

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"

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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. 15, 1947 (Monday)
Attorney General George Neuner
advises board of control that
state emergency funds cannot be
used for maintaining Camp
White hospital before it is estab-
lished as a state institution.

From Arthur Perry's Ye
Smudge Pot column: "Stockmen
are busy throwing hay at their
steers, and to hear some of them
tell it, they need the hay worse
than the cows."

20 YEARS AGO
Dec. 15, 1937 (Wednesday)
Oregon's new 1938 license
plates, aluminum colored back-
ground with black numerals and
letters, make first appearance in
Medford.

Union demands regarding
marketing of Oregon turkeys in
California rescinded with an-
nouncement of an agreement
reached in a four-day conference.

30 YEARS AGO
Dec. 15, 1927 (Thursday)
County court directs county
clerk to issue a warrant for pur-
chase of \$25,000 of Crater Lake
highway road bonds.

County law library consisting
of some 3,000 volumes of Oregon
laws, moved by truck from the
Liberty building to new court
house.

40 YEARS AGO
Dec. 15, 1917 (Saturday)
Confiscated liquors will be
saved and devoted to war pur-
poses, according to an order
from Governor Withycombe.

From local and personal col-
umn: "About 1,000 government
horses passed through Medford
Thursday from Washington and
Idaho enroute to a southern can-
tonment."

What's Your I.Q.?

Nine or ten correct is superior;
seven or eight is excellent; five or
six is good.

1. Into how many Boroughs
is New York City divided?

2. Bible: In only two places
Gentiles stirred persecution
against Paul, without sugges-
tions by Jews, is told in which
book?

3. To what family of climb-
ing vines does the sweet-potato
belong?

4. In the nursery rhyme, what
did "Little Miss Muffet" sit
upon?

5. Mount Vernon, the home
of George Washington, is located
on which river?

6. Which planet has the same
name as a famous statue of an
armless woman?

7. In the list of annual holi-
days, does Christmas come af-
ter New Year's Day?

8. Are blueberry and huckle-
berry different names for the
same berries?

9. Hebe, daughter of Jupiter
and Juno, was assigned to what
office in the service of the gods
of classical mythology?

10. The U.N.O. is now offi-
cially abbreviated how?

Answers: 1. Five. 2. Acts.
3. The morning-glory family.
4. 1st Peter. 5. Potomac. 6. Venus.
7. Yes. 8. No. 9. Cupbearer to
the gods. 10. U.N.

Go After the Fog

With the sudden boom in the stock of applied science why can't a few thousand dollars, out of the billions, be devoted to a solution of the distressing problem of fog?

Rain isn't pleasant. Snow isn't much better, except for those who ski. But both have their ultimate public benefits. Fog has none.

MOREOVER, in this gasoline and airplane age, fog is a serious menace. It is a constant threat to life, limb and health. Great Pete (Clark), you can't even play golf, or with any safety, walk in it!

It is bad for health, it is bad for business, it is a threat to the "pursuit of happiness"—even for some to survival.

WHEREUPON and to-wit:

We herewith petition Uncle Sam to sick a few of his scientific and top-bracket weather experts on the task of eliminating fog, particularly here in the Rogue River valley.

Compared to the successful launching and orbiting of a "Sputnik," we are quite sure this task would be technically simple, and financially "pea-nuts."

As far as the long-suffering inhabitants of Southern Oregon and Northern California are concerned, we are certain the vote would be unanimous in favor of spending a few thousands—or millions—less on getting to the moon and devoting more to getting rid of the fog.—R.W.R.

What Is "Prejudice"?

The text of this morning's second discourse will be "prejudice."

What is prejudice?
Well our dictionary defines it as follows:

"An unfavorable opinion or feeling formed, before hand, without knowledge, thought or reason."

That seems reasonably clear.

NOW for several years this department has been called "prejudiced" where the "friendly Southern Pacific" and Vice President Nixon are concerned. But unless the dictionary is wrong, we are not and never have been PREJUDICED.

UNTIL the Southern Pacific, in violation of the spirit and purpose of its franchise, deprived Southern Oregon, and parts of Northern California—a growing and prosperous area of approximately 30,000 square miles—of all passenger service, we had no criticism to make of this billion dollar corporation.

Instead of that unfavorable judgment having been formed without "knowledge, thought or reason," the exact reverse is true—large quantities of all three have been utilized in forming our well publicized opinion.

THE same is true of Vice President Richard Nixon alias "Slick Dick."

Until he delivered that ghost-written and completely false, "Way Down East" "apologio" regarding his acceptance of an "\$18,000 retainer" from a group of well-heeled California "oil-and-real estate" tycoons, we had no particular complaint concerning the former congressman and one-time senator from Southern California.

But that smooth, but completely phoney performance, combined with other speeches in that campaign, finished us politically, as far as President Eisenhower's running mate was concerned.

That verdict also was not formed "beforehand," nor without "knowledge, thought or reason,"—it was formed after the event, with all three attributes applied to the young man's public record, before and since.

In short, the trouble with our critics, as far as the Southern Pacific and the reigning Vice President are concerned, is this:

They persisted—and still do—in confusing opinions they do not like, with prejudice.

WE would not deny there are perhaps worse railroads in the country than the Southern Pacific. We would merely deny it is a good railroad, a railroad with vision, enlightenment, or any conception of the dollar-and-cent value of public good will and proper public service. Because of that blindness its policies have greatly injured and retarded the material development of this section of the state. That is why we have devoted so much time and space in trying, without, we admit, much success to date—to correct them.

IT IS the same with Vice President Nixon.

We have no personal feeling regarding him. We have never met him and never expect to. We have listened to him over the air however, followed his record, ever since we heard him campaign against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California, and in five little words, we just don't "like or trust the man."

WE particularly don't like to think of him—or his type—in the White House.

For it seems to this department that the first vital consideration in a President, regardless of party, is INTEGRITY.

We have no doubt—never have had—regarding Nixon's political "savvy," his shrewdness, his effectiveness as a two-fisted ruthless and double-jointed campaigner—nor his tact and charm for that matter. But we have from the first and particularly since that "dear little Checkers" and Plain GOP "Cloth coat" scenario, doubted the man's sincerity, good faith and intellectual honesty.

This isn't judging "beforehand, without knowl-
edge, thought or reason," it is judging after the event,



"ALL I DID WAS SAY 'WHOA!' AND THE TAIL CAME OUT!"

the conclusion based solidly upon the factual record of Nixon for nearly a decade.

ONE of the "V.P.'s" defenders—a friend of long-standing—asked the other day why we were so hard on "Dick" when the only thing against him was "he is merely playing the political game a little smarter than his rivals."

WE grant there is something to that, but it merely emphasized the point we were trying to make, namely:

Let Nixon and the men of his type, be the choice for Congress—from California or Senator, or even Vice President—although the latter involves a serious calculated risk—but may the "Angels and Ministers of Grace" defend us from ever having a man of that type for four or more years in the "White House!"

That position—one of the world's most important—demands something more than "just another politician"—something more than a skillful campaigner dealing in half-truths, anonymous phone calls, and unwarranted and insidious insinuations against his opponents.

Prejudiced? All these charges can be substantiated by the Nixon record, not once or twice, but innumerable times.

OF course, the answer today is, we have a "New Nixon."

The Republican "Old Guard" is playing this transformation tune up with all the publicity resources of the Chotiner Hollywood school and all the tremelo stops pulled out.

This maneuver in itself suggests the "OLD Nixon," even to his friends, left something to be desired.

But just how NEW is the "New Nixon?" We grant his manners have been much better of late, his demagoguery less apparent, the charge he is only a "Joe McCarthy" in a white collar less justified.

But is that change any more fundamental or basic than the change in a three-tone paint job on a modern super-car?

We don't think so.

And we are quite content to leave it to Father Time for final determination.—R.W.R.

Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

CRUX OF THE NATO PROBLEM

The crucial difference between the coming meeting of the North Atlantic Allies and the many meetings that have preceded it is that for the first time we are asking at least as much as we can give. When NATO was first organized nearly ten years ago, the United States was not only invulnerable itself but it was able to guarantee effectively all the NATO Allies. In the beginning, the Atlantic Alliance, though in form it was a collective security pact, was in substance an American guarantee to protect Western Europe.

Beginning in 1949, when the Soviet Union first mastered the atomic bomb, the original and basic principle of NATO became increasingly uncertain. For as the Soviet Union acquired nuclear weapons and the means of their delivery, the American guarantee became less and less inclusive. Before that, we had been able to insure our Allies not only against invasion but against serious bombardment. By the early fifties particularly in the months immediately preceding the famous summit conference in Geneva in 1955, there was no longer any certainty, indeed not much likelihood, that our Allies would escape devastation in case of a great war. It was this that produced a rising tide of what we call, for short, neutralism. At bottom, neutralism is the impulse to reduce the liability of becoming involved in a world war.

HOWEVER, during this period and indeed until this autumn, it was still an article of faith among our Allies that the continental territory of the United States was invulnerable whereas the territory of the Soviet Union was open to destructive attack. Upon this faith rested the confidence that the territory of our Allies was defended by the American power to deter attack by the threat of massive retaliation.

This article of faith has been, if not destroyed, then at least gravely impaired by the proof that the Soviet Union is ahead of the United States in the military art of rockets and the missiles they can project. As regards the newer weapons of war, it has been shown that only by a serious effort over a good many years is this country likely to come abreast of the Russians.

This has been interpreted abroad as meaning that during a dangerous interval of years both Western Europe and North America have to be defended from missile sites in Western Europe and in North Africa. We are now as dependent for our own defense on Europe's willingness to provide the missile sites as Europe is dependent upon us to provide missiles for the sites. This is a wholly new situation, radically different from that which existed when NATO was founded, and it is in this altered situation that the present crisis has developed.

WE are no longer the donors in NATO. We are, it might be said, a power needing to negotiate understandings jointly and severally with many countries—all of them asking themselves whether they are likely to receive as equal to what they are being asked to give.

I think that the extraordinarily personal hostility to Mr. John Foster Dulles in Europe is in the last analysis a reflection of this underlying change in the NATO situation.

Mr. Dulles has his faults. But he is no monster of wickedness. He was, I believe, the focal point—because he has been so visible

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

From Paris:
The French cabinet has been called into session to decide under what conditions the United States MIGHT BE PERMITTED to build missile bases on French soil.

American missile bases in Europe will be a big item at the NATO talks in Paris next week.

HMMMM.
Let's take a sharp look at this American foreign base business.

It is true that as of now WE NEED these foreign bases FOR OUR OWN DEFENSE. We need them because AS YET we can't send bombers carrying nuclear bombs clear to Russia and back without refueling them on the way. Our foreign bases provide refueling stations from which flying tanker planes can rise to gas up our bombers on the way to their targets in Russia.

Also—
At these bases we keep bombers that can make the round trip to Russian targets and back to the American base from which they took off.

Thus they are important to us for OUR OWN defense.

BUT—
Keep this clearly in mind:

While we are defending ourselves from these foreign bases WE ARE ALSO DEFENDING OUR FRIENDS AND ALLIES IN EUROPE AGAINST ATTACK BY THE KREMLIN COMMUNISTS.

That includes the French, who are talking about whether or not they will PERMIT us to build bases on French soil.

WE PRESENTLY need foreign bases from which to launch bombers at Russian targets.

The time is near when we will need foreign bases from which to launch intermediate range missiles at Russian targets.

The time is not far off when we will have INTERCONTINENTAL RANGE missiles that can be launched at Russian targets from our own soil—thus eliminating our need for American bases on foreign soil.

SPEED the day!

Personally, as one American citizen, I'm getting tired of PAYING FOR THE PRIVILEGE of defending everybody in the world against Russian communism.

Editorial Comment

HOW ABOUT OREGON WATER?

What can be done to assure the continued development of the vast hydroelectric potential of this region?

Sen. Richard Neuberger says it is the responsibility of the federal government and he refuses to accept the administration's premise that the nation cannot afford to develop its resources at the same time that it is catching up with the Russians in the missile race. He points out that the Russians are well able to keep both programs going simultaneously and argues that the United States is quite capable of matching the Soviets.

There is another approach to the subject. Its proponents do not take issue with Sen. Neuberger, but it has been their thinking for some time that the day might not be too far off when the Congress, no matter in which party's control, would refuse to annually spend large sums of money for the development of the hydroelectric potential of the Northwest. They point out that it has been increasingly difficult to get adequate funds. The Oregonian has been a spokesman for this group. It is that newspaper's suggestion that a regional corporation, composed of the federal government and the Northwest states, be formed to build hydroelectric projects in this region. The job would be financed by borrowing funds on existing installations, thereby removing the federal government from financing.

We think Sen. Neuberger is entirely right, that this nation is well able to pay for the development of its resources while it is spending for an adequate defense. But we would like to see the introduction of legislation that would establish a regional corporation. Then, if the Congress refused to make any more appropriations for hydroelectric projects in the Northwest the region would not be placed in a vacuum. A regional corporation would permit progress on the huge task of developing the region's hydroelectric potential. We do not see how industrial and business growth can be accomplished without full utilization of the water resources of the region.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

and so vocal—first, of the resentments that accumulated while he represented the great donor power, and second, he is now the focal point of the fears that have been excited because he no longer represents the strongest power of the world, on which the Europeans have staked so much.

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contribution)

The principal topic of conversation in Medford last week was not Sputnik, nor Ike's illness, nor even Christmas. It was fog.

The white, blurry, cold, damp stuff was as thick as we can remember it hereabouts. Many were the cars that strayed over the center lines on the streets (many of which need repainting, by the way, city hall), and many were the cars which bumped curbs, or lurched into ditches or other people's front lawns.

The police, practical as always, asked householders to turn on porch lights to serve as guidance beacons for fog-confused motorists. (This really helps, too. Wonder where the police first got the idea? We've not heard of it in other towns.)

There were almost as many suggestions as to how to get rid of the fog as there were bright people around. Some of them suggested setting up giant fans to blow the fog over the hills. One person suggested digging a tunnel, so it could flow out into the Klamath river.

And the boys at the weather bureau, as unhappy as anyone else over the fog, offered, if it was thought it would do any good, to go outside, all of them, and blow and blow and blow...

Seen on North Central ave.
Monday morning: A car going down the street with a baby's bottle full of milk held on the dashboard by a flashlight clip.

A man we know has a teen age son who delivers morning newspapers here in town. Last week, however, he was down with the flu. So dad has been getting up long before the first crack of dawn to deliver his papers.

He had driven the lad over his route once or twice before, but didn't really know it, and the first day he took over he had a heck of a time finding all the houses of the subscribers correctly. So for subsequent trips he made himself a little list. Some of the entries are names, where he knows the occupants. But the other entries include such items as these:

"Little plants along driveway"

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 cut all letters with an eye to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

White and Yellow Lines

To the Editor: I'm just putting in a little gripe about the fog. Oh, I know, one can do anything about the fog, but the state sure could put the white line down the highway like it should be. I have to drive back and forth twice a day, fog or rain and no matter what kind of lights we have, you can't see the middle of the highway any place.

Where there is white left it's safe driving, but when you hit the yellow line it's just like driving blind. I think if it was put to a vote there would be lots more like me who would prefer the white. It shows up very good in fog, but not the yellow, and out where Blackwell road turns off 99 highway the lines are so dim you can't tell which side of the highway you are on, and those big blue lights are so blinding, after you go out from under them you can't see.

E.M.C.,
P.O. Box 642,
Medford, Ore.

Disgusting Music

To the Editor: In driving to my work in various southern Oregon towns I find myself to the point of disgust because of the type of music that is available to me on the radio in the mornings. I turn from one station to the other only to end up by snapping it off because of the "wailing, sick-sounding, vocals of some kid—jazzing up by the tempo of a sad guitar."

The amazing thing to me is that the responsible people at the stations don't realize that at this time in the morning all the kids are in school and they are playing it to the people that make it possible for them to be on the air.

I don't mean to say that we are a lot of "Hi-Brows" that want a lot of classical music to put us back to sleep in the mornings, but would like to hear more happy, uplifting, gay music that makes a person feel like doing good instead of committing murder.

While I'm on the subject don't you think it would be a nice thought if the radio stations felt more of an obligation to help teach our young people an appreciation for good music? Our schools cannot do this job alone and maybe if the kids were exposed to it more they would see the real beauty in it.

Besides doing us old "Codgers" over 30 a favor, look at the break you would be giving our kids.

A Would-be Listener,
(Name on File)

Circle driveway—Red house, then four in a row—Each side of basketball hoop—Just before lots of lawn—Lots of lawn—By fire plug—Next to new lawn—First six houses on right, skip 2, then next five."

He's made out fine since then.

We are told that automobile sales have been a bit slow this month. We're ready to believe it after watching a couple of salesmen whiling away the hours (when it's warmer on the parking lot; on cold days indoors) by pitching coins at a crack in the pavement.

The mail must go through.

Sometimes the post office workers can't make heads or tails of addresses, and sometimes the addresses are totally insufficient. But given a clue, they go to town.

Recently Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn Keyser received a letter from Germany addressed to them only at "Ox Farm, Medford, Ore."

The Keyser's raise prize bulls on property near Foothills rd. A German couple visited them last summer.

A member of our staff returned home late at night recently, and found both front and back doors locked. By means he doesn't wish to explain fully (but which should have awakened the entire neighborhood), he finally got into the house. His wife slept through the entire incident, but when the subject was mentioned the next morning, she reminded him that only a few days before she had placed the front door key in his custody.

City water department employees, who were at work filling up a hole dug for recent repairs on a water main, were delayed recently when one of the two water department dump trucks was stopped on Crater Lake highway by state police.

Officers found the vehicle without mud flaps, a horn, and several other necessary items, and their report put the truck into the shop while the job was completed by the other truck. Water department men report that the second truck was driven with exceeding care during its travels to and from over the highway.

And, generously, the water men say they have no plans to cut off the water to the state police office as a way of getting even.

When members of the Eagle Point Grange visited the Camp White domiciliary recently, our farm editor looked carefully to see if the dairy farmers put cream in their coffee. Most of them, he reports, didn't.

One of the youthful and attractive local delegates to the national 4-H Congress in Chicago dropped into the office not long ago to tell about some of her experiences in the big city. Her mother accompanied her.

She told how a police officer stopped the Oregon delegation from singing Christmas carols in the heart of downtown Chicago in the wee hours of the morning. Her mother, an interested listener, stopped her in mid-sentence by remarking, "You never told me that!"

A local 4-H'er was asked to define a steer. Hard put, he finally came up with, "A steer is a bull going to market."

Some people claim that, based on observation, the more education a man has the more difficult it is to read his handwriting. There may be some truth in that, if doctors are an example, for their atrocious handwriting is notorious.

But the worst handwriting we've ever seen, from a legibility standpoint, is that of a newspaperman we know.

A teenage girl who recently attended an out-of-town meeting of youngsters her age reported enthusiastically, "The boys outnumbered the girls three to one, and we had terrific opportunities."

The Christmas season is upon us, and here is a Christmas story. A man and his daughter went into a grocery store to pick up a loaf of bread or quart of milk, or something, and the man made the purchase, then looked around for his daughter, aged 6 or 7.

He saw her, marching toward him down the aisle, a large box of candy under her arm.

"Here, here, what's all this," he said—or something equally fatherish.

"Well," she said, "you know I'm in the Christmas play, and I have to get myself fattened up to play the part, and that's why I need this box of candy."

The part she has in the play is, of course, Santa Claus. Whether she got the candy or not we never heard.