

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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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
April 17, 1940
(Nit Was Wednesday)
Nearly 250 planes visited Medford airport during March.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY
April 17, 1930
(Nit Was Thursday)
Constitutional amendment to limit fishing in Rogue river to angling to go on November ballot.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY
April 17, 1916
(Nit Was Monday)
Ground to be broken tomorrow for construction of new St. Mark's church at Fifth and Oakdale.

News of 4-H CLUBS
Central Point 4-H Club
The Central Point crop club meeting was held at the Paul Williams place recently.

Antelope 4-H Club
The Antelope 4-H club held its monthly meeting April 14 at the Antelope school house.

Old Kentucky Home
Bardstow, Ky.—UP.—"My Old Kentucky Home," immortalized by Stephen Foster, is undergoing a complete face-lifting to restore it as a southern mansion of the period of 1852.

Mickey, Minnie Shine
Philadelphia.—UP.—The "constellation" Pluto and Mickey and Minnie Mouse are appearing for the first time in the Fels Planetarium's "skies" this month.

Two Perfect Hands
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Editorial Correspondence

New York City, N. Y., Apr. 14.—Well, "Bingo" left Thursday on the Queen Elizabeth, and as a result the hotel and New York are much quieter. We went down to see the Queen Elizabeth but didn't see Bingo, so continued on with No. 2 grandson to see the statue of Liberty. No. 2 being a native New Yorker runs true to type and refuses to be impressed by anything although he did agree that both the giant liner and Mrs. Liberty "were bigger than they looked."

The excursion, however, was not very successful. We could not get on the Queen Elizabeth because we did not have credentials, and we could not climb up into the torch of Mrs. Liberty, because we did not have time. There was a family luncheon deadline to meet and the distaff side of the household insisted that deadline had to be met.—OR ELSE.—(Needless to add it WAS) No. 4 and No. 3 were also at the luncheon, en route to the pediatrician, the former refusing to eat anything but his ice cream, and he would allow no one to feed him that. He did the job ok himself. (Don't know where these children get all their ornery independence of spirit but they all fairly ooze with it,—each and every one.)

However, the pediatrician declared No. 4 was ok—lunch or no lunch—in fact, his reactions, mental and physical, put him definitely in the "genius class." (We had suspected something of the sort.) When the doctor finished with him (No. 4) guess what the embryonic Thomas Edison did? He tapped his knee cap for reactions and used his policeman's whistle as a stethoscope! WHAT a boy and he is only 22 months old!

We don't envy Bing his ocean trip, although of course the Queen Elizabeth is so huge, probably the blizzard that visited the city yesterday and today—and we assume the Atlantic ocean—did not disturb the super-Couarders' equilibrium very much. But what a hideous day. A blizzard on the 13th of April! And we were there, we went to a movie through it.

The movie was another blow. Your correspondent has always been a great booster for the Marx brothers and particularly for Groucho, so we were positive their most recent effort—after three or four years rest,—would be something terrific. The distaff side was reluctant and sceptical. Well, all we can say after enduring the movie entitled "Love Happy" there is no "love" in it, no "happiness," not even good slapstick, melodrama, or "horse-feathers," it is neither fish, fowl nor good red herring,—in short it,—oh well you know,—! And it DOES!

In the newspaper ad it was proclaimed "Love Happy," is the first Marx movie in three or four years—the only mistake the boys made was to make it 30 or 40! The real comedian of the group, Groucho, in contrast to his "slap happy" brothers, only had a subordinate and a sort of m.c. part. We are grateful Groucho still has "Bet Your Life," he can make all the money and reputation he needs there,—all in all the funniest give-away radio program on the air.

Once more our favorite golfers the Bauer sisters get their pictures in the local papers but this time the news is not so good. Of course when Papa and Mama Bauer were in Medford they both said amateur golf was a terrific drain on the rather meagre family pocketbook and they could not afford the luxury for long,—the girls would eventually have to turn "pro." We assumed, however, they would wait until one of them at least had won the women's national amateur. But now Papa Bauer makes the announcement at a cocktail party the two girls will start their professional careers at Pebble Beach the last of this month.

Well this is nothing reprehensible, there are many fine girls and fine golfers in the women pro ranks. But we would have preferred to have the Bauer sisters remain where they were and play the game for the fun and the sport of it. Playing for money somehow doesn't seem to be like either of them.

At long last the effort to make artificial rain via airplane seeding has been launched. After a week or 10 days of false starts a plane with two policemen and Dr. Howell the Harvard rain maker flew up above the cumulous clouds and dropped 100 pounds of dry ice. This was yesterday afternoon when your correspondent had to fight a miniature blizzard to get to the Marx movie.

Whether it was the result of this seeding or not here are the facts: The family had made preparations for a week-end at Lake Mohawk in the Catskills, reservations OKed and everything packed.— But when we awoke this a.m. the city was blanketed with the heaviest snow of the year, five or six inches in some places, while reports from the lake were roads would not be open until noon.— So the excursion had to be called off.

It should not be hard to figure out how this snowstorm pleased the lake hotel management and the grandchildren, three of them looking forward for weeks to the trip and with all their fishing tackle in readiness.

Dr. Howell is extremely cagey,—he makes no claims, he takes responsibility for nothing,—but his popularity is declining rapidly and more and more criticisms of the experiment are appearing in the papers.

As stated when the plan was launched, when week-end rains—or snows—which spoil picnics and sports can be blamed on the city administration and not on Nature, the Weather Man or the Almighty,—watch out for the political repercussions. Don't try to play "God" if you want VOTES!

Not only the family picnic but the long heralded pre-season baseball opener over in Brooklyn, between the Dodgers and the Yankees will suffer for as this is written (11 a.m.) it is still snowing. Dr. Howell gets \$100 a day for his efforts,—it is a fairly safe bet that before he gets through he will have earned it! And another thing,—two months ago the reservoirs were only 30 per cent full now they are 76 per cent WITHOUT artificial rain.

In this frenzied effort to find a goat for the failure of American policy in China, we believe the real culprit—the real nigger-in-the-woodpile — has been completely overlooked — namely JAPAN. Not Japan as a defeated nation of course, but Japan as a strong and militaristic one.

We have been researching a bit on past history and find that the real time in the fortunes of the Kai-shih came in 1937, when the war with Japan started. Nominally the Chinese Reds lined up with Chiang to repel the Jap invaders but actually they conserved their forces, recruited thousands who deserted the Nationalist cause, and while Chiang was bled white they became stronger and stronger taking over more and more supplies and territory.

It seems reasonably clear that if Japan had never declared war on China, Chiang would today be master of the Chinese and far more extensive than the Communists would be merely a meagre task force marooned somewhere in the far north. But when Japan struck and Chiang refused to grant needed reforms to the Chinese masses confident that with foreign aid the Chinese Old Guard could win, the die was cast,—then no aid from the U.S.A. or any other country could have prevented the Red tide from sweeping over China just as two decades before in spite of allied intervention, the same tide swept over Russia.

True, Chiang never after Japan attacked COULD have saved the situation but had Japan never attacked there would have been no situation to save.—Q.E.D.—R.W.R.

Old Kentucky Home Obtains Face Lifting

Bardstow, Ky.—UP.—"My Old Kentucky Home," immortalized by Stephen Foster, is undergoing a complete face-lifting to restore it as a southern mansion of the period of 1852.

The state accepted the property, once known as the Federal Hill estate, in 1922. Since then, many structural defects in the building have developed.

The building was closed last January 1 and restoration started. Removal of old plaster revealed that damage from fire which once struck the house was far more extensive than had been thought. The date of the fire is not known but was believed to be prior to 1852, when Foster visited the place and wrote "My Old Kentucky Home."

Two Perfect Hands
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Mickey, Minnie Shine As New Star Groups
Philadelphia.—UP.—The "constellation" Pluto and Mickey and Minnie Mouse are appearing for the first time in the Fels Planetarium's "skies" this month.

Grandma Gets Wish
Dodge City, Kan.—UP.—Mrs. Mary Barton, who longed to be a grandmother, has had her wish fulfilled. In the last eight months, each of her five children has presented her with a grandchild.

Meters His Dog
Battle Creek, Mich.—UP.—Patrolman Donald Knowles watched a pedestrian tie his dog to a parking meter, deposit a nickel and walk away. He said the man came back within the time limit to reclaim the dog.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

I have an interesting letter from a Mr. Darrell Wilson, who describes himself as a recent newcomer to southern Oregon. He says he likes my politics, he likes my style and he enjoys my writing very much.

BUT, he says, spoofing me gently, why pour it out onto these murdering gangsters in Kansas City and the Kansas City cops who look the other way, while paying little attention to the illegal gambling that goes on in Oregon while the authorities look the other way?

YOU have something there, Mr. Wilson. As I recall it, I got pretty cynical the other day about the killing of these big-time hoodlums back in Missouri. I even allowed as how, if that's the only way they can be got rid of, it may be just as well that a couple of them got plugged in a shooting spree over the division of the swag.

Mr. Wilson agrees as to the probable good accruing from the popping off of the Kansas City gang bosses, but he twits me nicely about being one of these editors who can see a bad situation 2,000 miles away but can't see a thing wrong here at home.

WELL, let's come clean. I think, Mr. Wilson, that Oregon's overlooking of the playing of slot machines and other forms of gambling is just as smelly, in principle, as the alliances between racketeers and politicians that exist in our big cities back east. The difference is only a matter of degree.

In all these big cities, there are laws against gambling and other forms of wrongdoing, but the laws are more or less ignored because somebody in authority gets money for ignoring them. Here in Oregon, there are LAWS AGAINST GAMBLING. Gambling is forbidden by our state law. Gambling is forbidden by ordinance in nearly all our cities. GAMBLING IS EVEN SPECIFICALLY FORBIDDEN BY THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF OREGON.

But, as you say, Mr. Wilson, slot machines and other gambling devices are permitted to operate from time to time more or less over the state.

It isn't legal. It isn't nice. It isn't honest. I've remarked often in this column that every time I see a slot machine running (or a punchboard, or any other gambling device) I can't help wondering who is GETTING MONEY FOR LETTING IT RUN.

That's not a pleasant situation, because often enough over this state of Oregon the men whose duty it is to enforce the law are personal friends of mine. One doesn't like to wonder if friends are getting money for looking the other way while the law is being broken.

LET'S be candid about this whole business. Here in Oregon, slot machines and other gambling devices operate (from time to time, in between spasms of morality) because the public doesn't seem to care much whether they operate or not. Has any one ever heard of an Oregon citizen placing himself in front of a slot machine that is open for business and yelling bloody murder until a cop comes and puts a stop to it?

I never did. And yet it is each citizen's duty to see to it that the laws are enforced. I suspect that if every citizen stopped every time he saw a slot machine in operation and yelled loud and long for a cop and did his duty slot machines would soon vanish in Oregon.

If every citizen in Kansas City did likewise, the Kansas City rackets would soon be ended. The public just doesn't seem to care much. If laws are to be enforced they must have public backing.

ONE other point, while we're on this subject. As yet, here in Oregon, our gambling rackets are small-time stuff. The swag involved hasn't yet got big enough to cause our racketeers to kill each other off over the division of it.

But it's getting closer. There are the Buggy Seigels, who get spotted in Los Angeles. There are the Mickey Cohen's who so far have been missed every time they have been shot at. Gambling profits lie at the root of these shootings.

Oregon is growing. We like to point out that in the past 10 years our rate of growth has been the highest in the United States. If we get big enough and careless enough about our responsibilities as citizens, the time will come when the profits of our gambling rackets are big enough to cause our racketeers to kill each other over the division of the swag.

I'D HATE to see that. I'm proud of the fact that as of now the average sense of public duty in Oregon is probably higher than anywhere else in America.

GRANDMA GETS WISH
Dodge City, Kan.—UP.—Mrs. Mary Barton, who longed to be a grandmother, has had her wish fulfilled. In the last eight months, each of her five children has presented her with a grandchild.

METERS HIS DOG
Battle Creek, Mich.—UP.—Patrolman Donald Knowles watched a pedestrian tie his dog to a parking meter, deposit a nickel and walk away. He said the man came back within the time limit to reclaim the dog.

YOUR SURE OF Quality WHEN YOU BUY St. Joseph ASPIRIN WORLD'S LARGEST SELLER AT 10¢



CHIEF EXECUTIVES—President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla (left) of Chile and President Truman were welcomed during ceremonies honoring the Chilean chief executive on his arrival in Washington. President Videla is in the U. S. for a three-week goodwill visit.

On the Side—By E. V. Durling

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

The sun is shining today down here in Florida, the Sunshine State. The ocean bathers are out in full force. The shuffle board players are coasting again. The well streamlined females are parading the downtown streets wearing shorts. There are some good looking bathing beauties in this part of the country, but I still am of the opinion that when it comes to beautiful beach sirens, Santa Monica, Cal., tops the country.

The Aga Khan, Rita Hayworth's father-in-law, now weighs 224 pounds. In 1955 his followers will present him with his weight in platinum. Incidentally, among these followers are the Hunzas, the healthiest and longest lived people on earth. The average Hunza keeps on playing polo when 85 years old. There has been a book written on the Hunza diet. Better look it up if you want some advice on how to live long.

Very Unusual
The other day a girl swimming in the Indian river near Fort Pierce, Fla., was bitten by an alligator. Local authorities stated it was the first time in 43 years that anybody swimming in that part of the Indian river had been bitten by an alligator. Nevertheless, I am going to do all my swimming in swimming pools down here. Yes, sir!

Over There
It is said the biggest spender, the best cavalier and champagne customer at the Swiss winter resorts this season were Germans. It is therefore quite natural that British tourists, on limited travel incomes, bitterly asked "Who won the war?"

Please Note
The Elks will hold their national convention this year in July in Miami. That's quite an expression of confidence in Florida's summer climate. Ask the nearest Elk how the "Hello Bill" greeting of his organization originated. If he can tell you quick as a quarter of a flash he doesn't have to send me a stogie.

Asides
Do you remember Toby Wing, cinema cutie of the yesteryear? She lives in Miami now. Toby is married to the celebrated air pilot, Dick Morrill. Now I have a reader in Poy Sippi, Wis. Must ask her how her home town acquired such a quaint name. . . . Have just heard of a Milwaukee youngster, three years old, who has been fitted with a full set of false teeth. That's probably a world's record.

Brides
What music did your bride select to be played at your wedding? If that happy event has not taken place yet has the girl you are engaged to marry any ideas on the subject? Anyway, a minister of long experience says he has noticed that young women who ask that the song, "My Hero," be played at the wedding are usually around in 12 months or less complaining about the man they married and are soonest to seek divorce.

Briefly
Ever know anybody who had feet of different sizes? I am informed there is a surprising number of such people. They must either have their shoes made to order or buy two pairs of shoes of different sizes. . . . The meat shortage must be getting really bad in Merrie Old England. Some of the London newspapers' domestic science editors are regularly printing recipes of which horse meat is the major feature. A strange state of affairs in a country in which the national sport is horse racing.

Friend of Dogs
Dogs ride free on buses and metropolitan railroads in Paris. That is due to some vigorous campaigning on the part of Gen.

Crosstown by Roland Coe



"I could hardly wait for the season to open so I could hear some of these good stories!"

Ambulance Service The "Black & White" Ambulances E & J Resuscitator Blood Plasma Oxygen

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A Nichols' Worth of— Comment On This and That

By HARMAN W. NICHOLS United Press Feature Writer

Washington, Apr. 17.—UP.—The census takers, currently engaged in a cross-country nose count, are running into an odd assortment of towns. A d d o n't laugh.

The crossroads are the places which made America great. But some of the names don't fit the pattern. For instance, take Double Springs, Ala.

There isn't a bed factory in sight, the census folks report. The little community turns out plenty of products from sawmills and cotton gins, but no bed springs.

There is Smackover, Ark. It's not a ball park with a short right field fence like you'd expect. The town is rich in oil fields, timberland, and fertile loam.

Bellefleur, Minn., is a little jealous. It doesn't have a ball club in any organized league. Buttons, bows, and brick bats come out of a town called Longootee, Ind., where one census taker was bitten by one small dog and one small boy.

There are three seldom heard of "polis" towns. One is Mediaopolis, Ia., a farming community. And Iliopolis, Ill., birthplace of a new synthetic perm.

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Protection in Kansas
On the plains of Kansas is a town called Protection, which ships wheat and stock, has a gas works, Plain Dealing, La., does not even pretend to invent new political terminology. It's content to keep up producing feed, operate lumber mills and oil wells.

A memo from the census man at Sparks, Nev., hints that the town derives its name not from telephone equipment, but most likely from the gleams sent out by its gold and silver mines.

At Jet, Okla., there isn't a plane in sight and in Noone, N. H., it's still 12 o'clock every-time the clock strikes 12.

But the census people, in giving out the report, missed a good one. My home town—Farmer City, Ill. They still have farmers—and a lot of them—out that way.

\$7 Billion in Coins Minted by Country

New York.—UP.—From 1792 until the end of December, 1949, Uncle Sam minted more than \$7 billion in gold, silver and minor coinage, with a total of 319,502,294 pounds.

The first coins in the United States mint were struck on Oct. 9, 1792, in the presence of George and Martha Washington, the Alexander Hamiltons and Thomas Jefferson, according to an article in Steelways Magazine.

The first coins were less than a half-inch in diameter and each was known as "half a dime." One side showed a woman, symbolic of Liberty and probably a likeness of Martha Washington. On the other side was an eagle on wing with the legend "United States of America."

Some Silver Shortage
The presses and steel dies had arrived from France shortly before. At first there was a considerable silver shortage, which necessitated General Washington's contribution of \$100 worth of silver plate from Mount Vernon. The plate was melted into bars, rolled out into thin strips and cut in blank disks.

All told, 31,141,346,843 pieces with a total value of \$7,131,813,414.41 in U. S. coinage has been struck off in the past 157 years.

Maurice Mancelle (ret.) of Paris, who devotes much of his time to making France a better place for dogs to live in. During World War I the general's life was saved by a dog on the battlefields of Flanders. The general, seriously wounded, was lying helpless on the battlefield when a dog came along, licked the blood from his face and barked continuously until he attracted the attention of some stretcher bearers. Since that time General Mancelle has conducted innumerable campaigns in the interests of dogs.

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