

MEDFORD MAIL-TRIBUNE

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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

For the umpteenth time, it is reported Henry Wallace will resign his cabinet post. It is unfair to keep tantalizing the American public that way.

The Nazi gals on trial for prison camp atrocities were tough females, and managed to be meaner than their male co-defendants, all testimony in the trial at Luenenberg, Germany, indicates. They thought up most of the cruelties, and were proud of it and enjoyed the suffering they caused.

The Republican party is now accused of "beating the bush," by administration leaders. Its only thing they have beat since 1932.

SERVED HER RIGHT (EMPORIA (KAN.) GAZETTE) "A customer walked into a drug store in Warrago with 21 cartons of cigarettes she had bought and hoarded during the shortage. She told the clerk she was afraid they would go stale and wanted to sell them back. The clerk did the right thing. He refused."

After an interview, the Mikado of Japan is described by the interviewer, as "having a scholarly air reminiscent of a college professor". A surplus of college professors in high places, has been alleged for many moons, as one of the causes of what ails America.

The clocks and watches (wrist and vest pocket) of the nation will be turned back next Sunday at 2 a. m. one hour. Defiant citizens who never turned them ahead, won't have to get up at that unearthly hour, and turn them back.

The Allies have issued a proclamation establishing rules and regulations for the stamping out of militarism in Germany. Statutes of Hun field marshals astride cast-iron horses in parks of Der Fatherland will be pounded into frying-pans, and no weapon more dangerous than a pop-gun will be permitted. Germans will not be allowed to drill, even with broom-handles, or call leading citizens "Colonel."

Grandpawhood has been conferred upon Carl J. Tengwald, by the arrival of a proud baby girl. Two aunts and an uncle were also added to the grand total.

TARDY REPENTANCE (Klamath Falls Herald) "Your honor, since I've been in jail this time I've been reading the Bible and I've discovered that since 1933 I've been doing things I shouldn't have done and I'm sorry," said Phillips.

It has been five months since the nation has had an "emergency" or been scolded by a bureaucrat, for "wishful thinking," and an "optimistic view of the war."

There is now a "fissure" that looks like a crevasse, and yawns like a chasm in the ranks of the democratic party of Oregon, over the nomination for federal district attorney for this state. The affair is now listed as "a comic-tragic" performance, that is neither funny, or mournful. The nominee was a clear candidate for Governor in 1937, who got "cleaned" in the final voting.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8:30 a. m.—10c Late to Classified 12:15 p. m.

Editorial Correspondence

Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Sept. 22—"May in September" is even more noticeable here than elsewhere from the Missouri to the Atlantic. This is the first clear day after nearly a week of clouds and rain and to say the country is beautiful is to express it mildly. So are the lawns and the trees on the many country estates hereabouts—lush and luscious. It is difficult to realize that in another month the leaves will start to turn to gold, crimson and copper, and a few weeks later they will begin to drop and winter will be here. Perhaps that won't happen,—the rest of 1945 may be as freakish as the first nine months.

The lifting of the gas regulations has created a transformation here as everywhere else in the country. New and reopened roadside taverns have suddenly blossomed forth like mushrooms after a warm fall rain. Where a month ago they were few and far between, between New York and Boston they are now as thick as hair-do's in Hollywood, all along the old post-road. And doing a rushing business apparently.

The chief objective of this trip has now been attained,—a family reunion. Instead of "dinner at 8" it is dinner FOR eight. The latest arrival, however, still on a bottle.

There is nothing remarkable about her except she has a heavy head of beautiful curly auburn hair; eyes as deep blue as Crater Lake and as sparkling as a couple of planets on a cold, clear winter night, a smile like Mona Lisa and she already converses amiably with her mother when she takes her pabulum! (She is six weeks old today!)

The rest of the family,—that is the children,—well,—they are just so-so! The oldest, 60 months old now, shaves himself, cooks his own breakfast and is the handsomest boy for his age in Westchester county,—otherwise just average. His brother, 30 months old, is not quite so photogenic, but already talks Portuguese fluently as well as shines his own shoes. He hasn't decided when to join the "Quiz Kids," but probably not until after he has done his Christmas shopping.

All in all, a pretty nice little family! (At least WE think so!)

Our first visit to Mt. Kisco was in the late fall of 1903,—figure that up if you are good at arithmetic! We came here to spend a week-end with another blue-eyed young lady,—she had curly hair too!—but she must have been all of 16 and her papa had recently become owner of a nearby farm and half a dozen saddle-horses. We did a lot of riding,—yes, papa went along,—and as our animal had a rather jump-trot,—at least we always blamed the horse,—we lost our pocket book and every cent we had to our name,—around \$30.

Maybe you think that wasn't a tragedy,—we were working on space for the late and lamented N. Y. "Commercial-Advertiser." But it had a happy ending and probably one few will believe. The pocket-book was not only found but returned and not a penny missing! The joy of recovery was almost worth the hours of anguish and desperation.

Mt. Kisco was very different then,—Richard Harding Davis was the only famous and solvent country gentleman hereabouts, it was essentially a dirt farming community, not a prosperous or smart one. Now it is both,—rather too much so in our opinion.

Motored over to White Plains, which has changed even more. This was a quiet country village back near the turn of the century, now it is practically a suburb of New York, with large movie palaces, branches of the smart Fifth Avenue shops like Altman, Best and Bonwit-Teller, traffic cops all over the place and as hard to find a parking space as on Market street in San Francisco.

On our return stopped at the Horace Greeley home to look at the antiques,—this for the distaff side of the family,—a typical colonial type of house, white with green blinds built in 1746. Neering Mt. Kisco ran into a similar old homestead, a white sign on the green lawn proclaiming it the "Beecher Home," in large Gothic letters,—and in much smaller ones beneath "MORTICIAN"—we didn't stop!—R.W.R.

Westbrook Pegler

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New York, Sept. 26—I recently asked a republican whose business is "labor relations counsel" how we could manage to get along in that strange new specialty in competition with New Dealers who were professional labor-fakers in the Roosevelt government and then got out to operate as trouble-shooters for industry. Even some democrats concede that this is the makings of a racket directly comparable to the system by which neighborhood gangsters sell "protection" to the merchants against window-smashing stink-bombing and, in the cleaning and dyeing business, the concealment of capsules of acid in valuable batches of garments entrusted to their care.

HIS REPLY might be another lesson in your education in a subject that ominously affects the lives, liberties and livelihood of all law-abiding Americans. "Your suspicions could be well-founded," he writes. "I have no positive knowledge of collusion or conspiracy in which the consultant and his old union friends deliberately created a condition in order to solve it—for a fee. Human nature being what it is, or worse, I would not be surprised."

I am sorry that it is sometimes worse. I recall a great, "liberal" friend of labor who hopped out of his Washington office to a town about two hours away where union trouble was brewing, knocked over a few drinks with some old pals who were running the union "negotiated" a small raise and charged the employer \$45,000, for his "counsel." Going but a step further, he could have telephoned his union friends to foment the "dispute" in the first place in return for favors he had shown them in the past. I can't say he did but, could be.

"IN A BROADER SENSE," the labor relations counsel adds, "What you suspect is true. Many of those who helped create the condition in employer-employee relations from which we suffer are now living handsomely. Some have come from government agencies dealing with some aspect of labor, some from unions, some from both."

"A considerable number of employers have hired such people as regular employees at substantial salaries. Generally, I think, they have not worked out well. Mutual faith and understanding have been hard to achieve. It is still true, I believe, that you can't work both

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Sept. 26—The American writers with sympathy for internationalism and generally for Russia are now daily reporting to us their deep dismay that Molotov would not budge an inch toward an agreement in the Big Three council of ministers. They are taking a derailing in declaring the conference everything from a bust to a farce. As I gather it, they foresee the Russians doing in Europe just about what we went to war to stop the nazis from doing—namely, gobbling it up.



The news has not created a corresponding shock on the inside here. Within officialdom, not too much else from Russia was genuinely expected. No Moscow policy or declaration of diplomatic action during the war or since justify grounds for assuming that Stalin was really fighting for the Atlantic charter for Romania and Italy, except as it might be interpreted beyond our comprehension in Russia's fundamental political interests.

THUS, while the run of London reports may claim "the Russians outsmarted us again" and term the conference a failure from our standpoint, the inner judges see we have merely made a beginning toward development of a policy by understanding what we are up against.

The London council drew the issues down from the abstract realm of allied propaganda into actual application and discovered the void. Moscow had been talking about "democracy" for Romania, while meaning hegemony over it. Not until the London council sought to bring the issue down to terms of practical action did it become unavoidably apparent to those who preferred to be blind that we were talking about opposite things.

In this case, as on Hungary, Italy, Yugoslavia and, in fact, nearly all issues, the public is now able to exist not only that a void exists but the precise dimensions of it. In short, everyone can now measure in inches how far apart we are. Until this basis of discussion was accomplished, progress was impossible.

Of course, it would have been easy for us to accomplish "success" of this conference, as in the past, by giving Russia everything asked, or by asking for nothing for our ideals while pretending "complete accord." That kind of "success" is the success of surrender. Getting rid of that kind of success for conferences is in itself a constructive achievement which opens the way for fair negotiations, realistic compromises and possible genuine agreements in the long run.

The most effective bargaining point Russia has pressed against us in the world dickering so far is that our statesmen thought they needed a successful outcome to advertise to our people. Stalin and Molotov assumed no responsibility for successful conclusions. They could let a conference fail. If we have dug ourselves out of that hole in London, the conference may eventually prove more of a success in its very failure than previously "successful" conferences which failed to motivate action, and thus are recognized now to have been real failures of the past.

THESE are not my observations but a report on the inner import of the situation. They may lead to development of a workable and sound American foreign policy and a constructive defense of our ideals and purposes in the world ahead.

As to the personal inside of the affair, I can report State Secretary Byrnes has lost contact with his lifelong mentor, Bernard Baruch. The personal relationship there is not happy. Mr. Byrnes has been going strictly on his own, with such advice as he gleaned presumably from James fountain affairs, and from James Dunn, the assistant secretary, who knows them inside and out. These two were apparently at each Byrnes' ear in London to the exclusion of others.

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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 26, 1935 (It was Thursday) WPA funds for new state capitol building approved. Legion renews demands for bonus payments. LofN notified Italy to wait until December 4, before declaring war on Ethiopia. Fair, High 86, low 44 degrees. Darwin G. Tyree of Copco reports to take federal job. Justice court warns reckless drivers will lose driver's license. TWENTY YEARS AGO September 26, 1925 (It was Saturday) Three Willow Spring horses hit by train at crossing expected to die. Extra teacher needed at Phoenix. S-81 rammed by liner, sinks off Boston, and crew is imprisoned. Property owners complain about fence around high school athletic field. Probable rain, High 73, low 50 degrees. THIRTY FOUR YEARS AGO September 26, 1911 (It was Tuesday) Italy mobilizes for war with Turkey over Tripoli. Local Elks to run special train to Portland convention next year. Portland business men to visit city and autos needed to take them on tour of valley.

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 add all letters with a view to clarity and condensation.

Atom Power Far Distant

To the editor,—To me, one of the most striking bits of information regarding the atomic bomb is that, even if pure U-235 were used as the explosive, only one-thousandth of the total atomic energy present would be released. To think that all that earth-staggering energy released over Hiroshima and Nagasaki represented only 1/10 of one per cent of the total energy in the explosive!

The explanation lies in the end products of the split U-235 atom. If the end products weighed as much as the U-235 atom, no energy would be released, because you can't get something out of nothing, even with atomic energy. The energy released is equivalent to the difference in mass between the atom and its end products; for physics teaches that energy and mass are simply two phases of the same thing.

In the case of U-235, 99.9 per cent is converted into other elements, mostly radioactive, such as barium and krypton, together with miscellaneous "spare parts." The remaining 0.1 per cent furnishes all the energy of the explosion.

Regarding the use of atomic energy as a source of power, a recent scientific article threw cold water on the idea that we might soon see an atomic-powered auto with a built-in "lifetime" plug of U-235 and a "fist-sized" motor. Such a thing is theoretically possible and may come, but remember that even if you could cross the country in a thimble-full or less of atomic fuel, that amount of fuel, at present costs of production, would cost many many times the price of the equivalent gasoline. Atomic fuel is coming, perhaps soon, but it will probably compete first as a super-concentrated fuel where space is at a premium.

So,—as Editor Ruhl would say, if you are waiting for an atomic radio, to say nothing of a home radio with radar, better not hold your breath.

ALMUS PRUITT. Closing time for Sunday too Late to Classify 4:00 Saturday afternoon Please remember!

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THE GRANGE

Lake Creek Grange met Sept. 14, with Worthy Master Loyd George presiding and 19 members present. The son of the Jack Owen family was a welcome visitor. He is home on a furlough from the army.

Dances being given by the grange are very popular. Ways and Means Chairman, Merton Bradshaw, always has a good report for the members.

Worthy Lecturer Ozie Burrell had a most interesting and educational program. The new song books are a big help in the lecturer's programs.

Next meeting of Lake Creek Grange will be Oct. 12, at 8:30 p.m. All Grangers welcome.

Gold Hill Grange met Sept. 20 in Gold Hill with Master Howes in the

chair and 37 present, and eight visitors. Visitors from Live Oak Grange were Master and Mrs. Christerson, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood and Mrs. Wait, also Mrs. Millie Walker, Mrs. Loftin and Sadie Frink of Sams Valley Grange.

The charter was draped in memory of Brother William Puhl. Master Howes resigned as Master to take up State Grange work and Brother John Grey was elected Master to fill out the year.

Master Christerson of Live Oak Grange gave an interesting talk as did other visitors. Committee were appointed to help entertain the teachers. Appointees were Dorothy Eskew, entertainment; Lucy Edgington, decorative; and Mrs. Bowerman, refreshments.

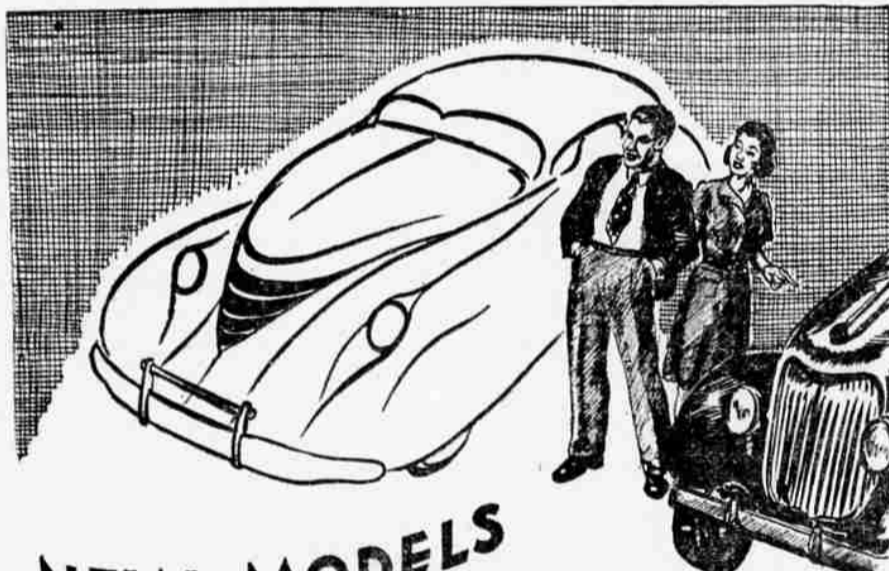
Booster night is to be Saturday night, Sept. 29. Everybody welcome. Each family should come prepared to take part in the program.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8:30 a. m.—10c Late to Classified 12:15 p. m.

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