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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

The Russians have barred the

1938 Pulitzer prize winning play,

"Our Town" from their section

of Berlin, on the grounds the

drama is too depressing, and

could inspire a German suicide

wave. Since when, has Russia

started caring, what Germans

did with their lives?

The new parking meters now

being installed in the business

district have a pair of outstanding

faults. They are too high to

squat upon, and too low to lean

against with comfort.

Valley tycoons, wintering in

the sunny south, have started

heading home.

FOR BUTTER, OR WORSE

(Canyon City News)

"The shortage is due, not so

much to the amount provided

by the two local creameries,

it is said, as it is to the local

folks buying a surplus when

the shortage gets acute in the

cities, and sending it to relatives

in the cities who could

get none, nor even the sub-

stitutes."

Never before in history has

there been anything like the

resignation of Secretary of the

Interior Ickes. It pleased every-

body including Secretary Ickes.

Siskiyou county, Cal., is deep-

ly stirred by the national mess.

Two subscribers of the Yreka

Daily News, have written poems

about it, and ye ed. published

same.

Autoists are getting quite

adept at guessing correctly,

which way the boy on a wheel

in front of them is going to turn

unexpectedly.

"Too many of our representa-

tives at Sacramento are fly-

weights. Their fancy footwork

excels their headwork." (Wood-

lawn, Cal., Democrat)—Identical

condition at Salem every two

years.

Mrs. J. Cochran Robin, chair-

woman of the Happy Nest com-

mittee read a robin-egg blue re-

port on the local nesting situa-

tion at a meeting yesterday. She

reported nesting spots, that no-

body would have last spring,

were now selling for as high as

2800 fish worms, and too many

takers.

"KEEP OREGON GREEN"

(Press Dispatch)

"Eugene Marsh, speaker of the

Oregon House, told the fi-

nance officers that Oregon has

a sound tax program despite

the feeling among many Ore-

Editorial Correspondence

Salome, Ariz., Feb. 12—This is the most expensive place in the United States for its size. That is if you play slot-machines. And if you don't it isn't cheap. A room and bath here costs more than the same accommodations in L. A.,—at least at the Hotel Clark. And the meals are far more expensive,—about twice as much. But they are good.

In fact the first sound advice we have received on this trip, was that given by the AAA in Tucson to break our return to the coast at Salome. It was an easy trip from Casa Grande and it will be an easy one to L. A. And if one wires in the morning one is certain of a room that night,—and believe you me brethren, that is SOMETHING in this part of the country in this post-war stampede for sunshine and warmth!

Yes, indeed. How does it happen? Well, this man Scheffler who owns Salome—or most of it,—is smart. He maintains a one-night-stop place in the middle of the Arizona desert, 150 miles from nowhere, and concentrates on that. He has no permanent guests, won't allow them. As a result he has a full supply of rooms,—and very clean and comfortable ones,—available EVERY morning. That is why it is necessary to wire in the morning, because each day is a day unto itself at Salome—no reservations in advance. But if you don't wire and trust to luck, it is a 10-to-one shot you will sleep in the street,—or worse.

Those who saw a movie called "Salome—where she danced," know more about the place than your correspondent no doubt. The picture was in New York when we were there but we avoided it,—and don't believe we missed much. Those who have read the works of one Dick Wick Hall and his Salome frog poems, also must be well informed. We never heard of either until we reached here, but devotees of the SATEVPOST of course have. The man apparently was quite a wit and philosopher, his picture and various of his writings adorn the attractive entrance to Scheffler's restaurant. He died about 20 years ago.

But to return to the slot-machines. The place is plastered with them. And they are the toughest one-armed bandits we have ever met including those at Reno. There were a couple of young soldiers at dinner last night who after a few drinks at the bar, started to pull one of the nickel contraptions. "Pull, revolve stop,"—pull, revolve stop,—on and on, with no sound of metal pieces dropping into a metal cup. At last the younger of the two with his hand on the pull-bar turned to the cold-eyed cashier gal nearby and remarked:

"Hey there, Jesse James, that's the 83rd nickel we dropped in and not a pay yet,—this thing is out o' order ain't it,—perhaps it's jammed up!"

This in a shrill, complaining voice with a slight Texas accent.

It brought down the house!

The cold-eyed cashier gal even broke down a bit and smiled, but soon recovered and with no word in reply, continued to examine the checks and push the cash-register buttons. (Business was good last night).

As practically everyone, before or after eating, plays these machines,—such a crowd of them is an irresistible temptation,—they do increase the total per diem expense account.

Near the entrance there is a penny weighing machine. You put in a penny, step on the platform and the needle goes to 40 pounds and then stops. No amount of jumping or shaking will persuade the same to go higher. When you step off it will go back to zero again. One might suggest this machine be fixed or marked "out of order." But apparently that is not the Salome technique. Must pay fairly well!

Around the place are many weather beaten signs apparently dating back to "Dicky Wick," all of a quaint frontier flavor,—the only one we can recall now, however, went something like this:

"Smile, Smile, Smile!
You don't have to stay here,—
WE DO!"

Everyone was so rushed last night we had a hard time getting any information,—in fact could get none at all until around 8 p. m. when a new gal-cashier came on duty to relieve "Cold-Eye." The new one looked as though she had had a nice afternoon nap and perhaps a bath.

She said she had only been in Salome two or three months,—came from Texas (practically everyone WORKING in Arizona seems to have come recently from Texas) and so she didn't know much about the place, but she "had been told" it was named Salome after a beautiful Indian girl with whom a young U. S. prospector fell in love, and they were about to be married when she suddenly died, and so he named his claim "Salome." That was the Indian girl's name it seems. And from that mining claim Salome grew.

Well, that may or may not be correct. But this is true,—Salome can't be much larger today than it was then for it is now only a group of two or three gas stations, a water tank and a few auto camps, in addition to Scheffler's large one. There is still some mining hereabouts, but not a tree or a bush, or—of course, a blade of grass.

This complete aridity and barrenness, no doubt gave rise to Dicky Wick's famous "Salome Frog"—no relation to Mark Twain's frog we believe—but immortalized we were told, by a long poem in the aforementioned SATEVPOST. A copy of same being framed and hung on the entrance wall.

Again we can recall only a few lines:

One was the frog lamenting he had to carry a big canteen

to sprinkle his back and keep it green and,—

Another, he (the frog) did not know whether he could

swim or not for he had never tried!

At one side of the restaurant is one of the largest aviaries we have ever seen, all enclosed in wire and kept very clean and neat. We should say about half are love-birds of some type; and the other half different kinds of parrots. Whether the latter are talkers or not we couldn't say, for our only visit was early in the morning, just before departing and nearly all the birds were still frozen by their heads turned backwards and under their feathers. If they are talkers, then when it warms up in Salome, as it must eventually,—the chatter must be terrific.

Before reaching Salome we stopped for gas at Wittenburg, Ariz., a famous center for dude ranches. And who should come up with hand outstretched by a very familiar figure, we could not immediately place, but soon announced himself as Judge Ashurst, formerly of Klamath Falls.

The genial brother of Arizona's former senator said he was delighted to see a car with an Oregon license and a resident of that attractive "big little city" Medford, Ore. How was everything up there?—yes, he did miss Klamath Falls and Oregon,—but the Mrs. yearned for the bare hills and sunshine of her native Arizona so they had moved to Wittenburg, where the judge is now in practice.

"Things are much better than I expected," said he. "I only looked for a little justice court work and some notarizing perhaps, but mining is very active hereabouts and I am doing an excellent business. Give my best to George Roberts and the Newbury brothers.—I mean father and son,—Tom and Jerry.—I mean Gus and Don!"

"I had many good friends in Southern Oregon, and I do miss Senator Evan Reames very much! Give my best to them all,—and my best to you and a pleasant trip, my dear Sir!"

Rather an odd thing: When Judge Ashurst lived in Klamath he always dressed like a far westerner, one always suspected a bone-handled six-gun lurking under his black frock coat, but here in Arizona where it is still wild and woolly, the judge dresses like a small-town lawyer in some rural section of the Midwest, say, shortly after the battle of Bull Run,—yes, and quite appropriately around Feb. 12,—there was, come to think of it, a decided early Lincoln-esque touch,—before Mr. Lincoln grew whiskers to please that little girl.—R.W.R.

THAT NOSE AGAIN

Hollywood, Feb. 14.—(U.P.)—Artist John Decker, whose home was the scene of a movie colony fight last month, was wearing his nose in adhesive tape today because of another battle at his house—this time with a bird. A

parrot Decker was trying to teach tricks got in the last word, and the last bite.

In the old days, San Francisco went by horse-drawn omnibuses from Portsmouth Square to the Cliff House at the beach.

On The Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

I can't see why there is such a fuss about men understanding us. A thoughtful word, a loving touch, a compliment can mean so much! If given with a kiss, a rose, means more to us than fancy clothes. Remember too that love has wings. And women live on little things. —Gladys Oakley.

On St. Helena's highway, north of Napa, Calif., is a restaurant operated by Arthur Cook and his charming wife Gladys.

This place specializes in turkey, chicken and steak. The steak is so tender it can be cut with a fork. During the peace conference in San Francisco a number of delegates visited this eatery and wrote home about it in 32 languages.

Needless to say it is a highly profitable venture. What particularly interests me about the place is it is open only from 5 to 8 p. m. five days a week and for seven hours on Sunday. During the winter it is closed for three months in order that the owners, the Mr. and Mrs. Cook aforementioned, may devote their time attending the races at Santa Anita. That's the kind of restaurant I would like to own.

What about Aquarius women? asks a Bostonian. "Never mind our virtues. What are our faults?" The stargazers say Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19) females are usually gifted but inclined to be dreamers. They need to be stirred to action. On achieving success the Aquarius girls have a tendency to become a little swell-headed and highhat some of their old friends. Also they are always falling in and out of love. They usually marry at least twice. They don't care for housework. Are seldom home girl types.

Asking

Queries from clients: Q. I will wager one fine stogie that you can not tell what musical piece the British band played when the English general Cornwallis surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. A. This query thing is really getting tough. I must confess this question has me baffled. I await the answer with interest. Q. In his successful attempt to throw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock river Walter Johnson threw the coin 386 feet. Has anybody ever thrown a baseball that far? My husband claims a baseball is too heavy to be thrown such a distance. A. I believe Sheldon LeJeune, Major league outfielder, threw a baseball over 400 feet. I haven't the exact figures.

New Idea

The stereoscopic moving picture is an actuality. In this type of film the players stand out just as they would in a play on the speaking stage. How soon Hollywood will turn to the production of stereoscopic films is problematical. The expense of conversion from flat talkies for both producers and theatre owners will be terrific. The stereoscopic film will make the flat talking picture look as old fashioned as the latter did the silent film.

Movies

The Bing Crosby-Ingrid Bergman film "The Bells of St. Mary's" broke all box office records in the 22-year history of the Golden Gate theater of San Francisco. It is interesting to note that practically all film theater boxoffice records have been made by so-called "cleah" films. This type of picture, when well produced, cleverly directed and brilliantly acted always proves more profitable than the risqué and sexy films. This is a state of affairs which speaks well for the majority of the American public.

Passing By

Basil James. One of the country's six best jockeys. Has been in the armed forces for four years but is about to resume riding. . . Roszika Dolly. You can't call yourself a young old timer unless you remember the vaudeville act of Harry Fox and the Dolly sisters. Or if you don't recall when Roszika co-starred with Lillian Gish in a film titled "The Lily and the Rose."

Parades

A Minnesota subscriber wants to argue that the Minneapolis aquatennial parade surpasses the Pasadena rose parade. Can't argue with him. Never saw that Minneapolis parade. Incidentally what makes the rose parade is not the roses but the horses. However, it could be the Philadelphia Mummers parade and the New Orleans Mardi Gras parade surpass both of the events mentioned.

Sidelights

Another poem written by a mother-in-law in praise of a daughter-in-law is that by Grace Noll Crowell which includes the lines: "There are no words that I am master of which to thank you, God, for my son's wife."

COLD S

FIGHT MISERY

where you feel it—rub throat, chest and back with time-tested

VICKS VAPORUB

Automat dining cars are soon to be in service on British railways. Will be run on exactly the same plan as the automat restaurants in the United States.

Flight o' Time

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

TEN YEARS AGO
February 14, 1936
(It Was Friday)

Russia issues warning to Japanese militarists.

Rain predicted. High 58, low 39 degrees.

Water users of city show gain in past year.

Sales of state liquor store show steady gains.

Upstate shivers in coldest weather of winter.

Hoots and jeers greet critic of New Deal in Baltimore.

Court decision puts World War veterans first for work relief.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
February 14, 1926
(It Was Sunday)

Medford high five defeats Klamath Falls quint there, 53 to 9.

Raid upon Sams Valley district farm nets mash.

Rome press upholds Premier Mussolini in defiance of Germany.

Charge hurled at dry agent's trail in Portland, "anti-saloon league and politics mixed."

Occasional rain. High 55, low 37.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AGO
February 14, 1912
(It Was Wednesday)

Thirty-four union leaders arrested for conspiracy in nationwide dynamite plot.

City to get taxi service soon.

Lower Table Rock is offered county as game preserve.

Hills are now covered with the first wild flowers of spring.

LEGION DANCE TONIGHT TO AID BUILDING FUND

As a benefit for the American Legion building fund, members of the post and auxiliary are sponsoring a St. Valentine's ball tonight, the affair to be at Dreamland ballroom. It is expected that the dance will be one of the largest of the late winter season. Planning has been done by World War II members of both groups. Dancing is to begin at 9 p. m.

Daily Weather Report

FORECASTS

Medford and vicinity: Cloudy tonight and Friday with light rain late tonight and showers tomorrow. Slightly warmer tonight.

Oregon: Cloudy with light rain in west portion tonight and snow flurries in east portion tonight. Not so cold tonight. Friday, light showers. Strong southerly wind off coast, becoming westerly tonight.

LOCAL DATA

Temperature a year ago today:

Highest 48; Lowest 30.

Total monthly precipitation .85 inches.

Deficiency for the month 30 inches.

Total precipitation since September 1, 1945, 14.66 inches.

Excess for the season 4.12 inches.

Relative humidity at 4:30 p. m. yesterday 48%; 4:30 today 85%.

Tomorrow

Sunrise 7:37 a. m. Sunset 5:44 p. m.

Observations Taken At 4:30 A. M., 120 Meridian Time

High Low Prec.

Toise 41 22

Boston 46 38 12

Chicago 38 18 36

Detroit 30 12

Eureka 53 37

Havre 33 27

Klamath Falls 41 18

Los Angeles 63 37

Medford 52 38

New York 38 17

Omaha 27 19

Phoenix 60 29

Portland 46 33

Reno 59 34

Roseburg 59 34

Salt Lake 41 21

San Francisco 58 37

Seattle 46 40 04

Spokane 38 31 03

Washington, D. C. 46 37 02

Yakima 48 27

COLONEL KRUEGER GOES TO BE WITH RETURNING FATHER

In order to be with his father, Gen. Walter Krueger, who commanded the sixth army in the Pacific during three years of the second world war and who aided Gen. Douglas MacArthur in the occupation of Japan, Col. Walter Krueger of Camp White is on leave from his duties as commander of the 1154th engineers. Gen. Krueger arrived in San Francisco Sunday, where he was met by his son and a number of high-ranking army officials, and the two left Monday night for San Antonio where the general's wife is residing.

The general's sixth army was de-activated January 26, three years to the day after Krueger took command. That day is also the birthday of the general, who is 65, and of Gen. MacArthur, a year older, and the two men celebrated together in Tokyo the night before Gen. Krueger boarded the New Jersey for the return trip to the United States.

General To Retire
Gen. Krueger, veteran of three wars, expects to retire from the army this summer and will live in San Antonio.

Interviewed in San Francisco, the general stated that the Japanese people are "dazed by their freedom" and that results of allied occupation and efforts to democratize the Japanese would not be apparent for at least a generation. He declared that rapid demobilization is a threat to efficient occupation of Japan. The officer also said that he hoped the people of this country would keep sufficiently armed so that peace will be assured and "this horrible nightmare will not happen again."

Col. Krueger will go to Washington, D. C., after leaving San Antonio to transact army business in the capital and plans to be absent from Camp White about a month.

LAST RITES HELD FOR MRS. RHOADS

Funeral services for Sarah F. Rhoads were held in the Congregational chapel Feb. 9 with Dr. Louis C. Kirby officiating. Mrs. Rhoads was born March 7, 1874 in Winchester, Ill. She was married to John F. Rhoads in Winchester, Feb. 16, 1897.