

**EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE . . .**

San Francisco, April 9th—Some aspiring novelist should grab Lana Turner's brief remark for a best-selling title and men always like me."

She did not say she liked any particular man, but only the genus homo. And it worked the other way around, for the men she liked.

Perhaps one should waste no sympathy on such a type—they have plenty of company, and they have a gay time—for a while.

But they seldom end up nicely. They miss too much out of life to make a success of it.

The end nearly always is bitter, not always tragic but always sad.

The trouble is one has to play that sort of game to find it out. And when one does it is usually too little and too late.

What a difference just a little sunshine makes.

For three days now the sun has been shining in a clear sky and San Francisco is really a magic city again. So are its environs, particularly over in Marin where we were motored for luncheon in a nice little hotel overlooking the bay. No wind over there, the sun was really warm—not quite warm enough to call for unfurling the table-umbrellas—but around 70 in the shade. If we ever decided to settle near the Golden Gate—we don't expect to—we would choose Marin for a home. It misses most of the Golden Gate fog, is quiet, secluded, extremely home-like and attractive, yet not at all pretentious. And with the Golden Gate bridge, one can reach the shopping district in San Francisco in no time at all—easily when the traffic is light, in half an hour. And after those 11 days of rain—the grass, and trees and gardens are simply beautiful.

Took our first trip to Belvedere—really a wooded island cliff in the bay but now connected by a built-in causeway. The island is a favorite dwelling spot for San Francisco business men. As indicated they are only about half-an-hour from their offices, but they might as well be a hundred miles away as far as the general setting and atmosphere are concerned. On those steep hills, heavily wooded, surrounded by, yet high above, salt water, they might be on the Italian Riviera as far as any indication of big-city, or Big Business affairs are concerned. It is somewhat inaccessible, of course, but that is exactly what most Big Business men want. And there they have it!

It was a great day, particularly for a couple of the "older boys and girls" depending upon buses and taxis. We would like to pin a few roses on our joint hostesses, but if we mentioned their names they would never forgive us, and someday we would like a return engagement. However, here is a tip for their friends in the valley—once upon a time they were known as two of the four beautiful Farwell Sisters of Lake Forest, Illinois. And they still are!

Well, we are really starting to pack. We expected to stay here a few days, and as we have had to pay hotel bills 3 times it must be nearer 3 weeks. For nearly two weeks the weather here was simply terrible, but as is usually true, the bad is soon forgotten and these last three days have been wonderful. So our net impression is—that San Francisco is—and always has been—one of the most attractive, picturesque and charming cities in the United States. (We trust the SF Chamber of Commerce will see this and send us a life-membership in the Optimists club.)

And we don't intend to play down Tucson, Arizona. We spent a month there and there were only 3 days out of the 30, we failed to see the sun. For Arizona, it was cool, and the rainfall—which is practically negligible—was above the average, but in all that time not a ball game—perhaps there WAS one—was rained out, the horses never failed to run on the week end, and if we had brought our golf sticks—(and COULD still play golf!) we would have been able to do so every day. We can think of only one place in the world that could match it. That is Palm Springs, California (t.v. paid).

This newspaper—like many others—has from time to time been informed that the USA is going the way of Rome—that it has become too fat, too rich, too self-indulgent to survive, and Soviet Russia will come down from the hills as Eric the Goth—or was he a Vandal?—did with his virile and uncultured hordes, and lay waste to our effete civilization.

We have always ridiculed such an idea. And we still do. But after seeing Eugene O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," as played at the Geory theatre, our faith in Uncle Sam is a trifle shaken.

Unless we are mistaken, this play won't not only the Pulitzer Prize for 1957, but the Critics Award, and when a journey through a morgue, and a canal-boat saloon, can win highest dramatic honors in the U.S.A., we definitely feel "SOMETHING is wrong."

We attended the first matinee on Wednesday and the theatre was well filled—mostly of the "older gal" persuasion as usual. And also as usual most of them were from out-of-town—that is "suburbia". At least for the sake of the hard-working company led by the old movie star Fay Bainter, and the Irish "white hope" Anew McMaster, we hope so. For that would explain why so many in the last act walked out. It was we trust not the sordid quality of the drama which induced an exit, but the fact they had to get to Petaluma or San Jose before nightfall.

As stated, we hope that was true, for the company seemed competent, conscientious and did the best they could with the material supplied. But in our judgment the material is terrible.

We don't object to one "souse" or even two, but when papa, his sons Jimmy and Edmund are all drunks, and Mther Tyrone is a dope-fiend who goes "nuts" and does a Lady MacBeth sleep walking scene, it is just a little too much.

Frankly, we would have walked out after the first act if we had not had the ex-reporter's curiosity as to how the whole mess would come out. For the play is essentially a bore. There is no action, there is no "Chunk of life"—at least as the average person experiences it—there is no suspense, no plot—it is about as exciting as an autopsy held in a psychiatric clinic—depressing, hopeless, not an attractive or wholesome character in the performance with the possible exception of the Irish second-maid, and she gets drunk and blames her condition on her mistress.

Of course, written by O'Neil, there are beautiful lines in it, there are powerfully dramatic situations, and although this was not the New York company, except for what in well taken, we thought. But there is only one word that perfectly fits "Long Day's Journey Into Night" in our judgment, and that is "decadent." And if the terms of the Pulitzer Dramatic Award were observed then in the opinion of that committee, this play is not only tops for the 1957 season, but best represents contemporary American life. Such a verdict from such a high source, is as far as this department is concerned, disturbing.—R.W.R.

**Economy Run Off In Los Angeles**

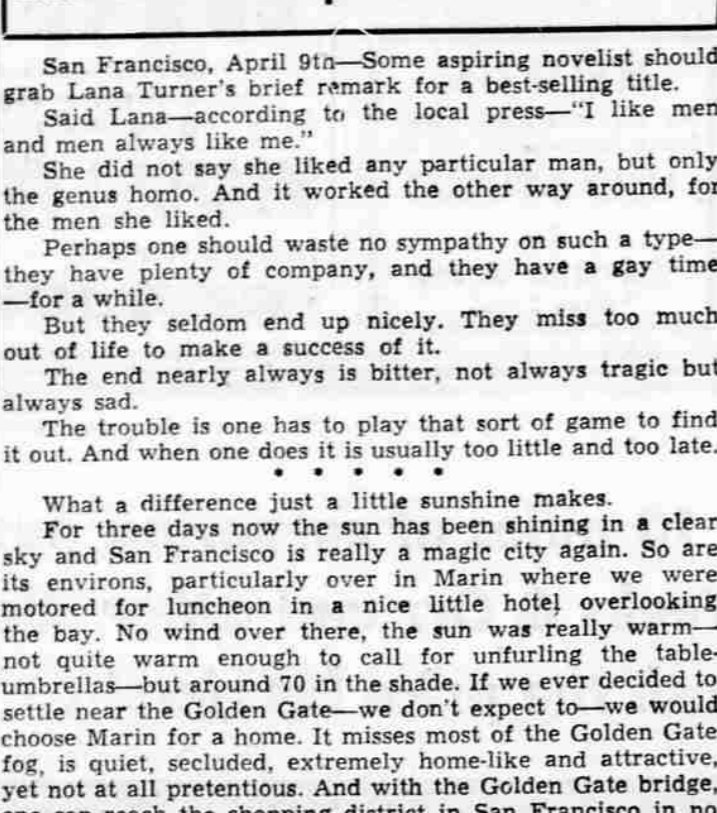
Los Angeles—The 1958 version of one of the world's biggest automotive competitions, the Mobilgas Economy Run, starts early today when 29 new American stock cars leave for a five-day trip to Galveston, Tex.

Starter J. C. Agajanian will drop the green flag at 1 a.m. to start the fleet of new cars on their gruelling drive to compete for the nation's fuel economy championship.

The cars will leave at short intervals from the general petroleum garage in downtown Los Angeles for the longest route in the 22-year history of the run. Purpose of the test is to determine the efficiency of American stock cars under driving conditions encountered by the ordinary motorist.

Potato wart, a potato disease, was brought into Pennsylvania by immigrant coal miners who sought to introduce plant varieties from the "old country" to America.

**Dennis the Menace**



\*KEEP AN EYE ON MY ROSE, WILL YA, PODNER?\*

**Today & Tomorrow**

By Walter Lippmann

**TESTING PRO AND CON**

In the propaganda contest, of which we have just now had another round, our basic position is that we do not wish to suspend the testing of nuclear weapons and that we do not in the near future wish to have a summit meeting in which Eisenhower confronts Khrushchev.

This is, of course, a difficult position to argue in a world which is terrified by the race in nuclear armaments and is hoping compulsively that in a meeting at the summit some kind of accommodation might be reached. Mr. Dulles, who has the hard task of arguing the official American case, is talking like a man who knows that the best he can do is to fight a delaying action—to avoid a decisive commitment on the tests and on the summit meeting.

The crucial question at this point is what is the basic Soviet position. Is it that, having just completed their objective of tests, their objective is to prevent us from holding our forthcoming tests? It cannot be that simple. For such a maneuver could easily be defeated by proposing to suspend our tests after we, like they, have completed our tests. Or it is that the Soviets know that, what with Dr. Teller, Adm. Strauss, and most of the Pentagon, we intend to go on testing—as indeed Mr. Dulles indicated at his press conference—and that, therefore, the Soviets can propose to cease testing? For they will know that they will not cease and that they can then continue. Or is it that the Soviets do not mean to cease but are relying on being able to cheat by holding undetected tests?

MY OWN view is that the main Russian position is founded not upon gimmicks and propaganda tricks but upon their estimate of the overall balance of power in the world as between their coalition and ours. To suspend nuclear testing is in fact to freeze the development of nuclear weapons, and if that were done now, the world balance of power would be favorable to them. They know they will not be attacked, and they have or are about to have ample weapons to neutralize any military pressure on the Communist orbit.

Along with this, they have superior military power consisting of conventional forces and existing nuclear weapons as against any of the countries on their periphery.

In the West, on the other hand, there is no prospect that the democracies will support a combined military establishment comparable with that of the Soviet Union—except for one possibility. This is the development of cheap nuclear weapons to replace massive armies.

For this reason, so I believe, there is determined resistance inside the Western governments to interference with the evolution of nuclear weapons. This resistance has its center among the soldiers and scientists who, believing that war is not improbable, feel acutely their own responsibility in case war breaks out.

UNDENIABLY, there would be a risk in suspending the tests and freezing the development of nuclear weapons. But there is also a risk in continuing the tests. It is that the race of armaments will go on, will indeed be intensified, with no certainty whatever that the Soviet Union will not forge ahead of us in this field as it has forged ahead of us in the field of rockets. There is no built-

**Matter of Fact** By Joseph Alsop

**IN THE TOWER ROOM**

Dearborn, Mich.—In a patch of green countryside not yet engulfed by the industrial-suburban sprawl, the glass, marble and metal tower springs cleanly upwards, elegantly functional, aseptically pure.

And in the tower's top-most rooms, where the wide windows offer an enormous view, there are the adjoining offices of the two men who guide the destinies of the Ford Motor Co., Henry Ford II and Ernest Breech.

You enter with a lively curiosity, for here, surely, is one of the control centers of the faltering American economy. The first thing that strikes you is the odd contrast between the two leaders of this giant industry.

It is Ford, the inheritor of the empire, who has the look of shrewd practicality that you expect in a self-made man. Breech began life as a blacksmith's son and started his vertiginous upward climb as a cost accountant. Yet it is Breech who allows an occasional visionary gleam to illuminate his conventional executive briskness.

THE topic is the problems of the motor industry, the governor of the American economy, in a period of disturbing economic pause. At Ford's request, Breech leads off with a short historical review, culminating at the moment when the post-war seller's market turned into a buyer's market.

"When we sold eight million cars in 1955," says Breech with decisive frankness, "it made the whole industry think that maybe the ten-million-car year was coming before too long. So everybody decided more new plants were needed than were really needed, and started out building all those plants."

Over-expansion, then, was one factor in the problem. But how about a change of public taste, away from the automobile used as a prestige-symbol? Could not this also be a factor in the motor industry's difficulties? To this question, both Ford and Breech react sharply, but Ford again gestures to Breech to make the reply.

"Maybe buying habits are changing," he says reflectively, "in the sense that Americans nowadays want a lot of other things besides good automobiles. But they still want to own better cars. Take that housing development over there—(he points into the enormous view, to the beginning of the industrial-suburban sprawl). I can still remember the thrill of pride when I brought home my first medium-priced car. I don't think the young fellows just starting out, who live in most of those little houses over there, are very different from what I was."

IS IT the rising cost of cars, then, that has caused the drop in sales? To this question, once again, the reaction is vigorous, and now Ford and

**POTLUCK**

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

We take our life in our hands as we report on the case of a man who works in a downtown office, and who, upon occasion, drives to work in the morning and on other occasions is driven by his wife so she can have the use of the car.

On the morning in question, the latter was the case. Came noon, and the man waited for his wife to pick him up for lunch. Came 12:03; came 12:05; came 12:07. No wife, no car. So he telephoned home and as soon as his wife answered, he knew what had happened. She had forgotten entirely that she had the car, she was chagrined, and she would be down immediately.

That's all there is to the story, except to warn others who may find themselves in similar situations not to press their luck by TOO much teasing. We are reminded of the man who had this happen once and who was careful not to be superior about it.

"Things were sure nice around the house for a couple of days," he said with a far-off look in his eyes.

We have been informed of a motion picture double-bill advertised by a drive-in theater near Corvallis: "Bambi" and "The Deer-slayer."

Our young man who frequently processes the 4-H club notices as they come to the office comments that the girls, particularly, seem highly concerned with refreshments, who served them, what they were, and whether they'll have them at the next meeting.

But, he said, it seems a little funny to have the girls so interested in food and sweets when in just a few years they will be dieting.

A report smuggled into our office tells of a group of the visiting Job's Daughters who were seen walking down Main st. Thursday night at about 11 o'clock, dressed in formal, but in bare feet. Each girl was carrying her shoes (most of them VERY high heeled) in one hand.

Two men soliciting funds for a church project called at the home of a Medford family, and during the conversation the man of the house suggested, "Why don't you call on my neighbor? I understand he's a good church member."

"I AM your neighbor," replied one of the solicitors, who had lived next door for about three months, but who had been delayed by winter weather from developing an "over-the-fence" acquaintanceship.

A service station operator in a nearby small town complained because a large billboard advertising a breakfast cereal partially eclipsed his gasoline sign. The man who reported this to us doesn't see why, however. He maintains that "Zoom" could also be a good gasoline advertisement.

City Attorney E. R. Bashaw was seen poring over city records Wednesday.

With a thoughtful look he finally announced that apparently the city charter was not in existence after 1913. He didn't seem terribly concerned about it, though.

We had an item of correspondence the other day about a troop of Girl Scouts going on an outing, and had their firewood furnished by the Medford Fuel company.

A candidate for public office was passing out election cards to some office workers the other day.

As he arrived at the desk of his secretary, he cut a card into two pieces, and told her he couldn't afford an expensive campaign, and for her to take half the card home to her husband and keep the other half to remind her to vote for him.

We have received a pronouncement in the mail to the effect that April 15 has been proclaimed "Coffee Day." We wonder if it is sheer happenstance that the same day is the deadline for filing income taxes.

We're not exactly clear in our mind what ponies have to do with a certain new brand of automobile, but at the dealership across the street there is a pony-sized corral. It's been there for a couple of weeks now, empty as can be.

We asked the owner about it the other day, and he said the pony would be along any day now. As a matter of fact, he said, he'd received a letter of instructions about how to treat the pony, which went into such meticulous detail that he wondered if the pony people thought all Edsel dealers were fools.

**In the Day's News**

By FRANK JENKINS

Dynastic note: Ex-Queen Soraya has formally accepted a divorce edict from the Shah of Iran. The divorce was brought about not by any lack of compatibility, because the Shah is reportedly devoted to her and is said to feel that his life has been ruined by the separation. The trouble is that the beautiful Soraya failed to bear him an heir to the throne.

So she had to go—for in dynasties heirs are tremendously important. Without an heir, the dynasty falls. Webster defines a dynasty as "a race or succession of kings, of the same line and family; the continued lordship of a race of rulers."

Strangely enough, history tells us, the PEOPLE who are ruled are apt to be as eager for the continuation of a dynasty as the ruler himself—the reason being that when a dynasty falls there is likely to be confusion and anarchy, or even WAR among the aspirants to the throne.

That is to say, people would rather be badly ruled than not ruled at all.

ALL this brings up another famous dynastic divorce—that of Napoleon from Josephine. Theirs too is said to have been a love match. When they were married, Josephine was a beautiful widow and Napoleon was a rising soldier of fortune. He eventually named himself Emperor.

When he was crowned, Josephine came daintily down from her throne to kneel at the feet of her husband. Napoleon took the little crown that made her an empress in his hands, placed it on his head and then on hers. He lifted it once or twice in a playful manner as if to tell her that she should wear it lightly.

Always, the historians relate, their relations held this tone of affectionate intimacy.

THEY were married in 1796. Although Josephine had had two children—a son and a daughter—by her former marriage she and Napoleon had no children. By 1809, 13 years later, Napoleon began to fear that he might die without a son and so his empire would crumble. He finally decided he would have to divorce Josephine.

One night after dinner he told her of his decision as gently as he could. They said their last goodbyes. The empress begged her husband not to forget her. She promised to care for her health, and never to doubt his love. She retired to Malmaison (meaning, oddly enough, "evil house"), the small estate near Paris that Napoleon had bought for her.

NAPOLÉON immediately married Marie Louise of Austria, and a year later a son was born to them. Josephine heard the cannon shots announcing the birth of an heir, and called her household together. She said: "We too must rejoice. I will give a ball and the whole city will be glad with us."

Soon after, Napoleon brought his son to Malmaison without Marie Louise's knowledge. Josephine had begged to see him.

WHAT came of it all? Well, Napoleon's luck deserted him. He lost his magic touch for winning battles. The French turned against him, and he abdicated. He was exiled to the island of Elba, off the coast of Italy. He escaped from Elba and came back to the fabulous Hundred Days. He lost again, at Waterloo, and this time it was for keeps.

He was exiled to the barren island of Saint Helena, off the west coast of Africa, where he died a few years later of cancer.

WHAT of the son that was born to him and Marie Louise? He grew up as a frail and slender youth and died of tuberculosis at the age of 21.

How come, an iconoclast inquires, that the president of the International Apple Association was Grand Marshal of the Pear Blossom Festival parade?

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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  
April 13, 1948 (Wednesday)  
Rogue Valley irrigation association, yesterday passed a resolution to present arguments advocating acceptance of Plan A on development of the Rogue river basin.

20 YEARS AGO  
April 13, 1938 (Wednesday)  
"Keep the American market for the American farmer," was the theme of the talk given in Townsend hall last night by a senatorial candidate.

30 YEARS AGO  
April 13, 1928 (Friday)  
The state board of horticulture early this week in Portland made no change in any pack and grade except pears.

40 YEARS AGO  
April 13, 1918 (Saturday)  
A Medford leader of a religious cult was taken to Ashland jail tarred him with printers' ink and turned him loose with a warning to leave the county.

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

1. In what year did Columbus discover the new world?  
2. Bible: What did God create on the fourth day?  
3. Only one U.S. President has received the entire electoral vote; can you name him?  
4. Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McClean, Washington, D. C. social leader, was the owner of which famous diamond?  
5. Name the deceased magician who was noted as "The Handcuff King."  
6. Soft-shell crabs are a separate species; true or false?  
7. Male whales are called bucks, bulls, or rams?  
8. Which U. S. Federal agency is charged with railroad rate regulation?  
9. Who commanded American naval forces at the Battle of Manila Bay in 1898?  
10. Did Joe Louis hold the World Heavyweight boxing championship for approximately 8, 12 or 14 years?

Answers: 1. 1492. 2. Light. 3. George Washington (1789). 4. Hope Diamond (44 1/2 carats). 5. Houdini. 6. False. 7. Bulls. 8. Interstate Commerce Commission. 9. Commodore George Dewey, 10. 12 (11 years, 8 months, 7 days).