

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everybody in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"

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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 August 1, 1945

(It was Wednesday) Bears reported plentiful in Union Creek-Prospect area.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: Henry J. Kaiser, the shipbuilding wizard and industrial go-getter, plans to pioneer a low-priced auto, in the post-war era.

20 YEARS AGO August 1, 1935

(It was Thursday) Evans Creek dog "Ring" gets bit by a rattle snake and lives to bark about it.

Postal receipts at Medford post office total \$7,431.63 for July, an increase of \$313.92 above the previous July.

30 YEARS AGO August 1, 1925

(It was Saturday) Four Medford boys runaway from home, caught in Roseburg.

From Local and Personal column: Fruit growers get in touch with government free employment bureau, Medford Chamber of Commerce, for pickers.

40 YEARS AGO August 1, 1915

(It was Sunday) Adams, club favorite, and Egan, downtown favorite, to meet in finals of Southern Oregon Tennis tournament at the Country club this afternoon.

Jackson county divided into eight districts with eight registrars to carry out recent law passed by legislature for compulsory registration of births and deaths.

What's the Answer?

Can You Get 4 of the 7? Copr. 1955, Editorial Research Report

- 1. Which group of nations has more people, the Communist or the free-world bloc, or have they about the same number? 2. Most men who smoke cigarettes at all smoke less than a pack a day; right or wrong? 3. Half, more than half, or less than half of all feature movies made in Hollywood last year were in color? 4. Which state extends further north: Maine, Vermont, Michigan, Minnesota or Washington? 5. Relatively many or few new stock issues were floated in the first part of this year, or about the average number? 6. In this week's elections in Israel the Mapai candidates are pro-government or in the Opposition? 7. U. S. ambassador to Great Britain is Walter Gifford, Joseph Kennedy, James Conant, Winthrop Aldrich, or William Howard Taft III? The answers: 1. Communist bloc has more, 2. Right, 3. More than half, 4. Minnesota, 5. Relatively many, 6. Pro-Government, 7. Aldrich. Kelso, Wash.—(U.P.)—The body of Lester Holcomb, 55, Kelso, was found early yesterday after he was struck by a northbound train on Northern Pacific tracks here.

Something Better

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention, A kingdom for a stage, princes to act And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

It was thus that William Shakespeare invoked supernatural assistance as he wrote the prologue to "Henry V."

We wish he could be in the Elizabethan theater in Ashland this evening, when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is presented to open the 20th year of "our" Shakespearean festival.

THE "Muse of Fire" was Shakespeare's own, and has indeed entered the brightest heaven of invention.

But the stage is new, and while it is a reproduction of the type of Elizabethan theater used in Shakespeare's day, it has advantages of which he could hardly have dreamed.

The lighting, for one thing, makes an evening fairland of the colorful costumes and stage effects which were impossible in Elizabethan England. Technical improvements (smoke, fire, lightning, wind, thunder) produced by the mechanics and chemists of the 20th century would fill Shakespeare's audiences with awe.

MAYBE we don't have "princes to act," but we do have some of the most highly competent young actors in the United States—which is probably better.

These young people are devoted to their art, and make a way of life of making the plays come alive. We could not expect more nor demand less were they real princes.

AS for "monarchs to behold the swelling scene," we have better than that, too—audiences who, year after year, come back to Ashland to renew their devotion to the "Muse of fire," and a constant supply of new devotees from all over the western world.

In Shakespeare's day, the audiences, standing in the orchestra, were difficult to play to, to say the least. They were demanding, and raucous in their disapproval. Perhaps, since it was they for whom Shakespeare wrote, they are partly responsible for the last-thing, down-to-earth value of his plays.

Yes, we think that were Will Shakespeare to join us tonight, he would find something better than his hoped-for stage, his princes and his monarchs.—E.A.

Good Luck, "E. H."

In his 30 years of service to the schools and the people of Medford School District 49, E. H. Hedrick has not infrequently been the focal point of heated debates over the rights and wrongs of one theory of education or the other.

But he has "worn well," and has steadfastly carried out his job according to one undisputed criterion, what he thought was right. He has received strong, loyal and continuing support both from his staffs of teachers and administrators and from the majority of people in Medford.

IT IS a matter of justifiable pride to "E. H." that never in his years of service have voters turned down a proposed budget or bond issue for the schools. We have a strong hunch that this impressive record is due in no small part to the qualities of the man himself, who is so obviously honest and straightforward.

And whether or not one agrees with his concept of what constitutes a good primary and secondary education in these days of raging educational debates, one cannot help but have a monumental respect for the integrity which he has imparted to the school system.

AS Mr. Hedrick leaves the system (and we doubt that he'll wander too far away), he is richly deserving of the thanks of all of us for his years of service to the children of the community.

Because we are sorry to see "E. H." go does not mean that we do not welcome his successor, Leonard Mayfield, who himself is well-known and highly respected for his years in the Medford system as high school principal.

We are fortunate to have a worthy successor to a worthy superintendent, and we wish both of them all kinds of luck.—E.A.

Congratulations, Mr. Mayor

We would like to extend our congratulations to Mayor Earl Miller for a notably simple and sensible action in vetoing the hasty and unconsidered action of the city council of a few weeks ago.

In a succinct message, he cut through the dispute which surrounded the Kenwood avenue paving matter, placed it in proper perspective, and removed the council from an embarrassing position.

THE council was exasperated at a neighborhood disagreement over paving, which has been in and out of the council chambers over a period of months. Because of this its action is, perhaps, understandable.

But, understandable or not, it was wrong. The mayor corrected the error.—E.A.

Police Crack Down on Juveniles in Portland

Portland (U.P.)—A sudden surge of teenage rowdiness prompted Police Chief Jim Purcell today to order increased personnel, including women to help combat delinquency. Purcell said a special patrol detail composed of officers in the city's women protective division and the police juvenile

Matter of Fact By Stewart Alsop

ON A COLLECTIVE FARM

Dnepropetrovsk—The feeling that you don't really understand, and never could understand, in a million years, is one reason why a visit to the Soviet Union is such an oddly oppressive experience for an American.



Nowhere is the feeling so strong as on a kholkoz, or collective farm. Take, for example, the pig pen on the Stalin kholkoz near here, which this reporter has just visited. Comrade Lepsha, the shy, eager, thin-faced vice-chairman of the collective, could hardly wait to show off his new pig pen.

And indeed, it turned out to be a veritable regular Ritz of pigland, a porkers' paradise, every spotless sow in her own spotless pen. There were several peasant girls about, acting as solicitous pig valets, scrubbing the pens, or washing and brushing the sows and the little piglets.

But why? Why this heavy investment in effort and woman-hours to keep pigs in such a state of unnatural cleanliness? Why was it worth it?

One possible answer of course immediately suggested itself—that the pig pen was a sort of porcine Potemkin village, erected to impress the glib foreign visitor. But this theory could not hold water. The decision to visit the collective farm had been taken at the last minute, when it turned out to be impossible, for the usual mysterious reasons, to visit the famous Dnepropetrovsk dam. Besides, Dnepropetrovsk is well off the usual route for foreigners—there is just even an Intourist hotel—and it just does not seem likely that the Russians would build a beautiful pig pen and stock it with beautiful pigs just in case a stray foreigner happened along.

Part of the answer was visible, instead, in the almost fanatic pride in Comrade Lepsha's eyes, as he surveyed his gleaming pig house and his gleaming pigs. The porcine Ritz was clearly a sort of private hobby, a personal maggot of Comrade Lepsha's, built without any of the usual dreary prior calculations of the corn-hog ratio which American farmers are forced to make.

AND another part of the answer was found in Comrade Lepsha's carefully rehearsed lecture about the Kholkoz, which he gave in his tiny office under the inevitable picture of Stalin in an agricultural moment. According to Comrade Lepsha, there are 14,000 acres on the Stalin kholkoz and 1400 people. This works out, of course, to one person per 10 acres. The comparable ratio on American farming in a good district, is one family to 160 acres with father doing almost all the work. It was obvious to the naked eye that there were plenty of people about on the Stalin kholkoz. And with plenty of people, it is not difficult to keep large numbers

of pigs unnaturally immaculate, of the local powers that be, like Comrade Lepsha, decide that keeping pigs immaculate is a good thing.

This may explain the mystery of the immaculate pigs. But in Russia the explanation of one mystery only leads on to another mystery. For how does this incredible system, in which there are no normal economic incentives or economic sanctions, manage to work at all? You can see that it works, after a fashion, with your own eyes. To be sure, the corn looks thin, the brown cows seedy, and the pasturage terrible. But the wheat looks fine, the fruit is abundant and delicious, and the people of the kholkoz are certainly healthy and vigorous.

Some of the people even seem happy. Take Ivan, the tractor driver. Comrade Lepsha says that Ivan has piled up a record number of "norms," the norm being the unit of measurement in the speedup system which is universal in the Soviet Union. (Another mystery: how can you measure with any real accuracy the normal output of a tractor driver or a pig trader?)

At any rate, Ivan the tractor driver is one of the two or three top earners on the farm. Ivan is a big brawny man with an enormous grin and stainless steel teeth. He proudly invites the foreigner to visit his house. From the outside, it looks precisely like every other house on the dusty, rutted Kholkoz street, and like every other house, it is surrounded by a couple of acres of carefully tended private land.

(FROM the air, you can see the pattern of the Russian land endlessly repeated—lush, heavily cultivated private plots around the little houses, giving way to huge, scraggy-looking collective fields.)

Ivan's wife, a big cheerful woman who has lost one eye to trachoma, is touchingly proud of her house. It has three tiny rooms, with a front parlor which looks amazingly like a miniature of a front parlor in an old-fashioned American farmhouse. There are prim wedding pictures on the wall, and hand-crocheted antimacassars, and, as befits such a successful man as Ivan, a new radio.

As he says goodbye after showing his house, Ivan smiles his broadest smile, and repeats a phrase you have been hearing all over the kholkoz: "Our greetings to the simple peasants of America." Better than anything else, the phrase suggests the vast gulf which separates the Soviet and the American systems.

Yet somehow, mysteriously, messily, uneconomically, with little comfort and no private values at all, this system works. The food comes out of the ground, and unless all Russians are consummate actors and this reporter a complete fool, there are Russians, like Comrade Lepsha and Ivan the tractor driver, who take real pride and pleasure in this incomprehensible way of life.

Copyright, 1955, New York Herald Tribune Inc. This is the second of a series of reports which Stewart Alsop brought out of Russia when he left Moscow before the Geneva conference.

Is That So?

Although your garden may be drooping for lack of moisture during a hot day in August, strangely enough the air may be full of moisture—soggier, actually, than when the air is full of rain in winter.

And, oh man! can it be humid, even though the weatherman may deflate you by saying: "Why, look, the relative humidity today is only 50 per cent!"



What does this "relative humidity" mean? Frankly, next to nothing, because its meaning changes from day to day.

To explain: when the temperature readings are 90, 70, or 50, with a relative humidity of 50, the moisture content differs vastly. Actually, at 90 it will contain twice as much moisture than at 70, and four times as much as at 50.

Recognizing this ridiculous state of relative humidity, one weatherman called it "the meteorological equivalent of absolute humbug."

As for the amount of moisture the air holds, temperature is the deciding factor. Thus it is quite possible for the air to contain less moisture on a rainy day in midwinter than on a hot dry day in midsummer. But should it be a wet day in midsummer, then the air may hold almost three times as much moisture.

How does moisture get into the air in the first place? Most likely by evaporation. In the southwest, one can get some idea of how rapid this evaporation can be. There, in a year's time, an exposed body of water may

lose 100 inches of water by evaporation—that's over eight feet and almost 10 times as much as the mean annual rainfall.

Rate Less in Winter How much per day? On a dry summer's day, the surface level of a lake may be lowered 3/4 of an inch, which means that in this month alone, loss may be 23 inches. (The winter rate naturally would be less even in desert country; it would probably be less than half.)

Open water does not alone provide evaporation surface; trees and plants do, also. During the peak of the growing season, a single corn plant may lose up to 10 pounds of water in a single day—more than a gallon!

As a matter of fact, a plant-covered area with a damp soil can be almost as effective in moistening the air, in the warmer months of the year at least, as any open body of water.

Add it up, and this evaporation by open water, damp soil, and plants equals millions of tons of water being converted into water vapor daily. And that, even reckoned at the weatherman's ambiguous 50 per cent relative humidity, is a lot of moisture.

(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 true-life nature adventure, the best nature observation, or 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 submissions will be considered. Sorry, I simply can't answer your many friendly letters. Please address your letter to: IS THAT SO? c/o Medford Mail Tribune, P.O. Box 575, Sausalito, Calif.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

The other morning our President had breakfast at the White House with 238 Republican senators and representatives. He told them he is interested in unifying the Republican party behind a set of principles the people can accept without misgivings.

He added: The GOP can control the federal administration FOREVER if it is unified on principles the people can accept with trust and confidence.

LET'S TURN that around. SO COULD THE DEMOCRATS.

In our way of life, nothing is truer than this: What's best for our COUNTRY is best for ALL of us.

That goes for Republicans and Democrats alike.

I'M SUCH a hopeless optimist as to believe the time will come when the people of our country will discriminate in their voting in favor of constructive, able candidates who stand on SOUND principles and against glib and glamorous demagogues who will espouse any screwball doctrine that seems to have vote-catching possibilities.

If and when that time comes, candidates will soon learn that the way to be elected and re-elected (which is what statesmen, as well as mere politicians, want) is to do consistently, even though it calls for great courage, the things that are best for our country.

THERE IS evidence that this hope isn't utterly futile.

There is Senator Byrd of Virginia, for example. He has been in the senate for more than 20 years. There is Senator George of Georgia, who has been there more than 30 years. There is Russell of Georgia, who has been in the senate more than 20 years.

These are Democrats, and Southern Democrats at that. But they are sound thinkers. Very often they are against panaceas that are momentarily popular—especially Senator Byrd, who has come almost to be known as Mr. Economy. The good Lord knows economy hasn't been very popular anywhere in recent years.

But Senator Byrd has been consistently elected and reelected, as have his distinguished colleagues from Georgia.

EXAMPLES of continued public support of men who guide their political actions by what they conceive to be best for their country are not lacking among Republicans.

There was Senator Taft of Ohio. He was a conservative, but not a reactionary. Very often indeed he was opposed to the popular trends of his time. Because he conceived it to be right and in the best interests of his country, he was one of the authors of the Taft-Hartley law, which brought down upon him the ire of organized labor over the country generally and specifically in his own state. Yet he was reelected to the senate after a bitter campaign and analysis of the Ohio voting made it plain that he must have received the support of considerable numbers of labor union members who admired his forthright courage.

His untimely death, after suffering defeat by Dwight D. Eisenhower for Republican nomination for President and then turning in and giving his loyal and able support to the man who had beaten him, was universally mourned.

LET'S turn to the Republican of a different stripe—Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. In the later years of his long service in both houses of the congress (from 1903 until 1942) he diverged increasingly from the strict Republican party line. During many years of the New Deal he was more praised by the Democrats than by the Republicans. His divergence became so sharp that he was defeated for the senate in 1942.

Yet for nearly 40 years he commanded the respect of the people of Nebraska. They respected him (and kept on reelecting him to the congress, first to the house and then to the senate) because they believed that what he did he did because he conceived it to be for the best interest of his country.

At any rate, I'm sure President Eisenhower was right when he told Republican leaders that the GOP can control the federal administration forever if it is unified on principles the people can accept with trust and confidence.

Chittagong, the principal port of East Pakistan, is a bustling city of 260,000 people. It has trebled its population since 1941. In 1946-47 the port handled only 5,566 tons of jute. In the fiscal year 1950-51 it handled 370,000 tons.

Dead line Sunday Classified is at noon Saturday; 10 a.m. Monday for Monday; other days 5:30 previous day.

Red China Premier Pleased Over Talks With U.S. At Geneva

By CHARLES M. McCANN

United Press Foreign Analyst

Chou En-lai, the dangerously pleasant premier and foreign minister of Communist China, is pleased over the talks which started today in Geneva.

They are only on the "ambassadorial level," as it is called—between the United States ambassador to Czechoslovakia and the Chinese Red ambassador to Poland.

The program for discussion is limited—the return of United States civilians detained in China... and settlement of other practical matters now in issue.

The State Department, in announcing that the talks would be held, emphasized that they will not involve diplomatic recognition.

Step Upward But the talks are a step upward from those on the "consular level" which have been going on in Geneva quietly for months.

Chou wants United States recognition of the Peiping government. A major plank in his platform toward that end has been direct talks with the United States.

Chou knows that United States recognition practically would eliminate any chance for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalists ever to retake the mainland.

President Eisenhower said at his press conference last Wednesday that the United States government might "eventually" have to agree to a conference between Chou and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Dulles himself hinted at the same possibility.

There have been reports for three weeks that the big powers are secretly discussing the possibility of a Far Eastern conference within the next few months.

Premier Edgar Faure of France suggested last week that the Western powers get together and recognize Red China.

British Recognition France has stuck with the United States in refusing to recognize the Chinese Red government. Britain recognized it in January, 1950, when the Labor party was in office.

No one can deny Chou En-lai's reputation as a smart man. Polished, smiling and attractive even to anti-Communists who do business with him, Chou is rated the No. 3 man in the Chinese Red government.

He follows Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Central People's Government Council and chairman of the Communist party, and Liu Shao-chi, chairman of the Standing Committee of Congress. Fourth man is Gen. Chu Teh, who is vice-chairman of the government council.

Though Chou is premier, he is unlikely ever to be the No. 1 leader of the Red government. Peiping now has a sort of committee rule, like Russia. If Mao died, Chu Teh probably would succeed him as chairman of the government council and Liu would become Communist party chairman. However, Chou is doing well as he is.

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 initial 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.

OK, Let the Debates Decide

To the Editor: Regarding the Coon-Neuberger debate which you mentioned in your editorial of July 28:

As of July 23, Sam Coon has accepted twenty-one invitations to debate—Mr. Neuberger only twelve.

Why? From the rate of acceptance, we might assume that it is the Junior Senator, not Mr. Coon, who is reluctant to debate.

Or is it that the Junior Senator is so engrossed with great national issues, such as squirrels on the White House lawn, that he simply hasn't time to debate issues of importance to those whom he supposedly represents.

Or perhaps he does not want to hold up his negative, obstructive attitude to public view. His opponent, after all, has a long record of working for his district and his state. Mr. Neuberger's accomplishments, thus far, have been the very thorough publicizing of Mr. Neuberger.

May I suggest that you withhold your sympathies until after the debates and let these debates be decided on their merit?

Luella S. Stine, Route 2, Box 424, Medford, Oregon.

Jungle Men Also

GEO. N. TAYLOR

When the folks near-by or the head-hunters, cannibals or any others of the far-off jungles have faith to receive Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, they are saved from eternal death. God commands His people to give the Gospel to all men everywhere, so that each may know that God had a Son who died for his sins. They who receive Christ Jesus as dying for their sins are the saved. God writes their name in his Book of Life and Christ takes up in their heart to give them new life. God alone has the date when Christ is to raise His who sleep in death. And also His then alive. It is faith in Christ as dying for your sins, that saves. Education, invention or science as such do not save. If you would have a part in the spread of the Gospel by newspaper write GOSPEL NEWS PAPER, 2385 87th Ave. S.W., Portland 1, Ore. Adv.



Oklahoma Woman Object of Search

Oklahoma City—(U.P.)—Oklahoma crime bureau chief O. K. Bivins called on peace officers across the nation today to aid him in a search for the widow of a former Oklahoma governor—oil millionaire whom he fears may be a victim of amnesia.

The whereabouts of Mrs. Lydie Marland, 56, is as much a mystery to her relatives as to Bivins. It was only after conducting a private search on their own that they called on Bivins to help them find the missing woman.

After unsuccessfully trying to find her in California and Oregon, Bivins ordered her physical description broadcast to all 48 states. The order was carried out today.

Mrs. Marland was last seen in Los Angeles in March, 1953. It was from there that she disappeared.

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