

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AFFILIATE MEMBER

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 Dec. 8, 1947 (Monday) H. D. Christenson of Medford, elected president of Crater Lake area council, Boy Scouts, at annual meeting.

20 YEARS AGO Dec. 8, 1937 (Wednesday) Season's first snow fell in Medford in time for Santa Claus to come into town tomorrow for his first public 1937 visit.

30 YEARS AGO Dec. 8, 1927 (Thursday) Water users of the Hopkins lateral irrigation ditch discuss the Public Water company's raise of \$4 per acre per year.

40 YEARS AGO Dec. 8, 1917 (Saturday) From local and personal column: "The post office took on a holiday air this morning when Postmaster Mims placed three large wreaths of Oregon grape and laurel berries on the wall."

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

1. Southern Sakalin and the Kuriles were ceded to USSR at which conference?

2. Bible did the "House of Jehu" contain 5, 7, or 9 kings of Israel?

3. Which province in Ireland bears the same name as a man's overcoat?

4. Is a pyrrhic victory one obtained at little or too great cost?

5. What is the slang term in "Poker" meaning "pay up" or "chip in"?

6. Philippine Independence Day falls on what month and day?

7. Who was Jose de San Martin?

8. Who composed the "1812" Overture?

9. Did John Adams, John Q. Adams, or T. Jefferson first occupy the White House?

10. Is "Uncle Abner" a detective of fiction, a comic strip character, or an old time actor?

Answers: 1. Yalta Conference (Feb. 11, 1945). 2. Five. 3. Ulster. 4. Too great cost. 5. "Ante." 6. July. 7. Liberator of the South American Republics. 8. Tschai-kowsky. 9. John Adams. 10. Detective of fiction.

Who Blundered?

What we would like to know about this American Sputnik fizzle is who is responsible for fixing the date, authorizing the world-wide advertising and the Madison Avenue "build up."

The failure of the launching is not so surprising. But the announcement of the date and the fanfare of the great event about to take place—with a regiment of star-reporters on hand to give an expectant world all the fabulous details of the "greatest show on earth"—WAS.

IT IS claimed in some quarters this is the democratic way. NONSENSE!

There are experiments going on all over the country today which are classified as "top secret" and no one outside knows anything about them, or will until the experimental stage has PAST, and they are well along in routine production.

That business-like procedure certainly should have been followed in this case.

UNTIL some evidence to the contrary is presented, it seems fair to assume that it was NOT followed, because the responsible party—or parties—thrown into a complete panic by Russia's two Sputniks—took not a qualified risk, but an INEXCUSABLE foolhardy risk on the off-chance that this time it might succeed.

About as much sense to this sort of reasoning as to Russian roulette. It is really a great pity. Whoever is responsible for the sad affair is responsible for delivering a blow to American prestige and morale that may take many years from which to recover.

THOSE administration apologists who claim all this buildup and ballyhoo was essential in a democracy, might do a bit of researching back to the time the first atomic bomb was in preparation.

That was in wartime but the same principle has been carried out in secret U.S. armament experiments ever since.

There were no press conferences called; no dates set for the "big explosion"; no world-wide broadcasts; there were plenty of experiments made but they were made in secret, and the first thing the people of this country knew about the atomic bomb was not before the bomb had been successfully launched but AFTER.

Why wasn't the same general program followed in this case? It should have been. There is nothing undemocratic about it. It is plain prudence and common sense.

That old saying "haste makes waste," we fear was a large factor in this regrettable national blunder. —R.W.R.

Two Points Cleared Up

We have been asked by a member of that courageous but, we fear, increasing minority that seldom misses an offering in the column if, in our consideration of President Eisenhower and "The Indispensable Man," we did not forget something? The "something" was "Vice-President Nixon."

No. We purposely left him out of the discussion because we suffer from a profound allergy where "Slick Dick" is concerned, and if we had brought him in, the picture would have been distorted.

For it was our opinion—and still is—that no matter who the President's successor might be, for the President with his prestige and world-standing what it is, to resign and retire from public life, unless physical disability compelled it, would at this time of world crisis, be—"UNFORTUNATE."

IN OTHER words, President Eisenhower is, because of the trust and confidence a majority of the people here and abroad have in him, an asset to the country at this particular time, which should be utilized, not discarded.

So that's that. And we hope, clears up the question of "forgetfulness."

THE same source wondered if we noticed that the same day we urged the President NOT to resign, our favorite senator, Wayne Morse, urged him to do so. If so, "what have we got to say to that?" Oh, not so much.

We have disagreed with Senator Morse before and probably will again. Not very often and usually regarding President Eisenhower only—not as to "Ike's" basic political beliefs, which this paper does not share in, but as to the essential character and characteristics of the man.

WELL that is what makes "hoss-races"—differences of opinion. Senator Morse is entitled to his views—and we thought he expressed them very well in his statement last Wednesday—and we are entitled to ours.

So again that is that and we trust clears up that particular point, to our communicant's satisfaction. —R.W.R.

Let Him Be

Speaking of Senator Morse's request that the President resign, one of the senator's main contentions was that in the present crisis, the chief-executive should not be in the President's age-bracket, but young and in his prime. So while our senior senator admitted, he had never thought much of Nixon—neither have we—he would vastly prefer him to "Ike" to take over the reins of government at this time.

WELL there, of course, we part company completely with the former Dean of the Oregon Law School.



'SEE? THEY PLAY FOOTBALL IN THE MUD!'

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.

Christmas at Fairview To the Editor: Christmas at Fairview!

With the welcome help of willing hands and hearts of this community, the local retarded folks at the state residential school, Fairview, in Salem, can have a happy Christmas too. And we want to remember the families who have retarded folks here at home.

Discarded toys, slightly used color books, story books, balls, stuffed toys, popcorn balls, discarded jewelry, music records,

story records, cosmetics (slightly used lipsticks are welcome!) hair ornaments, swim suits, beach balls. And for the menfolks: playing cards, checkers, puzzles, clothing of all kinds.

The most useful stuffed toys for our young retarded are stuffed with nylon hose. This makes a good use for old nylons, makes the toys light weight and washable and then, too, the children don't put the nylons up their noses when the toy "breaks," as they do beans or shredded foam rubber.

A suggestion concerning the

Speaking from the allergic point-of-view, we would far rather have "Ike" in a wheel-chair, than "Dick" in striped pants and a morning-coat, in the White House. We believe furthermore that the former arrangement would be far better for the country than the latter.

To those who now cry "prejudice," we admit it. We are prejudiced, but only in the sense this department has always been PREJUDICED against the Ku Klux Klan, rable-rousing, self-seeking, dangerous demagogues and pulpit-thumbing evangelists, who pretend to be concerned about mens souls, but are only concerned about the night's gate-receipts.

They are all "phonies" and as often remarked in this column, we don't LIKE "phonies"—particularly in the White House.

HOWEVER, we are not at the moment so concerned with the above agonizing alternative, as with the general principle of semi-senility, when the allotted "three score and ten" is approaching or has been passed.

Not much research is required to scotch this assumption historically.

There is Premier Adenauer of West Germany, for example, now in his eighties and ill, who less than a year ago, had great difficulty recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. Yet who, with the best interests of West Germany at heart and the allied cause, would wish him to resign, if physical disabilities should not compel him to?

THEN there was Gladstone, who after a stormy public career of over 30 years at the age of 70, conducted a vigorous campaign against Disraeli, defeated him and went on to be head of his government two more terms at the respective ages of 76 and 84, and in one of the most turbulent, critical and eventful eras of the United Kingdom.

As we recall it no one suggested HE resign because of age.

FINALLY there was that doughty old pipe-smoking veteran, Bismarck, in his 70s.

The German Chancellor was so powerful and had everything so completely under his control, "that young whippersnapper Kaiser Wilhelm," put machine guns at the windows of the imperial residence for fear he would be overthrown.

He did finally demand Bismarck's resignation after preparing for an outbreak for two or three years, but as far as recorded there were very few in Germany who seconded the motion. It is more-over clear now in retrospect that Germany would have escaped one and perhaps two devastating national catastrophes had the "old man" instead of the "young man" remained at the helm.

WE ARE, of course, not maintaining that because these three famous octogenarians did as remarkably and successfully what they did after they had passed the traditional allotted time, General Eisenhower, should be expected to do the same. Not at all.

On the other hand the President has on three separate occasions shown amazing vitality and recuperative powers, he comes from very durable German stock, and there is no evidential justification for proclaiming "it can't be done," as far as he is concerned.

Finally, President Eisenhower is several years away from the 70-mark, and even more important gives every indication he not only feels like carrying on but has to an astonishing degree shown the mental and physical capacities to do so.

So our final word is "let him be." When he shows some desire to quit his post will be time enough to prepare for the agonizing Nixon alternative.—R.W.R.

balls: It's all right for some of the color to be missing but the balls must be big enough so the kids can't flush them down the toilet! Balls make an especially welcome gift.

Last year, one group of women, an H.E.C. unit, instead of exchanging a dollar gift with each other, gave \$12 to buy gifts for Fairview. We bought twelve beautiful bright, permanently inflated rubber balls. We gave six to the women's cottage and six to a girls' cottage. They are still having happy times with those balls! You see, even though the women are grown in body they are still like little children. They, too, need to play.

The swim suits (all sizes) and beach balls are for the new swimming pool at Fairview. Forty-four years ago a wise superintendent at Fairview explained the excellent therapeutic, healing qualities of a swimming pool, how the spasms could make use of one.

Now about the costume jewelry. This is for the more advanced young ladies. We especially welcome damaged jewelry from the stores. We do the repair work. And you, dear reader (if you have got this far) feel free to bring all kinds of discarded jewelry.

There are 2,000 folks at Fairview. There are 430 on the waiting list. There would be much less pressure on Fairview if there were more local facilities. A Special Class in the public school for the educable retarded, a community training class for the trainable, a sheltered workshop for the older retarded folks. Tax-wise, Mr. Reader, it is much cheaper to support community services than to pay a thousand dollars a year for care at Fairview.

There are many "forgotten" children at Fairview—orphans because of the shame of their mental handicap. You will be truly sharing the Christmas spirit when you remember them.

Neil and Violet Hachenberg, (Phone Greenwood 6-6137) 519 S.E. 'H' st., Grants Pass, Ore.

It's All Because of Copco To the Editor: This is also to the people of Medford:

I'm leaving your fair city of Medford. Do you know why? No work in this town. Why isn't there any work? As far as I'm concerned it all boils down to dear little Copco. Why you folks haven't done something about your light bills I'll never know. Do you think for one minute that your town will ever grow and be healthy without industry and do you think industry will come in with those electric rates? Sure Bill Dawkins stands in front of the TV camera every week and tries to explain in some silly way how much taxes they pay or how much money the stockholders get. Baloney!

The doesn't help the little man one bit. Now he is trying to push more electrical products down your throat if you need them or not. He explained about all the new buildings going up. Red Cross, Armory, etc., but that doesn't give anybody any work. You all have friends in different parts of the country, Seattle, San Diego, St. Louis, Chicago, or Florida, write to them, check their bills against yours. He will tell you people are coming in, sure, but he doesn't tell you how many are moving out. Why in heavens name don't you folks wake up? Get R.E.A. to come in. Boy! They will jump then. Just remember, no industry, no town. Sorry to leave Medford but no work, no eat and I'm used to eating. They have a monopoly.

Mrs. Ray Johnson, Rt. 2, Box 296, Medford, Ore.

P.S.—Mr. Editor, for your town's sake will you please print this letter?

A Nudists Lament To the Editor: On the hillside of our valley, not so very far away— Is a jolly little campground where the nudists come to play. Oh, 'tis fun to be a nudist, out in the broiling sun. Where you can stay until you're rare, or possibly well done. And then you take a little stroll where poison oak grows thick To gather up along the way a chigger or a tick. Then as the sun sinks lower away out in the West— Comes out the small mosquito to dance upon your chest. Oh, the sun has cured your ailments and driven off your ills And a penny saved is a penny earned in these days of mounting bills. But now the weekend's over and clothes you wear once more And oh they are a nuisance for you're feeling rather sore. On Monday and on Tuesday you just sit and itch and burn, But 'round comes Wednesday morning and the doctor takes his turn. At giving shots and ointments to heal your peeling hide Just why his bill it is so big, I'm sure you can't decide. On Thursday and on Friday you sit with your aches and pains And hope that on this weekend it just rains and rains and rains! "Mrs. Shady Cove" (Name on file.)

Waifs Happy To the Editor: The members of the board of directors of the Southern Oregon Humane Society wish to thank you for the page one pictures and story which appeared in last week's Mail Tribune.

We are very happy that the Humane Society has been

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contribution)

Potluck Column Mail Tribune, Medford, Ore. Gentlemen:

In your column in last Sunday's edition, you discussed the best way for dog owners to keep their pets warm at night in their dog houses, but decided on no solution.

For the benefit of other dog owners who worry about this problem, I have found the following method to work perfectly:

At most any large dog store, obtain an electric heating pad, with three fixed heats. I have found that the cheaper pads do

brought to the attention of the public and I am sure the waifs in the Shelter who found homes because of the publicity, are happiest of all.

Andrew Hawver, president Southern Oregon Humane Society, 2910 Table Rock rd., Medford, Ore.

To the Editor: The following letter has been sent to Howard Morgan, Oregon Public Utilities Commissioner:

Dear Mr. Morgan: I have just had a narrow escape with a train, and called the local PUC office here in Medford. They said I should send the complaint to you.

At 1 p.m. today, while traveling east on 11th st., I stopped at the stop sign at the 11th st. railroad crossing. The train signal was not flashing, and I heard no bell. Boxcars were parked along the siding to the south of me, so I proceeded with caution, because vision was poor in that direction. Just as I approached the main tracks, along came an engine traveling north at a speed of 15 to 20 miles per hour, right in front of me. There was no flagman out, nor was there any sign of warning whatsoever. The train stopped just after it crossed the street, one fellow got out to change a switch. I was frightened and afraid to continue across, until the engineer waved from the engine for me to proceed.

This is quite a frightening experience, and it seems to me that more caution should be exercised, particularly on the crossings that have such heavy traffic. I certainly hope there is something you can do to eliminate such a hazard as this.

Mrs. Dorothy H. Stone 626 West Second St. Medford, Ore.

Appreciate Workers To the Editor: We would like to take this opportunity to thank our workers most sincerely, for their part in the success of the United Medford Crusade. Their cooperation and hours of time devoted to this worthwhile community project are more than appreciated. Aside from the financial success, we feel that the good-will and better understanding of the work of the participating agencies is indeed of great benefit to our community.

Mrs. E. J. DeVoe, Chairman Mrs. Joe Hearin, Co-Chairman Home Crusade Division United Medford Crusade

Key to Christmas To the Editor: The Key to Christmas is Christ. The day that bears His name memorializes His birth. Much deeper than the sentiment attached to the arrival of a child or the unusual and miraculous circumstances in which His arrival took place is the significance of His coming and the purpose of His life. Jesus was the prophesied Messiah. He was the longlooked-for Deliverer. He was the Day Spring from on High. Jesus was Immanuel. The Saviour. The Son of God among the sons of men. This day marks a season of thoughtfulness for others. The spirit of unselfishness crowds out self-centeredness, and surrounds us with an aura of fellowship in sharing. Such a spirit becomes the day, for Jesus laid aside His Glory for a while that He might share with humankind ever expectation Deity accorded Him. He so gave of Himself as to prove with His life and in His death the Truth of His words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

This is a gladtime time! Our hearts are made merry and light by the many joyful things of the Christmas season. Warm sr.l-exchange, thoughtful gifts, and us out of ourselves and make us conscious of our fellowmen. We find real joy in this. The merriest hearts of all are those in which the Christ has been born anew and has matured a soul into Godlikeness by the force of His Presence. The angel Chorus of "Peace on Earth" is echoed by another which human voices often raise, "If you want Joy, real Joy, wonderful Joy,—let Jesus come into your heart."

He is indeed the Key to the merriest of Christmases.

May each of us find this Holiday Season an enriching experience worthy of the name it bears.

Perry M. Johnson, pastor Frist Baptist church Phoenix, Ore.

not stand up under constant use nearly as well.

Place the electric heating pad in the dog house, and cover the pad with a piece of burlap or other porous material, and tack the material securely to the floor of the dog house with large headed roofing tacks, being careful not to drive any tacks into the pad itself. The burlap keeps the pet from scratching or moving the heating pad from its proper position.

The heating pad can be hooked up to any convenient outlet by boring a hole of proper size about floor level at the back of the doghouse and putting the thermostat through the hole and fastening it to the back of the doghouse. The thermostat need only be set on its lowest setting in most cases and the pad turned on and off as needed.

After several years use, I can recommend this method to anyone who would like their pets to be comfortable; especially those with short haired dogs like my own.

Sincerely, Dennis C. Wyatt Route 1, Box 30 Central Point, Ore.

Our city hall reporter stumbled on a birthday observance at the Medford police station last week. Officer Don Pursel, red-faced and embarrassed, was listening to "Happy Birthday" being sung to him by the two office girls, and four members of the force. There, in a cake, too—a large doughnut surmounted with an eight-inch candle.

"Why I Am Thankful," by Helen McKee, third grader at the Griffin Creek school:

"I am thankful for my home and family. I like to come home from school and play in the sunshine with the other children. I am glad that I live in a free country. I am thankful for God and the gift of the world. I am thankful for food and water.

"I am thankful for my clothes. I am thankful for our schools and teachers and a good education. I am thankful for our President Eisenhower. I am thankful that I can worship in the church that I want to. I am thankful that we have cars and airplanes and other things to travel in. I am thankful for books and pictures."

One of our reporters thinks he's seen everything, after watching a boy aged 13 or 14 come out of the movie "Jailhouse Rock," who was displaying to friends his water pistol, which he kept in a small, detective-type holster at his belt.

Not all public servants are pessimistic, we learn.

One such, asked about his tenure in office, declared, "I will be sitting in this spot for a good long time, and you can quote me on that."

A man we know arrived late for a mealtime meeting at one of the local hotels, and a waitress had to fix a place for him. This she did, and brought him a salad—which was graced by an olive seed, neatly cleaned of all the meat. He wonders if maybe the infestation of mice is worse than reported.

A reporter who has been on our staff for several months now, a college graduate, couldn't decide whether to be complimented or insulted the other day when he dropped in at a grocery store on his way home for lunch.

As he carried his purchases to the cash register, the cashier asked him why he wasn't in school. "What school?" our man replied flippantly. This irritated the clerk, apparently, for he again asked why he wasn't in school, why he was "cutting school," and wasn't school good enough for him, and so on.

Our man finally decided the cashier was serious, and began to be somewhat concerned about having to explain things to a transient officer. Then he told him he'd finished college almost a year ago, and left. But he still has a hunch the man didn't believe him.

Don Pulley, chief cook at the Camp White domiciliary, presides over the preparation of vast quantities of food each day, so he looked a bit surprised when asked if he cooks at home too. The inquirer was surprised, in turn, at the answer: Yes, he does, sometimes.

Pulley estimates that his bakery turns out 105 pies (apple is the favorite, lemon chiffon is a close second) each day, and that about 150 gallons of coffee are made and consumed daily.

Our farm editor says, figuring 26 cups to a gallon, that's a lot of coffee—even for the city editor, who is considered to be quite a coffee hound.

A Medford woman, suffering a pain in the abdominal area, received a prescription from her doctor, which was filled by a pharmacist. The woman's husband thinks that the druggist's choice of colors for the pills was ill-considered. They were pink and blue.