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Editorial Correspondence . . .

New York, N. Y., May 15—Have just returned from luncheon with a friend down on Wall Street. He has practiced law there for over 50 years, being a judge between times. He is (needless to say) an old friend and looks it, but doesn't feel that way, particularly since his daughter presented him with twins. That makes his grandchildren total four and he enjoys them tremendously when he has a chance—THEY live in St. Louis!

Wall Street is typical of New York, only this time a trifle more so. That is, occupation No. 1 on Manhattan island today is tearing down and then building up bigger and higher if not better. Near the old friend's office the din is terrific, the dust is dense, and the confusion—for a country boy from Oregon—thrills conformed. It has probably been true for years but on our visits we never noticed it before. There are no traffic rules or regulations in the New York financial district. No stop and go signs, no red, green or yellow lights, and very few motor cars—FORTUNATELY!

The stock market is still going up as it has for so many years, but for the visitor prices here are surprisingly low. One can get a shoeshine sitting in a rocking chair, with red carpet treatment for only 15 cents, a haircut for \$1.25, and a newspaper—note this, Jerry—for a NICKEL! We had luncheon at a club on Pine street, including cherry stone clams, and it did not cost US a cent!

One fine sporting event, the afternoon baseball game, is rapidly disappearing—in this neck of the woods at least. Only on the weekend do they appear, and not always then. The reason? Well, in a word—MONEY. Day games except on Saturday and Sunday seldom pay. Also there is "TV." It is not easy to sell "TV" baseball during the day, it is much easier at night. So Time Marches on, and with it, the afternoon baseball game!

However, we intend to take in an afternoon game before we leave if we have to cut out church to do it. Let us all sing—"Auld Lang Sine."

The weatherman continues to misbehave. Had a cloudburst and a real ding-dong thunder storm last night, being caught en route to dinner by the former but were safely in our hotel for the latter. At times it did not appear so safe, with chain lightning flashes all around and about half of them too close for comfort. A hotel not far away was struck, starting a fire in the coffee shop which was put out before any great damage was done. One of the skyscrapers on Broadway was hit, a cornice knocked off which clipped a young school boy on the shoulder—he was rushed to a hospital, but the report is he will be released today. He was en route home from a movie. He will probably give up night movies for a time and pay more attention to his home work.

The weatherman behaved much better in the "good old days." We lived here for three years as a cub reporter and May never behaved like this. In fact, we wrote a story once after an interview with the city weather bureau and the theme was "It's the climate, New York boosted as a summer resort." Unless we are mistaken the article made a hit with the N. Y. City Chamber of Commerce.

Note for E.T.: The Wall Street odds are three to one AGAINST the Dodgers winning the National League pennant THIS year.

One great improvement in New York over four years ago. Today the streets are kept clean. On our last visit uptown New York was filthy. If Mayor Wagner is responsible, he should be given a medal of merit by the city Board of Health.—R.W.R.

New York City, N.Y., May 18th—It is impossible to keep up with the N. Y. Weather man. He is always six steps ahead of your correspondent. Yesterday was so hot and humid that even the baby hippo over at Central Park stayed under water, and the pigeons—all same as Union Square—did not have enough gumption to chase a peanut. But today as this is written there is a leaden sky, a wind straight from the Newfoundland icebergs, and ye editor wishes he had brought his overcoat. However, there is no complaint from this department. We came here in May to escape the heat, and any cooperation from the Weather Man is deeply appreciated.

Saw the "Damned Yankees" play the Kansas City Athletics yesterday afternoon before a small crowd—mostly school children—and as usual the Damned Yankees won. We were terribly bored both by the game and the result. The Athletics belied their title, as they seemed to be suffering both from the humidity and hook worm. The Yankees were not much better but were lucky as usual. They made all their runs in the first inning, a total of three, but only one was earned, the others being the result of errors by a shortstop named DeMaestro, who let a grounder escape him and threw over the head of the first baseman to let in another run.

It is a mystery to us how the Yankees pay expenses, but the answer is probably local pride. They win with deadly monotony, and when they have a day off and lose, your correspondent never attends. It is the same—or about the same—in the world series—the D.Y.'s always come through when the chips are down and they have to go. We should think they would be bored too, winning all the time, but they don't seem to be. We can't speak for the local fans, but we are sure the visiting firemen would go more often to see the Yanks play if they would announce in advance that their opponents will win.

Mickey Mantle is hitting over .300 but is below his average of a year ago and far behind the average of Babe Ruth's record year. He is a good-looking muscular lad, with a cherubic face, and still in his 20s, so it would be foolish to sell him short. But this sports expert will be surprised if he ever comes close to Ruth's home run achievement. We have seen him play several times and to us seems to lack the killer instinct. He is good natured and somewhat phlegmatic, too much so to reach the tip-top. (Note to E.T.: if you wish to file a modest wager we are wrong, OK, provided you don't overlook the result in your next income tax.)

Had luncheon today with a classmate—they are getting scarce but those left impress us as choice. This one was an editorial writer on the N.Y. Herald-Tribune for many years but is now retired and lives on a small farm near Plainfield, N.J. He keeps fit by chopping trees, cutting hay (with a scythe) watering and cutting the grass and drinking a pint of Bass ale for breakfast. He could pass for 20 years younger than he is, but I doubt if he or Bass & Co. will advertise the reason.

Bill is of that rare and refreshing species, a liberal Republican, who "likes Ike" but does not believe that the U.S.A. would suffer a fatal wound if a Democrat should occupy the White House. We had a nice and amusing talk which we HOPE he enjoyed as much as we did.

Of course to come from the coast to New York and not see a show would be foolish. But we have no desire to make the circuit, and to date so many big "hits" are reported that we are pretty much at sea as to the one we will honor first. It is easier to figure those we will skip—No. 1 on that list is the prize-winning (Pulitzer and Critics) "Long Days Journey" by the late Eugene O'Neill, starring Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March. No doubt it IS tops from a critical standpoint, but we simply couldn't take three and one half hours of soul searching in an attempt to reach the essence of reality. We decline the honor of being placed in the "T.B.M." class but we do seek something fairly wholesome and lighthearted.—R.W.R.

Editorial Comment

IT SURE WON'T
Note: In Editor Bud Forrester's editorial column of the Pendleton East Oregonian—"According to latest figures released by the Oregon Liquor Control Commission, Oregon leads all the 48 states in per capita expenditure for liquor. That's one piece of information that will not, we're sure, appear in any chamber of commerce brochures." We're sure it won't either.



Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

GHOSTS IN DAMASCUS
Damascus — This is a city with the strange charm of an oasis, set in a rich green garden amid the surrounding dusty brown of the desert hills. One can understand the irritation of an ancient Damascene, when the Hebrew prophet gave preference to his own beloved rivers, Abana and Pharpar.

But all the same, for any modern American observer, Damascus at the moment is a city haunted by warning ghosts. Specifically it is haunted by the peevish ghosts of the small-minded French policy makers who took such offense because their British opposite number failed to consult them about the Baghdad Pact.

The British, they said, were insolently taking over. The British, they charged, were flagrantly ignoring France's historic connection with the Levant. In point of fact, that connection no longer consisted of much of anything, beyond the underground wiring of the French Secret Service left over from the time when France had real power and responsibility in this country and in Lebanon.

But that did not matter. The British was used. Funds were lavishly transmitted. France's bitterest enemies in Syria were aided, abetted and subsidized in order to increase opposition to the Baghdad Pact and to make sure that Syria would not adhere to it.

So far, indeed, did wounded national vanity go. What the French did then, has a lot to do now with Syria's increasing subjugation by powerful anti-Western forces. And for any sensible American, the ghosts of this past French folly, gibber and shrill warning because the American policy makers are now exactly imitating the British mistake which provoked the French Folly.

We are now, in brief, engaged in replacing the vanished British influence with a new American influence as the necessary safeguard of the vital Western interests in this part of the world. As the Jordanian drama showed, the process has already gone startlingly far.

It was to President Eisenhower that Lebanon's wise President Camille Chamoun sent a personal message that the curtain could be definitely rung down on all the Arab lands if Jordan fell into anti-Western hands.

Again, it was to President Eisenhower that Jordan's young King Hussein turned for a guarantee against Israeli attack which would free his hands for action.

Here again, it was President Eisenhower who sent the Sixth Fleet as a stern warning to Israel and a strong hint to the Kremlin. And it was American influence too, apparently, which somewhat excitedly and imprudently secured the simultaneous movement of the Turkish Army towards the Syrian border.

Other evidence might also be cited to show how our long, ineane condition of non-policy in this same area is belatedly being cured. But enough has been said to prove the point.

Any other American course would certainly be fatal. But as this reporter learned in London, we have reached no prior detailed agreement with our British allies about this new course of ours. Bermuda was the great opportunity, and the opportunity was missed. That means in fact that we have launched upon this immensely tricky, dangerous and delicate new course without taking the smallest precautions against sparking the old but extensive British wiring throughout the Middle East in just the same way that the British sparked the French wiring in Syria.

It does not matter that the Western bacon the United States is trying to save in the Middle East is primarily British. It does not matter, either, that the British no longer have the influence and power to save their own bacon.

BRITAIN vanity can also be wounded, British suspicions (of American designs on their oil holdings for instance) can also be too easily aroused. The British also are capable of committing follies for these reasons. One could see the danger signals in the reactions of British public men, the British press and the British officials out here to the American role in the Jordan crisis.

There are plenty of future sparking points. Iraq is one. The obscure oasis of Buraimi, where the British are squabbling with the Saudi Arabians, is another. And the sooner the American policy makers take the rather easy steps needed to avoid trouble, the more prudent they will be.

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Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE CASE FOR FOREIGN AID
In arguing the case for the foreign aid appropriation, it will be best to admit at the outset that there can be no such thing as an exact estimate of the amount that is necessary. Thus, between January when he submitted the budget and mid-April, Speaker Rayburn, the President had reduced his own estimate by a half billion dollars. Or by more than 10 per cent. The reduction is in military aid. Yet apart from the uproar all over the country about the size of the budget, had anything been happening in the outer world during those three months to explain such a big reduction in the military estimates?

Nothing had happened to make it more probable or less probable that either the old estimate or the new estimate is too big or too small. The old estimate was an educated guess, in the last analysis, by the Pentagon, as to how much arms and how much subsidy are needed from us for NATO, for Korea, Formosa and South Vietnam, and for those other allies or clients with whom we have military pacts. The new and reduced estimate is simply a re-educated guess as to what our military allies can get along with. Between January and April, according to the President's letter of April 18 to Speaker Rayburn, it became possible to save \$500,000,000 mainly because of "new management techniques through which lead-time financing has been reduced."

All this goes a long way to explain why Congress is not profoundly impressed by one estimate rather than by another, or prepared to accept the view that the estimate in April is more final and authoritative than the estimate in January.

HAVING admitted the difficulty of making estimates, we must ask ourselves what we are trying to estimate. It is the cost of carrying what are, in fact, two related but essentially distinct policies. One is the policy of support and subsidizing our huge network of military alliances. At least three-quarters of all the money devoted to foreign aid is earmarked for this purpose. Here there are two kinds of questions which Congress can ask. First, is it a vital American interest that we should maintain our various military alliances, which extend from NATO in Europe to Korea in Eastern Asia? Could we do without all or even without some of these alliances? And second, could we maintain them effectively at less cost? If so, on whose judgment as to how to do this should we rely?

On the whole, Congress supports overwhelmingly the alliances, and is not disposed to run the risks of any drastic reduction in military aid. It is the second of the two policies, that of earmarking money for civilian economic development, which needs to be explained and justified. This policy is addressed not so much to the problem of preventing or winning a war with the Soviet Union but to the epoch-making problem of the relationship between the industrially developed countries of the West and the under-developed countries of Asia and of Africa.

THE argument which I find compelling, is—reduced to its element—as follows. There have come into existence since the end of World War II some 19 new nations in Asia and Africa. They contain about 700,000,000 people, and there is among them a mounting demand that, having won their political independence, they shall proceed rapidly to raise their standard of life.

This cannot be done without the investment of capital in the basic productive capacity of each of these new nations. We cannot go on with this taxation. We will be assessed on 30 per cent of appraised value the coming year instead of 25 per cent as of this year, a raise of five per cent on the already inflated valuation. This alone should take care of any added school needs. Our school tax is already out of reason. If there is such a dire emergency, put our schools on a 12-month basis. This will furnish schooling for one-third more children with one-third less teachers and buildings. Our teachers are already paid on a 12-month basis. Any business will go broke paying their employees on a 12-month basis and only operating nine.

Our school buses should be run to transport children to school only, nothing else. In Klamath county the parents haul their children to athletic events and entertainment. Too much tax money is being spent on athletics, and too few receive benefit from it. If you think your taxes are too high, go vote Monday.

Earl and Dorris Scheble Route 1, Box 413 Medford, Ore.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

This is a true story. A youngster of about four years was listening to the radio, over which the announcer was extolling the virtues of a certain brand of "ladies toiletries," which phrase he repeated several times.

Finally the youngster turned to his mother and remarked, "Momma, I thought only dogs had that kind of trees."

One of the nicest things about the kind of jobs those of us here in the news room do is the fact that we come into contact with all sorts of nice people, with all sorts of problems. Sometimes we can help; sometimes we can't. But nine times out of ten we have a pleasant chat with our callers or correspondents.

Sometimes the correspondence itself (and we receive three heaping armloads of mail every day) brings with it enjoyable tidbits of humanity. We received a letter the other day from a reporter for a 4-H club (we'd guess him to be aged between 10 and 13). On the front of the envelope, in youthful but very plain handwriting, was written "Please Hurry." On the back of the envelope appeared:

Thank you. S i n c e

Ever see people as tax-conscious as they are these days? Even last November, when property taxes came due, we don't recall as much fuss about taxes as there is these days. Well, something of the moral of the story is mailed to us by our Illinois Valley correspondent, Helen Bottel, who tells about the owner of a grocery store in Kerby, who, in 1944, bought the store.

That year his personal property taxes, on equipment and stock, came to \$7.97. This year his personal property taxes, on about the same number and quality of items, totaled \$136.

It sort of sounds as though he either wasn't paying enough in 1944, or was paying too much in 1957.

Once in a while we feel strong enough to tell our readers in this space, about typographical errors in the paper. (At other times, we just can't bring ourselves to do it.) Anyway, Bette Hoskins spotted one in last Sunday's paper. The story was about the Jacksonville School banquet and prom recently, and it mentioned the "outer space" theme "with a large rocket ship in the center of the floor."

Something to do with a modern Noah, Bette thinks.

If we didn't know by the calendar that it was May, we'd know by the kind of weather we've had the last three weeks. One day it's hot and sunny; the next it's cold and rainy; the next it's warm and overcast. There have been hail and thundershowers, as well as bright, clear days with a brassy sun.

A few flies have shown up in our part of town, but no mosquitoes — yet, anyway.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Important news: Prime Minister Macmillan tells the house of commons that first reports of the british hydrogen bomb test in the Christmas islands in the Pacific yesterday indicate that the FALL-OUT FROM THE BLAST WILL BE ALMOST NEGLIGIBLE.

WHY IS that so important? This is the answer: British atomic scientists have been working on a bomb that would have tremendous explosive power AT THE SPOT but very little radioactive fall-out to kill or maim people hundreds of miles away.

THIS IS THE BIG issue: How can such a bomb be developed without EXPERIMENTAL TESTING of the principles involved? PUT IT this way: Suppose you are trying to mix a bug poison that will kill noxious insects without fall but won't hurt people.

How are you going to develop such a formula if you are not allowed to try experiments as you go?

OPPOSITION to the testing of nuclear weapons is perfectly understandable. Atom and hydrogen bombs are grisly and horrible things. I'm sure we'd all be DELIRIOUSLY happy if everything pertaining to them — including the secret of making them work — could be taken out and sunk in the deepest deep of the deepest sea and FORGOTTEN.

TEN FOREVER. But this cannot be. When the atom and the hydrogen bomb came into the world, they CAME TO STAY. We have to learn to live with them.

LET'S GLANCE for a moment at gunpowder. When it came into the world, it was a grisly and horrible thing. Before the advent of gunpowder men who died in battle died by the comparatively clean thrust of a sword or a spear or an arrow. Bullets and shells, when they came along, TORE AND SHATTERED AND SPLINTERED.

WE MUST remember this: Gunpowder has its USE IN PEACE as well as in war. Dynamite followed powder. Dynamite immensely increased man's ability to get useful things done. Atom and hydrogen bombs hold the same promise.

WHEN WE object to experimental study of atom energy — in ALL of its forms, useful as well as destructive — we put ourselves in the position of the ostrich that supposedly, when something unpleasant or dangerous appears on the horizon, hides its head in the sand.

Atom and hydrogen bombs cannot be disposed of by hiding our heads in the sand. Their possibilities are terrible, but we have to recognize they are here.

WE HAVE to learn to live with them.