

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published Daily Except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 27-29 North First St. Phone 2-4141

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Entered as second class matter at Medford Oregon under Act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Mail—In Advance Per Copy 10c; Daily and Sunday—One year \$15.00; Daily and Sunday—Six months \$8.00; Daily and Sunday—Three months \$4.25; Sunday Only—One year \$4.25

Official Paper of the City of Medford; Official Paper of Jackson County; United Press—Full Leased Wire; MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Advertising Representatives: WEST-HOLIDAY COMPANY INC. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta, Vancouver, B.C.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION; PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

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

May 26, 1947 (Monday) Fathers and friends of Girl Scouts are needed to aid in the dismantling of the two buildings purchased by the Girl Scouts at Camp White.

20 YEARS AGO

May 26, 1927 (Wednesday) Apple thinning in the Wing orchard on the Old Stage rd. starts according to Charles Wing, proprietor.

30 YEARS AGO

May 26, 1927 (Thursday) County court orders unit school plan placed on the ballot at special election in June as requested by petitioners throughout the county.

40 YEARS AGO

May 26, 1917 (Saturday) Petitions are being circulated in Medford requesting the appointment of former Senator Charles W. Fulton as U.S. senator to replace the late Harry Lane.

What's Your I.Q.?

- 1. 1869: Did both Wyoming and Utah (territories) grant women the right of suffrage? 2. Red flannel underwear is warmer than the same thickness of any other color: true or false? 3. Bible: Was Solomon's throne made of gold, ivory, or silver? 4. Is Louisville or Lexington the capital of Kentucky? 5. Name the Indian princess who married John Rolfe. 6. Diplomatic relations between the U.S. and Sweden are maintained by ambassadors or ministers? 7. Which state is nicknamed "Pelican State" and "Creole State"? 8. Name the five senses. 9. Is it proper to use "most" as an abbreviation or equivalent for almost? 10. A little learning is a dangerous thing.—Pope.

Creative Writing Class To Meet Here Monday

Students of adult education classes in creative writing will meet Monday, May 27, at 7:30 p.m., at 404 North Grape st. Mrs. D. D. Williams of Medford, whose book, "Seavester," is available at the Medford public library, will be a special guest at the meeting.

Encouraging Support

We have been much encouraged in recent weeks by the actions of voters participating in several important elections.

It is evident that they have been interested in the questions raised, have thought through the financial problems facing the districts in which they lived, and that a majority of them have concluded that proposals placed before them should be approved.

We refer specifically to the series of school budget elections in various parts of the county, and to the Berrydale annexation vote.

IN THIS year of high taxes, high prices, a business and employment slump in Oregon, and "economy" drives at the local, state and federal level, it would have been too easy for voters to be stampeded into voting "no" without fully considering the consequences.

But, on the contrary, voters in the rural school district, in the Ashland school district, in Consolidated School District 6, and in the Phoenix and Eagle Point school districts, went to the polls and approved budgets for the 1957-58 school year. As is almost inevitable these days, the budgets were larger than in prior years.

And in Berrydale, the voters faced up squarely to a series of most unpleasant alternatives. A majority of them picked annexation as the least unpleasant of these, and the only one offering an immediate solution to their rather serious problem.

THIS is not to say that it is difficult to understand the feelings and motivations of those who voted "no" in these elections. It is easy, indeed. And one can entirely sympathize, while disagreeing.

But it bears repeating, again and again, that if we are to have responsible, responsive, effective and efficient government to do for us the things we cannot do alone (and this includes the schools), we must support those who are working to provide these things for us.

And this means approving the expenditure of enough tax money to do the job the way we know it ought to be done for the greatest good of everyone involved.—E.A.

Arbitrary Cuts Curbed

So many things happen so fast in the last days of a legislative session, it's too easy to lose track of some of the items of interest.

We were glad to learn, then, belatedly, that Senate Bills 274 and 275, which grant the Public Utilities Commissioner additional authority over passenger train schedules in Oregon, finally passed both houses. They are now presumably awaiting the signature of the governor.

THE bills were much-amended and watered-down from their original form. But they are a step toward giving the people, through a state official, a say as to how a public carrier should fulfill its responsibility to the public.

They can have no effect on present service—or rather lack of it—in southwestern Oregon. That matter is still pending settlement in the PUC office after extensive hearings. But they do provide machinery to prevent railroads from arbitrarily changing or canceling long established passenger service without a please, thank-you or by-your-leave.—E.A.

The Fish Stand Alone

There is an old song which, if memory serves us, goes on about the farmer taking a wife, the wife taking the dog, the dog taking the cat, the cat the rat, the rat, the cheese, and the cheese standing alone.

Up in Bend, along Mirror Pond—a that lovely stretch of calm water in the midst of a green park in the middle of the attractive little city—the old song might be used again, with variations.

The problem is the ducklings which hatch out about this time of year, and how best to protect them from marauding animals, chiefly dogs and cats.

THE city has decreed that dogs be kept penned or leashed during this period of time—to protect the ducklings, not for the preservation of gardens, as is the case elsewhere.

But a vocal faction was heard from which contends that the unrestricted cats are more dangerous to the ducklings than are the dogs.

That did it. The Bend Bulletin has been full of sound and fury since, with cat-lovers and dog-lovers fighting in print, with another large contingent of duckling-lovers also entering the fray.

THE cat-lovers contend that the cats don't really hurt the ducklings, and that the dogs do. The dog-lovers contend that not only do dogs fail to harm the baby birds, but, by chasing away the cats, they actually protect them.

The duckling-lovers suggest that city policemen be equipped with small-caliber firearms to shoot at dogs and cats.

About the only ones unaffected by this emotion-packed debate (which soon will fade from view until another springtime makes it a live issue again) are the grown-up ducks, who take the fish in the pond, who—like the cheese in the old song—stand alone.—E.A.



"MMMM, BOY... THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE HOTCAKES WITH LOTS OF PEANUT BUTTER ON 'EM!'"

Matter of Fact By Stewart Alsop

THEY'RE NOT SCARED OF IKE Washington—During last year's campaign, President Eisenhower often told intimates that he "didn't want to win by any fifty point four per cent."



Stewart Alsop

He wanted to "win big, bigger than last time." He had to win big, he said, to "finish the job." The job was to remake the Republican party into a "modern" party which would again be the majority party in the nation.

In order to do this job, the President reasoned, he needed an overwhelming triumph at the polls. Such a triumph would serve as a clear signal to the Republican party to fall in line behind the Eisenhower kind of Republicanism through Congress.

The President did indeed win big. The Republican party did not win at all—it lost both Houses of Congress. After his big win, the President went ahead confidently to fashion a program and a budget embodying it, that would represent his kind of Republicanism. And the Republican party in Congress, with a big assist from the Democrats, is now happily at work slicing the program into ribbons.

WHAT, then, went wrong with the President's theory, that a big win would give him what he needed to "finish the job?" For there is no longer any doubt about it. Only six months after his big win, President Eisenhower is, in at least one absolutely vital respect, in worse trouble with Congress than Franklin D. Roosevelt or Harry Truman ever were.

The New Deal died in the late '30's, and the Fair Deal was never really born at all, but Roosevelt and Truman always got essentially what they wanted from Congress on the foreign and defense fronts. And it is precisely on these fronts, as the almost desperate tone of his speech on Tuesday night suggests, that the President's program is most gravely threatened.

One explanation of what went wrong with the President's theory is contained in the rueful remark of an Eisenhower associate and admirer: "They were scared of Roosevelt and even Truman. They're not scared of Ike."

HE WENT on to recall, with a certain nostalgia, Truman's delegation came to plead for a lame duck Texas Congressman who had opposed the Truman policies. "That S.O.B.," Truman remarked crisply, "is not going to get any job with this government as long as I'm President."

He recalled also how Truman summarily fired Louis Johnson as Secretary of Defense—not because Johnson's policies were disastrous, but because Johnson had been criticizing the Administration on Capitol Hill.

Truman and Roosevelt were politically vindictive by instinct, because politics is a vindictive business, and both were professional politicians to their bone marrow. But when President Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury criticizes his budget, the President goes shooting with him. And when the Republican minority leader opposes the President on issue after issue, the President remarks mildly, as he did at Wednesday's press conference, that Sen. Knowland supports him on most issues.

The President is quite right, of course, that he cannot force Knowland to resign as minority leader. But Knowland has reason to be "scared" of the President all the same. Knowland—or so everybody believes—wants very much to be President. What ever happens between now and 1960, it is almost inconceivable that Knowland could get the nomination over President Eisenhower's active opposition. So Knowland ought to be thoroughly scared of offending the President. But he clearly is not.

THE impression is almost universal on Capitol Hill that the President hates to use his power to punish and reward, and this is why "they're not scared of Ike." But this is only part of the reason, of course; another reason is that the President's enemies in both parties, frustrated Democrats and unreconciled Republicans alike, are convinced that they have at long last a good heavy stick to beat him with.

The stick is the desire of the voters to sink happily back into what Time magazine has dubbed "the new normalcy." Shrewd politicians with both ears to the ground report unanimously that this reversion to something like the national mood of the 20's is entirely real, a political phenomenon of major proportions. Strangely enough, the President himself, the nation's reassuring father figure, the living symbol of "peace and prosperity," has done far more than any other individual to create the national mood of complacency he is now belatedly fighting hard to dispel. (c) 1957 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

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.

Bronco-Busting Officers

To the Editor: This is written in appreciation to Medford's bronco-busting police officers, who, with skill, good nature and devotion to duty rounded up our two stray calves Thursday.

I was at the hospital with my husband when the calves got loose, and when the officers finally corralled them, so I don't know their names. But I'd like them to know of our appreciation and for Medford people to know what fine officers they have to serve them.

Mrs. Bill Medcalf 1031 Narragan st. Medford, Ore.

Memorial Day

To the Editor: Another sacred Memorial Day is fast approaching. The vast army of Union Veterans who fought the Civil War has passed from our view. The gleam of their campfires can be seen no more. But in the hearts of us, their daughters, it glows with a brighter fervency as we live to appreciate their sacrifice. Let us not neglect on this sacred day to wend our way to their final campground and there, amid the rows of white headstone tents, with pride and loyalty, plant the flag of our nation, the bright-hued symbol for which they bled and died.

And on those low green mounds, tenderly place fresh bright blossoms, as an outward expression of the love and loyalty we hold for them for their service to our Country.

In Memoriam They served us not in selfishness, But died for both black and white; To build a better, kinder world For freedom, truth and right.

And we who set this day apart, To honor those who sleep; Should renew our pledge to hold the faith they gave their lives to keep.

Eva Frances Ware, Patriotic Instructor of Elta Duell Hubbs Tent 11, Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, 1861-65, 181 Winema Way, Medford, Ore.

Sale Successful

To the Editor: The members of Colonel Sargent Auxiliary, United Spanish War Veterans, wish to extend their thanks to Mayor John Snider, Chief of Police Charles Champlin and other city officials and to the public for their courtesies and generosity in making the McKinley

Carnation sale a success. We wish also to thank the staff of the Medford Mail Tribune for their cooperation in presenting news of the sale.

Mrs. Winifred Vail Sale Chairman 56 North Orange st. Medford, Ore.

Power for Oregon

To the Editor: Reference is made to Harper's (May) article "The American West" by Walter Prescott Webb who gives a clear picture of the great North American Desert, now desperate for water, and in particular Los Angeles whose constantly growing population has driven them desperately for water. To quote the article:—"A plan is afoot to tap the waters of the Columbia in the northwest, to enlarge or save the oasis of southern California."

John Day dam as proposed would be constructed within the state of Oregon but operated by a Washington utility company. Hells Canyon on the Snake river and bordering Oregon on the east is all but lost to an Idaho power company. Only immediate protests by every Oregonian could save this dam site. Federal power was fought here (and at Bonneville) with the hue and cry that it is "creeping socialism," but the very ones who cried out and refused to pass \$350 million for Federal power at Hells Canyon are the very same folks who passed \$1 1/2 billions (and more) to bring Federal power in the upper Colorado river project!

So—we gave our eastern boundary and Hells Canyon dam site to Idaho; we are—by pure lassitude—giving John Day dam site to Washington; we are giving the Columbia to Los Angeles, so why don't we give our sea coast to Russia and then explode an A-bomb out about Redmond and let Oregon just disappear forever? You may as well because if our people sit on their stools of 'do-nothin' much longer, you'll all starve to death anyway.

Or—you can write and wire and call Secretary Fred Seaton, Department of Interior, Washington, D.C., and stop the 'Big Steal'; tell him we want 2 million power for Oregonians industry by saving Hells Canyon, John Day, the Columbia for Federal power sites to benefit Oregon for a change. Then watch us boom with industry and jobs—all year 'round!

A displaced Oregonian. Mrs. Virginia Card 1154 Viola ave. Glendale, Calif.

Editorial Comment

LEGISLATURE ASSESSED The 49th Legislature, turned out to be, not the radical body which was expected. . . . Instead it proved to be rather conservative. Credit for this should be shared by the Republican phalanx in the Senate which presented a formidable barricade to certain measures and by conservative heads among the Democrats. Those who may have come to tax and tax and spend and spend, remained to pray—and to labor for a relatively modest upping of taxes within the very restrictive area now allowed for state taxation.

While the public may fret over the length of the session—128 days—they cannot with justice criticize the members for lack of diligence and earnestness, and of cooperation on the major issues which they confronted. — Oregon Statesman, Salem.

Just as the session opened with a high degree of partisanship, reflected in the battle for control of the Senate, so did it close with Democrats making speeches about the wonders it accomplished, and with Republicans calling it the worst session in Oregon history.

Neither view, in our opinion, is correct. Probably many sessions have been better. And certainly some have been worse. The session was expensive, both in the legislative cost and in the budget approved by the legislators. But before we're too critical of that budget and the tax increase that must go with it, we must ask if the people of Oregon will get full value for their tax dollars. We think they will, and believe no substantial appropriation can be termed frivolous or unnecessary.

Briefly put, the session was not all good and it was not all bad. . . . But considering the sort of instructions the legislators felt they had from the people, and considering the inexperience of most of the members, we feel the 1957 Legislature did show imagination, courage and a willingness to listen to new ideas. While the session may not go down in history as the best Oregon ever weathered, it certainly does not deserve to be called the worst. — Eugene Register-Guard.

It was really a grueling session—128 days of deliberation, debate and not infrequent bickering. Furthermore, each senator and representative had to dig deeply into his own pocket to finance the stay at

POTLUCK (By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A man who does a lot of traveling in his work started out for California the other day. Soon after he left, his wife noticed he'd left his suitcase behind.

She called the state police, who suggested that the California checking station be contacted. This she did, and before long he telephoned her from there. They discussed the matter and decided that she would start south in her car while he started north in his, and when they saw each other, they'd stop and transfer the suitcase.

Both started out, but somehow missed each other on the highway. She wound up at the checking station (no husband), and he wound up at the "Y" junction south of Ashland (no wife). Both waited briefly, then turned around, she traveling north, he south. She arrived at the Big Y, he at the checking station. Missed again.

They finally found each other, but we understand on good authority there was a distinct coolness between them as the suitcase was transferred from one car to the other.

Our United Press wire the other day carried a story about the death of an "11-year-old widow" who left 179 living descendants. "She sure must have started young," one of the newsroom inhabitants commented.

About half-way through the school music festival at the high school stadium the other night, a father and his young daughter got up from their seats and began inching their way toward the aisle in front of the other people sitting in the same row.

As they passed one youngish matron, the father commented, "I think I'll have to carry this young one home."

"Is she sleepy?" asked the matron sympathetically. "So am I."

"Sorry," replied the father with a grin as he picked up his daughter and started down the steps. "One is all I can carry."

We all know about the "minutes" of the meeting—those records which are kept by the secretary of the proceedings. We heard a new one the other day, in a 4-H club report, where it said "The seconds of the last meeting were not read because the secretary wasn't there." Must have been a short meeting.

Law enforcement in the Berrydale district has been handled by the sheriff's office and state police. But when it officially becomes a part of Medford, in a week or so, that responsibility will go to the city police department.

One state police officer who lives in the area swears that the minute Berrydale becomes a part of the city, he's going to call up Chief of Police Charles Champlin and complain about a barking dog.

Phoony or tranquilizers, calming drugs, or "happy pills," says County Agent Earle Jossy. He declares the best "happy pills" he knows are little round sinkers for his fishing line.

A press release from the N.A.P.C.T.C.A.F.B.S.M. informs us somewhat breathlessly that this nation observes National Ladder month, National Smile Week (in addition to National Laugh week and Pass the Laugh week), the Spring Festival of Gas Ranges, National Bow Tie week, Old Maids' day, Steel Kitchen Cabinet month, Save the Horse week, and 341 other special days, weeks and months.

And what, you may ask, is the N.A.P.C.T.C.A.F.B.S.M.? It is the National Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cloth and Furniture by Savage Moths, and it's all steamed up because it has dreamed up National Mothproofing Month, which it says is May.

All of which motivated the following "pome": Special months and weeks and days Fill me full of sad malaise. Maybe such things really click— Frankly, though, they make me sick. All the calendar they fill, I can't escape. They make me ill.

quarters. We have editorialized on this subject before and have observed the reaction. The fact remains that the skip days, or flunk days if one prefers, are relatively recent in origin. They represent no deep-rooted tradition.

In other words it should be possible for school authorities to stop them by putting an absolute ban on such practices, and "getting tough" if necessary. After school is over and young people are "on their own" for the summer, school authorities have no control. Until that time, however, school discipline still should prevail. — Grants Pass Courier.