

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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Oregonians Thrifty

Oregonians are thrifty and exceptionally saving-minded judging from the way they are stuffing their money into savings and loan associations of the state. A compendium of savings and loan statistics in the current issue of the Oregon Voter shows the 27 associations in Oregon had a total of \$116,390,872 in assets at the end of 1949, an increase of 10.06 per cent compared with the 1948 total.

MEMBER savings during the past year, it is shown, have been relatively greater than the asset gains, the total being \$98,537,998 for a percentage-wise increase of 13.99.

THE rapid and sustained growth of thrift accounts in Oregon's savings and loan associations is astounding those interested, according to the Voter which notes the fact that eight associations registered gains of over 20 per cent last year. The Portland Federal led the parade in this department with 41.22 per cent gain, the Jackson County Federal of Medford being second with 30.74 and the First Federal, also of Medford, fifth with 25.45.—E.C.F.

It Really Hails in Oklahoma

A friend brings in a copy of the Stillwater Daily News-Press, of Stillwater, Okla., which carries accounts of the damage done by a recent hail storm, the worst ever to strike the region.

IT IS hard to realize that hail can be so terribly destructive. In the Stillwater storm the loss is estimated in the millions of dollars with nearly every building in town damaged as well as several thousand automobiles.

Hail stones larger than eggs pelted the region for an hour and to make matters worse, 1.12 inches of rain followed, penetrating roofs which had been riddled by the hail.

Pictures include a huge greenhouse in which every pane of glass had been broken, and a number of nine-inches-around hail stones grouped about an egg to show the comparative size of the heavenly ice balls.

ALONG about this time of year there is possibility of hail in the Rogue River valley, but such visitations do not, as a rule, inflict great damage. There is always the chance that pear buds, and later, the newly formed tiny and tender pears may be mauled by the icy pellets with costly results.

With anti-hail pilots Harvey Brandau and Eugene Kooser ready to do battle aloft here with any threatening hail clouds, fruit growers and others whose crops are in a vulnerable stage feel fairly secure. One wonders what the fliers would be able to do with a storm such as hit Stillwater.—E.C.F.

Happy Man No. 1

President Harry Truman ended his fifth year in office last week, in what his friends described as a confident, happy frame of mind. Strangely enough, that happy mood has persisted throughout one of the most violently criticized and otherwise turbulent administrations this country has seen in many years.

PICTURES of the president, taken on his recent return from a Florida vacation show him with an even wider smile than usual. Could it be possible that Mr. Truman censors his photographs, as do many of the film stars, permitting publication of only those showing a smile-wreathed countenance.

PROBABLY the best explanation of the executive's unruffled outlook comes from one of his friends who declares that problems, regardless of how large they may loom, never get him down. As the friend put it, the election of 1948 did something for Mr. Truman—it gave him a superiority complex which is extremely hard to dent.

THE Medford promoters of the "Are You Happy Club" may have already attended to the matter, but if not, they should tender President Truman a special invitation to join.—E.C.F.

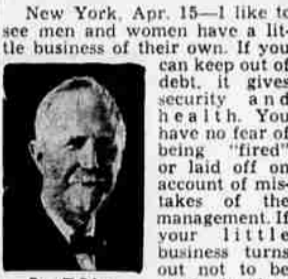
Crosstown

by Roland Coe



"You say the vacuum cleaner has done away with rug beating? You don't know my wife, mister! She uses BOTH methods!"

Babson Discusses Failures



Roger W. Babson

New York, Apr. 15—I like to see men and women have a little business of their own. If you can keep out of debt, it gives security and health. You have no fear of being "fired" or laid off on account of mistakes of the management. If your little business turns out not to be good, it then will be your fault and not your employer's fault. You know that some of your competitors always do well.

Whether or not this is the time for a young man to leave a good job and go into business for himself, is debatable. The Good Book says there is a time for everything (read Ecclesiastes 3:1-8), which includes a time to buy and a time to sell. God gives us a brain to use. Let us not try to buck his law of supply and demand.

This does not mean that we should not push forward. We all should help the world's great problem of how to provide the needs of all in the midst of plenty. So long as any able person willing to work is unemployed while the government is dumping potatoes into the sea, there should be opportunities for shopkeepers and salesmen to bring these loose ends together. This is the kind of "socialism" and "planned economy" in which everyone should believe.

New Businessmen Lack One or More Requirements
 To perform the above service requires character, brains, industry and some capital. Statistics indicate that a large number of those who have gone into business for themselves since World War II must have lacked one or more of these requirements. I say this because 80,000 fewer firms are operating today than a year ago. It is estimated that today there are 200,000 fewer concerns—mostly among the small retailers, service operators, etc.—than in 1948. That is true, in spite of the increased population and the fact that there is more money about than ever before, indicates something is wrong.

The above is not only a disappointment to nearly a million people, including employees but to the owners of a large number of vacant stores, unused plants, idle trucks, all of which are the result of these failures. Those who have been forced out of business are, moreover, both disappointed, and perhaps bitter. They claim America should not permit such sad results in the world's best country.

Business Failures Significant Barometer
 Every month my statistical experts compile for me comparative figures on over 30 basic business barometers. In my 40 years of studying business conditions I have always said the most significant figure is that for business failures. Heretofore, a very low failure figure has indicated excellent present business conditions, but such figures usually forecast that business troubles are coming.

With double the national income failures have, during the past 10 years, actually been less than before 1940. But at last we see a change for the worse. The greatest increase in bankruptcies is in the retail store field where there has been an increase in failures of 12 per cent. In the case of manufacturing this figure is 9.4 per cent, while in mining, farming, etc., there are 5.4 per cent more failures. Although the failures in the retail field show the greatest increase, yet enough new firms come into being so that the total is now only 2 per cent less than at the peak.

More Concerns in Business Than in 1939
 As a result of all the above 45

Kirk's Cafe
In Gold Hill
 Will Be Open SUNDAYS
 Beginning April 16
OUR SPECIAL
 1/2 Fried Chicken
 Also Steaks and Other Entrees
 Good Home Made Pies

The Grange

Gold Hill Grange
 Gold Hill H.E.C. met at the Grange hall April 12 for a covered dish dinner with 21 members and eight brothers and friends including Mr. and Mrs. Alva Walker, Gold Hill marshal, and Mildred Wright as guests. Later for the meeting Millie Walker of Live Oak Grange, was present. Table decorations for Easter were by Mary Shaw and Elinor Ganong.

H.E.C. is to put on the program at next Grange meeting, April 20. The club women are enjoying the abundance of hot water since installation of a new water heater. Easter cards and handkerchiefs were exchanged. Flora Friends remembered and cards sent to the sick. Another quilt was finished and one is ready for frames. Plans for H.E.C. giving a dinner in the near future were discussed.

Pomona Grange
 Jackson County Pomona Grange will meet at the Lower Applegate Grange hall April 22 at 8 p.m.

There is important business to be transacted, and the annual memorial service will be held. All Fourth degree members are welcome. Refreshments will be served by ladies of Applegate Grange.

Midnight Last Evening Income Tax Deadline
 Portland, Ore., Apr. 15.—(UPI) State tax agents said today that 11-hour rush to file state income tax returns had failed to materialize but reminded late filers that midnight is the deadline.

Mailed returns must be post-marked before April 16 to escape penalties.

Pickin' Pears

(The Mail Tribune is glad to introduce to its readers one L. J. "Tick" Malarkey, self-styled private N. E. F. C. (not even first class), one of the more recent additions to the membership at the Camp White domiciliary center. "Tick" arrived here recently, as a result of an argument with a log which rolled up hill over him, and while enjoying convalescence in the Rogue valley, he will, from time to time, submit a column of folksy chatter and tidbits about Camp White for the approval of The Mail Tribune's readers. He wrote a similar column for the Roseburg News Review while at the veterans' hospital in Roseburg. He has picked "Pickin' Pears" for the title of his column.—Editor's note.)

By L. J. "Tick" Malarkey
 Less than a week ago Private Malarkey NEFC—meaning not even first class—departed the Valley of the Umpquas, bussed into the Valley of the Rogues, and checked into Camp White. An industrial accident last July of a log rolled up hill instead of down. As a result the VA doctors at Barnes, Portland, Roseburg and White say that my days as a "limber beast" are over and from now on must take it easy. Too old to log anyway.

So if you good people from this part of the state will be patient, perhaps a few pieces about the Bamboos, Graybeards and Kids, plus the employed personnel, will perhaps be of some interest. We are more or less of a little city out here and from experience in three other veterans' hospitals the writer finds many little human yarns that he would like to try and spin.

"Write about earthy things," is the advice that Ruth S. Bloom, chief nurse, advised when "Tick's" Tips was published by Charlie Stanton's News Review beginning September last. So here goes:

Down in the barber shop is one Herman Friem.
 This tonsorial master of the razor, shears and clippers had been around quite a spell and when asked if he knew the Gates, Garretts, Newburys and Farrells his answer was an emphatic yes.

Herman has been in Medford since 1906. He is a proud granddad now, and gave me leads that will help as the first steps are taken to write about the Friendly Folks from Over Town who help to make the stay at Camp White more pleasant for the disabled veterans of three wars—wars that not one of them asked for but fought just the same.

Fred Sears, recreation director, is about the first of the employed personnel met after admissions had put this recruit through the mill. Fred is a kid from the air corps, in Argument II, and some "yak yak" about his friends in Roseburg was enjoyed. The lad used to live there and work at that VA. Also is quite proud because he married one of the city's loveliest belles. More about Fred sometime. He was too busy today because the Medford Legion and its auxiliary is putting on an open meeting followed by entertainment and refreshments.

Before the rains came, the loggers' habit of getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning prompted a limp around the barracks. A sun was just peeping over a mountain which the guard on duty at the main gate said was called Pitt. The sight was beautiful. Kind of reminded me of Mt. Hood when she is in her glory as the sun rises, viewed from the VA hospital, Sam Jackson Park, Portland.

Tony is the guard's name. And he used to be a logging camp cook for the Crown Willamette down Astoria way—my home town. Graybeard Keber saw it all from '17 to '18. It was good to get some timber down for a few moments with him.

A block or two away lights were on in the White City cafe. A cup of coffee would go good. Back of the counter was one Ed Hudson, proprietor, who has been around the Rogue for better than 20 years. Spent 10 years with the forestry department as a cook out of this district.

Had a long hitch in both the army and the seabees during our more recent adventure beyond two oceans. About six weeks ago Ed and wife Mildred opened up the White City cafe and a better restaurant would be hard

to find. There is seating capacity for 80 persons, and it is beautifully decorated with knotty pine as a background. Might add—and this is not a plug—their home-made pies are really out of this world. In fact everything about White City cafe is good, particularly Ed and Mildred.

A word about Mona Brewer, secretary.
 She is just as charming as her poems. For months past on the exchange desk of Umpqua News would be the Domineys, Camp White's publication. In every issue would be verse by Mona. Always enjoyed reading every line, and often wondered what the author was like. Know now.

Am going to like it down this way. Admit homesickness is one hell of a disease. The lower Columbia, where it is eight miles wide as it weeds the Pacific, is home, Astoria the town. Can't help but have a yearning. Medford is all right. A sister, Genevieve, who was stationed here with her husband Ray, just wrote me from Fort Ord, where they are now doing a tour of duty, that they liked Camp White and the Medford people better than any other post and town that they had been in during the major's 20 years of army duty.

Want to meet Jack Morris. In this writer's book he was an all-American back the night that we saw him run and pass to four or five touchdowns against Roseburg an evening last fall. About all we won up that way that night was the band championship when Jack and the Black Tornado had quit blowing. Some even disputed that Roseburg won this event.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Things Need Attention
 To the Editor: Have just read Mr. Guches' complaint against Mr. Goodman thinking that Front street could be cleaned up by our officers. Of course, Mr. Guches makes his living from the ones who frequent Front street, Mr. Goodman makes his from men and women who must have a place to park and don't care to walk two or three blocks out of their way to avoid this street, and most women do just that.

Maybe Mr. Guches can close his eyes for the sake of his profit, but I doubt if it's pride in our officials or our city that he defends.
 But why stop at Front street? Our future robbers are now in our junior high and high schools. Most of the youngsters at these schools are honest, but the few who are not are doing a wonderful business. I know articles valued at \$50 or more were stolen in the past 10 days from these two schools. I think a great deal of this could be controlled if more interest were taken, not only by the parents, but by the teachers and our police force.

The children who have things stolen are always guilty of carelessness because they don't carry locks and chains to protect their property. Beyond that we cannot go, it seems.

We can stay off Front street but our children must go to school at the risk of coming home minus coat, bike, wallet, pens, watches, money, anything not nailed down. Getting a few culprits at the schools might eliminate some of our future crimes.
 I have lived in Medford for 20 years and would like to continue my pleasant life here but I think there are some things that need attention.
 Mrs. D. R. Schrader.

SEWER WORK PLANNED
 Forest Grove, Ore., Apr. 15.—(UPI)—Construction of an interceptor sewer, a major improvement in Forest Grove's sewage disposal system, will begin May 1.

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In the Day's News

By Frank Jenkins
 At a meeting of the chamber of commerce over in Klamath the other day, Hank Semon, Vern Owen and I were grousing about the weather. It's too wet to suit us. That brought us around to the subject of other and wetter times.
 Hank dug out of his memory a year (1912, he thinks maybe it was) when he had SIX INCHES OF RAIN IN JULY. He says it rained so hard the hay shocks floated off into the low corners of the meadows. (Remember, that was in the Klamath county, which claims to be semi-desert.) Vern and I couldn't beat that one, so we dropped the subject.
 WE went from there to plowing, with horses, in the old days.
 Hank had a three-horse team that included one named Old Dan. Old Dan was a smartie. He discovered that when he hung back on the equalizer he could take the load off his own shoulders and shift it to the other two. So he did just what you'd expect.
 "I decided to fix the old devil," Hank said. "I got me an old belly-band, drove it full of sharp pointed tack and ran a heavy string from one end of it up through a ring and back to the plow seat so that when I pulled on it the belly-band would flap up against Dan like a cowboy's spurs."
 The first time the old cuss let back in the harness I yanked the string. The tacks smacked Old Dan where the hair was short. It so took him by surprise

that he literally let go all holds and fell flat in the furrow. After that all I had to do was yell DAN! and the way he'd throw himself into the collar was something to see.
 The picture struck Vern so funny we nearly broke up the meeting laughing.

LATER it occurred to me that what Old Dan was doing is precisely the thing that ultimately will wreck the Welfare State. He learned that by hanging back in the collar he could LET THE OTHER HORSES DO HIS WORK FOR HIM. That's what happens when we moderns go on relief when we really could get out and scratch hard and make ourselves a living.

Or when we retire on a politically-provided pension and let somebody else do the work. Or when we coast and take it easy while we're living upon our unemployment insurance when maybe we COULD go out and get another job.
 Old Dan was quickly cured by Hank's tack-studded "persuader." The trouble with the politically-promoted Welfare State is that nobody dares to use a persuader on the hanger-backers. That would be political suicide.

NOSTALGIC thought:
 I wonder how many of the younger generation ever heard of a belly-band. Not many, I reckon. For their information, it was a heavy leather strap that went around the horse's tummy and held the harness on.

Harness was stuff you put on a horse to do his work in. You put it on after you'd fed him his grain and hay, cleaned out the stall and curried him. (Currying was combing his hair out straight and nice with a curry-comb and brushing it down with a heavy brush.)

You did all this before daylight. By the crack of dawn, you were supposed to have your team all hitched to the plow and be rolling over the furrows. Horse-slowing was so slow you had to work from dawn to dark to get the job done in time to plant your crop.

In those days there was no recreation problems for the children. By the time the chores were done (the cows milked, the pigs slopped, etc.) rolling into a nice soft bed was recreation enough for a tired farm kid.

WITH that thought in mind, Vern sighed. "Ah me," he said reflectively. "If tractors had just been invented in time, I'd probably be a farmer yet. Farming must be a great life in these tractor and gadget days."
 (Vern grew up in the flat east of Medford, and the stories he tells about the gumbo soil in what later became the Camp White reservation make your hair stand on end.)

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