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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Santa Claus, also known as Kris Kringle and Good St. Nick, and regarded in all foreign lands as Uncle Sam, arrives to-night and in the morning. He is loved as much as Herr Hitler is hated. He is the benevolent, bewhiskered gent of whom the late Alfred E. Smith once said with eternal and everlasting truth: "No sane official who has hung up an empty stocking over the municipal fireplace is going to shoot Santa Claus just before a hard Christmas."

The National Safety Council has a slogan: "For a Merry Christmas—Look out for Holidayanger!"

The grip of Winter upstate is relaxing. For several days climate conscious areas of the Willamette valley and the metropolis thought they were shaking hands with Dewey Hill, the Prospect hired man and athlete, while in a rollicky mood. The rain now poureth, and everybody will get a new umbrella in his stocking.

Al (Dock) Lantis, who has been going to the Marshall Field's school in Chicago, is home for the Yule.

There are 82,000 Pacific veterans waiting in Los Angeles for transportation home. They have reached every objective but the depot.

SOMETHING FOR DADDY

"So many families worry about what to give Father for Christmas. Just why this should be it is impossible to say when Father is so easy to please and there are so many suitable gifts for him.

For example, he might be given a new doormat for the one that is six years old. Or a soft cushion to match the cushion now on the sofa. Then there is the shades on the beside lamp in the guest room that the last guest scorched by tilting to one side. A new one would be suitable for Father.

Father would delight in a nice wood basket to sit beside the open fireplace and enthrone over a dozen glass tumblers to replace those broken during the last year. He would surely find much use for a new monkey wrench and a pair of pliers and a saw and he would get as much benefit as anybody else from a nice new aluminum roaster.

Why not a spare tire for the car and a new pair of gloves to use when he goes down to the furnace? Or, for that matter, a rug for the living room or a new set of shades for the dining room lights or a brass nozzle for the garden hose, since there seems no longer any chance of the old one turning up? Why not a cover for the telephone book or a flashlight that could be kept in the kitchen so that the cook can find her way to the icebox? Or a vacuum cleaner or a new electric iron?

Surely he could not object to a new clothes hamper, or a potted plant for a centerpiece on the dining-room table, or new shades for the front hall, or an electric coffee pot or a tea tray. In fact, you have only to look at any room in the house to see at once a dozen things that Father needs and needs badly.—(Exchange.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

The Wyoming turkey crop this year has been estimated at 199,000, or 19 per cent more than last year.

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

It's Christmas Eve

"'Twas the night before Christmas."

The anniversary of the birth of Mary's babe in a humble manger in Bethlehem 1945 years ago is now very near. It will be remembered that on this eve the angel of the Lord appeared to some shepherds out on the hills; the glory of the Lord shone round them, and the angel said: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the Heavenly host, praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.'"

ALTHOUGH the "Prince of Peace" was born, there was no peace in His day, and wars with all their horror and destruction, their agony and shattered hopes, have followed through the ages. But the hope of ultimate "peace on earth" was born in the hearts of men of good will on that Christmas day more than nineteen hundred years ago, and that faith has burned as brightly through the centuries as the Star of Bethlehem which guided the Three Wise Men to the Christ Child.

It is this faith which has carried us through the bitter years of war, and above the sickening thunder of cannon, the crash of bursting bombs and the grim chatter of machine guns, the song of the angels over Judea's hills sounded forth clearly. It is this faith which will build from the ashes of the past a cleaner, safer, kinder world in which the spirit of Christmas—of peace, of good will, of human dignity, tolerance and justice—will guide the lives of men.

To seek this goal is our sacred obligation toward those who fought and died for the principles which Christmas symbolizes. We must not fail them.

CHRISTMAS this year must be celebrated, not alone as an anniversary of a past event, but even more as a prophecy of ultimate peace on earth. The simple philosophy brought to this world by a man of Nazareth centuries ago—"whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you—do ye even so unto them"—must rule forever the conduct of men in the ages to come. This philosophy we accept as our common American heritage. The world must now accept it or perish.

ON this Yuletide season the "Silent Night" in distant lands will not be shattered by screeching shells. Glowing lights, the sound of Christmas carols, the tinkle of bells at Salvation Army kettles, bustling crowds—all are reminiscent of years before the war here in the Rogue River Valley. Tonight, the kindly, pink-cheeked old gentlemen with the crimson jacket and flowing beard will visit our firesides—and how we wish that the clatter of his reindeer and merry tingle of his sleigh bells might be heard in far lands by those who are homeless and destitute from war.

And on this Christmas eve the Mail Tribune staff—from publishers to carrier boys—wish one and all the Merriest of Christmases!—H.G.

Editorial Correspondence

New York, N. Y., Dec. 19—It's going to be a white Christmas from Maine to Maryland at least. Have just completed a five-hour trip via the coast route from Boston, and everything including the automobiles parked in the streets are covered by a thick white blanket. With the sun blazing in a clear blue sky above, it was a beautiful sight but hard on the eyes.

Really sorry to leave old Boston town for there was much we wished to see, but the doctor advised otherwise so that must be left until some other time. Coming back here is like returning to Niagara Falls after a sojourn in the Old Homestead duck pond.—The Boston and New York tempos are just as dissimilar as that. As we taxied from the hotel to South Station we saw children skating wildly on the ponds in Boston Common,—the inevitable big black dog trying to keep up with them on the ice, and having a hard time doing it.

New York appears to be in the midst of a terrific flu epidemic. At least practically everyone we know within a radius of 50 miles either is laid up with it or has been. And much pneumonia also. This clear, cold weather, with clean white snow covering all ugliness should be healthful,—well, perhaps that is true, but it arrived too late.

Fifth avenue and Boylston street in Boston: Both swarming with Christmas shoppers,—but again what a contrast! The New York window displays are dazzling,—breath-taking, some of them strike this department as super-modernistic works of art,—Boylston?—a few nice shops especially in the jewelry line, but as a whole,—dull, drab, much the same as they were 40 or 50 years ago.

Mt. Kisco, N. Y.—Out here bag and baggage in a snowstorm and it is still snowing. Some wise-guy told us last summer this was going to be a hard winter and he was right. The station taxi man first said he couldn't make the Lawrence Farms Inn beyond the gate, we would have to walk the rest of the way. But when he looked over our impediments and the personnel of our safari, he relented and said he would try it. (That is one thing we can say for rural New York and New England,—unlike Greater Manhattan the people are essentially accommodating and kind.) He made it with chains, but it was hard going.

The Boston "hospital" has now joined the Mt. Kisco hospital and there is another branch of the family in the Presbyterian hospital in New York.—Just one big unhappy family! But as is usually the case it might be worse,—no one very sick, it looks as though all would be able to get out of bed by Christmas. (Considerable tapping on wood at this juncture!)

The prediction is for continued snow tomorrow in which case we might well be snow-bound. Which reminds us of the "Gold Rush" we saw in Boston where Charley Chaplin and Mack Sennett were snowbound in their delapidated Alaska cabin. Mack was desperate and became panicky, but not the imaginative and resourceful Charley. He proceeded to boil his leather boots, and ate them down to the last shoe-nail,—scraping each nail clean of nourishment as one might an artichoke leaf! Charley's private life may have been as sordid and disgraceful as the court records indicate, but he was—and still is,—a GREAT artist!

We had expected to return tonight and see the Oregon basketball team play Long Island at Madison Square Garden but no soap,—except on snow shoes and we didn't bring ours on this trip. (The next time we will!) All planes are grounded and most of the buses, but the railroads are still operating,—at least the Harlem Division from here to New York. Those who are selling the railroads short might bear this in mind particularly as far as air competition is concerned. Since we came last September we venture to say there have been at least 10 days when air travel

was impossible. And not a day when train travel was,—behind schedule perhaps but not abandoned.

We have had to abandon our trip to the UNO meeting in London for reasons which should be fairly obvious. It was not hard to secure credentials, but London at this time of year is worse than Boston as far as climate goes, and the Atlantic crossing would be worse. It may make it a bit tough for the United Nations but can't be helped! (Please note the two exclamation points which we hope will render the sarcasm evident even to those who like to send complaints to the letter-box.)—R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Horses and mules men may try And ring suspected vessels ere they buy. But wives, a random choice, untied they take They dream in courtship but in wedlock wake. Then, nor till then, the veil is removed away And all the woman glares in open day. —Pope.

The League of Forgotten Husbands. That is an organization of British army officers who have been given the "brushoff" by their wives. Was formed in Syria in 1943 by three officers. Each officer had received a wholly unexpected letter from his wife saying she no longer loved him and desired a divorce. Members of the organization wear a gold badge on the face of which is inscribed L.O.F.H. on the back four symbols are inscribed; the ring which solemnized the wrecked marriage, the ship which took the husband overseas, the letter that brought sad news of his wife's change of heart and the mug of beer in which the husband sought forgetfulness.

Over There Rome now has 32 daily newspapers. It also has 90 political parties. Then there is the Associazione Per Le Popolo Senza Politici which translated means The Association for People Without Political Parties. That is the first time I have heard of a political lonesome club.

School Girl Complexion Radishes are good for the complexion. That is what I am told by a man who says he knew a Polish countess who at 68 still had her school girl complexion. This countess ate six little radishes before every meal, including breakfast. She said the women of her family had been doing that for 300 years and were famous throughout Europe for their beautiful complexions.

British Inventor John W. Wilson claims to have driven his automobile thousands of miles without the use of gasoline. He utilized atomic power in the form of an attachment he describes as "a uranium unit." This device, says Wilson, can be manufactured for about \$10. With this gadget attached to a car the necessity of buying gasoline is eliminated. For unlimited driving with a "uranium unit" the cost of operation would be about \$1 a week. Hearing about things like this must make the owners of oil wells and gasoline service stations shudder a little.

Mules & Men Annually in the United States 50,000 husbands desert their wives. So states a statistician who further expresses the view that in at least 70 per cent of these cases the wife is to blame because of ignorance as to the proper manner in which to handle a husband. A sad state of affairs. In view of this deplorable situation we strongly urge that our married feminine subscribers pay close attention to the periodic advice on husband handling offered by our Mules & Men department experts.

Richest Man The Nizam of Hyderabad is now the richest man in the world. His jewels alone are worth \$300,000,000. His annual income is \$12,000,000. However, before the Nipponese surrendered Emperor Hirohito was the richest man in the world. He had an annual income of \$100,000,000.

Queries from clients: Q. I was married at 12, became a mother as 13, divorced at 17, remarried at 22. I'm a Pennsylvanian. Can Brooklyn top my record of being married at 12? A. Am afraid not. Only Tennessee. Q. I claim you stated the stargazers said any husband who can hold an Aquarius wife for five years deserves a medal. My

husband claims you said anybody who can stand an Aquarius wife for five years deserves a medal. How about it? A. Your husband seems to be giving you a bit of a ribbing. The stargazers claim it takes a very clever man who thoroughly understands love to hold an Aquarius wife five years. Not that the Aquarius girls are fickle but they demand a lot of expert attention.

Please Note A six-year-old Brooklynite named Joan had heard her aunt Dorothy, who is 22, express concern about the return of her soldier sweetheart. So little Joan decided to pray for her aunt's boy friend. That night she did so, saying: "God bless me and make me a good girl and send Auntie Dorothy's soldier home safe, sound and single."

Coyotes and Dogs In the west domesticated dogs are reported running away from home to join packs of coyotes. The coyotes spend their nights killing sheep. Recently a rancher thought he had shot two coyotes but found one of the animals he had killed was a dog with a collar and license tag from a nearby city. Some of the dogs roam around with the coyotes at night return home in the day and act their part as family pets. You might call these animals Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde dogs. The rancher says the home dogs are lured to wildness by female coyotes. So it goes. The "Cherchez La Femme" idea even applies to coyotes and dogs.

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson Co. His tory from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20 and 34 years ago.

TEN YEARS AGO December 24, 1935 (It Was Tuesday)

Britain and France form solid front to oppose war aims of Italy.

Rolland Beach, who fell down the elevator shaft at the post-office is resting easy.

NRA. keystone of the New Deal is ended by Roosevelt.

No Mail Tribune will be issued tomorrow—Christmas.

Cloudy, with probable light rain. High 45, low 28.

Postoffice will make delivery of Yule mail tomorrow.

TWENTY YEARS AGO December 24, 1925 (It Was Thursday)

Record number of Christmas cards received at local post-office.

Generally fair. High 48, low 40.

Turkeys plentiful in Oregon at 45c per pound.

Christmas party at Copco Forum is huge success.

Henry Ford plans air flight over North Pole.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO December 24, 1911 (It Was Sunday)

Bridge over Rogue River near Gold Hill, built in 1878, torn down.

Completion of roads in Crater Lake national park urged by army engineers.

City set to observe Christmas. All stores to close.

Snow or rain. High 47, low 23.

What's Doing at U. S. O.

An "at home" evening will be spent tonight at the Riverside USO. Card games will be played and nuts and popcorn will be served.

Mrs. Lester Throckmorton and daughter, Eleanor, and Bill LaChance will prepare a waffle breakfast Christmas morning. Waffles are to be served from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m. Open house will be held all day and a tea will be held at 7:30 o'clock.

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

Coming THURSDAY HOLLY THEATRE. GINGER ROGERS, LANA TURNER, WALTER PIDGEON, VAN JOHNSON. WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF. Edward ARNOLD, Xavier CUGAT and His Orchestra.

DAV Says Amputees Dissatisfied With Artificial Limbs

Because of mounting complaints from amputees, the Disabled American Veterans some time ago realized the right kind of devices, according to J. P. Graham, spokesman for the Jackson County DAV chapter.

"The returning veteran faces a psychological crisis while adjusting to his disability, which is intensified when the limb substitute impedes rather than aids," Graham declared.

According to John A. Meals, commander of the DAV chapter, the recent national convention of the organization authorized appointment of a national committee for scientific research and development to work in the field of artificial limbs and prosthetic appliances for disabled veterans.

VFW CLEANING UP SITE OF NEW POST QUARTERS

Work has been started on cleaning up the property on Front St., near 8th, recently purchased by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, in preparation for remodeling the building as a meeting place and quarters for their Service Officer now located in the Liberty Building. A club room for use of returning service men will be on the ground floor.

Crater Lake Post No. 1833.

Veterans of Foreign Wars wishes to thank its members who helped with this work and also the Tru Mix Concrete Company, who generously donated their trucks.

QUOTATIONS — and — ANALYSIS on Listed and Unlisted Securities. Conrad Bruce & Co. 313 Fluhrer Bldg. Phone 7471.

FIRST FEDERAL Savings & Loan Assn. of Medford. 27 North Holly.



May the Spirit of Christmas Endure

Conger-Morris Funeral Parlors. Extend Sincere Christmas Greetings to One and All.

Greetings Season's. May this be your happiest Christmas of them all... and the New Year be the most prosperous, our Yuletide wish for each of our customers. JACKSON COUNTY FEDERAL Savings and Loan Association. 126 East Main.

Hubbard Bros. Inc. WILL BE CLOSED FOR INVENTORY December 26-27-28. In Cases of Emergency Phone 2189.

P.A. Holmes AGENCY SINCE 1908. "Carol, brothers, carol, Carol joyfully, Carol the good tidings, Carol merrily; And pray a glad some Christmas For all your fellow men; Carol, brothers, carol Christmas Day Again." From Kate Douglas Wiggin.