

MEADFORD 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

Dec. 27, 1947 (Sunday): A Josephine county orchardist proves he can grow pears profitably on dry land...

From Arthur Perry's 'Smudge Pot' column: "All the valley co-eds and co-Edwards are back from the campi, reeking with learning and the new dance steps."

20 YEARS AGO

Dec. 27, 1937 (Monday): Jackson county to switch from bounty system and employ government hunters in extermination of coyotes and other animals.

The 1937 turkey crop of the Rogue River valley, estimated at 45,000 birds, gets better prices than last year, according to county agent.

30 YEARS AGO

Dec. 27, 1927 (Tuesday): Medford and Jackson county to be represented at annual meeting of the Oregon State Teachers' association in Portland.

Two men apprehended on charges of armed robbery within two hours after the Diamond Cafe on East Sixth st. robbed of about \$190.

40 YEARS AGO

Dec. 27, 1917 (Thursday): Local milliner gets blood poisoning from pet cat and is taken to the hospital.

A carload of apples will be shipped from the Rogue River valley for soldiers overseas, according to fruit men here.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

- 1. Which of these three men was an Archbishop: Edward, James, or Patrick Gibbons?
2. Bible: Was Jeroboam, King of Israel, also Suzerain of Judah?
3. Who is the Sovereign of the State of Vatican City?
4. Bremerhaven is a port of what country?
5. What is the principal ore from which aluminum is obtained?
6. Complete the expression "grinning like acat."
7. Is St. Vitus Dance a disease of the central nervous system, a form of tetraparesis or the name of a plant?
8. A tarpon is a spear for killing whales, a fish, or a canvas cover?
9. A viola is one-fifth, one-sixth, or one-seventh larger than the violin?
10. What is the boiling point of water on Centigrade thermometers?
Answers: 1. James Gibbons. 2. Yes. 3. The Pope. 4. Germany. 5. Bauxite. 6. Cheshire cat. 7. A disease of the central nervous system. 8. Fish. 9. One-seventh. 10. 100 degrees.

SPANISH AUTHOR DIES

London—Arturo Barea, 60, Spanish author and broadcaster, died at his home in Faringdon, England, it was announced today. Barea, foreign press censor in Madrid from 1936 to 1937, emigrated to France in 1938 and to England in 1939 where he became British Broadcasting Co. commentator for the BBC Latin American service.

ITALIAN ARCHITECT DIES

Rome—Alberto Calza Bini, 76, one of Italy's leading architects, died at his home on Christmas Day. He served in the Italian Chamber and Senate and was an honorary member of the American Institute of Architecture.

COLOR TV IN JAPAN

Tokyo—The Japanese government announced today it had given permission to two Tokyo television stations to begin experimental color telecasting, marking the debut of color TV in Japan.

ALL 'J's' FOR MCNUTTS

El Centro, Calif.—Mrs. James McNutt, who has children named James, Julia, Janet, Joya and Jerry, gave birth to a daughter Thursday. The baby's name: Jean.

Editorial Correspondence . . .

(Eric Allen, Managing Editor of the Mail Tribune is taking a two week's vacation in California and the following is the first of his travel letters received.)

Long Beach, Calif.—The sun is shining, roses and lilies are in bloom outside the window, and a bird can be heard singing in a tree in the back yard.

This is the attraction which brought people by the millions to southern California. And it is the people who are making it unbearable. People, as people are fine. But this vast complex of suburbs which is called Greater Los Angeles is one of those places where so many factors of life are so unpleasant (for a country boy anyway), that every time we come here we swear we'll never come again.

TAKE the Hollywood-Santa Ana Freeway, for example. This great engineering triumph, a smooth swath of concrete and asphalt which ranges in width from four to ten lanes, and was cut ruthlessly through homes, businesses, parks and hills, was designed to make automotive transport from one place to another as smooth, easy and pleasant—and as swift—as could be.

We drove over it last night, coming from the north, and it took us a good hour to stop trembling after we got off it. The maximum posted speed limit is 45 miles per hour—a speed which we conscientiously observed. We were the only ones that did.

Tiny foreign sports cars ("There goes Tab Hunter," yelled the teen-agers in the family car, went spurting around us as though we were standing still; so did Cadillacs and Chevies and beat-up vehicles of undetermined make, year and model. So, in fact, did just about everything on wheels. It's as much as one's life is worth to change lanes. And if you don't, you're apt to be swept miles past your turn-off before you know it.

Ten lanes of traffic—five on the left glaring at you with headlights, five on the right sparkling with red tail lights—the roar of them as they rush past you, bumper-to-bumper in all lanes, is enough to make a strong man quail. One assumes that the other drivers have become inured to the strain. But we won't feel so badly about traffic on Main Street in Medford when we return.

IN THE 20 or so miles we traveled on this gargantuan torture-torture street we saw only one accident, a rather minor rear-end collision. But as the drivers stood arguing in mid-flow, with cars whizzing by at 60 and 70, the lane they blocked was jammed with impatient cars for a good five miles behind them.

Drivers attempted to get into other lanes, and a few hardy souls with cars which had high horsepower and pickup made it. One of them almost picked us off as he did so.

Nonetheless, we're still alive, miraculously, as are most of the others that drove that mad rat-race last night. And this morning, as we sit watching bees hovering over the flowers out the open window, and listening to the man down the street mow his lawn, we think maybe—well, if not worth it, there are compensations. But within a radius of 100 miles, there are more than a million people. And that's too many for this native Oregonian.

THE trip south was a delightful, though somewhat tiring, mixture of experiences. There was a driving, cold rain in the Siskiyou, with glaring headlights and almost no visibility. Most of the towns have some sort of Christmas decorations—some of them gay and attractive, some droopy and rather sad. Both Redding and Red Bluff have followed their tradition of long years' standing of a big tree in the middle of the main intersection in town.

All through the northern Sacramento valley there is evidence of recent heavy rains. Even the dry hills and fields in the Willows-Corning area had standing puddles of water, and the streams which are nothing but dry stream-beds 10 months of the year had considerable amounts of flow in them.

Further south, as we took the cut-off through Winters (it saves between 10 and 20 miles), the rolling hills were mostly a light green, except where recent plowing had turned them to chocolate-brown. Many of the hills are cultivated on all but the very steepest slopes, and we often have wondered how the farmers keep their tractors and plows from tumbling down the incline.

In pasture after pasture, we saw flocks of sheep, some of them with new lambs. All looked dirty-grey and round in their heavy winter wool, and most flocks had one or two black sheep which, from a distance, looked like shepherd dogs.

CALIFORNIA is building highways at a great rate. Most of them seem to be of the freeway type, with separated lanes. In one spot, long rows of oleanders have been planted between the north and south lanes to cut down headlight glare—a fine idea.

A new bridge at Carquinez straight is nearly half-way completed, and will carry north-bound traffic, while the old three-lane bridge carries south-bound cars. Beyond the bridge, the outline of the proposed freeway is an incomplete scar slicing over the rolling hills.

For some reason, perhaps simple familiarity, or perhaps lesser amounts of traffic, or even possibly better design, the freeways in the Bay area are far easier to drive on, and certainly seem to be better policed and planned than are those in southern California.

In Oakland, southbound traffic on the freeway is on an upper deck, and northbound cars go on a lower level, right beneath the southbound lanes. At interchanges, one can see cars speeding in what seems to be all directions at once, and on at least five levels.

BETWEEN Oakland and San Jose, the freeway (except for a few incomplete sections) speeds straight and wide through, first, a semi-industrial area, then through acre upon acre of housing developments, alternating with acre upon acre of cabbages. Never have we seen so many cabbages. It looked as though there were enough to keep the world in cole slaw for years to come.

To a country boy from Medford, used to grass and trees and flowers and room to breathe in, the housing developments, cooped in behind high wooden fences, and with the little, identical houses built cheek by jowl with their neighbors, looked dreary—sort of suburban slums. But the big advertising signs made them sound good. "A man's home is his castle," said one just outside an area of stucco two- and three-bedroom houses, crowned with a forest of television antennas.

SURPRISINGLY, to us, the loveliest part of the trip came in a part of California we had always remembered from the summer-time when it was hotter than blazes and dry as dust. This was through the Salinas valley. At Salinas, most of the worst aspects of metropolitan "civilization" begin to thin out. And in December, the land is green and attractive. The native oaks form dark, bunched silhouettes against the pale green of the hills; the fields look clean and fresh, and the pale winter sunlight bathes them all in its bright light.

Even the mountains lost their dusty look in this weather. Traffic was thin on this day, a Sunday, and the drive from King City to Paso Robles to San Luis Obispo was sheer joy—E.A.

Kellogg Stores Destroyed by Fire

Kellogg, Idaho—Fire destroyed five business houses in downtown Kellogg today and caused damage estimated at \$1 million.

The fire started about midnight and firemen battled the flames for eight hours before bringing them under control.

No one was hurt but the blaze destroyed the Korner Klub night club, Denosow's drug store, Anthony jewelers, Morrow's retail store and Mary's cafe. They were of brick and frame construction, and only some of the walls were left standing.

The Kellogg drug store, the only building remaining in the burning 200 block of Main st., was damaged heavily by smoke and water. Seventeen persons were evacuated from the Bunker hotel which was on the second floor of the building.

The cause was not determined.

ITALIAN ARCHITECT DIES

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COLOR TV IN JAPAN

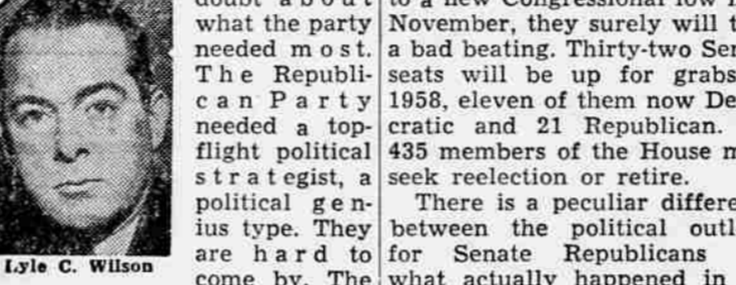
Tokyo—The Japanese government announced today it had given permission to two Tokyo television stations to begin experimental color telecasting, marking the debut of color TV in Japan.



"BOY! DID YOU EVER WALK BAREFOOTED ON ICE?"

Political Strategist Needed in Republican Party, Wilson Writes

By LYLE C. WILSON, United Press Correspondent. Washington—No telling what the Republicans wanted for Christmas but there is no doubt about what the party needed most.



Lyle C. Wilson

The Republican Party must, however, come by such a leader—or else!

Or else refers to the 1958 Congressional elections and beyond that to the Presidential contest of 1960. There are politicians in Washington who keep not one but both ears to the ground. In this strange posture they have been listening to the grass roots for portents of next November's Congressional polling.

Republican ears-to-the-ground men do not like what they hear. From what they hear they fear that the Republican Party will emerge from next year's Congressional contest weaker than at any time since the political upheaval of 1936.

Remember Roosevelt! That was the year in which FDR carried all but Maine and Vermont. The 75th Congress elected in 1936 consisted of: Senate: Democrats 75; Republicans 16; Progressive 1; Farmer-Labor 2; Independent Republican 1.

House: Democrats 333; Republicans 88; Progressives 8; Farmer-Labor 5; Vacant 1.

That was the low point for the Republican Party since the war between the states.

The 85th Congress elected last year consisted of: Senate: Democrats 49; Republicans 47.

McCann Balances Bad, Good News of Week

By CHARLES M. MCCANN, United Press Correspondent. The week's good and bad news on the international balance sheet:

Spokesmen for both the United States and Soviet Russia spoke Christmas week with expressions of desire to reduce world tension.

President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles spoke for the United States. Soviet Communist Party Leader Nikita S. Khrushchev spoke for Russia.

Eisenhower and Dulles gave a joint report to the nation by television and radio on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization meeting in Paris.

Eisenhower said that the 15 NATO countries aimed not at aggression but at "the pursuit of a just peace." All Russia has to do to ease tension, he said, is to give "clear evidence of Communist integrity and sincerity in negotiation and action."

Dulles pointed out how Russia has persistently obstructed all attempts at controlling nuclear weapons and attaining disarmament. But the NATO countries, he promised, would continue "probing" to find out whether Russia has the "good will to resume serious efforts to achieve nuclear peace."

As part of the "probing" it was made known, the government is seeking some way to reopen stalled disarmament negotiations with Russia.

Khrushchev, addressing the Parliament of the Ukraine, one of the Federal Republics of the Soviet Union, indicated strongly that Russia might reduce the size of its armed forces.

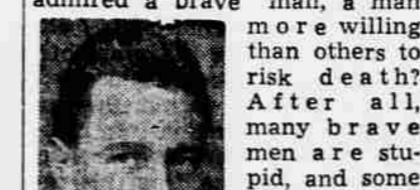
Khrushchev pointed out that the All-Russian parliament, at its recent meeting in Moscow, had

Matter of Fact

By Stewart Alsop

THE SPACEMAN

Washington—Why, since the beginning of time, have all men admired a brave man, a man more willing than others to risk death?



Stewart Alsop

After all, many brave men are stupid, and some are evil.

The question seems worth asking at this season, to commemorate a very brave man indeed. And part of the reason why ordinary men admire men of more than ordinary courage is to be found in the person of a youngish, black-haired aviator with long ears and the face of an intellectual Mickey Mouse, called Scott Crossfield.

Some time next year, if all goes well, Scotty Crossfield will be the world's first human traveler into true space.

Scott Crossfield will pilot the X-15 experimental rocket plane. It is no exaggeration at all to say that, in so doing, he will experience one of the great human adventures of all time.

CONSIDER what he will be called upon to do. At some time during the next several months, he will crawl out of a big bomber, flying at 50,000 feet or so, into the tiny X-15 suspended from its belly. He will gun the little plane, and point it up towards space. In a matter of seconds, he will shoot out through the earth's enveloping cloud of atmosphere, like a fish leaping out of water.

Just where the air ends and space begins no one has ever precisely defined. Some put the dividing line at 120,000 feet, where 99 per cent of the earth's atmosphere is left behind. Crossfield himself puts the dividing line in the ionosphere at 200,000 feet. Wherever the line is, he will cross it, shooting up and up, riding his little rocket at speeds more than five times the speed of sound, perhaps as high (though certainly not on the first try) as 500,000 feet, almost a hundred miles above the familiar surface of our planet.

ON THE way, he will pass through incredible extremes of temperature, leaping suddenly at 150,000 feet from 70 degrees below zero in the stratosphere to the terrible heat of the ionosphere. His little plane will run out of fuel in hardly more time than it takes to soft-boil an egg, but even after it has no more fuel it will rush up and up for miles on end, like a stone hurled into the heavens.

Then at last, the initial impulse exhausted, the little projectile will obey the pull of gravity, and turn down again towards the earth. Then Crossfield will experience the inhuman sensation of total weightlessness, since the pull of gravity will precisely equal the speed of his plane. His wings will be useless, since there will be no air to press against them. In the atmosphere, the wings will take over again and he will glide down in huge sweeping circles, like an autumn leaf, to land at last with a dead stick—but if all goes well—unharmedly.

SURELY this will be one of history's great adventures. What manner of man, then, is the adventurer? Recently, I asked Scott Crossfield to meet me at my house. I was careful to invite him at a time when my four children would be there because, like all children nowadays, they are fascinated by space. I don't know what they expected the spaceman to look like, but I am sure it was something very strange. I myself rather expected a brawny, dashing, seat-of-the-pants flyboy.

Instead, we met a thin, black-eyed intellectual, a brilliant engineer, capable of a witty definition of the word "philosophy" and of a fascinating thumbnail sketch of the history of aviation. Crossfield is capable also of explaining, in terms my oldest son at least (though not, entirely, his father) could understand, the problems of manned space flight.

That is, of course, his favorite subject, and when he talks about it, he sometimes sounds a little apologetic—"it is my calling, my vocation and my avocation, and I think about nothing else." But there is no need to apologize. On the role of the human being in the coming conquest of space he is eloquent, even moving. "It is a brazen conceit," he says, "to suppose that a machine can be built even one half as capable as the mind of man."

Apparently in line with the policy of tightening Communist control of all Russian activities, civil and military, Mme. Ekaterina Furteseva was replaced as Secretary of the Moscow City Party. She will now devote herself to her work for the party's Central Committee.

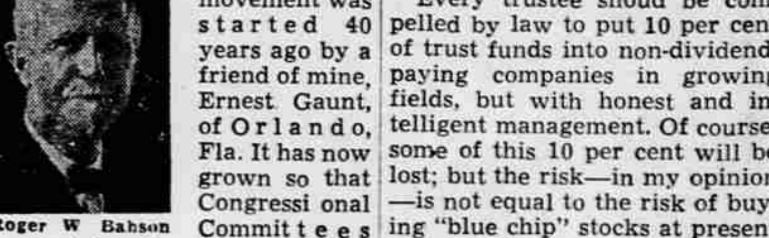
No special significance was seen in this switch. Mme. Furteseva, a long-time friend of Khrushchev, is the highest-ranking woman in Russia—a full member of the party's Presidium, the 15-member body which rules the country.

Subways are partially ventilated by the piston action of the trains driving the air through the tubes.

Trusts Taking Funds That Could Be Used In Small Businesses

By ROGER W. BABSON

Babson Park, Mass.—We see much in the newspapers today about the necessity of helping small business.



Roger W. Babson

There are many reasons for the present lack of funds available to small, deserving businesses. One of these may be traced to trustees and conservative investors who buy only the "blue chips," — that is, the 30 Dow-Jones Industrial Stocks.

They refuse to buy non-dividend-paying stocks, however bright their future may appear.

This attitude by trustees is especially unfortunate since for tax and other reasons—so much more money is now being placed in trusts than ever before. Much of this is for charities—such as hospitals, colleges, and churches; but much of

it is to protect wives, children, and grandchildren. Hence, great sums are no longer available for risk-growth companies which need them so much.

Trustees Take Risks: Every trustee should be compelled by law to put 10 per cent of trust funds into non-dividend-paying companies in growing fields, but with honest and intelligent management. Of course, some of this 10 per cent will be lost; but the risk—in my opinion—is not equal to the risk of buying "blue chip" stocks at present prices.

First-mortgage bonds yielding about 4 per cent to 4 1/2 per cent are the favorite investments of such trustees. Certainly, unless bought at a discount, these bonds are not likely to advance in price. Hence, the only way their price can go is downward! I believe there are some good bond purchases now selling at a discount; but even these are no hedge against inflation unless they are "convertibles." Moreover, most of the convertibles are not well secured.

Unpatriotic: For trustees, banks, or individual investors to "take no chances" seems both unreasonable and unpatriotic. The future of our nation is dependent upon our helping new industries. The present attitude is like a church trying to operate without a Sunday School. This so-called "conservatism" was the basis of the financial downfall of France, Spain, and Italy. The same "conservatism" is now eroding England.

The great growth of these nations occurred before the invention of Trusts, or Mutual Funds, or Savings Banks, which now seek immediate dividends. Originally, most savings went into new industries such as we would now call "growth speculations." This is the opposite of the policy of the average Investment Fund today—making it unpatriotic, eventually killing prosperity and stunting economic growth.

Pick Best Stocks: A bank or investment trust should employ an Investment Adviser who specializes in the selection of good non-dividend-paying stocks of honestly run companies. These stocks should be bought during the low area of the Business Cycle. This probably means that they should not be bought now. It is also important that not more than 10 per cent of one's funds be put in such speculative-growth stocks—and that this 10 per cent be made up of stocks of at least 10 companies. These should be companies whose stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange or on the American Stock Exchange. There are about \$50 of these now selling under \$5. They should go down to \$2.50 or less, but then double in price about every five years. I know of no way to double money safely in less than five years. The great factors are time and patience. I therefore must give readers a warning.

There is something about oil and mining stocks which entices a person and even "intoxicates" him, like gambling or horse racing. Such "intoxication" has ruined many a family, has caused bank clerks to steal, and has sent some otherwise good men to jail. Therefore, I beg readers, when buying these non-dividend-paying stocks, to stick to the above rules. Insist upon broad diversification and patient waiting. Otherwise, early success may go to your head and result in real trouble. Making money in such stocks is "playing with fire" unless you have real self-control.

We invite each of you to drive out the Crater Lake Highway to Hilton Road to have a look at this, and if you feel that this will not enhance the City of Medford, any efforts on your part to alleviate this situation will be appreciated by a great number of people.

H. V. Martin, 1386 Hilton Rd. Medford.

Portland Penguins Succumb To Disease

Portland—Three of the penguins recently brought to Portland from the South Pole died Thursday, and authorities expressed concern that a fungus-type disease may have broken out among the birds.

Jack Marks, Portland Zoo superintendent who brought the birds by airplane from the bottom of the world, said two of the big emperor penguins and one of the smaller adelies which showed signs of distress Christmas day, were found dead in the Peninsula park pool in Northeast Portland Thursday. The pool was being used pending completion of quarters for the birds at the Portland Zoo.

Marks said an autopsy on a penguin which died earlier, indicated the presence of Aspergillosis, a fungus disease of the lungs.

The Village DAIRY-SMITH at Genesee

East Main St.

We feature instant egg nog . . . No stirring, no water to add . . . Simply pour and drink.