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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

Jan. 9, 1945 (It was Tuesday) State Representative O. H. Bengtson announces plans for measure to provide two circuit judges for Jackson-Josephine county district.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: The Silverton police are confronted with the mystery of a bicycle on top of the high school flag pole. It is not believed that the rider carelessly rode up the pole and then fell off.

20 YEARS AGO

Jan. 9, 1935 (It was Wednesday) Vern Brophy elected president of Credit Production association.

R. A. Skinner named president of local auto dealer association.

30 YEARS AGO

Jan. 9, 1925 Jackson county officials seeking construction of new bridge over Rogue river at Gold Hill.

Total of 249 births reported in Jackson county during 1924, according to county clerk's office.

40 YEARS AGO

Jan. 9, 1915 Medford artists Olaf R. Bjerggaard plans exhibit entitled "The Advance of Napoleon into Russia" to be shown at San Francisco exposition.

From the Local and Personal column: Rex Lampman, formerly editor of the Gold Hill News, now at Portland Oregonian, has received another portion of fame one of his poems appearing in a recent issue of the New York Herald. Ten days ago he had a poem in the New York Sun. His last effusion was unnamed.

What's the Answer?

(Can You Get A of The?) Copr. 1954, Editorial Research Report

1. Most economists predict that business in 1955 will be the best on record, very good but no record, fairly good, average, or under-average?

2. Speaker of the new House of Representatives is to be Lyndon Johnson, John McCormack, Joe Martin, Sam Rayburn or Alben Barkley?

3. U.N. Secretary General Hammarskjold confers with Red China on releasing U.S. captive airmen in Moscow, New York, Saigon, Peiping, Geneva, or New Delhi?

4. The international contests for the Davis Cup are in men's golf, women's golf, a horse race at the Laurel (Md.) track, polo or tennis?

5. The Model A Ford had an engine of one, two, four, six or eight cylinders?

6. When John Paton Davies was recently dismissed by the State Department, he held a post in West Germany, Peru, Japan, India or Washington?

7. The Pentagon building of the Defense Department is in the District of Columbia, Maryland or Virginia?

The Answers: 1. Very good but no record. 2. Rayburn. 3. In Peiping. 4. Tennis. 5. Four. 6. Peru. 7. In Virginia. Just across the Potomac from the D.C.

ESCAPEE SURRENDERS Portland — (U.P.) — William S. Wells, trusty who escaped from the state prison Wednesday by walking away, walked into the police station here Friday afternoon and surrendered.

Fears a White-Black War

As if the world did not have enough trouble, Dorothy Thompson, one of the Oregonians' "infrequent correspondents," envisions an uprising of the colored races, black and yellow, against the whites.

The whites of course would be hopelessly outnumbered. But there could be one major consolation, the Russians, being white, would join in the fight against the colored hordes (as they did once upon a time against Herr Hitler). That would remove the present reigning "devil" in the Anglo-Saxon cosmos, to be replaced, we assume, by some modern Genghis Khan.

WELL, mebbe so. But for a number of reasons we are disposed to doubt it.

The chief reason is we don't believe there are any Genghis Kahns actual or potential, about. We don't believe the colored people East or West, or their leaders want to conquer ANYONE, much less the world. What they want is to be left alone to run their own affairs without dictation from others, white, yellow or black. And that process is proceeding with amazing rapidity in Asia.

It may spring up in Africa. And to date with almost no bloodshed. As Russia indicates, why fight when you can get what you want, without it?

No. 2: World conquest by force is as out-of-date as the spear and cross-bow, and any individual, any nation, or group of nations trying it would soon find it out.

No. 3: The colored peoples do outnumber the whites, but the next war, if there should be one, would be won not by numbers, but by industrial production, inventiveness and prowess.

There will be many busy years ticked off by Old Father Time, before the colored races will get within hailing distance of the whites in this direction or have any illusions about conquering them.

SO WE refuse to worry over this latest fear of our journalistic Cassandra. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And that evil isn't and never has been a racial one but one of ideology; it isn't between white and black, red or yellow, but between those nations who want to be free and independent and those who want to conquer the world and deny such freedom.

The minute the communists, white, red or yellow, give up this idea of world-conquest by force or infiltration that minute will bring world-peace—but alas, not until then!—R.W.R.

Ike Will Have to Fight

The President's state of the union message was good. It was characteristic of our chief executive who stresses the need of moderation, the desirability of taking a turn neither to the right or left, but following the middle of the road.

The "middle road" particularly when the two major parties are so evenly divided, has its value politically. But it can be carried too far. And unless the President during the next two years, on many important issues, takes a definite stand not in the middle of the road but on the RIGHT side of it, his "moderation policy" will bring about just what he wishes to avoid, confusion, frustration and stalemate.

IN OTHER words, if the President wishes to carry out his program as outlined, he can't stand aloof, or remain on the side-lines; he will have to get into the fight, and assume a leadership that is definite and aggressive. And more important and difficult for a middle-of-the-roader, he will have to fight some members of his own party.

IT IS to be noted in this direction that on the same day this message was delivered, Senator Bricker of Ohio, reintroduced his constitutional amendment to give congress control over the President's treaty-making powers.

The "Old Guard" dies but it never surrenders. There will be opposition also to any extension of the reciprocal tariff or retention of excise and corporation taxes, farm supports, etc. etc.

Unless all signs fail the GOP Old Guard will be fighting for its political life during the second half of the present administration, and so will the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

No policy of moderation or sweet reasonableness is likely to beat them. President Eisenhower with liberal assistance will have to do it himself.

We have a hunch, as well as a hope, that is just what he intends to do.—R.W.R.

What is Security?

President Eisenhower pleaded for harmony between the two parties in congress, but failed to plead for harmony in his own political family.

For example: Secretary Benson fired Wolf Ladejinsky on security grounds, but Ladejinsky was rehired almost immediately by Foreign Administrator Stassen and entirely cleared of any suspicion in the security field.

It would seem, from the standpoint of national security and loyalty, service in our foreign affairs would be even more vital than in agriculture.

Obviously if Secretary Benson was right, Stassen must be wrong, and vice versa.

Secretary Dulles it seems also exonerated Ladejinsky, but at last report Mr. Benson was sticking to his guns. Wouldn't an Eisenhower family conference on what security is, and isn't, be in order?—R.W.R.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

LOTUS LAKE VILLAGE

Nongkhay, Northeast Thailand — This reporter is currently recovering from giving a New Year's eve party which perhaps deserves recording on a higher level than the expense account, if only because it was a dinner-dance for 150 people that cost \$35.

It was born of a decision to spend Christmas and New Year's day in this lovely northeastern region of Thailand, which is also the most exposed to Communist pressure and the most penetrated by fifth columns. When I got here, my friend Rod Hemphill, who runs a local silk factory, said no one could understand northeastern Thailand without getting the feel of village life.

It was a pity, Rod added, there was no village party coming up, because going to a village party was the best quick way to see what a Thai village was really like. And so I asked whether I might give a New Year's eve party at the village of the Lotus Lake, where Rod's silk factory is situated.

From there, Rod's charming and intelligent Thai partner, Kun Nom, and the extremely able, tough village headman, Som Si quietly took over. There were a couple of preliminary crises, about the price of the cow that was to be the main dish, and about the difficulty of obtaining the truly superior brand of local white mule that is made across the Mekong river in Laos.

But Kun Nom, and Som Si were as efficient a catering service as any in Washington. On the morning of Dec. 31, they

reported that my \$35 had provided a cow, half a buffalo, and several ducks and chickens; plus about 15 gallons of white mule for the common people with a specially invigorating and precious bottle of white mup mixed with black monkey's blood for the honored guests; plus the most celebrated player of the ken, a local instrument halfway between bagpipes and pan pipes; plus prizes to persuade the young ladies to dance, which they are reluctant to do without suitable inducement.

ROD and his beautiful wife, Annon, and I set off for the party in the late afternoon. The children of Lotus Lake village were driving the village buffaloes home from their wallow; the herons were gloriously winging their way back to the heronry by the Lotus Lake, and the lowering sun was gilding the rice straw in the fields. But this perfect atmosphere of pastoral peace was shattered, when we reached the hall (Rod's silk factory). Som Si had insisted on installing the powerful American public address system that the village bought last year to brighten up its festivals.

The noise of alternating records of Bangkok songs, local ballads and arias from Thai classical opera was downright deafening. Besides half the village was already there. The white mule was already going round. And the conversation was beginning to show that added brightness that always marks the cocktail hour.

The first item on the program was the idea of the village elders—to wind the bal see strings which bring good luck on the arms of Rod, Annon and me. The ceremony involved sitting on the floor through an interminable, imitation Pali chant, and being wound with the strings while all those not busy string winding held hands to strengthen the life forces.

After that, the party really got going. The white mule circulated rapidly, by an efficient revolving cup system. The cow and the buffalo appeared in the form of laap, which means that they had been chopped fine with the fieriest red peppers available, extra seasoned with spices and rather summarily cooked, with laap and curry and salad and white mule in plenty. The usual second stage of every party, when the conversation almost overtops the music, was easily reached.

Then the ken player took over the microphone. With many a shy gesture, the young ladies took the floor, and the village bucks stepped out for the circle dance. This involves revolving, very remotely, around your partner, making elegant hand and arm gestures. An American buck would find it unexciting, but Thai bucks think differently.

AND so we reached the party's final phase, which continued, with louder and louder music and faster and faster circle dancing, until all could wish one another a happy new year. There were the usual late party incidents—the headman's son went a bit too far, as headman's sons so often will. There was also the usual group who could not resist the temptation for "just one nightcap," so the Lotus Lake village was still ringing with song in the dawn. But as a party it was a clear success.

And the best information I did I garner from this evening, it may well be asked. Well, I learned from all those present that Thai villagers are charming gay and friendly people. From Som Si and one of two other intelligent and sober elders, I learned they hate the Chinese and Vietnamese with an intense passion, and equate communism with its great Asian converts. And just by listening to the loud speaker, I learned that this was a semi-neolithic community, experiencing a violent impact from Western civilization whose final outcome you could not predict.

All I also learned that Kun Nom was not factually accurate, when he promised that Laos white mup mixed with black monkey's blood never gave you a headache. (Copyright, 1955, New York Herald Tribune Inc.)

Weather Hampers Hunt For Airplane

Douglas, Ariz. — (U.P.)—Searchers Saturday hoped for clearing skies that would permit resumption of a full-scale search for a small private plane missing since Thursday morning with four men aboard.

There had been no word of the craft since it departed from Phoenix at 8:10 a.m. on a flight to this southern Arizona city.

Aboard were Louis Web Wiese, partner of plane-owner Edward L. Varney, Phoenix; Leslie W. Slade and William Kopp, all of Phoenix, and Jack Price, of Flagstaff. All were associates in Varney's architectural firm.

Some 30 planes were looking for the craft when poor weather interrupted the search. Civil Air Patrol, Arizona Air National Guard, Litchfield Naval Air Facility, Williams Air Force Base, and Marana Air Contract Training School planes were taking part in the search.

Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer. 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.

Bouquet For Hospital

To the Editor: I am writing this because I believe that too often we are quick to criticize but slow to praise our public institutions.

I was recently a patient at the Community hospital and it so happened that I had contact with nearly all of the departments such as laboratory, X-ray, surgery, dietician and nursing care on 1st and 3rd floors, and in every instance I was given courteous, thoughtful attention by every individual, that went beyond the ordinary paid professional care.

In these days its nice to know that the personnel of our institutions haven't lost the human touch that means so much. A bouquet to them all.

Mrs. Peter Shogren Rt. 2, Box 531 Medford, Ore.

Korean Relief

To the Editor: A word about clothing for Korean relief. During the past two winters Medford people have sent thousands of pounds of clothing to Korea. This winter when the cold weather set in, I began to wonder if Koreans still needed clothing, so I got in touch with N.A.E., Portland and received the following information:

American Relief for Korea, a government supported agency, has been discontinued. But this does not mean Korean refugees and orphans no longer need help. On the contrary, the severe Korean winter still may mean suffering and even death to hundreds of thousands who are homeless and badly in need of warm clothing.

There are 200,000 war-orphaned children alone—thousands of whom will die this winter unless they are provided with warm clothing. These children are not beggars; they do not want to depend on others for their lives, but they must because they are helpless. They cannot help themselves. The following items are critically needed: Warm coats, sweaters, baby clothes, quilts and blankets and children's shoes. Adults shoes are no longer needed nor are mattresses or pillows.

By next year, perhaps, Korea's textile industry will be able to provide the needed clothing. Now, however, it is unable to do so. It is up to us to help.

Clothing from Medford will be sent to the Korean Consul General at Oakland, Calif., where it is processed, sorted and placed in waterproof containers for shipment to Korea. West Coast Freight Lines carries shipments from Medford to Oakland free of charge.

Medford's Valley Cleaners, 520 S. Riverside do cleaning free of charge for Korean Relief. This week they are remodeling, after which the name will be Arrow Laundry and Dry Cleaners.

Clothing (second-hand or new) may be left at 337 West 10th street. If no one happens to be there to receive it, packages will be left on the porch and will be taken care of. The W.M.S. of the Free Methodist Church will pack the goods and deliver to the Freight lines.

Mrs. Hazel Nelson Route 1, Box 399-E Medford, Oregon.

A Vote of Thanks

To the Editor: The Medford Lady Lions and the Medford fire department would like to thank the public for their interest in the toy project for the underprivileged at Christmas. There were many, personal contributions, individuals who sewed for dolls, women who repaired dolls and people who helped many other ways.

We feel it is difficult to reach every individual, so are resorting to a communication which we hope will reach everyone, to express our thanks and appreciation. Last, but not least, may we thank The Medford Mail Tribune for the time and articles they have been so patient in working in the paper for us.

Fire Chief Gordon Barker and the Medford Firemen and Medford Lady Lions Pres. Mrs. A. Perkins, Chmn. Mrs. H. Glidden, Comm. Mrs. J. Teeter, Mrs. J. Patella

"New Era" Promised

To the Editor: If the big business-banker advisors of the "miracle" administration of Mr. Eisenhower don't turn out to be better guessers than the bunch that steered Calvin Coolidge and Herb Hoover through the "new era" we may be in for quite a siege.

As late as 1931 whenever we had nine millions unemployed and wheat was selling for twenty-eight cents per bushel following the greatest stock market crash in our history, the big boys were really cutting the mustard through their rosy predictions. They said that we were just about to enter something, that they were unable to tell just what it was, but it might be the "golden age."

When Mr. Hoover shuffled off his "state of the union" address in 1931 big business and the banking fraternity echoed My! My! What a message of hope

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Shortly before Christmas, one of the sows belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dorich, Jacksonville, had a litter of 13—too many for the mother pig to feed properly. Mrs. Dorich took three of the little porkers, and fed them formula from a bottle—every three hours.

Came Christmas, and a dinner invitation from the Doriches' daughter and son-in-law, the E. E. McGrews of Medford. Along went the pigs, and received their regular feedings on the patio. Got along fine, too, and played with the McGrews' cats.

The same arrangement worked New Year's.

A girl named Virginia once wanted to become a waitress. She wrote the editor of the local paper, asking if it were necessary for waitresses to wash their hands before working. The editor penned an editorial which began of course: "Yes, Virginia, there is a sanitary clause..."

Santa Claus (not sanitary clause) brought Robert Emmet Nealon a typewriter for Christmas, and The Mail Tribune's Table Rock correspondent is going modern. Emmet started his news writing career almost as far back as the time when Chief Joseph surrendered to Lt. Col. Buchanan at that historic Table Rock pow-wow, and all through the years he has been content to turn out his notes the hard way—with pencil and paper.

and courage to our people. The ink had scarcely gotten dry on the address until unemployment had risen to thirteen millions, mortgage foreclosures were multiplying by the thousands and six thousand banks were cracking up across the nation.

Here is the rest of the story. Big business executives, stock brokers and dabblers in stocks were hunting for a short cut to oblivion by jumping from tenth story windows, the sixgun or the little black bottle. The Reconstruction Finance corporation gathered up the fragments of big business, the bank moratorium scooped up the bankers and they all went on relief. It was hardly fair either. Big business and the banker got on relief before the poor white trash.

Earl Allen, Rt. 1, Box 484C, Medford, Ore.

The Traffic Problem To the Editor: S. D. day has come and gone and still the traffic carnage continues. The recent fatality at McAndrews and Biddle roads where the life of a friend was sacrificed drives home the significance of the issue and forces the undersigned to rush in where angels might fear to tread but where the cooperation of all is definitely needed.

In order to cope with any problem the best approach, or the only one if success is to be achieved, is to determine the cause. If removal of the cause is impossible or undesirable, as may be in this case some other alternative should be tried.

It is a foregone conclusion that the cause of the major portion, if not of all accidents, is the product of the improper functioning of the human mind. Our competitive system has produced very fast and beautiful automobiles. Cooperatively we have built the greatest system of highways in the world—but the competitive industrial system has cluttered them up with all types, shades, and colors of signboards and lights with which no one can help but be attracted or distracted. Cooperatively we have produced some wonderful institutions for the development of the human mind, needless to say, with a marked degree of success. Then competitive industrialism fills that mind so full of business scheming, hilarity of achievement, frustrated hopes, or mental agitation that we frantically proceed down these roads more fit subjects for psychopathic wards than as operators of instruments of death.

We might suggest that no commercial advertising be tolerated along our highways. Let the passerby enjoy the security of no printed sign except simple road directions which would likely be read if all other distracting material were removed. But this advertising for business is in itself an industry of no small proportion.

Would business make this sacrifice? We have noticed in some places along our highways markers where fatalities have occurred. This might help if the practice were adopted before the unhappy time when they shall have become so numerous as to constitute a rival for the present advertising art imposed upon the public eye.

I am not going to touch upon the use, we of society permit, in certain intoxicating beverages which add but naught to the functioning of the human mind. Why on earth should I bring that up? We had a ban on that once and society seemed to think that they would prefer what we now have.

Bert Harr, Copper Road, Box 77, Jacksonville, Ore.

Like the famed Irish crusader and orator, Robert Emmet, for whom he was named, Mr. Nealon has never been at a loss for words. But in recent years writing the news by hand has become increasingly hard and the chirography not always as legible as he (also the M-T rural editor and the linotype operators) might wish.

Emmet is now learning to operate the writing contraption, and as soon as he masters that little detail, he expects the news reporting task will be much easier, not only for himself but for all concerned.

The passage of time brings people and things into the news which were not there before. As a result, some newspaper headlines which are perfectly intelligible today would have mystified us a few years ago. Our favorite one of this type we spotted just week in the Oregon Statesman at Salem. It said: "Dag, Chou Chai."

Staff member who lives some distance from the office, on a cold morning last week, started her car about a half hour before she drove to work, so that it would be nice and warm for the drive.

So efficiently did the car warm up, and so effective was the heater, that she "almost stifled" before she arrived—despite temperature in the low 20s.

Employees at the new branch of the First National bank here have a brand-new lunchroom on the second floor of the building. They've already named it: "Top O' the Mark."

H. D. Medford of Phoenix has a name which must cause him no end of bother, living as he does near the county seat of Jackson county, which has the same name he does.

Latest confusion arose in a news story from Phoenix, reported correctly by an M-T reporter. But the article which referred to the "H. D. Medford garage" was changed by an over-eager and uninformed copy feeder to say "the H and D garage of Medford."

Overheard in a store in Jacksonville, an "old-timer" type customer to a clerk: "I'd like to buy a used shaving brush."

When we read an advertisement for a department store in a Portland paper last week which said "It's Spring again..." our first reaction was "Br-r-r! This is spring!"

But about the same time a staff member passed us a note to report that daphne is coming out, and that iris plants are blooming.

They're winter iris, though.

Membership Drive For DAV Started

The local chapter Disabled American Veterans, at the request of National Commander Alfred L. English, has launched a "one for three" drive for members, to terminate with a business meeting Feb. 8. Each member is to contact at least three prospects for new membership, renewal, or re-instatement, chapter officers said.

Commander English has informed the chapters that he will confer with President Eisenhower this month, and will place before the President and the Congress a legislative program to the nation's wartime disabled themselves. It is in order to assist this program that more members are wanted in the DAV, the Congressionally chartered representative of disabled war veterans.

To add impetus to this membership campaign, Commander Lester L. Moser of Jackson county chapter No. 8, DAV, has announced that he will present cash prizes for the top three member producers, on first, second, and third prize basis.

The chapter has exceeded last year's membership, but is ambitious to meet the nationally set quota.

New Logging Firm Files Incorporation

Articles of incorporation were filed at Salem last week for A and H Logging Inc., Medford, according to a release through United Press. Signers are E. P. Atterbury, who is president of the new concern; Richard R. Holzhauser, secretary-treasurer, and Evelyn C. Copiner.

Both Atterbury and Holzhauser have been engaged in the logging business in this area for about 10 years, but this is the first time that either has been engaged in business for himself. The firm will engage in general logging contracting throughout Jackson county.