

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE . . .

Rice Mountain Lodge, N.Y., May 21 — Back in the land of 1,000 lakes—where we spent several weeks a year ago. The season is very backward here, the deciduous trees are a skimpily green (not leafed out), the fields near-lakes, and we arrived in a cold windy rain. One compensation—it is too cold for the midges and the deer flies.

As the rules of family protocol demand Miss Maria MacArthur called on us accompanied by her mother, oldest sister and the new station wagon. Being no expert on babies, particularly when they are three weeks old, we had to leave the verdict up to "older gals", assembled, including Mrs. McKee, our hostess, who has three grown children of her own.

Greatly to our surprise! the verdict was "innocent"—sweetly innocent—and amazingly alert as well as beautiful. Unlike most babies at that age she has turned herself over three times, and takes a great interest in other members of the animal kingdom not excluding her grandparents. She prefers the feminine sex however—that won't last more than 16 years—and proceeded to greet grand-pappy as the South Americans greeted Richard Milhous Nixon, with a spittle-coated sneer, and then a rebel yell.

However it was easily explained—the poor dear had not had her 6 o'clock bottle, and quickly realized when embraced by the only member of the male sex present she could expect no nourishment from him. So the young lady, not only beautiful but spirited, registered a natural protest.

We still haven't been able to figure out why when a candidate for office in Oregon withdraws from a race but fails to get his name off the ballot, he always gets more votes than anyone expected he would, had he stayed in. Don't most of the voters read the papers, and consequently don't realize the man they are voting for can't be elected? Or does the impulse proceed from some sort of perverse resentment against the candidate who has no competition? It has this department baffled. Perhaps Revlon could answer it.

As before the single-coach N.Y. Central train coming up here from Utica reminded us of the Barnum Cannon Ball that used to run from Crater Lake Motors to the Jacksonville courthouse. The fireman doesn't act as conductor but the conductor acts as conductor, brakeman and red-cap—very efficiently too. The single-coach does the rock and roll better than your correspondent could, but thanks to the new Diesel engine the "accommodation" makes good time.

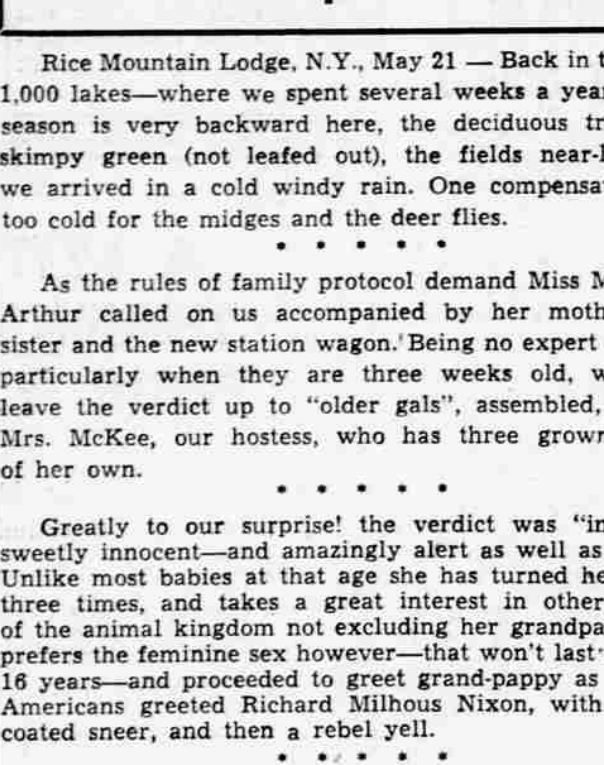
The coach was pretty well filled considering the tourist season is not on, most of the passengers dressed like lumberjacks, except a collegiate looking young man, an attractive but foreign looking young lady, and a very "tweedy" gentleman with a British accent, all bound apparently for Lake Placid or Saranac. A few years ago this train ran to Montreal, Canada, last year only to Malone, U.S.A., and now only to Lake Placid. The N.Y. Central would like to abandon the two trains, night and day, entirely, but the Public Utility Commission, like the PUC in California, recognize railroads have a public obligation and to date have refused to allow it. As there is no airplane or bus service, and not all the residents in these little villages have cars, it is hard to figure what they would do if passenger service stopped.

Speaking of trains, one evening in the City of Portland club-car a group of men were playing bridge and between hands one them praised the Union Pacific for running such a luxurious and up-to-the-minute train from Portland to Chicago. He agreed with the undersigned that it is one of the best trains he had ever ridden on, and wondered how the U.P. could afford it.

"They can't make any money on it," he observed. "No railroad makes money on their passenger trains," his partner declared, "it is only a question of how much they lose. It's mostly a matter of bookkeeping, however, for on overall operation, all the railroads—or most of them—are well in the black. I am in the railroad supply business and I know how tough the passenger business is, but one thing you can say for the U.P., they meet the problem not by reducing the quality of the service as to drive people to airplanes and buses, but by improving service, by advertising, by doing everything they can to get more passenger business."

It was too bad President Russell of the "Friendly S.P." could not have listened in to that conversation.—R.W.R.

Dennis the Menace



Why don't we buy black towels?

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

TOO COMPLACENT — Washington — After the turmoil of the past week it cannot have been easy for the Secretary of State to face a big press conference. But Mr. Dulles not only did just that. He managed somehow to convey the impression that far from being disturbed by what had happened he was, if anything, confirmed in all his views. The explosions were ripples upon the surface of a great stream on which we were moving in the right direction and with right self-confidence.

The question which dominated the conference was not what the Secretary of State would do to remedy the troubles which have exploded. That could not be expected of him. The question was whether these troubles had caused the Secretary of State to believe that anything for which he is responsible needed to be re-examined and re-appraised, and whether, thereupon, he would encourage or would discourage our people to think about what has gone wrong.

Mr. Dulles' reaction to this, which was implied in a whole string of questions, was to appear unperturbed and impassive, denying that anything very significant had happened. The net result of the press conference was an invitation to the American people not to allow themselves to be stirred up into thinking about the state of their affairs.

AS IT turned out, Tuesday was a day devoted to promoting a general move of complacent self-confidence. This was the theme of Mr. Dulles' press conference on Tuesday morning and, applied to the recession, it was the theme of the President's address on Tuesday evening. It is reassuring to have self-confidence. But is it possible to

have such self-confidence except by sweeping under the rug the harsh and disagreeable facts which worry so many of us? Thus it may well be that the recession is flattening out, and it is true, of course, that eventually there will be a rise and, no doubt, some day another boom.

But can we accept the prospect of a prolonged slump at its present level, especially as the repercussions tend to be multiplied abroad, and to aggravate the international disorder? There must be many who feel as I do that they are not made confident by seeing that the President is unworried, that they would have more confidence if they saw him worrying about the very ugly things that there are to worry about.

COMING back to Mr. Dulles, it can fairly be said that the troubles all about him are not superficial incidents which a strong man can ignore. What happened to the Vice President in Venezuela is not disposed of by saying that he misjudged the efficiency of the local police. The fact is that the Vice President had a bad reception in all the countries he visited. He was not stoned and spat upon in more than two of them. But there was bad will, and plenty of it, everywhere.

It is a mistake to minimize the basic fact that almost everywhere to the south of us in this hemisphere there is great dislike and much hostility. We are merely deluding ourselves if we pretend that only a few hoodlums led by Communists are unfriendly, and that because the Vice President and his wife behaved with courage and dignity, the incidents are closed and forgiven and forgotten.

This is to make trivial a serious business, one which demanded, so it seems to me, a sterner complaint against Venezuela, and than at home here a searching re-examination of our policy and of our record. (c) 1958, New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Washington Report

By William S. White

MIDDLING CANDIDATE — Washington — It is possible that in looking for a Presidential nominee in 1960 the Democrats may find in Senator Stuart Symington a new Missouri compromise.

The original Missouri Compromise promise, as readers of history will recall, was a settlement in 1820 involving the issue of slavery. It roughly determined what new states entering the Union could be free and what could be slave—and did not greatly please either side.

Symington, of course, is from Missouri. No slide-rule technique could establish the matter, but it is probable that he would be more popular with the public—if he should get the nomination—than with the professionals at the Democratic convention itself.

Many believe, for example, that it was one kind of non-vote, the feminine vote, that twice made heavy Eisenhower victories possible. If this be true, Symington should do pretty well—provided he got past the convention. For he is tall and fair and handsome.

His general potentialities for the Democratic nomination are not much built, however, upon personal glamour. Actually, they are more related to a striking absence of political glamour. Everything about Symington, in the political sense, is somewhat middling.

His home state, Missouri, is not quite in the North, as it is not quite in the South. Certainly not Eastern, it is just wholly Western. It is just where, so to speak, astride the middle of the country.

Symington himself has some of the political qualities of the peculiar centralism of Missouri itself. He has, for example, nearly always stayed quietly with the liberals when the chips were really down—as in the civil rights fight. Still, he has never wholly alienated the Southerners.

This no doubt has been a highly conscious circumstance. It is only fair to say, too, however, that he could hardly have done otherwise than to keep at least the toe of one foot in the Southern door if he expected to have any sort of career in the Senate.

FOR his great legislative interest has been in military

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Robert Burns, the famous Scottish poet, once implored a Power to enable ourselves to see ourselves as others see us. He seemed to think it would be good for the soul.

Well, it's happened around here, and boy, it sure is good for the soul — if not for one's morale.

Ila Grant, a reporter on the Bend Bulletin, is spending a couple of weeks on the Mail Tribune. The other day she wrote a letter back home, to another Bend reporter, and in it she told about some of the characters she'd met up with here.

We swiped the letter long enough to see for ourselves. It's too long to quote in full (and we'd get scaled if we did, anyway), but for those who might like to look in on the seamy side of newsroom life, here are a few excerpts: "Oliver asked me today, would I write a guest column for Sunday. Said I'd love to. At least SHE recognizes talent. She brought me a beautiful Peace rose today, big as a soup bowl. . . . "Showed this to Evelyn. . . .

"Then there's Bob. Photographer. Very handsome. Always back in the dark room with his hands in smelly solutions. . . . Olive runs Bob ragged taking pictures of people and things for her fabulous Sunday section. . . . "I submit map of M-T news room, to submit to architect for remodeling Bend Bulletin. . . .

Springtime, which we're into with a vengeance, is of course the time for bare feet, but a tiny lad in a nearby community reportedly went that one better, on a hot day last week, when he went bare, period.

Oh this is a sophisticated old world, this is, and it gets worse every day.

We have it on reliable authority that a young girl was offered a trip to the east coast, including a tour of New York, and a view of the fabulous Manhattan skyline. "Don't be silly, mother," she retorted. "Everybody knows a Manhattan is a cocktail!"

A member of an organization which recently elected new officers was quietly musing to himself as follows: "If they call the president prey, why shouldn't they call the secretary . . . ?"

One of our reporters tells us that the floors in the courthouse received pretty hard use last election night.

On the first floor, election board members were hurrying in with their official ballot pouches, wearing out the floor.

And upstairs, some of the incumbent office holders on the ballot this time were pacing back and forth waiting for election returns, also hard on the floor.

At one of the polling places set up in the schools of the city for the election, a determined voter (female) was looking for a telephone.

She went from one to the other, and could get none of them to work. Finally she enlisted the assistance of a member of a civics class, there to help people find their proper precinct polls, and dragged him off to the telephone to help her out. He watched as she dropped a coin into the slot, and then turned to him in triumphant disgust.

"See," she demanded. "NONE of the telephones in this school work!" He replied quietly, "I think they will if you drop in a dime instead of a nickel."

An aged dog we know about, who is 12 (the equivalent of about 84 in a human), was quietly slumbering away the mid-afternoon last week when a couple of salesmen started bothering his mistress.

He roused himself creepily, and drove the invaders away — and as she tells it, one of them was lucky to keep his leg.

Anyway, after dinner, the old dog, who usually prefers to remain outdoors, demanded to be let into the house. Apparently he felt he'd earned this much of a reward.

A recent headline in the Portland Oregonian falls, we believe, into the non-sequitur department. It said in full: "Birth Hard On Fathers."

A local dairy farmer, according to our farm editor, thinks that the best thing about his kind of farming is the fact that the animals are earning him money as he sleeps at night.

Last week he went that one better. He leased his farm, and lets somebody else do the work and worrying, too — all he does is collect the money.

Races were run at the Lincoln school at a recent holiday day, and the day before, lines were laid to form the lanes in which the runners would compete. Some of the first graders heard the talk about running between the lines, and got just a bit worried about dashing a long between rows of "lions."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE SECOND COMING — Paris — Short of a miracle in the French Chamber of Deputies, it is hard to see how Gen. de Gaulle's eventual return to power is going to be avoided.

The French parliament is not usually a miraculous body. Hence the circumstances in which Gen. de Gaulle will take power probably constitute the key problem of the French future. If he is elevated to the leadership of France by unconstitutional or anti-constitutional means, the consequences are likely to be fairly lurid. But one can at least hope for much better results if de Gaulle attains power by better means.

The foregoing conclusions flow quite directly from the logic of the present situation here in France. The surface is deceptive. Paris is calm. Paris is in full springtime glory. Paris even has a government, headed by Pierre Pflimlin, which commands a large and seemingly solid majority in the Chamber.

BUT this smiling, tranquil surface is relatively meaningless when it is weighed against two central facts. The government of Pierre Pflimlin no longer has any real authority in Algeria. And there is no visible, practical way to reestablish the supremacy of Paris over Algiers, except by de Gaulle alone.

In the feverish days since the French army in Algeria in effect proclaimed a second French government there, the key event here in Paris has been the resignation of the moderate and high-minded French Chief of Staff, Gen. Paul Ely. Ostensibly, Gen. Ely resigned because the new Minister of Defense, Pierre Cheyenne, abruptly arrested a couple of members of the General Staff without giving Gen. Ely any warning.

In fact, however, this was just the straw that broke the camel's back, as was indicated when Gen. Ely was beseeched most humbly to resume his post. He simply answered that he did not agree with the government on much larger issues than the arrest of his subordinates. Three other senior officers, beginning with Adm. Henry Nomy were then offered the post and gave the same answer as Gen. Ely. Gen. Henri Lorillot, who finally agreed to take over, is an intimate collaborator of his former chief, and only because the French armed forces could not be left headless.

ALL this implies as it was intended to imply, the virtually absolute solidarity of the French Army here in Europe.

There is, therefore, only one peaceful way out that seems to have much chance of success. This is for the civilian politicians to offer power to Gen. de Gaulle for a limited term, and for two specified purposes — to seek a solution in Algeria and to carry through a constitutional reform. No one can tell whether the General would accept such an offer, but it is certain that if he refused he would then lose much of the support he now enjoys, and this would transform the situation once again.

The Leftwing parties want nothing of the sort; the Communists are threatening a general strike. All the parliamentarians are looking for still another combination, which will somehow overcome the harsh reality of two quite separate governments in Paris and Algiers. Maybe a miracle will happen, along this unlikely line. But it is much more likely that the situation will drag on to the point of open rupture between Algeria and Paris. Then there can be very bad trouble indeed in this unhappy country. (c) 1958 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

THURSTON MORTON tells of a political campaign in which, by accident, the rival Congressional candidates met at the same time in a town with only one large auditorium. The sheriff, who had to sweep out the courthouse, told the candidates they'd have to have their meetings at the same time because he didn't intend to sweep twice in one day.

And it was up to this sheriff to introduce the candidates. He arose and said, "I want to present to you a man who, above anyone, has the welfare of each and every one of you at heart. He is devoted to our great and glorious state. He understands, as no other man, the problems of our great nation. . . . Then he turned to the candidates and asked: "Which of you polecats wants to talk first?"

Rocky Marciano recalls one fighter who had taken so many dives he had a cauliflower stomach.

—E.A.

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 25, 1948 (Tuesday) — The special county zoning measure balloted upon during the primary election Friday was defeated by 72 votes.

"Tourist Host Week," sponsored by the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce is launched with a tourist host school at Rogue Valley Country club.

20 YEARS AGO — May 25, 1938 (Wednesday) — L. L. Meadows, former local man now residing in Alaska, and his wife escaped death in a violent storm May 13, according to a Juneau paper.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: "Republicans smell a victory in November."

30 YEARS AGO — May 25, 1928 (Friday) — Yesterday with a maximum temperature of 98 degrees was not only the hottest day of the year so far, but the highest temperature recorded by the Medford weather bureau.

From local and personal column: "Commencement exercises of the Phoenix High school will be held tonight at the high school with A. C. Strange of the Southern Oregon Normal school delivering the address."

40 YEARS AGO — May 25, 1918 (Saturday) — From local and personal column: "Sheriff Jennings, having become satisfied that two barrels confiscated at a vacant farm house near Agate contained cider, has returned them."

The Olsen farm, in the Meadows district, will be sold at public auction next Saturday to satisfy judgment rendered in the circuit court.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Radio waves travel at a velocity of approximately 1,860, 18,600, or 186,000 miles per second?

2. When it is noon (Standard Time) in San Francisco, what time is it in New York City?

3. How many feet are in a statute mile?

4. Who composed the Blue Danube Waltz?

5. On which river is the headquarters of the United Nations?

6. In Roman mythology, who was Morpheus?

7. Name the longest wall in the world.

8. Tungsten is an element, true or false?

9. Which of the Great Lakes lies wholly within the boundaries of the United States?

10. Since 1860, Germany has begun five wars: Danish, Austro-Prussian, First and Second World Wars; name the fifth.

Answers: 1. 186,000; 2. 3 p.m.; 3. 5:20; 4. Johann Strauss; 5. East River, New York City; 6. The god of dreams; 7. Great Wall of China; 8. True; 9. Lake Michigan; 10. Franco-Prussian.

Os West's Plaque

Former Gov. Os West noted his 85th birthday the other day.

He can look back on a long life, much of it devoted to service to the state of Oregon. In 1903 he was named state land agent; in 1907 he became a member of the state Railroad Commission (predecessor to the Public Utilities Commission), and in 1911 he was elected 14th governor of the state.

After his one term (he did not run for reelection) he lived in Portland and practiced law until his retirement a few years ago.

HE ACCOMPLISHED many notable things during his years in state government. One of the most lasting was his successful effort to persuade the legislature to set aside Oregon's beaches as public property, reserved for the use of all the people of the state, forever.

Oregon is fortunate in this. Too many other seacoast states were not sufficiently far-seeing, and mile after mile of choice beaches are owned privately, and thus are inaccessible to their people. Oregon, in effect, has a 400-mile state park along the coast.

One of the choicest bits—Short Sands beach, just north of Neahkanie mountain—recently was renamed Os West State Park in his honor.

AND today a bronze tablet, authorized by the Oregon legislature, is being dedicated in a spot on Neahkanie mountain in honor of Os West's achievement.

The gracefully-written tribute on the plaque says:

"If silt of sand and sky and sea has given respite from your daily cares, then pause to thank Oswald West, former Governor of Oregon (1911-1915). By his foresight, nearly 400 miles of the ocean shore was set aside for public use from the Columbia River on the north to the California border on the south. This marker is erected and dedicated by the grateful citizens of Oregon to commemorate this outstanding achievement in the conservation of natural resources."

—E.A.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

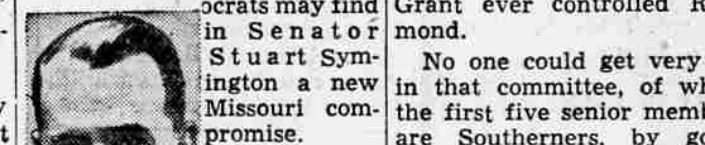
THURSTON MORTON tells of a political campaign in which, by accident, the rival Congressional candidates met at the same time in a town with only one large auditorium. The sheriff, who had to sweep out the courthouse, told the candidates they'd have to have their meetings at the same time because he didn't intend to sweep twice in one day.

And it was up to this sheriff to introduce the candidates. He arose and said, "I want to present to you a man who, above anyone, has the welfare of each and every one of you at heart. He is devoted to our great and glorious state. He understands, as no other man, the problems of our great nation. . . . Then he turned to the candidates and asked: "Which of you polecats wants to talk first?"

Rocky Marciano recalls one fighter who had taken so many dives he had a cauliflower stomach.

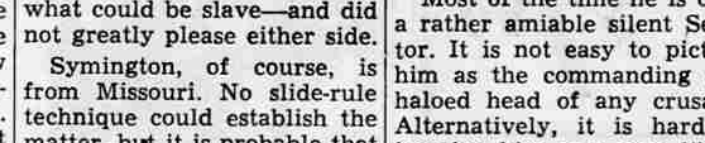
—E.A.

(c) 1958, by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.



Stuart Symington, Missouri Senator

William S. White



William S. White