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Flight o' Time

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

10 YEARS AGO TODAY
March 3, 1940
(It was Sunday)

Butte Falls high wins district title and trip to state cage tournament by defeating Central Point 17 to 16.

S.P. trains return to normal runs after flood damage to south repaired.

Dick Lewis wins Medford Bowling association handicap singles championship.

Phoenix Grange meeting conducted with all first officers in charge and Ray Ward as master.

L. H. Durst, Medford, invents device for sorting materials in box plants.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY
March 3, 1930
(It was Monday)

President Hoover reported to have lost 15 pounds during first year in white house.

City council to make tour of inspection of dairies here.

Local churches set aside Sunday as special day for prayers for peace.

Spring styles to be shown on Craterian theater stage tonight.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY
March 3, 1916
(It was Friday)

Opening of Will H. Wilson's store at new location, first door south of Nash hotel, scheduled today.

Special train to carry Ashland rooters to Medford for high school basketball game.

Flounce Rock district school closed for entertainment by pupils and Miss Mabel Hansen, teacher, in charge.

Rutland, Vt., (U.P.) — Richard Flanders, 10, didn't show up for school, but his teacher, Mrs. Cora Johnson, knew why. Her automobile had struck and injured him while he was walking along a street.

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Editorial Correspondence

New York, N. Y., Feb. 27—A few months ago it wasn't the heat, it was the humidity. Now it isn't the cold, it's the wind!

Today would have been quite salubrious, with a clear, blue sky and bright sunshine, had there been no wind. But with a 40-mile-an-hour gale blowing in from the north pole, outdoors was no place for "man or beast"—except, perhaps, a polar bear.

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So much for the weather, always an intriguing subject. Now as to the Gubitchev-Coplon trial which resumed today after a week's recess.

Once more it was a case of: "Here is where we came in."

For these three new lawyers representing Miss Coplon after firing of the rambunctious Archibald Palmer, took us right back to the trial of the II Communists.

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Like the legal staff for the Commies, these "pink" attorneys are smart and slick, resorting to every subterfuge and legalistic trick to get a mis-trial, which might well mean freedom for both defendants, and would certainly mean a long delay and greatly increased costs.

To date, however, Judge Ryan has been firm in his determination to conclude this trial with the present jury, and let the defense make as many exceptions as they wish.

Even though the tactics of the lawyers for the defense are exasperating, we have to grant they are a great relief to the writer after the monkeyshines of the peurile and pestiferous Mr. Palmer. They at least know the law, and what they say makes sense, even though there is no reasonable doubt their determination to secure a mis-trial was a deliberate frame-up.

• • • • • •

Again FBI men were on the stand, continuing their accounts of shadowing Miss Coplon and Gubitchev for the several weeks before their arrest on March 4, 1949. Again drawings showing the street areas covered, were put on the easel near the witness chair, and details related in direct, indirect and cross. The court room was crowded, most of the auditors outside of the press section being newcomers who seemed to be friendly to the defense. (At least those in the range of Ye Editor's hearing were). We wonder if the defense will resort to picket lines outside the court building before the trial is over, as did the "Commies".

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This is only a guess, but we have a feeling that one reason Judge Ryan is so opposed to granting a delay of 60 days as requested by the defense, is his feeling that in all probability the verdict will be for acquittal anyway. So why grant a delay, which would probably result in a mis-trial, involving so much extra time and expense, when the chances for a conviction are so slim under present circumstances? And, of course, a verdict of acquittal would render any second trial or any expensive appeals unnecessary.

This hunch may be entirely off the beam but if the newspaper boys are as correct in their predictions regarding the outcome of this case as they were regarding the results of the Hiss case, then there is no chance at all of convicting the Russian engineer and very little of adding anything to the sentence now facing Miss Coplon, as a result of the Washington trial.

• • • • • •

At last we have found a Hollywood production that is really worth while, namely "The Hasty Heart"—a fine bit of work, both amusing and impressive. A trifle too much haste, perhaps, to achieve the necessary "happy ending," but a minor fault when one takes into account the entire performance, and especially the admirable characterization of the "hardy Scot" by a new performer—new to this department at least—Richard Todd, who surely steals the show—and it's quite a haul.

• • • • • •

We are indebted to Milton Lewis of the Herald-Tribune for a "revise" on our old Communist pal, Valentin Gubitchev, Miss Coplon's co-defendant. We never credited him with a sense of humor, or even normal human feelings—a more completely inanimate object seldom have we seen, sitting day after day at the defense table, eyes downcast, head slightly tilted to one side, practically never speaking, even to his counsel, except when spoken to. But Lewis claims that at the time of the recent recess Gubitchev became (for him) not only approachable but talkative.

"You think there should be a party?" he asked the Herald-Tribune reporter.

"A party?" Lewis inquired?

"Sure, a party," was the unsmiling reply. "The anniversary of my arrest, March 4th. Shouldn't there be a cake with one candle?"

"Will there be bologna?" asked Lewis—bologna being one of the items Gubitchev bought while he was being trailed by the FBI.

"Tell him where he can get good Polish bologna," interjected Yuri V. Novikov, Soviet Embassy attache who sits next to Gubitchev at the defense table and confers with him as well as their attorney, Pomeranz.

• • • • •

"No, no," said Gubitchev, still the perfect poker-face, but assuming an air of feigned annoyance. "I don't want him swallowing any Communist propaganda, I am in enough trouble already."

That ended the bologna talk but later, after a session in Judge Ryan's chambers between the opposing lawyers, Gubitchev again broke his Sphinx-like silence by remarking, (again completely dead-pan), "Let's find out what the magicians did."

When he found out it was noted that when he was released on bail—a $100,000 certified check from the Russian embassy—a package he had while in the hoosegow was returned to him—it was about one-foot square, wrapped in Manila paper.

"What's in there, books?" a reporter asked.

"Nyet," was the little stone-face's reply "BOMBS!"

So once more, appearances MAY be deceiving.

• • • • • •

Incidentally, it is amusing now to look back to the time of the preliminary hearing when Comrade Gubitchev claimed he did not know enough English to answer questions or know what was going on and the court insisted upon giving him a Russian interpreter. It was a typical Communist maneuver—this little ex-UN engineer doesn't miss a trick now in a court room where, needless to say, not a Russian word is spoken.

• • • • • •

Again we note that for a price one can get anything one wants in Manhattan. Do you want to make a speech or write a book? Ok, just drop in at 17 East 49th street, and the "Ghost writers Bureau" will supply you. They guarantee to—quote:

"Get the right word, any topic, any purpose, any length—we write it, you sign it." As simple as falling off the proverbial log. All you have to do is supply the idea, or outline the plot, they will do the rest.

• • • • • •

More good news stories get only a black-face line, in this man's town, than happen in any other American city. Or perhaps they never get into the newspapers at all. New York is certainly the newspaperman's Paradise.

For example:

There were the three boys who met the five girls at the ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY the other night and then on invitation of one of the GIRLS—all in their "teens"—went to Copocabana for a cocktail and steak dinner. Toward the close of the banquet the girls went to the "rest room" but failed to return, whereupon the three boys were left facing the bill for $46.84! As they had only $22 between them, they were escorted to the nearest bastile where they spent the night. There is a sequel to the story but here we are at the bottom of the page, so that will have to wait. But what a human interest story, and as far as we could discover, it appeared in only one New York paper and then was hidden on an inside page under a little l.e. b.f. headline!—R.W.R.

Crosstown

by Roland Coe

"That sculptor next door is a nice guy, but I wish he wouldn't make his kid snowmen!"

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

This brief paragraph leads off the opening of parliament story from London:

"Britain's newly elected parliament opened today, and Conservatives, in a cocky mood, shouted to their Labor party opponents to 'cheer up!' "

The story adds:

"The Labor party has a shaky majority of only SEVEN votes in the new house of commons."

THAT last statement means that if eight Laborites were sick, or away on a vacation, or for any other reason were absent from the house of commons when some important measure came up the Labor party's applecart could be upset and a new election would have to be called.

You can see why the Conservatives are feeling so cheerful. They're happy that they didn't wind up where the Labor party now is—facing grave and serious national problems and with only a slim and undependable majority to work with.

PERSONALLY, I think the situation that has developed in parliament is a good thing for Britain. It removes too much power from too few hands. Too much power held in too few hands too long is ALWAYS dangerous.

LITTLE has been said so far about the most significant fact in connection with the British election.

IT FOLLOWED EXACTLY THE TREND ESTABLISHED BY SIMILAR ELECTIONS IN NEW ZEALAND AND IN AUSTRALIA.

After these three elections, it would be hard for anyone to deny that in British countries the trend is away from MORE socialism. New Zealand, Australia and Britain have all been dipping deeply into the socialist soup bowl over a considerable period of years.

After sampling the socialist stew, all three countries at elections held within recent months have indicated clearly that they are getting fed up with it as an exclusive diet and want to do some serious thinking before they commit themselves to it for good and all. After these three elections, the attitude of the people in all three countries seems obviously to be to stop, look and listen before crossing any more socialist tracks.

MEANWHILE—

Here in the United States we are definitely nearing the point of thrusting a foot through the socialist door. A dispatch from Washington says:

"Without any confirmation from the White House, there continued to be talk that Mr. Truman might seek power to seize the coal mines in the name of the government. . . . A top official involved in the government's strategy conferences said this morning that seizure of the mines, with a hastily-enacted bill by congress, appears inevitable if the parties (to th coal strike) fail to come to an agreement."

THE miners have been urging seizure WITH RETENTION BY THE GOVERNMENT OF ALL PROFITS FROM THE MINES and actual operation by government men intead of by the mine owners and managers.

That would amount to socialization of the coal industry, which in Britain was the first step taken by the new socialist regime when it came into power. If we seize the coal mines under such a law, hanging onto them will be the easiest way out of the mess we will be in.

If the government hangs on to them, we will have started here the program of nationalization of industry.

WE'RE inclined to think of socialism in America as something that is a long way off. That isn't necessarily true. Socialization of the coal industry could be just around the corner. It could be a matter of HOURS rather than generations.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and addresse of the writer although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initial for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words

Barber Defended

To the Editor: Hope you can find room in your good paper soon for the following communication. I don't write often but once in a while the urge is more than I can resist.

That disgusting letter by one Broughton in Monday's paper needs a quick reply. Won't even take time for a conference with my so called "cohorts, die-hards and fellow Waltonians."

Mr. Barber, a man who is unselfishly devoting his full time, and doing an excellent job as our Preserve the Rogue leader, doesn't need to reply to such a below the belt stab.

We who are happy and proud to be united with Mr. Barber are, you might say, in one or all of three major classifications and any thinking person will agree we are quite numerous. Put us in any order you wish.

Those who are fighting to keep from being put under a hundred feet of water more or less. Can any one blame or belittle us for that?

Those from all over our country who have in the past and still wish to enjoy the Rogue river in an unspoiled condition. It is one of the few left to us, sad to say, and we should protect it.

Those who are demanding a more economical tax spending program by our government. This last group along includes a multitude of people.

On the other hand, promoters of the dam have foremost in mind, a few lousy dollars they might acquire in its construction or a year or two of increased business due to it or from sale of their various real estate schemes and ventures. It is admitted their are many ranches that would benefit from more water if it could be had at a reasonable cost. But it would break them to pay even the part the taxpayer doesn't pay.

To sum it all up, the equation simply doesn't balance any way one chooses to look at it.

Now Broughton, do yourself a great favor if you are at all smart. Leave Harold Barber's own and well earned personal income out of this deal. A man of his sterling honesty and integrity has earned it and is now earning it again in his efforts for the good of his country and ours.

Bill Brewster,
Trail, Ore.

The first silk hose are said to have been worn by Henry II of France in 1559.

UNEMPLOYED PERFORCE

Roanoke, Va.—(U.P.)—Unemployment compensation board authorities made payments to James F. Perdue here for four weeks before they realized their mistake and charged him with falsifying his benefit claim. Perdue was in the local jail all the while.

RECLUSE WELL-HEELED

Providence, R. I. (U.P.) — To keep warm on cold winter nights, Frederick A. Tillinghast, 75-year old recluse, made a practice of riding on trolley cars. When he was found dead in his trash-strewn home, authorities discovered he had left an estate valued at about $15,000.

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....AROUND HOLLYWOOD

By VIRGINIA MacPHERSON
United Press Correspondent

Hollywood, Mar. 3—(U.P.)—The derelicts in downtown Pershing Square are feeling a little self conscious these days. Every time they start to swap hard-luck stories, there's always a nosey guy in a grey overcoat listening in.

Virginia MacPherson

He drifts from bench to bench in the "skid-row" hangout, sometimes taking notes, sometimes making sketches, sometimes just listening.

The nosey guy is Producer William Trenk. If the down-and-outers knew what he was snooping around for, they'd be mighty flattered.

Trenk is working on a $150,000 musical stage show version of columnist Matt Weinstock's book, "My L. A." And his "Pershing Square" scene, he says, is going to be the hit of the show.

"I've been going down there every afternoon," he explained. "I've been going down there never have dreamed of putting into the show. They're fantastic and weird and pathetic — but anyone who's ever walked through Pershing Square will recognize the types."

Derelicts In Cast

They might even recognize a couple of the derelicts in person. Because Trenk has talked two of 'em into joining the cast.

"And the ideas I've gotten from my eavesdropping!" he added. "Did you know almost any bum can predict business conditions by the things people throw away?

"One old man who goes around picking up cigarette butts told me when people toss expensive brands away half-smoked we're in for good times. But when all he can find is cheap smokes burned way down we're heading for a depression.

Drives Garbage Truck

"Same way with another bum who was an 'aristocratic' down-and-outer. He's on salary now and then driving a garbage truck. When he collects champagne bottle he knows times are good enough to keep him working steady."

The trend, as of yesterday, according to Trenk, is for good times. Long cigarette butts and champagne empties are plentiful these days.

Appropriations For Coos Bay Work Urged

Portland, Ore., Mar. 3—(U.P.)—The attorney for the port of Coos Bay, Ore., John C. Kendall, said today he had asked the Oregon congressional delegation to get appropriations "as soon as possible" for construction of the Charleston project at Coos Bay.

The report to Oregon congressmen contains a statement from port president Franck G. Shaw calling the project necessary in order "to afford urgently needed facilities for accommodation of the fishing industry, to prevent further damage to fishing vessels from winter storms, and to stop erosion of the Charleston shoreline now seriously menacing lives and property."