

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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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. 11, 1947

Harvesting of crawfords and other varieties of early peaches is now nearing its peak here.

20 YEARS AGO Aug. 11, 1937

An association of county peach growers may be formed due to the increasing importance of the county crop.

30 YEARS AGO Aug. 11, 1927

Charles A. Lindbergh may land on Medford field during prosperity celebration.

40 YEARS AGO Aug. 11, 1917

Library privileges extended to company C, Third Oregon Infantry stationed here.

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

- 1. The first American vessel was launched (1797) near which of the Great Lakes? 2. A coat of paint applied to iron that has begun to rust, will or will not prevent it from rusting further? 3. Bible: What had Moses in mind when he took a second census? 4. How many shillings have the monetary value of a British pound sterling? 5. Did the Spanish-American war occur in 1890, 1892, 1896 or 1898? 6. What crop is grown in paddy-fields? 7. In which field of science are the names Herschel, Copernicus and Halley famous? 8. What is hemoglobin? 9. Should "onery", a dialectal variety of "ordinary", be avoided? 10. "A fool and his money are soon parted."

Senator Husband Named Committee Chairman

Salem—State Sen. Donald R. Husband, Eugene Republican, was elected chairman of the legislative interim education committee at its first meeting here Friday.

Good Old John

Englishmen may not always speak properly but we like the way they usually behave. It was both improper and surprising for Lord Altrincham to declare in his magazine that Queen Elizabeth's speeches gave him "a pain in the neck" and reminded him of some prissy school m'am, talking down condescendingly to the members of the primary class.

IN THE first place the Queen doesn't write her speeches, they are written by her ministers. And in the second place her manner of address, which is perhaps somewhat primly saccharine, is a direct inheritance from her mother, for which of course, she can not be blamed.

So his Lordship was plainly out of order, and members of the "League of Empire Loyalists" were undoubtedly justified in declaring Altrincham guilty of what in high social circles is a capital offense namely—doing something which by tradition and common consent just "ISN'T done."

NOR was it surprising that members of the nobility like the Earl of Strathmore should publicly state, quote: "Young Altrincham is a bounder who should be shot."

Or his colleague the Duke of Argyll should put it somewhat more forcibly—again quote: "I would like to see the man drawn and quartered."

ALL of which including the comments of the young guilty Lord, demonstrate the high respect the British people have for the sacred and traditional right—exemplified every week-end year after year in Hyde Park—of free speech, and also free press, and free assembly.

FOR in spite of all this talk about "shooting" and "quartering" direct action was taken by only one citizen of the realm, a certain Philip Kinghorn Burbridge, 64, active member of the "League of Empire Loyalists."

He overtook the offending Lord at some public gathering and to the latter's complete amazement, slapped his face, which action he later justified as follows:

"I felt it up to a decent Briton to show resentment to the scurrilous attack on the Queen. I fear foreign repercussions particularly in America at a time when our fortunes are at a low ebb."

HOWEVER, in the court room where this justification for face-slapping was placed on the high plane of loyalty to country and the Queen, there were no cries of "Hear, Hear!" There was no applause. In the silence that followed, London's Chief Magistrate Sir Laurence Dunn brushed this "alibi" aside, and fined the defendant \$2.80 for assault.

Nor was this all he received. He was given notice to quit his rooming house and proclaimed publicly as no better than, quote: "A gutter brawler!"

THERE you have it. That is what we like about the English. They don't give merely lip-service to the democratic principles of personal liberty, free press and free speech, and then when some emotional wave sweeps their country forget all about it, and join in some subversive witch-hunt.

Whatever the emotional strain and stress—even of war—old John Bull keeps his boots firmly on the ground, never loses his head, and hews strictly in fair weather and in foul, to the spirit of HIS "constitution"—even though it has never been written, as has the constitution of the United States.—R.W.R.

Jumbo as a Switch Hitter

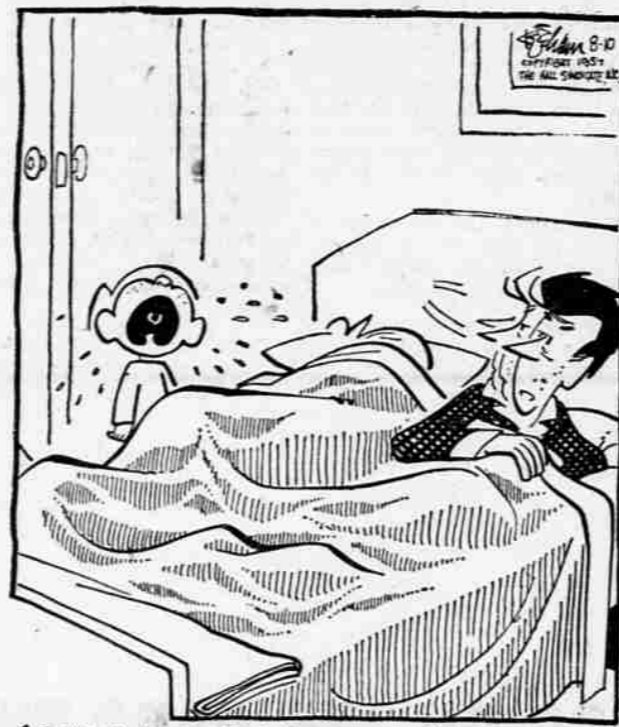
It's an old story but time really DOES fugit. It seems only yesterday that former Secretary of the Interior McKay and the Republican "Old Guard" were celebrating their miracle-making solution of the public vs. private power issue.

IT LISTENED well, particularly when an economy drive was in the air. BUT the people were not as dumb, as the "fast-buck boys" assumed. It didn't take the "F.B.I." to divulge the fact that this was "a heads we win tails you lose" proposal—the taxpayers would pay out millions and not get a dime in return, while the private power companies, would invest millions and make a killing.

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BUT what do we find today? Even the "Oregonian" admits that in this part of the country, this phony deal is as moribund as Ramesses the Second. Not only that, but in spite of its strong endorsement of former Secretary McKay and his anti-public power policies, it welcomes a million dollar appropriation for John Day and wishes it increased and condemns the Federal Power Commission for licensing a "low dam in Hells Canyon." Finally it admits that congressional hopes for a "partnership" plan are DEAD.

As indicated above, so much is happening these days it seems it happened only a few days ago. —R.W.R.



I HAD A NIGHTMARE! THERE WASN'T ANY MORE PEANUT BUTTER IN THE WHOLE WORLD!

Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

A STRONG BILL It is not, it seems to me, a true reading of what has happened about civil rights to suppose that the Senate has taken on a good and a strong bill and has made it into a poor and a weak one. The Senate version is, on the contrary, a far better bill than the one brought forward by Mr. Brownell and accepted in the House.

THE radical vice of the original bill is that it promises more than the President and the Attorney General can in fact perform. It invests the Federal Executive with nominal power and an enormous mandate, that of compelling the Southern states to cease and desist from all violation of civil rights, including segregation in the public schools. Because the bill promises so much more than the Federal Executive can possibly do, it is fair to say that it was drafted not by statesmen seriously concerned with the civil rights of Southern Negroes but by Northern politicians concerned with the vote of Northern Negroes.

FOR if the President were to do what innocent supporters of the Brownell bill have been led to expect him to do, he would find himself embroiled all over the deep South in fierce legal battles and popular commotions. Such a massive Federal intervention, as the House bill calls for, would surely provoke a sectional resistance which would divide the country and would embitter the human condition of the South.

And if the President hesitated and was cautious, he would be charged with violating his oath of office. He would be subject to all manner of demagogic pressure and to popular reprisals. If President Eisenhower had understood the problem, he would now be congratulating himself on the defeat of the House bill. For he has escaped the stresses and the strains, the turmoil and the trouble, which passage of that bill would have brought upon him. He would have found himself obligated to do quickly by widespread legal coercion what can in fact be done, as he well knows, only gradually by the evolution of opinion.

THE great virtue of the Senate's bill is that it reduces the result of a secret deal. In fact, it is neither. THERE have already been rumors of a Knowland-Nixon deal—according to one version, for example, Knowland would be offered the Secretaryship of State in a Nixon Cabinet, in exchange for a promise to back Nixon for the 1960 nomination. Such rumors will burgeon luxuriantly when Nixon supports Knowland's bid for the Governorship. Actually, there has been no deal of any sort, and there will be none.

Nor is there anything stupid about Nixon's intention of supporting Knowland. On the contrary, it is a tribute to Nixon's intelligence, and his ability to grasp the simple logic of his political situation.

Theoretically, Nixon has two alternatives to supporting Knowland. One, of course, is to support Knight, either openly or by indirection. Knight has recently been making small placating gestures in Nixon's direction, in the hope that Nixon might do just that.

But until very recently, Knight has never made any secret at all of his attitude towards Nixon. He does not simply dis-

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.

Screw Loose Somewhere To the Editor: Some praise rightly put and some criticism rightly placed, we hope.

I would like as a rather new citizen of this wonderful valley and the city of Medford, a healthy, growing city of many nice people, and some especially, to mention most important right now the postal employees, or those who so courteously serve you, each and everyone, daily in their respective duties.

It has been most gratifying and appreciated by me. Well, I can hear you say, "They are paid for it, aren't they? Why shouldn't they?" To be sure, but they could do it with a grudge, like a lot of people try to do. They are to be commended, and such I want to do.

They are rightly entitled to a raise in pay. Maybe they would feel some of that Republican prosperity. If the president would kindly take time off from that important foreign aid, and take up a few domestic problems, we would all feel some of it.

The unemployment situation in Oregon, as well as many other places, does not look encouraging. And why don't taxes ease up? Large corporations, like automobile companies, spend 30 to 50 million dollars in advertising. So it is thrown back, the burden on the grass root level. Labor everywhere makes prosperity when employed. Our governor is realizing this and endeavoring to find a remedy. Let's all get behind this or we will lose the pennant. It will require good teamwork everywhere. Casey Stengel would say send up another pitcher, but the present one won't give up his job, so we might lose one. First it's the lumber industry, because of no housing, then high interest, then agriculture. Where there should be lots of work and good pay, now we have the largest number of unemployed for some time. Screw loose somewhere. Hope we find it before it is too late.

A Subscriber (Name on file) Medford, Ore.

Statement From Hatfield To the Editor: In reviewing the mail which comes into this office and noting the inquiries that are received in person or by telephone it is apparent that a great many citizens are unaware that their Secretary of State is no longer the administrative official responsible for the Motor Vehicle Department.

The Legislature transferred the Motor Vehicle operation to a separate department, the director of which is appointed by the Governor. It would speed service for the many applicants for automobile and drivers' licenses as well as those with other dealings with the Department of Motor Vehicles if their correspondence and contacts were directed to appropriate departmental officials.

It is, of course, my desire to be of service to any citizen either in connection with this office or in matters before the boards on which I serve. Mark O. Hatfield, Secretary of State, Salem, Ore.

like Nixon, as an ambitious politician often dislikes a rival. He detests him, and he has never made any attempt to conceal this sentiment.

FOR Nixon to support a man who, as every Californian knows, hates him, in order to hurt the chances of a potential Presidential rival, would be an act of supreme political cynicism. And by the same token, it would be an act of supreme political folly, which might kill Nixon's chances for the Presidency once and for all.

Nixon's other obvious alternative is to remain ostensibly neutral in the Knowland-Knight battle. But as a practical matter, this could not be one. The Republican organization in southern California is very largely a Nixon organization. The Nixon organization cannot remain aloof in the Knowland-Knight fight. For Nixon to pretend to remain above the battle while his people supported one candidate or the other would hurt him almost as much as supporting Knight would hurt him, since it would cast him in the role of political opportunist.

Thus Nixon's only political logical course is to support Knowland strongly and openly, which is what he will predictably do. But it would also be a mistake to suppose that Nixon's course will be dictated simply by political logic or expediency.

LIKE other men, politicians are affected by personal relationships, and even despite the cynics, by loftier considerations. Nixon and Knowland are very different kinds of men, and they are not close personal friends. Yet they have a genuine respect for each other, and the civil rights fight, in which they have worked intimately together, has brought them closer together than ever before. Thus one additional reason

POTLUCK (By M-T Staff and Contribution)

An operative of ours, visiting in Ashland recently, saw the following handwritten notice on the door of a business establishment: "Laura, I'm home."

Food is a consuming (no pun intended) interest among certain of our co-workers.

We will remember the days when a staff member would come in each Saturday afternoon with arms laden with mountains of pigs knuckles, liverwurst, French bread, sardines, cheese, pickles and salami, graciously topped off by a generous portion of ice cream and fresh strawberries. She insisted that everyone have some, too.

Since those glorious days, the cuisine situation in the newsroom has deteriorated. True, occasionally one of our efficient young women makes a cake. And rare is the day when someone doesn't rush to the nearest bakery for sacks of bearclaws, maple bars or doughnuts. These, it is rumored, go well with the exceedingly strong, black coffee which is usually brewed by one or another of our Navy veterans.

Our society editor frequently brings her lunch. (She favors large hunks of "natural cheese and whole wheat bread.") Others on the staff make for the nearest restaurant. Still another can sometimes be seen feasting daintily on large slabs of melon.

Once in a while, however, emergencies arise, or usual lines of communication and supply break down, and someone is deputized to purchase a tailor-made sandwich for someone else. This happened recently, and, since the hungry one did not specify any particular variety, and the messenger has off-beat tastes in sandwiches, he returned with a fried-egg sandwich, which was turned down in horror.

It wound up on the desk of our society editor, who, we are convinced, is omnivorous. She ate it, too, with apparent gusto.

The following card, quoted in full, recently was received from an 11-year-old attending Girl Scout camp: "Dear Family, This is a letter-breakfast. You have to write a letter to get breakfast. I'm late. Love and Kisses."

In the mid-1930s, "Grapes of Wrath" was a book which raised the hackles on the necks of many who believed the itinerant fruit-workers were not getting an even break.

Things seem to have changed somewhat—at least according to what one of our inquisitive reporters tells us about some of the fruit workers' camps hereabouts this year.

Many of them have late-model cars, he said, and in one instance he saw a house-sized trailer with a TV antenna.

The occupants of the office of the county agent in the courthouse must be gluttons for punishment. A sign on the wall there says "Be thrilled when the job is hard. Not everyone can do it!"

A city couple ventured forth into the hinterlands of the Applegate valley recently. Taking a back road, they came upon a windfall tree, about 10 inches in diameter, which in falling had blocked the road ahead.

The husband (who was a Boy Scout in earlier years) proudly hauled out an ax which was part of his camping gear, and got to work on the tree. Happily for him, it was a long-dead tree and partly rotted. So, after about five busy minutes he managed triumphantly to cut through the log, pull enough of it to one side to permit passage for the car, and returned to the driver's seat, hot, sweaty, out of breath, but smug in the knowledge he was equal to the occasion.

As he prepared to start the car, his wife sweetly inquired, "Why didn't you tie a rope to the tree, then to the car, and pull the log to one side?" In the icy silence which followed this eminently practical suggestion, the husband's ego

could be sensed crumbling slowly away to nothing.

During a recent traffic safety conference, Mayo: John Snider was called upon to take his familiar seat at the center of the city council desks. "It felt so good to sit with the audience for a change," he said.

A man we know, whose activities include such diverse things as reading proof, raising sweet corn, and dabbling in esoteric subjects, finds the U.S. Postal Guide, fascinating reading. Some of his researches have been reported in this column.

Scattered throughout the 48 states, for instance, are towns named America, Argentina, China, Canada, Denmark, England, Holland, Italy, Jerusalem, Ireland, Persia, Russia, Siam, Spain, Siberia, and Tunis.

There are three Romeos, but only one Juliette, in the U.S. And, he adds, there are Faith and Hope, but no Charity.

The same man also declares that if he gave a paper clip to the wire editor the first week of the year, and two the next week, and kept doubling the number each week throughout the year, by Dec. 31st he'd have to give a 4,503,599,627,370,495 paper clips. YOU can check his figures if you want. We're tired.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

On the lighter side: "British commoners, bluebloods and newspapers have blasted a British nobleman for criticizing the queen's English. Two peers said he should be "shot." The nobleman—32-year-old Lord Altrincham—said last week that the queen's speech is "frankly a pain in the neck."

Newspapers throughout Europe said Altrincham just wasn't being polite.

H-M-M-M-M, if Elizabeth speaks a language her people UNDERSTAND, she's doing all right as a ruler. There's too much gobbledegook and double-talk in high places throughout the world for the good of all of us.

THE states of Virginia and Maryland will send representatives to a conference in Williamsburg, Va., to try to settle a grudge dating back to the 18th century. The group will talk about the old oyster bed war between the states, and also will discuss a new battle over gambling boats on the Potomac river. The oyster bed troubles stem from an ancient Maryland charge that Virginia oystermen steal Maryland oysters.

Virginia counters that Maryland—which controls the Potomac—allows river gambling boats to come too close to the Virginia shore.

BAD? Well, if it was happening in the Middle East, it would be VERY bad. The ruckus might end in minor shooting. The minor shooting might end in major shooting. The major shooting might end in an ATOMIC WAR—which might destroy the world.

BUT here in America—Shucks! Such things break the monotony of everyday routine living and add spice to the news. We fuss and spat and call each other names and pretend to get all het up. But when the cards are all down—or, when REAL DANGER threatens our country—we forget all about it and stick together as Americans. That is why America is—and WILL REMAIN—the greatest nation on earth.

AT THIS point, let's flash back to that sentence about a grudge that "dates back to the 18th century." When was the 18th century? The answer is that it was back in the 1700's.

THAT suggests a question: How come that the 1700's are called the 18th century... or the 1800's the 19th century... or the 1900's the 20th century? IT'S a bit puzzling. When people start talking about such-and-such a century, I get all snarled up like a kitten in a ball of yarn. But when one tracks things back to the beginning it becomes quite simple. For example: Up to the end of the 99th year A. D. is the first century. That is to say, it is the FIRST hundred years begins with the year 100. All through the second 100 years it remains the SECOND century, even if the years are numbered in the 100's. And so on. I know it's simple, but every time I try to untangle the centuries and find out just when something happened I get all snarled up again and have to go back through the same old rigmarole.