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Editorial Correspondence

New Orleans, Jan. 6.—This is the long way around, but it is the warm way too, so we chose it. We have had enough cold to last us for 10 years!

Before leaving Washington had another "look-see" at the Pearl Harbor inquiry with Admiral Stark still on the stand. The admiral made a much better showing than the day before...

As several members of the False Friends club will attest, the skipper of this department was surprised when the war with Japan ended. We attributed it all to the atomic bomb.

Admiral Stark, we were interested to observe, had the same idea—at least as far as the final Japanese surrender was concerned. He had predicted it would not be BEFORE an actual Allied invasion of the Jap mainland.

It also came out that the admiral had been censured by the secretary of the navy last August as an official who should be given no assignment "requiring superior judgment."

One could not help but admire the attitude of the witness in frankly admitting this—in fact he, rather than the committee, was responsible for bringing it out.

Yet while this second appearance revealed the admiral in a far more favorable light than the first, we would guess Secretary Forrestal's action was justified.

Superficially at least there is almost as marked and sudden a change in crossing the Mason and Dixon line heading south, as crossing the Mexican border in the same direction.

On our first train trip to the South about 10 years ago we took the Seaboard line, and decided when we reached Florida we had made a bad choice.

Of course the time of year has something to do with it, the winter where there is no "blanket of the beautiful" to cover the ugliness being no time for any landscape to appear to its best advantage.

Yet regardless of the season, we fall to see how any fair-minded observer could deny that the least attractive portion of the United States from the standpoint of a train traveller is the Atlantic seaboard south of Washington.

And Georgia, we should say, is the worst. (If Edison Marshall writes an indignant letter of protest from Augusta, well, we will be happy to print it, for anything he writes for publication is worth—or was—a dollar a word!)

In the first place there isn't a tree in the state larger than a tooth-pick, nor an acre of land that isn't a reddish-brown metallic-looking clay—it may be fertile but it doesn't look it.

No wonder the share-croppers of Georgia are complaining, for what is there to share? It may be different in the larger cities, Atlanta for example, which has Peach Tree street, headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan and Coco Cola.

There are many other sudden changes when one boards a train south bound from the national capital. Take the negro problem for example.

There are more fresh, impudent and sullen men—and women,—of color in Washington, D. C., than anywhere else in the country.

None of these hook-worm victims who take five hours to make up a car and then forget to shine the shoes, failing to smile until the brush off period arrives!

The Pullman car titles change abruptly too,—on our train down we recall we were in the "Robert Toombs" next to it was the "Joel Chandler Harris" and No. 3 was "William Bibb."

At Montgomery, where we arrived two hours late—and still raining cats and dogs!—we noticed the tallest building in sight was the "Jefferson Davis hotel"—JEFFERSON DAVIS!—Grandpappy B. regarded him with about as much affection as one of his granddaughters-in-law now regards the late Adolf Hitler, and undoubtedly for a similar reason.

The trip to Atlanta from Washington was very nice,—quite de luxe with a solid Pullman train, stream-lined super diesel engine, and arrived on the dot. But then the "West Point" R.R. took over and the trouble started.

So we started half an hour late and as usual when a train once starts late, that is only the beginning.

P.S.—We hasten to add the late train was L. & N. NOT S.P.!

Blind Veteran Gets Coveted Five Acres
Denver, Jan. 10.—(U.P.)—George Mitchell, 21-year-old war-blinded veteran of the Normandy invasion, won his fight today for the five-acre plot near his boyhood home where he longs to spend the rest of his life in a world of darkness.

Mitchell got the little tract in a tip-and-tuck public land auction.

H. G. Jaeke, president of the Mountain school district, drew the jeers of scores of sympathetic citizens at the auction when he persistently outbid the sightless army veteran.

"Better take him out of here before he gets hurt," one spectator shouted when Jaeke raised the bid to \$5,000—one thousand dollars an acre.

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News Behind The News
By Paul Mallon

Chicago, Jan. 10.—The low spirits of the country, which are plainly evident to a traveler, but not to Washington (see column of yesterday) are due to deterioration of goods and services to the public in every phase of living, not merely railroad transportation. A pleasant Washington news stir was created by the relaxation of rationing on foods and now on tires.



But the average man cannot obtain these simplest requirements for daily living any more than you can get adequate public transportation on trains, busses and streetcars.

This, as reported yesterday from this ten-day trip, is the cause of the evident decline in President Truman's popularity—not the issues of his battle with congress, not his foreign policy, not even directly the strikes monopolizing the front pages.

TEN months after the end of Europe, and four months after Gen. MacArthur landed in Tokyo, public wants seem less served in many features than at any time during the war. You see lines of trudging, weary housewives half a block long outside stores. Those I saw were seeking either nylons or butter.

The queues outside movies sometimes extended a city block; and I have seen people sitting on the floor for hours in aisles of movie theaters. Inadequate and deficient housing troubles millions. Go into a restaurant and you may find a long bill of fare, much longer than during the war. But inquiry customarily develops that half or more of the items are "all out."

Bribery will get you many things not on the counters; and a degrading bootlegging of all short items is common. Taxicabs are overloaded with people and actually refused service while empty on the streets, but rates are higher for less service.

Few people can get a hotel room anywhere in the central states without waiting in the lobbies for hours.

THESE conditions are said to be due to shortages of equipment, materials, food and help—but not always, I have found. The New Year's eve parties in hotels in a certain city were called off, for example, because the waiters protested against the hotels' selling tickets as a cover charge without giving them a tip on the tickets in addition to tips on the price of meals.

Shortages have simply encouraged the wholesale disregard of the public interest, of service to the public, and both managers and workers have taken advantage of this condition to a national extent. A completely demoralized civilization has taken thorough hold on us.

These are the things people are talking about, not unemployment compensation, the full employment spending proposal, fair employment practices or the issues which agitate the politicians and the high-pressure groups. Of two things, the public speaks to itself:

(a) Of getting that boy home from the armed services, and (b) of why is there no general feeling of peace after the victory?

On these and most of the other issues of the day discussed by commentators, including myself, there is a considerable amount of public bewilderment.

To me question B answers question A. How can you expect to get the boys home if there is no assured feeling of peace? But the public does not reason that way. Neither does the soldier. They both see so much inefficiency around them, so much government waste and unreasonableness, that they attribute everything to those causes.

I found myself defending Mr. Truman eventually to practically all the couple of hundred people with whom I talked. I found few had anything specific in their minds against him. No

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Let our life be as it always has been, And let us hold, Dear wife, the names we Each gave each of old; And let not time work change Upon us two, I still your boy friend you, And still my girl friend you.

Who was it said: The love of praise How e'er concealed by art Glows in every heart.

Or words to that effect? Praise as to his daily efforts is particularly acceptable to a young fellow like myself who has a family and a racing system to support. It leads me to think I may get a raise in salary. Anyway, today a young lad of around nine years of age who lives in my neighborhood said to my girl friend: "Do you know, Mrs. Durling, your husband is a very smart man. My mama buys the paper every morning just to read what he writes."

How long had you known the charming girl who became your wife when you proposed to her? I had known my girl friend two years when I asked her what she thought of the idea of my stepping side by side along the highway of life. Anyway, I present for your attention an excerpt from a letter to a friend written by newspaper woman Georgiana Campbell, who recently became the eighth Mrs. Tommy Manville: "I met Tommy Manville for the first time when I interviewed him on Oct. 11, 1945. He proposed to me in the first five minutes but I did not take him seriously because I was then interested in somebody else. But shortly after I realized I loved him and accepted his proposal. Tommy is witty and charming, very intelligent and terribly attractive."

Asking: Queries from clients: Q. I know what a heavyweight boxer is, and a middleweight, welterweight and lightweight. But what is a cruiser weight? A. "Cruiser weight" is the name given by the British to the light heavyweight class. Q. When my wife calls her dearest feminine friend on the phone the call usually lasts 35 minutes. Is this a record for that type of call? A. Not at all, sir. In fact it is below the average. Calls between feminine "dearest friends" usually last about 45 minutes. Q. Have a small wager that beer was originated by the British. My opponent says the Germans were the original beer drinkers. A. You are both wrong. The Egyptians were making and drinking beer over 5,000 years ago. Q. Before the war you were once asked who would win the

one was bitter about him, as many were with Mr. Roosevelt. Most thought him a fine fellow personally. But they were convinced someone would have to lay a heavy hand upon their troubles to cure them, and they doubted the heaviness of his hand.

I TOLD them the general disregard of public interests would be cured as soon as competition was restored in goods and services. But they asked me: Why not release the men from the services, then? Why not protect us against this kicking around? Why let strikes go on when there are shortages? I knew my replies were unsatisfactory, because I could only say I thought the strikes were the mistakes of poor labor leadership, mostly needless, and merely manifestation of labor's inability to handle its new responsibilities to the people in an orderly way. Truman, I said, inherited these things, did not originate them.

Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool and you answered Royal Mail. That animal won easily. How about the 1946 Grand National? A. Aren't you crowding me a little mister? The event doesn't take place until April. However, I believe it will be won by the Irish jumper, Prince Regent. Please Note

If you put the same perfume on three women the scent will differ on each one. That was the claim of Marcel La Bourdette of Paris, who offered to bet he was right. Three women were selected for the test. Seven hundred fifty people sniffed the scent of the trio. They all agreed monsieur La Bourdette was right. The same perfume had a different scent on each of the women. Guess I'll have to assemble three women and a bottle of perfume to check on this. That is, if the editorial auditor will let me put the perfume on my expense account.

Passing By "Red" Ormsby. Former major league umpire. The father of 13 children. Believe this is the prolific papa record for major league players and umpires. Only fellow I can recall who could even approach it was Virgil Garvin, once a Dodger pitcher. Virgil was the father of eight children. Lucille Ball, red-haired Hollywoodian. About five years ago Lucille was in an automobile accident. She was so badly injured she was told she probably would never walk again. But Lucille courageously kept on hoping and after three years recovered completely and resumed her work as a model and cover girl. This led to a film career.

Snoring Cure A Bostonian offers an addition to the suggested cures for snoring as follows: "As soon as your wife starts snoring you begin whistling a lively tune. This will stop her immediately." We would like to check this cure with a view toward including it in our "snoring cure" files. So if your wife snores tonight please start whistling "Yankee Doodle Dandy" or "The Indian Love Call" and let us know what happens.

Healthy Place A Washington subscriber who lives on the shores of beautiful Puget Sound says "The poor devils who have to live in the unhealthy climate and atmosphere of New York city have my sympathy." It is very nice of him to be so sympathetic, but it is not necessary. Statistics prove New York is one of the healthiest large cities of the world. And, strange as it may seem, the health record of the New Yorkers is just as good as those who live by the side of Puget Sound.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer. Although the use of a pen-name is optional for publication, it permits the right to edit all letters with a view to clarity and condensation.

Horse Sense Needed

To the editor: The year 1945 will go down in history as a threat of destruction and man's great opportunity to build for permanent peace. The atomic bomb demonstrates the wisdom, if not the necessity, of using good horse sense in self preservation. All creation composed, as we know, of conflicting forces, demonstrates any uncontrolled power is dangerous. Man's superiority over other creatures is his ability to utilize the forces of nature to his advantage by regulat-

ing and controlling their propensities for harm and keeping them in proper balance. Our two greatest blessings, "fire and water," when out of control are elements of destruction. Steam or electric power must constantly be kept under control. It is flattering for us to say we can control the evil forces of nature, but ourselves we cannot control.

The big problem of humanity is, and always has been, to organize a governing power without itself becoming a tyrant. We have tried kings, emperors, democracy, socialism and labor unions. The results are all alike. Like the pet leopard with the feeling of power and the taste of blood, destruction begins.

It is not a little strange that when the wise men of all nations met at San Francisco to plan for peace, international law and justice were never mentioned or given any consideration, while sovereign power was jealously contended for, and military power carefully distributed, "determined to have peace if they had to fight for it," Pat's old theory? The only way to stop wars is to stop them. Destroy the tools and prohibit anyone having any. With the smell of blood out of our nostrils and common sense in use, we begin to realize that man can be restrained in better ways than gunpowder. In fact, we are now demonstrating in Japan and Germany that the best way to curb war-like nations is to make it impossible for them to prepare for war, in fact, that is the only way it can be done. And if that is the best way in Germany and Japan, why not with every nation?

If by taking the monetary system and commercial transportation out of their control they can be allowed life and the pursuit of happiness, without any ability to create destructive war, that would be good medicine for all nations. If making war impossible is as simple as that, for the love of humanity, let the "United Nations Economic and Social Council" proceed at once to organize a world service cooperation, equably participated in by all nations.

The atomic bomb would be safe in the hands of the Economic Social Council but not in the hands of any war making power. IRA C. JONES.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO

January 10, 1938 (It Was Friday) Valley rainfall above average. House passes bonus bill. Roosevelt sees farm relief as major problem of nation. Continued rain. High 47, low 40. Talent district irrigation financing loan approved by RFC. Medford high quint defeats Salem 22 to 18, after score is tied eight times.

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Will the party who borrowed the Underwood Typewriter off the 'Victory Queen' desk at the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce office please return it immediately as it was not the property of the Chamber and the owner needs it badly.

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OREGON NEWS PAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Ye Smudge Pot
By Arthur Perry

The nickel cigar is staging a "come-back," the tobacco industry reports. The nickel is as good as it ever was, smokers report.

Veterans home from the wars are picking up the threads of civilian life fast. Several are wearing cowboy shirts, so loud they make the Applegate-Butte Creek variety sound like a mouse squeak.

Some valley democrats complain President Truman's talk to the nation made them want to crawl under the radio. Alf Landon of Kansas had the same effect on Republicans when he was running for President in 1936, and they didn't make it either.

Some of the new model autos will be sold on a modification of the "lay-away" plan. This should not be confused with CIO plan to make them on their lay-around plan.

An 18 cent per pound boost in the price of butter, to the housewife is reported favored by the secretary of agriculture. The increase is expected to increase butter production, and may cause miners to pound their gold dredges into churns.

London reports the Russians have succeeded in making an atomic bomb, "the size of a tennis ball." High Washington, D. C., officials doubt Russia has an atomic bomb, or for that matter, a tennis ball.

HOW LIKE A LADY

(Press Dispatch) "I like it here. I haven't anything to be ashamed of. But I wish Pappy would get in touch with me. I intend to seek employment here." Asked what kind of work she would do, she said: "I'm darned if I know."

The army has ordered German political leaders to cease denunciation of the Allied international policies. They must think they are unnaturalized residents of America, telling the native born how to vote.

"I am shooting anyone bringing guns on my land. Won't miss. Phyllis Williamson, Enterprise." (Wallawa County, Ore., Chief-tan)—Another war front heard from.

"Pappy" Boyington, an air hero of the war with Japan, is no hero to a New York socialite he jilted, and left waiting in Reno. She got revenge by making a series of telegrams. "Pappy" sent her. In cold type, they don't make as hot reading as when bawled by a lawyer, before a jury in a crowded courtroom.

"Because of its unusual alpine floral wonders an area near Mount Adams in Washington has been proposed as a state park. Goodbye floral wenders." (Bend Bulletin)—An eastern Oregon scribe casts light on the well-known inclination of humans to pull up everything by the roots.

SHORT, SAD STORY

"Another innocent, out to make a clean-up, had bought more trees than there were individuals in the village where he lived, far more even than one to each family. This babe in the wood expected that the Joneses would buy one apiece for Pop and Mom and Sally and Willie and Grandma. Of course he went broke. — (Woodlawn, Cal., Democrat).

Closing time for Sunday Too Late to Classify as Saturday afternoon. Please remember.