

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune

Published Daily Except Saturday 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, 1897.

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—Medford, Ashland, Central Point, Eagle Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill, Phoenix, Shady Cove, Rogue River, Talent and on motor routes:

Daily and Sunday—one year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday—six months 8.00
Daily and Sunday—one month 2.25

All Terms Cash in Advance

Official Paper of the City of Medford

Official Paper of Jackson County

United Press—Full Licensed Wire

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Advertising Representative:

WEST-HOLLADAY COMPANY, INC.

Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B.C.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

ACTIVE MEMBER

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

1952

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

August 3, 1942
(It was Monday)
Six recently graduated medical officers assigned to become first army doctors at Camp White.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: In the wheat belt, carelessly backing trucks are causing fires faster than a cigarette can be tossed away carelessly.

20 YEARS AGO

August 3, 1922
(It was Wednesday)
City council "investigates means of cutting city expenses; Mayor E. M. Wilson reports 25 per cent cut in salaries of library employees would result in \$200 a month saving to city.

National Guard officials deny reports that special guards are to be employed at the Medford armory.

30 YEARS AGO

August 3, 1922
(It was Thursday)
Special Jackson county grand jury returns true bills against six Ku Klux Klan members in Jacksonville on charges of extortion, assault and riot.

Bill Isaacs, Alex Sparrow and J. W. Berrian, all of Medford, announce plan to plant 30,000 silverside salmon in Crater Lake.

40 YEARS AGO

August 3, 1912
(It was Saturday)
Postmaster Ralph Woodford inspects new rural route between Medford and Hillcrest.

Plans underway to construct new fish ladder at Gold Ray dam; plan expected to end many protests against obstruction of salmon runs.

California Waives Plant Requirements

Salem — (U.P.) — The California Department of Agriculture has waived special requirements affecting most plants of peach root borer, the Oregon Agriculture Department said Saturday.

The waiver means Oregon nursery stock which could be hosts to the pest may now enter California under the regular nursery shipping permit issued by the State Department of Agriculture.

The move eliminates the special certificate that has been required on peach, plum, apricot, and related nursery stock. It also means that the Oregon Department of Agriculture no longer needs to supply California officials with a list of Oregon nurseries believed free from this pest. In the past, the list has contained some 30 firms.

WEATHER

By United Press

Northern California: Mostly fair today, tonight and Sunday with fog on coast and a few scattered thunderstorms higher mountains; not quite so hot inland Sunday; northwest winds 12-25 mph off coast.

The emerald is the softest of all precious stones.

Potpourri

Vacations should be abolished.

Whenever things get to running smoothly around most business places, along comes vacation time and the window goes comfortable routine. That is especially true in the case of a newspaper office. There is never too much sameness in newspapering for each day brings a new set of circumstances and problems, some of them seemingly impossible to cope with, but come vacation time and such regularity as does manage to exist, exits with a nerve-shattering bang.

The Mail Tribune's experience in the recent days is an example of what happens, invariably, during the absence of some of the staff.

There were the conventions in Chicago to be covered—two of the most interesting events in the nation's recent history. These alone demanded a great deal of special effort on the part of all newspapers, but making things more complicated for the M-T, little Ernie Leffler had to go and get himself lost in the Fourmile lake wilds, setting off a 30-hour search. Ernie, luckily, was found unharmed, and the details, with pictures, were duly published.

All hands had hardly breathed a sigh of relief, however, before there came a new major news break in the Medford territory, the heartless slaying of A. N. Jones and C. P. Culhane, United Motors Service officials. This was one of those happenings which take a lot of manpower for adequate news coverage. You can't just pick up the telephone and get details when the crime scene is some 80 miles away in a national park where telephones are few and law officers are so busy hunting the perpetrators they have little time to talk to news men.

We managed to function fairly well, we hope, in the upsetting breaks mentioned, and also, again in addition to routine news hawking, do something about preliminary coverage for the Ashland Shakespearean Festival and the Jacksonville Jubilee. Then we ran head-on into a new emergency when Olive Starcher, the vacationing society editress, wrote to ask that during her absence the staff collaborate in writing her long-standing Sunday feature column, "Potpourri."

All of us want to be helpful and cooperative, of course, but what do we know about those little intimate incidents in the city's social life which Olive so interestingly reveals?

The foregoing is by way of explanation as to why "Potpourri" appears in a different part of the paper and in a different style today, and why the initials of so many different staff contributors are appended. It also is intended to explain why we think vacations should be abolished.—E. C. F.

VACATION season is rough, all right.

And whoever heard of a Shakespearean festival opening without O. S. on hand?

It managed to, however, with other staff members pinch-hitting for Olive. Phil and Vernetta Brainerd were there, snapping pictures for next Sunday's society page. The news staff, virtually en masse, was there, too.

But as one of us said, who but Olive is going to note what Mrs. Blank wore, and who but Olive will note down and remember the cute remark of the kid in the row behind?

The season of Shakespeare was well opened Friday night by Judge James Brand, chief justice of the Oregon Supreme Court, in a gentle, humorous, brief and appropriate talk at curtain-time.

The tall, stooped figure of the judge is a fixture at the Shakespearean festival. He and his charming, gray-haired wife have made it a habit to attend. Weaving whimsy into his heartfelt tribute to Ashland, to Southern Oregon college, to the players and to the "real genius" of Gus Bowmer, Judge Brand set the pace for what looks like not only the most successful season so far, but also the easiest and friendliest.

"I was in a supermarket this afternoon," the judge said, "looking for the staff of life. They must have had supermarkets in the time of the bard, too, for did he not say, 'Tell me where is fancy bred?'"

There were other sidelights of the opening: Mayor Phil Stansbury, modestly feeling that the welcome of the people of Ashland is enough, but following Rod Keating's orders and saying bluntly, "You're welcome!"; Producing Director Gus Bowmer's neon-like red bow tie; the polished European bow of acknowledgment by Hans Lampl, the director of the new music program which adds so much to the festival's flavor; the uncomfortable new, green seats which are, however, the undisputed property of the festival association; the Tudor fair selling mementoes and souvenirs of the festival.

It was a swell opening. We wish O. S. had been there, as she had planned before a family tragedy kept her away.—E. A.

Don't tell Hans Lampl it's vacation time. He won't believe it!

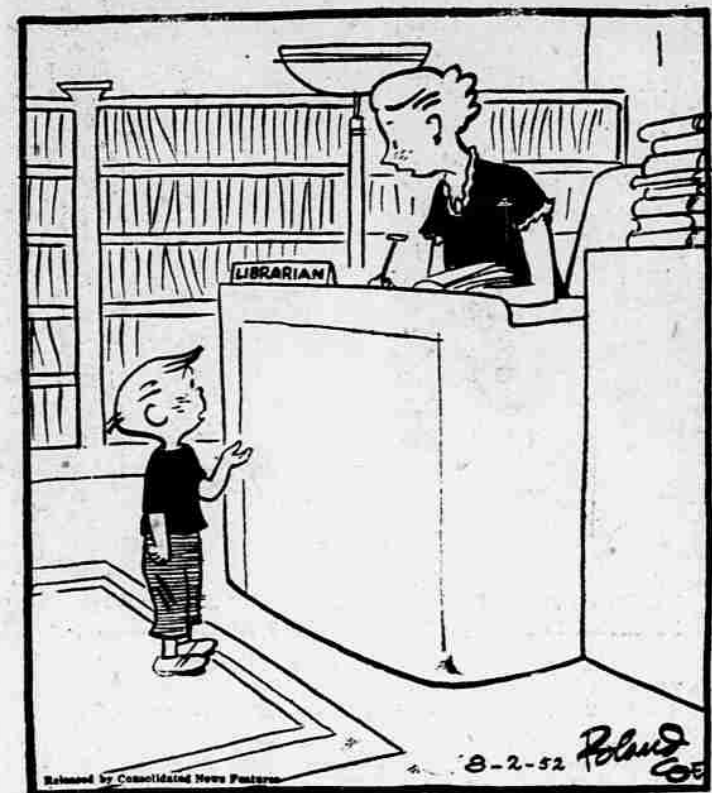
Seconds before going onto the stage at the opening of the Shakespeare festival, Mr. Lampl looked like a frustrated mother gathering a flock of ten children together in the middle of a parade crowd.

The last minute orchestra rehearsal didn't go well, the YMCA where it was held was hot, and tempers were high.

The musicians played to the last four measures and the director stopped them; they went over the passage again and he dropped his baton. "It's an eighth note," he said. They played the measures over. "It's an eighth note," he said, a little more loudly. Again they repeated it and he stopped them. "That," he said, thrusting his baton at one member's stand, "is

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"Maybe I could work off the fine on my book by bouncin' the noisy guys out of here."

not a sixteenth note. It is an eighth note."

Down went the stand, the music scattered, the practice ended.

From then on it was a scramble to gather stands, instruments, and put cases away. Mr. Lampl was in a sport shirt and changing hurriedly two minutes before the curtain opened. The orchestra assembled on the stage, the trumpets sounded, but where was the other curtain girl? "Sally," Mr. Lampl called. "Sally," the voices back stage echoed. No answer. Mr. Lampl did not look distinguished, he merely looked the way any human would under the circumstances, confused. Finally Sally appeared.

The curtains opened, and the Shakespeare music director gave a dignified bow to the audience, smiled calmly, and raised his baton. The show began.—S.L.

PICTURES are of vital importance in any section of a daily newspaper. But due to a number of circumstances unique to a society section it is doubly important that they be just right in that part of the paper.

For one thing, many of the society pictures, of weddings, engagements, announcements, etc., will be clipped out and treasured for years as mementoes of a once-in-a-lifetime occasion. For another, O. S. takes pride in the fact that her section of the paper, day in and day out and particularly on Sunday, has as few errors as human frailties will allow.

Thus, during her absence the past two weeks, the assistant society editor, aided by male members of the staff, has been on the go continually in an effort to get the right names under the proper pictures.

Probably we haven't gone about it in the most expeditious manner, but to date, and to the best of our knowledge, we've been fairly successful. Of course, there was that transposition of lines by which the president of the Shakespearean festival was referred to as "Princess," and possibly others.

Anyway it will be a relief to have O. S. back on the job.—J.J.

FRIDAY evening the M-T news staff divided between two events. The majority, of course, was at the Shakespearean festival opening at Ashland.

While the others were enjoying the light and excitement of "opening night," elbowing the celebrities, making a debut in the Shakespearean orchestra or eating a sumptuous buffet served before the opening, three others of us too enjoyed good food and good companionship.

We were guests of the Wesley Coffeen's with other Chin-Up club members in the cool, cool shade of the pear trees on the Coffeen's lawn. There we picnicked from a table spread with such good things to eat, we remarked on the unusually fine assortment.

It made a potluck supper a real adventure instead of struggling with the problem, "which macaroni salad shall we dip into and which dish of spaghetti?" Why can't more potlucks be like that?—F. B.

Safety Group Tells Surest Way To Die in Auto Mishap

Salem — (U.P.) — Are you bound and determined to kill yourself in a traffic accident?

Then what kind of mishap is surest to kill?

The State Traffic Safety Division gave these cold facts. If you are on the road outside of a city or town, running off the

roadway is the surest way to land in the morgue. Colliding with another car is almost a certain death.

In town, the surest way to final rites is to run, walk or step into the path of an oncoming car. Last year, city pedestrian fatalities in Oregon totaled 42, compared with 31 victims of two-car collisions.

On the "open highway" last year, running off the road claimed 105 lives. Two car collisions accounted for 100 deaths. That reversed the pattern of a year before when vehicular collisions led in fatalities.

The division said a total of 75,147 accidents were reported in 1951, a new all-time high for Oregon.

The thunderheads built up to about 25,000 feet, the fliers reported, with in extremely high hail potential. One of the pilots, Gene Kooser, flew through a fall of hail over the Siskiyou summit which he estimated to be three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

The cloud seeding is done in an attempt to prevent hail from hitting growing fruit in valley orchards.

The wastika symbol originated among the Hindus.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Price Stabilizer Ellis Arnall predicts in Washington that the new steel price boost (\$5.20 per ton) will touch off a new round of inflation that will cost the average American family about \$100 a year in higher prices.

THE stock market agrees with him.

When the big New York exchange opened this morning, the teletype informs us, "the market maintained a BUOYANT tone, with most price changes on the HIGHER side."

THE big question:

Does anybody gain anything out of the long and bitter steel strike?

Yes, I think so.

Smart SPECULATORS will probably make quite a killing.

PRICE BOSS ARNALL puts the blame for the inflation that follows the steel strike on the steel industry. That raises this question:

Which comes first—the hen or the egg?

Did prices go up because wages went up? Or did wages go up because prices went up?

PERSONALLY, I think what brought on the steel strike was too much power in too few hands.

If we can keep too much power from getting (and STAYING) in too few hands, we'll have it pretty good in this great and growing country. But if we let too much power get into too few hands and stay there we WON'T have it so good.

THIS changing world note:

Egypt's reform government has swept away titles of nobility, but the land of the Nile will remain a constitutional monarchy.

It will all depend on the MONARCH and the kind of men he picks to head his various ministries.

AND—

The kind of men the people choose to compose the PARLIAMENT that is an essential part of a constitutional monarchy.

IN other words:

Everything depends on LEADERSHIP. The kind of leaders we have determines the kind of government we have.

EGYPT'S deposed King Farouk holds his first news conference this morning on the Isle of Capri, where he fled into exile. He started it off by telling the more than 100 newsmen and photographers who showed up that he's no longer a rich man.

He's learned one fact of life in his short experience as a commoner—NOBODY LOVES A RICH MAN.

(Except his heirs — and they can hardly wait for him to die.)

DOES sending 100 reporters and photographers to Capri to interview a fat and good-for-nothing ex-king seem to you to be a terrible waste of money and manpower?

Wait a minute:

I'll bet you read about fat Farouk BEFORE you read the meaty and IMPORTANT news of the world—and with much more interest.

So did I.

That's why we newspapers print so much of the shallower and fluffier stuff for which everybody blames us.

SIX Swedes have been found guilty of handing vital Swedish military secrets to Russia in return for cash. They were charged with giving the Russians complete details of the Swedish defense system that guards against any Russian attack across Finland.

IF YOU should travel to Sweden, you would see REAL democracy in action—with great good accruing to ALL the people as a result thereof.

You CAN'T travel to Russia, of course — but if you could you'd wonder why any Swede would try to promote the Russian system in Sweden.

Many strange things happen in this world.

Baker Sets Wagon Train Centennial Celebration

Baker, Ore. — (U.P.) — A three-day celebration commemorating the 100th anniversary of the covered wagon migration to Oregon will open here Sunday.

A caravan of the American Pioneer Trails Association, which left Kansas City July 13, is scheduled to arrive for opening of the ceremonies.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

UNMENTIONED SUBJECT

Washington — The existence of a Soviet stockpile of atomic bombs has now become an almost unmentionable subject. There was no serious discussion of this subject at all at the recent conventions, at one of which the next President of the United States was nominated.

Yet Soviet atomic production may well overshadow every other problem which the next President will have to face.

Consider the facts. In the first place, previous estimates of Soviet atomic stockpiling have now been upped about 20 per cent. In the second place, this probably means that the Soviet stockpile will begin to approach the number of bombs required for an attempted knock-out blow at the United States, before the end of the next President's four-year term.

Previous estimates have assumed Soviet production of about 15 bombs up to the beginning of this year; and thereafter, as the result of the completion of a great new atomic plant in central Russia, monthly production of five to seven bombs. These estimates have been upped for several reasons, but especially because it has been found that atomic bombs of medium power can be pro-

duced considerably more rapidly than had previously been thought possible.

Given this 20 per cent increase in current estimates, the following table will serve as a rough guide to the expected minimum and maximum stockpile in the years immediately ahead.

At the end of this year: 130 to 150 bombs.
At the end of 1953: 200 to 250 bombs.
At the end of 1954: 275 to 370 bombs.
At the end of 1955: 350 to 450 bombs.
At the end of 1956: 420 to 550 bombs.

THIS SORT of estimate is, of course, no more than an informed guess. No one can possibly predict what successes or failures may attend the efforts of Soviet Secret Police Chief Lavrenti Beria, who is charged with the Soviet atomic program, three or four years from now. Moreover, the above table leaves out of account the hydrogen bomb, on which this country has little head start on the Soviet Union. But the estimates above at least serve to suggest what the planners call "the dimensions of the problem."

The dimensions of this problem which will confront the next President are also suggested by other estimates the experts have made. These estimates concern the number of medium bombs on target required to destroy this country's military potential. This, again, is something which even the best of the experts, poring over their target analyses and production figures, can only guess at. But for what they are worth these guesses range from 450 to 660 medium atomic bombs delivered on target.

Here it should be pointed out, of course, that there is a great difference between bombs hidden in a stockpile and bombs delivered on target. For one thing, the continental United States does not contain by any means the only atomic targets in the world. Second, no country can afford to expend its whole atomic stockpile at a single blow. Third, some targets are sure to be missed. And finally, the effectiveness of the defenses of a country attacked can make the difference between the success or failure of an attack.

AS ALREADY reported in this space, the air defense specialists are beginning to believe that the effectiveness of our defense against air delivered attack can be increased very sharply indeed, given an all-out national effort in this field. For all these reasons, it would be all wrong simply to equate the estimated Soviet stockpiling of bombs with the estimated number of bombs required for a knockout blow. Yet when all this is said, the harsh facts remain. The Soviet atomic stockpile is formidable enough even now. By the end of the next President's four-year term, a very bad time may at least be near. This is the time when the Soviets will be able to launch a surprise saturation attack against the United States, in the rational hope of destroying American military power.

These facts might as well be faced, unpleasant as they are. One suspects that they have already been faced by both Presidential candidates. They may well have been in Adlai Stevenson's mind when he described the presidency as an office "smothering exultation and converts vanity to prayer." They may also have been in Dwight Eisenhower's mind when he impulsively confessed to Sen. Robert A. Taft that the thought of the presidency was a "nightmare" to him.

These unpleasant facts should also be in the minds of all thinking Americans. The Soviets will only be able, after all, to visit terrible punishment on this country at the cost of even more terrible punishment visited on the Soviet Union. This is a situation in which steady nerves are going to be needed above everything else, not only in the White House but elsewhere in the country.

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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 a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

More Hard-Top

To the Editor: Regarding hard-top races in the Rogue Valley, we note a communication in the Mail Tribune of July 30. It implies that much has come before, all of which we have missed. It also seems to call for a statement from our organization regarding our attitude toward competition, so here it is:

The Southern Oregon Race Club was formed by driver-owners from the Rogue River Valley to provide them a good track with adequate stands and safety precautions, near at home.

Good relations have existed between the Ashland Rodeo Grounds group, which is the S. O. R. C. track, and the Medford Airport track. We have exchanged drivers without discrimination of any kind.

Regrettably, this is not so between these two tracks and the Posse track in Medford. The latter has been operated by an out-of-state professional racing organization which, at the outset, insisted that all drivers who raced on any of their tracks do so exclusively, under penalty of a \$100 fine for violation of their rule.

Although rules of the S. O. R. C. local club do not forbid members from racing on other tracks (on other than Saturday nights), our members have refused to do so on the Friday night Posse track, because they remember the arbitrary treatment they have received in the past at the hands of this same group on their other tracks.

All this notwithstanding, the Ashland track holds with the writer of the above-mentioned letter. Let the people see the races they prefer. We feel the most each track can do is make its own bid for business by giving the customers the best races possible with the drivers most interesting to the audience.

Our capacity crowds for the past three weeks have indicated that local people want to see competition among Oregon drivers, and we are very pleased to have had some 42 cars appear so far from eight different Southern Oregon communities. In turn, the large attendance which these cars have drawn has provided a purse which came to \$1000 this last week, and the boys really put on a good race for prize money like that.

We sincerely hope there will be an early end to any hard feelings which might have grown out of what should be merely competition. Actually, all three tracks race on different nights, so there is little reason for further ado.

S. O. R. C.,
by Win Marks, Public
Relations, Ashland, Ore.



"But it really isn't a picnic. We forgot to bring any Jorgensen's Homogenized Multi-Vitamin, Multi-Mineral Milk."

Dr. Robert J. Urie

OPTOMETRIST

(Formerly Monahan & Wiggins)

NOW PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

28 South Central

(Old Sub Post Office Location—Across from Craterian)