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**OREGON NEWS PAPER
 PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION**

Ye Smudge Pot
 By Arthur Percy

County chairmen of the Demo-
 cratic party of Oregon met at
 Bend over the weekend and vot-
 ed to use the Community Chest
 idea in collecting and disbursing
 party spondulees, and put every-
 thing on a cooperative business
 basis. This would eliminate the
 "scatter-gun", or pass-the-hat
 methods of rounding up funds.
 It would also prevent any sin-
 ner disappearing, with both the
 hat and the collection.

The school of thought that
 holds the Ground Hog must be
 his shadow before 9 a. m., before
 the weather menu for six weeks
 after February 2, scored a vic-
 tory, in these parts. The sun
 shone briefly in the late after-
 noon but by that time Mr. G.
 Hog had returned to his hole,
 and an early, if false spring, was
 in the making. Sunday, the blue-
 jays were all cavorting, and golf-
 ers were all roaming their fa-
 vorite pasture, as Old Sol beamed
 pleasantly.

"Idaho has sent to the U. S.
 senate a nut whose small end fits
 a ten-gallon hat!" (Exchange)—
 Thumblin' description of a
 statesman.

High school wrestling is re-
 ported more exciting than the
 professional variety. Some of the
 professional wrestling looks like
 it had quit in the third grade.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK
 (Woodlawn, Cal., Democrat)
 "It was commented that 'be-
 cause this is Leap Year the
 young man who smokes ciga-
 rettes need not dodge up the
 alley. The sensible girl is not
 looking for him.' — (50 Yrs.
 Ago Col.)

Small boys' "areabouts are
 again using the mouth-organ as
 a musical weapon.

"Prizes will consist of cash
 and butter, (if we can get it)
 (Del Norte Triplicate)—Wonder-
 ful, with a string attached.

Russia and the British will
 replace "secret diplomacy with
 cards-on-the-table" in discussion
 of the Greek situation. What they
 seem to need is about three dip-
 lomats knocked under the table.

Residents of Canyon City, the
 home stamping grounds of H.
 Brown, Ins. Agt. are getting
 soft, and losing their ruggedness.
 At a recent Scotch-American
 dance sponsored by the Caledon-
 ian society, the sad state of af-
 fairs was revealed, as follows:
 "The old country Scotch
 dances are strenuous and also
 very interesting to watch.
 Many strangers who had never
 seen Scotch dancing before
 were keenly interested. In for-
 mer years this annual event
 ran for two nights and an af-
 ternoon, but of late years one
 night has been the limit."

Law agencies and welfare
 agencies admit they do not know
 what to do about the increase
 in "youth vandalism," and that
 a curb is needed. Two years of
 military training, in the army,
 navy, or marines, would elimi-
 nate the smart-aleckism from
 males of 17 and 18 years. Mal-
 dens of that age could be tamed
 with six months of steady dish-
 washing.

DENY SILK COMING
 Tokyo, Feb. 4.—(U.P.) Allied
 headquarters denied a Kyodo
 News Agency report stating
 that a Japanese ship would sail
 soon for the United States car-
 rying 2600 bales of raw silk.
 Headquarters said no decision
 has been reached regarding the
 time, destination or what bales
 will be used.

Editorial Correspondence

Tucson, Ariz., Jan. 31.—Finally got here in the "Bad" Ship
 Sedan after a rough voyage. The BSS no doubt realized what
 was in store when it refused to start in front of Valentine's cafe
 at 6 a. m. the day we left Medford. It was only thinking of ye
 editor, of course, but as usual, ye editor was contrary and kept
 trying, so here he is more alive than dead—but not very much
 more!

Somewhere south of Modesto, Calif., the Good Ship started
 shimmy. The road was smooth, but it was hard to keep the old
 boat on it. We had a couple of sailor boys with us as ballast at
 the time and the one who was going down to San Diego to get his
 car, remarked that the trouble was probably due to a bent con-
 necting rod on the steering gear or absence of proper tire align-
 ment, or perhaps a poorly constructed remade tire. (We always
 believe what ANYONE tells us about a car on the assumption
 they know more about a car than we do—which is correct.) We
 asked him if the ailment was dangerous and he said it might be,
 so we handed the car over to the Legion Garage when we reached
 Bakersfield for the night, and asked them to check up, etc.

That was the start of the trouble.
 The steering gear worked OK when we started out the next
 noon, and still does for that matter.

But when we turned off 99 at a place called Gorham for a
 short cut to San Bernardino, the shimmy had worked back to the
 rear axle—the ship steered OK in front, but the rear skidded
 from side to side when we got over 40 m.p.h. like a kite without a
 tail.

If there is one thing we don't like in a car it is a skid, which
 goes back to the time we skidded on the Siskiyou grade one icy
 morning and only a stray boulder on the side of the road saved us
 from David Jones' locker,—using a nautical term for the benefit
 of the BSS!

So we stopped at the first garage in the desert wilderness and
 interrupted a lone mechanic long enough to be informed that the
 "stabilizer rod was broke" and he had no time—or apparent in-
 clination—to mend it.

"Don't drive fast," was his final remark as he nipped off a
 fresh chew and spat in the dust.

So we didn't; therefore it was nearly closing time when we
 reached the "Buick Service" at San Bernardino and explained our
 predicament. We don't know anything less hospitable than a
 strange garage in California around closing time. Perhaps it's
 the same in Oregon, but we don't think so. The foreman was taking
 off his white coat and preparing to wash up when we accosted
 him. He didn't haul off and hit us with a wrench but he did say
 he could do nothing at that time of night,—there was an all-night
 garage in Redlands that night,—good night!

"Don't try to drive fast," was also his kindly advice, "that
 rear-end might swing you into the ditch."

Again we followed orders, but found no all-night garage in
 Redlands. In fact, we have never taken a trip where we have
 encountered more false information in less time than this one—
 and more service station and garage attendants who know nothing
 about their jobs or the communities in which they are living. No
 doubt this is a result of the war but that fact doesn't help the
 traveler much.

However, we did find a garage that was open and were able
 to buy a new stabilizer rod, the proper size for the BSS,—we were
 careful about this because the San Bernardino foreman had none
 in stock and feared one for a 1940 Buick might be hard to get.
 "You can get someone along the line to put it in for you,"
 ain't that a job, anyone can do it but—"It was the same warn-
 ing as before,—"don't drive fast or you might wake up in the
 morgue." (OK if we did WAKE up!)

We neglected to state we had wired ahead for a room at the
 Indio hotel,—a small place near Palm Springs—where we had
 stayed before and had no idea that with a day's notice in advance
 we could not find a place to sleep. We had done the same at
 Stockton and Bakersfield,—far more populous and popular com-
 munities—and had had no trouble.

But we didn't know the new Indio. Yes, the hotel had re-
 ceived the wire but to get a room one had to get a reservation
 there at least two weeks in advance. They feared it was just as
 bad in Palm Springs, which we didn't doubt, or elsewhere in Indio,
 which we doubted. But soon found out the hotel clerk was 100
 per cent right. And by the time that truth was established the
 dining room had closed for the night and the chef had gone to
 the movies. So had the AAA representative in Indio,—sometimes
 an AAA card helps in such a predicament.

Well, we finally found a hushery where they dished up a mess
 called liver and onions, which we surmised had been concocted for
 breakfast—the onions were not young nor the liver from a calf,—
 but we hadn't much of an appetite by that time anyway, so we
 were glad to get out of the place and on our way—round 9:30 p. m.
 for El Centro where some 20 years ago we experienced our first
 GEN-U-INE California earthquake.

Can't say much for that trip in the dark at 30 miles an hour,
 and a steady stream of fast-trucks brilliantly lighted going in both
 directions. But it was better than sleeping in the Indio railroad
 yards, which was the only foreseeable alternative.

It was 1 a. m. when we reached El Centro and the famous
 Barbara Worth hotel was as tightly packed as a fresh bag of
 wheat and no one, moreover, was allowed to sleep in the lobby,—
 snoring might keep the night-clerk awake perhaps!

A four of the town showed lights ONLY behind tiny "No
 Vacancy" signs. (In fact we might state in passing that from
 Bakersfield to Tucson, Ariz., at night, the highway is brightly
 illuminated by the aforementioned "no vacancy" signs. Some are
 very pretty too in red and green neon lights!)

A snack at the stage station helped out a bit, not only because
 a dish of hot tea always helps, but there were at least a dozen
 unfortunates sleeping in the chairs and on the benches, appar-
 ently waiting for the sunrise or the next early morning bus. They
 looked more uncomfortable than we felt,—THEN.

A man at the Indio Inn was really responsible. He had a
 room but said that a few weeks before he could get none so he
 had slept in his car,—"wasn't bad at all!" In fact, better than
 some hotels. He asked what sort of a car we were driving and
 we told him a 1940 Buick sedan.

"Then you are OK!" he remarked cheerfully,—(any man with
 a room to sleep in in Indio could afford to be cheerful!) "Got a
 heater of course, just keep your engine running and you will sleep
 like a bug in a rug,—but mind your floor boards are tight or you
 might get too much monoxide gas. (Not sure it was monoxide or
 dioxide, but anyway, we knew what he meant!)

Such a NICE man, going out of his way to help a stranger in
 distress!

Well, to make a long and sad story shorter, and, we trust,
 bearable,—that is what we finally did around 2:30 a. m.—parked
 under a tree in the residence district and curled up in the rear
 seat—curled up is right—(no parking in El Centro in the business
 district after 2:30 a. m.) after filling the gas tank and turning on
 the heater and defroster.

If "mother's"—we'll make it grandpappy's.—HELPER, had
 said nothing about that poisonous but painless gas coming through
 the floor-boards we might have received some much needed rest.
 But as long as the heaters were functioning we kept wonder-
 ing if ye editor's next breath would be his last; and when we
 turned it off, we proceeded (it was 26 in El Centro that morning)
 to freeze to death. So we would turn on the heater, not caring
 much whether we would ever awaken or not; and then just as
 we were dozing off, warm and contented, suddenly this—Great
 Pete, Mr. Editor, wake up, what a headline for the MT—Editor
 Ruhl found dead in parked car in Imperial Valley, California.—
 SUICIDE of course!

We admit it—we couldn't take it!
 (To be continued,—we hope)—R.W.R.

HEPPNER FARMER HEADS AGRICULTURAL GROUP

Corvallis, Feb. 4.—(U.P.)—E.
 Harvey Miller, Heppner wheat
 farmer, has succeeded Robert B.
 Taylor of Adams as chairman of
 the Oregon state agricultural
 conservation committee and Ore-
 gon director of the U. S. depart-

ment of agriculture production
 and marketing administration
 field services branch.

Forest and shade trees are not
 harmed by the powerful new in-
 secticide, DDT, but care should
 be exercised in its use as some
 of the emulsifying agents burn
 the foliage.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

I would have women love me in
 wild fashion
 Choose one to-day and with to-
 morrow's change
 My fond caress would fly with
 wandering favor
 From brunette locks to locks of
 golden glow
 But most of all I love the un-
 looked-for meeting
 Those ardors in the blood loosed
 by a glance
 The conquests of an hour, as
 swiftly fleeting
 Kisses exchanged at the sole will
 of chance.
 —De Maupassant.

When her son Larry enlisted
 in the United States navy Mrs.
 Florence Andre of Lomita, Calif.,
 was 31 years of age. Certainly
 Mrs. Andre must have been the
 youngest mother with a son in
 the armed forces in World War
 II. If Brooklyn can top this by
 naming a resident who was a
 younger war mother even I will
 be surprised.

Asking

Query from clients. Q. How
 can I persuade my husband to
 take dancing lessons and after
 that to step out dancing with
 me now and then? A. He wants
 to do is play poker, golf or go
 duck hunting, leaving me home
 to sit on my hands. A. A Pitts-
 burgh wife recently reported she
 had induced her husband to learn
 the rumba by arranging that
 lessons be given him by a glam-
 orous brunette. After he had
 learned to rumba he was so an-
 xious to exhibit the accom-
 plishment she had no difficulty
 in persuading him to take her
 out to night clubs.

Passing By

Dorothy Ford, Statuesque
 night club entertainer. She is six
 feet, one inch tall. First achieved
 outstanding success at the world
 famous Copacabana night club
 in Rio De Janeiro. In Rio the
 night club patrons like tall girls
 providing they are brunettes.
 Blondes are not so popular there.
 I don't know why. Casey
 Stengel. Whimsical major leag-
 uer. As he passed by the fellow
 with me remarked that Stengel
 had ma three home runs in
 one world's series. I said Casey
 had hit two home runs, not
 three, while playing for the
 Giants in a world's series against
 the Yankees. Now if you are a
 young old timer and a baseball
 fan with a memory you can tell
 me which of us was right.

Stogie Department

A resident of Hollywood
 strongly contradicts the claim
 that Clark Gable is not a six
 footer. Says he: "I work with
 Mr. Gable's tailor. I know his
 measurements. He is six feet,
 one inch tall. Please send two
 stogies: one for me and one for
 the 'jass.' Perhaps I am wrong.
 But then it must be considered
 that no man takes off his shoes
 when measured for a suit. Let
 us hear from Mr. Gable's trainer
 or gymnasium instructor as to
 what Clark measures when pre-
 pared for a shower bath. Maybe
 I am being stubborn about this.
 But the clients have been tak-
 ing me for plenty of stogies late-
 ly. I have to be careful.

By Request

"How about your Horses &
 Women department telling us
 something about horses for a
 change?" asks a Baltimorean.
 That is a reasonable request.
 Among horse experts it has al-
 ways been considered unwise to
 buy an equine with four white
 feet. The most quoted advice in
 this respect is worded as follows:
 One white foot—buy him;
 Two white feet—try him;
 Three white feet—look well
 about him;
 Four white feet—go without
 him.

Currently active is a racehorse
 named Snow Boots. His name is
 inspired by the fact that he has
 four white feet. Snow Boots re-
 cently broke the world's record
 for a mile and one-sixteenth and
 many people believe he will win
 the \$100,000 Santa Anita handi-
 cap. His performance shows him
 to be a truly remarkable animal.
 Therefore, we are removing the
 above quoted advice from our
 Horses & Women files. I will
 also discard it when I go to Sara-
 toga next summer to buy a year-
 ling for my one horse stable.

Prolific Papa

A Bostonian wants to know
 which president of the United
 States had the most children. She
 adds: "I have a bet with my hus-
 band on this. Please, Eddie, don't
 leave me in the lurch." The le-
 partment never fails its clients.
 Well, hardly ever. Anyway,
 President Tyler, who was mar-
 ried twice, had 14 children which
 is the record for presidents.
 President William Harrison, who
 married only once did all right,
 too. He had 10 children.

Vanishing American

In eighteenth century
 there were about 850,000 Indians
 in the United States. During the
 nineteenth century this number
 dwindled to around 235,000.
 Hence the description: "The Van-
 ishing American." But in recent
 years the Indian population has
 been increasing with astonishing
 rapidity. Now there are about
 400,000 Indians in the U.S.A.
 and more being born daily in
 great numbers. Maybe nature is
 getting ready to give this coun-
 try back to the Indians.

Home Town Boys

J. O. McIntyre was fond of
 referring to "Home town boys
 who made good in the big city."
 How many successful "home

town boys" tire of New York
 and return to the places of their
 birth? Not many. One is Stanley
 Walker, famous newspaperman,
 once considered the best city edi-
 tor in New York city. Stanley
 was born in Lampasas, Tex. A
 place he abandoned early in life.
 Now, though still a comparatively
 young man, Walker is return-
 ing to Lampasas to settle down
 there permanently. Or so he
 says. I have a box of stogies to
 wager he will be back in New
 York in less than a year.

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

Sight of a Lifetime

To the editor: If anyone is
 interested in the stars and will
 pause long enough to look over
 head about 10 p. m. they will see
 the sight of a life time; some-
 thing that will never happen
 again in our span of life.

The planets Mars and Saturn
 have teamed up with the Gemini
 twins and have formed nearly a
 perfect diamond.

The north point is the star
 Castor, the east point is the star
 Pollux, the south point is the
 planet Saturn and the red plan-
 et Mars is the west point.

The next few nights is the
 time to see the diamond at it's
 best because the apparent march
 of Mars to the west will soon
 spoil the diamond effect.

And don't forget the giant of
 all, the super planet Jupiter,
 overhead to the south before sun-
 rise.

J. C. Buckmaster,
 Shady Cove, Ore.

Jackson County Coal

To the editor: Concerning the
 recently published letter of Roy
 G. Patch of Hornbrook, Calif.,
 about Jackson county coal: I'm
 familiar with all the coal veins
 in the county. Have been coal
 miner, coal mines manager and
 aided in development of coal
 mining operations.

My late father was a coal min-
 ing engineer and expert in coal
 by-products after carbonization.
 Following is his report on Jack-
 son county coal veins:

By-products—1-gas, per ton of
 coal, 7,000 to 10,000 cubic feet;
 2-oil or tar (free from water)
 15 gallons; 3—ammoniacal li-
 quor, 65 gallons; 4—carbon resi-
 due, 955 pounds.

Gases extracted make a good
 medium for heating and cooking
 or use in engines to generate
 power, for brownie tile, pot-
 tery, brick, etc.

Other by-products are, light
 oils, benzine, etc., 11.5 per cent;
 carbolic oils, some naphthalene,
 13.5 per cent; creosote oils, 34.1
 per cent; anthracene oils, some
 paraffin, 16.4 per cent; pitch
 hard, 24.5 per cent. Also hun-
 dreds of synthetic products in
 the way of paraffins, acids,
 chemicals, etc., may be derived
 from this coal.

Almost all such by-products
 have heretofore come from Ger-
 many. Millions of gallons of cre-
 osoting oils for preserving tim-
 bers and ties have been import-
 ed annually. The European sup-
 ply is diminishing and the mar-
 ket value of these commodities
 is considerably enhanced.

It is not unreasonable to ex-
 pect that in the near future a
 large part of this demand for
 gas and tar products will be sup-
 plied from coal stores such as
 you have in Jackson county. This
 coal—y—e turned into millions
 of dollars through carbonization
 of the coal itself and also in use
 of the coal for the home in the
 form of rough, washed, briquet-
 ted, Jackson county should burn
 her own coal and help boost its
 great coal fields.

The future is assured in this
 vast coal lead when capital
 comes there enabling erection of
 large reduction plants.

James Raymond Little
 1333 S. W. Main St.,
 Portland, Ore.

Shepherd dogs reverting to
 the wild have mated with coy-
 otes in recent years to produce
 a creature of such fierceness and
 sagacity that it has been de-
 scribed as the smartest animal
 on earth.

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

REFINANCE

with

LOCAL FUNDS

See Mr. Kyle at

FIRST FEDERAL

Savings & Loan Assn. of
 Medford

27 North Holly

News Behind The News

By Paul Mallon

Washington, Feb. 4.—Politics
 is warming up. The young men
 and women are coming back
 from foreign fields plainly
 displeased at the way things
 are going.

Some tell me Uncle Sam is
 known in many foreign
 nations as "Uncle Sugar."
 They tell of waste, ineffic-
 iency, or throwing out
 money around, and talk of get-
 ting into politics. The ballot lists
 this fall will contain a lot of
 veterans who think they can do
 something in congress, if they
 get home in time. Certainly the
 group displeasure of this 12,000-
 000 voting mass, now fairly well
 congealed in ideas, threatens a
 complete overturn of existing
 legislative personalities—if not
 the whole political complexion
 of affairs.

Scouting opportunity, the re-
 publicans are getting busy. The
 national committee has, for the
 first time, assumed conspicu-
 ity in the congressional cam-
 paign (committees or congress-
 men usually head the effort).
 The "aff at headquarters has
 been about trebled to create 11
 departments, one of which has
 started a monthly newspaper
 with a circulation to date of
 230,000. A state quota system of
 raising money (like the Red
 Cross) has been started, and a
 small contributions mail cam-
 paign has been launched, in or-
 der to take financing away from
 the gentlemen of bulk contribu-
 tions, known in the political
 trade as "fat cats."

ALL this has been done by
 Governor Dewey's man, Her-
 bert Brownell, Jr., the commit-
 tee chairman, who says his
 drive is to "elect a Republican
 congress."

hear, incidentally, Dewey
 has told friends he is not in the
 running for 1948. He points out
 to them that Republicans have
 never in history renominated a
 defeated candidate, which was
 news to me. Dewey would like
 the nomination apparently, but
 does not expect it. Personally I
 expect much will rest on whether
 he is re-elected governor this
 year. Last time he won against
 a split, and it is possible he
 will have more formidable
 opposition this time. If he wins,
 it will be said no one could
 have beaten Roosevelt in a war
 year, and he will be back in the
 running.

The Stassen grasp for leader-
 ship is finding form, in the way
 of organization and money. A
 St. Paul man is on the road
 traveling for him. The same
 man was high in the Willkie
 entourage, and there are fur-
 ther indications that the New
 York crowd which backed Wil-
 kie's study has its hand in
 pocket for the former Minne-
 sota governor to be next presi-
 dent. They have been conspicu-
 ous at the speakers' tables
 where Stassen spoke. A weekly
 magazine has published a report
 that the ex-Lord & Taylor ex-
 ecutive, Walter Hoving, who
 was active in the last Dewey
 headquarters, will eventually
 play Hanna for Stassen. The
 Cowles Brothers, publishers, ap-
 pear to be running the invisible
 bandwagon so far, particularly
 brother Mike in Iowa. My Re-
 publican sources say he has been
 hiring people.

ALL this inside activity has
 caused many who have ob-
 served it to surmise that Stas-
 sen will keep on his speaking
 tours the has not yet taken a
 job that I have heard, the or-
 ganizing will increase in tempo
 and when the Gallup polls start,
 Stassen will be on top. Many
 think he will remain there.

My own opinion is he will
 have his main trouble keeping
 in the limelight without a po-
 litical office, now that he has
 started so early. Willkie killed
 himself doing it.

P.T.A. Activities

Phoenix P.T.A.

Phoenix school patrons are
 reminded of the P.T.A. drive
 for new members which is be-
 ing promoted at this time. Next
 meeting of P.T.A. will be
 Thursday, Feb. 7 at 2:30 in the
 school Home Economics room.