

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE . . .

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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.

50 YEARS AGO
May 28, 1908 (Friday)
Jackson County Chamber of Commerce, as a result of a poll, will take no definite stand as an organization on Rogue river basin development.

The Jackson county canvassing board's count of Democratic ballots in last Friday's primary shows that W. H. Fluhrer was nominated for state senator on the Democratic ticket as well as on the Republican.

50 YEARS AGO
May 28, 1908 (Sunday)
Memorial day will be observed with special services at 11 a. m. today in the English Zion Lutheran church.

50 YEARS AGO
May 28, 1908 (Monday)
Distribution of Bosc pears subject of meeting of local growers in Medford hotel.

50 YEARS AGO
May 28, 1918 (Tuesday)
The Foley and Burk company carnival, after having spent Monday and most of today in getting settled to open tonight.

50 YEARS AGO
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From local and personal column: "J. W. Roberts of San Francisco, supervising superintendent of public buildings for the treasury department, is in town to inspect the reaping of the post office building interior."

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Editorial Correspondence . . .

Rice Mountain Lodge, N.Y., May 24—We certainly miss the Rogue climate. It feels like snow tonight and perhaps a blizzard, for the wind is blowing directly from Hudson's bay at around 50 miles an hour. Quite a contrast to a year ago at this time when the tourists were starting to arrive. No tourists this sort of weather—the fishing season has opened but no fishermen. Maria's papa caught a couple of trout yesterday after he returned from work but he has a lake all his own. We could catch a trout in our own lake—or we would sell the lake to someone who could. Perhaps tomorrow we can fish through the ice!

Speaking of fishing—it is very different here from what it used to be at Lauderdale lake, Wisconsin. In the Gay Nineties the No. 1 game-fish was the black-bass, small mouth and big. The pike and pickerel were better eating but they stuck around in the deep water, while the bass were usually under the lily-pads near shore. And when they struck—whang!—everyone including the bait knew it.

But when son-in-law caught a bass in the lake the other night he was horrified. For bass have a yen for small lake trout as they used to have for Wisconsin chubs and shiners. A few black-bass can clear a small lake of trout in a very short time, so an anti-bass campaign has started.

The air-mail from Medford has arrived in good time, some in 48 hours, but the Mail Tribune coming by regular mail has not arrived yet. This is Friday and last Sunday's paper is still somewhere en route—as a result the exact results of the primary are still in doubt. We assume except for the District Judge the judicial races came out as the MT recommended.

Sorry to learn that Harold Stassen was so badly beaten by the Pennsylvania Pretzel King in the race for the gubernatorial nomination, but that was the outcome all the experts predicted. As before remarked this will mean the end of Stassen's political career for a long time, but probably not forever. He is a persistent and stubborn Scandinavian, never backward about coming forward, and is comparatively speaking a young man. He says he will practice law in Philadelphia and still "take an active interest" in GOP politics. This defeat may save the former Minnesota some time and money, for in all likelihood Mr. McGonigle, the Pretzel millionaire, will go down to defeat at the capable hands of Mayor David Lawrence, Democrat of Pittsburgh, in November.

What little news comes in from France can't be depended upon for a strict censorship has been established. Our guess (fathered by the hope) is that De Gaulle will not stage his "return from Elba" and the Fourth Republic under a new government, perhaps will carry on until the next crisis. Crises in France are about as frequent as showers are in New York state this season.

All doubt has been removed that the undersigned is enjoying EITHER a second-blooming or second-childhood. It seems the oldest of the grandchildren is just recovering from measles and now No. 2 is down with it. The family doctor came over to the "farm" to see them and gave the other two (aged 18 months and five weeks), shots also. This seemed ridiculous but of course Grandpappy ISN'T the doctor. He did express his minority report to the young MD, however, and quipped "the next thing I suppose you will want to inoculate me."

"How old are you?" asked the doctor in his coldest professional manner. We told him.
"Well," said the doctor, "I would advise you not to take a chance. One of my children had measles a few months ago and I inoculated the other two. I overlooked my grandmother, who is 94. The next morning she came down with a terrific case, red as a lobster, including the eye lids. She recovered, but it was a close squeak."

As bad luck would have it, the rest of the family (only one male included and he asleep) overheard the conversation and you know the answer! Your correspondent has one arm in a sling as this is being written on the Smith-Corona via time-honored "pick and peck" technique.

Yes, we surrendered just to stop the "talky-talk" about always thinking of ourselves, not the rest of the family. But no shot-in-the-arm changed the editorial mind. There is no doubt whatever that had we not, at a BILLION-to-one shot, struck an MD with a 94-year-old freak for a grandmother, the verdict would have been exactly the reverse. (How about it D. I.?)

As far as climate is concerned Tucson, Arizona, and Saranac, New York are as far apart as the poles. But medically they have had similar experiences as far as TB is concerned. Forty or 50 years ago victims of this disease were sent by the thousands to these two places for treatment and many cured. Then according to local lore one of the most famous "TB" specialists in the country, who with scores of his contemporaries had established a large—and for years very prosperous—sanitarium at Saranac Lake decided "TB" could be as successfully treated at home as in Arizona or Upper New York. That was the blow that killed the goose that laid the golden eggs here, but thanks to the climate and the tourist trade, it failed to stop the sensational growth of Tucson and Phoenix.

Motored over to Saranac this afternoon for a bit of shopping and to mail some letters. Had a brief talk with a clerk in one of the drug stores. Like the taxi-man in Utica he was very pessimistic about business conditions in spite of Mr. Eisenhower's "unprecedented prosperity."

The taxi-man said the textile industry, one of the major sources of income there, had practically quit and moved south, while the factories (largely electrical appliances) only worked three days a week, and were chock full of inventories. He was convinced the next census would show a marked drop in population in Utica.

The drug-clerk feared the same result as far as population is concerned. But his chief concern seemed to be Woolworth had closed out and moved away. He said Woolworth only moved away from a chosen site when the town failed to grow or had started to go down hill. We noted that the A&P and Newberry's were still going (strong, apparently,) but that did not seem to cheer him noticeably.

Exactly 50 years ago—in 1908—a terrific forest fire destroyed the timber in this area covering 60,000 acres. No sign of it today. In fact it takes a pine tree about half a century to mature, which accounts for the rehabilitation. Even so the forest looks skippy and rather forlorn compared to those around Medford and Southern Oregon. A factor must be the shallow and sandy soil. The banks along the paved highway show no signs of dark or even light brown or reddish loam, solid sand and gravel banks mile after mile. Not far away, however, particularly to the north, there are some very prosperous looking farms. We wager there isn't one in a hundred without large and impressive looking TV antennae.

Speaking of "TV" most of the sports programs here come via Montreal—and as previously remarked in this column, we skip most of TV except sports. Last Wednesday there was a fairly good light heavyweight go between the champion of France and England, and some promising and very tough fisherman from New Foundland. The latter won by sheer brute strength and ignorance. As usual we were rooting for the under-dog, overweighted and sporting—all of things—a handle-bar mustache! Too bad K-B-E-S misses the Wednesday night fights. They are almost always good—perhaps under the new dispensation they will get them.

That arm doesn't feel so good, but as yet no sign of measles, a silly disease.—R.W.R.

Dennis the Menace



"I'LL SAY SOMETHING IN THIS EAR AND YOU SEE IF IT COMES OUT OF THAT ONE."

Big Victory for Tito Seen In Latest Feud with Kremlin

By CHARLEES M. McCANN
UPI Foreign News Analyst
It looks as if President Tito of Yugoslavia has won a big victory in his latest feud with the Soviet Russian Communist party. It looks also as if the reason is that Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev has won a victory over the "Stalinists" in the ruling Russian Communist party presidium and central committee.

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 an eye to clarification and concision. 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.

An Earthquake Needed?

To the Editor: I have no desire to boast as an "I Told You So" with a slight exaggerated ego. But the gospel truth is that 21 years ago I visited a slaughter house and the cruelty I observed forced me to think deeply. "Why should I, as a Christian, do something which is the direct cause of this terrible cruelty," and from that time to date, no meat has entered my mouth. (21 years).

Blamed Lack of Discipline

To them, Tito's revolt was unforgivable. They wanted no independents in the Communist movement. From their viewpoint, they were right. The revolts in Poland and Hungary, and the general loosening of discipline in all Communist countries which followed Khrushchev's liberalization campaign showed how dangerous a relaxation of Red dictatorship can be.

LIKED RIDE

Copenhagen—(UPI)—U. S. Ambassador Val Peterson, known here as the bicycle-riding ambassador, is now the flying ambassador also. Peterson Tuesday broke the sound barrier as a passenger in a F-100F Super Sabre jet. Afterwards he said "it was a fine ride."

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

AN OLD FRIEND of Ed Gardner complained bitterly that his wife was making his life a hell on earth. "How long have you been married?" asked Gardner. "Twenty horrible, unbearable years," groaned the friend. "Why don't you leave her?" asked Gardner. "I'd have walked out long ago," admitted the friend, "but I just can't bear the thought of kissing her good-bye."

A movie producer, anxious to place a writer under contract, gave him a personal tour of the studio, concluded his pitch with, "Besides everything else you rate a substantial pension when you reach 65." "How," speculated the writer, "do you live to be 65 in a madhouse like this?" Replied the producer, "Overnight."

Then there was the saloonkeeper who discovered some choice liquor he had imported from Russia was way below par. He just poured ale on the troubled vodka.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

San Francisco, where this is written, is changing—as is all the West. The change, in part, is due to the rapidly rising tide of population that is transfiguring the West as a whole, shrinking down the wide open spaces and swelling the cities.

In other part, it is due to the fabulous change that has been wrought in all of America by the automobile, which make it possible for Americans to do their living miles and miles from where they do their working. This change isn't confined to the West; it is going on all over America. It is beginning to make itself felt in Western Europe, where automobile ownership is rising swiftly.

THERE was a time—and it wasn't very long ago—when San Franciscans were an apartment-dwelling tribe. In those days, they bought their groceries in little corner

stores and carried them home in a paper bag. They either walked to work or came down town in the street car.

Now they live in suburbs all the way from Santa Rosa in the north of San Jose in the south and fight their way in to the city over freeways crammed with whizzing, whirling, fender-banging traffic, and they buy their groceries out near where they live.

ALONG with the automobile and the freeway and the overflowing parking lot has come the five-day week—which, perhaps, is changing what up in the State of Jefferson we call "The City" as much as all the other influences put together in the sticks, Saturday night was Binge Night. Not any more.

In all but the retail places, the doors are closed at 5 o'clock on Friday. When comes that magic hour, the factories, the wholesale establishments and the offices shut up shop and the occupants thereof stream out of the town for a bit of relaxation.

The net result of it all is that the entertainment spots are crammed until the walls bulge on Friday night. The reason for the change in binge nights is that when the suburbanites get home to their lawns and their gardens and their week-end accumulation of do-it-yourself chores they're much to weary come Saturday night to dress up and go out for a night on the town.

So... in the Big Towns... Saturday night is coming to be almost Quiet Night.

SO MUCH for the fluffier side of life. There are changes also in the business side of San Francisco's life. They are SIGNIFICANT changes.

FOR example: In the first three-quarters of a century of its existence, the life of the city of San Francisco centered around the fantastically wonderful PORT of San Francisco. To the Great Bay came the ships of all nations. Here they could lie safe at Anchor while they discharged the cargoes they had brought and took on the cargoes they were to take away.

The cargoes they took away in those days were basically RAW MATERIALS—hides, grain, timber, etc. The cargoes they BROUGHT BACK were finished products.

That is to say: Those were the days when the West was in effect a COLONIAL DEPENDENCY. It sold raw materials at low prices and bought back finished products at high prices. Its selling prices were low and its buying prices were high because it had to PAY THE FREIGHT BOTH WAYS.

THOSE days are past. The west now has a balanced economy of its own. San Francisco bay is now ringed by factories that use the raw materials of the eleven Western States, and sell their products in the eleven Western states. The clustered millions that live around the bay provide markets for Southern Oregon and Far Northern California.

A new economic day is dawning in the Far West. Another too familiar feature of this protectionist drive has been scare stories. One had it that 28 plywood plants had been shut down following failure to get Tariff Commission help. A careful check showed 9 still operating, 3 destroyed by fire, 3 never existed, 4 had been consolidated with other operations and production increased; others had closed because timber supplies were depleted or because of labor trouble or lack of capital.

Yet the facts have not yet caught up with some people taken in by such stories. The plywood case may be an extreme one. But Congressmen who tend to be stamped into opposition to the reciprocal trade program would do well to examine other protectionist pleas for similar fallacies.—Christian Science Monitor.

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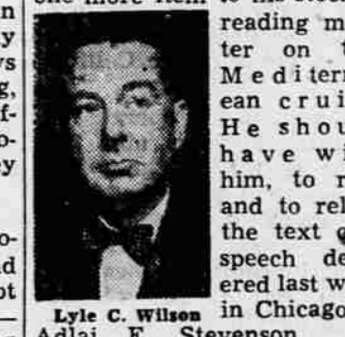
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Truman-Stevenson Relationship On Pleasanter Plane

Washington—(UPI)—Harry Truman should have added one more item to his stock of reading matter on that Mediterranean cruise. He should have with him, to read and to relish, the text of a speech delivered last week in Chicago by



Lyle C. Wilson

Adlai E. Stevenson. In it, Stevenson seemed to be trying to make amends for the slights and indignities which Truman thinks he suffered at Stevenson's hands in the 1952 presidential campaign. That was the year Truman hand-picked Stevenson to be the Democratic presidential nominee, and what happened?

What happened is set down in plain words in the second volume of Truman's memoirs. There are paragraphs of real praise for Stevenson in that book, and for some of his campaign performance. The praise goes flat, however, under pressure of other Truman paragraphs of which these two are a sample:

"But, Stevenson's attitude toward the President (Truman) whom he hoped to succeed was a mystery to me for some time, and I believe Stevenson made several mistakes. Whether this was due to the urgings of his advisers or bad information or perhaps to the contagion other good citizens were suffering as a result of reading the anti-Democratic press, I do not know.

First Mistake
"The first mistake he made was to fire the chairman of the Democratic National Committee (Frank E. McKinney of Indiana whom Truman had put in that job) and to move his campaign headquarters to Springfield, Ill., giving the impression that he was seeking to disassociate himself from the administration in Washington and, perhaps, from me. How Stevenson hoped he could persuade the American voters to maintain the Democratic party in power while seeming to disown powerful elements of it, I do not know."

There was more, adding up to evidence that Truman felt that Stevenson was brushing off the Truman administration as unfit and unclear. Truman also faulted Stevenson for failing to cooperate with the big city Democratic machines — for a slip of the tongue in which Stevenson had referred to "that mess in Washington!"



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JUST ARRIVED... NEW BUTTON-FREE Sealy POSTUREPEDIC MATTRESS

Set for Warm Springs
Portland—(UPI)—The Interior department said today a notice of intention to remove a ban on road building in a large area of the Warm Springs Indian reservation will be published soon.

The department shortly before World War II ruled the 105,000-acre area in the Mt. Jefferson region should remain in wilderness condition, with roads and trails prohibited. The Indians have urged that roads be permitted in the area to improve fire protection.

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