

Monday, June 16, 1958  
 MEDFORD, OREGON, 1958

10 YEARS AGO  
 June 16, 1948 (Tuesday)  
 Blis Hein's Junior Drum and Bugle Corps will sponsor a vaudeville show Monday, June 15.

A new city fire truck, a built-up international with a 250-gallon-per-minute pump, was brought to Medford Saturday by Fire Chief Roy Elliott.

20 YEARS AGO  
 June 16, 1938 (Wednesday)  
 Justice court jury Tuesday afternoon heard the case of Arthur George Ye Smudge, 30, charged with the rape of a 16-year-old girl in the rural area of Blackberry, who is blooming on the fence.

30 YEARS AGO  
 June 16, 1928 (Friday)  
 A good crowd of spectators J. J. Woods, the human fly, scale the north wall of the Jackson hotel.

From local and personal columns: "Medford and valley residents are urged to bring specimens of fruit and vegetables for exhibition at the Chamber of Commerce for tourist exhibits."

40 YEARS AGO  
 June 16, 1918 (Friday)  
 The exodus of school teachers from the city began on this afternoon's trains.

From local and personal columns: "The Elk Creek hatchery has received 80,000 rainbow trout eggs from the famous Madison valley, Mont., for liberating in the Rogue river."

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

- In the Bible, is a "Sabbath day's journey" a long or a short journey?
- During WW II where was the Pacific Fleet Headquarters?
- On Centigrade thermometers, what is the boiling point of water?
- Correct the following sentence: "He cannot go without he gets permission."
- Is the carotid artery in the arm, neck or thigh?
- Saccharin is a coal-tar product, true or false?
- The League of Nations had its headquarters in which city in Switzerland?
- Which U. S. territory was called "the land of the living dead"?
- James O. Eastman was inspired to write our Nation's Anthem while aboard a British ship. What was the ship's name?
- Clayton was born before or after Christ?
- Who was the first man to sail around the world?
- Who was the first man to go to the moon?
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- Who was the first man to go to the moon?

CONSIDER THIS  
 Venice, Italy—(UP)—The Venetian gondoliers of Venice won a battle for their dying trade Saturday by obtaining strict controls on motorboats which ply the city's famous canals. City officials move to limit the speed of motorboats and, effective June 15, 1958.

## Editorial Correspondence . . .

Mt. Kisco, N.Y., June 10—We are moving about from place to place almost as fast as our rented "Chevy" can go—not quite, for it's a 1958 model and can go 90 miles an hour and over without squeaking. However such short pauses are not conducive to composition or very extended observation.

In our tour of New York and New England thus far we are convinced of the following, to wit:  
 Recession jitters are on the decline.  
 Ed Sullivan on TV Sundays is also declining.  
 Joy was universal on Sunday when the "Damned Yankees" lost a doubleheader to Cleveland.

The weather this year is cock-eyed, summer is not only late in coming but the consensus is there "ain't going to be none."  
 The defeat of the "Damned Yankees" caused slightly less joy than the defeat of Senator Knowland in California caused gloom. In our travels it has been constantly apparent that the feeling in New England against the "Damned Democrats" is only approached by the feeling in the South against the "Damned Yankees."

While the above conclusions are not exactly world-shattering, they do represent in a wandering of over three weeks, the only impressions of any definite character regarding public opinion hereabouts, we have obtained.

We are now in Westchester county, New York, which is only about as far from the New Canaan-Darien area in Connecticut as Ashland is from Medford. The two districts are very similar in that they are popular places for the New York City business "elite" to reside. The nearest approach to it on the Coast would be the peninsula south of Francisco, Marin county, and Beverly Hills near L.A. New Yorkers in the upper brackets at least work in New York, but they don't live there. They live up here and of course in New Jersey and Long Island, anything to get away from the Bubbling Babylon of Greater Manhattan.

Some of them drive to their offices five days in the week, more take the train for a ride anywhere from 45 to 75 minutes, and return each evening by the same mode of transportation, at around 6:15.

On week ends most of them stay home and work around the place with a round of golf perhaps sandwiched in, and maybe a few a polo game. In short it is nice work if you can get it, and partially accounts for the fact that the population of Manhattan is slowly but surely declining and the population of the state isn't.

But it is a beautiful section of the country, and the citizenry basically are of a very wholesome and hard working type. Many are rich, some are not, but the rank and file average up about as they do in any other part of the country.

There is one marked exception—the Chamber of Commerce type does not exist. Neither here nor in the New Canaan area do the people want new industries—or in fact any industries at all. They, as communities, welcome new residents but they don't welcome corporations, side tracks, smoke stacks or what have you. They are either content with things JUST as they are, and wish to keep them as is, or they want to get new residents who will fit into the general scheme of things, and the more that come of course the higher the real estate values will go, and the more their small retail business sections will expand. In fact we never walked through a more up-to-date and attractive business section than the one in New Canaan, but it would scarcely extend further than the Medford business section from the S.P. tracks to the Bear Creek bridge. We were told that many people in this area go to shop in New Canaan—this may or may not be true—but we did drop into a men's furnishing store that might have been transported from West Wiltshire boulevard or Madison ave.

Of course where the Pacific Coast has it all over this part of the country is the climate. We wouldn't live here if we got paid for it—and we can't imagine anyone paying for it, even in counterfeit money! Everything is snowed up in the winter, and parboiled in the summer. Since our arrival it has been very nice and cool shade, but the prediction for tomorrow is for 75 degrees in the shade and humidity about the same. That adds up to more suffering for the poor pedestrian than 100 in the shade and the usual humidity for this time of year in the valley.

We note from our Oregon clipping service that Hells Canyon is dead and Senator Knowland of California isn't—politically of course.

Maybe so, but we wouldn't OK any burial service for one, or celebration for the other.

Hells Canyon legislation, per se, probably is dead, but the principle that it symbolized, namely public power as opposed to private power, isn't. Our prediction is that government aid to power projects in Oregon, if not outright ownership and federal operation, will soon be revived and give a tremendous boost to the state's economy. The basic reason will be simple, namely—only via the control or at least the participation of the government or state (or both) can the people of Oregon secure the maximum benefits potential in its tremendously valuable system of waterways. The plain truth is private power can't, by the nature of things, do the job as well.

It may take a long time to convince the people of this truth, but eventually, as we see it, it will be done.

As for Senator Knowland of California, his alibi is he only campaigned once a week before the primary but is going all out for the election. So he lost the skirmish, but is going to win the battle.

We believe the GOP Senate leader is whistling in the graveyard. He is stuffy intellectually, muscle-bound, unimaginative and hopelessly reactionary. He even supported McCarthyism and voted against the late Wisconsin senator's censure. Also he is a foe of ORGANIZED labor, even though he consistently denies it.

The more he campaigns the more clearly the people of California should see him in his true light and the less they will want him to run THEIR state.—R.W.R.

## Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"WELL, SIR," nodded the explorer, "there was that lioness, big as life, and me with no gun. So I just sat down and stared at her."

"Did it work?" asked the wide-eyed young lady.  
 "Perfectly, my dear. I haven't quite figured it out yet. Sometimes I think it may have been because the place I sat down was on the top branch of a very tall tree."

Carl Little has a neighbor in Houston who reminds friends that not all of his family have struck it rich. "There's one branch of the clan up in New York," he sighed, "that's genuinely concerning me. They live in six dinky rooms at the Waldorf."

"Color television," points out Art Linkletter, "makes all men equal. Regardless of race, creed or color, you come out purple and yellow, with green lips."

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## Dennis the Menace



"'BOUT A MILLION KEEN LITTLE CARS TO RIDE IN, AN' I HAVEN'T GOT TO BE WITH SOMEBODY THAT LIKES TO WALK!"

## Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

Algiers—Until you have lived a little in this fantastic Algerian atmosphere, events here tend to appear either incomprehensible or downright incredible. So perhaps it is more useful to try to convey the atmosphere than to analyze the individual events.

What, then, makes the atmosphere so fantastic? For one thing, of course, Algeria has been at war for more than three years. All wars have a way of heightening experience—even experience far from the front line—so that even the diners on the peaceful, lamplit terrace of the Hotel Saint George have a little the air of dancing at the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball before Waterloo.

The Algerians, God knows, are far safer than they would be in any automobile on any major highway. But the scene acquires its own inevitable drama because one sees the young officers who are also enjoying their meals in the bright evening air, and one knows they will be off on operations tomorrow and dead the next day.

TO this natural drama has now been added a political drama of surpassing fascination. And the essence of the drama is an immense moral choice by the professional officers of the French Army.

Other, more sordid actors also through the stage. There are the Algerians of French extraction, of course, who have great interests at stake. Much more important, there are also that group of men from metropolitan France who have claimed the leadership of what they call "the Algerian revolution."

This second group, headed and wholly controlled by the dark, saturnine Jacques Soustelle, has experienced a most bitter disappointment. They clearly thought they would be called to leading posts in the new government of Gen. de Gaulle. They now know that they can hope for nothing of this sort.

BEFORE de Gaulle was legally voted into power, these same men were orchestrating the shouts of the mob. "The paratroopers to Paris!" The paratroopers were then ready to obey the call and they could then have taken Paris with ease. How tempting, therefore, for this same little group to try to set the stage for a renewal of the former outcry! How they must long to fly to Paris with the paratroopers, now chanting a pious new slogan, "We must rescue De Gaulle!"

But the complex interplay of civilian interests and civilian ambitions sinks into insignificance beside the ferment in the French Army. If the Army does not march with the civilians, the latter will shortly cease to have very much importance. But what will be the Army's choice?

Ten years of unceasing, bitter, fruitless war have made of most of these French professional Army officers a new breed of men, quite different from any one has seen. Consider, for example, the following footnote to the famous "affair of the tortures."

THE use of a grim third degree was unavoidably necessary to extirpate terror in Algiers. Gen. Massu, in whose hands the decision lay, is a deeply religious man, who suffered a severe crisis of conscience before issuing the necessary order. In the end, he gave the order. But first he himself submitted to the tortures that he ordered, and he

and James Rowe Jr. Most of the newer Democratic liberals are far from the Johnson camp. But many of the older liberals—the Rowes, Corcorans and so on—entirely understand his operating premise. This is that attitudes of fight, fight, fight don't carry you very far unless you have the troops—and that you can't keep enough troops without compromise sometimes.

DEEPLY sensitive to every form of criticism, Johnson is excessively sensitive to it from any liberal source. It is a state of mind that is not helped by his awareness of the fact that he has been of more practical service to some liberal causes—public power and a public housing program—than have most of his detractors put together.

And as a "pro" he has none of the emotional approach of most of the advanced liberals. They think in visions of crusades; Johnson thinks in terms of votes. He sees him as a straddler. He sees them as shrilly insisting upon the impossible rather than sensibly settling for the possible.

Johnson, a tall, rangy man with a ranch background, is far more Western than Southern. Nevertheless, Texas is historically a Confederate state. These facts powerfully work against the possibility that the Democratic convention of 1960 would ever give him what he insists—sometimes with loud, unprintable Texanisms—he doesn't want a n-y-h-o-w: the Presidential nomination.

Too, he is popularly identified—though to an exaggerated degree—with the Texas "oil and gas millionaires." And in 1955 he suffered a heart attack. Finally, there is no guarantee, of course, that his legislative skill could be translated into the administrative skill needed in the White House.

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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 or initial for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with an eye 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.

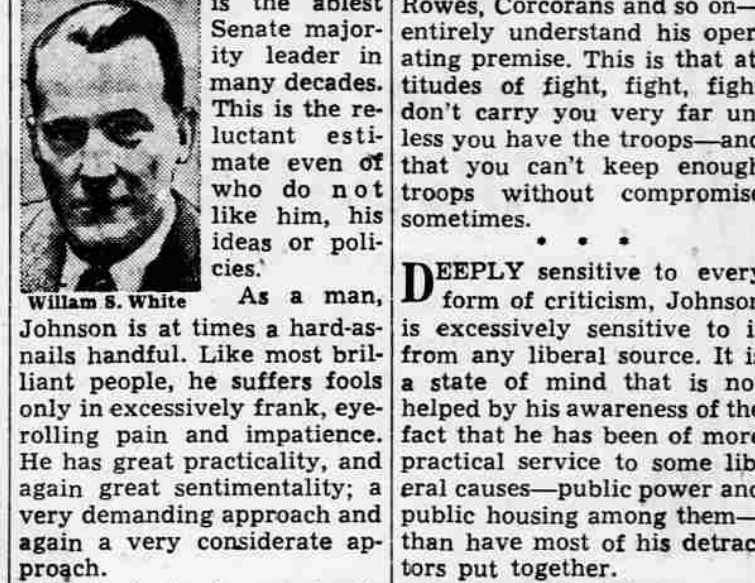
Philosophical Lawn-Tender  
 To the Editor: One thing is in its glory these days—our old obnoxious enemy—crabgrass. But according to what a young woman suggested in a magazine article, it can be forced to lose its power over dispositions by calling it a humorous name.

The comedian Peter Porter of the December Bride program gave me the idea to call it Peter's mother-in-law. Why not? Peter hates his mother-in-law like we hate crabgrass, only his retaliations are restricted because his mother-

## Washington Report

By William S. White

POLITICAL 'PRO'  
 Washington—On the plainest of getting things done, Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas is the ablest Senate majority leader in many decades.



As a man, Johnson is at times a hard-as-nails hand. Like most brilliant people, he suffers fools only in excessively frank, eye-rolling pain and impatience. He has great practicality, and again great sentimentality; a very demanding approach and again a very considerate approach.

He is, in short, a genius in politics, or at least in parliamentary politics. His conduct is unpredictable in its details, and often brusquely so. But his achievements in general are so extraordinary as to make him, if this one measure be used, almost undeniably the outstanding Democrat in the country today.

IN HIS forum and in his field—that is, in the Senate and in legislation—he could master any half dozen of his rivals all at once without raising any great sweat.

He could never do this by speaking; he is an indifferent orator, but a good listener when he wants to be. He could do it—and many times has—through his peculiar talent for personal negotiation and persuasion.

It is an almost indescribable kind of persuasion in which Johnson is perfectly capable of having his way either by cajoling the person with whom he is dealing or by simply ordering him, both point-blank and kindly, to do as he is told.

To have a face-to-face go-round with him at the top of his form is to undergo a dizzying series of personal experiences. Miss Mary McGroarty of the Washington Star has coined for this process the term "the Lyndon Johnson A treatment." It must be experienced to be appreciated.

But it is possible to say with some confidence that if Johnson ever should meet Nikita Khrushchev, say, ordinary charity would require a small sigh of half-compassion for a hapless Russian.

THROUGH the "A treatment," or lesser variations of it, Johnson has solidified the Democratic party in the Senate into an organism of massive power where it used to be a collection of competing blocs.

Most any leader can "sell" his plans and purposes if, like a door-to-door salesman, he cuts his prices on demand. But the Senator never cuts his prices. More likely, he coolly raises them—and the other fellow somehow feels, all the same, that he is getting the better of it.

Thus Johnson has Democratic isolationists voting for foreign aid, and Deep Southern Senators accepting civil rights bills.

It is this very success, however, that brings to him most of the criticism that comes from advanced Democratic liberals. They put him down as a crass "operator"—and then call for his help on their own designs. They suggest that he lacks political conviction.

He was an early protege of Franklin D. Roosevelt, and some of his intimate friends are old Roosevelt New Deal liberals—men like Tom Corcoran, Ben Cohen, Abe Fortas

in-law is supposed to be human.

To add to your simulated fun, pull enough crabgrass and shape into a torso, but beware of leaving her on the old wet ground, her poor finger joints might get stiff, and she'd lose her possessive grasp, also her back might ache. Anyway it has afforded some laughs, and while we laugh we are desensitized to the diabolical power of crabgrass or Peter's mother-in-law—whichever we prefer calling the terrible pest.

Surely there isn't a Peter in reality who has a mother-in-law like comedian Peter has.

As for myself, I was very fond of my little southern mother-in-law. No conflicts ever took place between us, rather enjoyable companionship. It was as it should be and I've missed her.

Emma Lou Carpenter, 811 Sherman st., Medford.

Let's add a fourth point: Don't pay too much attention to the politicians who will be gunning for your vote with promises of something for nothing.

There is NO SUCH THING as something for nothing.

FINANCIAL note No. 2:  
 Stocks in New York edged higher Thursday with the leading averages bumping their highs for 1958. Railroad shares appeared to have crossed into new high ground with most of them showing fractional gains in response to a senate bill that would authorize government guarantees on private loans to the railroads to the extent of 700 million dollars.

(The roads need the money to buy new and more modern equipment. Their present earnings are insufficient to provide for their needs.)

THE railroads need more than loans.

Among other things, they need permission to be MORE COMPETITIVE. They need permission to abandon lines and services that are unprofitable. They aren't allowed to do these things without government permission.

Suppose you were running a hamburger stand and paying rent and taxes and hiring help and your business began to run down but GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T LET YOU QUIT. In that event, you'd be in a bad fix.

## POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Down in Yreka recently, they had a contest for "Miss Siskiyou County." Judging was to take place at 8 p.m.

## Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

MACMILLAN TALKS  
 Washington—Although Mr. Macmillan came to Washington with plenty to talk about, it is fair to say that what has mattered most is not the substance of the talks but the manner. He has been able to show that the heads of governments can meet and talk without a crashing crisis, without resounding decisions, and without—at least at this writing—grandiloquent declarations of the great indisputable, but largely undefined, generalities. The omission of a customary rhetoric after a meeting of the Prime Minister and the President would in itself mark the event as notable.

We know that the biggest subject of the talks was posed by the growing anxiety in Great Britain that the recession, in which so much of the non-Communist world is involved, could put an unbearable strain upon the reserves of sterling and of the currencies which are needed to finance the world trade. There is not now a crisis, and in fact, as respects Great Britain and the sterling area, the reserves are bigger than they have been for a long time. What worries the British government is that these reserves are thinner than is safe and prudent, given the possibility that the recession may continue, and bring about an international liquidity crisis, that is to say, a run on the international banking system.

We know too that in the British view there are three remedies which can be chosen. All depend primarily upon the United States, though in all but one of them West Germany and other countries with a hard currency are bound to be involved. One remedy would be to find a way to underwrite, that is to say to reinsure, the reserves of the sterling area. A second remedy would be to enlarge the capital reserves of the International Monetary Fund. A third remedy, which would horrify most Americans, would be to increase the value of the outer world's reserves by increasing the sacrosanct price of gold.

AS THINGS stand, no decisions have been taken and the Administration has made no commitments. But at the top among those responsible in these matters, the problem is understood and is being studied sympathetically. The indications are that in the next session of Congress, not in this session, the Administration will come forward with a program of measures built around the Monetary Fund and, it may be, on another international banking institution.

If this happens, and if the recession does not in the next months become deeper and more critical, Mr. Macmillan will have been justified in his refusal to act in Washington with a greater sense of urgency.

THE general international outlook, as it must have appeared in the Washington talks, is subtly different than it has been in the past. Although the cold war goes on, the problems which the Western governments have to deal with cannot be reduced to the single issue of the contest with Russia. It is impossible, for example, to have any certain views about the future in Europe until it has become clear whether Gen. de Gaulle will succeed in pacifying Algeria. Everything must remain provisional until the outcome there is known.

Beyond the big question about the success of Gen. de Gaulle, there looms up, still in the distance, the question of what is to happen in the two Germanys, and between the two Germanys when Chancellor Adenauer leaves the scene.

WE DO NOT know what will happen. What we do know is that we are closing phases of the post-war system—as it has developed under the Fourth Republic in France, under Adenauer in Germany, under Truman, Acheson, and Dulles in this country.

Prior to this, the contestants were guests for a dinner—but at the request of some of the girls, it was a "light, buffet" sort of thing.

It seems that in prior years, the girls had been fed big, beautiful dinners, and had complained that their vital statistics were thrown out of whack—as far as beauty-contest judging is concerned.

One of the girls once complained that, at her best, she was 36-20-34, but after that dinner she measured a not-so-good 36-22-34.

Today being father's day it is appropriate to report on a husband who loaned his wife the family check-book to use while shopping, and then, as an afterthought, gave her a fountain pen filled with red ink.

Men who smoke and those who don't sometimes get into mild misunderstandings.

One of the young men on our staff, who once in a while smokes a pipe, but most of the time doesn't, declares that one of the hazards of the business is people who talk around, or through, pipes or cigars.

Maybe, he suggests wistfully, someone someday will write a pamphlet entitled "A Handbook of Translation for Those Who Must Live or Work with Pipe or Cigar Smokers."

Now who do you suppose he was talking about?

The reporter who usually covers the courthouse beat reports that a couple of county officials some time ago dropped in to a tavern in another state, and were mistaken for law enforcement officers. One of the two recently was observed poring over a catalogue of police emblems. Perhaps, our man comments, he plans to look more authentic next time he travels out of the state.

Every profession has its hazards.

Witness the frustration of our farm editor, who placed a call for a rancher who lives in the Applegate the other day, to ask him some farm-type questions. The rancher was not in, so our F.E. left a message asking him to call back.

He did so after a while, but the F.E. was out. When he got back he found this note on the desk:

"John Doe of the Applegate returned your call. He said he had to get the roof on his barn before the rain came, and he wouldn't be available until evening."

A man we know has observed the uniforms worn by sheriffs' deputies in many of the western states. He is awed and impressed, and suggests that some of the local fans might well take up a collection to outfit our deputies similarly. One recent visitor, he declares, from Arizona, wore a "Sheriff of Cochise" type of uniform, complete with an ornately carved western gunbelt, worn low on his hip, and a cactus embroidered into his shoulder-patch.

Observing the many people who visit our office, day in and day out, offers edification, gratification, and, occasionally, a little amusement.

They bring or send in their stories, their articles, their "items" and announcements, in virtually every form imaginable.

Some of them are written in minuscule handwriting on tiny scraps of paper; others come in impressive-looking envelopes of large dimensions; some are typed and some are scrawled. We have seen stories come in written on paper napkins, and typed on embossed stationery; in tiny envelopes not much bigger than the postage stamps that brought them, and in manila folders, or crumpled up in the bottom of a pocket.

Observing this flow of news (most of which is welcome, for that's what we're here for), one of our workers declares that he is tempted to find somebody who wants to make a quick buck. Then he will be given a large briefcase, loaded with bricks.

His instructions will be to come up to the city editor's desk, plop the briefcase down, and say, "Got a little news story here. It might require a little editing."

A meeting of Republicans was held at the Girls Community club recently. Perhaps it is significant in this time of Democratic successes at the polls, to report that when the room was being cleaned up after the meeting, someone found what was described as a "well-worn rabbit's foot."