

Adm. Byrd, Always a Dreamer, Planning New South Pole Trip

By H. D. QUIGG

New York—(U.P.)—Once upon a time there lived, in a state called Virginia, three brothers named Tom, Dick, and Harry. But they were not just any Tom, Dick and Harry. Their last name was Byrd.

Tom grew up to be a farmer. Harry became a U. S. Senator. And Dick became, in time, the greatest American explorer of the Earth.

It has not been recorded what the unpublished one, Tom, thought as he watched the exploits of the other two. But Dick once recalled, "Tom, he just sits there and he watches us, and then he kind of shakes his head."

Virginia Accent

Dick, who was named Richard Evelyn after his father, is a compact, pipe-puffing man with a pronounced Virginia accent and a Southern laugh that goes "Hyah, Hyah, Hyah." As Rear

Admiral Richard E. Byrd, he has been the type who gets things done, a "doer."

But when you know him, he turns out to be sort of a dreamer.

Once again, at 57, he's ready to shove off on an expedition bound for that misty region that explorers always call the "unknown." This will be Admiral Byrd's fifth expedition to the lost, utterly dead continent called Antarctica. If all goes well, this time they'll set up a base at the loneliest, coldest (100 below), deadest, most inaccessible place on Earth—the South Pole—where only Amundsen and Scott have stood before, with their parties.

One Returned

And from which only Amundsen emerged. Scott, the heroic Englishman, and his entire party died on the long walk of agony back to the sea.

The South Pole is 10,000 feet high, in the middle of the world's largest and highest plateau, atop an icecap 500,000 years old and a mile and a half thick that shrouds a continent nearly as big as South America and bigger than Australia and the United States combined.

Because of its killing cold and desert aspect, the continent holds no life—not even a germ or virus of the common sniffles—except at its coastlines, where seals and penguins play.

Most of this continent has

never been seen. We know less about it, as one writer has said, "than we do about the sunlit side of the Moon."

If ever a man fevered to know more about it—to look where no man has looked before—he is Richard E. Byrd.

On his last expedition, I was along as a correspondent at Little America. I watched him come in from exploratory flights, eyes alight with the wonder he had seen—vast new mountain ranges curving off over the horizon, tortured glaciers, and the dismal white wasteland beyond the pole. From his plane, he bouqueted the pole itself with the tossed flags of all the United Nations.

Talked His Dream

Between flights, he puffed his pipe and talked his dream—that someday Antarctica would be a big deep freezer for mankind, a place that would banish famine from the earth.

"The nations of the world may someday use this great refrigerator," he said. "When countries have a bumper crop, they can put the surplus down here for use in famine years. The world food supply will even out."

There's no doubt that the per-

petual cold beneath the icecap surface will keep food. We ate, in 1947, food that Byrd had put in snow-tunnel caches 20 years before, on his first expedition.

The admiral loves that forsaken place. "I feel better down here," he used to say, squinting out over the soundless, antiseptic wastes. And when we left, he tacked up a little note in his hut: "This has been a peaceful place. It deserves better than to be vandalized. Otherwise—welcome."

Cargo Vessel Sends Message of Distress

Tokyo — (U.P.) — The cargo vessel Flying Eagle messaged an SOS and reported water pouring into the vessel off the Aleutian Islands today, the Japanese Coast Guard reported.

The Coast Guard said that the 8199-ton vessel, owned by the Isbrandtsen Co., Inc., New York, flashed a "brief distress signal" picked up by the Japanese ship Toho Kaiun-Mar.

An American Coast Guard vessel was reported racing toward the Flying Eagle which radioed that water had flooded its hold. The ship gave its location 500 nautical miles south of

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New Yorker Prowls Around Broadway To Keep Pace With Manners of Hipsterland

By WILLIAM EWALD

United Press Correspondent
New York — (U.P.) — A rose may be a rose in your town. But not in our town.

For this, you have the word of Alex Freeman, a student of

the language and manners of hipsterland, a curious region of about 20 square blocks centered roughly around part of a trail called Broadway.

Freeman, a stock broker by day, is technical consultant for TV's "Damon Runyon Theatre" by night. Notebook in hand, Freeman stalks through cheese-cake palaces, waterholes, barbershops, billiard emporiums and other culture centers in scholarly pursuit of such whimsical characters of his acquaintance as Sick Maxie, The Gimmick, and Slicker the Bookmaker.

Their Own Language

"They speak a language of their own," says Freeman. And as evidence, he offers such linguistic bon-bons as:

Show Postponed Until After Jan. 1

An arrangement by the Footlighter's board of directors to postpone their production, "Footlighter Fantasies," was made at a meeting held last week.

The show, a musical review, was scheduled to open for a run of five days on Nov. 5.

Several major mechanical difficulties, including parking problems at the fairgrounds theater, which could not be overcome by the opening date caused the board to make this "unhappy decision." However the show will definitely be produced after the first of the year, they stated.

Tryouts for a mystery drama, "The Nightmare," and announcements regarding further activities of the Footlighters will be made the latter part of this week.

A man who has lost his bankroll— "He blew the whole banana stand."

A square — "He gets up early Sunday to watch Omnibus."

A flop effort — "It was from Bombsville."

A piggyish eater — "He has frequently known to play a symphony in his soup."

A drunk — "Man, he's flying over Pittsburgh."

This sort of word madness, said Freeman, is difficult to keep abreast of since the styles change so rapidly. But as of the moment he said, a cigaret is being referred to as "a joint." A cigaret with a filter as "a joint with a waffle," a wealthy man as "a wall to wall," a cop as a "fuzz," a smart guy as "a Lloyds of London," and a sucker as "a lily of the valley."

In the interests of space and social science, we will devote the rest of the column to some cullings from Freeman's notebook. From here on, you're on your own:

Tap City Mayor — A fellow who's broke — The mayor of Tap City.

An ulcer case — He's with the milk bit.

A marriage — A merger.

A rich marriage — An amalgamation.

An engaged man — A sickness.

A serviceman — He works for his uncle.

An illegal activity — A good-morning judge.

To jail for life — The stars and stripes forever.

A man who'll do anything to make money — He takes in washing.

A girl with a big protective brother or boyfriend — She's unionized.



AW, WHO'S AFRAID? — Mexican dancer Rosalinda may startle the diners in San Francisco's Sinaloa where she performs with "Satin's scalding breath" flowing from her unusual headpiece but she can't scare us—we've seen far worse goblins.

Follies Start At Craterian Nov. 2

Short, catchy acts and skits of music, dancing and patter make up the program for the Junior Service League Follies which opens Wednesday, Nov. 2, at the Craterian theater for a two-day run. The show is a benefit for the league's kindergarten for deaf children.

One of the act features Harvey Fields, vocalist, with Mrs. James Cummins and small Barbara Collins, 7-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Collins. Fields was also one of the featured singers in the Follies which the league gave two years ago.

Gladiola Girl

Another act, "The Gladiola Girl," has Mrs. James Henry, Don Herried, Mrs. Berwick Wood, Mrs. George L. Lewis, Sam Richardson and Don Wood in the cast. "A Day at the Olympics" stars Mrs. John Crawford, Mrs. Wood, Hal Todd and Don Whalin. In the cast of the "Quiet Girl Celebration" are Brad Curtis and Linda Durkee. Curtis, Shakespearean actor and night club entertainer, is extremely popular with southern Oregon audiences.

Tickets for the Follies are on sale at Barker's, Swem's and Purucker's stores, or may be obtained from any league member. Curtain time is 8:30 p.m.

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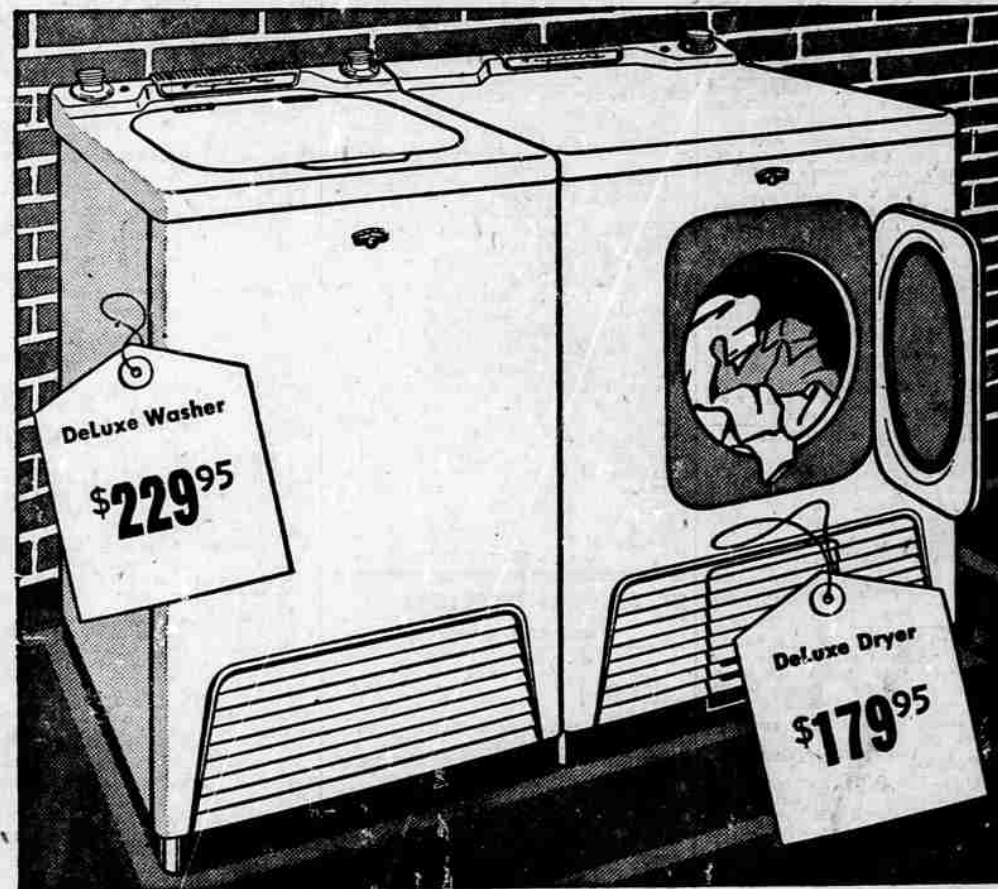
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