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Reads The Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday

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NEWSPAPER
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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
May 21, 1940
(Nazi invaders near English
channel and Paris; French premier
blames high command for
breakthrough.)

High school graduation class
of 1940 to hear Dr. Bruce Baxter,
president of Willamette university.

Mrs. Leonard Carpenter
re-elected president of county
league of women voters.

Phoenix high to graduate 13
at Friday commencement.
McLeod extension unit elects
Mrs. Zella Tullis president.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY
May 21, 1930
(Devil building including
Russell's department store, destroyed
by blaze; damage estimated
at \$50,000.)

Walter Bowne purchases large
tract and will build fishing lodge
along Rogue river near Peyton
bridge.

Esther Froehlich poster in
local drink more milk contest
judged best.

Opening of Eighth street over
Southern Pacific tracks urged on
city council.

30 YEARS AGO TODAY
May 21, 1916
(Roosevelt school parent-teacher
circle elects Mrs. George Lindley
treasurer.)

Talent voters approve irrigation
district 105 to 11.

The Medford Choral society to
present concert on May 29 in
Page theater.

News of 4-H
CLUBS
Prospect 4-H Class
The Prospect 4-H clubs held
an achievement day at the community
club Thursday, May 18.

The sewing class under the
leadership of Mrs. D. M. Chandler
modeled dresses they made for
their projects.

Rufus Cate, 4-H agent for
Jackson county, was guest
speaker.

Central Point Cooking Club
The Central Point Cooking
club met at the home of Mrs.
W. T. Parsons, May 18. President
Gail Skyrman called the meeting
to order. After the meeting
Lois Parsons demonstrated how
to make a "tea ring." All members
present made various shaped
rolls, twists, etc.

Editorial Correspondence

Mohok Lake, N. Y., May 15—This is it!
Here that unfulfilled wish of turning the clock—and the
world—back to one's youth is realized.

One has to pinch oneself, in fact, to be certain one is actually
awake in the Year of Our Lord 1950, and not about to awaken in
the same old hotel bedroom, and find it was all a nostalgic, pleasant
but evanescent dream.

For here is the Lake Mohok Mountain House, a huge rambling
hostelry, with its "Gay Ninety" stone towers and turrets, its
original fire-trap wooden sections painted an impossible pose-
green—as quiet, comfortable, secluded and reminiscent of bygone
horse-and-buggy days, as that well-known sway-back surrey "with
the fringe on top."

For once the New York Weather Man nodded and failed to
ruin the week-end with his usual drizzle and leaden skies. In
fact he put on two of the most salubrious and delightful May days
in many a year—perfect in fact, warm enough to be comfortable
in a rocking chair on the huge piazza, yet cool enough to encourage
a hike to the Sky Top over about 1500 feet above water level,
which most of the family—seven in number—negotiated.

And what a view for the boys and girls!
"Sky Top" is well named for it is far up in the skies—straight
up—with an unobstructed 360° view of New York state from the
Hudson to the Delaware and from Albany to Manhattan Island—
ALMOST! Also one could jump off and if sufficiently springy in
the legs, clear any obstruction until one hit the surface of the manu-
factured Crater Lake below—with probably no more disastrous re-
sults than if the take-off had been from the top of the Empire State
building!

The Lake Mohok Mountain House was built three years after
the Civil war by a wealthy and benevolent Quaker named Smiley,
whose great nephews Albert and Francis now run the place—and
much as they great uncle ran it over 80 years ago. In fact, that
is what makes Lake Mohok such a charming, delightful and
unbelievable resort. In everything but area—the hotel itself has
grown—the regulations and by-laws, the methods and atmosphere
are undoubtedly the same as during the administration of General
Grant.

Sunday, for example, is literally a day of silence and of rest.
There is morning worship, but no morning golf—no golf at all,
in fact, although 10 minutes from the hotel is an extremely inter-
esting and intriguing 18-hole course. Nor is there tennis, or bow-
ling, fishing or rowing—there is nothing of a recreational nature
but walking—the "bird-walk" starting with a guide at sunrise
and the flower-walk, a tour of the greenhouse and gardens, a
couple of hours after breakfast. All very interesting, improving
and educational.

Nor is there a bar anywhere on the 7,500 acres—not a drink
of any kind has been served in all the 83 years, and none will be
as long as the Smileys are in control. And as there are plenty of
little Smileys running about it is likely the family will be in control
for the next eight decades as they were for the last. (The
undersigned hopes so for the Lake Mohok Mountain House with-
out the Smileys would, we imagine, be like Hamlet with Hamlet
left out—worse in fact. The place would completely lose its char-
acter, its charm and savor.) Therefore Brother Hilton keep off!

However, the Medford party arrived on Friday so we had
Saturday to play golf, which was an experience in itself. No one
had told us there was a golf course so we arrived without clubs,
balls, picks, shoes or anything else. We were soon informed, how-
ever, we could secure all the essentials at the golf course, only a
10-minute motor trip (at 15 miles an hour) down beyond the
checking station spot known as "Mountain Rest" (Evening) in
the eleven square miles of hill and woodland, in fact, is named,
all same as Reg Parsons' layout at Hillcrest.)

And they were right.
We did get everything needed except spiked shoes. And we
met one of the famous golfers of all time who was in charge of
the course, Alex Simpson, who still holds Scotland's record for
nine holes in 27, and is one of the few golfers ever to play his age.
Like many others he isn't as young as he once was, but while
he no longer competes as a professional, he can still break par
frequently enough to keep any Scotch pals at a distance, as far as
heavy wagers are concerned, and give the itinerants a nice trim-
ming if they think the "old man" is a set-up.

"Alex," a true Scot, gave us the clubs and a moth-eaten bag
to hold them. After looking us over—just two, father and daugh-
ter—he heaped that one bag and five clubs—brassie, spoon, 2-iron,
mashie and putter—would be enough—he was sorry there was no
caddy available—all of them (3) were out.
When we asked what the charge was, Alex, as is proper for a
true Scot, turned all regular business arrangements over to his
wife, who also isn't as young as she once was but has a bounce
and a Scotch "burr" that probably hasn't changed materially
since she set sail from the Highlands and St. Andrews some 30
or 40 years back.

Mrs. Alex was good at arithmetic.
The bag was so much, the clubs ditto, then the balls—she had
no cheap ones—were three for \$1.95—and the picks were 35 cents
—that added up to, with the green fees—let's see—exactly so
much. But we protested three golf balls were not enough, we
should have at least six for nine holes to be on the safe side.
Whereupon Mrs. S., in her richest brogue, suddenly discovered
she DID have some "used" balls after all, and would sell them at
a bargain for two-bits apiece—and if we played the first five
holes and then switched over to No. 15, we could come home via
16, 17 and 18, and only be charged for nine holes instead of 18.

That was the deal.
And considering everything, it wasn't bad.
The nine holes proved to be up-hill and down-dale (not a flat
space of more than six linear feet in the entire setup) but in view
of the fact it was the first golf since last September and the com-
bined scores did not exceed 100, a good time was had by all. When
we staggered in at the clubhouse Alex, with one bloodshot eye,
but otherwise irreproachable in plus-fours and a delightful Scotch
accent, remarked that his girl friend who saw the Medford
party tee-off had remarked:
"WHAT A SWEET SWING THAT LITTLE GIRL HAS!"

That was enough to make the day a great success.
When the car from the hotel came to take us back, Mrs. S.
asked if she could ride back, and we were glad when the "official
guide" agreed, for the Lake Mohok Mountain House has certain
rules and regulations, and they prevail, regardless of any pressures
that may be exerted from any source.
She proved to be an enlightening travel companion. She said
her father, who is somewhat disappointed by the UNappro-
priate activities of her sisters, insisted that she become a "reciter
of verse," which she did, mastering 52 verses of one type and
another, most of them, since she married one of Scotland's
premier golfers, concerned with the great Scottish game.

She recited many but we present herewith the only one we
set down, to-wit:
The GOLF WIDOW (Scottish version)
"Who is the stranger mother dear, look he knows us, ain't
that queer?"
"Hush my own, don't talk so wild, he's your father dearest
child."
"His my father, no such thing.
Father died away last Spring!"
"Father did not die you Dub, Father joined a golfing club.
But they have closed the place, so He.
Has no other place to go you see,
No other place else for him to roam,
That is why he's coming home.
So—kiss him he won't bite you child for—
All those golfing guys LOOK wild!"
—R.W.R.

Harvest Help Demand Expected In June

Salem, Ore., May 20—(UP)—A
strong demand for farm harvest
help is not looked for until the
second week of June, because of
the late spring, the state employ-
ment service said today.

Local offices of the service
said local labor supply is expected
to be adequate in most sec-
tions of the state during the early
summer season, mainly due to
curtailed crops.

Favorable weather conditions
in the past week or two speeded
up demand for farm workers in
the Willamette valley and other
areas, but no shortages were re-
ported.

Bend, Ore., May 20—Bend's
new national guard armory was
dedicated Saturday to highlight
the city's observance of armed
forces day.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe

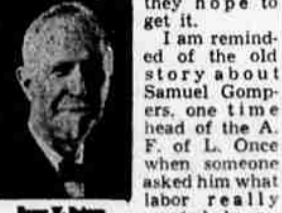


"I don't think they were impolite, they TRIED to stay awake."

Babson Discusses Labor Strikes

By Roger W. Babson

New York City, May 20—(Spe-
cial to Mail Tribune)—There is
no easy way of settling strikes.



Roger W. Babson

Strikes signify what workers
want and how they hope to
get it.
I am reminded of the old
story about Samuel Gompers,
one time head of the A.
F. of L. Once when someone
asked him what labor really
wanted, he re-
plied, "more." The question is:
More what? Many labor econo-
mists, as well as newspaper col-
umnists and psychologists, seem
to think most strikes are for only
one reason: more pay for less
work. As a matter of fact, the
May 1948 issue of Monthly
Labor Review reported that only
74 per cent of all strikes in-
volved the issue of higher wages
and shorter working hours. It is
a mistake to say that strikers
want only more money.

Strikes have cost not only the
employer but the employees
huge sums; it will take years for
many employees to make up the
money they lost through strikes.
If money were the sole underly-
ing motive, why, then, do \$10-
000 per year workers, such as
script writers, airplane pilots
and locomotive engineers, strike?
In many instances workers get
angry because they are not re-
ceiving the "psychic" satisfac-
tions necessary to wholesome

manhood. They flare-up, go on
strike, then look around for
something to demand. More
wages and shorter working hours
usually is a simple formula. But,
fundamentally, inadequate "psy-
chic" compensation is the root
of most of our industrial con-
flict.

Psychic Compensation Helps
To Keep Workers Contented

Psychic compensation is the
inner satisfaction and feeling of
well-being derived from individ-
ual recognition, praise for work
well done, fair treatment, and a
steady job. This soul-satisfying
compensation does not, of course,
supplant an adequate wage, but
it is very important in keeping
workers contented.

Interestingly enough, the busi-
ness executive's inner wants
closely parallel those of the
workers. He wants power, inde-
pendence of action, a free hand
to carry out ideas, recognition by
associates and community. Psy-
chologists, economists, and col-
lege professors have all been
wrong with their notion that eco-
nomic factors are the sole moti-
vators of men. Except in eco-
nomic depressions, neither labor
nor management is motivated
primarily by dollars and cents.
Both groups want certain "psy-
chic" satisfaction of recognition,
respect for the individual, reason-
able personal power and pres-
tige. It is the inadequate satis-
faction of these wants and needs
that drives men into conflict.

'Psychic' Salaries of
Workers Must Be Increased

We live in a highly competi-
tive society which stresses and
rewards individual achieve-
ments, prestige and power. Ex-
ecutives and workers are all
moulded from the same clay.
They have attended the same
schools. They have the same phys-
ical make up. There is no reason
to believe that the economic
and "psychic" motives of one
group differ markedly from
those of another group. It would
be pretty difficult for union
leaders to develop strike activity
if the workers' "psychic"
wants, as well as economic, were
satisfied.

The trouble is, most execu-
tives know so little about human
relations that they don't know
where to begin. If the average
executive would sit down and
analyze his own basis "psychic"
job needs, recognize that his
workers crave the same "psy-
chic" satisfactions, and develop
ways to share these satisfactions,
I believe he would be on the
road to resolving his industrial
strife, provided labor leaders
would fairly co-operate. We
must jettison up the "psychic sal-
aries" of our workers.

The unfortunate fact is that in-
nocent investors are the real suf-
ferers because of this psychic
conflict. I, therefore, am coming
to the conclusion that they—
and from their independent posi-
tion—must soon wake up and
take an active hand in settling
this problem.

Editorial Comment

Marion County District Judge
Felton has proof that in addition
to large pears Medford also
grows big-time diplomats.
Medford man recently cited into
Judge Felton's court here on
charge of speeding and having no
driver's license sent letter of ex-
planation... first of all he said,
too busy with Lions convention
to appear in court personally...
secondly failed to renew driver's
license because he didn't have
time and his boss wouldn't let
him off... thirdly, he sobbed, he
works 12 hours per week seven
days per week and one day came
home and found wife and daugh-
ter gone to Longview, Wash...
believing his frau was consider-
ing divorce he took off in mad
pursuit... got as far as Gervais
when state trooper clipped his
wings... p.s. it was all a mis-
take, his wife was not contem-
plating a Hollywood misunder-
standing and his family is living
happily now—except for that
damn fine, judge.—"Comes the
Dawn" column in Oregon (Salem)
Statesman.

Allegan, Mich. (UP)—Howard
Bargewell ran for clerk of Wat-
son township last year, tied and
lost out on the flip of a coin. A
year later he got the job anyway.
Seven ballots were thrown out in
a recount.

We are Pleased to Announce the
Appointment of
GLENN H. UTZ
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sented in Oregon since 1875 with over 60 Million of insurance in force here.
L. J. EVANS—GENERAL AGENT
PORTLAND

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters to the Editor must bear
the name and address of the writer;
although under certain circum-
stances the use of a pen name or
initial for publication is permis-
sible. The Mail Tribune reserves
the right to edit all letters with a
view to clarification and concen-
tration. Letters submitted for pub-
lication must not exceed 400 words.

Gas Overflow Irks

To the Editor: Recently there
was a police item in the Mail
Tribune which has been the sub-
ject of a thorn in my side for
many years. Perhaps I should
have said a fire department
article.

I refer to the fact that both po-
lice and fire officials have been
called many times to mop up
overflowing gasoline from the
gas tanks of automobiles.

There is no point in telling
people not to fill their tanks too
full. Mr. or Mrs. or whoever
drives and tells the station at-
tendant to gas her up and oil
her up, and goes on a shopping
tour in the interim: Can you
blame the attendant for over-
flowing the tank?

The real solution lies with the
automobile manufacturers asso-
ciations. Get them to provide a
vent on the opposite end of the
gasoline tank from the filling
end and this trouble will be at
an end.

The filling pipe on my car is
on the right hand side, which is
the world's worst place for it
and when I park on the right
hand side of the street with a
crown in the street and a full
tank of gas. Now that we have
so many one way streets in our
cities it works both ways.

An explanation may be in or-
der; there is a small hole in the
side of the tank which is sup-
posed to allow for expansion of
the tank and contents. When
the tank is full and due to the
slope of the car, the gas covers
the inner end of the filling pipe,
the gasoline, instead of air or
vapor, is forced out through the
vent hole in the cap. An ade-
quate vent would prevent this.
And that is the only solution to
the problem.

C. L. Perkins, O. D.

Seeks Old Tree

To the editor: Several months
ago I became interested in oddly
formed trees, and am gathering
information about them for a
book, to contain history, descrip-
tion, location, etc., about these
forest freaks and curiosities.

In your locality there are prob-
ably persons who have a wealth
of knowledge about such trees.
Here is an example of one tree
I was given information about
last week:

Just a few miles south of Gold
Hill, Ore., not more than 100
feet from the highway, there is a
sugar pine and an oak tree grow-
ing symbiotically. A branch from
the pine tree has joined with a
branch from the oak tree so that
they look like one branch spru-
shed by both trees.

No bit of information will be
too small or disregarded.
I would appreciate hearing
from any one who has informa-
tion about other such trees.

H. J. Kaiser
224 North 26th Street,
Corvallis, Oregon.

'Grim' Fire Season
Seen in Northwest

Washington, May 20—(UP)—
The government is preparing for
a "pretty grim" fire season.
Bureau of land management
officials report that two areas—
the southwest and the Pacific
northwest—are in dangerous
shape and may experience fires
this summer. But the high plains
states of Montana, Wyoming,
and the Dakotas are reported to
be in excellent condition due
to heavy rain and wet snow dur-
ing April.

Bureau officials expect the
situation this year to be "much
worse" than in 1949 when 177-
000 acres of range and forest
lands were burned over by
1,054 fires. Rangeland in many
areas is even drier than it was
last year, and officials say
should grow worse. Already
there have been three or four
fires.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

Westerly, R. I. (UP)—James
McConville went to jail for five
days for sending flowers to a girl
friend. He ordered the flowers
from three florists and had the
bills sent to a love rival.

In the Dav's News

By FRANK JENKINS

For a week we've been reading
vague and speculative stuff
about U. N. Secretary-General
Trygve Lie's visit with Uncle Joe
in Moscow. He finally comes
through with something definite.
After talking for an hour and a
half with Stalin, he tells report-
ers:
"The generalissimo is as healthy
and lively as he was in 1946.
All these rumors about his health
are lies and false. Maybe they
are wishful thinking on the part
of some people."

ABOUT the only comment I
can think of on that is, re-
marks were PASSED BY THE
RUSSIAN CENSOR. That must
mean that the Kremlin wants
the world to believe that Stalin is as
husky and tough as ever.

THIS one from Washington:

"American officials expressed
hope today that a \$125,000,000
credit to Argentina WILL PER-
SUADE PRESIDENT PERON
TO GRANT MORE CIVIL LIB-
ERTIES IN HIS COUNTRY!"
Did you ever hear of a bad
man being permanently BRIBED
to be good?

I FIND myself wanting to ap-
plaud vociferously the per-
formance being put on for us
Americans by Princess Fatima
and her mother, Queen Nazil of
Egypt.

You will recall that 19-year-
old Fatima up and got herself en-
gaged to an Egyptian commoner
in San Francisco a while back,
whereupon her brother, the king,
abolished her title of princess,
impounded her fortune, impound-
ed the fortune of her mother,
the queen, and ordered them
both to Egypt within 60 days.

Fatima tells her kingly brother
to go jump in the lake, that she'll
marry whom she pleases and her
mother announces that she will
NOT return to Egypt until her
fat-headed son, the king, accepts
and approves the marriage.

She adds: "Nothing matters to
me except the happiness of this
young couple."

YOU'D almost think Princess
and Queen Nazil are running
for office here in America.

Just a thought:
These royal bloods of the Old
World have had guaranteed
security—AS LONG AS THEY
FOLLOWED THE RULES. But
when they kick over the traces
and assert their independence,
their security (fortunes, titles,
etc.) is TAKEN AWAY FROM
THEM.

I think there's a moral to that.
Those of us who seek political
security by government handout
will probably learn in time that
as long as we obey all the rules

Harold McCormick
Buys Lumber Firm

Harold E. McCormick, who
has been yard manager of the
Porter Lumber company for the
past six years, has purchased
the Hi-Way Lumber Co., Inc.,
of the Jacksonville highway.

He took over management of
the firm this week. McCormick
plans to carry a large stock of
lumber, paint, hardware and
builders supplies. Hi-Way lum-
ber is located just past the Med-
ford city limits.

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