

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight 'o Time
Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 16, 20, 30 and 40 years ago

10 YEARS AGO
June 8, 1928 (Tuesday)
The Jackson county 1928-29 budget, officially adopted, totals \$1,299,177.33.

20 YEARS AGO
June 8, 1918 (Wednesday)
Medford city council votes to award the street repair contract to Warren Northwest, Inc., Portland, low bidder at \$23,940.

30 YEARS AGO
June 8, 1908 (Friday)
An embarrassing problem to Police Chief McCredie relates to how to permit the street religious meetings to continue at prominent corners in the business district.

40 YEARS AGO
June 8, 1898 (Saturday)
Thursday, a Red Cross ice cream social will be held in the grove south of the Oak Grove school.

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

1. During World War II what was the principal military use for silk and nylon?

2. May private individuals acquire title to land in the Panama Canal Zone?

3. Is the insignia of rank of a Brigadier General in the Army a gold eagle, silver star or silver oak leaf?

4. Is the chief executive officer in the Territory of Hawaii a President, Governor, or Commissioner?

5. Does the sun revolve around the earth?

6. Does the moon revolve around the earth?

7. What is the name of the highest military decoration awarded by the United States?

8. Who are more closely related by blood; mother and daughter, or two sisters?

9. Of which European country is Lisbon the capital?

10. What is a merganser?
Answers: 1. Manufacture of parachutes. 2. No. 3. Silver star. 4. Governor. 5. No. 6. Yes. 7. Congressional Medal of Honor. 8. Two sisters. 9. Portugal. 10. A duck.

Ashland Man Cut by Power Saw at Home
Ashland—Ronald Hughes, operator of Hughes Photo Service, Ashland, suffered severe cuts on three fingers of his left hand Friday afternoon while working with a power saw at his home, the family reported yesterday.

He was reported in good condition at Ashland General hospital.

Talk Sometimes Helpful

Up in Eugene the other day, a group of men sat down, informally and unofficially, to discuss problems of the jobs they hold.

Now this happens every day, and there's nothing unusual about it.

But this meeting was rather unusual, for it was the first meeting of a sort of coordinating council, with the nine members representing the city of Eugene, the Lane county board of commissioners, the Eugene water and electric board, the University of Oregon, and the Eugene school district.

THE official relationship between these units and sub-units of government is tenuous, at best. But the unofficial relationship, the day-to-day mutual problems which need solving, and in which all have a stake, is real enough.

Matters of zoning, planning, road and street planning and construction, location of water, sewer and electric lines, problems of taxation and finance, future school sites, campus expansion, park location and the responsibilities therefore—all of these affect all the agencies involved in one way or another.

THERE are indications that this coordinating council, without any official grant of power whatsoever, may soon get around to discussing public problems ranging from what can be done for young people in the way of recreation, or law enforcement, to the official relationships of the agencies involved.

The representation on the council may eventually be expanded, according to the Eugene Register-Guard, which goes on to comment:

"Talk, we've all heard, is cheap. The 'roundtable discussions' of this coordinating council not only will be an inexpensive means of promoting better teamwork among our governmental units. They can easily lead to better bargains for the taxpayers by increasing the overall efficiency of local government."

The Guard adds: "There's no danger of the coordinating council becoming a 'super-government.' It has no governing powers, nor even official status. On the other hand, participation by all 'interested parties' could enhance the value of the council's give-and-take exchanges of information and ideas. The net benefits could do a whole lot toward improving this metropolitan area—with considerable overall tax savings."

SUCH a council is by no means a cure-all, or, really, much more than simply an intelligent step toward coordination and a means of letting one hand of government know what another is doing, so to speak.

But it is such a step. This kind of an informal council could be exceedingly helpful in Jackson county, where the county government sometimes seems to forget that there are units of government other than itself.

Actually, there are 10 incorporated cities in the county, 19 school districts, as well as the county-wide rural school district; and a number of irrigation, soil conservation, rural fire protection, water and sewer districts. In addition, state agencies (notably the state department of forestry) and federal agencies (principally the Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management) play big roles in the county's economy.

THE individuals involved in many of these governmental units know each other, and have a general appreciation of the others' problems and plans.

But this liaison is not as close as it might be, and we have an idea that an informal coordinating council, to meet periodically, might go a long way toward greasing the sometimes squeaky wheels of governmental cooperation and mutual understanding.

One would think that our legislators would be glad to attend, too, for such a meeting would be an ideal sounding board to sample the thinking of the various units.

It's worth thinking about.—E.A.

State Song Progressing

"Oregon, My Oregon," also known as "Land of the Empire Builders," the Oregon state song, is making heartening progress.

We lamented here a few months ago that no one seems to know it very well—if at all—and that it was being neglected. And it's a good tune.

Since then, we understand that at least one young men's service club in town has started singing it at the beginning of its meetings. And, according to evidence from some school-age youngsters we know, it is a part of their music repertory.

NOW we are informed that it's beginning to get through in official circles in Washington. Congressman Charles O. Porter earlier this year got in touch with the District of Columbia Federation of Musicians, and suggested that Oregon's song be played at functions where the various states are saluted by their official songs. In the past, Oregon's tribute has been a sort of undistinguished musical "bridge" which meant nothing.

As a result, the district's orchestra leaders were tipped off to this unsatisfactory situation, and at one recent function, the state's song was given a "lively and well-rendered version," Porter reports.

Which is all to the good.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I FOUND A SECRET PLACE IN DADDY'S WALLET!"

Washington Report

By William S. White

BORDER STATER

Washington — If fortune ever should put Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee into one of those smoke-filled hotel rooms where Presidential candidates sometimes are made, what would happen?

First of all, William S. White Gore would open the windows to banish the odor of cigars. Then he would raise the blinds all the way up. And if a bottle of liquor happened to be lying about, it would at once be cast away.

Albert Gore is a slight, non-cussin', non-smokin', non-drinkin' politician. (The ending "g" on any word is non-existent to him.) He looks like a collar ad. And he is about 10 times as tough as he looks.

HIS total sobriety in the highly convivial profession of politics probably is an asset in Tennessee, which has a strong temperance sentiment. Indeed, one of the most hard-handed and powerful political bosses in the history of the United States, the late Mister E. H. Crump of Memphis, was in some ways as sternly puritan as it is possible to be.

Gore, for his part, reached the Senate—via previous service in the House of Representatives—as an anti-machine candidate. A touch of the reformer has been about him ever since. This aura, like his abstention from strong drink, does not go down so well with the politicians generally as it does with his Tennessee constituents.

The Democrats as a class are a rather gay lot who feel that bourbon and Scotch are the rightful lubricants of the wheels of politics.

Though there is nothing self-righteous in him, Gore nevertheless is a little like that small boy in grammar school who was the brightest and best behaved in the room—and who invariably was unpopular among his classmates because of it.

THE Senator is, in fact, an apt illustration of the rather careless way in which life distributes its boons and shortcomings.

He has a great deal of abil-

ity along with his earnestness but is rather short of that casual touch that is so helpful in his trade.

He is a member of a more or less liberal movement in the South. And he probably typifies the kind of politician who will be required if the Democratic party in that section is ever to become a positive rather than a largely negative influence within the national organization.

He is among those Southerners, for example, who honestly wish to ease the segregation issue. He will go to some length—and run considerable political danger—in the cause of promoting Negro rights and privileges.

He is a man, moreover, ready and willing to occupy himself seriously with serious issues. He seeks no free ride on phony issues that are mainly for headline purposes; he works his passage by real study and energy.

IT IS probable that he thinks of himself as a sort of politician who will at some time lead the South away from its traditional sectionalism. Such an eventuality—and such a man—might also break the old tradition that a Southerner cannot be elected President.

If Gore does indeed ponder these possibilities, it is a perfectly rational ambition. It is, however, no doubt a bit premature. The likelihood of the notion suffers, too, in a less tangible way. Tennessee in the North is automatically considered a Southern state—and for purposes of convenience in description, it is.

But Tennessee was never all-Southern—not during the Civil War and not since. It was a bitterly divided border state in the last century and politically it is a border state still. If a Tennesseean should return one day to the White House to vindicate the memory of that state's Andrew Jackson in that office, this would not necessarily mean an end to the national apertness of the Deep South.

For such a border state candidate—Gore specifically—in the present discussion—would never be a happy choice of the Deep Southerners. They might take him as a matter of expediency, but he could never really reflect their views.

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Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

DE GAULLE IN ALGERIA

Algiers—As spectacle, Gen. de Gaulle's descent upon Algiers was something to remember. The huge, excited crowds, the display of military splendor for which the French Army has a superb knack, the stronger colorings that strong emotions somehow give such scenes—all these were there. One kept remembering the line in T. S. Eliot's poem "On a General's Triumph": "Oh the eagles! Oh the trumpets!"

But these public scenes, easily dominated by the tall, pale, impassive figure of the General, were in fact not the real drama of the occasion. The real drama began far away in Paris and continued, wholly behind the scenes, here in Algiers.

The actors were the members of the General's government, the people of his entourage, and the leaders of the movement in Algeria that precipitated the French crisis. The drama's theme was a desperate, last-minute attempt to persuade De Gaulle to make Jacques Soustelle his Minister for Algeria. Thus, De Gaulle was to give full recognition to the new state of affairs here, and even to consecrate this state of affairs which Soustelle has done so much to bring about.

SOMETIMES one wonders just how wily, just how much of a poker player Charles de Gaulle really is. For example, if his final decision had been made known when it was probably taken, on Tuesday, the heads of the Algerian Committee of Public Safety might well have made really bad trouble. It would have been easy to organize trouble in the crowds that put so much more passion, the next day, into their shouts of "Soustelle, Soustelle!" than into their acclamations of De Gaulle.

But in fact, after the final Cabinet meeting in Paris Tuesday evening, the word was passed to Algiers with seeming authority, that the General's mind was still entirely open and the great decision had yet to be made. The same word was brought back to Algiers by Gen. Salan and the other military personalities who were flown to Paris to confer with the head of the French government.

The more pessimistic leaders of the movement here in Algiers already expected the blow that finally fell. But there was still off chance, better than an off chance some said. There were also enough old Gaullists in the Algerian movement (along with an ample supply of old Petainists) to understand that De Gaulle was more likely to be persuaded by politeness than by threats. So everything was planned, everything was organized, to please and to persuade by a fine show of enthusiasm and submissiveness.

ONE can imagine the breathless moments after De Gaulle's arrival, among all the little group of persons immediately concerned, at the summer palace on its hill above the city where the General did his real work of the day. Even at the airport, the mere character of his greeting to each of his welcomers was studied with passionate attention.

Then, quite quietly at the summer palace, De Gaulle gave his answer. He himself would be his own Minister for Algeria. Gen. Salan would be his deputy on the scene. The Committee of Public Safety might continue, but as a "civilian" and not as a substitute for the public administration of Algeria.

It was not the answer desired by the new masters of Algiers. It offered no consecration, no real recognition even, of their movement. Above all, it did not make De Gaulle their "prisoner," in the sense so often predicted by the French left wing in the days of crisis in Paris. But it was the only answer that neither Soustelle, nor any of Soustelle's backers in De Gaulle's personal circle, nor indeed anyone else could possibly dare to challenge.

THERE was a magnificent irony, therefore, in the final public scene of that first day—the immense meeting in the Algiers Forum, where De Gaulle made his speech to the people. The insiders knew, by then, that the crowd would

pan increased from 13 million square feet in 1951 to 686 million in 1957—a 52 fold increase.

This year, 1958, Japan has put a voluntary quota on herself of 679 million square feet (the equivalent of the output of 12 large plywood plants), or an increase of 250

not hear the two things it wanted to hear, the nomination of Soustelle and approval en bloc of Soustelle's program for Algeria. The crowd seemed to sense its coming disappointment.

Yet the whole vast machine of enthusiasm had by now developed its own momentum. It would not be turned back. So those who were most disappointed played the parts that the occasion had, so to speak, ruthlessly allotted to them. De Gaulle was cheered for a speech, at once emotional and enigmatic, that left his hands free to seek almost any Algerian solution he considers practical and appropriate. And after the General and the dignitaries departed, a large part of the crowd remained to keep up the vain shout of "Soustelle, Soustelle, Soustelle!"

Before these words can be repeated, far more may have happened, and these things that may happen will perhaps transform the outlook. But as these words are written, it would appear that De Gaulle has recaptured full control in this deeply troubled city, without in any way entangling himself with all those forces that seemed so likely to entangle him. That, in itself, is a remarkable accomplishment.

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Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

FOR CHARLES DE GAULLE

Washington — What has happened in France illustrates a truth which I first came upon years ago in a history of the French revolution. It is that movement, usually a regime collapses of its own weakness and corruption and then a revolutionary movement enters among the ruins and takes over the powers that have become vacant.

Thus it is simply not true as some are saying that a democratic and free system of government has been overthrown by a conspiracy of Bonapartes and extremists, connived at by Generals and right wing politicians among them, Gen. de Gaulle himself. The Algerian war, which has been a military failure and in its cruelties is a disgrace to the good name of France, was presided over by a Socialist politician who owed his appointment to a Socialist Prime Minister. As respects North Africa, the authority of the French government in Paris had collapsed long before the insurrection broke out last month. As early as February, after the bombing of the Tunisian village of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, it was as plain as the nose on one's face that the Paris government was impotent to govern.

It is false, therefore, to look upon Gen. de Gaulle as the man who overthrew, or connived at the overthrow of, the parliamentary government. He has come to power because that government could no longer pretend that it was able to govern.

IT HAS been said by some that while Gen. de Gaulle himself is not a Fascist, he is an old man, like Hindenburg in Germany, who in his senility will make way for a French Hitler. All I can say is that, having seen him recently, he did not seem in the least senile to me: he was then, and he has always been, a man of extraordinary historical insight and imagination, in this respect second only, I would say, if not equal to Churchill. There is in De Gaulle no trace of the modern vulgar dictator, of the Hitler, Mussolini, Peron, or Nasser, and he has shown in his books that his mind is profound and that his style—since he uses no ghost writer—is a true expression of his mind.

There has never been any million over the greatly exceeded 1957 voluntary quota. Accordingly, it is very clear that we cannot rely upon voluntary quotas.

It seems to me that our Democratic senators and congressmen should try to stem this ever increasing tide of unfair competition. Our \$2.16 per hour minimum plywood labor cannot hope to compete with 11 1/2 per hour wage of Japan. Our workers do not ask that those who represent us in Congress prohibit plywood imports, but merely that they quit spending their time trying to justify the lack of a limit or quota.

Paul E. Geddes, Republican Nominee for Congress, 4th Congressional District, Roseburg, Ore.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A housewife who is planning to quit her full-time job outside the home, called her husband at his office the other day to report that everything went wrong on her day off. Too much bleach ruined two shirts she was washing, a cake burned in the oven, and she burned her finger.

Many more days like that, he declares, and she'll decide to keep on working at her office job.

A man whose wife is out of town for a couple of weeks had an older male relative over to dinner last week. This man, who takes pride in his culinary ability, volunteered to prepare the salad with a special dressing he knows.

The ingredients included that old salad stand-by, vinegar. Now the vinegar cruet in the kitchen was empty, so the young son of the family was sent to the store-room for a gallon jug of it. He returned with a jug, and the older man poured the proper amount from the jug into the bowl in which he was mixing the dressing.

Then he stirred—and stirred, and stirred. The liquid ingredients would not mix. Beside, there was an odd odor.

Our man came to inspect and spotted the difficulty. The jug the boy had brought did not contain vinegar—it was paint remover.

Our farm editor is a strong supporter of the efforts being made to broaden Jackson county's sadly inadequate recreational facilities, and he likes a quotation he heard from a local restaurant operator, who said, "People driving through ask me what there is to do in town, and I just don't know what to tell them."

The chief of police was on a brief, well-earned vacation last week, and several of the officers took advantage of the situation by sitting at his desk for intervals.

One such young man, in an expansive mood, seated himself in the chief's chair, leaned back importantly, and promptly fell over backward, chair and all.

He's now sporting a large bandage on his elbow, chief.

Just about every possible type of clothing shows up in the newroom, sooner or later. (We even remember one man who came in dressed up as a bear.) Our office philosopher says about the only thing we haven't seen so far this season is a man in Bermuda shorts, but he's expecting some momentarily. And he added that this just proves the old saying, "All the characters in the world eventually find their way to a newspaper office. Quite a few of them are already working there."

The city jail isn't the pleasantest spot in the world, naturally enough, but it attracted a volunteer jailbird the other day. This bird, species uncertain, flew in through an open window and refused to leave.

Chief Champlin saw it come, and head for a high perch. He couldn't identify it, but thought it was too small to be a "camp robber." One officer took a look and walked away muttering "stool pigeon."

The Rev. Thomas McCamant is getting to be a pretty regular visitor to the newroom these days. On Thursdays, about noon, he comes in with church news. On Fridays, about noon, he comes in with stories his wife has written for the society section for one of her organizations. And later in the same afternoon, he comes in with his bird-watching column. "Now I've got THREE deadlines to meet each week," he mourned.

This one we read somewhere, and pass it along for the edification of those who find the ways of women baffling.

A couple had almost decided to buy a new \$3,000 car, but thought they couldn't afford it, even with the \$2,000 which the salesman had offered them as an allowance for their car, on which they still owed \$1,000.

But the wife wanted the car, and figured out how they could pay for it, as follows: "We accept the car dealer's offer. He gives us the \$2,000 and we give him our old car. Then we go to the finance company, and pay off the \$1,000 we still owe, and then take the other \$1,000 to the dealer and pay the balance on the new car. Then we'll take the new car, and not owe anyone anything."

When last seen, the man had a slightly bemused look on his face.

From the Coos Bay World: "What America needs is not a good five cent cigar. What this country really needs—the whole world, in fact—is a good low-priced vibrator . . . Have you ever sat in a barber's chair and suddenly felt a brisk riddown of your neck spine, shoulders, neck and head? "Is there a greater boon? The vibrator brings up non-chalance from the back of the neck and adds it liberally to the cluster of words and worries floating about in the upper cranium. It shakes and dislodges them from the top of the mind. "Imagine the socially useful side effects of a nationwide swing to vibrators. It might reduce the number of bachelors, cut the divorce rate, curb baldness. "Honestly, the very idea has us all shook up."

Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initial for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words. The letters printed in this column do not necessarily represent the views of the paper; in fact the contrary is often the case.

Geddes on Foreign Trade

To the Editor: It is most gratifying to have Sen. Richard Neuberger of Portland use your columns to oppose me in my bid to unseat the Democratic incumbent Representative from the 4th Congressional District, as he did in a recent letter "to the editor."

The Senator's intervention is an indication to me that my campaign must be going well. I trust that he soon again may attempt to tell the people of Southwestern Oregon what to do.

When he does so, however, I trust that he will get his facts straight, and not misrepresent my position as he did the last time. For his information and yours, I do not oppose the reciprocal trade program and have never stated that I do.

I strongly favor foreign trade and believe that it

should be encouraged. Under present conditions, I do not favor "free trade," which would permit imports without any limitations. I have and do strongly criticize the position of my incumbent opponent which is stated in the April 24 issue of the Congressional Record. I quote him: "So far as it came, I have always been for free trade."

The position of the 4th District Congressman is also criticized by Lumber & Sawmill Workers, Local 3039, of Grants Pass and by the Western Council of Lumber & Sawmill Workers, AFL-CIO, who find that unlimited imports of Japanese hardwood plywood are affecting our local economy and losing jobs for our workmen, and have petitioned our representatives in Congress to do something about it. I agree with these Unions.

Plywood imports from Japan increased from 13 million square feet in 1951 to 686 million in 1957—a 52 fold increase. This year, 1958, Japan has put a voluntary quota on herself of 679 million square feet (the equivalent of the output of 12 large plywood plants), or an increase of 250