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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

There is no sawdust in Dallas

for fuel. There is not enough to

stuff a doll, let alone another

"Caesar," like the late Mussolini

of Italy. All the natives can do

is eye the dark and not so dis-

tant timber, and shiver.

Some of the fall-sown grain

has been "rained out" farmers

report. It still has to be "frozen

out," and "ruined by crows"

next spring, before it will be an-

other bumper crop.

Timberline Lodge on Mt. Hood

attracted 2900 skiers, chiefly

from Portland Sunday. None of

them wandered off the beaten

path, into the white and silent

waste, and fell in a crevasse.

A Californian has contribut-

ed a quart of paint to the city

of Roseburg, to be used in re-

painting names on street signs.

A motoring tourist likes to know

the name of the street, when he

turns around in the middle of

the block, like he doesn't do at

home.

HIGH HOPES ITEM

(Bend Bulletin)

"But it is pleasing to know

that when production has

picked up again there will be

no artificial difficulties in the

way. Some day we'll enjoy a

baked ham again. For the

present we'll be satisfied with

knowing that there's nothing

in the world to prevent us

from enjoying it now—except

that there isn't any ham."

Caves dug in the sides of cliff,

where prehistoric man dwelt,

have been found in eastern Ore-

gon. They are too far away

from a department store and

movie, to be any help in the

current housing situation.

Col. H. Flewler, the late

demon baker, who has been in

Italy and Austria, is now head-

ed home. First he will be the

best man at the wedding of his

CO in Cincinnati.

"The wife of a lazy, loafing

husband, is opposed to the entire

race of men, and wants them

hamstrung, lashed with a cat o'

nine tails, and boiled in oil!"

(Exchange) —The gentler sex,

(so-called).

H. W. Goering, the former

Reichsmarshal of Germany, and

eminent drug fiend, now cured,

announces, he had it to do

Editorial Correspondence

Boston, Mass., Nov. 30—This is just dandy! We venture to say the Weather Man here is the happiest man in Boston. For if he did not like terrible weather he wouldn't have so much of it,—and how he is pouring it on today and has now for 48 hours. Yesterday it rained and the wind blew at 70 miles per hour—a new record they say for November. Last night it cleared long enough to freeze and then the clouds returned and it started to snow. It is still snowing and the wind still blowing and what a nice time we hardy Bostonians are having!

In the midst of this climatic convulsion Governor Tobin broadcasts from London that Russia has come over to Boston's side and now favors making the home of "the bean and the cod" the permanent resting place—perhaps abode would be better,—of the United Nations. Well that is understandable. We believe the Rooshians and only the Rooshians (Iceland isn't represented) would feel at home out in this weather!

Ice on a sidewalk isn't nice. But cover it with snow and it is manslaughter. Oh, for a pair of old-fashioned golf shoes. (Not the kind R. Moore affects, wonder if they are still hanging together!) Or were they shoes?

Speaking of the United Nations we are pleased to note the change in President Truman's attitude toward that organization, and also toward Russia's role in it. At his press conference yesterday the President stated he favors no more conferences of the Big Three—Russia, Britain and the United States,—far better turn over all important international concerns to UNO. The League of Nations, he added, was ruined by special conferences and he does not wish the United Nations to suffer the same fate. In conclusion he stated with special fervor, that he supported the United Nations wholeheartedly and wants to see it work. In answer to a question he declared he believed "most other nations" felt the same way and that he had no fears about Russian cooperation.

We hope the president is right. But we greatly fear future events will prove he was indulging in a bit of wishful thinking,—as far as Russian cooperation is concerned, at least.

We completely agree, however, as readers of this column know, that the hope of the world,—of a reasonably safe and livable world at least,—lies in the United Nations. If that fails, then everything fails. If it is properly supported, properly implemented, properly amended, however, it need not fail. That is the big job soon to begin in London,—probably the biggest one of this generation.

The Boston Traveller,—in front page make-up one of the worst newspapers in the world,—had a woman's page spread last night, which would have pleased the Winter Pear committee. For nearly all of it was devoted to pears,—pear recipes—pear "butter-scotch" pies, pear "Waldorf" salads, spiced pears, pear fruitcups, pear desserts, pears as meat "trimmings." The lead article was by the Traveller's woman-page editor, Marjorie Mills, whom we quote in part as follows:

There are California Anjou and Bosc pears on the market now and mighty sweet eating they are out of hand or in salads and desserts. The Anjous are green to creamy-yellow color while the Bosc pears are russet-skinned with a long tapering neck and very sweet flavor.

Now Miss Mills MAY be right. There may be some "California pears" on the Boston market, but for nearly a month now we have been looking over the fruit stands in the Back Bay section of Boston pretty regularly and have found Oregon pears only. And in every case but one pears from Medford.

We have written Miss Mills to this effect, but doubt if this will make any difference for here in the East "California" has come to be a trade term for fresh fruit as one of the Boston fruit dealers explained to us. He was selling Oregon pears as California pears. Why? Because, as he stated, the people here know what "California pears" means, they wouldn't know what Oregon pears means. It would just confuse them.

We countered with "But you sell Washington apples, why not Oregon pears?"

"Oh, that's different," was his bland reply, "people here know what Washington apples means!"

We might add that this fruit-man—more intelligent than the average—said one of the great troubles with the trade as a whole was putting Oregon pears on the market too green. We told him of the many years of effort to correct this fault, and the elaborate instructions now given to the trade and customers. It didn't convince him,—he shook his head,—and insisted too much Oregon fruit was shipped too green, and too many dealers put it on sale too green, and with that settled he hurried to another customer!

December is too late for football here in the East. Just why the Army-Navy and Harvard-Yale games should have been scheduled for tomorrow we don't know, but we do know it was a mistake. One game is in Philadelphia, the other in New Haven, or we might try to brave the elements and see some action, but there will be certain advantages in listening over the radio!

On a dry field Yale and the Army should be easy winners, but if the weather south is like the weather here, anything could happen. And it wouldn't necessarily be the better football. We saw one football game in a blizzard here in Fenway Park,—it was a good game too, but it wasn't football. There was no normal kicking, passing or rushing,—there couldn't be.

Which reminds us, that mention of Philadelphia, of a remark we overheard in this hotel the other day. Two elderly ladies were conversing and one asked the other if she had been west since they last met, the reply being "yes, she had been visiting her brother in Williamstown during the month of October." We felt like inquiring if she intended to go south this winter, say to Philadelphia, but didn't quite have the nerve. But that is typically Boston,—they think nothing of going abroad once or twice a year, but going west of Worcester or SOUTH of New York is a terrific adventure.—R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

You fondly court your bliss
And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiss
But 'tis for men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly,
And I will not rebel;
But kindly still, and kindly
But kiss me not and tell.

—Dryden

Some caustic females have re-

cently been criticizing and de-

riding the attire of contempo-

rary males. The presentation of

their views lacks the calm that

accompanies sincere, construc-

tive criticism. These ladies seem

a little hysterical. No doubt

their own attire, especially their

hats, has been criticized by their

husbands. So, instead of giving

careful consideration to this

kindly criticism the girls have

become unduly enraged. It is

ridiculous for any female to

wildly criticize what the well

dressed man wears. The very

best thing women wear—the tai-

lored suit—is copied from male

styles and usually made by men

tailors. The fact is, that men

have by far the better style

sense. They understand the ef-

fect of studied simplicity.

Asking

Queries from clients, Q. Never

mind telling us where there are

monuments in honor of race-

horses. Name the place which

has a monument in honor of an

insect. A. There is a monument

to the boll weevil somewhere

In Alabama. In the town of

Enterprise I believe. Q. The col-

onel, no less, claims the New

York team was not in the origi-

nal American league. I say it

was and the nickname of the

team was the Highlanders be-

cause its ball park was on Wash-

ington Heights. A. The colonel

is right. The original American

league was made up of teams

from Cleveland, Detroit, Chi-

cago, Kansas City, Milwaukee,

Indianapolis, Minneapolis and

Buffalo. Q. Who wrote Eva Tan-

guay's hit song "I Don't Care?"

A. Mister, you have knocked me

back on my heels. If I could

blush I would be redder than

a Washington apple. I don't

know who wrote the song that

made Eva famous.

Please Note

Ever see a marriage ceremony

at which three clergymen of-

ficiated? Neither have I. From

a recent dispatch from Holly-

wood I quote: "Mrs. Ruth Davis,

mother of film star Bette Davis,

became Mrs. Robert Woodbury

Palmer today. The ceremony

was performed by three clergymen."

(Would seem that Bette's

mama, a victim of environment,

wanted her wedding to be some-

what colossal.)

Objection

On a list of the 18 plays hav-

ing the longest runs in New York theatrical history my distinguished and brilliant colleague, George Jean Nathan, places "The Ladder." Having boldly tangled with Col. Matt Winn on the subject of turf history why should I hesitate to do likewise with Mr. Nathan as to the drama? Admission to "The Ladder" was usually free. So why place it on a list of plays which people had to pay to see? Oll Millinaire Edgar B. Davis financed "The Ladder" which dealt with reincarnation. Anxious that the public hear the play's message, Davis inaugurated a policy of free admission.

Passing By

Maureen O'Hara, a really brilliant actress, she should be, having had her early training in the famous Abbey theatre of Dublin. Harry Richman, the night club entertainer, secured Maureen her start in films. They met at a party in Dublin. Harry, when in London a few days later, recommended Maureen to a British film company and as a result she secured a part with Charles Laughton in "Jamaica Inn." Her performance in this secured her a Hollywood contract. . . . Walter Pidgeon, another of my favorite Hollywoodians. He has just signed a nine-year straight contract with Metro Goldwyn Mayer. Upon its conclusion he will retire and devote his time exclusively to the baffling problem of beating the eighth race at Santa Anita. Walter has been a regular reader of this department for 12 years. I am thinking of awarding him a medal for endurance.

Blondes, Etc.

"Brunettes have a longer expectation of life, are more intelligent and manage their household budgets better than blondes." That's what Dr. R. E. G. Armistead has observed. A Chicago blonde asks what our horses and women department think of this claim. Our experts believe it to be strictly the bunk. They intimate that the good doctor might have been motivated by a desire to get his name and picture in the papers. Or perhaps he was just trying to get a rise out of the blondes.

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 permitted. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarity and condensation.

Questions Marine's Claim

To the editor: I am a veteran of World War one and two, having served with the U. S. Navy in both wars. My first tour of duty in this war was in the South Pacific, having witnessed the battle of Guadalcanal.

I am also a member of the union and have been for considerable time. I read with a great deal of interest the communication entitled "Welcome Home, Union Style," published in your paper November 23, 1945. After looking the article over again I cannot help but suspect the ex-marine it would be impossible to participate in all the battles

had listed in the paper. It is my personal opinion that the letter was written by some disgruntled employer and not by a serviceman. Any serviceman who had any kind of a record would certainly be glad to sign any statement he chose to make. We note that all those opposing the union always fail to sign their names. The union to which I belong is composed of two-thirds servicemen and certainly none of its officers or agents are "draft dodgers." My experience has always been that if there was any injustice about the union, they always like to find where the trouble is and correct it.

A letter of the type published by the Tribune can only cause trouble and spread hatred. I would suggest that you cease to publish any letters which are not signed.

We hope this ex-marine (if there is one) will be man enough to come out in the open so that the difficulty can be adjusted. Certainly there are no unions using this method to coerce the serviceman into joining the union.

In conclusion, I might say you probably won't print this letter because it will "hit" you too hard. I don't think you want labor's side of the argument fairly stated.

I am signing this article and my record is open to anyone who might care to check it.

M. E. FISHER.

Everyone had to pull in their belts a little during the hectic war years and it isn't yet time to let them out. Thrift is the one sure means of killing inflation. Put your money in interest bearing Victory Loan Bonds.

LONGING FOR NYLONS?

It takes fats to make nylons, girdles, electric irons and many other things you're waiting for . . . as well as soaps. Used fats are needed!

TURN IN YOUR USED FATS!

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Dec. 4.—The Pearl Harbor investigation was expected to be a whitewash affair. It

has become a red herring bombardment. Crimson hued fish have darted out of the testimony since opening day like directed missiles, filling and obscuring the air.

This is as the administration would like to have it. As long as the record can be padded exclusively with evidence as to who sent what telegram at what time, what Mr. Roosevelt did a year before, whether an army accusation against Mr. Hull was justified, the herring chase will save bigger fish beneath. It works better than whitewash.

For instance, no one has gotten around to Mr. Roosevelt yet. While every child above the age of six years in this whole wide country knows the navy was run as a personal hobby-monopoly of the sea-faring president, who was its assistant secretary during the last war—and while every conscious mentality under six realizes Pearl Harbor was a naval disaster worse than that of any nation in all modern history—you will find only incidental references to Mr. Roosevelt in the testimony thus far. While every naval, army and diplomatic official down the line has taken a rap, Mr. Roosevelt's memory has been given a wrap.

NEWSMEN watching the herring battle say this is because Messrs. Truman, Hannegan and Barkley, the political triumvirate of this government, decided early in the game democrats would have to run on the Roosevelt ticket for the next few years and they did not want it punched.

A considerable public agitation was started to warn the investigators, congress that indeed all commentators that the development of any facts about Mr. Roosevelt would be considered "a smear" upon his great name. Consequently everyone got just a little scared off the scent before the herring started to fly.

THEREFORE, you will have to look behind the testimony and behind the herring for solid explanations, but in this realm you will find the concrete evidence at about the halfway mark stacks up somewhat like this:

1. No one from the president on down did the right thing. No one connected with the problem can today do anything more than pass the blame or, to another who may have committed a greater blunder, all failed—completely.

2. Their failure could be no more amazing if they had all been stricken with amnesia simultaneously. Here was a simple operation in strategy. The known Jap plan was to move down upon Malaya and the Philippines for oil and stores. The known American counter war-strategy was to cut that line of supplies with our fleet after the Japs moved. The simplest possible strategic arithmetic will tell you the Japs, therefore, could be expected to try to cripple the fleet before launching their Asia attack. Yet it never occurred to anyone in Washington or Pearl Harbor that our fleet would be the initial point of attack.

3. The president and all the navy are to blame for leaving the fleet set up as ducks on the pond that Sunday morning. The fleet came into the small anchorage on Friday, intending to leave Monday for sea as usual. That habit, known to the Japanese, was established by the commander of the fleet, but it was known also to Washington. Although realizing war was coming and the approximate time, no one in Washington ordered the commander to change the habit and get the fleet into maneuverable open water. This simplest, primary indispensable precaution

Four of the children's bodies and the body of driver Jack Randle were recovered from the submerged bus last Saturday. Two bodies were taken from the lake last Tuesday, the day after the tragedy.

Sixteen persons died in the accident. Five children and a woman passenger escaped before the bus rolled under the surface of the lake, of unfathomed depth in some places.

Stores and all public buildings in Chelan, a community of 2,300, will be closed to allow townspeople to attend public rites at the Masonic temple.

"Blue chip" investments are those which are safe and yield good interest or dividends. Victory Loan Bonds offer both of these requisites.

HEAR Evangelist J. Jack Paskell tonight 7:45. Subject: "God's Three Voices."

SHARE in and enjoy great Singspiration, directed by Rev. Wilmar Brown, pastor of Evangelical Church of Salem.

HEAR Chief Kiutus Tecumseh, Lyric Tenor, sing

HEAR Dr. Willard H. Pope 3 p. m. each day on exposition of the Prophetic Book of Revelation.

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

5th and Central—Rev. Welford Dawes, Pastor

"State Fair" Coming



Ringed with a score of wonderful new songs by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, II, and with a star-brilliant cast headed by Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain, Dick Haymes and Vivian Blaine, "State Fair," the season's newest technicolor musical comes to the Craterian theatre tomorrow. Based on the celebrated Phil Stong novel, "State Fair," is set against the gloriously gay and colorful background of one of America's best-loved institutions. Charles Winninger and Fay Bainter head an outstanding supporting cast.

was neglected by all. They were all asleep at the switch; worse, they all went home to bed and left it open, inviting disaster.

4. The army's blunder from the top down was only slightly less. A late warning was ineffectively attempted, and it never got a plane into the air. The army sky fleet was destroyed as completely as the navy's sea fleet.