

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune
Published Daily Except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 27-29 North 3rd St. Phone 4-1414

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance Per Copy 10c
Daily and Sunday—One year \$12.00
Daily and Sunday—Six months \$6.00
Daily and Sunday—Three mos. \$3.25
Sunday Only—One year \$4.20

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
May 12, 1927 (Monday)
Annual pear packing school, sponsored by the Fruit Growers league and the Vocational Education unit, will be held here July 14-26.

20 YEARS AGO
May 12, 1917 (Wednesday)
Jackson county expenditures up to May 1, are 38 per cent below the budget allowances and 29.8 per cent of the budget.

30 YEARS AGO
May 12, 1907 (Thursday)
C. C. Chapman, editor of the Oregon Voter, Portland, discusses general tax situation throughout the state at Lions club meeting.

40 YEARS AGO
May 12, 1897 (Saturday)
A 5,000-foot mountain peak in the vicinity of Jacksonville will be named by the Grizzlies after Will G. Steel, superintendent of Crater Lake National park.

What's Your I.Q.?
Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. Charles Goodyear completed the process of vulcanization of rubber in 1844. Did he discover the secret of vulcanization?

2. Is it correct to say "geisha girls"?
3. Bible: What was Paul's trade?

4. What immortal sentence was spoken by the patriot Nathan Hale on the eve of his execution during the Revolutionary War?

5. Is Iran in the Near East or the Far East?
6. What family of actors has been called "The Royal Family"?

7. Yehudi Menuhin is famed as a...
8. Which breed of cat is famous for being tailless?

9. "Either" means "one" or "the other of two," and is singular. "Neither" is also singular; does it also refer to only "two"?
10. "Better late than never."—Livy. "For better than never is late."—Chaucer. Whose is the earlier proverb?

Editorial Correspondence . . .

New York, N.Y., May 7th — It is the same time, the same place and the same rooms, but it is not like getting home. Which is fortunate, for we were seeking a change. And from Main Street, Medford, to Madison and 69th, New York City, in three nights is QUITE a change.

We stopped in Chicago for luncheon with an old friend and it was a beautiful day, for Chicago, Chicago isn't famous for its good weather. The "old friend" has lost little of his hair and none of his sense of humor. He has been spending his winters at the "Smoke Tree" in Palm Springs and related how he played a good deal of bridge. One night he had a new partner, a visiting Englishman about his own age, who was apparently quite a choleric old John Bull. It seems spades were trumps and when the Britisher refused to follow F.R.D. (NOT F.D.R.) made the customary inquiry, "No spades partner?" "J.B." drew back, bristled, then leaning toward his partner said testily: "You play your game and I will play mine!"

(We are sure Roy Pruitt, Medford's veteran bridge player—and crack golfer—will appreciate that, if no other members of the Medford bridge colony do.)

He also had a good golf story. He was playing golf at Chandler, Arizona, also with an Englishman and a caddy equally advanced in years. He (the friend) was having his usual trouble looking up and thus lousing up his shot. Noting that the venerable caddy seemed much concerned with the results also, he asked him how to correct it.

The caddy deliberated for some time, looked F.R.D. over appreciatively, then remarked: "I think the best way would be for you to grow a long white beard, and then stand on it!"

Chicago has wonderful Lake Shore drive and in spots is a beautiful city, but anyone judging it from a train window coming in and going out as we did would never suspect it. In fact it is about the most sordid, trappy and depressing metropolis in the U.S.A. from that viewpoint.

We had to leave the "City of Portland," so clean, courteous, and thinly populated, but never suspected what a complete and shocking change the New York Central and our old friend the "Commodore Vanderbilt" would be. It wasn't from the frying pan into the fire exactly but it was from one of the finest transcontinental trains to one of the worst. No wonder Promoter Young has taken the NYC from the red to the black. The demand is so strong there are two sections running an hour apart and if there were any unoccupied seats we failed to note them. The dining and club cars the same noisy, dirty, confused, and the prices—at least in the diner—were 25% higher and the food less than half as good. As for the road bed—Lord—we grant a high speed is maintained, but anyone susceptible to "car sickness" should never ride on the C.V.

They use life belts on planes and are putting them on some of the new cars, but the Commodore Vanderbilt furnishes the type of transportation that REALLY needs them. In sharp contrast to the Union Pacific, everything is too crowded and hectic to THINK of good considerate courteous service, much less give it.

We know what is the matter with the NYC just as we know what is the matter with the "Friendly SP"—altogether neither the two railroad chiefs or many of the long suffering travelling public will believe us. The "matter" is briefly: the fixed policy of both railroads is not how to best serve the public but how to best satisfy the stockholders and the big bankers. It is with both not a question of public service, but solely a question of PROFITS! Commodore Vanderbilt in fact originated the idea; when he was told about certain public demands in the line of better service, he coined that long-surviving phrase "The public be DAMNED." And he meant it.

The logical outcome of persistence in that policy is public ownership and operation of railroads, but all that sort of talk is dismissed as "creeping socialism." We don't want public ownership either, but if it comes railroad heads such as those in control of the SP and NYC, not the long-suffering public, will be to blame for it.

This is our first trip to New York in three or four years. It is still an incredible place, one must really see it to believe it and even then one is in the fix of the King of Siam who really did not know if what he knew to be true really was.

It is a place where everyone knows the price of things but no one knows their value. That is not original with us but we have forgotten who coined the phrase,—whoever did had keen perception. It is a supremely materialistic Babylon and yet the more one really comes to know the place the more obvious are the exceptions. One just has to live from day to day and not become too analytical or subjective about it, or he won't get the enjoyment he should out of it.

As always at home or abroad the weather is important. We might say that ever since leaving Medford last Saturday morning the Weather Bureau has done a perfect job. It is a bit on the hot side in New York as this is written, but the sun is setting in a cloudless sky, and above the sky scrapers (wonderful term!) the big passenger planes are coming in from the Pacific Coast and starting out.

Under the heading of "coincidental" intelligence the Leonard Carpenters, formerly of Medford now of Carmel, California, arrived by plane the day we arrived by train and as chance would have it, took our old rooms at this hotel on the 6th floor while they flew us up to the 15th. It is cooler and quieter up here and one can feast on the greenery of the trees tops in Central Park only a block away. When the grand children come down from Mt. Kisco, the zoo at the park will be a great "escape."

Later: Just returned from a stroll down Madison Avenue and back. Much the same as things were four years ago. A few changes however; the Madison Ave. busses are 15 instead of 10 cents; the dress shops appear a bit more elaborate—and attractive to the distasteful side—; women old and young are smoking on the streets as before only more so; and both sexes pay no heed to red lights but only to the traffic. They go against the "light" whenever a free space appears, and why more pedestrians aren't killed is as much a mystery as it was in 1933. One reason we believe is the cross town traffic is too congested to go fast, the average pace is so slow and the NY pedestrians are such artful dodgers, that casualties are exceedingly rare. The number of French poodles and well groomed dachshunds seem about the same and the place NOT to walk (for a pedestrian) is close to the curb.—RWR.

Matter of Fact By Stewart Alsop
Defense: Put Up or Shut Up
Washington — A dramatic proposal which could revolutionize American defense planning is under serious consideration by the top Defense Science Board and Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson.

The plan is simply to take the ancient battles between the services, which have so long plagued the defense effort, out of the realm of theoretical argument, and subject the services' claims and counter-claims to actual, physical, put-up-or-shut-up tests.



Dr. Fowler's letter to the Public Utilities Commission follows: As one of the vitally interested, aroused citizens of Medford, Ore., I urge your immediate thorough investigation of the auto-train crash here on Wednesday, May 8, 1937. I plead for restricting safety measures to be enforced, upon ALL RAILROAD ACTIVITIES within our city limits, in agreement with the excellent editorial from our newspaper, enclosed.

M. J. Fowler, M.D. 815 East Main Street, Medford, Ore.

When Do We Do Something? To the Editor: I have just read the account of the tragic death of a Medford woman at the Stewart Avenue railroad crossing, and since I was born and raised within half a mile from this particular place, I have taken a special interest in the account. WHEN are the city officials and the people of Medford going to do something about the crossings in my home town?

Surely this tragedy would have been averted if the city, with perhaps the co-operation of the Southern Pacific, had provided underpasses. The same thing could happen at the Sixth and the Main Street crossings where there are traffic signals at the next intersections. And during the fruit season, how many times does one find that it is impossible to cross the tracks at any of the not too numerous crossings?

During the war years I lived for a time at Abilene, Texas, which small city is separated by railroad tracks BUT each crossing is provided with an underpass—and at that time Abilene had approximately the same population that Medford has now. Perhaps we might take a

trouversies which arouse opposition and cause unpopularity. But, though it has increased his popularity, it has diminished his influence. For men do not follow leaders who do not lead, and they do not care to be shot at while their commanders are appealing their foes.

THE second big reason why he has not succeeded in becoming the leader of a regenerated party is that, quite sincerely and genuinely, he has incompatible objectives. He would like to be a "modern Republican" in promoting welfare measures and an internationalist in foreign policy. But he would also like to be somewhere between Secretary Humphrey and Senator Byrd when it comes to paying for modern Republicanism.

On the one hand he would like, as he said in his acceptance speech to the San Francisco convention, to make the Republicans "the party of the future" and to meet the "new kinds of challenge of Federal and local governments: water supply, highways, health, housing, power development and peaceful uses of atomic energy. With two-thirds of us living in big cities, questions of urban organization and redevelopment must be given high priority. Highest of all, perhaps, will be the priority of first class education to meet the demands of our swiftly growing school age population."

But while meeting these big challenges, he would like at the same time to reduce rather than to expand the functions of the Federal government and to avoid somehow the rise in Federal expenditures which is unavoidable if the challenges are to be met.

THIS incompatibility within his own philosophy has come to a head in the present budget. As presented, the budget reflects a cautious and moderate attempt to meet the challenges and to act like the modern Republican party which he desires. But as this means money, and therefore a big budget, it runs counter to the other side of his philosophy. As a result, he presented a modern Republican budget and then did not defend it against its unmodern Republican critics.

It is not easy for him to have his cake with George Humphrey and also to eat it with Arthur Larson. (Copyright, 1937 New York Herald Tribune, Inc.)

HE HAS thought of himself as accomplishing his hopes for the Republican party by standing above that party. From that eminence he would be the radiation of his popularity change the course of American political history. This image of the president has in fact done much to increase his personal popularity. He has kept aloof from the con-

ditioned by the President's recovery from his heart attack, he explained his decision to run for a second term, the President was already concerned with this problem. He knew he had not succeeded, as he had hoped to, in rallying the Republicans behind him. "The work," he said, "that I set out four years ago to do has not yet reached the state of development and fruition that I then hoped could be accomplished within the period of a single term in this office."

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Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with an eye to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

Demands Safeguards To the Editor: Enclosed is a copy of a letter to P.U.C. in Salem, as to the lack of safety in Medford city limits re railroads operations. I feel more such good editorials are indicated to arouse the citizens of our town to demand action by authorities for proper protective measures, such as train speed limit of 10 miles an hour within our city limits, and safeguard rails at ALL crossings, and an over-pass or under-pass at the important intersections.

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POTLUCK (By M-T Staff and Contribution)

Jack Creager, the obliging telephone company manager, tells us there's been a little confusion, but not much, in the recent change-over to the use of exchange prefixes for telephones hereabouts.

Most people have discovered by this time that in calling a number in their own exchange (from a SPring number to another SPring number, for instance) it isn't necessary to dial the prefix letters. It is necessary, however, in dialing to another exchange.

We're glad the transition was made smoothly. And perhaps, for some of us forgetful folk, it's a good thing the prefix isn't always necessary. It's a good thing, too, for the nice lady at the telephone office who received a call for Jack Creager the other day, and asked the caller to dial him at another number. She politely gave the caller the number—2-6101—and like the

rest of us forget to give the SPring prefix. Our city editor never seems to get flustered, or harried, or particularly bothered, no matter how high the pressure of newroom life becomes. He takes it all in stride, walking slowly, talking slowly, and getting a tremendous amount of work done. We learned the secret of his equanimity the other day, when he commented, "I'm glad I'm too stupid to have problems."

The copy of the Mail Tribune destined for the Neva Clarke residence at 904 South Third St., Jacksonville, disappeared each day quite regularly for a time recently, baffling both the occupants of the house and Tribune Carrier Gordie Kirtland, who was careful to place it in the box on the fence.

The mystery was solved the other day, though. Young Kirtland saw a small, part-toy Shepherd dog laboriously reach up to the box, extract the paper, and trot away with it. It developed he had a growing cache of old Mail Tribunes. Bette Hoskins, our correspondent who told us this story, says it's hard to decide if he was just being a dog-gone nuisance, a faithful reader, or a new subscriber.

One of Medford's prominent citizens has been losing weight. Asked how to do it, he declared, "It's real easy, and you can eat anything you want—as long as you don't swallow." Some time ago we (in our capacity as Potluck editor) received a long, ungrammatical and involved note from a young man of our acquaintance, telling about an experience he had in Ashland one time earlier this year.

It seems he was in a music store, and was approached by an officer who started questioning him. Our young friend started to explain, then began "dropping names" to the officer. He said, "I found out it isn't who I am, but it is what I know about what somebody else is which gets the message across." The officer apparently thought the young man was somebody else—a situation the victim found distasteful, because, "It's just that I don't think I'm the kind of boy who would look like somebody else, particularly the kind of person who would make a meterman act hesitant."

For some time we have been confused about the little town in northern California known variously as "Hilt" and "Hills." Some maps show it one way, some another. The postal guide uses the "H" and postmarks from the town also have the "H." Mrs. H. H. Chapman, our Hornbrook correspondent, was in town yesterday, and told us most people there are confused, too, and that she believes "either or both" names are correct. It was named after the early-day Hilt family, Wilmer Hilt, son of the town's founder, lives in Ashland, she reported.

We speculated that before it was a town it was known as "Hilt's place," and that when the town grew up, some people continued saying "Hilt's," dropping the apostrophe, and others dropped the "s" altogether. If anyone wonders how the MT's facelifting and remodeling job is coming along, it's coming along fine. Should be completed in another week or two. Meanwhile, the saws continue to whine, the hammers to pound, and the staff members to be confused.

The job superintendent, who doubles as business manager, says he may have to print maps for us so we can find our way around until we get used to it.

lesson from the Texans. My heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mr. Donovon and I think it should be accompanied with the sympathy and the apologies of every citizen of Medford. Mrs. C. M. J. (Name on File) Sandy, Ore.

More "Dynamite"? To the Editor: Someone has said "Religious argument is dynamite." Here is a spiritually poetic bombshell by Margaret Locke, McMinnville, Ore., which, though it may not convince the skeptics, agnostics and infidels who pit their hearts and minds against that of their great Creator, will at least expand their thinking powers: O skeptic, can you make a star Like those that gleam in heaven afar?

Can you make a honey bee? O skeptic, can you make a sky? Can you make a bird and make it fly? And can you make a tree? Can you make a lily fair, An ocean wide, or sunset rare? Or create a being like you? And let me say, until you can— Believe in God, poor puny man— Believe that He is true.

Eleanor M. Johnston, 1820 Ferry st., Salem, Ore.

REPORTS ON SELF Napoleon, Ohio.—(U.P.)—Police did a double taken when a 19-year-old youth walked into the police station to report a gas station robbery. Sharp-eyed officers noticed that the teen-ager had injured his hand. They finally got him to admit that he cut his hand while breaking into the station.

Today and Tomorrow By Walter Lippmann

POPULARITY AND POWER The President has been at a loss to understand why, after his enormous victory in November, he has run into such heavy opposition in Congress. His majority, he seems to think, was a national mandate from the people which ought to be obeyed not only by the Republicans in Congress but by the responsible Democrats as well.

Yet, in fact, there is virtually no connection between the popular vote for Eisenhower in November and what the Congress is willing to vote for now. The Republicans in Congress are led by men like Mr. Knowland and Mr. Bridges who are opposed to the President on many of the critical issues of the budget and of foreign policy. The Eisenhower Republicans, as Sen. Francis Case put it, are those who greatly admire President Eisenhower and resolve most of their doubts in his favor. They are a small minority. The Democrats, who gave the President such effective support after they won control of Congress in 1934, are now a partisan opposition preparing for the Congressional elections of 1938. In Congress today the practical politicians who manage the two parties are acting on the assumption that the voters will not punish them if they oppose the President and will not reward them if they support him.

Thus, despite his great personal majority, the President has no party behind him, and he finds himself unable to translate his popularity into the hard cash of practical political power.

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