

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune

Published Daily Except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.

27-29 North First St. Phone 2-4141

ROBERT W. BURL, Editor

ERNEST R. GILSTRAP, Manager

HERB GREY, Advertising Manager

E. C. FERGUSON, Managing Editor

ERIC CALLEN JR., City Editor

HARRY CHAPMAN, Telephone Editor

RICHARD JEWETT, Sports Editor

OLIVE STARCHER, Society Editor

GERALD LATHAM, Circulation Mgr.

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 \$12.00

Daily and Sunday—six months \$6.50

Daily and Sunday—three months \$3.50

Daily and Sunday—one month \$1.25

By Carrier—In Advance:

Daily and Sunday—one year \$15.00

Daily and Sunday—six months \$8.00

Daily and Sunday—three months \$4.50

Daily and Sunday—one month \$1.50

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 CIRCULATION

Advertising Representative:

WEST-HOLLIDAY COMPANY, INC.

1000 Broadway, New York, Chicago, De-

troit, San Francisco, Los Angeles,

Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta,

Vancouver, B.C.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO

March 21, 1922

(It was Saturday)

From Arthur Perry's Ye

Smudge Pot column: Mush-

rooms have started springing up

in the rural dells and dales.

This year they are more plenti-

ful than candidates or new serv-

ice stations.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, on

arriving in Australia, pledges to

troops in Philippines, "I will

return."

20 YEARS AGO

March 21, 1932

(It was Monday)

First National bank of Med-

ford assumes deposit liabilities

of Jacksonville County bank

after run on resources causes

bank to close.

Jackson county officials seek

federal aid for local unemploy-

ed; local relief work to be dis-

continued because of lack of

funds and inability to collect

taxes.

40 YEARS AGO

March 21, 1912

(It was Thursday)

City council reaches agree-

ment with Medford firemen

over salaries; Eugene Amann ap-

pointed first paid fire chief and

building inspector with com-

bined salary for both jobs of

\$100 a month.

Medford school children re-

ceive instructions from superin-

tendent on how to beautify the

city's vacant lots.

Redfield Robbery

Believed Solved

Renov, Nev.—(U.P.)—FBI agents

said Thursday they believed the

principal suspects in the Red-

field burglary are now in cus-

tody and that only "loose ends"

remain to be cleaned up.

Because of these "loose ends,"

the FBI declined to disclose the

details of a confession made by

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, March 18.—The most revealing sidelight on the "unusual weather" in the Bay area recently is the following headline on the first page of the San Francisco Examiner, quote:

"Sunshine Due Today."

"But New Storm Near."

"Sunshine due today" rates a PAGE 1 LEAD, in San Francisco! "SUNNY California!" (Florida papers please copy.)

And the payoff is—the sunshine never showed up, but the "new storm" did!

There was a sufficient lull in the storm to take in the baseball game between the Seals and the Cleveland Indians. Some idea of the temperature prevailing there may be gleaned from the fact that instead of selling ice-cold beer and Coke as per usual, the boys in white sold hot-dogs, hot soup, and coffee—also hot.

Everyone who had an overcoat had it on and buttoned up, while the gals who had furs wore them for comfort not display. Under the circumstances the type of baseball displayed was surprisingly good.

The Indians put on their super pitching staff including the two "Bobs"—Feller and Lemon. (We saw the latter play some good golf at Pebble Beach in January—the Bing Crosby excursion, also in the rain.) Feller has a terrific fast ball, yet like most tip-top athletes, never seemed to be over-exerting himself, he was grace and relaxation personified. Lemon, the exact reverse—tense, nervous, highly-strung—but what a cross-fire ball he has when he gets it in there. And he got it in against the Seals, they couldn't do a thing the three innings he was on the mound—just one scratch hit.

Feller gave up one hit and Dickey, the third Indian hurler, four. The final score was 4 to 3 in favor of Cleveland, and the fans present, showed signs of being all cheered up over such a feat showing against one of the strongest ball clubs in the country.

Which is OK, but our idea of "exhibition" baseball games is much the same as box-fight exhibitions, like the recent "Sugar Ray" Robinson-Bobo Olson affair. They don't mean a thing as far as any serious ratings are concerned, and those who take them seriously are merely easy-marks.

The Cleveland Indians were not playing to win, but to perfect their techniques—it was not performance, it was practice.

So don't play "Sugar" short until you see him risk his title against stiff competition; and don't judge Cleveland, until the result means something in the pennant race, and something both to prestige and profits.

Which brings us, naturally, to an article on baseball in the current "Life" by one of the greatest baseball players in history—Ty Cobb. The outspoken and fearless "Ty" maintains, quote:

"They don't play baseball anymore." (Not the sort of baseball HE played in the good old days, at least.) And in the writer's judgment, Cobb is 100 per cent right. Nor do they box-fight as they did in John L. Sullivan's day; nor play football as they did in the days of Hinkley or Yale or Houghton of Harvard.

Why? Because American sports have come of age, so to speak, have matured; players are no longer so eager to live and die just for dear old Rutgers. They want to do their best, of course, but the game is only a game, it isn't as it was in Ty Cobb's day—each day in every way a life or death crisis.

In other words, Uncle Sam's mood has changed. With greater maturity, a better balanced perspective has been obtained. This is not only true of sports but of life. To say "they don't play Ty Cobb's baseball anymore" does not necessarily mean they don't play good baseball. It is merely different baseball. When it comes to zeal and 100 per cent effort, there is no substitute for youth. You can't have your cake and eat it too; you can't come of age and also have the fire and dash and RECKLESSNESS, especially the recklessness—the abandon of YOUTH.

A couple of subsequent events brought this same idea into sharp relief. No. 1: The Golden Gloves trials at "Winterland"—where we saw the Ice Follies two or three years ago. In sharp contrast to the "Sugar Ray" exhibition, HERE was "flaming youth", released and unconfined. The contestants were mere kids, black and white, and they didn't get a dime for their efforts, but how they worked!

THEY were fighting for "dear old Rutgers"—a place on the coast team to the Chicago finals—and the sky was the limit. From the first going to the last they were in there to win—or else! And to half of them, of course, it was "or else." But that never bothered one of them—win, lose or draw they were in there to give everything they had, and if they had to accept defeat—OK, THAT WAS THAT—their hopes of a trip to Chicago for-free was out, but while beaten they WEREN'T disgraced.

None of them knew much about boxing. They were just tough kids from the street, but a finer exhibition of the true amateur spirit could hardly be imagined than this initial round of the Golden Gloves tournament. And it might be recalled that none other than Joe Louis, one of the greatest box-fighters of all time, got his start in these amateur Golden Gloves tournaments.

Then, as luck would have it, we returned to that "World Series" three-cushion tournament down on Market street—directly opposite the Penney store—and saw the unbeatable and incomparable Willie Hoppe beaten by an unknown local lad by the name of Ray Kilgore—a native Irishman who certainly cashed in on St. Patrick's Day very much as a young man by the name of Goodman did many years ago when he put out Bobby Jones, winner of both the American and British amateur titles, the Waterloo being at Pebble Beach. That was the year the late H. Chandler Egan of Medford, at 50 years of age—or thereabouts—reached the quarter-finals of the U. S. National Amateur which he had won, incidentally, a couple of times—around a quarter of a century before! (How about it, doctor, "you wuz there!")

And Willie Hoppe somehow reminded your correspondent of Bobby Jones. Like Bobby he was the "Champ," he was the unbeatable, the "Big Shot" of all time. Yet there was a young kid, beating him, in spite of all he could do; and the harder he tried the more certain his downfall became—he couldn't believe it, no one in the gallery could believe it, but there it was!

And, as it was with Bobby, so it was with Hoppe—this was IT—but there would be no lowering of the flag, no quitting, no surrender, and not the flutter of an eyelash that might be interpreted as chagrin or dismay—above all TEMPER!

We were there when Bobby Jones, the unbeatable, shook hands with "this young squirt" and ex-caddy from Omaha, Nebraska, as the match ended—"the king was dead, long live the king." Bobby was a true champion, a gentleman and a thoroughbred, generous alike in defeat or victory.

Not quite so dramatic, or so important in the world of sports, of course, but Willie Hoppe in his 60's and yet the defending champion, was also true to the tradition. However, he may have felt WITHIN (for he had to fight Lady Luck throughout as well as this young Irishman), there was not the slightest indication that he felt anything but sincere appreciation of his foe's superiority, and a desire to join in with the others in celebrating his triumph.

That is the ability to give what such a situation takes—not every EX-champion has it.—R.W.R.

Faster Sabrejet Model Slated for Production

Washington.—(U.P.)—Under-

secretary of Air R. L. Gilpatrick

said Thursday a new and faster

model of the F-86 Sabrejet, ex-

pected to be better than the Rus-

sian MIG-15, will start rolling

off the production lines next

month.

Gilpatrick said the new model

will have a more powerful jet

engine—the General Electric

J-47-27—to increase its speed

and enable it to climb to higher

altitudes.

The Sabrejet fighter now in

Korea is rated about equal to

the MIG-15, each excelling at

different altitudes and in certain

performance characteristics.

The Sabrejet has held a super-

iority of about 7 to 1 in shoot-

ing down MIGs in aerial combat.

Dead line on Classified Ads: 5:30 p.m. for following day 10 a.m. Monday for Monday; noon Saturday for Sunday a.m.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"Since you are home unexpectedly for lunch, I hope you won't mind what we're having. The theme of the whole meal is based on peanut butter."

Russian Newspaper Claims Television Invented by Soviets

By PHIL NEWSOM

U. P. Foreign News Editor

One would accuse the Rus-

sians of any belief other than

that life is real and earnest.

In fact, we have daily

proof of it. But, occasion-

ally, although certainly un-

intentionally, they do pro-

vide some light reading.

This week the official So-

viet trade union newspaper

Trud solemnly repeated Russia's

claim that television had its

birthplace there, and then went

on to say that Soviet television

standards are the highest in the

world.

The picture not only is better,

but the range is 12 miles farther

—62 miles in Russia against 50

miles in the United States.

It has been comparatively only

recently that Soviet historians

have realized the great Russian

contributions of the past.

They have been virtually limit-

less in all fields, including the

discovery that the Garden of

Eden was located in what is now

Soviet Russia. That would make

the first man a Russian and

would parallel the theory held

by some that the Soviets also

intend the last man to be a Rus-

sian.

Babson Talks on Lent

By ROGER W. BABSON

Babson Park, Mass., March 21

(Special to Mail Tribune)—This

is Lent. Millions of people

throughout the world. Catho-

lics, Protestants and others keep

Lent. In fact, the "keeping of

Lent" is partly based on Old

Testament Hebrew fasting

periods. The Lenten season is

a good time to ask, "What is wrong

with the world and ourselves?"

Lent is an old Anglo-Saxon

word meaning "spring." The con-

nection is obvious—the com-

memoration comes in the spring;

therefore the name "spring" is

given, which is Lent. But there

is still another and better con-

nection. Spring is the time of re-

newal of the earth, the promise

of the soil. So Lent is a time

for the renewal of the spirit.

Lent calls us to consider Reli-

gious Faith as the needed driv-

ing force of our existence. Jesus

—in whose name Lent is now

honored—was unconventional

and uncompromising. He preach-

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

In Chicago the other day,

somebody at the Argonne national

laboratory (where secret atomic

research is done for the govern-

ment) got suspicious and

changed the time clock system

that checks on the punctuality

of the lack of it of the watch-

men who guard the place on

nights and holidays.

As a result of what the change

disclosed, EIGHT watchmen

were fired for failure to make

their rounds and for turning in

fraudulent reports.

UPPLEASANT thought

Isn't ANYBODY honest

any more?

EVEN more unpleasant

thought:

What do you reckon some

Communist SPY might have

been doing while these eight

watchmen were AWOL from

their watching jobs?

FROM Washington:

"Harry S. Truman PICT-

URES HIMSELF, in material

he supplied for a new book out

today, as a "sentimental, lonely

man who sometimes feels the

White House has turned him in-