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MEMBER
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Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

Appropriately, the government sends its "labor ace" to Detroit, where auto union chiefs are "raising the deuce."
Rumors are again plentiful hereabouts. People are urged not to believe any of them for a few days, and after that none of them.

Gen. Eisenhower, and many valley residents have hard colds.
BIBLICAL DESCRIPTION OF LAST FRIDAY:
"We roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves, and fath-er at the walling wall"—(Isalah 59:10.)

The rain suspended leaf raking on residential lawns yesterday. It was also too wet to stand waist deep in Rogue river trying to catch a fish, or go to Klamath county and lie down in a mud puddle until a duck flew overhead.

EDITORIAL CANDOR
(The Dalles Chronicle)
"Pendleton is progressing. Probably at the present time it is the most enterprising town in eastern Oregon. We do not make this statement because we want to, but because from a candid survey of the situation, it seems to be the truth."—(75 Yr. Ago Col.)

"The density of the population will show an increase in California the past year"—(Press Dispatch)—The muffled knock.

The housing shortage continues. Many can recall when owners of bungalows advertised for occupants, rent free, just to have somebody in the house to keep the wallpaper from getting damp.

A "vest pocket-sized" auto with low cost and high speed, is due on the market. Many feel the price and the velocity should be the same.

"After Thanksgiving week, good old-fashioned beef stew will taste unusually good."—(Albany Democrat-Herald)—So say we all.

A Utah civic leader proposes one-minute talks for service club luncheons. In these parts it takes that long to clear the throat and wink at the pretty biscuit-shooter.

Gen. MacArthur orders a 100 per cent tax on all corporation and individual war profits in Japan, to demonstrate to Japan "war does not pay." The taking profits out of war—the next one, for instance—before it starts, is now in order. Drafting of the dollar, and its equivalent in all lands, will bring peace on earth, just as fast, and with less havoc, than the atomic bomb.

YE SCRIBE BACKS UP
"But really you've no idea how many jams we get ourselves into on account of talking when we ought to be listening. Right now we don't need any trouble with Davie Lewis or any of his henchmen. We're having a spot of difficulty with Otto's cousin, Elmer Manumia. In fact, he's threatening to sue us or something just on general principles, of course, for a brief mention we made here the other night about him, during the course of which we more or less inadvertently referred to this shoe dealer as a Nucleader. Can you beat it? He ought to hear some of the things we get called."—(Harold Haynes in Astoria Astorian-Budget)

Finish the Job!

The Community Chest and National War Fund campaign here, which should have been wrapped up at least a month ago, is still dragging along. We are still \$3,500 short of the bedrock quota of \$38,000. It is high time we finished the job.

The committee in charge of this joint campaign has found it difficult to secure a sufficient number of volunteer solicitors to make the rounds of individual contributors. Many who have always given are apparently waiting to be asked. They should, of course, delay no longer but send their contributions to the Chest and War Fund headquarters in the Jackson county Chamber of Commerce building or telephone so that a call can be made.

SOME have reduced the size of their contributions, apparently in the belief that the need has been lessened with the close of the war. On the contrary, there is today even greater demand for continued youth and health programs at home, so efficiently handled by the Salvation Army, Boy and Girl Scouts, Girls' Community club, Y.M.C.A. and Jackson county Public Health association. The programs of these six Chest agencies must not be impaired by lack of funds. Failure to meet the quota in this drive would mean exactly that.

There is no let-up in the work of the 21 War Fund agencies, either. Here, too, lack of understanding of the need may be attributed to the fact that the war is won. It seems to be a popular conception that the public's wartime responsibilities have been fully discharged. This is not the case.

THE wounded still need hospitalization and men who have not yet been discharged are entitled to entertainment to relieve the inevitable boredom that follows the excitement of combat. Our allies, too, need our generous help, to the extent of keeping them from freezing and starving this winter. It is more than a humanitarian obligation. It is simply a matter of practical and enlightened self-interest to provide assistance where sorely needed. A neighborly hand today in this hour of greatest need will help immeasurably to build a new world of tomorrow in the American pattern. That also goes for conquered countries.

UNRRA Director Herbert Lehman's sobering statement: "This month, the month in which we celebrate Thanksgiving in America, 10,000 people in Warsaw alone will die of starvation and disease" clearly points out our responsibilities as a Christian people.

WE have pointed out before that support of the Community Chest and War Fund constitutes a real test of the generosity and humanitarian spirit of citizens here. We have emphasized the fact that a single contribution covers many needs and many drives—each one with a direct and inescapable appeal to the heart. They must not go unheeded.

It is unthinkable for this community to default in its obligations to her own neighbors, her sons in the armed forces, and those of other lands who have suffered the agony of conflict. The Chest must be filled. Let us get on with it at once.—H.G.

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Nov. 19—Cities, like people, have contrasting temperaments and characters. New York and Boston are outstanding in this direction—they are only about 200 miles apart geographically, but they are 200 million miles apart in every other direction. In fact, we believe, no other two large cities in the country are so dissimilar. They have nothing in common save language, and they don't treat that at all the same. All in all, we believe, they speak much better English here in Boston than in Greater Manhattan, including, of course, Brooklyn!

In fact, it is a pleasure to hear Bostonians talk. Only "Oxford English" can compare with it in beauty, clarity and that subtle something that creates a sense of superiority in the TALKER, and a sense of inferiority in the listener.

New York looks down on Boston, rather as a man in his prime having just closed a very profitable deal, looks down on one of the older boys who has retired and is living, not very handsomely,—on his annuity. Boston has its points but is terribly old-fashioned and out-of-date,—commercially and financially has simply missed the boat,—that is something the Gotham idea.

But the way New York looks down on Boston can't COMPARE with the way Boston,—at least Back-Bay Boston,—looks down on New York.

New York is a terrible place "nouveau riche" without culture, breeding or taste,—money-mad dashing about in absurd fashion and getting nowhere. At least nowhere in directions which count. We have an idea the average—or perhaps above the average Bostonian,—regards New York much as Joe Stalin regards the U. S. A.—something that is inherently indecent and should be extirpated, but he doesn't know just HOW to do it!

The two subways in the two cities are characteristic. Boston built one of the first subways in America and made an excellent job of it, but take a ride in it after being propelled through the N. Y. "underground." There is all the difference between a ride in an Irish jaunting-car and being carried on one of Herr Hitler's rocket-bombs,—or being fired out of a cannon at Ringling's circus.

We much prefer the Boston subway,—it is better lighted, better ventilated, far less crowded and eventually it gets there. But if we had to depend upon it to catch a train,—or get to the Polo Grounds in time for the whistle,—we would probably give up and regret it. The ride in the Manhattan "tube" might be fatal, but dead or alive, we WOULD get there!

"Tube" is the word for the New York subway,—though it is applied to the "underground" in London, for it like a tube. "Covered bridge" would be more fitting for the Boston effort. One is transported often in single "street cars" very much as one might have been transported in horse and wagon days over a covered bridge,—not smoothly but leisurely, not silently, but with decorum and dignity. Sure to get there but not necessarily on time.

They have subway express trains in New York which go from the Battery to the Bronx in 10 or 15 minutes,—the sensation resembles being shot out of a gun and the noise corresponds. But you get there, and in the minimum time.

There are no express subway trains in "Baha-tun" and we unhesitatingly make this prediction: "There NEVER will be!" That may be out of harmony with the atomic age but that—and we are disposed to say "Thank God!"—is "Baha-tun!"

The Archbishop of Canterbury is in town and addressed a packed house at Symphony Hall last night. The archbishop is a striking figure, tall, lean, snow-white hair hanging over his coat-collar, black leggings and a beautiful silver crucifix hanging from

his neck, which he is disposed to gently fondle with the delicate fingers of one hand, as he talks.

We found the archbishop's appearance, however, more interesting than his speech, the latter containing nothing but what we had read before, namely: "That Russia is a wonderful country, with a marvelous future, and those who question this are Fascists"—or words to that effect.

We had hoped the head of the English church would explain his enthusiasm for democracy and the Church of God on one hand; and his even greater enthusiasm for the greatest despotism in the world today, and a country where atheism is,—or was until a short time ago,—officially sanctioned and openly encouraged. It does seem a bit incongruous!

But Dean Johnson did not refer to this or any other controversial subject, merely giving a super laudatory account of everything he saw, heard and observed when a guest of the Soviet government.

This was a meeting of the Massachusetts Council of American-Soviet Friendship commemorating the 12th anniversary—it doesn't seem that long!—of the re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Russia and the United States.

The archbishop was not the only person present with long hair, nor with a fanatical devotion to this great communistic country! The tremendous auditorium was packed with radicals,—or at least people who LOOKED like radicals—most of them young with long hair, Windsor ties and large shell-rimmed spectacles. It was Sunday evening and the gathering at times took on the fervor of a revival meeting but there was no collection taken up, at least not while we were there. We left before the close.

With one note often sounded at the meeting we can heartily agree namely: the desirability,—even the necessity,—of maintaining Anglo-American-Russian friendship. That MUST be done and this department is convinced it can be done if Soviet Russia does her part. But as R. L. Stevenson remarked, it takes two to form a friendship and friendship to endure must be "without capitulation," on either side.

We feel the Archbishop of Canterbury would be doing the world a greater service by devoting some of his efforts to bringing his "pal," Comrade Stalin to see the truth of this statement, rather than devoting all his time as a Soviet Russian propagandist in English-speaking lands.—R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Living in quiet single ease, I never wished to marry. Oh! But when I saw my Peggy's face I felt—oh, quandary, Oh! Her cherry cheeks, blue eyes so clear, Torment me late and early, Oh! O, love, love, love!

The boys of Co. B, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. Army, now stationed in Germany, write to inform me that for some time they had three dogs as mascots whose names are "Whisky," "Schnapps" and "Cognac." Recently they acquired a fourth pup. They named him "Hang-over" . . . The first Christmas card of the season sent to this department comes from U. S. Navy man, L. Bonardi, stationed at Wakayama, Japan. On the card he writes: "Thanks to your column which my wife has been sending me during by twenty-seven months in the navy I've been able to maintain my sense of humor."

Have you dined recently in a restaurant that was one of your great-grandfather's favorite places? I have. Farrish's Chop House on John St. in downtown Manhattan. My grandfather was also a regular customer of this place. My father, too. It was established in 1856.

The interior has not been changed in nearly ninety years. The food is superb. The service likewise. The effort to please the clientele is great. Old-fashioned courtesy predominates. Incidentally, if you step to the bar for a bit of strong refreshment you will be trusted with the bottle to pour your own drink into a generously proportioned glass.

"Am an admirer of your ability as a word juggler," writes a San Franciscan, "but at times question your courage. Especially where women are concerned. You approach any criticism of the female sex with an evident timidity. If the women squawk you quickly retreat. How you maintain your membership in the 'husbands' protective association' is beyond me. For example, take that suggestion by a Californian named Susie who claimed women take too long to do their housework and complain too much about it. She also said the average woman was deficient in housekeeping efficiency. She was right. Her views were stimulating some women, especially my wife, to more energetic and intelligent housekeeping effort. Then following a barrage of complaints from women, whom the truth had hurt, you smothered the whole thing. Now my wife is back to her old haphazard methods. No doubt many other husbands have the same complaint."

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 edit all letters with a view to clarity and condensation.

95th Men Write Song
To the editor: As representative for the soldier-composer song team of Krawitz and Suter, it has occurred to me that since this team has come out of the 96th division, and the division was stationed in Oregon for such a long time, and near Medford for some months, that your readers might find word of this team of interest.

Krawitz, is Pfc. E. Harris

Krawitz of the 96th Infantry division band, and Suter is Tec. 5 John Suter, headquarters 96th infantry division. The song-writing all started with a casual meeting aboard an Okinawa-invasion-bound LST when Krawitz, who had written the dance band's theme song, "Twilight Memories" was looking for a lyricist to write words for the song. Suter, a pianist, agreed to try his hand. How well he succeeded may be measured by the fact that Superior Melodies, Inc., contracted for this tune as well as three others that followed: "We Fight"—a fighting infantry song, "By Candlelight" and "Lonely Blues."

"We Fight" was composed on Okinawa during the time of the heaviest fighting along toward the end of April, the writers wishing to express something of the courage and indomitable will of the infantryman. The song is dedicated to the late General Claudius M. Easley, their former assistant division commander, who was killed in combat, and to the fallen men of the 96th division. The proceeds from this song, Krawitz and Suter have assigned to the 96th Division Association fund, which fund has been established for the purpose of helping to educate the children of the men of the division who died in combat. Concerning this, the men say: "We feel that since education is one of the hopes of the world, we can, perhaps, by this means, and to the winning of the peace and make our apology to those men who died in our stead."

"Twilight Memories," the dance band's theme song, is now available in the states with a picture of the division band on the cover. Tech 4 Ray Latta, 96th Division Band, APO 96, C/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Tornado Lauded
To the editor: Now that the Black Tornado has lost the decision to Grant high let us be good sports about it and not play it over and over again. I have heard some of our boys criticized for not doing this and not doing that, and that is not fair to them. I for one feel they deserve all the praise we can bestow on them for their untiring efforts, hurt, and tired as they were most all of them played the whole game and they didn't complain.

As it is the last year of high school for many of our boys, I think it would be a fitting gesture to let them know and feel we are for them 100 per cent, by giving them a nice dinner or some token of appreciation, for the privilege of having been entertained by their efforts all season. Also being able to watch our chaps play on our first peace-time Thanksgiving day in four years, in a championship game. I know I voice the opinion of many when I say "You did a swell job boys."

L. T. Rose

THE GRANGE
Roxy Ann Grange
Roxy Ann H. E. C. will meet Wednesday at 10:30 a. m. at the home of Ethelyn Lehman for a covered dish luncheon. Members are asked to bring needles and thread to make dish towels for the bazaar.

Daily Weather Report
FORECAST
Medford and vicinity: Cloudy with rain tonight and Tuesday. Snow in mountains. Little change in temperature.
Oregon: Cloudy with rain tonight and Tuesday. Snow in mountains. Slightly warmer tonight. Strong to gale south wind off coast.

LOCAL DATA
Temperature a year ago today: Highest 49; Lowest 39.
Total monthly precipitation 3.74 inches.
Excess for the month 1.85 inches.
Total precipitation since September 1, 1945 5.48 inches.
Excess for the season 1.51 inches.
Relative humidity at 4:30 p. m. yesterday 97%; 4:30 today 99%.

Sunrise 7:15 a. m. Sunset 4:42 p. m.
Observations taken at 4:30 a. m.
120 Meridian time: High Low Prec.

Table with 3 columns: Location, High, Low, Prec. Rows include Boise, Boston, Chicago, Denver, Eureka, Havre, Low Angeles, Medford, New York, Omaha, Phoenix, Portland, Reno, Roseburg, Salt Lake, Spokane, San Francisco, Seattle, Wichita, Yakima.

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MAKES AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



Relief At Last For Your Cough
Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe the inflamed, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly silences the cough or you are to have your money back.
CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

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 26, 1935
(It Was Sunday)
Heavy snows in the hills halts cutting of Shasta fir for Christmas trees.

Stanford chosen as Rose Bowl team, and will name its own opponent.
Six realty deals made in city yesterday.
Unsettled. High 53, low 32 degrees.

Black Tornado will play Ashland squad on Turkey Day.
Roosevelt promises to cut budget and spending next year.

THIRTY YEARS AGO
November 26, 1925
(It Was Wednesday)
Christmas opening of Medford stores slated for December 1.
C. C. Cate resigns as county agent.

Fair and cooler. High 47, low 36.
All Japan awaits birth of child to Empress.
No Mail Tribune tomorrow. Thanksgiving.

Bear Creek orchard pears displayed on Fifth Avenue, New York.
THIRTY FOUR YEARS AGO
November 26, 1911
(It Was Friday)
Street commissioner criticized for lack of sidewalks, makes speech in city council. Citizens refuse to lay them. "If they don't insult you, they laugh at you," the street commissioner declared.

Clear and cold. High 49, low 37.
Scores of hoboes headed south on freight trains passing through.

Sams Valley And Rogue River Get X-Ray Invitation
Residents of the Sams Valley and Rogue River communities have been invited to come into Gold Hill for their free chest X-rays next Tuesday, Mrs. Norman Gail, chairman of the Gold Hill committee, reported here yesterday. To assist with the

GENERAL NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF PERIOD OF REDEMPTION FROM TAX SALE
PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the expiration of the period of redemption of any real property ordered sold to Jackson County, Oregon, under a judgment and decree of tax foreclosure duly made and entered by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Jackson County on December 9, 1944, shall be the 10th day of December, 1945, and all persons interested are hereby notified and warned to the effect that all of the properties ordered sold under said judgment and decree of tax foreclosure, unless redeemed on or before said date, will be deemed to the county immediately on expiration of such period of redemption, to-wit, the 10th day of December, 1945, and every right or interest of any person in such properties will thereupon be forfeited forever to Jackson County, Oregon.

This notice is published in the Medford Mail Tribune, a legal newspaper published and having a general circulation in Jackson County, Oregon, designated by the County Court of Jackson County for said publication, for two consecutive weekly issues thereof, to-wit, November 26, 1945, and December 3, 1945, in accordance with the provisions of Section 110-916, Oregon Compiled Laws Annotated.

Dated this 23rd day of November, 1945, at Medford, Jackson County, Oregon.
HOWARD GAULT, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Jackson County, Oregon.

WANTED
Used SEWING MACHINES
Any Make, Any Condition
HINK'S HANDY SHOP
T. D. Hinkle, Owner
713 Oak St., North Off W. Jackson—Phone 4956

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