

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
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Editorial Correspondence . . .

Paul Smiths, N.Y. May 28th: This was once a very famous and fashionable summer resort. It is now a small and not fashionable college, which is to hold its commencement this coming Sunday.

Paul Smith is a legendary character in this part of New York state, something like a cross between Paul Bunyan and Will Rogers. He started out as a guide and trapper, after working as a boss of a canal boat on the Hudson river to Lake Champlain, and soon became noted as a skillful woodsman, as well as a young man of unusual physical strength, force of character, and a lively sense of humor.

In those days—before the Civil War—wealthy New York sportsmen had already been lured to the Adirondack wilderness for fishing and hunting, and Paul Smith was usually the guide who served them. One of them, a Dr. H. H. Loomis, a man of considerable wealth, took a strong liking to Smith and in 1853 set him up in business as a professional guide and proprietor of what he called "Hunters Home" on the shores of Loon Lake not far from here.

From the start the venture grew and prospered, and by 1875 had accommodations for 150 guests and hunting dogs, guides, goats, guns and fish poles thrown in.

It was about this time that the Vanderbilts, Harrimans, White-law Reids, Rockefeller, Pratts, Stokes, and such fabulous characters as P. T. Barnum and young Teddy Roosevelt became interested, most of them buying huge tracts of wooded land which they called—and are still called—"camps". Some of the land had been owned by Paul Smith, and as a result of this, stock tips given by these pioneers of America's great industrial era, the humble and penniless guide and trapper soon became a multi-millionaire in his own right.

Smith had married meanwhile, his wife being an extremely able woman and proved to be a great helpmate, taking charge of the cooking and housekeeping in the enlarged hotel, which came to include cottages, a casino, billiard rooms, barber shop and—believe it or not—heat and hot and cold running water.

There were two sons, Paul Jr. and Phelps, who at Paul senior's death in 1912 inherited this vast empire which then included electric light companies which still serve this region and electric trolley lines—which don't Paul Jr. died at a comparatively young age, without heirs, and Phelps died in 1937, also childless. He left all his properties and his millions in a trust for the establishment and operation of Paul Smiths college, which hasn't as many students as the Medford High school, but promises never to lack for funds, or ask for same from its alumni or taxpayers.

Had a frost this morning but not a freeze as was feared. The MacArthur garden was nipped but not destroyed. However the danger is not over for such things as corn and tomatoes should not be planted around here until the 15th of June. Incidentally the Weather man must have heard our prayers for an end to heat and humidity, for yesterday it rained in the foothills and snowed in the mountains. While it is clear and sunny today there is a tang in the air reminiscent of early November.

We have TV and radio here but seldom get baseball clearly or any programs except those from Montreal and Toronto. The former however is good of its kind, and skips American soap opera foolishness entirely. For which let us all be thankful!

This Adirondack country is about the size of Connecticut. But it has a permanent population of approximately 100,000 while its summer population ranges from 500,000 to 800,000. That gives some indication of what a resort area it is.—R.W.R.

Editorial Comment

AMERICA'S WARS IN SONG
"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

Out of the mists of history they come, the steady beat of marching feet, men in blue and men in khaki, out of national memories into the forefront of this Memorial Day. They come to the strains of martial music, for wars are remembered by the legacy of their songs.

See the bugle corps step out of the painting "The Spirit of '76." What are they playing? Perhaps

"Yankee doodle, keep it up. Yankee doodle, dandy. Mind the music and the step. And with the girls be handy."

The War of 1812 is rather an unpleasant memory; but its battle of Fort Mchenry inspired our recognized national anthem:

"O say can you see by the dawn's early light What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming— And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Came the Civil War whose issues reached deep into the hearts of men and women. They responded with songs to fire the nation.

"Yes, we'll rally around the flag, boys, We'll rally once again, Shouting the battle cry of freedom!"

And the "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" released the suasion of moral forces on the side of the North:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on!"

Fanatic John Brown found resurrection in a marching song for the men in blue:

"John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul is marching on!"

Those who marched to "John Brown's body" met and fought the men in grey who marched under another banner singing

"Den I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray! In Dixie land I'll take my stand to lib and dye in Dixie!"

Thousands of them did die, but whole country now sings

"Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land."

The "feds sang, 'We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,' and the swing tune and stirring words of 'Marching through Georgia' rallied the North in the latter days of the war:

"Bring the good old bugle-boys, We'll sing another song: Sing it with the spirit That will start the world along; Sing it as we used to sing it, Fifty thousand strong, While we were marching through Georgia."

The Spanish-American war hardly lasted long enough to produce war songs. But Sousa's great march, "Stars and Stripes Forever" brought out some words:

"Let despots remember the day When our fathers with mighty endeavor, Proved by their might and by their right It waves forever."

The first world war brought a harvest of new songs, or gave wider popularity to some already written. Like Stoddard King's song written at Yale:

"There's a long, long trail a-winding Into the land of my dreams." The A.E.F. sang: "It's a long way to Tipperary. It's a long way to go."

Some of them never reached there; some never returned.

In the second world war the services had their own songs: "Anchors Aweigh" for the navy, the artillery "Caissons Go Rolling Along," with the marines "From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli."

The songs of World War I were revived for use as the GI's followed the doughboys to paralyze the lady from Argentina.

Out of the mists of the past they come, marching, singing, across the stage of history; and most of them are resting in the final bivouac:

"Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, Tenting on the old campground." waiting for Gabriel's trumpet for the last reveille.

The present rich, refulgent is ours; but it is ours only because it was once theirs, and saved for us by them, at great sacrifice.



Walter Lippmann

Matter of Fact By Stewart Alsop

IF STASSEN SUCCEEDS Washington—If, by a miracle, Harold Stassen negotiates a meaningful agreement with the Soviets on mutual aerial and ground inspection, President Eisenhower will have the fight of his life on his hands.

The fight he will face will be a reshadowed by the bitter inner struggle in the Administration which took place before Stassen's return to London.

Everybody knows that Admiral Arthur Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, led the opposition to Stassen's plan. But it is not generally known just how fierce and uncompromising Radford's opposition was, nor how powerfully he was supported. Radford used every conceivable argument against agreeing to mutual inspection in any form.

He even advanced the fantastic view that adequate inspection of any considerable part of Soviet territory would cost as much as the whole current defense budget. Deputy Secretary of Defense Donald Quarles, who sat in for Secretary Wilson in the bitter debate, took exception to this strange notion. But in general he supported Radford's position.

So did Atomic Energy Chairman Lewis Strauss. Strauss' support for Radford was predictable, since Strauss has a fetish about "security"—he loves secrets or supposed secrets, and treasures them like a magic with bits of colored string. The thought of Russians over-flying American territory or inspecting American defense installations was thus as automatically repugnant to him as to Radford.

Strauss also has a fetish about superior American "know-how," and he was particularly incensed by Stassen's argument that several other countries, besides the Soviet Union and Britain, had the industrial and technical capacity to make atomic bombs.

Radford thus had extremely powerful support—the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission constitute an alliance not to be sneezed at. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles adopted a position of cautiously benevolent neutrality towards Stassen's proposals. In the State Department, only Robert Bowie, chief of the policy planning staff, who is soon to depart for private life, strongly advocated a serious attempt to negotiate limited arms control with the Soviets.

Thus the President was Stassen's only really powerful ally in the dispute. Even the President was far more cautious on the issue than he has been generally pictured, and Stassen's authority to negotiate is carefully limited and circumscribed.

SUPPOSE, however, that Stassen actually negotiates an agreement for mutual inspection along the lines laid down by the President. The fierce opposition to any such agreement inside the Administration is then dead sure to spread to Capitol Hill. Already, Senate Republican leader William Knowland (who is closer to Radford) and Sen. Bourke Hickenlooper senior Republican Senator on the joint Atomic Energy committee, (who is even closer to Strauss) have expressed strong doubts about the President's own brainchild, the International Atomic Energy Agency.

If Knowland and Hickenlooper

er decided to oppose American membership in the agency (which is now thought on balance unlikely), there would be grave doubt that the Senate would ratify the necessary treaty. But in comparison with the sort of plan Stassen is trying to negotiate, the agency is absolutely innocuous.

American membership in the agency would simply oblige the United States to pledge a tiny proportion of its stock of fissionable material to an international pool. A mutual agreement on inspection with the Soviets would oblige the United States to agree to Soviet planes over-flying American territory and Soviet agents inspecting American air bases and defense installations.

It is easy to imagine how such a proposal would stimulate the lingering isolation sentiment in the breasts of conservative Republicans. In fact, if Stassen negotiates an agreement which the President accepts, the President will almost certainly face a showdown battle with the right-wing of his own party. And the outcome could be a defeat for Eisenhower as crushing as the defeat suffered by Woodrow Wilson in the battle over the League of Nations, and even more historically significant.

But that need not necessarily be the outcome. For the advantages of mutual inspection to an open society, which cannot attack by surprise, are demonstrably greater than to a closed society, which can.

Moreover, as the President has said, the only way the heavy defense load can really be reduced is by mutual agreement with the Soviets. Finally, of course, some sort of mutual agreement may be in the end the only alternative to mutual suicide. If Stassen pulls off his miracle in London, these will be three rather powerful talking points for the President.

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Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

POLICY WITH A BROKEN BACK There can be few left among us who do not have serious doubts about our China policy. For it is not possible to shrug off the anti-American riots in Formosa as if they were an unfortunate accident which has nothing to do with anything significant.

Whether or not there was official complicity, the indubitable fact is that whoever incited, organized, equipped and directed the rioters knew he could count upon a deep and widespread popular resentment against Americans. This resentment shows that our China policy is not working well even among the Chinese whom we are protecting and subsidizing.

It is often supposed that the President is by no means an unqualified believer in our China policy but that for the sake of peace with Congress and inside the Administration he has put the issues on ice. Thus in public at least, he has avoided a reappraisal which might be very agonizing to many of his friends.

There is, however, no way of postponing the reappraisal much longer. For it is becoming very evident indeed that our China policy has no future, that time is running out and that the real question is whether there is still time and opportunity to save the things that matter the most.

WHAT is our China policy? A good way to get at the inner principle of it is to ask and to answer the question, why are we uncompromising in our boycott of Red China and so much less uncompromising in our relations with Red Russia? The key to our policy is the fact that besides the Chinese in Formosa, there are some ten million Chinese in Southeast Asia. In Singapore, there are three-quarters of the population. In Malaya, they are two-fifths of the population.

In those countries which have diplomatic relations with Red China, (Burma, Indonesia and Cambodia) the Chinese tend to look to Red China for guidance. In the countries recognizing the Nationalists, such as South Vietnam, Thailand and the Philippines, the Chinese tend to look for guidance to Formosa.

The object of our China policy is to keep the overseas Chinese separated from the Red Chinese government, and thus to prevent it from ruling and from representing all the Chinese.

Some years back when the Nationalist Chinese had been driven off the mainland, and were first installed in Formosa, the overseas Chinese were entitled to believe that eventually, with American help, the Chinese government in Formosa would fight its way back to the mainland and become again the government of all of China. Thus there was hope for the anti-Communists that they would go home triumphantly. For the neutrals there was some good reason to remain sitting on the fence. As long as the Red Chinese were weak and distracted by the problems of the revolution, while the United States, which then had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, was so strong, the China policy had a credible foundation.

IT no longer has a credible foundation. When in 1955 President Eisenhower asked Congress for a guarantee of Formosa and the nearby islands, he also took the necessary measures to prevent Chiang from making war-like moves against the mainland. Indeed, the President put an end to the idea that the United States would back an invasion of the mainland. He went even further and made it clear that the United States would not permit Chiang to attempt an invasion. All this was, no doubt, a sound and prudent diplomatic action to prevent dangerous and foolish adventures.

But it broke the back of our China policy. It deprived the Chinese in Formosa of any hope that they could return to the mainland except by coming to terms with Red China. Ever since then, our China policy has had no future, and has been no more than a holding operation, designed to put off as long as possible a deal among the Chinese themselves.

Our attitude toward trade with China and our attitude toward letting American newspapermen go to China, are part of this holding operation. They are a rather desperate and forlorn attempt to keep the Chinese in Formosa from coming to terms with the Chinese on the mainland. Thus we are trying to induce Britain, Germany, and Japan, as well as Western Europe, to restrict trade with Red China more severely than they restrict trade with Red Russia. As this means merely that Russia becomes the broker through which China trades with the rest of the world, the restrictions are not substantial. They are psychological. The purpose of the restrictions is to make the overseas Chinese feel that all the

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A prominent firm of Medford attorneys, now firmly ensconced in new quarters behind a brilliant blue door, had a new telephone number assigned to them when they moved in.

It didn't take long for them to discover that the number previously had been assigned to a local medical clinic. The nice lady who answers the telephone soon had the NEW number of the clinic memorized, and whenever someone calls for a doctor (and she says there have been "thousands") she blithely and quickly informs them of the change, and the new number.

This has gotten so automatic with her that we sort of wonder what she'd say if someone were to call and ask for Dr. Van Dyke.

A member of the staff attended the dedication ceremony at the new Medford armory a week ago Saturday. His 11-year-old daughter knew vaguely about the event, and knew that Daddy was going out that night, so put two and two together, and inquired: "Daddy, are you going out to watch them christen the Armory?"

A couple visited the home of one of Medford's better-known citizens the other evening, during which they were provided with their choice of after-dinner beverage. The small daughter of the household observed this, and, as youngsters frequently do, requested a glass of her own. She was provided with lemonade, and given permission to help herself to more as she desired it.

Carrying it a step further, she decided the family dog should not go refreshment-less, so fixed him up with a "martini," consisting of water, a dog-biscuit, the latter on a toothpick.

We are informed that the sight of a small dog drinking biscuit-flavored water from a martini glass is one not soon to be forgotten.

A Medford couple proudly possesses a phonograph—one of the plain, garden variety which plays good music but doesn't make the pretense of being Hi-Fi. Anyway, they frequently play portions of their collection of records in the evening. It is reported on good authority that the other evening they were sitting rather when the husband asked if the wife would like to hear some music. She replied, "No, I don't want to go in a mood, I'm too comfortable."

E. K. Ricker, the manager of the Veterans Administration domiciliary at Camp White, is, we have no reason to doubt, an excellent manager and a fine public servant, but our sports editor tells us there's little chance he'll be snapped by the major leagues as a pitcher.

At the opening ballgame at the new Ricker stadium at Camp White Memorial day, he was to throw the first pitch. It bounced once somewhere between the mound and home plate, and Assistant Manager Jaffery, the catcher, couldn't get his mitt on it even with a wild dash off to one side.

We're not quite sure what to think about that radio commercial for an American car in the middle price bracket which makes the claim of being as roomy comfortable and luxurious as foreign sports cars.

Speaking of means of transportation, one of our community correspondents (bless 'em all) tells of a new one.

She wrote about three women going to another town to sing at services there, and the fact that they were accompanied by a fourth woman on the piano.

SOLEMN thought for today: In the War between the States—or the Civil War, if you prefer that name — HALF A MILLION men died in battle or of wounds and disease and our nation was rent asunder in spirit—although it has been preserved as an actual physical entity—by hatreds and prejudices that persist to this day.

If there had been more tolerance and less prejudice, more patience and less hot-headed haste, more willingness to concede that those who hold opinions and beliefs contrary to ours are not necessarily scoundrels, all this might have been avoided.

IN THE America of today there is too little tolerance and too much prejudice, too little patience and too much impatience, too much politician-inspired conflict and suspicion between the alleged haves and the alleged have-nots.

Memorial Day is a good time to pause and reflect upon the evils these things can bring upon a nation. A century ago, they brought upon us a bloody and awful civil war that never should have been fought.

In their present form, they can hamper or EVEN PREVENT the full and wonderful flowering of the American way of life.

ADLAI TO PORTUGAL London—American Democratic Party leader Adlai Stevenson left Saturday for Lisbon, Portugal. During his visit in Britain, the twice-defeated presidential candidate received an honorary degree at Oxford University.

From New Citizen To the Editor: As a newly-naturalized citizen of the United States, I should like to express my appreciation for the generous help of a number of Medford residents.

I was among the new citizens who were recently helped through citizenship classes of Mrs. G. Q. D'Albini and Mrs. Ada East. I pass the tests required to become naturalized Americans. Others helped us by serving as witnesses at the hearings.

I am sure all are equally grateful for their kindness. Frank Netik, Talent, Ore.

Death Toll Climbing From Philippines Flu Manila—The death toll in the influenza epidemic sweeping the Philippines edged toward the 500 mark Saturday. Sixty-two more deaths were registered in Manila and the provinces Friday. It brought to 464 the known victims.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AFFILIATE MEMBER

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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 June 1, 1947 (Monday) County court recommends to Public Utilities commissioner there be no hauling or piling of logs on county roads Saturdays or holidays.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: British men are now wearing pink hats. Herr A. Hitler in his heyday, always claimed the British were "decadent."

20 YEARS AGO June 1, 1937 (Wednesday) Largest flying craft ever to set down on the Medford airport—rolled over the mile-long runway a 14-passenger TWA Skyliner—yesterday.

The 20-30 club schedules "ladies night" at the Town club.

30 YEARS AGO June 1, 1927 (Thursday) Miss Esther Pilker, daughter of Christian Pilker of the Medford Sheet Metal Works, is awarded prize for winning radio contest.

From Local and Personal column: Chester Wendt of Jacksonville is in Medford today to purchase supplies.

40 YEARS AGO June 1, 1917 (Saturday) Southern Oregon Dental society is holding convention on third floor of M. F. and H. building, Medford.

John Donegan, formerly of Jacksonville, leaves with Eighth engineers' reserve corps for duty in France.

What's Your I.Q.? Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. Was the first Episcopal church erected in New Jersey built at Burlington, Trenton, or Hoboken?

2. A closely trimmed, pointed beard is called a V—?

3. Bible: What language was spoken by Jesus?

4. Service in the Merchant Marine entitles one to membership in the American Legion, true or false?

5. Batik is a rare mineral, wood, or a method of executing colored designs on fabrics? True, 7. Yes, 8. Moon, 9. No. "Contemplate" is used in a serious sense. 10. "Dee."

Western Greyhound Units Consolidated Saturday San Francisco—Three western divisions of the Greyhound Corporation were placed under a single operation Saturday, consolidating all of the bus company's services west of the Rocky Mountains.

The new division, largest in the company's nationwide network, will be known as Western Greyhound Lines, merging Pacific, Northwest and a portion of Northland Greyhound Lines.