

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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10 YEARS AGO June 5, 1945 (It was Tuesday) Medford being considered for veteran's hospital, and Chamber of Commerce concentrating on securing better use of Camp White hospital.

20 YEARS AGO June 5, 1935 (It was Wednesday) Medford city council orders foreclosure on old consolidated bond assessments totaling about \$6,000.

30 YEARS AGO June 5, 1925 (It was Friday) Rifle range being constructed on northeastern slope of Roxy Anne for Oregon National Guard encampment.

40 YEARS AGO June 5, 1915 (It was Saturday) City takes steps toward conserving water as annual shortage approaches.

Medford residences and businesses without gas during morning hours when Rogue Valley Gas company employee goes on vacation without turning on gas.

What's the Answer? (Can You Get 4 of the 7?) Copr. 1955, Editorial Research Report

- 1. Memorial Day originated right after the Mexican War, Civil War, war with Spain, or World War I? 2. Stock of the Ford Co. of the U.S. can now be bought and sold on the N.Y. Stock Exchange; right or wrong? 3. Are there more junior colleges or teachers colleges in the U.S.?

Ex-Husband Shoots Portland Woman Portland — (U.P.) — A 42-year-old Portland woman was shot down in front of her home Friday

How About Strikes?

There seems to be an epidemic of strikes in this country and a paralyzing one in England. Being in an optimistic mood (for no reason at all) we predict the time will come when strikes, on a large scale at least, will, like wars on a similar scale, price themselves out of the market.

SO IN the free democratic world, at least, we think it highly probable the example of the Scandinavian countries will eventually be followed and a system of labor-courts will be established, as a means of settling disputes between labor and capital, without lockouts or walkouts, but by peaceful adjudication of differences on a fair judicial, desirable basis.

THIS is not going to come about tomorrow or next day, but in the long view we believe this, or something very similar, will be done, and as in the realm of wars, not on the basis of idealism, or on moral grounds, but on the basis of simple hard-headed self-interest, the greatest good to the greatest number.

AS OF today organized labor is strongly against any legal restriction of the strike. And of course, in the free world, if a man—or a group of them—refuse to work, there is no way of compelling them to do so.

But as time goes on, we believe, labor will become less extreme in its demands, just as capital will become more generous in its concessions, that the permanence of profitable business operation will become as apparent to the employees as to the employers, and while strikes on a minor scale (and wars ditto) may still come to pass from time to time, they will become less and less frequent and might even eventually disappear.

As indicated above this is a very optimistic outlook. But there have been so many pessimistic predictions flying about of late, that for the sake of a change of pace, and a bit of novelty, looking on the brighter side would seem to be justified. So that is what we have done.—R.W.R.

How About Cigaret Tax?

NO one conversant with Oregon politics will be surprised if the cigaret tax of 3 cents a packet is referred. And if it is with the money available and pressure groups ditto, betting odds will no doubt favor the cigaret manufacturers to win this time, as they have before.

AS has so often been remarked in this column we live under a REPRESENTATIVE government. We send our representatives to Salem every two years to do the state business for us.

THE important point, as we see it, is the obligation to support their form of government on the part of the people. We don't mean blindly, nor in any way to impair the referendum privilege when justified, but other things being equal, to at least always place the burden of proof upon those who maintain action taken by their duly elected representatives, was improper and not to the best interests of the state.

FOR political purposes and to bring about its defeat this tax will probably be called a "sales tax" and a discriminatory tax. But 42 states in the country out of 48 now levy such a tax, and for years there has been a tax on liquor, so on the question of discrimination, this objection to a tax on cigarets hardly stands up.

Certainly if the people as a whole, refuse to support their representative form of government as a political institution they won't have one—not for long at least.—R.W.R.

day night by her former husband, who then attempted to take his own life. Dead was Ethel Beck. She was shot three times with a .22 caliber revolver in front of her home. Henry E. Beck Jr., turned the gun on himself but was not mortally wounded.

Neighbors said the couple had had "some trouble" the last few months. The Beckes were divorced last September. They had a 13-year-old son.

Washington was inaugurated as the first president of the United States April 30, 1789.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

MESSAGE FROM ASIA Washington—Asia is the vulnerable flank of the United States and the world. That sentence would be this reporter's choice, if he were asked to compress in one sentence all the innumerable observations and impressions of a six months' journey in Asia.

IF Asia is our vulnerable flank, moreover, it follows that almost all the developments that are now thought to be so hopeful are mere local and temporary gains. The freeing of Austria, for instance, is being hailed as the beginning of a new era of international relations; but there is no reason to suppose, as yet, that it is anything of the sort.

To be sure, the Soviets would never have freed Austria if immense progress had not been made, on many fronts, in reinforcing Western Europe against Communist pressures. But precisely because of this progress that began with the Marshall Plan and ended with German rearmament, Europe is no longer the place to look for signs of a new era's dawn.

The leaders of world communism are not a pack of fools. They will not order a separate frontal attack on a strongly fortified line, if there is a naked, unprotected flank by which the whole position can be taken. Asia is that flank. If there is any hope of peace between the free and Communist worlds, the place to look for signs of peace is in Asia. As of today, unfortunately, no such signs are in sight.

In the hope of getting what they want without the bothersome risk of fighting for it, the Chinese Communists have, of course, declared their willingness to talk about the situation in the Formosa Strait. But there is no jot or tittle of evidence that the Communists will not attack the offshore islands in the end, if the Eisenhower administration does not succeed in giving them Quemoy and the Matsus as a present.

AND if the Administration succeeds in making this handsome present to Peiping, there is no jot or tittle of evidence, either, that the Communists will not then proceed to prepare an early attack on Formosa proper. Possession of Quemoy and the Matsus will make this possible, and Peiping's claim to Formosa has never been abandoned or abated.

Furthermore, this local, predominantly military situation in the Formosa Strait is far less important, except as a symptom, than the political-military situation in Southeast Asia. It may be heresy to say so, but this country and the free world could well afford to lose Formosa if we could be sure of losing nothing further. Unfortunately, however, much more serious losses probably lie ahead in Southeast Asia, and in Southeast Asia, the danger is more complex than in the Formosa Strait.

At the bottom of the Southeast Asian problem, of course, there is the vast and increasing military power of communism in Asia. The weak Korean truce that the Eisenhower administration granted a China strained to the breaking point, in effect insured that all Asia would be indefinitely overshadowed by the huge army and large air force of the Peiping government. The Geneva-Munich added to the calculation another 20 divisions, which the Communist dominated Viet Minh are now whipping into shape in Northern Indochina.

But in Southeast Asia, it is the mere threat of Communist military power, rather than the direct application of Communist military power, that creates the primary problem. If affairs in Southern Indochina develop as badly as seems likely, even American policy must be expected to be semi-paralyzed by the menacing existence of 20 Viet Minh divisions in the North. The weak states of Southeast Asia are infinitely more likely to succumb to this kind of paralysis by unspoken military threat.

If these Asian nations had already found themselves, threats would shake them far less. But only Burma is even beginning to find herself. All are disorganized. All are open to infiltration. In all, large groups of the population are waiting to see which way the bandwagon is going. This internal weakness is in turn exaggerated by the threat of Communist military power, and so the Communists have the opportunity of repeating Joshua's stunt under the Walls of Jericho.

SEATO is no answer to this danger. Yet the danger must be met somehow, for the kind of chain reaction of triumphs that the Communists can now hope for in Southeast Asia, will surely beget an even more disastrous chain reaction in less remote parts of the world.

In Japan, which President Eisenhower has officially proclaimed "an American bastion," the writing is already on the wall. The betting is far better than even that a Communist triumph in Southeast Asia will be quickly followed by the rupture of the Japanese-American alliance. And similar effects will surely be observed in India and the Middle East, in troubled Africa, and even in Europe.

That is the perspective that opens out in Asia today. If the famous meeting at the summit does not produce some means of closing that perspective, it will have produced little of lasting value.

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IS THAT SO? By Eugene Burns

Helsinki, With SAS — Delayed — Ever consider the complicated toilet of birds? They bathe in water, dust and even snow, anoint themselves with oil, preen and groom by the hour—just like movie queens—and, yes, some even dust themselves with their own brand of powder.

Let me tell you how this subject came about. This morning I arrived in a luxurious four-motored Scandinavian Airlines System plane; this afternoon, a horse-drawn sleigh called to take me across the frozen harbor to visit at Finland's famous island zoo with Director D. of Enchelm, a bird authority. En route I saw a raven take a snow bath—that's right, dusting himself vigorously in powdery snow. So, over coffee and pastry, we discussed the toilet of birds.

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Many birds such as the robin, sparrow, chaffinch and blackbird bathe frequently. They apparently enjoy a thorough washing, performing the task vigorously and happily, after which they hurriedly shake themselves to nearby bushes where they shake their wet feathers out and then smooth them carefully. Fear speeds them; while bathing, birds are vulnerable to attack and they fly quickly to nearby bushes because their drenched wings slow their flight considerably.

Birds do not limit their bathing to warm summer weather. Not at all. Some have been observed bathing when the water temperature has been only a few degrees from freezing and the air temperature was down to 10 degrees above zero—that's 22 degrees below freezing. Brrrr! Some Sit in Rain

During summer showers, some birds such as marsh hawks sit in the rain with wings outstretched, apparently enjoying the downpour. And upon one occasion a buzzard has been seen flying deliberately into an open perch during a rainstorm and sitting there with wings outstretched, even shaking them, until the heavy shower was over.

With a few, bathing is done from the wing. Such a one is the shrike. He will sit on a perch near the edge of a pool and suddenly fly out over the water and drop directly into it with a little splash and then rise and fly back to his perch, doing it over repeatedly.

While fly fishing on the Yellowstone, I have seen an osprey (fish hawk) apparently washing his feet on the wing—perhaps to get rid of the fish slime. He flew just above the water and allowed his rather long legs to dangle into the water in flight as he raised and lowered himself.

Where dew is heavy, some birds such as towhees, thrushes and flickers have been seen rubbing themselves over the wet grass—and that done, going through the motions of bathing, followed by preening.

Many birds, of course dust bathe—particularly in the plain and desert countries. Actually, the pheasant, lark and partridge seem to prefer it to water bathing. The pheasant and partridge in particular come back to the same spot repeatedly, hollowing out large dust basins in the soft soil.

Birds don't necessarily limit themselves to one kind of bathing—flickers and sparrows, for example, enjoy both water and dust baths, even on the same day.

In the northern climes—such as in Scandinavia, Scotland, Canada and New England, when the land is in the cold grip of winter and the water is frozen over and the earth covered with snow, neither dust nor water bathing is possible. Then what? Quite logically some birds, like the raven I observed in Finland, find a substitute in snow.

Others have reported seeing hawk owls in Alaska perching in snow atop telephone poles and going through the motions of bathing; or rooks in Scotland have been seen bathing in crisp powdery snow; and in New Eng-

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.

History Repeats Itself To the Editor: How truly history repeats. Way back when Grand Coulee dam was but a gleam in the eye of Rufus Woods, publisher-editor of the Wenatchee Daily World at Wenatchee, Wash., the Washington Water Power Co. had acquired power rights at Kettle Falls for a low dam but plenty big to stop the building of one at Grand Coulee if its boosters could be silenced. That was done, save for Rufus Woods and a few loyal diehards with him.

At one time, his was the only daily paper in the whole U.S.A. plugging for Grand Coulee dam. Chambers of Commerce were swung away from him, including the one in his own home town. Ridicule was heaped on him verging on the libelous, including a whispering that, "did you hear about Rufus Woods? He's losing his buttons over that white-phantom thing he wants built at Wild Goose Bill's ferry at Grand Coulee. How'd we use all that power if we got it? People skip across the street when they see him coming. S'fact. Etc., etc."

But Grand Coulee dam was built and Rufus Woods was there to see the Columbia river to spill over its crest and send its mighty power surging into the turbines, with some of it earmarked to reclaim thousands of acres of fine but arid land.

Came the war. Later Churchill, with cigar at a very jaunty angle for he had to tell F.D.R. that the enemy was sinking our war supply ships faster than they were being built, even though our shipyards were working round the clock.

What to do to reverse the deadly balance? Henry J. Kaiser provided one answer by putting the building of ships in his big yard on the Willamette on an assembly line. Others followed suit. Still others speeded up in various ways, especially here in the west where they had the additional tremendous power of Gran Coulee high dam to back'em up. Power for the aluminum producing pot-lines at Troutdale surging through pure silver busbars worth thousands of dollars, copper too scarce.

Looks like history is pounding out a warning at the Hells Canyon power site on the Snake. F. J. Clifford, 1211 West Main St.

land, juncoes have been seen taking such snow baths just as though they were in the water. After bathing, many birds anoint their plumage with oil. Perhaps you have seen a bird nibble at the oil gland which is just above and in front of the root on the tail on the bird's back.

While nibbling, apparently, he squeezes out some oil and then works it through his feathers with his bill. Because he cannot get at his head, he rubs it against the oil gland vigorously and then scratches his head feathers with his foot.

But even more unusual—most unusual to my way of thinking—some birds carry their own special mix of powder. In the cockatoos this powder puff is scattered; in the herons it occurs in definite areas. Actually, the puff consists of certain feathers and the powder is made up of minute tips of feathery ends which break off continuously and sift over the rest of the plumage.

It is this "powder down" which gives the pale grey of the marsh hawk such a beautiful soft, whitish "bloom," and the heron's plumage such a filmy appearance. The down apparently keeps the feathers from matting. In handling, the "bloom" rubs off quickly.

Surely, this powder plumage is the ultimate of feather perfection. (Copyright, 1955, by Eugene Burns) (Released by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Free: By special arrangement with the editors of the Encyclopedia Americana, my panel of judges will award each week to the reader who sends me the best question on nature and wildlife a complete 30-volume set of this world-famous reference work in a handsome Sealcraft binding. Each week, new questions will be considered. Sorry, I simply can't answer your many friendly letters. Please address your questions to: IS THAT SO! c/o Medford Mail Tribune, Box 575, Seaside, Calif.

Hoax Alert Turned in To Portland Police Portland — (U.P.) — Portland police Friday reported an unidentified person turned in a red alert, which means an enemy air attack.

Police checked with the Air Defense Command here and discovered the warning was a hoax.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Spring really is here. Want to know how we know? The first state picnic of the season has been announced—a sure sign. Minnesota was first again this year.

Dr. Elmo Stevenson, president of Southern Oregon College, has a nice way of putting things. So it's a pleasure to record something he told graduating seniors at Jacksonville High school last week. It went something like this: "Philosophers are those who know a little about many things. More and more they know more and more about fewer and fewer things, until finally they know everything about nothing."

At about the busiest time Here's another dog story: One huge canine, presumably a Great Dane or something of the sort, has no difficulty whatsoever getting a drink of water at the Sixth and Front st. intersection drinking fountain. He simply puts his forepaws up on the concrete step fixed for youngsters, shoves his head over the fountain, and slurps away.

Don't go away yet; here's another dog (and cat) story. The National Humane society reports that 165 cats and dogs are born every minute in the United States—a rate of almost a quarter-million each day. As a result, the society says, there are some 15,000,000 dogs and 25,000,000 cats in the country without homes.

The society feels that the solution for the problem, for which it says the animals are blameless, is not slaughtering them, but cutting down the breeding rate.

We wish we'd been in the backyard of a residence we know about one day recently. We'd loved to have watched as one of those plastic swimming pools, which stand up above the ground, burst at its seams and sent 5,000 gallons of water roaring across flowerbeds and lawns some 40 or 50 feet to the street.

We think it would have been a wonderful and majestic sight. And it's a darned good thing nobody was too close when it happened, for those 5,000 gallons weigh a total of about 50,000 pounds, and 50,000 pounds of water swooshing by are not to be trifled with.

(P. S.—The manufacturer has agreed to replace the swimming pool with a newer, sturdier model.) Dear Potluck: Did you ever hear of the "Bible Ranch"? Of course that was only a nickname given to a hillside clearing at the turn of the century by the few remaining "hardrock" miners near Gold Hill.

A pattern of an open book was formed in a clearing of brush with a small gully in the center—hence the name. The hillside was planted to vineyard and was the talk of the town for many years. Eventually it reverted back to nature again, but the remains and dim outlines can still be distinguished about a half-mile from the Sams Valley road north of Gold Hill, looking across the river.

Bert Kissingner, 520 Boardman st. Color television may be a long way off, but one Medford area family already has gone it one or two better. They have the same thing, plus wide screen and stereophonic sound and they didn't have to put out a fabulous price for a set.

Some time back they disposed of some surplus property to a drive-in theater, but they were farsighted enough to have some unusual provisions inserted in the agreement.

So now they can sit in their patio on warm summer nights and watch the drive-in theater screen. Sound is provided by their own personal sound box. One thing they appear to have missed. As far as we know, they have to provide their own popcorn.

The Paul Conrads, who raise whiteface cattle on a ranch off the Butte Falls highway, were puzzled last week. The Conrads found a new-born calf in the pasture and since all of their cows already had small calves, they decided the little newcomer must belong in the herd of a neighbor. But it didn't, and one of the cows in the Conrad herd drove off her first offspring, a March calf, and began mothering the day-old arrival.

This seemed to add up to one cow having two calves, for four months apart. The Conrads don't mind having one more animal in their herd, but still aren't quite sure about the facts of whiteface cowdom.

Dr. W. W. Youngson Succumbs In Portland Portland — (U.P.) — Dr. W. W. Youngson, 85-year-old Methodist minister, died here Saturday of a stroke.

Dr. Youngson was the dean of Methodist ministry in Portland. He founded and was first pastor of the Rose City Park Methodist church.

Funeral services are tentatively set for 2:30 p.m. Monday at the church he helped build.