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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

A Nevada fought four police-

men and two friends to a stand-

still while slightly inebriated.

After peace was signed he would

give no explanation for his

belligerency. He probably suf-

fered from the delusion they

were trying to make him take

another drink of whiskey "flav-

ored and colored in wood

chips."

Tomorrow is Groundhog day.

Whether or not he comes out of

his hole, there will be six weeks

more of weather, of some kind.

Rudolf Hess, the late No. 3

Nazi has been denied permission

to act as his own counsel in the

Nuremberg trials. None of his

fellow war criminals as yet,

have asked for the right to sen-

tence themselves.

The government has on hand

50 years normal production of

snowshoes, purchased for war

needs. They would have come

in mighty handy in case Amer-

ican GI's on the far-flung battle-

fields of the world had to walk

home via the North Pole.

"A poor memory indicates a

poor mind," says a psychologist,

whose name we can't recall."

(Exchange.)—Self-convicted.

None of local No-Hat clique

and motorcyclists, as yet, have

lined up any place for de-frost-

ing.

INVENTORY

(Reno Journal)

"We are living, not dead;

we are well, not sick; we can

see, we are not blind; we eat,

we do not starve; we are at

peace, not at war; one coun-

try, one flag, one shirt, one

wife—let us smile.

A rumor of a flood swept

Eugene recently, followed by a

flood of rumors.

The high school children

picket line at Vernonia against

movie prices continues at Ver-

nonia. The incident is a great

argument for military training

for boys over 17 years of age.

Sign on a billboard: "EVERY-

BODY'S NUTS." Truth in ad-

vertising.

Secretary of Commerce Wal-

lace advocates that control of

the atomic bomb be placed in

the hands of civilians with the

view "subordinated." The idea

would probably pan out like

killing all the little pigs and

America acting as milkman for

the Hottentots.

WHERE MEN AND MEN

(Siskiyou News)

Folks around the Salmon

Mountain towns and creeks

are a rugged lot of indepen-

dent citizens—good citizens of

a kind we need, but very

likely to call a spade a spade

Editorial Correspondence

Stockton, Calif., Jan. 27: If we were ever condemned to live permanently in California we would choose Stockton. And unless we could find more butter there than in Medford we would choose the Hotel Stockton for permanent residence.

Our first motor-trip to California from Medford was in the year 1915, in a "Tin Lizzie," owned by Fred Gowles, former rancher in the "Big Sticky" district, but for many years now a resident, and prominent civic worker of Santa Barbara, Calif.

We left Medford about 4 a. m. on a cool September morning from the "Glaze" Hill, and had our first blow-out at the corner of Riverside Drive and Main. We had seven more blow-outs before we reached "Castle Crags" shortly after sundown that evening and camped for the night. (That is an average of about six and one-half miles per hour, even WORSE than the Southern Pacific!)

But we know the "Old Timers" will confirm our story, for they remember what "Tin Lizzies" were like 36 years ago; and what outer-casings and inner-tubes were like also. And third, but not least, what the highways were like and what they did to both.

There were no paved roads over the Siskiyou then and there was the "Dollar Hide" toll-road over the top, one not only had to pay to get on it, but WE had to unload the "Tin Lizzie" and with the right-of-way strewn with our impedimenta, push the durned thing, while Fred worked the throttle—and HOW he worked it!

We are not certain, but we believe it was the tenth attempt that finally was successful, and we reached the top of the mountain, and around noon-time, could see the other side and Sunny "Cal-ee-for-nee-A." Then we had to load up again.

So, as stated, we reached "Castle Crags" about sundown and slept on the lawn in front of the hotel, which was closed. There was a fountain nearby which we distinctly recall, lulled Ye Editor to sleep, and served us all as an extremely cool shower-bath, the next morning. (Oh, yes, we forgot to mention the third member of the party was Leonard Woodford, a young and rather cynical husbandman, as we recall it, who was a ranch neighbor of F. C. Cowles.)

But where does Stockton come in? Well, it's this way: The second night—after trying to make progress all day—we reached a small dust-heap by the S.P. track called "Anderson" where we again rolled up in our blankets and saved hotel expenses. None of us had more than \$5 cash at the time. (That is the time Fred tried to shoot a blanket-stiff with his new Luger revolver, but that obviously is another story.)

The third night—again no paved roads and again trying to get that "Tin Lizzie" to function—we reached after a terrific struggle (and we mean just that)—Woodland.

And then—we were headed for San Francisco,—but instead of taking the road to that metropolis we got lost in a fog, ended up in Sacramento for lunch,—and spent the night in the most expensive and luxurious hotel "Ye Editor" had ever seen up to that time,—the Stockton hotel in Stockton, Calif.!

No more blankets, no more wet, hard ground, no "Luger" pistols, no more dirt and dust—a soft, clean bed and a bath, at a new steel and concrete hotel—it had been built for strength as a result of the recent S.F. earthquake,—and was it on that cold, clear night, some 36 years ago, the "Promised Land!"

And it is nice now! And Stockton has not changed much, at least what we have seen of it. Nor the old port down on the river, nor the older boats,—it is about as it was when Mark Twain and Bret Harle were there —so how could one of the "Older Boys" fail to enjoy it?

Well, eventually we did get to San Francisco. But that was the NEXT day, and after we were arrested for being in a "prohibited" area in Golden Gate park—but that TOO, is another story.

We remember we stayed at a hotel in S. F. called the St. Regis but not reminiscent of the hotel in New York by the same name! We stayed there because the hotel, while somewhat obscure as far as Cooks and the "Red Book" are concerned, had the business acumen to run an "ad" in the Medford Mail Tribune and the only way to get paid for that ad—there was no cash involved in those days,—was to take it out in trade! So that "Ye Editor" did. (And history will record, if history is accurate, that he paid for it!)

But there is a nostalgic appeal to this old hotel,—it is old but it is good, with nice old elevator men and bellboys and good food and an air of relaxation and laissez-faire about it. We would like to stay here a few days, but we are off for Arizona in the Good Ship Sedan,—many buckets of water have passed over the dam since the GS Sedan set out for foreign parts. We hope she behaves better than she did the last time, but doubt it.

We tried to get away from Medford at 6 a. m. but the starter went dead and it took us an hour that early in the morning to get anyone to push us. An all-night taxi man tried it, but his bumper was too low and he wanted to get to bed anyway, so we had to hunt up the state police and finally—God bless the state police!—we got the necessary push and were off for Ashland. It was slow going in the fog but in the Lithia City it was clear as a bell and clear all the way to this welcome haven.

Those who haven't motored south since "befoh the wah," have a surprise for them—a pleasant one. The road is greatly improved and the scenery also with very attractive winding lakes of a strange olive tint, and the bare red hill sides enclosing them. In fact the most active industry along the way appears to be boat-building, row boats and power boats lining the highway between the stacks and new service stations. Perhaps a fine summer resort one of these days.

But we must move on. This isn't a pleasure trip—it's on doctor's orders!—R.W.R.

On The Side By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

Brown eyes, from you just a glance,
And my heart does a song and dance.
Brown eyes, I am your willing slave,
But, tell me, why can't you be-
have, why must you flirt the way you do?
I love you, brown eyes, but you make me blue.
—Charles Fitzgerald.

(Above "comes from the heart" poem was, according to the author, inspired by a lovely but somewhat flirtatious brown-eyed feminine resident of Boston, Mass., who was born under sign of Libra. (Sept. 24-Oct. 23). Innumerable poets have described brown-eyed females as being flirtatious. The stargazers say Libra women have difficulty in making their eyes behave. This would make it appear that the author of the above having fallen in love with a brown-eyed Libra has quite a problem on his hands. He has our sympathy.)

Confidential

What is your favorite cheese? I'll take Swiss for mine, except with apple pie when I go for American. Still, I may speak from an extremely limited experience as a cheese consumer. I don't believe I could name more than fifty varieties of cheese, yet I have just learned there are produced in France 730 different kinds of cheese.

Passing By

Albert Johnson, star jockey of the yesteryear. Won the Kentucky Derby on Morvich, the only California-bred horse to ever win the run for the roses. In recent years Mr. Johnson has been placed in an embarrassing position by being closely connected with the most repeated gag on the radio. He is the trainer of Bing Crosby's horses. . . Mrs. George Lucas, Smart looking young matron of Lafayette, Ind. Recently chosen "Mrs. America" by the Home Makers Guild. In winning this title she did not wear a bathing suit. Was picked as the competitor believed to be the best example of an American wife and mother.

Sidelights

Lucius Beebe, who has been visiting Colorado Springs, Colo., says there is a hotel bar there which features 80-year-old bonded Bourbon. . . Add members M.N.I.A.P. club: Eileen Kleen, Millbrae, Calif. . . From Detroit, "the city of champions," a proud mother writes: "Our baby who weighed seven and a half pounds at birth is now five months and one week old and weighs 25 pounds. This could never happen in Brooklyn or California."

Nothing But Truth

Scenolomains: the "truth ser-

um" is claimed to remove all inhibitions and cause people under its influence to reveal their innermost thoughts and tell nothing but the truth. It is currently reported as being used on suspects in several celebrated cases. It has been suggested if the "truth serum" were available to the public many women would be able to find out what has been puzzling them for years, i.e. what their husbands really think about. Whether this would be an advantage to a wife I cannot say. However, I doubt that it would be advisable for a husband to use anything like that on his mate. A man is better off if he doesn't know his wife's innermost thoughts. An eminent psychiatrist with a long and varied experience with female patients recently said: "If the average husband knew what his wife really thinks about in her quiet moments he would be astonished, amazed and in many cases alarmed."

Query from client. Q. Trying

your suggested cure for a snoring husband I whistled "Yankee Doodle" as per instructions. My whistling woke my husband up and he angrily asked: "What's the large idea?" I told him. The next morning he packed his bag and left saying he was going to get a divorce. What do the wise guys in your Mules & Men department suggest that I do now? A. Our M & M experts have been requested to study your problem and will report on it shortly. In the meanwhile, I suggest you whistle "Lover, Come Back To Me."

Protest

The Jamaica, N. Y. Chamber of Commerce bitterly resents my referring to their locality as "a suburb of Brooklyn" and describes it as "a community in Central Queens which is the third largest retail shopping district in greater New York." I accept the correction but, nevertheless, wish to call attention to the following from the new American Encyclopedia: "Jamaica—a section of the borough and county of Queens, N. Y.; ten miles east of Brooklyn." I have noticed when the Dodgers win the pennant Jamaicans claim to be Brooklynites but when the Giants or Yankees win they say they are New Yorkers.

Please Note

A British company has arranged to sell 250,000 vacuum cleaners in the United States. William C. Pegley, head of this organization, is quoted as saying: "We could quickly sell all these vacuum cleaners in Great Britain but they are going to America to secure dollars." Call this deal to the attention of some economic expert among your acquaintances and ask him what he makes of it.

News Behind The News By Paul Mallon

Washington, Feb. 1 — The Pearl Harbor investigation has cleared the air over the great naval disaster of all history, only by dividing the fog into two parts. If you look carefully through the accumulated mass of testified details, you will find there is not much remaining confusion about the facts. But there is such a divergence of interpretation over what the facts mean that an agreed report is impossible. The Democrats will write one version, the Republicans an other. Any objective historian will have to seek to assign the blame in future, calmer, non-political years.



PAUL MALLON

But he can start with the following conclusions which represent the studied impression of impartial observers who have heard it all and were canvassed by me for their personal conclusions: A. D.M. Kimmel and Gen. Short cleared themselves of lone responsibility and required Washington to share the blame. They showed they had not been advised sufficiently of information in the possession of Washington officials to take the precautions necessary or otherwise prepare themselves for such a disaster. They did not escape responsibility but the evidence showed clearly why Washington never dared court-martial them. Everyone here, in the White

House, army and navy, failed to escape. Mr. Roosevelt escaped lighter than the others. His name was brought into the inquiry only in connection with his efforts, a year or more earlier, to keep the fleet based in Hawaii instead of on the west coast. He was proved responsible for the over-all policy which kept the fleet there. By inference he shares some degree of the responsibility of Gen Marshall and navy for failing to make their Hawaiian agents aware of an attack they knew was coming somewhere. Their testified excuse is that they got their information from secret code and did not want to use the normal avenues of communication, including the telephone, for fear the Japs would find out their code had been broken by us.

Mr. Roosevelt also was shown to have been responsible for moving three battleships, an aircraft carrier and several destroyers into the Atlantic earlier, thereby weakening the fleet, but it was not shown definitely, as suspected, that he and Churchill had an agreement for aggressive parallel diplomatic action against Japan (some contended this provoked the Japs to attack).

WASHINGTON did know the Japs had established a "wind code" to notify their outlying forces ("east wind rain" meant a break with the United States). But the committee never found that a message executing this code had been received here. The Roberts commission is supposed to have seen one and a naval commander said he saw one but no one could find it. Many facts of the Roberts investigation were confused when War Secretary Stimson and Naval Secretary Forrestal both sent investigators out checking, but these confusions do not alter the fact that it is practically impossible to point to one or two men and say he or they were wholly or chiefly to blame. As one democratic committee-man finally put it, everyone from "the highest in Washington to the lieutenant in Hawaii who misinterpreted the radar report muffed the situation."

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO

February 1, 1936

(It Was Monday)

No new evidence in Bruno Hauptmann case, says New Jersey prosecutor.

France claims Germany and Japan have signed treaty.

Sen. Borah predicts re-election of Roosevelt.

People urged to buy more beef and butter.

Medford airport project near completion.

Sales tax defeated six to one at special election.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

February 1, 1926

(It Was Monday)

Franklin D. Roosevelt, campaign manager for Al Smith in New York election, confers with Democratic leaders at Washington, D. C.

Gov. Pierce orders arrest of promoters of rooster fight near Salem.

Attempt to revive Klan in this state fails, Salem source reports.

Autoists warned to dim light Autoists warned to dim lights.

Smallpox scare hits Klamath Falls.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO

February 1, 1912

(It Was Monday)

Every dentist office in city is robbed of gold used in fillings.

Mining congress opens here.

Frank Brown of Eagle Point to run for county commissioner.

Sen. La Follette of Wisconsin flays the "kept press."

The hot sulphur springs of Paso Robles were used by Digger Indians long before the Spaniards came to California.

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Auto Court Owners In Southern Oregon Vote to Cooperate

Grants Pass, Feb. 1 — Nearly 40 auto court owners and operators of Southern Oregon voted to organize as a cooperative unit affiliated with the Grants Pass and Josephine county Chambers of Commerce at a meeting here Wednesday night.

Harold Say, director of the travel and information bureau of the state highway commission; E. Bancroft Wells, chairman of the tourist and convention department of the Portland Chamber of Commerce; C. H. Demaray, former president of the Redwood Empire association, and Walter E. Newcombe, vice president of the REA, spoke to the group. They told the court owners that Oregon will get more tourists during the coming season than the tourist courts and similar facilities in the state can handle.

FOR HELP with your income tax reports phone 3913 55 Ross Court

SURPLUS TOILETRIES WILL GO ON MARKET

San Francisco, Feb. 1—(U.P.)—The war assets corporation announced today that more than \$3,000,000 worth of surplus toilet articles would be placed on the civilian market after Feb. 9.

Before Feb. 9, the merchandise, including 36,000,000 items and mostly of standard brands, will be offered to federal, state and local governments and to war veterans intending to start drug businesses.

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

VALLEY MUSIC CO.

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PHONOGRAPHS RECORDS

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GOLDEN CORN MISSION BRAND 2 No. 2 Cans 29c

CORNED BEEF HASH Pound Tin Only 27c

PORTER'S FRESH EGG NOODLES Pound Pkg. 25c

ALBER'S DEAL 2 for 1 SALE CORN FLAKES 11-oz. Package Reg. 10c 2 for 10c

CELLO BAG LOCAL NO. 1 WALNUTS Pound Bag 39c

MINCE MEAT Brandywine Brand 27 1/2-oz. Jar 59c

TOMATO JUICE No. 5 Tin 2 for 39c

JELLY TRUPAK PURE APPLE MINT lb. jar 39c

Krispy Crackers 2 lb. box 33c

Demonstration SATURDAY WHITE ROSE Washday Bleach 1/2 gal. 19c

SPERRY'S DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR 49-lb. Bag \$2.38

AVOCADOS, large size 3 for 39c
TURNIPS, fresh bulk 3 lbs. 23c
CARROTS, fresh bulk 3 lbs. 23c
ORANGES, large Sunkist 2 doz. 86c
LEMONS, large Sunkist Dozen 29c

Anderson's Thrift Market MEDFORDS POPULAR TWO FRONT STORE