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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
May 18, 1948 (Tuesday)
Dr. Harry K. Newburn, president of the University of Oregon, will be guest at an "All Oregon" banquet at the Medford hotel tonight.

20 YEARS AGO
May 18, 1938 (Wednesday)
First general orchard smudging of the season opened in the upper and central Rogue River valley early this morning when the mercury dropped to 33 degrees and as low as 27 degrees in some spots.

30 YEARS AGO
May 18, 1928 (Friday)
Construction is under way this week on the new \$30,000 one-story building which will house the new A. W. Walker dance pavilion.

40 YEARS AGO
May 18, 1918 (Saturday)
George Maddox of Medford leaves this afternoon for Chicago where he joins the Red Path Lyceum Bureau Opera company.

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

1. Did Casey hit a home run or did he strike out?
2. If you travel on the earth until your watch registers two hours fast, have you been going eastward or westward?
3. Did St. Paul visit Bithynia and Egypt?
4. In which chain of islands are Kiska and Attu?
5. What national business organization did Eric Johnston serve as president?
6. Name the character in Greek mythology who fell in love with his own reflection in a pool?
7. Quetzalcoatl was a god of what people?
8. There are mosquitoes in Alaska; true or false?
9. What did Little Jack Horner eat?
10. By what nickname is Portland, Oregon, known?

Answers: 1. He struck out. 2. Westward. 3. No. 4. The Aleutians (Alaska). 5. U.S. Chamber of Commerce. 6. Narcissus. 7. The Aztecs. 8. True. 9. Christmas Pie. 10. The Rose City.

Time To Take Stock

As expected, the query as to why the United States is so disliked throughout the world, presented in our last offering, was quickly—and to the communicant—satisfactorily, explained, to wit:

"SOVIET RUSSIA."

That's all there is to these outbursts of hostility and hatred from the grass-root masses, of large sections of the globe, and we are told the fact that Vice President Nixon was the chief victim, proves it.

WELL we wish fervently that was true. It would be a great relief to know, that but for the machinations, infiltrations and exhortations, of Russian agents throughout the world, supplemented by inflammatory radio broadcasts from Moscow, the USA would now be enjoying the good will, respect and affection, that the country did enjoy, only a few years—comparatively speaking—ago.

THAT would, we believe, take a great load from the mind of the present administration. For hostility that has no roots, is merely the result of clever, false and persistent propaganda, can be successfully challenged and eventually overcome. Enmity on the other hand, that is native so to speak, that has merely been exploited by outside influences, but not produced by them, presents a much more serious and difficult problem.

That President Eisenhower shares this view, and sees something more than "Russia" in the picture, was clearly brought out in his press conference last Wednesday. He put not communism, but envy and jealousy as probably the chief exciting causes.

THE Oregonian however—which incidentally has increased in editorial stature tremendously in recently months—has made the best summation of the situation with particular reference to the "Nixon incident" that we have seen to date. Here is its conclusion:

It is natural to distrust the rich and powerful, but that is not the complete answer. We have not stood squarely on the principles of freedom and justice which we claim are our guides. We have dealt with dictators in Latin America and elsewhere when that appeared to be to our advantage. We have given our assistance where it might pay us best in military and economic returns. Latin Americans feel we have taken them for granted while we have sought the favor of Europeans, Asians and Africans.

As President Eisenhower is said to be, most Americans are hopping mad at the insults to Vice President Nixon, the flag and our country generally. But let us cool off enough to take a good look at our foreign policy and then stand by our principles, come spite or medals of honor.

That is excellent sense.

Of course under the circumstances a "hoop-la" hero's-welcome for the chief victim of the disgraceful mob actions in South America, Richard Milhous Nixon, was natural—moreover it was deserved as the envoy of US neighborliness and goodwill, did behave very well under extremely trying circumstances.

But it should not end there, as the Oregonian adds, quote:

It is a frustrating experience to be top dog . . . to be caught in the middle and clobbered from both sides. Isolationists will make much of the apparent failure of our world-wide good neighbor policy, thanks for which are expressed in showers of stones, garbage and spit on our vice president and in burning of our books.

We cannot say to hell with it, however, and retire to our own half-continent. To do so would be to hand the rest of the world over to communism and eventually to withdraw away from lack of the oil, strategic metals and other necessities we must obtain from our neighbors. Our country soon would be easy prey to the Communist Empire.

We cannot say, either, that the violence against us was merely a Communist plot to make us look bad. That Communists stirred up the mobs in South America and in Lebanon is clear, but there had to be resentment against us for the Reds to ignite. We must ask ourselves why so many hate us when we have been so generous.

THAT is what was emphasized in our Thursday editorial when we cited the sad and frustrated lament of Alec Guinness at the tragic ending of "The Bridge on the River Kwai."

"What have WE done," that has been so wrong, so mistaken, so inept that the peoples not of one or two countries, but so many, should hold us in such low esteem?

It is easy and comforting to come up with a scape-goat and blame it all on Communism.

But the real lesson that such an experience as the Vice President endured teaches, will be lost, if as President Eisenhower intimates, and the Oregonian advises, we don't pause long enough to take a sharp look at our hole-card, and perhaps with the aid of the best corps of international psychiatrists obtainable, find out what other reasons than Russian intrigue have caused such a "decline and fall" from the enviable position this Great Democracy once held, in world opinion.—R.W.R.

De Gaulle Versus Stassen

General de Gaulle and Harold E. Stassen are as far apart temperamentally as they are geographically, but as this is written they have one thing in common.

They have both come to the end of the road. Their "zero hours" have arrived. It is for them both either to return to power or oblivion.

General de Gaulle has announced he is ready to take over the government of France, Mr. Stassen is making his final appeal to the Republicans of Pennsylvania, to name him their candidate for Governor on Tuesday.

If either of them fails that is the finish—

Dennis the Menace



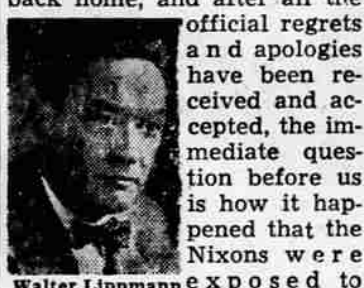
"BOY! ARE YOU PEOPLE EVER MISSIN' A GOOD MOVIE ON TELEVISION!"

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

DAYS OF TROUBLE

Washington—Now the Vice President and his wife are back home, and after all the official regrets and apologies have been received and accepted, the immediate question before us is how it happened that the Nixons were exposed to these outrages.



Walter Lippmann exposed to these outrages.

It is manifest that the whole South American tour was misconceived, that it was planned by men who did not know what was the state of mind in the cities the Vice President was to visit. For what has happened should never have been allowed to happen, and those who are responsible for the management of our relations with South America must answer to the charge of gross incompetence.

It is essential that this charge be investigated either by the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate or, perhaps preferably, by a panel of specially qualified private citizens. We must fix and we must correct the causes which led our officials into this fiasco—into what would not be exaggeration to call a diplomatic Pearl Harbor. Unless and until this is done, there is no chance that we shall profit by the lessons of this bitter experience. We must know why the planners of the trip were so ignorant, so ignorant about so many countries, so ignorant of what it is suitable and what it is not suitable for the Vice President of the United States to do when he goes abroad.

Before we can do anything to improve our position in Latin America, we must deal with those who have made such a mess of our position.

It is almost certainly a coincidence that simultaneous crises in Lebanon and in Algeria and in each there have been violent manifestations against the United States. In South America the hostility which has been shown is directed primarily at our own acts of omission and commission. In Lebanon and in Algeria we

are not principals but are entangled in the quarrels of others.

About Lebanon the evidence is not clear but there are grounds for suspecting that there are Syrians and Egyptians who are intervening in a bitter internal struggle which centers on the reelection of President Chamoun. There are reports that as many as 500 have infiltrated themselves into Lebanon. The violence they are perpetuating has a strong resemblance to the raids—for the present suspended—against Israel.

So far as we are concerned, it is clear enough that the Eisenhower Doctrine, which has a lot of fine print underneath its resounding declaration, does not apply. The Lebanese case is one for the United Nations, it may be for a special session of the General Assembly.

The events in Algeria are the most important of all. They may well be the central crisis in the North African story, the crisis which leads either to catastrophe or to the beginning of recovery. Until now there has never been a government in Paris which was strong enough to win the Algerian war or strong enough to negotiate a settlement of the war. The center parties in France, which lie between the Communists on the left and the semi-Fascists on the right, have been paralyzed by a very powerful minority composed of the French settlers in Algeria, the vested interests in France which do business there, and portions of the French Army.

In the present crisis, the adventurous and extremist wing of this minority have seized power in Algeria and are attempting to impose their Algerian policy on the government in Paris. It is hard to see how this issue can be compromised, as it was a little while ago when the Tunisian town of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef was bombed and the Paris government did not dare to disavow the act. For then the defiance of the French government was concealed. Now the defiance is open and avowed.

So there is at issue now the sovereignty of the French Republic.

for the foreseeable future at least.

If either succeeds, they will enjoy a political resurrection which for the French general would be reminiscent of Napoleon's return from Elba; and for Stassen would be somewhat akin to Grover Cleveland's return to the White House after his defeat for a second-term.

THE result as of this writing is in the laps of the gods.

We can have our hopes however.

We hope for the sake of France and the world that General de Gaulle's proclaimed "coup d'etat" dies abornin'; and while we have no such concern about ex-Governor Stassen, we rather like the guy in spite of his occasional lapses in good judgment, and hope he wins the GOP nomination.

ONE thing can certainly be said in Stassen's favor. He doesn't lack courage, resourcefulness or determination.

He is taking on one of the strongest and best-oiled party machines in the country, with insufficient funds, no Upper Bracket backing—a sort of Yankee political Don Quixote, fighting the orthodoxy of a reactionary conservatism, instead of the windmills of a decadent chivalry.

WE DON'T know who his Sancho Panza is—perhaps the driver of Harold's delapidated Ford—but whoever he is we wish him and his boss well.

As so often happens—too often perhaps—we just can't resist the appeal of the "under dog."

—R.W.R.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE BEACONS ARE LIGHTED

Washington—In older days, beacon fires burning on the hilltops brought the news of danger and disaster. But now the warning is conveyed by the smoke of incendiary libraries of the U. S. Information Service.

There is very surprising, to be sure, about the shocking developments in South America, in Algeria and in the Lebanon. Those who followed these situations had long foreseen trouble of this sort, just as those who followed the Soviet and American rocket-development programs long foresaw the Soviet triumph with the Sputnik.

Indeed, the Sputnik and the orgies of violence in Algiers, Caracas and Beirut have a major point in common. Both unmistakably revealed an already existing state of affairs that had been hidden from the American people. The Sputnik disclosed the loss of the American military lead in the Eisenhower years. The more recent events disclosed the comparable loss of the American political lead, in the same period.

THIS loss of our political lead is no localized phenomenon, either. Within the last fortnight, pro-Communist forces have made important gains in Indonesia. They have won a striking electoral success in Laos, which will effect Laos's bigger South East Asian neighbors. And they were actually trying to set fire to still another U. S. S. I. library in Burma (for once in a way unsuccessfully) at the very moment when Vice President Nixon was showing such courage under attack in Venezuela, halfway 'round the world.

Furthermore, the putsch in Algeria and, only a little less directly, the disorders in Lebanon, threaten the very heart of the Western Alliance. Because of Algeria, France's future role in the Alliance is now an open question. Because of the explosion in Lebanon, the Middle Eastern oil-jugular of Britain and the rest of Western Europe may perish.

In this respect, indeed, these lurid events most emphatically differ from the Sputnik, which only revealed the existing state of affairs without greatly changing it.

CONSIDER, for example, the very great and very terrible changes that are likely

to occur if the crisis in Lebanon is not brought under control.

The President of Lebanon, Camille Chamoun, is now living a familiar pattern. In 1952, Chamoun's predecessor, President Bechara El Khoury, was seeking to amend the Lebanese constitution so that he could succeed himself in office. On that occasion, groups friendly to Chamoun demonstrated against the constitutional change. The Lebanese Army Commander, Gen. Shehab, held aloof from the struggle. So Bechara El Khoury had to flee the country for a while, and Camille Chamoun was elected to the presidency.

In the present instance, Camille Chamoun is seeking the same constitutional change for the same purpose. The same Gen. Shehab, as these words are written, is pleading that arthritis prevents him from taking strong action. But now the disorders are the direct result of a flagrant attack on Lebanese independence by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser; and of Chamoun is defeated, it is Nasser who will win the real victory.

AS ONE of the West's stoutest friends in the Arab world, Camille Chamoun furthermore has an importance that Bechara El Khoury altogether lacked. Another leading Western friend in the Middle East, King Saud of Saudi Arabia, has already succumbed to Nasser's attacks. If Nasser can also pick off Chamoun in the Lebanon, the chain reaction will almost certainly become quite uncontrollable. King Hussein of Jordan, the government of Iraq and every other Western friend in all the Middle East will be at once exposed to the most deadly peril. And if these friends are lost, the oil-jugular will be cut.

Western and American interests are similarly threatened in almost every other quarter of the globe at the moment. There is no use blaming "Communist agitators," either, for all these many perils.

The plain truth is that the peril might have been avoided, or at least contained by greater, wiser and bolder American leadership. Despite many previous errors of policy, the United States still stood at the head of the world in 1952. Despite the great losses since 1952, the United States can again stand at the head of the world, given the needed leadership—which could well be provided, in this reporter's opinion, by Vice President Nixon. But the end of the road is now clearly discernible, if we go on as we are going.

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Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name is permitted 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.

From Bishop Dagwell

To the Editor: On behalf of the board of directors of the Rogue Valley Memorial hospital, I wish to express our appreciation for the splendid publicity you have given the hospital, not only at the time of its dedication ceremonies, but throughout the period of the financial campaign.

We are conscious of the fact that this channel of communication has been very helpful in avoiding some misunderstandings in the community and also in promoting good will for our hospital.

Benjamin D. Dagwell,
The Diocese of Oregon,
1200 N.W. 23rd ave.,
Portland.

Project Not "Slums"

To the Editor: There has been quite an amount of discussion concerning the elimination of the Jackson County Housing project. As a tenant, I would like to state my opinion.

The only half-way reasonable argument we can get when we start discussing this problem with the authority is that it was built during wartime to ease the housing shortage and has now served its need and should now be torn down.

I disagree with this wholeheartedly for these reasons: At present the way prices, employment, wages and the rent situation stands in Medford, they should consider building some more of these projects. These so-called pressure groups floating around fighting to have it torn down better sweep off their own back steps before calling this project a slum district, fire hazard or any other of their pet names. I contend that if they want to tear this project down because it's not fit to live in, they had better go one step farther for the people's and the city's benefit and inspect some of the rentals and for sale property that are advertised, and tear them down,

too, because a good share of them are in far worse shape and away out of reason on price.

If they think they aren't making any money on this housing project, wait until they get their park and start paying taxes and up-keep. Or do they plan on the people who were evicted from the project doing this for free for the privilege of sleeping in their wonderful park? When we people in this project want to slumming we go looking at some of these rentals or for sale jobs and that's mighty expensive slumming!

R. S.
(Name on file).

Thanks and Farewell

To the Editor: My family and I wish to express our thanks and appreciation to the friends and acquaintances we leave behind in Medford. The appointment to the U.S. National cemetery at Baltimore for superintendent training gave such short notice we were not able to see all our friendly folk to say "Sayonara."

Our good neighbors on Euclid, our business contacts with Medford's merchants, and my office associates, the faculties at Medford High, Hedrick Junior High and Roosevelt annex schools—these and others made our too-short stay in Medford one for pleasant memories.

Lt. Col. John E. Johnson and Family,
Formerly of Medford.

Adventure of a Miner

To the Editor: This is the story as told to me by an old friend who for two years was a partner of the famed prospector named Ed Schiefflen, only a few weeks prior to the latter's last rich discovery, made while camped at a cabin on the head of Days Creek in southern Douglas county in May, 1897.

As a small lad, young Ed came to southern Oregon with his parents from Pennsylvania

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A large bird (it looked like a vulture) gave the occupants of a Volkswagen quite a start the other day as they were driving in the Sams Valley area. The car stopped at a crossroads, and the bird started spiraling down toward it. They thought it might have mistaken the we car for a small brown rodent.

Speaking of small foreign cars, they can come in handy, sometimes. We have been told of the driver of one of them who was zipping along a country road, and started to pass another, larger car, just as a truck pulled out of a side road, and headed right for him.

He held his breath, and squeezed in between the car and the truck.

We have also been told about a woman—a county employee—who is thinking about going on a three-day horseback trip. She has never ridden a horse before.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Well! Well!
So the Russkies have another Sputnik out in space!

A BIT of advice:
Let's keep our hats on this time. We know now that the Russkies fizzle as often as we do. They kept their early fizzles a secret—but, like all secrets, it leaked out.

But—
Let's give 'em credit. This one's a big one. It weighs a ton and a half . . . maybe. That's a lot of Sputnik.

If you can learn to shoot a .22 rifle, you can learn to shoot a BIG BERTHA. And don't forget that a WELL DIRECTED .22 rifle bullet will kill just as dead as a half-ton shell from a Big Bertha.

A good slogan for Americans in these parlous days:
THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!

If we tackle the problems of this hair-trigger modern world in that spirit we'll come out all right.

SPEAKING OF PROBLEMS:

In these days when the news is full of French names, pity the poor rad announcer. For example: We of the newspaper just printed the name of the latest French premier—PFLIMLIN. The radio boys have to try to PRO-NOUNCE IT.

It can't be done—by anybody but a Frenchman, that is. It contains two of what the French call "nasals," and a French nasal is impossible for anything but a French throat.

A SUGGESTION:
Just call it FLAM-LAM and let it go at that. He'll have to take it on the lam sooner or later anyway.

(1854 and settled on a donation land claim in section 27 for about one mile south of Woodville, now Highway 99, Rogue River, where he grew up and went to school. (There is a gulch near there named for him).

Being of a romantic nature, endowed with adventure and having an older brother working as a miner in Arizona, Ed's thoughts turned to journeying to the new frontier where a scouting party was under orders to form in routing some bad Indian renegades south of the north border.

After serving as a civilian scout, "Big Ed," as he was called, began his career as a full time prospector. While searching in the Tombstone hills, he was told later by the head scout, "All you will find is your tombstone." But being optimistic and not easily discouraged, he finally filed on three claims at Tucson and later got his brother and a partner to grubstake him, and the three set to work to develop some of the richest silver mines ever to be discovered.

After selling out for a million dollars each, 20 years later, Big Ed returned to Woodville again for the last time, where he had driven in a four-horse Concord stagecoach, and later to Roseburg, finally to Day's creek alone.

Probably Big Ed kept his rich find well covered up as there is no record to our knowledge of the strike ever being found or re-discovered yet. Ed's young friend always believed the gold quartz was found on the Myrtle creek slope.

Big Ed Schiefflen's body was buried at Tombstone, Ariz., among the hills he labored in, and that made him famous as a prospector.

Bert Kissinger,
520 Boardman,
Medford.

fore. Our farm editor comments that, if she does, one thing is for sure—the taxpayers won't have to worry about her being on her toes—well, her feet anyway—for some time afterward.

The city council last week was rapidly moving through a large number of routine street-paving ordinances. Since they are all well-studied by the professional staff, and the councilmen are usually familiar with them, they are ordinarily passed with little further consideration and less debate.

Any one, one of the councilmen came to with a jerk, last week, when he found he'd voted for a new street in front of his home. Realizing he'd have to pay a paving assessment, he was last heard plaintively talking to his colleagues, "Now let's talk this one over a little more."

At another official city meeting—this one of the budget committee—members were discussing an item of \$2,000 for repainting the exterior of the city hall and repairing windows. One member asked, "Would it be the same as it is now—white?" City Manager Bob Duff noted, in a quiet voice, that the building is green. It has been for several years, too.

A young man in our office sat down at the counter of a local cafe the other day, and fell into conversation with two small youngsters seated nearby. He reports that he learned four things:

1. That when the counter stools are spun, they "cry"; 2. That they would like to own their own restaurant so they could get as many hotdogs, hamburgers and ice cream cones as they wanted free; 3. That mommy's cooking is good but not as good as that in restaurants; and 4. That they were having malts while daddy is "taking a beer."

"Man cannot live by bread alone," a minister was teaching his Sunday school class of junior high and high school youngsters recently. After a short talk, he asked them if they knew what is better than bread. "Meat" was the reply.

A man was arrested on a charge of shoplifting recently, and was taken to the police station where the arresting officer started making out the property-room tag for the stolen goods taken in evidence. These included instant coffee, wine, beer, a jar of cherries, and a cucumber.

As he was working, the suspect casually reached out, took the cucumber, and bit a large chunk out of it before the officer could stop him. Sadly, the officer erased "one cucumber" on the property report, and carefully wrote in "one used cucumber."

As a post script, it could be noted that the suspect pleaded innocent, and his trial was set for June. Officers now are wondering what sort of shape the "used cucumber" will be in to present as evidence at the trial.

A young man who hasn't yet noted his first wedding anniversary declares that those women who complain that the old-fashioned type of bedstead isn't good enough, should rest happy. He states it is a common complaint that the modern low-slung bed is the kind where the bed-slats keep falling out.

A farmer in the Phoenix area got meat on the table the easy way, and at the same time got rid of one of the birds which had been raiding his garden.

As he went to do his milking, he saw a crow sitting on an electric fence. He walked up to it. It didn't move. He tapped it with a stick, and the bird toppled off the wire to the ground—dead.

A local photographer about whom we have heard received a hurry-up assignment on a Saturday afternoon recently. Forgetting that his youngsters had been washing the car, he grabbed his camera and backed swiftly down the driveway. He heard and felt a substantial "thunk" as the rubber hose, tied to the bumper, stretched to the limit and broke.

A father we know undertook to assist his son with his spelling home-work, after the lad had brought home some unsatisfactory grades in that subject. The father drilled him and drilled him, each evening for several days.

Came the day of the test, and the boy missed only one word—the word which the father had misspelled on his drill-sheets.