

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
Feb. 25, 1948 (Wednesday)
Medford Mayor Clarence
A. Meeker, well-known civic
and religious leader, dies of
heart ailment.

George C. Flanagan, Med-
ford lumberman, appointed to
board of trustees at Wil-
lamette university, Salem.

20 YEARS AGO
Feb. 25, 1938 (Friday)
Medford corporation and
Timber Products company
employees return to work
after layoff.

From Arthur Perry's Ye
Sudge Pot column: "The
February weather has been
unusual. Rain fell on the just,
the unjust, and Californians."

30 YEARS AGO
Feb. 25, 1928 (Saturday)
Seventeen bids opened for
new Ashland city water dam;
bids range from \$124,000 to
\$181,000.

Judge O. M. Corkins, who
has conducted circuit court
in Medford, leaves for Lake-
view to take care of business
matters.

40 YEARS AGO
Feb. 25, 1918 (Monday)
Captain George von der
Hellen, receives commenda-
tion for efficiency and order-
ed to Ft. Sill, Okla., for train-
ing with field artillery.

From Local and Personal
column: "Ernest Webb, who
is a British subject, plans to
close his ranch near Central
Point, dispose of his fancy
chickens, and enlist in the
British army."

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

1. During World War II,
what office in the Nazi gov-
ernment was held by Paul
Joseph Goebbels?

2. Bible: Which book deals
with the slavery of the He-
brews in Egypt?

3. What was the middle
name of the English poet,
Percy Shelley?

4. Which State of the U.S.
has the longest Pacific ocean
coastline?

5. Who or what is a toper?

6. Is shellac made from
powdered sea shells?

7. In what country did
Leon Trotsky meet his death
by assassination?

8. What is the VFW?

9. Are there fir, spruce or
cedar trees in Iceland?

10. Which is the second
smallest state in the U.S.?

Answers: 1. Propaganda
Minister. 2. Exodus. 3. Bysse.
4. California. 5. A drunkard.
6. No. 7. In Mexico. 8. Vets-
erans of Foreign Wars. 9. No
(there are no trees). 10. Del-
aware.

NAVAL MANEUVERS ON
Manila—The greatest
concentration of naval might
in 14 years moved toward the
Philippines today for massive
missile age amphibious man-
euvers against the island of
Luzon. Some 100 American
and Filipino warships, carry-
ing 80,000 men, moved south-
ward from Japan and Okina-
wa, in "Operation Strong-
back," fighting off "enemy"
submarine and air "attacks"
as they advanced.

Editorial Correspondence . . .

Los Angeles, Sunday, Feb. 23—Taking a coffee-break here before going on to Tucson, Arizona. This is the longest trip taken on the "Friendly Southern Pacific" for a long time—close to 800 miles.

However, if anyone thinks we are going to throw prickly cactus at the "S.P." they are mistaken.

The only suggestion we will make is this—that the boy from Central Point replace the boy from Jacksonville—as S.P. president. That's all.

This is an election year and we would like to have Bob Holmes (now of Medford) take over for President Russell as Generalissimo of the richest, longest, and most unfriendly railroad in the world.

THE former farm boy from Central Point has a deep affection for Southern Oregon, particularly the section from Eugene to Dunsmuir, California. So if he were running the S.P., the "Daylights" wouldn't be running through Klamath Falls and the barren wastes of eastern Oregon at all—but through the growing and prosperous—as well as beautiful—scenic section from the McKenzie river to the source of the Sacramento.

PRESIDENT RUSSELL of the S.P. doesn't feel that way toward this part of the state. As a loyal son of Jacksonville he has never forgiven Medford for taking the "S.P." away from his home-town which was then the rip-roaring metropolis of Jackson county and the county seat.

He vowed (presumably) if he ever got the chance he would get back at those smarty humdingers and big city-slickers of that upstart tank town in the middle of the valley chaparral.

He was only an S.P. brakeman at the time. He never thought he would pull an Horatio Alger story and be one day "monarch of all he surveyed." But by hard work, brains and a stiff punch, he got there—and when he did, it wasn't long before the boom town that took the expected S.P. "whistle-stop" away from Jacksonville, was not only given the short sharp end of a sticky stick, but was deprived of passenger trains entirely.

BOB H. would never have done that! "So delegates to the convention we name you that friendly, public-spirited, loyal and accommodating native son of our good neighbor Central Point to be the next president of the—ahem!—Southern Pacific. All those in favor say 'Aye.' Members of the convention it is unanimous! I will now introduce PRESIDENT Holmes."

IT POURED the familiar dogs and cats motoring down to Dunsmuir, such a deluge that at times the windshield-wiper had a hard time to overcome it, and the weeping clouds at times were only a few feet above the car-top.

The Dunsmuir agent asked how the weather was in Medford and we reported (TRUTHFULLY) that the day before was perfect and Saturday morning was bright and warm. The answer was that had been true in Dunsmuir also, but now look at it, and the sad-eyed station agent took out his briar pipe and swept a disgusted hand in the direction of the flooded window.

"THE DAYLIGHT" was on time—as usual—and as often remarked, it's a grand old train. Still on a winter schedule, there is only one dining-car, instead of two, there is no loquacious train agent to announce stops over the loud speaker, but although we had to wait for seats in the diner, we had no complaint. For the food was excellent, the service the same, and the club car—the entire train in fact—well filled. But for the intervention of the California PUC the Daylight would now have suffered the same fate as the magnificent "Shasta Limited," the train that served the valley in the "good old days," i.e.—it would be "spurious Versek."

DID you know that the "S.P." made a grave mistake when it changed its main line between Portland and San Francisco from the salubrious and picturesque Siskiyou and the fertile Rogue River Valley to Klamath Falls?

Well, it did. That was "ok" in the steam-engine-age but doesn't make sense in this age of Diesels. For with a super-Diesel, the Portland-San Francisco run could be made just as fast as via the Natron cut-off, and the trip would be a scenic booster instead of a flat-tire—assuming of course the S.P. heads had the enterprise and imagination to see it.

Don't take our word for it—this is our Pullman porter's belief—and WHO could know more about railroad trains and transportation than a veteran Pullman porter?

YES, "that's the truth." The rubble and ruins of the old brick "round-house" at Dunsmuir prove it. It proves the steam engine is out and the Diesel era is in. Grades and curves don't have the deterrent factor they did have when the Natron "cut-off" was built. (Speaking of the Natron cut-off, the undersigned was a guest of the S.P. on the first Pullman trip over that cut-off many years ago and was assured by the then S.P. vice president (in the presence of the late Judge William Colvig of Medford) that the building of the "cut-off" would not change the S.P. passenger service to Medford and the valley in the slightest, either then or in the future. So times change and opinions of even the "Upper Brass" change with them.)

WE CAUGHT the "Owl" at Martinez for the night ride to L.A. The Owl ain't quite the bird she used to be, but it was a comfortable trip with a very unexpected good night's rest.

Something new for breakfast—a serve-yourself cafeteria-diner arrangement, with one waiter doubling as "cook" and the other as "bus boy." Probably a result of Bob Holmes' "red carpet treatment," the waiter at once spotted the staggering couple from Medford as fugitives from the "Old People's Home." So he not only helped us to a table but took and served our orders.

Again patronage was excellent and the food ditto. Now and then one had to dodge a splash of coffee from a passing customer as the train lurched up the "Ridge Route," but as far as learned no one was scalded and the general spirit of the car, including the conversation, was very amiable, happy and animated.

OUR "vis a vis" from Sacramento deplored the fact she was making the trip by train as she missed her plane. "It's so slow and tiresome," she wailed. How sad. Ok, ok, that is the popular refrain these days.

In fact, we feel very much like old Mr. Pickwick who loved to travel in a stagecoach, and could see no greater sport as long as he lived. The steam engine had been invented but he didn't give a whoop, and could see no future for it.

We don't go quite that far. We can see a future for the airplane. But how long will even a jet plane stand up against the man-carrying rocket? When they come in (the experts say they are bound to) it won't be getting from Medford to New York in five or six hours, but in five or six minutes. (Ok make it 10 to 20,000 miles an hour.)

If speed and more speed is all the genus homo wants, let him have it. Like Mr. Pickwick we will stick to terra firma—yes, the firmer the better—and stay on the ground with the trains and on the sea with the ships.

Didn't Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote "Travels With a Donkey," say something about getting to your destination in fast time was not half as important as the FUN you might have getting there?

Whether he did or not we stick with Pickwick AND second the motion!—R.W.R.



"SOME PEOPLE DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ! SOME PEOPLE LIKE TO WATCH TELEVISION!"

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. The letters printed in this column do not necessarily represent the views of the paper; in fact the contrary is often the case.

Salvation by Empathy
To the Editor: Any reader sometimes can't help wondering why an author didn't express himself concisely, such as: "indulge in empathy," instead of "thinking one's own thoughts into someone else's thoughts to get the other person's viewpoint, or see from his angle."

Then the eminent philosopher claims it's the hardest thing ever to do, but also points out a world could be lifted out of its chaotic predicament, by that very thing, were it done universally. At any rate by putting his idea in simple form, he may have given it penetrating power and punch, to reach the reader's innermost thoughts and bring forth the desire to give it a trial. To apply his method in everyday life might well save a lot of heartaches, and start a chain reaction that would eventually involve all humanity.

Seems like tolerance would take on a very necessary and important significance, and compromise could well materialize. That author's plan to change the world to comply with the Golden Rule, if propagated and practiced, might well be a panacea to revive the world, and save civilization from extinction.

It would certainly mean sacrificing one's viewpoints, at least 50 per cent, and stepping on our own pride in doing so.

If simulation can bring reality, when diligently practiced, all it would take is courage to take the first step, and then reiteration. The eminent philosopher believes encouraging love and diminishing hate is our only salvation. From a human aspect, and reliance on ourselves, it is bound to seem hard to do. But with the help of the supernatural, nothing is impossible, we are told.

Emma Lou Carpenter, 811 Sherman St., Medford.

Boy and Helmet
To the Editor: Yesterday I came out of a funeral home, a boy, about seven, carrying a red helmet was waiting to cross Sixth st., at Main. As he stepped off the curb he leisurely put on the large helmet—over his face as a baseball guard—and very slowly crossed this busy street peering through the holes in the top of the helmet.

I was where I couldn't get to him, but perhaps his mother may see this and teach him how not to cross such a busy street at 3 p.m.

E. K., (Name on file).

A RARE FLAT
Saxmundham, England—A garageman turned over to police the cause of a flat tire he repaired Monday—an undamaged gold ring set with rubies and diamonds.

Big Words
To the Editor: In reference to Mr. James Redden's letter of Feb. 21 where he states that "a rising literacy rate always increases Democratic registrations," my I add that we are happy to lend the Democrats those who have just learned their ABC's. When they get to the big words like "responsibility," "self-sufficiency" and all those non-catchy phrases, they're ready for the Republican party!

Mary A. Ragland, 3182 Pacific Highway South, Medford.

Portland Council Opposes ER Plans
Portland—The Central Labor Council Monday night voted to oppose a ballot measure to remove the local Exposition - Recreation center to the Delta Park site from the Broadway-Steel Bridge site.

The council also voted to oppose a city-manager form of government.

A ballot measure seeking to change the site of the E-R center was filed Monday but the E-R Commission said it would not change its plans to go ahead with construction at the already-selected site.

The Labor Council honored Gust Anderson, its secretary for 35 years, for "outstanding service to labor."

Porter Tells Aid For Hills Creek Job
Washington—Rep. Charles O. Porter (D-Ore.), said today an "important hurdle" has been overcome in the campaign to get additional work going on the Hills Creek Corps of Engineers project in Lane county, Oregon.

Porter said Rep. Clarence Cannon, chairman of the House public works appropriations subcommittee, has made known his support of a plan to transfer \$2,230,000 from other delayed projects to Hills Creek.

Collegiate quickie: "Where are you headed, dear wife, in the middle of the night?" "Downstairs to get some water." "In your night gown?" "No, my love, in a pitcher."

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In the Day's News
By FRANK JENKINS

As this is written, Democratic leaders are assembled in Washington for a two-day meeting of their party's national committee. The meeting will kick off the political campaign for control of the next congress.

One of the first items of business was a resolution censuring President Eisenhower for his handling of what the committee calls "the depression that is now gripping the country." The resolution says: "We condemn the Hoover-like approach to this problem. It is a disgrace to tell the unemployed . . . that prosperity is just around the corner."

FORMER President Truman is scheduled to make the big speech that will pull the cork and open the campaign, and four GOP senators promptly challenged him to renounce the "campaign of professional pessimism" they say the Democrats are conducting.

They added: "Don't sell America short before the world."

THE Republicans are also handing out advice to Ike. The anti-Benson group of the GOP (now grown to a membership of 25) is planning to tell the President his secretary of agriculture is a political liability—that if Mr. Benson stays in office the penalty will probably be the loss of from 10 to 25 seats in the house in the November election.

And so on.

SOMETHING to remember: The big issue in this campaign that is opening (as in other political campaigns) is WHO WILL SIT IN THE SEATS OF POWER?

In this political Donnybrook Fair that is getting underway your job and mine is to sift out the wheat (if any) from the chaff (of which there is a plenitude).

HERE'S a timely thought: Saturday was Washington's birthday. In his school-boy copybook, George Washington wrote this sentence at the top of one of the pages: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire that is known as CONSCIENCE."

He grew up to be the Father of His Country.

AT THIS point, I think I'd better write a note to myself: DON'T GET TOO CYNICAL.

It's true that at times these three-ring circuses we call political campaigns tend to become a little tiresome and more than a little disgusting.

But—After all— they are a part of the American System of government. The American System of government is the best system in the world. It has built not only the greatest nation in the world but the best nation to live in.

No American in his right mind would swap it for any other system.

LET'S keep this in mind: When light-weights get elected to office in times that call for what Josiah Gilbert Holland described a century ago as "Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty and in private thinking," the fault lies not so much with the party-waists themselves as WITH THOSE OF US WHO VOTE FOR THEM.

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Reds Seeking Recognition for East Germany and North Korea

By CHARLES M. McCANN
United Press Correspondent

The Communists are conducting parallel drives to win diplomatic recognition of East Germany and North Korea.

The North Korean Reds are using the hijacking of a South Korean airliner by Communist agents as a means of trying to make the South Korean government enter direct negotiations for the plane's return.

This would mean recognition of the North Korean puppet regime.

At the same time, both the Chinese Communist and North Korean Red governments have embarked on a new attempt to effect the withdrawal of United Nations forces from South Korea.

In East Germany, Communist Leader Walter Ulbricht has revived a plan under which East and West Germany would enter into a federation of separate states, enjoying equal status.

Would Mean Recognition
This, of course, would mean recognition of the East German puppet state, with a population of 17 million, as a

sovereign country equal to free West Germany, with a population of 51 million.

The Russian occupation commander in East Germany announced last week the details of the announced Soviet plan to withdraw 41,000 of its troops, as part of a previous announcement in Moscow that the Russian armed forces would be reduced by 300,000 men.

This was a bit of propaganda intended to convince West Germans that Russia would be willing to withdraw its forces from East Germany if the allied troops were withdrawn.

There is good reason to believe that Russia would free the Polish "Rapacki Plan," providing for the banning of nuclear weapons from Poland, Czechoslovakia, East Germany and West Germany as an argument for troop withdrawal if by any chance it were accepted.

Another reason cited is that if such a zone were agreed upon, the United States might decide to pull out its troops.

Communist China and North Korea said in a joint statement last week that all Chinese Red forces would be withdrawn from North Korea by the end of 1958.

Chinese Red Premier Chou En-lai followed this up by demanding that U.N. forces get out of South Korea. The North Koreans have now joined in this demand.

In both the East German and Korean situations, the Communists are using as bait the suggestion that troop withdrawal would be a step toward eventual reunification of those countries.

There is the Middle Eastern problem, which looks like it is growing desperate. For example, the old Iraqi strong man, Nuri Pasha, was recently in London to repeat his anguished warnings that the Kremlin would soon play the anti-Israeli ace, which will in turn take every trick in the Arab pack. The leading British experts are now reluctantly convinced that Nuri's warnings are probably well founded. But in all the British government, I could not discover any man with any positive idea about parrying this prospective Soviet maneuver, which will be like a dagger thrust at Britain's very jugular.

One could continue the recital almost indefinitely, covering all the foreign policy problems involved in the approach to the summit conference, all the domestic political problems revealed by the Conservative parties swinging defeat in the Rochdale by-election and so on. But I have said enough to illustrate the tragic point I have been trying to make.

If it is a true point, it is tragic for America as well as for Britain; for Britain's defeat will almost surely mean the West's defeat. Worse still, we in America will have our own share of the blame for the tragedy. For vigorous, imaginative and courageous American leadership is now the most essential ingredient in the solution of almost all our allies' problems and Britain's above all. And this essential American ingredient has been utterly lacking for the last five years.

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GOT PRETTY COLD
Mobile, Ala.—How cold did it really get during the recent Southern cold wave? Evan B. Davis, an amateur ornithologist, said Monday it was so cold that he found in his yard a Richardson's owl, native of Alaska and northern Canada, nearly dead of hunger and exposure.

It used to make me feel like a geologist climbing about over an enormous rock, tapping with his hammer everywhere, and always getting exactly the same "ping" or "pong," wherever he tapped. But all this is over now. The most extraordinary and discordant variety of notes is now to be heard, from the different leaders of the two major parties, from the civil servants and the Ministers they are charged with advising, even among the higher permanent staffs of single Ministries.

The cause of this wholly novel discord of ideas and attitudes is really simple enough. Britain today is squarely confronted with at least half a dozen major problems which Britain alone does not have the means to solve.

THERE is Britain's economic problem, which keeps Britain on a permanent brink of disaster. For example, approximately 22 per cent of Britain's lifeblood, the hard currency revenue of the Sterling area, comes from two highly unstable ex-colonial countries, Ghana and Malaya. Again, the loss of the Middle Eastern oil sources, which are now in ever-greater danger, will add a cruel billion dollars a year to the debit side

Matter of Fact
By Joseph Alsop

LONDON: FACADE AND REALITY
London—in the pale March sunshine, 13 years after the great victory, London hardly seems the same wounded hero of a city that it used to be for so long after the war. The outward surface is more prosperous than ever.

The magical London combination of green open space and crowded avenue, of intimacy and public splendor, of double polished glossiness and carefully preserved patina of age, is also more magical than ever, because it is so unchanging in a fast changing world. And London is more than ever the most agreeable of all the great world cities for a foreign visitor.

These reflections on London's surface may seem more appropriate for a postcard for the homefolks, showing some such familiar tourist sight as the changing of the guard. Yet they are necessary, in order to put into perspective the fairly brutal thing that also needs to be said. In sum, this London with its rich and charming surface, whose shining courage so recently set an example to the world, is now a city that all but stinks of defeat.

THE fact, if it is a fact, is of infinite importance to all the nations of the West. But judgments of atmospheres are unavoidably personal; and so I shall speak more personally in the present report than is customary in this space.

In the postwar years, I have made at least one visit of inquiry to London each year. In all that period, whether under Labor governments or Conservative governments, the essential London drama has been the same. It has been the drama of the British people grimly struggling to maintain Britain's historic role as one of the great world powers, after the fearful human and material and strategic losses of the Second World War.

It has been a pretty moving drama to watch, but now it seems to be coming to an end. There are just too many signs of the disarray that always, in every army, foretells the acceptance of defeat.

FOR example, the feature of British political life that has always most amazed me was the fact that any given moment, almost everyone from the Prime Minister downwards, at every level and in every sphere, somehow struck the same note. It might be a belligerent note or a friendly note or any other kind of note. But it was always the same!

It used to make me feel like a geologist climbing about over an enormous rock, tapping with his hammer everywhere, and always getting exactly the same "ping" or "pong," wherever he tapped. But all this is over now. The most extraordinary and discordant variety of notes is now to be heard, from the different leaders of the two major parties, from the civil servants and the Ministers they are charged with advising, even among the higher permanent staffs of single Ministries.

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Editorial Comment
LIGHT IN GEORGIA

Sometimes it seems that the racial bigot is beyond help, that despite the law, the courts, common sense and the wisdom of the ages, persons reared in the tradition of white supremacy will never learn otherwise. But there are gains. They may be slow, but they exist.

Just the other day the Georgia House of Representatives killed a bill that would have required that whole blood transfusions be labeled as to race. The representatives did so, not necessarily because Georgia doctors told them the bill was nonsense, but that blood has no essential relationship to pigmentation of the skin, but because the doctors said that racial typing would be an intolerable nuisance.

So, it's obvious. They do learn. Georgia state senators, however, may still be in the dark on the subject. They passed the same bill a few days before, 35 to 0.—Portland Oregonian.

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