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Ye Smudge Pot By Arthur Perry

Yesterday, Tuesday the 13th, passed with no more bad luck than if it had been Friday the 13th.

The local owner of a \$4800 diamond, boasts it will make a hole in most anything, not mentioning his pocketbook.

One wing of the New Deal favors the formation of a Third Party. The way the elections have been going the formation of a good Second Party is needed more.

The Tokyo high command, it is now revealed, used the code message "East Wind Rain" to announce an attack on Pearl Harbor. They now know who won the Mah Jongg game.

"Johnnie Dodson says there is a boy coming over to see his girl, but since his dog will not keep him out of the yard he is afraid to try it."—(Calhoun Jot-feather.

An upstate veteran who survived Corregidor, Bataan, and a Jap prison camp plans to run for the legislature in the spring primary.

QUITE A CHANGE (Oakland (Cal.) Tribune)

"They were together five years in the British Commandos and went through the toughest kind of fighting with so much of valor and effectiveness that the former, whose rank is equal in grade to an American brigadier general, won the Distinguished Service Order with bar, and the latter was given the Military Medal. Old-time commandos they are, skilled in all the arts of killing. In civilian clothes, and as equal partners with ranks forgotten, they have opened a nursery and are selling flowers."

Parents and welfare workers oppose use of the "matted fist" in handling juvenile delinquency. The old-fashioned method of using the unmatted soft pine paddle in the woodshed is much better.

"25 reward for information leading to the arrest of the polecat who stole my rod from my car in front of Cowboy Bar."—(Jackson Hole (Wyo.) Argus.)—Trying to raise a stink.

The trial of minor Nazi war criminals is now in its eighth week, with no end in sight. This indicates the trials of the German "big shots" will last longer than the war itself.

JOYS OF POVERTY "We poor people should pity the rich because they have little they can look forward to. We poor, on the other hand, can look forward to almost everything. The rich have all on earth they want, so they can't get joy out of thinking of what they may have at some distant day. In fact, they are afraid of the future. They fear they may grow old or that misfortune may overtake them, but we poor look forward with hope. We think of a trip we are going to take as soon as we are able and of the easy time we shall have when we get out eight youngsters through school and will no longer have to worry over their childhood ailments. Yes, we poor have a fine time looking to the future, while the unfortunate rich have nothing to cheer them except a bright happy and easy present."—(Kansas City Times.)

There are 37 air fields and hundreds of landing bays for seaplanes in Alaska already, with more planned for an early boom in development.

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Nov. 7: City taxi-drivers are almost always pungent political commentators. Said one of them this morning when we asked him what he thought of the local election: "Curley again! And they cussed out Germany for electing Hitler!"

Curley is a cheap politician, and heads one of the most corrupt machines in American politics, but the people of Boston have now elected him chief Burgomaster for the fourth time—or is it the fifth?—and the people of Massachusetts have elected him twice to the Lower House of Congress. Curley sees no reason why he should not hold both jobs and draw two salaries. He WOULDNT!

And this time Curley beat all previous records. It wasn't a case of splitting the opposition among many candidates. Curley got more than all of them put together.

How can one explain such a thing here in the "Athens of America"? There may be some way to rationalize it but all we can make out of it is: more people in Boston (our taxi driver prefers to call it "Bahstun") prefer crooked to honest government! At least more do who go to the polls to vote.

As before stated down-town Boston has changed very little. Jakey Wirth's down near the South Station has not changed at all. It is the only thing we have encountered to date which hasn't—just a little.

The Park Square church for example is much the same but it has had its face lifted and some fresh white paint put on its beautiful steeple. The Old South Church ditto. But Jakey's—no paint or face-lifting there—we doubt if a spittoon or a flake of sawdust has been moved in 40 years.

Yes it's a grand place! We took a stroll to the docks and down Atlantic Avenue—named after the ocean—to get there. Atlantic Avenue also has always been one of our favorites—there is no other avenue in the country quite like it.

Its "Old World" slippery cobblestones, dirty wharfs, and that strange aroma, a mixture of molasses and burning coffee. And the little sailor eating joints "see what you can get here for 25 cents!"

At Jakey Wirth's the same old bare wooden floor, wooden tables without tablecloths, the same cane-bottomed, unyielding chairs, the hooks on the wall for your coat—and if you have a hat there is a shelf for that—and the bald-headed waiters rushing about—clean white aprons over dirty pants—and the beer.

No place in the world—the new world at least—has as good beer as Jakey's, especially the deep brown brew, that doesn't come from Germany anymore, but is almost as good as when it did. And that aroma of coffee again, only its steaming here and there is a strong odor of sauerkraut in the air, augmented by beiled cabbage, while the food is cheap but delicious. And before all and above although the place is dingy it is also CLEAN.

We got in just in time—12:30—by 1 p. m. there was a line trying to get in reaching out to the street. It was headed by a U. S. Colonel with three rows of service stripes on his chest and a beautiful lady in black on his arm.

If you have ever worried about the survival of pro-football, forget it. Fenway Park is only a few blocks from our hotel so in spite of the blizzard on Sunday we decided to walk over and see what there was to see. We couldn't imagine anyone going to see a pro game in such weather, though we realized there are no rain-checks in football—whatever the weather the show goes on. Imagine the editorial surprise when we ran into a double line three blocks long at the main gate. And there were over 20,000 fans on hand when the whistle blew with at least 5000 sitting in the bleachers with no protection from the elements—and there they sat and yelled their heads off throughout the game—while it blew and snowed and snowed.

It was a thrilling game, and emphasized what we have often said about pro-football—the pros play the game as it should be played and so seldom is in the college leagues. The score was 10 to 9, Detroit winning over Boston, but the result was in doubt until the final second was ticked off.

Not only was the game played in a blizzard but a small section of the field was under water—it was through this water Boston drove during the final few minutes of the game and it was a sight to see as the players plowed through the H2O like so many PT's coming in to a beachhead. Boston had only a few yards to go for a goal when the gun sounded.

Professional football has draw-backs, of course. No one is in there to do or die for dear Old Swish, there is no organized cheering, no color—or very little—both on the field and in the stands it is pretty much a business proposition. The players play the best ball they are capable of, for they know they won't keep their jobs if they don't. The spectators pay their money to see good football and they root for their home team. But if they lose they don't break down and blubber, as we have known some of the rooters and players to do in intercollegiate games in the past. In fact, one of our earliest recollections of college football is seeing several of the University of Pennsylvania players, unexpectedly beaten by Harvard, crying like babies as they climbed into their horse drawn bus, near the gate at the old Soldiers Field.

Seems silly in retrospect, but that intensity of feeling has not disappeared by any means, and as long as it endures college football will remain the greatest outdoor sport in all amateur athletics.

Incidentally we are following the grand and glorious victory march of the MHS football team, apparently one of the greatest teams in Medford's enviable football history. Certainly from here it looks like the state championship—or at least Medford as one of the final contenders. (Hope to get back in time to see it!) —(R. W. R.)

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Come back my life's delight, Let me not in languor pine! Love loves no delay; thy sight, The more we joy, the more divine. —Thomas Campion

Among the shows I regret missing is the "Grandmothers Follies of 1945" Before me I have a program of this event which was presented by the "Grandmothers Club" of Chicago. It appears they have a very snappy bunch of grandmas in Chicago. Why, sir, in the show under discussion they even had a group of can-can dancers. Imagine being able to see your grandmother do the can-can. It's colossal! The spirit in which the Chicago grandmas gave their show is indicated by the following lines appearing on the program:

"Common sense is good to have But never let it master you. It may deprive you of the foolish things That's lots of fun to do."

Asking Queries from clients. Q. It says in "Who's Who in the Theatre" that Lynn Fontanne was born in London in 1882. That would make her sixty-three years old now. Is that correct? A. Who am I to contradict "Who's Who in the Theatre?" Besides it is our policy never to argue about the ages of actresses. All I know is that Miss Fontanne made her first stage appearance in 1905 with

Ellen Terry in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire." Q. On a trip from Seattle to San Francisco I was attracted by the beauty, efficiency and intelligence of the airplane stewardess. But I couldn't even get her phone number. How do you go about getting a date with such a girl? A. Arranging a date with a plane hostess calls for perseverance and patience. After the first trip write her a formal letter, compliment her on the service rendered and send her a little gift. Make another trip on her plane and strive to further the acquaintance diplomatically. Percentage of plane hostesses who have married men they met on planes is very high. So evidently getting a date with a flying cutie is not impossible. Just a matter of careful and studied approach. Such is the opinion of our Horses & Women experts.

Asides "Out of the mouths of babes" note: The two-and-a-half-year-old-son of a Forest Park, Ill., subscriber said to his mother: "Kiss me good night, Mommie, but don't kiss my doggie. You'll get listless all over him!" Have been advised that Ed Lilley of Buffalo, Missouri, became a grandfather and a great grandfather on the same day. And that day was V-J day. Would appear Mr. Lilley had a lot of celebrating to handle on that

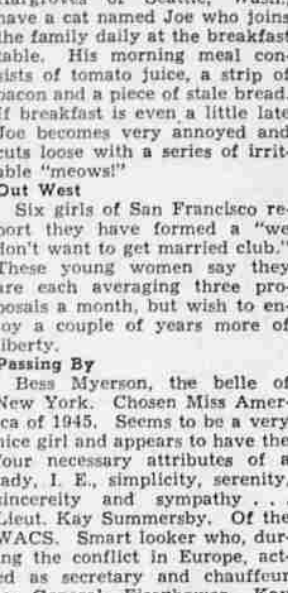
day. I trust he was able to take care of it. Cat Named Joe Am informed Mr. and Mrs. Hargroves of Seattle, Wash., have a cat named Joe who joins the family daily at the breakfast table. His morning meal consists of tomato juice, a strip of bacon and a piece of stale bread. If breakfast is even a little late Joe becomes very annoyed and cuts loose with a series of irritable "meows!"

Out West Six girls of San Francisco report they have formed a "we don't want to get married club." These young women say they are each averaging three proposals a month, but wish to enjoy a couple of years more of liberty.

Passing By Bess Myerson, the belle of New York. Chosen Miss America of 1945. Seems to be a very nice girl and appears to have the four necessary attributes of a lady, I. E., simplicity, serenity, sincerity and sympathy. . . . Lieut. Kay Summersby. Of the WACS. Smart looking who, during the conflict in Europe, acted as secretary and chauffeur to General Eisenhower. Kay hasn't written a book about her experiences. Says she doesn't intend to. That's the trouble with war literature; most of the people who could write the most interesting books never do.

Asides "I am 17-years-old and have had nine proposals of marriage so far. But mostly from drips." writes a brown-eyed honey blonde of Chicago. . . . Am asked if Big Ben in London is the largest clock in the world. It isn't. That distinction goes to a clock on the top of a Jersey City, N. J., factory.

TRIBUTE TO SERVICE WOMEN

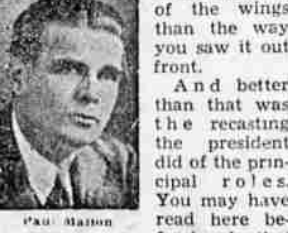


SERVED IN NEW GUINEA. Master Sgt. Margaret E. Sterling of Los Angeles received the first bronze star medal awarded to Women's Army Corps members for especially valuable service in the New Guinea area. She spent some months as classification and personnel expert and received her award for performing duties which released men for other operations. With millions of men anxious to return to their families, such experienced women can perform valuable service if backed by Victory Bonds that will buy needed supplies for them. U. S. Treasury Department

prove them at the last minute. The first two days were steam-vented with speech-making and then the opposing factions went off the front pages and into committee meetings and to the real business. My information is that the agreed goals were two: A—Adopt a set of new, strong principles under which labor and management can live. B—to set up new machinery for collective bargaining.

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, Nov. 14 — The stage Mr. Truman set for the management-labor conference looked better from the back of the wings than the way you saw it out front.



John L. Lewis, who is not only a living Hamlet but inspired the play which union labor has enacted the last few years (sit down strike, organization of C. I. O.), was scheduled to carry a spear. He had been limited to one vote and no representation on committees. But when the curtain went up there was Mr. Lewis, practically in center stage, less tactically than usual, yet with a spotlight on him, yet visibly the unannounced star. In fact, the assigned roles were openly revised and the executive committee enlarged to give him full representation.

A FEW days before Mr. Truman had called Lewis into the White House. It was not only the first time Lewis had seen the inside of that august edifice for years; it had been years since he had even seen Truman. They had met when Truman was investigating war contracts as a senator. Lewis came in with other union leaders, out remained behind for a private unreported talk. He expressed a sincere personal interest in success for the conference; made clear his belief it was time to get back to collective bargaining (in contradiction to all this nonsense of strikes, arguments, politics and chaos) and said he was ready to cooperate.

This was a bonanza for Truman, in the theatrical terminology of the day. The conference was being publicly foredoomed. The dominant power was Hillman and his C. I. O. It was he who took the initiative in handling Lewis the spear role. His tactics are always to fight, fight, fight—especially when the time has come to make peace. Re-creation or selfish political advantage always seem to be guiding stars he cannot get away from—and these practically exclude the barest possibility of peace.

LEWIS took hold. The first thing, with A. F. of L.'s Bill Green standing by his side (Green could never handle Hillman), Lewis turned his bullet eyes, camouflaged under Karloff eyebrows, upon the follower of Mars and said matters would be handled thus and so. They practically were.

The chances for final, convincing peace are hazardous, of course, but this is the way the stage was happily reset to im-



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ant and should be enforced, but this patrol seems more important to me. MRS. W. F. CHARLEY, Central Point, Ore.

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 14, 1935 (It Was Wednesday) Community Chest fund near quota.

Bankers report nation making rapid recovery. Wall Street stocks highest in four years.

Oregon old age pension to face fight in courts. Unsettled with rain. High 54, low 27.

TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY November 14, 1925 (It Was Saturday) J. L. Robertson barn at Reese Creek, full of grain and hay, burns down.

Rudolph Valentino, great "screen lover" to get divorce. Warmer with rain. High 52, low 69 degrees.

Jay Upton throws hat in ring for Governor. Local postoffice to be closed all day Christmas.

Oregon State defeats Oregon 24 to 13 in rough game. Four Aggie players sent to hospital.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO November 14, 1911 (It Was Tuesday) Charity work in city organized.

Democrats in Congress declare war on "big business." Clear and slightly warm. High 58, low 44.

Diseased fruit trees shipped into valley seized. Girls Tri-Y Club Plans Taffy Pull

The girls Tri-Y club met at the Y. M. C. A. club rooms with La Velle Davies presiding as chairman, Donna McCullough secretary and Carol Maddox program chairman for the afternoon. Miss Marian Farrell talked to the girls on charm, personality and poise. Light refreshments were served. Members present were Virginia Gibbons, Nancy Lageson, Audrey McIntyre, Jackie Show, Lola Hedrick, Jean Kyle and Doris Kendle.

Next regular meeting will be a taffy pull at the club rooms Nov. 15 at 4 p. m.

PROSPECT MEETING SET Prospect, Nov. 14—Prospect Home Extension Unit will meet at the high school building Nov. 16, at 11 a. m. Topic for the day will be "Sugar-extending Cookery," and Mrs. Fred Svith and Mrs. Bill Cummings will present the lesson. Children of the members will be cared for at Mrs. Svith's home.

Development of a radio that fits into a shirt pocket and has an earphone similar to a hearing aid is reported by Radio News.

HEAR WITHOUT BATTERY WIRES

No Leg Straps No Battery Harness Sonotone, Western Electric Acousticons and others, slightly used, at BIG DISCOUNT. For hopeless cases hear with the CUSTOM-BUILT GEM. Yours taken in trade. BATTERIES FOR ALL AIDS

Letter From Washington

By HARRIS ELLSWORTH Member of Congress From Oregon

THE LABOR-management conference here was ushered in by an unexpected total strike of all streetcar and bus operators in the city. Apparently the tie-up of the transportation system had no particular effect upon the conference, but the strike did seriously affect all business in Washington, both government and private.

The buses and streetcars here are operated by one company—the Capital Transit Company. The equipment is good, and service, considering the size of Washington, is excellent. Every section of Washington is served by either a streetcar or bus line. Passengers may transfer back and forth from streetcars to buses. Consequently, almost a million people in and around Washington depend very heavily upon public transportation. The strike occurred without any previous warning, so that, when people started for work on Tuesday, November 6th, they had no means of getting there.

Closing time for Monday too late to classify 4:30 Saturday afternoon. Please remember

UNFORTUNATELY, the news service release of my list of Military Academy and Naval Academy appointments was garbled. Not all of the names were included, and in one instance, Naval Academy appointments were listed as Military Academy appointments, and vice versa. However, all of the boys concerned were notified at the time of the release of the press story.

As has been explained before, appointments that I make to the Naval and Military Academies are based on the grades earned by the candidates in a Civil Service preliminary examination. Any boy between the ages of 18 and 22 may compete for appointment to the Military Academy, and any boy between 17 and 21 may compete for appointment to the Naval Academy.

Boys in my district who desire to take these examinations must notify me so that I can arrange for them to take the examination. The last competitive examination was on July 28th of this year. The next one will probably be held next spring or summer. I will not know until next spring how many vacancies I will have to fill in 1946, but I feel certain there will be one or more in each academy as the result of graduation.

Requests for permission to take the examination and complete for these appointments may be sent to me at any time.

I BELIEVE the hearing conducted by the Special Small Business Committee of the House of Representatives on November 8th to consider the OPA announced intention of lowering automobile dealer discounts was the largest gathering of Senators and Representatives ever seen at such a hearing. Some 300 members of Congress were present, and many of them testified. I not only was present at the hearing, but asked Chester Bowles, OPA administrator, to delay formal announcement of his ruling until the hearing could be completed. The facts presented clearly revealed to me, and I hope revealed to the OPA, that OPA's insistence on this discount reduction plan will drive thousands of small automobile dealers out of business. This will

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