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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

Wonders never cease. Recently upstate, a juvenile was caught driving an auto that was not stolen.

It has been a long time, as the crow flies, since any word has been heard of Madame Perkins, the only woman secretary of labor, the Dionne quintuplets, or their Paw.

At Trenton, N. J., a lightweight pugilist hit his foe so hard he busted a glove. Years ago the same thing happened here at the Nat., and a horseshoe flew out.

It is now rumored in Washington, D. C., Secretary Wallace will resign in June. The public has been tantalized by the same rumor, many times in the past 13 years.

Television is due in the fall. It was originally planned to have it in working before the end of the war. This is too bad. Some amateur might have tuned in, or something, and seen a battle in Europe that was never fought.

"After the accident, the wild driver was questioned by the police." "I guess I didn't have my head with me," he explained.—(Lower Klamath News).—That's what happens when not fastened on tight.

TELLING OFF A SOLO

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch)

"That is the 64-cent question—a snap, a push-over, an easy mark. What would be more fitting than for UNRRA to locate its capital at Santa Claus, Ind., would be for Representative Grant to locate his capital at Grouse, Idaho, or Carp, Minn.—he can take his choice. Or, if it is the chief result of his grumbling that he wants to signify, what could be more fitting, as the representative would say, than Disaster, Nev.?"

The Pendleton area reports modest but foolhardy violets are blooming. No barefoot boys as yet, have been noted picking them.

Bank deposits in Oregon, during the war years, were two and one-half times more than the national average, a corporation report shows. How they ever did it, the way they were reported spending it, is a mystery like the atomic bomb.

The election of a Belgian as president of the United Nations assembly was a defeat for Russia, and the eastern European bloc. It is not believed Russia can stand many more lickings like that.

"EVERETT CURDY AND FRANCES ACKERMAN ARE FED RECENTLY."—(Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle.—The society editor screams.

"Senator Claude Pepper (D., Fla.) says the United States is a country that belongs more to the world than to its own people."—(Republican News).—O yeah; and since when, item.

Bow-legged bulldogs wearing hand knitted wool and silk sweaters showed up this morning, in a mood to bite the weatherman. Ice froze on mud puddles on both sides of the track last night.

The foxier Older Girls are now letting the electrical cocktail mixer churn their butter, and a fine job the both of them do.

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Editorial Correspondence

Los Angeles, Calif., Jan. 8—A swing around the circle via New Orleans indicates the coldest, wettest winter in many moons. This goes for Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona and California; "water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink." Not the Ancient Mariner's predicament exactly but we could hardly imagine anyone drinking the water seen standing in the fields from the Gulf to the Pacific. It varies in color from brick-red in Georgia, to milk-chocolate in Louisiana, dark olive in Texas and just plain dirty in Arizona.

East of El Paso, Tex., where the S.P. climbs to 5,000 feet, we ran into a honey of a blizzard,—reminded us of Westchester county, N. Y. In many places the snow was drifted over the fences and one had to keep busy to see anything through the car window the flakes piled up so fast. At Alpine the train stopped for an hour and we crawled into El Paso two hours late. (Yes, they get overtime for that).

The girl in the newspaper booth at the El Paso station was "regusted." She said she thought she would go back to her home in Florida although she had heard there was a big boom on in Texas.

"They have tornadoes here one day and blizzards the next and between times you have to mess up with these Mexicans,—I prefer niggers myself. As for the boom they're plenty of people but no big money, or—if there is I ain't seen it."

Sunshine at Tucson, but when we reached Phoenix the sky had clouded over again, and an overcoat felt good outdoors,—something new for Phoenix. Tried to get a weather report from another news-girl but she was very offish and reticent—yes, lots of rain and cold but she didn't think that unusual for January. "It's still a good winter-climate here mister, day in day out." Her boss glared at us as if such an inquiry violated all the canons of good taste as well as the by-laws of the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce!

Had dinner in the diner last night with a mild APPEARING man from Kansas, in fact, he could have been taken for a "step-in" for Webster's Mr. Milquetoast. But like most travelling Kansans we have ever encountered there was nothing mild about him when it came to politics. He wants Truman impeached right away for malfeasance in office and a good Republican put in; his choice would be General MacArthur. In fact, he is certain the only thing that can save the country from being taken over body and soul by union labor would be to get the General in the White House and then declare martial law, with John L. Lewis, J. Caesar Petrillo, Walter Reuther and other labor bosses locked up in Leavenworth. Only added proof one can tell little or nothing about the inside of a man—or woman,—by what they may look like outside—here was a fire-eater and dynamiter within, who LOOKED about as combative and dangerous as an old sock.

An added incongruity was that the man spoke in a very mild, quavering voice, which fortunately did not have any carrying power or there might have been a riot, or some hot soup spilled down the gentleman's neck,—for dining car waiters are unionized. They must be of course,—everything is these days.

We are not so certain about Reuther, but we WOULD like to see Messrs. John L. Lewis and Petrillo behind the bars looking out, assuming of course they had been given a fair trial and their guilt clearly established,—say evading their income taxes or something like that. We venture to say the time will come in this country when the failure to curb the dictatorial powers and excesses of ruthless despots like Petrillo and Lewis will be as hard to explain as the public indifference toward capitalistic gangsters, of the Jay Gould and Boss Tweed type during the get-rich-quick era of 70 years ago.

This morning our vis-a-vis at breakfast was of a very different type. He was a big strapping rough appearing citizen, without a collar, bleary eyes, a scar on his bald head only partially healed, and a mutilated ear. He had just returned, he said, from Mexico after six years as a civilian worker in Hawaii, and we judged he had found Mexico somewhat diverting,—or as Westbrook Pegler once remarked "I don't feel pretty good this morning!" Our friend did not feel "pretty good" about Hawaii.

Here is a rough sketch of his remarks:

"Say Mister, don't let them rope you in with this high flown talk about the beauties of Hawaii, this paradise of the Pacific bunk—they ain't got a thing there they ain't got better in the States and that goes for Royal Hawaiian hotel and Waikeiki beach. Why, we got a thousand beaches better than Waikeiki over here and you don't have to pay \$50 to get on 'em. The whole damned place, Mister, is owned by a couple of families called Castle and Cook, they own the steamship lines too, so they get you from the time you leave port till the time you get back. They claim to be descended from missionaries, but that don't fool anyone over there,—the missionaries of them days was pirates with a Bible in one hand and a shotgun in the other. When the pineapple crops is good and work plenty and you ask for a raise in wages, what do you get? You get kicked out on your ear and Castle and Cook bring in another boat load of Filipino peons—small bastards, but they sure know how to use brass knuckles and rocks. Yep, they have union workers over there, but what chance they got,—no chance at all, for the Castles and Cooks control the courts and the cops too. That was before the war, but when the navy took over that didn't help any for you couldn't get anything to eat or a place to sleep—you can't now,—anything that's decent—unless you want to pay 10 times what everything's worth. And you can't get a cigaret in the place—not a decent brand that is,—nor beer that's fit to drink—I was never so glad to get out of a place in my life. So don't let them pull your leg Mister with their colored post cards and Commercial club trips,—the best thing about Hawaii is the first boat to the States."

And speaking of incongruities we expected the battered old boy to drink at least a pot of hot black coffee,—instead of that he had oatmeal, ham and eggs and two bottles of milk! We saw him later,—no day-coach or tourist-sleeper either,—his shoes off, head back, looking at the Arizona desert from the car window, as he reached for a package of dates from time to time, and slipped one or two, ruminatingly into his mouth.

Coming into El Paso we were at once impressed by the fact that one of the finest and most deserving citizens of Medford is one of the best known throughout the west, and yet characteristically he never speaks of it. El Paso, for example, sports a blazing electric sign which proclaims: "FRUIT can DO IT!"

The El Pasoans have apparently also, tried to beat our Roy in bowling or golf!

One serious fault with the American railroad service is: The train crews are given a bonus for being late instead of getting one for being on time. That is the overtime system, of course. This could be changed by a very simple ruling of the ICC:

When a train is late passengers should be given a cash refund, a percentage of the purchase price proportionate to the degree of lateness. Under such a system the railroad companies could afford to give train crews a bonus for being on time, which could exceed any probable overtime for being late and the travelling public would benefit! (What could be easier Rosey?)

That is the basis of 99 per cent of the labor trouble in this country today; there are strong minority groups to fight for the workers and also for the big employers but none to fight for the rights of the long-suffering public, just plain Mr. and Mrs. John G. Citizen, "you, me and us!"—R.W.R.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

He that finds a constant heart, constant love and constant mind, All his sorrows shall depart, Love, when constant is so kind, That it makes a constant breast Ever more content and blest. —Bithell.

Your attention again is called to our bitter campaign No. 9986D. As you may recall this is in the interests of bigger, bet-

should have grasped the bride's head firmly in his two hands and swished it back to where he could have given her the kiss on the lips he intended to. That's what a marine would have done. Miss Loy's attitude and Mr. Markey's weak handling of the after kiss wedding situation was extremely discouraging to this department. However, though the incident has, figuratively speaking, left our head a bit bloody, it as yet is unbowed. Our bitter campaign No. 9986D will be continued with unabated zeal.

Sidelights
It was P. W. Joyce who said: "An Irishman before answering a question always asks another" . . . The lowest form of loud radio player is the type that leaves the radio on when he goes out.

Objection
In a recent dispatch I noted Gloria Swanson referred to as "The middle-aged former motion picture star." I strongly object to this reference to Miss Swanson as "middle-aged." I don't like the sound of it. I grant you that as to the lady's actual age it might be accurate. But it does not match Gloria's appearance which is far from being middle aged. She seems to be in her early thirties. And isn't a woman as old as she looks? As a matter of fact several currently active feminine film stars are in their forties. I suppose they could rightly be described as "middle-aged." But only a statistician, an incurable cad or another woman would apply this term to one of these glamorous Hollywoodians. No gentleman would even think of it.

Asides
When a woman is excessively jealous of her husband it is a sign she is selfish and self-centered. On this all experts are agreed. Observed La Rochefoucauld: "There is more self-love than love in jealousy." A feminine subscriber of Chicago calls my attention to the following statement by Prof. Knight Dunlop: "Woman is more like the child in bodily structure and, therefore, is farther removed from the ape than man. Also the skull of a man is more like an ape's than that of a woman."

Over There
In England two men found guilty of doping racing greyhounds were jailed for long terms at hard labor. That's what should happen to those who dope racehorses in this country. This pair of English race racketeers confined their activities to events in which there were only five starters. They doped the three shorter priced dogs in a way that made them run slower than usual and then bet on the two longshots. Before being caught these two dopers had won the equivalent of \$500,000.

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

Jan. 11, 1936 (It was Saturday)

January so far sets new record with heavy rains. More predicted. High 53, low 40.

County heads urge sales tax to pay old age pensions.

Willis Mahoney of Klamath Falls enters race for U. S. senate.

Substitute for AAA based on soil subsidy now proposed.

Bruno Hauptman, slayer of Col. Lindbergh baby, denied clemency.

Snowmen set for Sunday skiing at Crater Lake.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Jan. 11, 1928 (It was Monday)

Kentucky congressman, who talked dry, but was found guilty of violation of the Volstead act, loses appeal, and resigns post.

Fog in the valley. High 37, low 34.

British rubber trusts blamed for high cost of tires.

Additional clerk added to post-office clerical force.

Four local youths nabbed for possession of "hard cider."

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

Jan. 11, 1912 (It was Thursday)

County court appoints road supervisors for year.

Jacksonville lets contract for new water mains.

New rural route to be established from city.

Report Japanese have 32,000 soldiers in Hawaii.

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

St. Paul, Minn., Jan 11—A sedate presidential boomlet of Harold Stassen is recognized here as being under way.



Paul Mallon

The 38-year-old navy commander is starting out upon the path which Willie tried, appearing on the quiz program of all sages (Information Please), making speeches around the country to educational organizations, rug manufacturers, etc.

Plainly he is heading to fill the Willie vacuum in a manner, by establishing a republican leadership of the farming west and creating a spokesmanship for the internationalist-liberal unrising-of-a-sort out here.

His speaking style is not crisp. His comments are rarely unexpected. Consequently he has attracted little publicity attention, yet young people like his clean-cut appearance and he is greatly extending his following.

AN able young reporter, who was closely associated with him for some weeks at the San Francisco conference, says Stassen there established an intimate respect from foreign delegates, particularly the Latins who were not sympathetic to his purposes, but admired him. College students particularly, I have found, are enthusiastic for him.

The man in the street out here suspects he is angling toward the senate seat of Henrik Shipstead, who is up for reelection this year, and not exceptionally popular. Their ory is a senate seat would prepare the way for him to assert some national leadership.

His friends in Washington have doubted he would care to take the needless risk involved and believed he could get further, working outside as Willie did. I do believe he will run.

His movements will be an increasing challenge to the top position of Governor Dewey. The New Yorker must survive re-election this year to maintain his power, and if popular men like Forrester get into the race against him (Justice Jackson seems headed toward the chief justiceship rather than Albany at the moment) Dewey will have his troubles.

He has made no move since the national election to establish a personal national leadership, except organizationally in his loose personal control of national headquarters.

At any rate I do not find confirmed republicans talking either Stassen or Dewey as much as Bricker. The Ohio ex-governor has a strong personal following in the party. In a three-way republican contest, today, I believe he would win. A surge will come up for him if he wins the

TIMEPIECE FACTS

Q. Does electricity in one's body effect a watch?

A. NO. Electricity cannot affect a watch unless it sets up a magnetic field strong enough to magnetize it. Jewelers occasionally tell customers of body electricity to cover their ignorance or to keep from taking time to correct the trouble properly. People have told me of paying several dollars to have their watch demagnetized—a correction that takes only seconds—one for which I never charge. Finest of Repairs Fastest of Service

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Jan 13th—"A MAN BOUND WITH CHAINS"

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Ohio senatorship (Burton vacancy) in the fall.

ON the democratic side, or inside, the current word is that Truman will not run, because neither he nor Mrs. Truman likes the job. They say Byrnes is the likely man. I doubt both suggestions.

If Mr. Truman succeeds in staving off unpopularity through this crucial changeover period, he will like the job better. Few leave the White House willingly.

Furthermore, Mr. Byrnes as yet has not established any degree of popularity in the handling of foreign policy to warrant long-range presidential expectations. True enough, he swerved policy in December to what the left wing was demanding (fulfillment of Russian purposes) and thereby caused the Roosevelt-new deal-left leaning group to cease its criticism of him—and the communists their picketing of his state department.

But a lot of democratic water will flow over dams and into rivulets before its side of the picture becomes clarified.

IMEDIATELY ahead are the congressional elections and the administration got off to a bad start there. The Truman state-of-the-union speech, blaming his own congress for all do-

mestic ills, was one of the same technique as similar Roosevelt attacks upon his own party—but it was far different in effect.

With this same game, Mr. Roosevelt always repudiated but held the south; nearly always followed and approved the opposite group interests of C.I.O. left wing labor.

It was quite a trick, requiring an unusual personality, to manage the riding securely of two horses going in opposite directions.

Mr. Truman does not seem to have the personality for it, also the nation is in new circumstances. The class warfare policies, spending and give-away programs of the depression era are not proving popular in an inflationary postwar period which calls for opposite tactics. Even the democratic congress-

men repudiated by the White House frequently rode on the Roosevelt coat tails, or wanted to. This year they may find they can do better with only a nominal bow to the Truman coat tails.

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