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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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Flight o' Time

10 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Morris return from Toledo, Ohio, where they purchase new ambulance, first such vehicle to be delivered to coast since start of World War II.

20 YEARS AGO

Four-year-old girl dies of polio; another case reported to county health office.

30 YEARS AGO

City council forms municipal railroad company to take over Medford-Jacksonville railroad, purchased recently by the city.

40 YEARS AGO

Rogue Valley orchardists ask cooperation in building irrigation system.

What's the Answer?

Can You Get a 7? Copr. 1955, Editorial Research Report

- 1. Christmas packages for U. S. soldiers abroad should be mailed no later than Nov. 8, Nov. 15, Thanksgiving or Dec. 1? 2. The price of hogs per hundredweight at the end of October was the lowest in three, five, eight or more than 10 years? 3. French is the official language in which independent American state? 4. U. S. state with the biggest population gain in the last four years is California, Florida, Michigan, New York or Texas? 5. Which President of this century was Secretary of War just before being nominated? 6. Many more than half, about half, or many less than half of our armed forces are stationed overseas? 7. A lawyer named Jerry Geisler appears in many prominent divorce actions in Reno, Miami, New York City, Los Angeles or Chicago? The answers: 1. No later than Nov. 15. 2. More than 10 years. 3. Haiti. 4. California. 5. Taft in 1908. 6. About half. 7. Los Angeles.

Soldier Bitten by Bat Treated at Hospital

Fort Polk, La. — (U.P.) — Sgt. Francis Mower of Fort Carson, Colo., was bitten by a bat during Exercise Sagebrush and was flown to Brooks Army Hospital at San Antonio, Tex., for treatment, authorities reported today.

A Thorn Removed

A heart attack this week removed one of America's most useful thorns-in-the-flesh. Bernard DeVoto, historian, journalist, caustic commentator, educator, humorist, and practically anything else you can name, will no longer be around to stick pins into stuffy conventions and official idiocy.

His widest audience probably was composed of readers of his column, "The Easy Chair," in Harper's magazine. Ironically, the current issue of the magazine marked the 20th anniversary of that column. And not only was his column this month devoted to a discussion of his aims and objectives, but the editor's column, too, was largely used for a critique and commentary on DeVoto and his life and works.

MOSTLY, what he said was more important than the way he said it. But his manner of expressing himself was a big part of the man, and in large measure accounted for his place in American life. The last paragraph of what may have been his last column was revealing of the man and his manner. Here it is:

I hope that what I have said has been said gracefully, and that sometimes it has been amusing or informative or useful. No one has got me to say anything I did not want to say, and no one has prevented me from saying anything I wanted to. The Easy Chair has given me a place in the journalism of my time. No one knows better than a journalist that his work is ephemeral. As I have said elsewhere, it is not important, it is only indispensable. The life or the half-life of an issue of Harper's has never been calculated; the magazine has durable covers but even the copies kept in doctor's waiting rooms wear out and are dumped in the bay or ground up for pulp. But a historian knows that a lot of writing which has no caste-mark on its forehead gets dumped in the bay too, and that he can count on finding bound files of Harper's in library stacks. He has to use them; he cannot write history without them.

THIS is a rather remarkable self-written obituary from a man who was only 58, penned not as an obituary but as a comment on an anniversary.

DeVoto has written history. And he has made it, too, in the quiet but effectual way that some journalists are permitted to make history.

His craggy and unregimented mind, and his unorthodox but easy-to-read prose, represented a talent of the sort that America should never be without. —E.A.

Pear Vodka

Experiments designed to find additional uses for cull pears were conducted in this area a few years ago. Attempts were made to convert them into beef fodder by making ensilage or by chipping and drying them.

Pear growers in the Hood River valley have hit upon another solution which, we believe, is similar to an idea once considered here. They are using pears in the manufacture of vodka.

VODKA, according to our encyclopedia, "is a fiery Russian beverage, distilled from a fermented mash of rye, barley, and corn." For many years it was made only in Russia, but more recently it has been produced commercially in this country in quantity, and in quantities which those who should know compare favorably to the Russian manufacture.

This is the first we had heard of anyone making vodka of fruit, but it is being done in Hood River, and we received a picture in the mail, showing a couple of distillery officials and "Miss Pear Blossom of 1955," to prove it.

THE distillery has long made fruit drinks, such as apple, cherry and plum brandies, processing about 4,000 tons of fruit each season. The plant has been expanded for the production of vodka, and a major portion of the tonnage of fruit will go into this product.

With a recent upswing in popularity of the horrid stuff, vodka has become one of the major distilled liquors in this country. How well the first of it made from fruit is accepted remains to be seen.—E.A.

Christmas Seals

The purposes and use of Christmas seals are so well known that it hardly seems worth while to go into the story again—how they have been the chief financial support of the continuing battle against tuberculosis, which is now closer to success than ever before.

The income from the seals, too, has a very real meaning in Jackson county, for it is paying for the x-ray units at both hospitals, which in turn have been responsible for finding a number of hidden cases of TB, thus saving lives and money and protecting others.

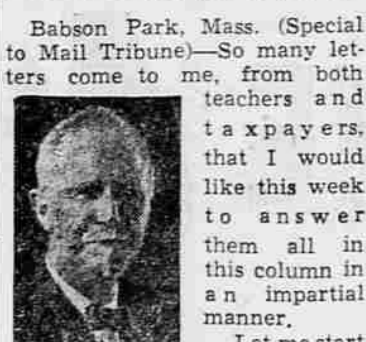
THIS is just a reminder that the seals are in the mail, and if you haven't gotten yours yet, you probably will soon. Before you forget about it, enclose your donation in the envelope provided and drop it in the mail.

It is one of the cheapest forms of insurance there is.—E.A.

Rogue River School Plans Costume Party

Rogue River — Activities at Rogue River elementary school include preparations for a holiday party, an essay contest, and a Thanksgiving play. The seventh and eighth grades are planning a costume party for the holiday season. Theme of the party will be "Hard Times." Committees were organized last week by Rita Miller, social chairman. Seventh and eighth graders have started basketball practice

Babson... School Costs



Wager W. Babson

Babson Park, Mass. (Special to Mail Tribune)—So many letters come to me, from both teachers and taxpayers, that I would like this week to answer them all in this column in an impartial manner. Let me start out by saying that my sympathies are distinctly with the school teachers and especially with the school principals. It is true that truck drivers are getting more pay than school teachers. Morally this seems unjust, but the fact that the employers have substituted motors for horses and big trucks for wagons. These trucks carry as much in a day as the old horses and wagons carried in a week. In other words, the employers have adopted methods which enable the truck drivers to have increased wages.

Painters today are paid double what they were 20 years ago; but employers have adopted sprayers in place of hand brushes. Carpenters are getting double; but the employers are supplying them with electric saws instead of hand saws. The school committees and the city fathers, on the other hand, have not done much of anything to help the teachers do more efficient work. As an employer, I pay my typists double what I used to pay them; but with electric typewriters and other machinery they give me double the work. The doctor costs us more a visit; but he is making us live longer. Hard-covered books cost more; but we can get the same thing for half the price with paper covers. Radio, washing machines, and TVs have all improved in quality, and hence profit returns offset the wage increases.

Legislation Increasing Costs

Let us consider who benefits from the increased costs of modern school buildings. Twenty per cent of this increased cost is due to unnecessary classroom space, glass windows, unused ventilation, and rules or regulations put through by the labor unions and similar associations. Fifty per cent of the increased cost is due to plumbing, electrical work, modern kitchens, fancy gymnasiums, auditoriums to please the voters, not to improve education. Thirty per cent has been due to the increased costs of materials, of which Uncle Sam takes fifty-two per cent in taxes. In a general way, this also explains the increased costs of most houses. School committees, by catering to the voters, are largely responsible for these high-cost school buildings. They should not make the teachers carry the burden of these costs by accepting low salaries.

The doctors are not only delivering better services for increased fees, but they are forming associations to conquer cancer, heart disease, and even polio. We, however, do not know of any PTA which is developing new systems of instruction to assure the teachers better salaries. We hear of very few cities where the classrooms are giving double service, with half of the students coming in the morning and the other half in the afternoon. We hear of experiments with radio and TV. Unfortunately, however, too few parents are interested in better teaching. Too many parents want to work outside the home, and use the schools for parking places for their children.

Horse-and-Buggy Days

Unfortunately, the teachers' future probably awaits some very important research. The schools are spending billions a year to park and lunch children, but—unlike our large industries—are spending very little on fundamental research. We understand the psychology of a

Communications

Thanks To the Editor: The Veterans day parade committee wishes to extend to all organizations, musical groups and all others who took part in the Nov. 11 parade, a warm and grateful "Thank you." We also are grateful to the Medford Mail Tribune for its fine publicity, and to the radio stations, and to the S.P. railroad for keeping the crossings clear during the parade. M. A. Beneke, Parade Chairman.

Mt. Markham, highest known peak on the Antarctic continent, is approximately 15,100 feet.

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American Envoy To Greet Morocco Sultan

Rabat, Morocco (U.P.)—Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef takes up formal relations with the United States government today when an American envoy conveys greetings and congratulations from President Eisenhower.

Ben Youssef, who returned only Wednesday after two years in French-enforced exile, today marked the 28th anniversary of his original ascension to the throne. It was a day of wild rejoicing for Moroccans.

Mr. Eisenhower's message will be delivered to the Sultan by U. S. Minister Julius C. Holmes. Holmes, who is accredited as U. S. "diplomatic agent" to French Morocco, is flying here from his headquarters in Tangier. He will meet also with French Resident General Andre Dubois.

Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE POST-GENEVA WORLD

Whether or not we are to think that the spirit of Geneva is dead depends on what we think the spirit of Geneva is. There are some who seem to think that because the Russians had made themselves more agreeable, there were promising with us.

Dulles, supported by Messrs. MacMillan and Pinay, chose to act as if he thought that being agreeable and agreeing were much the same thing—as if the spirit of Geneva meant that step by step the Soviet Union would accept our terms for the reunification of Germany and the liberation of the satellites. It is most improbable, of course, that Dulles actually thought the Soviets would accept our terms.

But when he went to the second Geneva conference, he led the American people to suppose that he expected the Soviet Union to begin acting as they were going to accept our terms. If the spirit of Geneva meant that our terms were going to be accepted, then of course the spirit of Geneva is dead. But the fact is that in this sense the spirit of Geneva never existed, and to suppose that it did was a dangerous delusion.

THIS was the true spirit of Geneva—a realization and an acknowledgment that the big armaments were at a stalemate and were neutralized. The necessary consequence of this was that the unsettled questions, like Germany, could not be settled by attempting to force one side or the other to give in. The terms that Dulles took to Geneva would have been excellent if the Soviet Union had surrendered unconditionally. His terms ignored entirely the true spirit of Geneva which was that since nothing can now be settled by force, it is necessary to maneuver and to bargain and to trade. The Western terms for Geneva had in them no room for maneuver, no material for bargaining, no chance for trading.

THE real spirit of Geneva is, however, very much with us, as much today as before Molotov made his statements, and it affects deeply and radically the relations between the Soviet system and our own. It has been said before, but it cannot be said too often, that at the summit meeting in July a public accord was reached that neither side could, resort to thermo-nuclear war.

The result of that accord, of the fact that it is impossible to threaten war and therefore unnecessary to fear war in which the great powers participate. This accord was not a bit of Soviet tactics or a public relation stunt devised by the President's psychological warriors. The heads of the governments were drawn and pushed towards the meeting at the summit when the news about the hydrogen bomb had spread among their own peoples and the masses of mankind. They had to purge themselves publicly of all suspicion that they might be toying with the idea of a thermo-nuclear war.

ON BOTH sides of the Iron Curtain it had become a vital interest to convince the masses of the people about the intentions of the other side. Aztecs first domesticated me and we were eaten at banquets long before the Spaniards arrived. We graced the Pilgrim's first Thanksgiving day table. I am: A. Guinea hen; B. Turkey; C. Goose; D. Peking Duck; E. Roadrunner. I am, B. Turkey. (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, Box 575, Sausalito, Calif.

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IS THAT SO! By Eugene Byrnes Senator-Naturalist Who am I? I am all-American to the core. My pulse is right around 100 a minute. We've been known to stampede. Females average about a foot shorter than males. I make an excellent "watchdog." When Columbus landed in America, I was here and nowhere else on earth. At one time I was seen in droves of 500 in New England but by 1840 my colorful calls were no longer heard in that area. Today I inhabit inaccessible regions—but with wise game management, I am making a comeback particularly in Texas, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. Although persecution has made me extremely cautious, I am alert by nature and have marvelous eyesight and hearing. I use flight mainly as a means of escape. I can run 20 miles an hour. I'm lucky to reach five years. My vivid red legs are naked. My diet is mainly leaves, fleshy fruits, berries, nuts, grain, seeds, and insects—mainly grasshoppers. I sometimes attain a length of four feet with a wingspread of five. In dawn's early light, we gather and begin a high-stepping dance during spring. But no sooner does the sun show above the horizon than the dance ends abruptly. Males show off their rounded tail-fan pompously as they strut to impress their hens. I sometimes weigh 20 pounds. To humans my appendages may seem somewhat peculiar—a "beard" of black bristles grows from my upper breast. Below my throat hang red folds of thin naked skin; and from my naked head a fleshy pointed knob. Raise my ire and these parts fill with blood and turn a brighter hue. My dress glints in the sunlight with bronze, reds and greens. The male's famous challenge can be heard a mile away. If he's lucky, 5 to 10 hens may select the male's company, putting up serenely with his ludicrous strutting and yodeling. Mid-April the hen lays 8-16 thick-shelled eggs in a shallow scratched-out nest lined with grass or leaves and hidden well away from her mate and predators. During the four weeks incubation she seldom feeds the nest to feed, dust-bathe or drink—but when she does so, she carefully conceals it with grass and leaves. Young poults can make short flights within a month.

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