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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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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

Aug. 29, 1946 (It was Thursday) Under the new plan of organization effective Sept. 1, 1946, the Medford schools will be placed upon the year instead of the semester basis.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: Twenty-five autos, some of them new, piled up in one accident on the highway near San Francisco. One sheep follows another.

20 YEARS AGO

Aug. 29, 1936 (It was Saturday) A removal sale will be conducted by the John Cupp furniture store on Sixth and Bartlett sts. beginning Tuesday.

Approximately 2,200 workers are employed in picking hops in Jackson and Josephine counties, according to Lewis Ulrich, manager of the federal employment office here.

30 YEARS AGO

Aug. 29, 1926 (It was Sunday) Ted Montgomery, an employee of The California Oregon Power company, is awarded the Insull medal at Klamath Falls.

Harry S. Anderson secures the southern Oregon rights for the Siphonmix soft drink dispenser.

40 YEARS AGO

Aug. 29, 1916 (It was Tuesday) The fall term of the Medford Business college opens next Monday, Sept. 4.

Mark V. Weatherford, democratic candidate for congressman, addresses a packed house at the Medford Baptist church Sunday night on the brewer's amendment.

What's the Answer?

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

1. Changes made in the social security system by Congress this year did or didn't bring doctors into it?

2. Most cars equipped with safety belts have them on front seats only, rear seats only, or both front and rear?

3. Adlai E. Stevenson is (a) 36, (b) 46, (c) 56 or (d) 66 years old?

4. A trotting horse takes about the same time to do a mile as a running horse, or about (a) 10, (b) 25, or (c) 40 seconds more or 10 seconds less?

5. Mrs. Roosevelt, widow of the former President, now says that he had or hadn't had a heart attack prior to his death?

6. Most of the time Babe Ruth played for the N.Y. Yankees they were managed by Casey Stengel, J. J. McGraw, Joe McCarthy, Miller Huggins or Bill Terry?

7. The Blackwood convention is something in U.S. politics, poker, bridge, international relations or Italian terrorist groups?

The answers: 1. Didn't 2. Most on front seats only. 3. 56. 4. About 25 seconds more. 5. Says he hadn't had. 6. Huggins. 7. Bridge.

Egg in a Sack

Once upon a time when one wanted orange juice, he bought some oranges, and squeezed them. That was in the days when, if he wanted fried chicken, he bought a chicken, cleaned it into appropriate pieces, and fried it.

If he wanted french fried potatoes, he peeled and sliced potatoes and dumped them into deep fat. Sounds sort of old fashioned, doesn't it?

THERE has recently been a quiet revolution in food preparation and packaging. Nowadays, things are frozen, concentrated, homogenized, chopped, dehydrated, pre-cooked, powdered, pre-mixed, peeled, sliced, diced, canned, bottled or ground into pulp and squeezed into a tube (artificial coloring and preservative added).

There was a time when one would have thought that there wasn't much that could be done to change an egg—the nauseous yellow powder which World War II Army mess sergeants used to prepare "scrambled eggs" proved that even the fruit of the chicken could undergo transformation.

THE end is not yet—even for eggs. Do you know what they're fiddling around with now? Eggs taken carefully out of their shells and gently dumped into individual plastic sacks, that's what.

In discussing this bit of "progress," a writer in "The Eggsaminer," a poultry industry trade-magazine, points out that it would cost more money. But so do a lot of the other types of food processing which people now expect, and will pay more for.

This processing, as a matter of fact, is one reason why we're paying more for groceries, while the farmer gets less for his produce.

THE Eggsaminer's writer points out that if eggs were sold in plastic sacks, customers could see what they're buying. Which means, he said, breeders would have to eliminate birds that lay eggs with blood spots, or weak, watery whites.

Producers would have to control the feed of hens so the color of the yolks would be uniform. He said that if consumers want it, no one can stop it.

Please leave those steaks alone, though!—E.A.

"Tailoring" Trees

From the time of Gregor Johann Mendel, the Austrian monk and geneticist, to the time of Luther Burbank, California's great botanist, to the present, increasing knowledge and increasing skill have been applied to the selection and breeding of growing plants—both useful and decorative.

WHILE the knowledge of the way in which genetics works is not new, its application to the development of forest trees is relatively recent. Yet it furnishes the possibility for better production and better yields for America's timberlands.

"The Lumberman" in its current issue reports what federal, state and private agencies are doing to improve the forests of the future by obtaining better tree seeds. It says the research holds great promise, both in improving present species, and developing new hybrids, as emphasis on reforestation grows.

FORESTERS have long known that tree-seed gathered from one particular area—even from strong and thrifty trees—do not necessarily do well in other environments. And seed from poor trees is apt to produce poor trees, even in ideal surroundings.

Tree crops take a long time to mature, and represent a major investment, both in time and money. Foresters can no longer be satisfied with just any old seed; they must be assured that a crop which will not mature for 30 to 100 years will be of good quality.

And the "tailoring" of the trees in the future, in size, in rate of growth, in quality and other attributes, while still in the initial stages of research, may be of real significance in the future.—E.A.

Cough, Cough!!

Upper respiratory infections, those rather mysterious maladies many of which masquerade under the guise of the "common cold," are about due for their regular fall return engagement.

Some of them ARE "common colds," when the victim is just plain miserable for about a week. Others are more subtle, more insidious, more chronic. About all of them (with the possible exception of that self-imposed ailment known as "smokers cough") are caused by viruses, those sub-microscopic bugs about which a great deal remains to be learned.

SMOKERS' cough can be cured, but the treatment is drastic: Stop smoking.

The common cold cannot yet be cured, although some of the present-day nostrums can make life more bearable for the victim. Even here, though, progress is being made, notably by English researchers, and there is reason to hope that some day the cold will be curable or preventable, or both.

But a major breakthrough in the control of another big segment of the upper respiratory ailments, the "grippe-like" illnesses which make one feel as though he's dying, and wishes he would, has been made by the public health service and the Navy.

THE discovery is a vaccine which has reduced by 50 to 70 per cent the number of acute feverish respiratory diseases in control groups of Navy recruits.

Not only does the vaccine help the individual; the experimenters say it is possible that vaccination of parts of a group would produce "herd immunity," sufficient to prevent outbreaks of grippe among all. Sufferers (excluding smokers), rejoice!—E.A.

'Favorite Son' Role Declines In Importance in Both Parties

Washington—(CQ)—Is the Favorite Son a political dodo, doomed to become extinct?

Will he soon occupy a dusty cubicle in the museum of American politics, alongside such forgotten political birds as Hunkers, Barnburners, Bucktails, Sunfragettes, Scalawags, Dudes and Pharisees, Mugwumps and Stalwarts?

One might think so, after seeing the 1956 conventions. The Republicans—eager to prove their's was an open competition—could muster only the mythical Joe Smith as an opponent for Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

Some flesh-and-blood Favorite Sons appeared at the Democrats' Chicago conclave, but their performance was as dispirited as you might expect of a dying species. Numbers Decrease And dying they are. In 1952, 16 men received first-ballot votes for President at the Democratic Convention. In 1956, there were only nine contestants.

In 1948, the Republicans split their first-ballot votes seven ways. In 1952, there were five candidates; this year, only one. The vanishing breed is as old as the Republic. It was 1789 when the New York Daily Gazette hailed George Washington as "the favorite son of liberty."

James Bryce, the English student of the 19th Century American political life, gave the Favorite Son his classic definition—"a man respected or admired in his own state, but little regarded beyond it"—and thereby pointed to the probable cause of his decline.

The quadrennial party gatherings once were dominated by dealings among the assembled ambassadors of sovereign and

powerful state organizations. A Favorite Son with a shrewd manager might well emerge with a nomination, a Cabinet post or some lesser appointment.

Party Nationalization In recent years, the parties have become more centralized and their meetings have been, in fact as well as name, national conventions.

The growth of Presidential primaries has given serious candidates an opportunity to build national reputations and broad public support before the conventions even met. The Favorite Son, by contrast, appears a Johnny-come-lately who has declined to test his popularity at the polls.

Not since the 103-ballot Democratic Donnybrook of 1924 has either party nominated a Presidential candidate who was "respected or admired in his own state, but little regarded beyond it."

Traditionally, Favorite Son nominations have been used two ways: to publicize the nominee and enhance his reputation back home; and to stalemate the convention in the hope the Favorite Son either can win the big prize or gain credit for throwing it to another aspirant.

As for publicity, the politicians have discovered that a five-minute speech of their own does them more good with the television audience than hours of synthetic rhetoric and unspontaneous demonstrations for a candidacy that cannot get off the ground.

As many Republicans asked to second the nominations of Mr. Eisenhower and Nixon as declined the honor of a Favorite Son candidacy against them. Stalemates Fewer As for stalemates, the in-

creased size of the conventions and the diminished control of local party bosses have made them hard to achieve.

There were two tries to stalemate the Democratic convention and both failed. Ex-President Truman's endorsement of New York Gov. Averell Harriman brought hopes to such Favorite Sons as Sens. Lyndon B. Johnson (Texas) and Stuart Symington (Mo.) and Govs. A. B. (Happy) Chandler (Ky.) and Frank Lausche (Ohio).

It seemed possible they might tie up enough votes to deny nomination to either Harriman or front-runner Adlai E. Stevenson. But the convention declined to deadlock and two days after Truman's announcement, Stevenson had accumulated enough strength from other quarters to gain nomination without dealing with the Favorite Sons.

When the Vice Presidency was thrown open by Stevenson, votes were cast for 13 candidates—another effort to deadlock, then dead. But the 2,744 delegates made it clear on the first ballot they were interested in only two men—Sens. Estes Kefauver (Tenn.) and John F. Kennedy (Mass.).

Strategy Defeated The headlong second-ballot contest between them made shambles of the Favorite Son strategy.

Kefauver's nomination knocked out the theory that a successful candidate must have solid support from his own delegation. As a matter of fact, neither Stevenson nor Harriman had such support in the Presidential race.

But Kefauver received not a single vote on the first two ballots from Tennessee, which was plumping for Favorite Son Sen. Albert Gore.

In the end, it was Gore's switch to Kefauver that was decisive. But it was clearly a case of the convention dictating Tennessee's choice, not Tennessee maneuvering the convention. (Copyright 1956, Congressional Quarterly)

Congressional Quiz

(Copyright 1956 Congressional Quarterly)

Q—Out of 225 legislative requests by President Eisenhower in 1956, tabulated by CQ from all his messages, what percentage would you guess Congress approved: (a) 30 per cent; (b) 45 per cent; (c) 60 per cent; (d) 75 per cent?

A—(b) 45.7 per cent, or 103 of them. Ike's four-year average score with Congress was 57.3 per cent. His scores by years were: 1953 — 72.7 per cent; 1954 — 64.7 per cent; 1955 — 46.3 per cent.

Q—Bound to be cited in the campaign is an unsuccessful last-minute effort in the 84th Congress to liberalize immigration laws. Most controversial of the changes that passed the Senate but died in the House was one concerning quotas, the number of annual immigration visas assigned by U. S. law to various foreign nations. The bill would have: (a) abolished quotas; (b) changed the basis for allocating quotas; (c) taken some unused quotas and redistributed them to countries with filled quotas.

A—(c). About 18,500 additional annual entries would have resulted.

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

McKAY'S MISSION

Salem, Ore.—"The leftists are out to get Doug McKay. Back in 1950, I got the biggest vote anyone ever got for governor of Oregon. But now I've been away three years, on Ike's team. The left wing Dealers have been concocting things against me. They've been blackening me."

"Why right now, I believe I'd get more votes in Texas than in Oregon. Down in Texas, they like states rights. But these people up here are still yakety-yakking about the so-called give away of the so-called tidelands. Hell, I was for states rights before I ever went to Washington, and I'm for them still. The leftists are out to destroy Doug McKay, but I'll fight them and I'll beat them yet even though it's an uphill fight just now."

SUCH is the mood of the carefully chosen dragon-killer whom the White House has sent back to Oregon to chop off the head of that super-dragon, the Republican-Democratic turncoat, Senator Wayne Morse. Douglas McKay has been a richly successful Chevrolet salesman, a markedly popular governor of this state, and the secretary of interior in the Eisenhower cabinet. But despite all these sources of self-confidence, he seems, at the moment, to be a rather querulous Saint George.

This reporter caught up with him (with great good luck, for he is keeping a gruelling campaign schedule) in the small apartment in a motel in downtown Salem where the McKays are camping for the duration. The candidate's wife Mabel, shrewd and friendly-looking in her gingham dress and rimless eye-glasses, explained amiably that they were in the motel because one of their daughters had their Salem home—and three grandchildren under five don't combine very well with a hard campaign. But McKay himself hardly seemed to notice his surroundings, being utterly absorbed in his own problems.

THROUGH all his talk of the campaign, there ran the same note. He had been "persecuted" by "wild-eyed Democrats" who had tried to pin the "giveaway label" on him. Wayne Morse, that "leftist" and "carpet bagger," had made all sorts of unsubstantial charges. And what was worse, a good many people in McKay's beloved Oregon had listened to Morse and the other "leftists," so it was not going to be easy to win although he thought he could do it.

In another sort of man, all this talk of "leftist" plots would have been merely tiresome; but it was decidedly puzzling in Douglas McKay, who is normally brisk and likeable, extremely spare and tough, and neither a fool nor one given to self-pity. The clue to the riddle was at length provided by McKay himself. It lies in the story of his own life.

HE is the descendant of Oregon pioneers, "who died poor but

died free," like most pioneers. To help his widowed mother, he went to work when he was 14. By hard self-denial, he none the less completed his education, taking the agricultural course at Oregon State college. That year he and Mrs. McKay were married, after keeping company for a long time.

But that year was 1917. He volunteered for the army. He went overseas. He was heavily wounded at the front in France. So he had to give up his ambition to become a farmer, and instead started selling cars in Portland. He and Mrs. McKay scrimped and saved until he could open his own Chevrolet agency in Salem. Both Salem and Chevrolet forged ahead and before too long Doug McKay was a very successful man.

His success took him into politics. He ran for mayor in 1932—"to save Salem from a bunch of leftwingers." He was in the state senate after that. In World War II, he again volunteered for the service despite his wounds. In 1948, he was elected governor, then came the cabinet years, and now he is running for the U. S. Senate, this time to "save the state from the leftwingers."

As McKay alternated his fragments of reminiscence and his charges of leftist plots, one began to understand his pain and bewilderment. After such a career, why should he now be open to attack? And if such careers were open to any poor young American with any grit and self-reliance and power, what was all this leftist talk about welfare and federal responsibility? Why were not the old ways good enough, as they had proved to be for Doug McKay? And was not anyone who challenged the old ways inherently a dangerous and sinister fellow?

THE problem is, of course, whether the assumptions behind these questions still hold true in modern America, as they held true when Doug McKay set out to make his way in the world.

It is a particularly urgent problem here in the Northwest, where a booming private enterprise economy has been squarely built on cheap power financed by the U. S. treasury. That problem is the essence of this stirring Oregon election. And McKay, with his courage and kindness and grim determination not to be beaten by "the leftists," is probably as good a man as any to thresh the problems out to a decision with the redoubtable Wayne Morse.

HERTZ RENT-A-CAR SYSTEM LICENSE Daily's U-Drive Medford Airport

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.

Recreational Medicine

To the Editor: Some still living remember San Francisco as really three settlements: (A) The business section, which was a growing steadily behind the Embarcadero; (B) The Presidio, military establishment; (C) Saxon-Americans' frame dwellings, commencing to ring Mission Dolores' Mexican adobe.

At that time, the little Mexican boys played marbles with the hard dried seeds of a cucumber family plant, the Mexican call "chilacothé." This was Anglicized by the American lads into "shellacoke." Such play evidently stemmed back into Amerind (American-Indian) days.

Does this not show how deep-seated is the play instinct? Incidentally, the undersigned studied primitive play on the Sahara's oases. Little girls there played "jacks" with date seeds. These, tossed into the air dropped either "ridged" or "smooth." Is not intelligently supervised recreation a sugar-coated medicine for juvenile delinquency?

C. M. Goethe, Seventh and J sts., Sacramento 14, Calif.

Grants Pass Named

To the Editor: The naming of post-offices in early days, though done with good reason at the time, later on often became a wonderment. Like Grants Pass, now a river valley city with a mountain road name. The reason of this came with objections of stage-coach drivers to the old tortuous Louse Creek Hill road, now modernized into the Granite Hill road. My father, John Wheeler, took up his homestead with its southwest quarter, now the Grants Pass airport. To the south was the 640 acre donation claim of Thomas Croxton, a Methodist minister and a highly respected leader in affairs of the day. It had been decided that a new way north had to be built. So a better one was laid out that veered away from the Louse Creek Hill way, to cross Gilbert creek and head west up Panther Gulch as it was then known, my father donating right of way across his property.

The men who built this road were Thomas Croxton, John Wheeler, James Tufts, son-in-law of Mr. Croxton, Craig Beard, uncle of Fred Isham now living, and Ben Mench, now my step-father. Using all level land on the easier grade, they plowed the rock and earth from sidehills until it was wide enough for horse and wagon with turnouts at best places. Their only other tools were pick and shovel.

In those days, the stage-coach driver was a sort of animated traveling newspaper, bringing word of latest events. One day, as a stagecoach stopped at my father's watering and stopping place, he told of the exciting victory of Grant at Vicksburg. So, the men working on the new road decided to honor it with the name of Grants Pass, much more dignified name than Louse Creek Hill.

Most new postoffices were located about as far as the stage-coach horses could travel in one day, 15 miles. It was quite a chore to get letters to newcomers. But being so few people with some 5 to 10 miles distant considered fairly close neighbors, it was managed somehow. Letters were usually addressed to somewhere from Jacksonville. The stagecoach drivers would deliver some to my mother who would lay them away in a box

Editorial Comment

GOOD APPOINTMENT

The appointment of William M. McAllister of Medford as justice of the supreme court to succeed the late Earle C. Latourette will be well received over the state. He made an excellent record as a legislator, becoming speaker of the House in 1943 and later serving for one session as state senator from Jackson county. His ability as a lawyer has been attested by the recognition given him by local and state bar organizations. At age 50 he brings to the court full vigor of mind and body, a varied experience as lawmaker and attorney and citizen and member of the armed forces, and a freshness of viewpoint which comes when one is elevated direct from the bar to the high court.—Salem (Ore.) Statesman.

on the old stone fireplace until called for.

Mr. Croxton was finally notified by the postoffice in Washington that if given a suitable name, a postoffice could be had there, some 15 miles from the new one at Rock Point. His name was at once suggested but being a modest man, he turned it down. So the name of Grant was suggested but that was already in use in eastern Oregon. So it was decided to adopt the name of the new road over the hill. That was the way Grants Pass was named. Wedding close among grown-ups visiting of an evening by the warmth of the stone fireplace, I listened to this time after time, such things being of great interest to me, then and now.

Elva Wheeler-Person, 743 North Beechwood dr., Burbank, Calif.

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