

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon
Reads The Mail Tribune"

Daily Except Saturday

Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
57-20 North First St. Phone 2-6141

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager

HERB GREY, Advertising Mgr.
C. FERGUSON, Managing Editor

ERIC ALLEN, Jr., City Editor
HARRY CHAPMAN, Telegram Editor

BENNY L. GREEN, Sunday Editor
OLIVE STANCHER, Society Editor

GERALD LATHAM, Circulation Mgr.

An Independent Newspaper

Entered as second class matter at
Medford Oregon under Act of
March 3, 1897

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail—In Advance

Daily and Sunday—one year \$9.00

Daily and Sunday—six months 4.75

Daily and Sunday—three months 2.50

Daily and Sunday—one month 1.00

By Carrier—In Advance—Medford

Asland Central Point Jacksonville

Gold Hill Phoenix Talent and on

motor routes

Daily and Sunday—one year \$12.00

Daily and Sunday—one month 1.00

All Terms Cash in Advance

Official Paper of the City of Medford

Official Paper of Jackson County

United Press—Full Leased Wire

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU

OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representative

WEST-HOLIDAY COMPANY, INC.

Offices in New York Chicago De-

troit San Francisco Los Angeles

Seattle Portland St. Louis Atlanta

Vancouver B. C.

1950

NEWSPAPER

PUBLISHERS

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL

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ACTIVE MEMBERS

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 26, 1940

(It Was Tuesday)

The Rev. Herald G. Gardner,

rector of St. Mark's church, to

speaking at Public Health associa-

tion meeting here.

Central Point volunteer fire

department to sponsor dance at

Grange hall.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Harry Lind,

Asland, seriously injured in

auto smashup near Gold Hill.

Maxine Boone and Ann Bur-

dell, both of Medford, purchase

beauty shop in Grants Pass.

Four-H pupils of Oak Grove

district plant 1,200 trees in

Applegate area.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY

March 26, 1930

(It Was Tuesday)

Under new city milk law after

April 1 milk must be sold cus-

tomers in bottle.

Almond trees reported in full

bloom throughout Medford.

Berrydale residents ask county

court for bridge across Bear

creek at McAndrews road.

Dorothy Slead takes slight lead

in race for high school queen.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY

March 26, 1916

(It Was Sunday)

Local traction company pro-

poses issuance of \$250,000 in

bonds to finance building rail-

road to Blue Ledge mine.

Gold Hill Republican club

hears candidates for county

offices.

Butte Falls residents unanim-

ously vote in favor of proposed

fish hatchery in Ginger creek

near town.

Cocoa Colored Dust

Storms Over Plains

Oklahoma City, Mar. 25—(UP)

A veteran airlines pilot said to-

day it has become routine to fly

as much as 4,500 feet above

normal cruising altitude to

escape cocoa-colored dust storms

swirling almost three miles

above the southwestern plains.

Capt. Lay Dutcher, Braniff

pilot, said the clouds this year

are worse than at any time since

the "dust bowl" era of the

drought-stricken '30's.

Much of the country over

which Dutcher flies regularly on

the Denver-to-Oklahoma City

run has not had a good rain

since last October, and the "high

dusters" form when turbulent

March winds claw at the powder-

like topsoil.

Extent of the wind erosion

now spreading over the vast

wheat and cattle lands of four

southwestern states was drama-

tically evident to passengers

aboard Dutcher's big DC-4 Fri-

day night. A 70-mile-per-hour

wind was blowing at the top of

the dust storm.

The Palace of the Governors

in Santa Fe, N. M., is the oldest

building in the United States.

The Palace, which is now a

museum, was built by the Span-

iards in 1610 as the capitol of

New Mexico.

Subscribers

To report improper or non-

delivery of the Mail Tribune phone

2-6141 from 8:45 p. m. daily and

10:30 a. m. Sunday.

If regular delivery is desired

shortly after you call, please notify

office, thus eliminating special

messenger service.

David Holmes

The shocking news of the sudden and tragic death of David Holmes in an automobile accident near Woodland, Cal., Thursday afternoon, has saddened this entire community. And, because he and his brother Harry have created such a close and friendly association with Bear Creek Orchards' customers far and wide, through their highly personalized nation-wide advertising, we feel quite sure that many who have not even met this man will count his passing a real loss.

DAVID HOLMES had, indeed, a flare for the artistic and a mind for business. Both are reflected in the beauty of Bear Creek Orchards' gift packages, and in the swift growth and sustained leadership of his company in a highly competitive national market.

Harry and David's gift boxes and baskets of Rogue river valley fruit, their "Tower of Treats" and "Fruit of the Month" packages—all show the unmistakable touch of the artist—the persistent striving for quality and for packaging perfection. David Holmes loved that end of the business and knew it well.

FROM an idea, then an industry born in depression years, a multi-million dollar business has been built at Bear Creek Orchards. Its wide-spread advertising and growing payrolls have been important factors in the expanding economy of the Rogue River Valley. Thus, Medford is a better known and more prosperous community because of the vision, creative genius and business enterprise of David Holmes.

He will be greatly missed here.—H.G.

Editorial Correspondence

New York, N. Y., March 21—Spring has come—and with it rain. The wettest rain of the Year, which isn't saying much, however, for most of the rains here have been mere needle-sprays.

Gubitchev is now on the high seas—and we hope they ARE high for he admits he is a poor sailor. "Guby" was given a great send-off. Not only was he handsomely handcuffed but he was accompanied by five deputy U. S. marshals and the Big Brass—U. S. Attorneys Saypol and Wheatley, all in a police car, properly escorted by motorcycle cops, with sirens screaming and red lights flashing. Everyone was on hand but Grover Whalen!

Some people get all the breaks. The little sawed-off spy was given two first class tickets on the "Batony" by the United Nations, and his wife was at the cabin door to greet the man who, his lawyers claimed, was "crazy, crazy with love" for Judy Coplon. With a sobbing cry Mrs. G. threw her arms around the emotionless Guby, smacked him on one cheek and whispered something in Russian. Gubitchev reciprocated after a fashion but didn't think it necessary to take off his hat!

No doubt about Gubitchev regarding himself a lucky man to be sent back to Russia. While still the pale poker-face type, he was plainly in a relaxed, holiday mood within even though undemonstrative without. There was none of that sullen, downcast look about him, so noticeable at the trial. We believe he never thought of staying in the U.S.A. although his lawyer, when participation in the appeal was denied, suggested it. It was clearly the lawyer's idea, not his.

When one of the reporters suggested that he would be welcomed in Russia as a hero, Gubitchev looked startled, shook his head and replied "Gee no, I would go crazy!"

As he shook hands with some of the newspaper men he was asked if he had any word to send to Judy Coplon, his co-defendant. The idea obviously did not appeal to him at the moment but when a reporter suggested, "don't you want to wish her luck?" his reply with a wan smile was:

"Yes, that is it, wish her luck."

On the front page of the World-Telegram-Sun was a three-column spread showing Mrs. Gubitchev with her arms around her long-lost hubby—that little brown hat still on Guby's round head. Judy finally got out on bail and probably read the story. We would like to have heard HER comment!

At the moment after a walk down Fifth to 42nd, "we would like to see" certain things we shall never see, namely:

All the pet poodles in New York shipped to the country. The city is no place for them, and they have no proper place in the city. Imagine what a dog's life is in this Babylon? Never any exercise or fresh air except on a leash. Never a squirrel to chase or a fence to jump over, or any other pup to romp with. A basket and canned dog food in the house, then a few minutes on leash in the fresh air on hard cement walks or pavements. A "dog's life" and no mistake.

On the other hand we have a speaking acquaintance with three dogs up in Westchester County—they never see a leash, they roam about at will, there are rabbits and cats to chase—as well as other dogs. That is the way dogs like to live and were intended to live. And as far as that is concerned, SHOULD live!

Another item. There are no "white wings" in New York any more, although there are more horses—working horses—than anywhere else in the U.S.A. (And we are not including the horses that haul the victorias and handsome cabs around Central park.) They "clomp, clomp, clomp" down in the wholesale and push cart districts. In place of the Gay Nineties "white wings" they now have garbage wagons, which pick up the cans and dispose of the non-metallic garbage en route. But they don't clean up after the canines as they or SONZON—should. (And to the truth of the latter observation all pedestrians will testify!)

There is another thing we would like to see—even more fantastic. And for this the grandchildren are partly responsible. For the grandchildren, while they like the zoo—just a block away in Central park—one of them at least prefers the Museum of Natural History on the other side—Central Park West.

He may be unusual in this regard, but there is the fact.

SO-O-O-O—

If children like stuffed animals in their proper habitat, as well or better than they like live animals in cages, then—

How much better to liberate the live animals, all the same as the Manhattan poodles, and let them live as they were intended to live, confine animal exhibitions to such marvelous layouts as are now on over on Central Park West, where all a child should know about the wild fauna, past and present, can be learned, and the wild fauna don't have to be shut up in cages, and forced to live as the Good Lord never intended them to live!

At least except for the seals, we have yet to find any of the wild life over in the Central Park zoo that seems to be happy, or anything but worried and frustrated. The genus homo has a good time looking at the animals, but the animals—including the baboons—don't have a good time looking at the humans. (WHO would?) So-o-o-o—

If children, as a whole, really enjoy stuffed animals, and learn as much from them as live ones, why not give the live ones a break?

All those in favor of the motion say "Aye."

All those opposed, —

Yes "Sprig has komb"

The rain has turned into SNOW! —R.W.R.

Suicide Sends Coroner His Own Death Report

Seattle—(UP)—William G. Benedict wrote his own coroner's report before committing suicide.

Deputies found a letter addressed in the corner near the 27-year-old man's body in his gas-filled apartment.

"It is not necessary to justify my actions as I consider suicide an individual right," the letter said in part. "My reason is too complicated to explain—so merely say 'dependency'."

The Petrified Forest National Monument was created in 1906 by executive order of President Theodore Roosevelt.

Peddler Triple-Cross On Double-Cross Cops

Tampa, Fla.—(UP)—Embarrassed detectives George Huerta and W. M. Myares ran into a triple-cross when they tried a double-cross.

They said Ellsworth Denlinger tried to sell them two bottles of morphine. Then they flashed bogus bills, made the trade and arrested him.

When the "morphine" was analyzed, it turned out to be plain flour and salt.

Production of commercial minerals during 1947 was reported from every one of California's 58 counties.

Crosstown

by Roland Coe



Your Health and Its Care

By DR. WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.

Readers should address inquiries to: Dr. William Brady, 263 El Camino, Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE STUPIDITY OF FORTY MILLION NORTH AMERICANS

It would advance the level of hygiene and health in this country tremendously, in my opinion, if 99% of the bath tubs in so-called private homes and hotels were junked in favor of shower stalls, and several million more wash basins were installed in public eating places, which now have only primitive facilities or none at all for washing the hands.

I have quoted the foregoing paragraph almost verbatim from a pamphlet titled "Is Stupidity a Sin?" The pamphlet is available to any reader who asks for it by that name—not otherwise—and incloses stamped self-addressed envelope.

What bathtubs, shower stalls or wash basins have to do with hemorrhoids (piles) is difficult to explain in a newspaper—in fact it is difficult to say anything about such an unpleasant subject here, but that's why I go to the expense and trouble of supplying this and many other pamphlets without cost, as a personal health service.

In the pamphlet I do urge that people should use soap and water instead of mail order catalogues, corn cobs, flour sacks, newspapers or even special kinds of paper.

We talk cleanliness in this country but few rest rooms in public places and few toilets, lavatories or bathrooms in private homes are equipped with bidets or sitz baths for real cleanliness.

Stupid people, I find, are quick to resent the implication of stupidity. On the other hand, people of higher-than-average intelligence are as quick to acknowledge their stupidity when they learn what the term "piles" really means. Happily, however, a good many of them acknowledge it in the past tense—they say "you were right, it was stupid of me to suffer so much years from piles."

It is only good common sense for any one subject to what he or she assumes to be piles (hemorrhoids), either external or "blind" (internal), painful or bleeding, to have a proper examination by a physician, that is, examination with the proctoscope or speculum, an instrument for visual inspection. Only so can the doctor diagnose the trouble accurately. Without such examination the nature of the trouble that purports to be "piles" is left to guesswork, and because patients fail to seek proper examination or quacks fail to make a proper examination a good many other troubles are mislabeled as "piles."

Among these troubles are piles in the rectum, benign tumor or polyp, fissure, fistula, pinworm infestation, stricture, pruritus and even cancer.

Besides being painful, for there are no sensory nerves in the area affected by internal piles, the ambulant or injection treatment of internal piles does not interfere with the patient's ordinary activities. Each session takes only a few minutes, say once or twice a week for six or eight times as a rule.

As for the effects of treatment, a single pile or any number of piles obliterated by injection treatment will be no more and no less likely to recur than a single pile or any number of piles removed by the old Spanish method.

The injection (ambulant) treatment—not applicable for external piles. However, the physician skilled in the modern method can successfully and painlessly treat external piles by surgery, under local anesthesia, in his office, in most instances.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Wanted Fifty Years. By time I was treated by thirty or more doctors I did not know my name. I told a young doctor about the head pain I had had day and night for the past seven years. He advised surgery. This showed a hurried competent wide tooth—the dentist removed it and I have no more pain. (S. H. P.)

Always been one of all four wisdom teeth third and last molars usually cut between the ages of 18

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name of 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.

Girard Can Have His

To the editor: Mr. Franklin Girard's comments in Thursday's Mail Tribune on my communication regarding the Chambers-Hiss case have interested me to the point of making reply.

After carefully sifting Mr. Girard's rather emotional comments for a logical rebuttal of my position, I find chiefly that Mr. Girard apparently believes:

(1) It is more admirable to betray our country and keep mum about it, as Hiss did, than to betray it, than have a change of heart and try to undo some of the damage, as Chambers did.

(2) It is more admirable to commit perjury, keep a stiff upper lip and deny it, as Hiss did, than to fess up, as Chambers did.

(3) If Mr. Girard denies that Hiss perjured himself, on the witness stand, he has not only me to argue with but the jury which found Hiss guilty.

As for my suggestion that Chambers deserves a vote of thanks, which Mr. Girard scorns as "a notion of poultry raisers," I would like to remind Mr. Girard that I have had a good many people around Medford express approval of my letter. I am confident there are millions of Americans who think as I do in this respect. Men like Mr. Murphy, the prosecutor in the trial, as well as J. Edgar Hoover and other FBI officials must feel a certain gratitude toward Chambers. They have received heavily on the information he has given them, not only in the Hiss case, and this information has stood up very well.

Neither Chambers nor Hiss is a man whom I would choose for a bosom friend, but of the two I would take Chambers. Mr. Girard and R.W.H. can have Hiss.

ALMUS PRUITT.

Baby Chicks

To the Editor: The cruelty incident to the use of baby chicks as Easter novelties has long been a matter of great concern to all animal welfare agencies. Experience has shown repeatedly that baby chicks sold for playthings or for decorative purposes seldom survive the mishandling and unnatural conditions to which they are subjected.

The baby chick industry is a big one. The majority of poultry raisers are dependent upon it for their source of supply. When purchased by legitimate dealers and placed in proper brooders, these chicks grow into maturity with small loss and become an important factor in our poultry and egg market. Without proper care and food baby chicks die within a short time.

The Easter chick trade is an unwarranted and cruel practice. It causes great suffering upon thousands and thousands of chicks and it also takes these chicks out of legitimate trade channels and destroys them when they are needed for food.

Humane Society, Mrs. S. W. Richardson Secy.-Mgr.

Graves Endorsed

To the Editor: The Shady Cove Civic club wishes to express its wholehearted support of Lev Graves for the office of county commissioner in the coming primary election.

In our opinion Mr. Graves is exceptionally well qualified for this position. This organization can guarantee the people of Jackson county that Mr. Graves is a fair minded, successful business man and will do his best to conduct the business of the county in compliance with the best interests of the people.

He has promised full time service and is in a position to carry out this promise. The business of running Jackson county has