

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon"
Reads The Mail Tribune"
Daily Except Saturday

Published by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
27-29 North Fir St. Phone 2-6141

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An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter at
Medford, Oregon, under Act of
March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail—In Advance:
Daily and Sunday—one year—\$9.00
Daily and Sunday—six months—\$5.00
Daily and Sunday—three months—\$2.50
Daily and Sunday—one month—12¢
By Carrier—In Advance—Medford
Ashland, Central Point, Jacksonville
Gold Hill, Phoenix, Talent and on
motor routes:
Daily and Sunday—one year—\$12.00
Daily and Sunday—six months—\$7.00
Daily and Sunday—one month—15¢
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-HOLLIDAY COMPANY, INC.
Offices in New York, Chicago, St.
Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles,
Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta,
Vancouver, B.C.

1950
NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS
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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
June 1, 1940
(It Was Saturday)
Chet Hubbard, Medford, selected
director of Oregon State
College Alumni association.

Steve Crippen pitches two-hit
ball as Craters baseball team
tops Bend 4 to 2.

Lawrence Yoeman, Jacksonville,
suffers scalp wounds and
face lacerations in accident on
Midway road.

Nine from Medford to receive
diplomas at Oregon State.

Casting tryouts for sixth annual
Shakespearean festival slated
for Monday.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY
June 1, 1930
(It Was Sunday)
Owen-Oregon Lumber company
to operate one nine-hour
shift daily in accordance with
curtailment of industry's production.

Governor Norblad charged
with using fish and game board
for political ends.

Frost season in Rogue valley
expected to end June 7.

Optimistic trend seen in farm
prices about nation despite drop
this spring.

34 YEARS AGO TODAY
June 1, 1916
W. N. Campbell, Medford,
elected chairman of democratic
county central committee.

Emmitt N. Palmer and Miss
June White married at bride's
home, 341 Knight street.

COMMUNICATIONS
Letters to the Editor must bear
the name and address of the writer
although under certain circumstances
the use of a pen name is per-
missible. The Mail Tribune reserves
the right to edit all letters with a
view to clarification and con-
sistency. Letters submitted for pub-
lication must not exceed 400 words.

Officials Know Best
To the Editor: In answer to
the published letter from A. K.
Hamilton in regard to the
change in color of the traffic
officer's uniforms, I wish to state
that our mayor, police commis-
sioner and city council will
choose the color for the future
uniforms, are showing their ap-
preciation of the work of our
public servants, the police, by
standardizing the color and the
complete uniform (as much as
possible) of the patrolmen and
traffic officers. This being but
one step of many to come to re-
vamp our police department in-
to a unified and efficient work-
ing unit.

As to the warmth or coolness
of a uniform, I believe you will
find that weight of the material
is more important than the
color.

Surely A. K. Hamilton you
have more trust in the abilities
of our mayor for city council
than to have them ask for a vote
of the taxpayers for a decision
on a color.

In closing, I wish to refer to
the Los Angeles police depart-
ment as one of many that has
(all year) dark uniforms
(name on file)
A Taxpayer

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Editorial Correspondence

New York City, N. Y., May 28.—The Weather Man nodded again yesterday and the sun came out for the day—a novelty to the inhabitants of this saturated metropolis and to Old Sol as well. The event was celebrated by two similar and yet strikingly different gatherings.

Out in Westchester County a private school had its field day to close the school year. All sorts of athletic events were staged from a tug-of-war between the "Reds" and "Blues," to a relay race between the same groups, followed by a 3-legged race and ball games in which the parents took part—much to their physical demoralization, and the delight of their offspring.

The other event was also for children, in which dotting parents participated but less actively, and was held on the "sheep meadow" over in Central Park.

The host in the first instance was the school; in the second instance an individual by the name of Jim Farley—but not the famous New Deal Jim—this was James A. of the 8th Assembly district, Tammany Hall.

It was "free lunch" for the latter, and a grand time was had by all. The size of the juvenile assemblage was indicated by the fact Grand Sachem Farley provided 30,000 pieces of candy, 20,000 servings of ice cream, 24,000 containers of milk and 165,000 cookies.

But like President Truman's western trip this had no political significance—perish the thought! The young boys and girls paraded to Central Park from York avenue on the East Side, carrying placards with Jim Farley's rubicund features thereon bearing such non-political slogans as "Best of Luck Jim," "Keep up the Good Work Jim," and "We're all behind you Jim."

"This is a non-political parade," declared the host with benign complacency. "Just a friendly jamboree for the boys and girls of the loyal 8th—it has been such an outstanding success, I have decided to make it an annual event!"

No "free lunch" at the Westchester gathering—the parents, largely in jeeps and station wagons, brought their own lunch baskets, and when desert time came, phoned for a "Good Humor" man, who hurried over and in slightly more than 10 minutes was sold out completely. Then as far as the Medford contingent was concerned some generous neighbor furnished a most fabulous and ambrosial chocolate cake. Grandson No. 1, was a member of the winning team the "Reds," but unlike one of his maternal ancestors Grand Uncle ABB, he did not contribute to the victory materially except by pulling his weight (around 60 pounds) in the tug-of-war.

The amazing feature of this "field day" was the show put on by the little girls from 3 years to 13—the way they ran, jumped, and threw their weight, and the discussion around. Most of them appeared to be older than their boy friend rivals, but even so, as grandpa looked into the future, there was no particular reason to become optimistic regarding male supremacy during the latter portion of the 20th century.

But American supremacy—that's ok. As stated, these two demonstrations of American youth were strikingly unlike, socially, economically and politically, but they had two extremely vital characteristics in common, ie: Exuberant good health.

Ditto good spirits. These youngsters from the Lower East Side and the upper strata of Westchester county were all well-fed, they were all happy—having the time of their young lives—they all entered into their games—potato races, ball throwing, ball games or what not—with enthusiasm and delight, more important than all, with goodwill and good sportsmanship.

True the "Sheep Meadow" affair had a political motivation but there was neither propaganda nor regimentation—the juveniles were not aware of it, or influenced in any way, by it.

All in sharp contrast to the Youth movements in Europe, particularly those initiated by Hitler, and now being followed in East Germany by Comrade Stalin. One doesn't have to be the 7th son of a 7th son to predict with confidence that contrary to some of the crepe hangers hereabouts, the "kids" of America, not the goose-stepping, grim faced boys of Sovietized Germany, represent the "wave of the future."

All Communists we have observed in the U.S.A. from the "Eleven Members" through Alger Hiss and Judy Coplin to the latest product, Messrs. Fuchs and Gold, have one thing in common, ie: They are smart.

Each and everyone is above the average in brains. Those who haven't Phi Beta Kappa keys could have them. Most of them are conscious of this mental superiority and this has been their ruin. For—

They decided they were so much smarter than the average run of humans they could get away with it.

They could hold responsible positions in their country and at the same time betray it.

As a matter of fact the same could be said about criminals—the top ranking ones at least. Invariably they are above the average in IQ and have in the end fallen victims to their realization of this fact—they would not deny that crime would not pay for the rank and file, but for them—they were smart enough to get away with it.

It all goes back to an age-old distinction between being smart and being wise, having brains and having real intelligence.

We are indebted to John Crosby of the New York Herald-Tribune for the following report of a recent speech given before the New York chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic fraternity, by the well known radio commentator Henry Morgan regarding New York newspapers.

Having been a fairly steady reader of the New York newspapers for around nine months we heartily second the motion both as to the astonishing lack of unanimity in both factual reporting and editorial comment of the local press and the necessity as well as desirability of the reading public not taking their opinions from ANY newspaper, but getting as much information from as many of them as time permits and then making up their minds for themselves.

We quote: "I was asked here this evening, mainly because it's common knowledge that I am an authority on this stuff, a number of people here work on newspapers. That isn't nearly as bad as what I do. I HAVE TO READ THEM. Some people produce radio programs. I have it much worse than they do. I work for them—newspapers and radio—the two greatest influences of our time, I figure. You see before you the creature you have made. I am the average warped man."

"Because of you people in this room I believe Owen Lattimore is a Communist. I also believe he is not a Communist. Because of you people I believe F.D.R. was a genius and also that he ruined the country. I believe that there is more crime in this country than ever before and that our police are the best in the world. I believe that Eisenhower would make a great President except that I have read that military men don't make good Presidents and besides he will run if enough pressure is brought, he will not run, he can't run, he refuses to run, he doesn't want the job, you can talk him into it, he's trying very hard to make it look as though he doesn't want it, he's happy at Columbia, he's miserable, he's got a cold, he feels great."

"You have made it possible for me to take five cents and buy, in one package, a new picture of President Truman, my horoscope for the day, fifteen comic strips and the stock market reports. And I've read some terrible things about you. You work for money. Advertising dictates your policy. The department stores dictate your editorials. Don't you think you'd be happier with some other system? Wouldn't it be nicer to have a bureau of some kind supervise your work? Then, if the bureau didn't like it, you could adjust or get killed."

"Still in all, it's better than having people point at you and say: 'There's a man who works for money.' Somehow it's getting to be very un-American to work for money. It's also un-American not to work and to live on unemployment insurance. It's un-American to have social security and it's un-American to have such a small amount of social security. I strongly suspect that this is all your fault."

"In short, you people in this room have put me, the average man, in a peculiar position. I now have to make up my mind for myself. As long as you keep doing that, as long as you keep forcing the man in the street to make up his mind for himself, that's as long as we'll have the only working definition of democracy that's worth a damn. Thank you."

P. S.: Speaking of "Commies" in this country being smart—please note that Judith Coplin, sentenced to some 25 years in the pen, grabbed one of her young and handsome attorneys and yesterday was married to him. Call "Judy" all the names you wish, she is certainly NOT dumb! A gal who can do that can do anything—ALMOST—R.W.R.

Silver Dollars Prove Help to College Grad
Waynesburg, Pa. (U.P.)—Waynesburg college switched to the silver standard to mark its jubilee celebration this month.

Paul R. Stuart, president of the college, ordered all salaries

and bills paid with silver dollars during May. Twenty thousand of the cartwheels were shipped from Colorado for the purpose.

Stewart said the stunt dramatizes the role the college plays in the business as well as the cultural life of the community.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"I got rid of that old hard-pushin' lawnmower, got a nice pet, and saved you the price of a power job. I think I put over a very sharp deal!"

Washington Report

By Bob Dickey

Washington, June 1.—President Truman's current political strategy toward the West is gradually crystallizing. It is now apparent that he plans to woo the West with lavish promises of reclamation development and free power.

At the same time he will appease his liberal followers and provide a tailor-made issue for his candidates in the Northwest by giving word service to CVA.

This political plan of attack grew out of the very successful westward campaign tour of '48. At that time the president stumped the West on a program of reclamation and public power. He had terrific success and hasn't forgotten it.

Chapman Key Man
The mastermind of the '48 tour of the West was the president Mr. Interior, Oscar Chapman. He called the signals and Truman carried the ball.

It is ancient history now that Chapman was rewarded for services rendered by being promoted to the secretary of the interior spot. But the story does not end there.

When Chapman took over the interior department it was almost nothing more than a group of quarrelling and bickering bureaus grouped under one head.

Assistant Secretary of Interior "Jebby" Davidson headed an ultra liberal element in the department which was chiefly concerned with promoting CVA.

Mike Straus had made a little empire of his own out of the reclamation bureau. It also might be added that the reclamation people were openly fighting both the pro-CVA forces in the interior and the department of agriculture.

In the bureau of land management, bureau of Indian affairs, bureau of fish and game and wild life section there was ample strife and turmoil.

Now One Man Show
But now with Chapman in the top spot, the department of the interior has become a one man show. He is riding herd with a tight rein. Many of the people in the interior are referring to him as the miracle man. Others just call him Mr. Interior Department.

Most significantly of all, however, is that Chapman is shaping the department into a political asset for President Truman. Chapman is very fair and doesn't particularly play favorites. He is also very liberal. But above all, he is a practical politician.

He recalls the public acceptance of reclamation as well as public power and the huge success that Truman had when preaching such a doctrine. And since taking over the department of interior Chapman has deliberately played up this aspect of the job.

Reclamation is now king. They get anything they want. Only recently a new assistant commissioner of the reclamation bureau was added. And now the assistants in the reclamation bureau are getting higher pay than the heads of other sections.

Backseat for CVA
The reclamation people are violently opposed to CVA. To them a CVA would mean virtual annihilation and they will fight it to their last breath. But with the recent accent being placed

on reclamation, CVA has likewise been forced to take a back seat.

Jebby Davidson, the interior department spokesman for CVA, has been lying low. He is still a mighty important man in the department and heads up the ultra liberal element but he is gradually being forced out of the limelight.

This does not mean that CVA is by the boards. Chapman is definitely for some type of valley development for the Columbia region. He has, however, privately indicated that he is opposed to some parts of the present CVA bill.

Truman, likewise, plugs CVA every opportunity he gets. But still the president is not bringing any pressure to bear on his supporters in congress to force action on CVA.

On the other hand, the president has made no bones about his out and out advocacy of further reclamation development. His recent trip to the West will bear testimony to that.

The conclusion seems to be that the president and Chapman, acting for the president, are going to put the accent on reclamation development for purposes of political popularity in the West. At the same time they will give word service to CVA to appease the ardent liberals.

When and if the CVA situation looks a little more politically practical, they will get on the band wagon but not until then. Consequently we might as well forget about CVA for the present.

Chamber to Help in Census Clean-Up Here

Jackson County Chamber of Commerce is lending a big helping hand to bureau of census officials in their drive to complete the decennial count here.

The chamber has a supply of forms to be filled in by people missed by enumerators and will even mail the filled in forms to the district census office at Eugene.

Missed persons may go to the chamber of commerce at 5 South Riverside avenue or they may telephone the information wanted. The number is 2-6293.

Chamber Manager Don Lane pointed to the importance of a complete census count in this vicinity, saying that certain state and federal funds are allocated on a population basis. Merchandise allotments are made to businessmen according to population, he reported. For the individual and community, the fullest count possible has bearing on civic pride, Lane brought out.

Important items imported into new Japan from Sweden include sulphate paper pulp, sulphite rayon pulp, iron and steel products and rosins.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Outside my window, as these words are written, the warm, bright, western sun is shining out of a cloudless spring sky. A few minutes ago, a couple of the youngsters of our establishment paused at my desk and fell into chat about a projected backpacking trip this summer into the primitive country beyond the reach of rubber tires and gasoline.

A camp beside the trail at night... the scent of wood smoke, with the odor of frying bacon stirred into it... the gurgle of a clear stream... and a star seen through a hole in the trees... pipe smoke mixing with the wood smoke and the bacon... a blanket laid on some boughs and a little moss... on a back-pack trip you don't take much fancy gear along... your bed made pleasant by the honest weariness of a day on the trail.

On my way to the office this morning, I had paused to see how some plants I'd set out with my hands yesterday were doing and to admire the soft velvet of a lawn I'd shaved and manicured myself.

CAME then the time to read the teletype... the teletype is all agog with what happened in Berlin... there WASN'T any shooting... the BIG thing in Berlin was the march by the tens of thousands of East German youth who turned out a half million strong TO PAY HOMAGE TO SOVIET RUSSIA.

Let the teletype take it from here:
"Up the Wilhelmstrasse, past the rubble that marks the end of Hitler's Reich, into Unter den Linden, where the Kaiser's legions and later the Nazi hordes used to march, same the blue-shirted youths... Hour after hour they marched, through rain and sun, CHANTING HYMNS OF HATE against the west and praise for Russia... tanned and rugged and obviously army-disciplined in their dark blue uniforms and black jack-boots, they looked much like the wehrmacht forces a few years ago... The marchers would burst into a frenzy of cheering as they passed the reviewing stand, where German and Russian leaders stood."

"T WAS difficult to tell about the youngsters... it was impossible to know how deeply the Soviet HATE-THE-WEST propaganda had sunk into their minds... some looked as though they would have traded the whole affair for a couple of oranges or a stick of candy... they were wet, cold and probably would much rather have been at home, or sight-seeing on their own... Others had the attitude of fanatics."

BUT the teletype concludes: "THERE WAS NO DOUBT OF ONE EFFECT. ALL WERE AUTOMATONS FIRMLY IN

THE GRIP OF THEIR COMMUNIST LEADERS. THEY CHEERED WHEN THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO AND DID TS THEY WERE TOLD, WITHOUT QUESTION, IF NOT WITH ENTHUSIASM."

SITTING here in my office, looking out into the bright sunshine of southern Oregon, with spring in full tide and summer just around the corner, I think I know about those kids. IF THEY COULD HAVE BEEN LET ALONE, they'd have been one in spirit with the two youngsters of our organization who sat for a moment at my desk this morning and chatted about the high, calm, lovely hills and the boys of the trail with a pack on your back and wood smoke and the odor of frying bacon and the good, honest smell of a pipe—all mingling with the fresh, clean scent of the big woods at the end of the day when the sun sinks low and you're tired with good, CLEAN tiredness.

BUT THEY WEREN'T LEFT ALONE. They are being made pawns of, back there in the rubble of the ruined city of Berlin, by a few ambitious men who are scheming to get into their hands MORE POWER THAN EVER OUGHT TO BE PERMITTED TO BE HELD IN A FEW HANDS.

That is the tragic moral of that spectacle in Berlin.

Eighty-seven class A nursing schools offering 3-year courses to high school graduates have been accredited by the Japanese Ministry of Welfare.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads

TO QUIT CONGRESS

Washington, June 1—(U.P.)—Rep. James W. Wadsworth, 72-year-old veteran New York republican lawmaker, announced today that he is retiring from congress at the end of this session.

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