

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION MEMBER

Flight o' Time Medford and Jackson County News from the files of the Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO June 3, 1942 (It was Wednesday) State civil defense head warns Japanese air raid on Dutch Harbor, Alaska, indicated Oregon civil defense workers must be on a 24-hour alert.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: The gas rationing will become more stringent next winter, reports tell. This will stop indigent citizens from marching to state legislatures in limousines.

20 YEARS AGO June 3, 1932 (It was Friday) Plans discussed to discontinue Oregon state fair "in the interests of economy."

80 YEARS AGO June 3, 1922 (It was Saturday) Plans announced for three new pear packing plants to be erected in Medford 1922 crops expected to be slightly below normal.

40 YEARS AGO June 3, 1912 (It was Monday) Medford baseball team defeats Grants Pass, 20 to 15, and for second time, in month players have to walk most of way home when bus repeatedly breaks down and tires blow out.

SALE SUCCESSFUL The recent Boy scout rummage sale was a big success, according to Mrs. Orrin Brown, chairman, who said today the scouts wish to thank all the parents and other people who helped.

POTATO SHORTAGE HITS Grand Rapids, Mich. (U.P.)—The potato shortage is hitting this western Michigan city. A sign in the window of a closed restaurant Tuesday said: "Gone up north to plant potatoes for three days."

Court Records POLICE COURT James Hubert Cummings, failure to stop at sign, \$5. Martin Keith Sandbig, violation of basic rule, \$10. E. C. Arnold, motor vehicle license expired, \$5.

SEED PLANT BURNS Tacoma (U.P.)—Damage may reach \$350,000 as a result of a fire that swept through Lilly's seed company factory Monday night.

WEATHER By United Press California: Fair Tuesday and Wednesday except fog on the coast.

Editorial Correspondence

San Francisco, June 1—Have always been interested in college rowing, having rowed bow-oar on a house-crew at Squam Lake, N.H., many years ago. So decided to take in the boat-races between California and Stanford over on the Oakland estuary, particularly as the SF sports writers suggested there might be an upset and Stanford might (for the first time in a hundred years) beat the champion "Bears."

There was another reason. Ever since the family spent a school year at Berkeley (next door to a fraternity house) we have been an ardent STANFORD fan! Also there has been a long-established preference in our house for the color "red" over "blue" even though the former may be "cardinal" and the latter joined up with "gold." (We have an idea A.C. will get it, if no one else does.)

And reason No. 3: Stanford revived rowing after World War II, simply because a few students there liked to row. It showed a fine—and rare—amateur spirit. The lads got no encouragement from the university—had to buy their own boat, hire their own coach, pay their own car—or bus fare. But that did not deter them. Meanwhile their traditional rival had never stopped rowing, had won six or seven national championships and two or three Olympic—or world championships, and were so out in front they couldn't be seen even with the latest Mt. Wilson telescope.

Well the sports experts were wrong—as usual. The Stanford boys showed the proper AMATEUR spirit, but as always—or almost always—happens, when amateurs meet professionals—the latter won (except in one of the races) and very easily.

However that one race was worth the trip—and the trip was SOMETHING to write the "Friendly SP" about!

There is an "Information Bureau" in this hotel, but we have yet to ask information about anything that could be obtained. Yesterday proved no exception. "How does one get to the Oakland Estuary?" we asked. "The Oakland Estuary? Let's see. Hold the line please." (A 2 minute wait.)

"Hello, hello—could you tell me what it is you wish?" "The Oakland Estuary, that is where the Cal-Stanford boat races are to be held today and we would like to see them." "Yes, yes, of course, of course. Just hold the line please." (Another 2 minute wait.)

"Hello, hello, are you there? You wish to see the college boat races in Oakland today? Of course! Well, sir, do you know where the tram terminal is?" "Yes." "Take a taxi to the tram terminal, ask information there BEFORE you buy your ticket (NOT after!) and I am sure they will tell you how to get just where you wish to go. Is that clear? THANK YOU!"

It was just as clear as 99% of all the Information Bureau's information—or lack of it. At the "Tram" terminal (tram is the Bureau's favorite term for street car) the Bureau of Information was closed—it being Saturday—so we asked the girl at the first ticket window for a ticket to the Oakland Estuary. "THE WHAT?" asked the girl. "The Oakland Estuary where the boat races are held today." "Boat races—you mean sail-boat races? They were held yesterday."

"No, 8-oar races, between Cal and Stanford—it's all in the morning papers." "Oh Bill," the ticket girl called shrilly to someone invisible, "how do you get to the boat races today?" "Take a D car to Golden Gate Park," was the answer from invisible William.

"Not the MOTOR races the BOAT races over in Oakland somewhere?" "Never heard of them," said Bill. At this point the ticket girl next door joined in with the first ray of light since the search in Darkest San Francisco started. "Don't know about boat races," said she, "but the Oakland Estuary is reached by Key Route Car "K," change at High street, and then you can find out from the bus driver there. Down to the basement and to your right, Mister."

The Key System bus driver knew where High street was and there let us off, but had never heard of the Oakland Estuary or any boat races, thought we better take the bus going to Alameda instead of Berkeley, however. After a second transfer, we found a fellow passenger, an old boy with a cane and a pair of very ancient binoculars, who apparently was as dotty as your correspondent for he was going to the boat races also, and in sharp contrast knew exactly how to get there.

So we arrived after traveling for an hour and a half and covering around 30 or 40 miles! Under the circumstances was not surprised to find few at the finish line, only a raw-boned young man with a blue flag under his arm, sitting on a railroad bridge abutment and chewing a sandwich. A few minutes later he was joined by a group of "Dead-End" kids with a large black dog (suggesting a cross between an Eagle Point shepherd and a Baltimore retriever) and finally a boy and girl—the former with a cardinal Stanford windbreaker on, and a bag of peanuts from which they were both securing sustenance from time to time, and clearly enjoying each other's company TREMENDOUSLY.

That was the audience that sat on the finish line (the Fruitvale railroad bridge) to witness the first race in the annual California-Stanford regatta of 1952! (Not surprising perhaps that the Information Bureau of far-off San Francisco had never heard of it!) That first race DID take us back to Squam Lake, N.H., where any member of that crew NOT "catching a crab" at least once in every contest, got a prize.

This was called the "Reserve"—or Second-Freshman contest—and while the blue-oared boys won handsily, it wasn't good oarsmanship that did it. The Stanford "sub" Freshmen were merely worse. The next race was the big event—for Stanford at least—and reminded us of the Yale-Harvard variety race at New London two years ago, with the neck-and-neck struggle from the first gun to the last, and the photo-finish. By the time the boats came in sight about a mile upstream, our small group had been doubled. Apparently the tip that Stanford might upset the dope had got around for they were all Stanford students—in fact didn't see a blue-and-gold rooster all day. (Perhaps the Berkeley boys didn't think it worth the gas to see another aquatic massacre.)

The only way the boats could be identified at that distance was by the colors of the oar blades—blue and red—as they flashed in the sun. (In the three hours there was wind, fog, cold, however, and precious little sun.) Through field glasses it was clear Stanford was leading by a few feet, and when the peanut couple were so informed there was quite a celebration. "Come ON Stanford! Come ON Stanford!" they yelled, and never quit until the finish—Stanford won officially by 7 feet!

So we did see the lads from Palo Alto beat the lads from Berkeley on the RIVER at last—and as that was what we made the trip for, we had no great complaint—even though to lose the Varsity "JV" and Freshman could not be regarded as much of a river triumph!

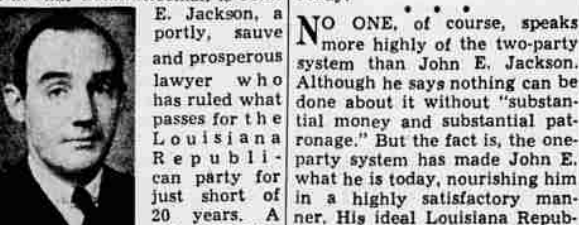
All in all, quite a contrast to college river regattas in the East! A railroad bridge also figures there. But instead of the victors being greeted by perhaps 50 shivering and very nondescript spectators perched on it, a few scattering cheers and ONE DOG, there is a roar from two or three observation trains, ear-splitting whistles from hundreds of yachts, and crowds along the shore on both sides doing Indian dances—the winners that is—with fire crackers downed in and champagne-corks of course. (Ah there E.G.B. Jr.) —R.W.R.

Crosstown By Roland Coe



Matter of Fact by Joseph Alsop

JOHN E. AND CO. New Orleans — Sen. Robert A. Taft's man in this state as National Committeeman is John E. Jackson, a portly, suave and prosperous lawyer who has ruled what passes for the Louisiana Republican party for just short of 20 years.



Joseph Alsop look at John E.'s record, are highly instructive experiences. At the moment, National Committeeman Jackson is a bit prickly and de-defensive. On his office walls, portraits of such Republican statesmen as Senator Bricker and John D. M. Hamilton smile reassurance to him.

All, they seem to say to him, will be well at Chicago. But all has not been well in Louisiana. In brief, John Minor Wisdom, another New Orleans lawyer with important connections, a comfortable fortune and an eccentric passion for a genuine two-party system in the South, went to work in the Louisiana Republican party some years ago. About 12 months ago, the magic of the name of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower brought Wisdom a sudden influx of supporters and co-workers.

With John E. Jackson fighting a bitter rear guard action all the way, Wisdom captured the New Orleans organization in a legal primary in January. Then, having got himself this New Orleans toehold, Wisdom impetuously intervened this spring in the selection of delegates to the Republican National Convention. Worse still, the Wisdomites voted down the Jacksonites by heavy majorities in six of the eight Louisiana congressional districts. That gave Gen. Eisenhower nine of Louisiana's 11 district delegates. It promised to give Eisenhower the four delegates at large to be named by the state convention. It was a challenge to John E. Jackson.

JACKSON responded like the brave fellow he is. He used his remaining control of the state Republican committee in the Texas manner. He ignored the ballots of the pro-Eisenhower Wisdomites. He nullified their undoubted legal victories. And he rigged the state convention, by seating his own minority instead of the Wisdomite majority, to send a solid pro-Taft delegation to Chicago. No impartial observer here doubts that this pro-Taft Louisiana delegation is a simple product of John E. Jackson's force of character. Even John E. himself does not really bother to argue that he had the majority of Republican voters on his side.

"There are all kinds of majorities," he explains rather portentously. "There are force majorities, which attempt to force action by others. There are lawful majorities, which are peaceable and good. You wouldn't count the heads of a mob when you were about to be attacked. You wouldn't just say, 'I give up, I surrender' because there were a lot of people in the mob. You wouldn't do that, would you?"

John E.'s definition of a mob appears to be any considerable number of Republicans not ruled by Jackson. In this state, up to 150,000 people vote for the Republican party in national elections. But the number of registered Republicans, which means Republicans with any say in the party affairs, steadily declined under the astute Jackson stewardship to the ridiculous all time low of 1,500.

Anything tending to transform Louisiana's crypto - Republicans into registered Republicans, such as the nomination of Republican candidates for state office, is strongly disapproved by John E. If the crypto - Republicans registered in large numbers, mobs would start forming all over the place. Wisdom's efforts have produced mobs already.

NO ONE, of course, speaks more highly of the two-party system than John E. Jackson. Although he says nothing can be done about it without "substantial money and substantial patronage." But the fact is, the one-party system has made John E. what he is today, nourishing him in a highly satisfactory manner. His ideal Louisiana Republican party is one that can be conveniently assembled in a small back room, for the sole purpose of choosing 15 Republican delegates each four years.

Such a party may not win votes in Louisiana, but it will win rewards in Washington, when and if a Republican president has been nominated with the help of Louisiana's 15. Two further facts complete the John E. Jackson story. A couple of years ago the Republican National Committee, in its wonderfully humorous way, named none other than John E. to head a committee to promote a powerful, popular Republican party in the South. A little later, John E. was replaced in this chairmanship by his great friend and mentor, Senator Taft's Southern proconsul, Rep. Brazilla Carroll Reece. The conjunction is symbolic. The worthy Brazilla is the most active of the old guardmen who want the Southern Republican party organization to go on being rotten boroughs, producing nothing but phony convention delegates for old guard use. And John E. Jackson holds first place among the Southern leaders who satisfy this old guard craving.

In one respect, the Louisiana pattern sharply differs from the Texas pattern. Whereas in Texas there was a strong popular surge for General Eisenhower, no one could possibly call the movement that defeated John E. Jackson in Louisiana a truly popular movement. Louisianaans are just not ready, yet, to register as Republicans in large numbers as the Texans did. Jackson's tens were defeated by Wisdom's hundreds. The whole thing was on a very, very small scale.

BUT IN TWO other respects, the Louisiana pattern resembles the Texas pattern. First Jackson's pro-Taft delegation was named in arrogant defiance of the true Republican majority here; and however small the majority may be, political honesty demands that the majority shall rule. Second, John E. Jackson of Louisiana, like Henry Zweifel of Texas, typifies the bizarre Southern leadership which the Republicans must throw out, if they want to compensate their last 20 years of losses in the North by the gains in the South that they could so easily make. For these reasons, if for no other, the decision on these Southern delegations at Chicago will be among the most serious the Republican party has ever had to make.

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More Solid Punches Apparently Slated For French Commies

By PHIL NEWSOM United Press Foreign Analyst

The French Communists have been handed a bloody nose and there is reason to hope a few more solid punches will be landed in the next few days.



The Reds appear to have overplayed their hand in the demonstrations against the arrival of the new NATO commander, Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, and to have given the French government precisely the opportunity it was awaiting.

France's poker-faced right-wing Premier Antoine Pinay has signalled he is ready for the showdown. It is a courageous move on the part of the little tannery owner who has given France its strongest government since the end of the war.

Party Boss Jailed He jailed Communist party boss Jacques Duclos who has been described as the most powerful Red outside Russia, and his security forces swept down on party headquarters throughout France to seize tons of secret party documents.

It was real cloak and dagger stuff. First the swift arrest of the party boss as he sat in his darkened automobile with blackjack and pistol on the seat beside him.

Then the coordinated raids on the headquarters—the battle through barricaded steel doors, hand-to-hand fighting in the black corridors by the eerie light of flashlights, the seizure of forged military seals and the printing equipment for making

false documents, and finally the tons of material which may prove a plot against the security of France.

Upheaval Threat Eyed By the raids, the Pinay government hopes to uncover the hidden Reds who have been able to tip off the Kremlin to France's secrets.

It hopes also to remove the threat of internal upheaval which only about 500,000 Reds have been able to hold over the heads of 42,000,000 other French men.

The French Reds, once comprising the most powerful Communist party outside the Soviet Union, will not give up without a fight.

But it long has been apparent their strength in France is on the wane. Membership has fallen from around 1,000,000 to half that and French workers have shown increasing reluctance to obey political strike orders.

Last Strike Flopped The last big Communist move of the "general" strike of February 12, and it was a dismal flop.

In France, the Reds have followed their usual "boring from within" tactics. They have been strong in the unions and there have been reports that they have infiltrated the civil aviation network which could be dangerous in time of war. However, they have failed in their attempts to lure the Socialists into a "popular front" and their campaign to prevent the unloading of American military supplies at the ports of Cherbourg, Bordeaux, and La Pallice failed long ago.

Pinay's timing in his war against the Reds looks perfect, but it is unlikely at this time that he will attempt to get the party outlawed. Once he has them on the run, he doesn't want to give them a chance to work up public sympathy.

On The Side By E. V. Durling (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

'Tis true, I never was in love, But now I mean to be; For there's no art, Can shield a heart From love's supremacy. Those virtues which, though thinly set, In others are admired, In you are all together met, Which makes you so desired. —Brome.

Which is the diamond wedding anniversary, the sixtieth or the seventy-fifth? That is the subject of a current argument. What difference does it make? They are both ridiculous for a diamond wedding. Of what good are diamonds to an eighty-year-old woman? She should have them when she's young. Do you know what the third anniversary is? It's the leather wedding. So if you know some people celebrating their third anniversary give the husband a belt and the bride a handbag. The sixth anniversary is the iron wedding. I am slightly baffled as to gift suggestions for that. Still I guess you could give the husband a set of golf irons and the wife an electric iron. The twelfth is the nylon wedding. No problem there on what to give the wife, but what can a husband use in nylon? The thirtieth is the lace wedding. That's easy for the wife angle. Give her some of that attire Gusie Moran made famous. As for the husband, the lace wedding seems to completely shut out the old boy.

Briefly A piano tuner of Manhattan informs me he is working on a book titled, "What I Have Learned About Women While Tuning Pianos." I await its publication with interest. . . Baltimorean strongly objects to the statement "I was raised in Maryland." Says his old school teacher always said: "You rear children and you raise pigs." Very interesting. How about "brought up?" As in saying: "I was brought up in Brooklyn?" Title Change Titian titled one of his paintings "Two Women Seated by a Fountain." So titled, it attracted no great attention. The title was then changed to "Sacred and Profane Love." The painting promptly became world famous. J. P. Morgan offered \$7,000,000

In the Day's News

BY FRANK JENKINS

Political squall: National Eisenhower-for-President headquarters invites delegates to the GOP national convention (all 1206 of them) to VISIT IKE—at Abilene, Kansas, New York or Denver.

The tale first got out that Republican national committee funds would be used to pay their expenses — which caused Taft backers to howl like wounded wolves. Later, Eisenhower headquarters explained that delegates could either pay for their own trips or LOCAL (not national) funds would be used to foot the travel bill.

Taft's straw boss, David Ingalls, still yelled "fraud!" A guy named Sullivan, Kefauver's political pot kick, chimed in with the charge that such a thing would be "gross bribery."

EVIDENTLY the other contenders are afraid of the famed Eisenhower charm and don't want Republican delegates exposed to it. (Ike has announced that he won't attend the convention.)

JUST the same, the scheme is a boner. It's akin, I'd say, to the picking by the Eisenhower organization of a slate of ten "approved" delegate candidates in the Oregon primary. That made all the other candidates as sore as a boil, and so far as I can see did no good.

I sometimes wonder if Ike doesn't pray in the secret hours of the night, when nobody is around to hear him, to be delivered from his POLITICAL friends. He must know that his BIG asset is the FAITH of millions upon millions of common, everyday, non-political people that he is the leader we NEED in this critical hour in our nation's history.

If he is nominated and elected, it will be this personal faith in him that will turn the trick.

MEANWHILE, it seems to me, Ike is doing all right on his own. In Paris, while packing to leave for home, he tells reporters he will:

1. Wear his uniform until his official conferences in Washington are concluded (which is expected to be some time Tuesday.) He will then put on civilian clothing, as an officer on inactive duty.

2. If he is nominated as the Republican candidate for President, he will resign his commission as an army officer.

3. He will not CAMPAIGN for the nomination. (It is presumed that by this statement he means he will not make barnstorming campaign tours.)

THAT, I think, is about what the millions who are pinning their faith to him want him to do.

IT WON'T be easy. The printed pages will bulge and the air waves will vibrate with POISONED questions addressed to him. At the same time, sincere men and women will be putting to him sincere and well meant inquiries. He will need to turn aside the poison, but he will WANT to make sincere answers to sincere requests for information that people are entitled to have.

I imagine he will be able to take care of himself. In World War II, he had to train his men to RECOGNIZE BOOBY TRAPS and to beware of them. The Germans were unbelievably crafty in their handling of these devices of deception. I doubt if Ike's political enemies will be any smarter along that line than the Germans were.

After all, all Ike needs to do is to BE HIMSELF. and John Harris, of Pittsburgh, operated the first film theater in the U.S.A. That's wrong. Thomas A. Talley did. In Los Angeles, in 1902. Second was Harry Warner, in Newcastle, Pa., in 1903. Messrs. Davis and Harris operated the first theater called "a nickelodeon." Opened in Pittsburgh in 1905.

Dead line Sunday Classifieds is at 3:30 p.m. for following day; 10 a.m. Monday for Monday; noon Saturday for Sunday a.m.

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