

MEDFORD MAIL-TRIBUNE
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
Daily Except Saturday
Published by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
310 North Fir St. Phone 3444.

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Nov. 4.—To paraphrase a well known motor car slogan: "If worse weather is ever produced Boston will produce it!"

Before the rain set in,—the official weather report was "fair and colder,"—our correspondent took the subway to Scollay Square and walked to North Station. We won't try to set a date for our last visit to Scollay Square!

The old North Station has changed completely, however. In fact it isn't there. We failed even to find the B. and M. train to Lowell Junction and followed the place being crowded and dirty and well plastered with the next train to Maine!

We took the "L" for a ride around town and spying the Bunker Hill monument over the dingy roofs on the port side, decided to look it over once more,—our former visit there going back even further than North Station. Either we have forgotten what it was like or Bunker Hill has deteriorated through the years—a very sad, messy and depressing scene now.

We remember the story of the Battle of Bunker Hill in our school books the "Boys of '76" and the picture of the Redcoats (they were Hessians or German mercenaries) coming up the hill in solid marching formation with absurd "pope's hats" on their heads, and meeting the devastating fire of the U. S. colonialists, who were told not to fire until they could see the "whites of the enemy's eyes" and by doing so won a great victory.

Of course all that was a lot of unadulterated whangdoodle. The great victory we mean. It was the first organized resistance offered in the defense of Boston, but the FATHERS of the American revolution were the ones who retreated, and the British didn't—then gained the vantage point,—not Bunker Hill incidentally but Breed's Hill.

However, our forefathers won the war, and the British lost it, which made a heap of difference one hundred and seventy years ago as it does now. We mean as to how history was written.

A great many years ago the Bunker Hill district was no doubt a desirable residence district of Charlestown, for there are many old "brown-stone fronters" thereabouts with brass nameplates on the doors. But it is no longer. It is akin to slums. The Charlestown high school, across the street from the monument was letting out as we returned,—the boys and girls trooping home,—most of the boys smoking cigarettes and spitting through their teeth, and the girls godly but many busy with make-up kits. None looked fit—in a good health, or good spirit. One boy and girl went off arm-in-arm while their school mates hooted!

School was out, also, for the grades. And strolling back to the "L" station we ran into a typical school boy fight,—reminded us of the Garrison school back in Rockford, Ill., a few decades ago—make it FIVE!

This was an unusually good one, however. We don't know just what started the fracas but as we arrived, a rather pale, delicate-looking lad in knickers waded into a short stocky one in cords and sweater who must have out-weighted him by 20 pounds, and proceeded to trip him up and throw him to the cement sidewalk. There they rolled about, one up and then the other, but the pale slim one finally came out on top, twisted his feet around his opponent's legs in approved Mack Lillard style, pinned his opponent's hands down and proceeded to bump sharply up and down on his mid-section.

Quite a crowd of school children gathered. One of the boys tried to pull the lean lad off his victim, whereupon another piled into him, and it looked like a free-for-all for a time but eventually it was reduced once more to the boy in knickerbockers and the boy in cords, with the former still on top.

Well, at this point we shall pay tribute to the Irish. This section of Charlestown is Irish and these lads were Irish and the Irish do love to fight. And they are game. We have never seen a yellow Irishman yet. This boy in cords for example.

He never had a chance with his slim adversary but he never quit trying and he never squawked. With a tear either, but after about 15 or 20 minutes of struggle with the sly lad on top of him and the unyielding cement walk beneath he did pat the mat—admit he had had enough.

The winner arose slowly and carefully disengaging himself with one arm free ready for action then jumped to his feet, still ready for action. But there was none. The larger boy just relaxed on the cement with his eyes closed and breathing hard—w imagine he felt like crying but he didn't. We walked away and when we looked back, believe it or not, the two combatants were crossing the street, the slim boy with his arm around the other! That too, is Irish.

During this encounter, several men and women passed the combative pair, giving them barely a glance; and a policeman on the beat also passed showing more interest, but making no move to interfere. We have an idea in this section of Charlestown there is an unwritten law not to interfere in school-boy fistfights.—didn't the famous John L. Sullivan come from Charlestown, Mass? —R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling
(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)
Then open-hearted be with me
And I shall be with you.
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.
If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind.
If fortune chance to change your mind
I'll turn as soon as you.—Graham.
"So you say some man in Chicago became a grandfather twice in the same day, that a Brooklynite. "And so what? Are we supposed to go wild with astonishment? Mrs. Grace Fagan, who was born and raised in Brooklyn, became a grandmother twice in the same day. That was twenty-five years ago. Three weeks ago Mrs. Fagan became a great-grandmother twice in the same day. When will people in other sections learn that Brooklyn cannot be topped?"
That Dog Again
As previously reported the poet Pope gave the king a dog and wrote the following inscription for the pup's collar:
I am his highness' dog at
Kew.
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
I stated I was trying to figure out an inscription for my dog but had only been able to figure out the following:
I am Ed Durling's dog, but I ain't blue.
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
Now a subscriber named Roso Martin says that fifty years ago her dog, a cocker spaniel, had the following inscription on his collar:
I am Roso Martin's bow-

Whose bow-wow are thou?
Asking
Queries from clients: Q. How many children is it possible for one woman to have? A. That I couldn't say. However, it is a matter of record that in Russia in 1757 a woman summoned to the court of the Empress Catherine was the mother of fifty-seven children, all living. There were four sets of quadruplets, seven sets of triplets, ten sets of twins. Q. Have you anything in your Horses and Women files about greeneyed dishwater blondes with dish pan hands? Our H & W experts say dishwater blondes, no matter what color eyes they have, usually suffer from an inferiority complex. A woman who speaks bitterly of her "dish pan hands" is usually one who is inclined to spend a lot of time feeling sorry for herself. A martyr type.

Asidels
Asidels is the name which Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rackov of Oakland, Calif., have given their recently born daughter. . . . A Bloomfield, N. J., reader says he has as pets: a cat, two dogs, six monkeys and deodorized skunk. The skunk's name is Rasputin.

Things Seen
In Los Angeles," says a Californian, "I saw a man walking along the street nonchalantly smoking three cigarettes at the same time." Very interesting. I can't top it. However, I once saw a man and a dog walking along Broadway, Manhattan, and the dog was smoking a pipe, and I'm not kidding. It was a ballyhoo for a brand of pipe tobacco.

Twins
"So you challenge people to name twins who have been successful," writes a Bostonian. "Lorraine Act, the successful movie actress, is one of twins."

Please Note
A red-haired subscriber claims that in a recent survey a group of department store executives voted red-heads made the best saleswomen. Haven't heard of this survey. Our Horses and Women Department is checking on it. However, I have heard personnel experts particularly and red-heads as saleswomen because they "light up" the store and make the atmosphere seem more cheerful.

Briefly
You have heard of those "beauty farms" to which some females retire for a period to seek relaxation and to take treatments designed to improve their appearance. The charge, per person, in the leading farm of this type is \$500 a week!

News Behind The News
By Paul Mallon

Washington, Nov. 12 — How men massed in unions are made to work against their own best interest to the damnation of the rights of the people can be seen in the inside story of the Washington bus and street car strike on the very day of the labor-management national conference meeting.

For 34 hours the transportation system of the nation's capital was completely stopped. Government employees managed to get to work and back because everyone who had a car brought it out, and others hitch-hiked, but some were required for many, hours not getting home to dinner until after 9 p. m., or to work until noon, and a few being forced to walk the miles to and from.

News pictures were presented showing Waves or Wacs smiling and thumbing rides, and jokes were printed about the fellows who owned cars waiting for the prettiest girls, but the public was angry, silently, glumly, perplexedly angry.

How could they be otherwise when no one mentioned or considered their rights to public utility service from beginning to end? Public, press and government, in awe of this defiant power of the union, suffered with a passive fear—in a spirit that this was a contest of labor

and plunge into which it could not clung or assert itself.
And for what? This is how it happened:
An unannounced after-midnight meeting of the street car and bus workers was called in a burlesque theater. Many showed up with a half pint, or more to see the night through. It was a secret meeting from which the press and public were excluded. The morning papers the day of the strike carried no warning in home delivery editions.

The workers voted it suddenly around 3 a. m. The first average citizen heard of it was when he arrived at his street or bus station to find queues of people waiting. The strike had been called on a public-be-damned policy.

This was not a wild or new union, but an old, established A. F. of L. crowd, frequently called conservative. Due to war, it has many new women and men members, because the women have filled in to drive the electric cars. At the secret meeting, my government-observer informants tell me, the women were the extremists. They spoke and yelled louder than the men.

Indeed after the walkout had been voted, the meeting refused to listen to any reasonable voice of top national union leaders (who did not go in) or government authorities who tried to address the gathering and were shouted down. Published pictures show the employees in their continuous session, glowering with rage.

THE strike embarrassed the national union chiefs, who recognized it, as did everyone, as an ironical comment on the labor-management conference. Management, however, sat back and looked at union discomfort in natural glee.

Now you might reasonably suspect the timing of this strike was for that purpose. My informants, who are as highly placed on the inside of the situation as it is possible to be, tell me no.
They think the employees just became obsessed with a desire to assert their power, particularly against the Truman administration and its national labor relations board as well as against the national union bigshots assembled for the labor-management conference. This was the key and secret behind the whole affair, not being published or publicly mentioned by anyone.

TRUTH is the union wage demand was a long-running case, twice decided by the war labor board. On the first try for a 30 cents-an-hour increase, the company offered 5 cents, but WLB threw the case out. In the second try, WLB authorized a 7 cents-an-hour increase disguised as a bonus and the company agreed.

Backed by such a decision, the company naturally would not, and indeed, could not go further, while the union persisted in demanding 30 cents (really not expecting to get that much).
A strike called at such a time naturally could not be successful. By the second day, the men had lost their appetite to assert their power. They welcomed government conciliators for the arbitration they had spurned.

I suspect Mr. Truman's smart new labor-advisor-in-the-back-ground, John R. Steelman, who knows labor more objectively than any man in the country, negotiated the settlement from his White House obscurity. And what did the unions get? A two weeks' truce to talk the matter over. The strike was wasted, utterly wasted.

Only sufferer was the public, the common man and woman worker, indeed the least well paid worker who could not afford a car, and the army and navy people and others who could not get one during the war shortage. I wonder when their silent anger will burst. It will one day.

aggressors. But I do not believe that danger compares with the danger of being terribly whipped, if we are not trained and prepared to act as a member of the United Nations, to stop any possible aggressor at the very start. We hope that the peaceloving nations will be so strong that no aggressor will dare even to start.

At the same time we must do all possible to remove the causes of war. It is just silly to buy a fine new fire engine and then throw matches around in dry timber. Hoping there will be no fires or just "thinking peace" is not enough.
We live in One World and until all peoples have a chance to make a decent living, war is always in the background. We must give the other fellow a break, for instance lower and eventually remove all tariffs so that there can be a free flow of goods and more wealth created. Such adjustments will be difficult, they will be opposed by short-sighted selfish interests, and will cost money, but they must come. These basic principles were advocated two thousand years ago, but we have been slow to see that this way of life is not only the best but the only way that civilization can continue to exist.

I believe the atomic bomb has awakened a lot of folks to the absolute necessity of positive action pronto.
Horace W. Thompson.

Lost We Forget
To the Editor:
Your issue of November 1 published a letter from a Medford citizen in which he advocated compulsory military training and peace-time conscription of human resources—only.

He made much of three points which he set forth as conclusive evidence that the conscription thing is a move in the right direction—following the right path.

It is remarkable how closely the argument presented in these three points follows Herr Hitler's ideas and reasoning on the same subject. In fact, the three points referred to could have been lifted from Hitler's "Mein Kampf."

It is not this writer's purpose to impugn motives. Nevertheless this idea of peace time conscription should be very carefully and thoroughly analyzed to the end that the interests of all the people be not mistaken for the interests of those who would impose us. We have just completed a "fight for freedom" to prevent fascism and nazism from gaining a foothold in America. Let's never forget that.
C. B. Walker.

Flight o' Time
Medford and Jackson Co. History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.
TEN YEARS AGO
November 12, 1925
(It was Tuesday)
Showers and cooler. High 49, low 37.

Let Us Help You
OWN A HOME
FIRST FEDERAL
Savings & Loan Assn. of Medford
27 North Holly

There's a Deal for YOU at Humphrey's
if you want to Buy or Sell a USED CAR
Humphrey Motors
Used Car Exchange
33 S. Riverside Ave.

Interior and Exterior PAINTING
PAPER HANGING
Work Guaranteed
CALL 2419
Younger's Appliance
DUTCH BOY PAINTS
31 N. Barlett

Black Tornado defeats Chemsawa 33 to 0. Medford one of five undefeated high school football teams in state.
Applegrowers of valley to form union.
Talent district resident injured in brawl at dance.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY
November 12, 1915
(It was Thursday)
Japan may take hand in China war.

Contracts left for construction of normal school at Ashland.
Unsettled. High 62, low 40.

American war debt with Italy settled.
Salem and other Willamette valley points hit by high wind.
Homer V. Marks is fined for exceeding the speed limit through Talent.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO
November 12, 1901
(It was Saturday)
Firebug sets fire to home of Fire Chief Eugene Amann early today causing \$2000 damage before it is extinguished.

Paving of city streets completed.
Trial of fifteen prominent citizens for tarring and feathering

of beautiful girl opens at Lincoln, Kan. She was taken from a buggy while on her way to a country dance.
Clear and warmer. High 40, low 32.
Trona deposits are being mapped in the Green River, Wyo. area by a California concern of geologists. Trona is rich in calcium and soda when dissolved.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

WHICH Is the OLDEST exclusive INSURANCE AGENCY IN MEDFORD
P.A. Holmes AGENCY
Where Insurance is a Business, Not a Sideline
203 Medford Center Bldg. Tel. 4444

"Back to value buying... thank goodness!"
If it's Hanesknit, it gives long wear
Already, many stores have those good Hanes values you've been so pleased with in the past. And more Hanes Underwear is on the way.
Into these values go 44 years of experience in buying the right cotton, spinning it into our own yarns, knitting and tailoring these into comfortable, long-wearing underwear at moderate prices. You just can't buy better underwear for the money. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem 1, North Carolina.

Let Us Help You OWN A HOME
FIRST FEDERAL
Savings & Loan Assn. of Medford
27 North Holly
Hanes FIG-LEAF BRIEF
Some men wear this light-weight, athletic-supporter brief the year round. Snug-fitting waistband for trim fit. Conveniently placed fly. Navy with a short-sleeve "Navy-style" Hanes Undershirt that doubles as a sport shirt.

FOR SALE
We Offer for Sale Our CIRCULAR SAW MILL
Located 17 Miles North of Medford on the Crater Lake Highway
Daily Capacity 20,000 Feet
125 H. P. Diesel Motor and other necessary equipment
Gulf Red Cedar Company, Inc.
P. O. Box 308 STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA