race track after the race has been run, the winner has been declared but the horses are still going and their jockeys have not been able, as yet, to stop them and return them to the judges' stand.

In other words: Things are pretty much confused. There are just as many horses on the track as there were when the race started, but they are pretty much mixed up, the winner may be the first in the line or the last, one has to relax and let nature take its course. But the important point is there are just as many horses on the track and there are just as many members of the army and navy still in uniform and traveling about, but they don't know exactly where they are at as yet.

Another fact has become very evident in conversing with members of the army and navy en route: There is one thing the boys do want, and one thing they DON'T.

They DO want to get out and get home. They DON'T want to be in any army of occupation anywhere, anytime, and they are willing to fight and if need be die, to prevent it!

Rockford, Ill., Sept. 10: Just arrived on the I. C. fast train, "The Land of Corn." It used to be a swanky streamliner, stainless steel and glass, but now merely a collection of broken-down day coaches. It makes the same time, however, an hour and 45 minutes. (At the same rate of speed the S. P. would make the run to Portland in between six and seven hours.)

The train, as usual, was crowded, many service men returning to Camp Grant. We shared a seat with a young blonde from Peoria who had come to Chicago on "The Rocket" and was pretty scornful of the "Land of Corn" and skeptical about Rockford which she was to visit for the first time.

"What sort of a town is it?" she asked as she lit another Chesterfield.

We replied it was an attractive place about 100,000 people, rather the homey conservative type, not a city exactly, yet more than an overgrown village.

"Sounds like a hick town to me and I don't like 'em. Peoria is a pretty speedy place, plenty of liquor and gambling, but can't equal Las Vegas, Nev.—that is some swell burg for its size—a lot doing all the time. I was up at Grand Coulee too; I like dam towns someway."

As she talked the young lady fingered over a large bundle of sheet music with a professional air. "You see, I play the piano in an orchestra," she explained.

The car was full of files also,—we had worn out the Tribune so bought a copy of the Chicago Times.

The big show of the trip was twins across the aisle, only 10 days old, identical, a boy and girl, one in a clean new pink blanket, the other in blue, and not a peep out of either the entire trip—slept like a couple of new-born kittens, all the way.

A couple of smart-looking "grey ladies" were in charge, the two infants on one seat, they side by side on the other smoking cigarettes and chatting busily throughout the journey.

We took the younger looking one to be the mother until the train stopped at Rockford and we filed out. A couple of pretty well-oiled "drummers" coming up the aisle spled the babies and their attendants, one of them bowing low taking off his hat and paying a flowery tribute to motherhood, ending up by inviting the younger woman to have a drink with him at the Faust hotel at 7 o'clock!

The young lady declined with smiling thanks, explaining the twins were from a baby home in Evanston and were being delivered to a certain family in Rockford so she could not accept the high tribute though she appreciated the spirit in which it was offered.

Something in the tone of this courteous rejoinder chilled the drunk completely, he turned up his coat collar and without further comment, rambled toward the door.—R.W.R.

Westbrook Pegler
Copyright, 1945, by King Features Syndicate
New York, Sept. 14 — Harold Laski, once of Harvard, and now secretary of the Labor Party which rules Great Britain, seems to misunderstand the equation between the American citizen and taxpayer, and the party for which he speaks. Although he holds no British public office, Laski also presumes to speak for the British people and their government as well, which should be all right with us if it is with them, if they want to repudiate him that also is up to them, but up to now they seem not to think he has exceeded his credentials. Laski's government took office to the tune of the Internationale, the anthem of the Communist conspiracy against all freedom everywhere and particularly against the freedoms inherent in

and it isn't the right of the British to experiment with their own lives on any terms they choose, that is objected to.

The objectors are the American tax-payers to whom Laski and his party and its government look for new homes, free, new industrial equipment, free, cash unemployment and demobilization allowances, free, and food and clothing for an indefinite time, all free. "Big business" may also object, although "big business" has been very glib in the past, to risking its money and talent in countries which were trying revolutionary governments and may hope that by some economic witchcraft another experiment in the case of Laski's revolution would pay off. Laski insists that the right of the British to experiment with their own lives includes a right to experiment with the lives of the people of Spain, as well.

SO HE MEANS that a busted Britan not only demands that American workers pay taxes to support the British Labor Government which can't "experiment" successfully without a share of the American tax-payer's dollar, but that they contribute to the financing of another civil war among a people with whom Americans now enjoy certainly no less trustful relations than we enjoy with Soviet Russia.

It is therefore, not, as he suggests, American "big business" which is primarily concerned here. It is the American worker, on say, \$80 a week, who finds \$12 missing from his envelope by way of withholding tax, who insists on being included out of the British experiments.

The British certainly do have the right to experiment, but that experiment runs toward Communism, the declared enemy of the system that provides the wages that enable the American to pay his taxes. The Americans have indicated no desire to interfere with the British experiments. They just don't feel any obligation to pay for them.

VALIANT FIGHTER that he is on the barricades of freedom, in the absentee manner of his own Charlie Chaplin, who has been here on lend-lease for many years, Laski is less well-known to Americans than he should be.

His intimate friendship with Felix Frankfurter, of our Supreme Court, and the man known as David K. Nyles, of Boston whom the late Roosevelt planted in the White House, is, to informed Americans, a more indicative sign than muddy analyses of his writings. But when we consider also the fact that he had the impudence to interfere in disorders amounting to violent overthrow of government, in the Boston police strike of 1919, we give ourselves a clearer idea.

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

TEN YEARS AGO
Sept. 14, 1935
(it was Saturday)

In Nazi celebration at Nuernberg, Germany, Hitler is posed as "New Mahomet," in new German religion. Profess great love of peace.

Unsettled and showery until middle of week is forecast.

Sen. McAdoo, former secretary of treasury weds woman 26.

Joe Louis and Max Baer to fight in New York next Tuesday night.

William Hanley, famed Oregon pioneer and figure, passes at Burns.

Pear shipments to date pass 1,000 cars.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
Sept. 14, 1925
(it was Monday)

County fair to open tomorrow.

Portland barbers vote to return to 50c haircuts.

Unsettled. High 79, low 41 degrees.

Prof. I. E. Vining of Ashland

delivers Constitution day address here.
Legion post buys flags for decoration of city.

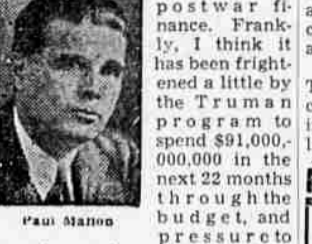
THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO
Sept. 14, 1911
(it was Thursday)
Work to pave road to Central Point to start Monday. (Old Pacific highway).

Trail Lumber company to move mill here.

Griffin Creek horse belonging to minister stolen.

News Behind The News
By Paul Mallon

Washington, Sept. 14 — Congress is groping in twilight confusion through approaches to the staggering problems of postwar finance.



spend more, because it is afraid of more inflation and does not know how the public feels. Yet it is scared more about chances of deflation, such as caused a depression a few years after the last war, and dare not upset the program. It does not know what to do.

Rejection of the Truman-approved C.I.O. plan to make the states pay unemployed \$25 a week for six months, like it or not, did not have anything to do with this economy matter. A senate finance committee opposed the revised Kilgore bill simply on the grounds of absurdity. A majority concluded there was no way of forcing the states to change their laws.

BUT the first bill up in the senate has furnished a key to the economic control problem from which all postwar issues flow. It was a bonanza bill to furnish \$300,000,000 of federal funds for additional airports in states and cities which will match the federal contribution.

We are getting to the time when airplane companies may have to buy their own landing fields. Commercial aviation is no longer a weak, losing, baby industry, but a mighty profitable commercial giant. Their competitors, the railroads, must buy right of ways and put in rails. Even steamships must buy or rent docks, but not airplanes. Up to now they have been fed mail subsidies and landing fields amounting to hundreds of millions a year, and no one in congress suggested yet that it is about time to start weaning.

Many more fields are possibly needed for national defense. We did not have sufficient landing spots to house enough planes to defend this country against invasion throughout this past war. With the atomic bomb in use, however, defense may hinge on different considerations in the next year.

In any event, one senate move to cut the federal contribution in half failed by only a 2-to-1 vote. Seeing the rising opposition, Senator McCarran accepted a compromise to spend only three quarters of the proposed fund, or \$75,000,000 a year for three years.

Confronted thus with the alternatives of spending or economy, the senate took the middle course. This is likely to be the lane to be pursued more firmly as the session progresses.

PERSONALLY I did not believe the spenders would rise up the way they have since the war. Nearing a \$300,000,000 federal debt, with taxes (federal alone) already grasping one third of the national income and with the Truman spending program officially geared to run five times as high as Roosevelt ever went for the next 22 months, I did not see how a spender could have the audacity

or unreasonableness to advocate more disbursement of federal funds. But they are firmer in their demands than ever before, even want a 30-hour government work week at a cost estimated at \$2,000,000,000 a year.

How can you expect acknowledgment of the facts of economic life of a spender, when the author of their theory, Lord Keynes, who put over so many of his fancy ideas on Roosevelt (but not on England), including the superiority of deficit spending by governments, is now over here trying to get hard American cash in violation of his own theory?

AT the start congress is developing a confused hesitancy. The tax authorities, for example (Vinson, Doughton and George), are privately agreed on a sharper tax cut than Mr. Truman mentioned—a cut of perhaps \$5,000,000,000, with a little more than half going to individuals and the rest to corporations, permitting abolition of most of the excess profits tax (new dealers do not want this) and eliminating the lowest income tax groups, while helping all individuals a little.

They want to hedge on Mr. Truman, but not too much. Of course, this cannot be characterized as economy, or anything like it. What I have described

as a middle course is merely midway between the hog-wild spenders and the other spenders. The conflict is between those who want to "trim it a little" and those who want to blow it up bigger. Nothing congress can do will prevent the next 22 months from bringing at least five times greater expenditures than ever before in peacetimes.

The great industry - ordnance team has manufactured, packaged and shipped 6,000,000 tons of ammunition to American combat armies in Africa, Italy and Western Europe in World War II.

BIG RUMMAGE SALE
GOOD THINGS CHEAP!
St. Mark's Parish Hall
5th and North Oakdale
TODAY and SAT.
Sept. 14-15 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Anderson's Thrift Market
MEDFORDS POPULAR TWO FRONT STORE



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60c Alka-Seltzer 49c
35c Valronol 29c
60c Bromo-Seltzer 49c
35c Vapo-Rub 29c
25c Carter Liver Pills 19c
48 Major B Complex 49c
\$1.00 Major B Complex 89c
75c Woodbury Face Creams 59c
50c Woodbury Beauty Preparations 39c

It's Thrifty to Buy at ANDERSON'S THRIFT MARKET

MILK SPECIAL Fine for Baby 6 Tall 60c
MORNING Good for You Cans
WILSON'S MOR LUNCHEON MEAT—Tin 31c

KRIS-BIX CRISPY ROUND BUTTER WAFERS 2 Boxes 25c
APPLE BUTTER—30-oz. jar 39c

STEEL WOOL 16 LARGE USEFUL PADS 35c
FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS—Large bag 39c

POW WOW CLEANSER IT'S GOOD! 3 Boxes 25c

"Dew Kist" Vegetables
"SNAP" STRING BEANS
Blue Lake variety. Fresh and brittle. Splendid for 2 20-lb. Canning. lbs. 25c box \$2.49

HALE PEACHES
Just right for canning. \$1.79 crate
Hand picked fruit.

DANVER ONIONS
No. 1 quality. Winter keepers. Buy them in Mesh Bags. 10 lbs. 69c

GRAPEFRUIT
Abundance of Juice. Appetite makers Full mesh bag only 79c

BARTLETT PEARS
Juicy and luscious. Pick of the orchards. Fine grained with delicious flavor. 7c lb.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THESE VALUES
AMERICAN CHEESE NO POINTS NOW! lb. 38c
PURE STRAINED HONEY 5-pound Pail 98c
NUT-O-MEAL CEREAL PACKAGE OF HEALTH 25c
LIGHT MEAT TUNA GOOD EATIN'! 25c
KERR MASON JAR LIDS Doz. 6c Popular Regular Self-Sealing.

Anderson's Thrift Market
MEDFORDS POPULAR TWO FRONT STORE

From where I sit... by Joe Marsh
Mad Dogs and Wagging Tongues
The county had a "mad dog" scare last week. Phoebe Token's spaniel bit the postman, and he vowed that he was plenty mad about it.
But by the time the rumor got around, it wasn't the postman who was mad, it was the dog. And before the truth was learned, half the kids in the neighborhood had missed school, while their mothers nearly died of fright.
Wagging tongues can cause a lot of "mad dog" trouble. Like wagging tongues that gossip about our soldiers drinking too much around Army camps. It's just not true, as the government found out and told us. Milk and beer are among a soldier's favorite drinks—which is why we have the best behaved army in history. But those ugly rumors are bound to hurt morale and cause hard feeling.
From where I sit, wagging tongues can cause a heap more trouble than mad dogs.
Joe Marsh
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