

MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight 'o Time
Medford and Jackson County
History from the files of The
Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and
40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO
July 8, 1948 (Thursday)

A total of 365 students at
Southern Oregon college for
summer session is the largest
in SOC's history.

Don Henderson, son of E.
A. Henderson, 854 East Ninth
st., was governor of the Beavers
Boys state last week.

20 YEARS AGO
July 8, 1938 (Friday)

Reter Fruit company,
which will handle general
business of Rogue River valley
fruit packing and market-
ing, is organized.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "Tests
conducted by Columbia uni-
versity of New York show
women fail at fishing due
to temperamental defects. It
seems the fair sex want to
talk about something else, do
something else, and not make
fishing their life work."

30 YEARS AGO
July 8, 1928 (Sunday)

Miss Mae Shepard will
come to this city next week
to interview southern Oregon
women on beauty problems.

From Local and Personal
column: "Federal Prohibition
Officer Terry A. Talent left
last Friday for Portland to
spend a few days. He will re-
turn with a new Auburn car."

40 YEARS AGO
July 8, 1918 (Monday)

Ashland's roundup and
celebration period ends with
a dancing and confetti car-
nival.

Sixty-nine autos and 280
people were reported to be
at Crater Lake July 4, com-
pared to only "two or three"
autos a year ago.

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

- 1. Which percussion musical instrument is named for its resemblance to a cooking utensil?
- 2. There is a Hollywood comedy team known as Abbott and Costello; what are their respective (popular) first names?
- 3. What were the colors of the Nazi flag?
- 4. What are the names of the four oceans whose names end in "ic"?
- 5. Which of these French ports is nearest the English coast: Cherbourg or Dunquerque?
- 6. In which State is Ft. Bolvoir?
- 7. Will an electric motor operate in a vacuum?
- 8. Is "Be Prepared" the motto of the U. S. Marine Corps?
- 9. Does Bolivia have a coast line on the Atlantic or the Pacific?
- 10. What two words describe the cry of a horse?

Answers: 1. Kettle Drum.
2. Bud (Abbott) and Lou (Costello). 3. Red, white and black. 4. Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic. 5. Dunquerque. 6. Virginia. 7. Yes. 8. No (Boy Scouts). 9. Neither (Bolivia is landlocked). 10. Neigh and whinny.

Editorial Correspondence . . .

Campsite 22, Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park, near Orick, Calif.—An experiment in fire-by-friction, conducted by the two teen-age boys in the party, is underway near the camp stove.
Earlier today, it was a walk up to the prairie to see if the herd of Roosevelt elk was nearby. And in the morning, it was an inspection of the "swimming hole," a wide and deep spot in the creek, to see if there really were any fish.
Yesterday, it was a 4 1/2-mile hike to the beach—which, for some reason, to these old bones, at least, seemed twice that far on the way back. We recalled, with a start, that we hadn't hiked nine miles since our army days some 15 years ago. And, believe us, we felt it!

California, as we have remarked in this space in prior years, does a magnificent job with its state parks.
Take this one for instance. It is comprised of some 10,000 acres of Redwoods (Sequoia Sempervirens), open meadows, tangled undergrowth, all interlaced by a system of seemingly-haphazard trails which actually are designed to show "nature" as nature—a living, creative, lovely thing.
Over this Fourth of July week end, the camp had many people. Most of its 100-odd campsites were filled (although the weather, which in many parts of the state has been unsettled, kept attendance from the usual overcrowding on this most popular of all summer week ends).

There are parties from all three Pacific states and British Columbia, many from Iowa, and a scattering from Texas, Idaho, Nevada, and other western states. They come in automobiles (most of them relatively recent make), some with luggage racks on top, in station wagons, and a number of them dragging trailers—either the small jobs which hold only luggage, or the larger one which open into sleeping quarters, or the still larger ones which are in truth small mobile homes.

There are a few Negroes in camp, and they seem to be accepted for what they are—apparently decent people, enjoying the outdoors, and asking only the same facilities as those accorded to others. Which, of course, they receive in this state-owned and operated camp.

Some of those in the camping area are "old hands" at the outdoors. They maintain neat camps, set up with a minimum of confusion and with a maximum of efficiency. Others, of course, are newer to this way of life, which has grown so tremendously just in the past decade. The latter are those whose possessions are strewn around with no particular thought as to neatness or cleanliness, and which are not organized for the easiest way of doing things.

The camper must, of course, face the fact that there is no hot-and-cold running water, nor steam heat, nor push-button stoves, nor refrigerators which hold frozen food and cold beer. But at the same time there are a multitude of devices on the market which make living in the open readily bearable for the most sybaritic.

Camp stoves will cook food as rapidly (if not more so) than an electric range, and camp lamps cast a light comparable to that from a 100-watt bulb. And the little portable ice-boxes, while they don't do the job that a Copco-powered box will, are sufficient for the needs of the day.

And, in these well-financed California camps, there are flush-toilets (a big attraction to the family secretary of health, education and welfare) which are lighted at night. Showers are available at a little distance, and there is a telephone at headquarters in case of emergency.

But these trappings of civilization are but the frosting on the cake.
The real attraction is the out-of-doors—and that at its most propitious.

We first met the Redwoods as a small boy—in the days when Highway 101 was little better than a wagon road. And while the road is now a highway, in places four-laned, the Redwoods, stately, tall, huge and magnificent, are the same.

This is rain forest—nurtured by nearly 100 inches of rain each year (mostly, happily, in the winter) and by a verdant and proliferating vegetation which has to be seen to be believed.
It is cool in the tall forest, even on the hottest of days—and quiet.

On that nine-mile hike yesterday, even as the muscles ached and the joints protested against the unaccustomed exercise, we stood occasionally and marveled at the quiet—a quiet in which the few noises melted into nothingness—the call of a jay, perhaps, or the modest chatter of a squirrel, or even the subdued whine of a far-off jet aircraft. But even these sounds tended only to emphasize the absence of noise. It is, in a way, like the quiet of a church—which admits noise only to subdue it and convert it to silence.

The first day of our sojourn here, it rained. The pavement was wet, and looking up at the tall trees across a clearing, one could see the mist drops pelting down. But in Campsite 22, surrounded by the forest giants and protected by their overhanging limbs, only a light fog drifted to the ground.

Since then we have had sunlight each day—usually in the afternoon only, but on some days in the morning, too. But never have we been uncomfortably warm, and even on the warmest afternoons a sweater or jacket has been welcome.
In the morning we huddle by the driftwood fire (the fuel for which was gathered on the beach a few miles away) and warm our hands on steaming cups of coffee or chocolate.

And, in the evening, after the three women-folk have done the dishes, we sit around the fire and talk, or sing softly (so as not to bother other campers nearby), or listen to the snatches of news available over the battery-powered radio.

Blue-jays are beautiful birds. They are perky and noisy and confident. And while they are a little shy, they are still bold enough to come into camp to steal crumbs of bread.
The big gray squirrels are among our favorites. There is one which has taken bread, or peanuts, or popcorn right out of our fingers, as we hold them out to him along the top of a big Redwood log.

But I think our favorites are the shy little chipmunks, who are so eager and so diffident—and yet so tempted and seemingly-hungry.
They creep up, peering and peering at us, sitting still for a moment, then moving so fast one can't see their little legs move, and taking up another position of advantage, waiting hopefully. When a tidbit is tossed their way, they scamper toward it, watchful and wary, and when they are sure the way is clear and safe, they dash to it and grab it, then scuttle away. At a safe distance, they pause, sit on their haunches, and, holding it in their hands as a human holds a cob of corn, proceed to munch away until it is gone—either into their rounded stomachs, or, in the case of peanuts, stowed in their capacious cheek-pouches for later use.

The sun has broken through the overcast; the fire-building experiment has temporarily been abandoned in favor of some short exploration; the secretary of HEW is napping in the tent; the teen-age girl is whittling (a welcome change from a constant diet of reading second-rate magazines), a chipmunk is scuttling around searching for crumbs; and there is peace in the camp, disturbed only by the clatter of the typewriter and the far-off thunder of heavy trucks on the highway a half-mile away.

The smell of wood smoke drifts over to us, and as we glance overhead we see the sunlight filtering through the green tracery of evergreen boughs. The dirty coffee pot, the cluster of unemptied ash-trays, and the jars and cans on the sturdy Redwood table, the clothesline rope full of towels and swimming suits, the unrolled sleeping bags on the ground, the food hamper—all these add up to what makes camping the attraction, for us, that it is.

It is, probably, its total dissimilarity to the bustling and clattering newsroom, with its tempo, its deadline, its constant stream of visitors, that makes this peaceful camp so idyllic. The newsroom will come again soon enough, and will be welcome when the time is here. But, for this short vacation period, there are few things which can so fill the soul with

Dennis the Menace



"WILL YA STOP WORRYIN', JOEY? I'M NOT GONNA SWIM OFF AN' LEAVE YA!"

Public Housing to Face Crucial Test In Senate in July

Washington (ca) — Public housing, the depression baby which has never grown to full stature, faces a crucial decision in the Senate this month.

The Senate must decide whether to give the program new stimulus or let it get along as best it can. Several public housing proponents say the program will die if it does not get new help.

Chairman John J. Sparkman (D-Ala.) of the Senate Banking and Currency committee is pushing a bill to get public housing out of the doldrums. It would transfer much of the Federal authority over the program to local housing agencies.

His proposal is opposed by the Eisenhower Administration and the powerful National Association of Real Estate Boards. They see it as changing the public housing program to accommodate middle income families instead of low income ones.

Various explanations are forwarded for the building lag: World War II interrupted the program just when it was getting fully underway, Congress keeps changing its mind on how many units it will approve, and the whole program is bogged down in Federal red tape.

Sparkman's plan was reported by an 8-7 vote, to the Senate last month. It is expected to come up for sharp debate in the Senate this month. The House will not act until after the Senate does.

Under the Sparkman bill, local housing agencies could set rents for their projects and decide how much money applicants could earn in order to qualify for admission. The local agency also could sell its units to families already living in them.

Another major innovation would enable local public housing agencies to keep one-third of their profits. As it is now, any money the agency makes above its operating expenses goes toward paying off construction bonds on the project.

For instance, if a local public housing agency owed \$100,000 a year to its bond holders and made a profit of \$10,000 from its rents, the Federal Government would make up the difference — or \$90,000. The new proposal would let the local public agency keep one-third of the \$10,000 and use the rest of the profit to make advance payments on the bonds. Proponents say what the Federal Government lost in higher subsidies would be more than compensated for by savings on interest and more economical operation of public housing projects. They contend project managers would have an incentive to operate more economically since they would have a stake in the profits.

A Local Windfall
The National Association of Real Estate Boards is hammering away at this profit-sharing provision, calling it a "windfall" for the local agency. The association claims the new approach to public hous-

ing represents a "reorientation" of the public housing program and a "debasement" of the welfare function.
John C. Williamson, legislative director of NAREB, charges public housing backers "want to shift the target rather than cope with the problem of housing the low income group."
Not so, says the National Housing Conference, long-time proponent of public housing. It seems the Sparkman plan as a long overdue "bill of rights" for public housing and the recognition that local public housing agencies are adults, not wards tied to the apron strings of the Federal Government.

The public housing proposal will probably split along party lines in the Senate, with the Democrats for it. Insiders see the Senate passing the public housing program and the House rejecting it. Overall, they give the new approach to public housing a 50-50 chance of becoming law in 1958.
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West Coast Shows Truck in Accident

A truck-tractor of the West Coast shows hauling a semi-trailer full of carnival equipment crashed yesterday morning on Highway 66 several miles east of Ashland, state police reported.
James Earl Glore, 34, San Francisco, attempted to shift gears as the truck was traveling downhill. The truck's brakes failed, according to the report, and it turned into the bank, striking an outcrop of rock. The truck turned over on its left side and both axles were broken, the report continued.

Police said there was "extensive" damage to the truck, but minor damage to the load and no injuries.

Special Election Next for Alaska

Washington (UPI)—Only a referendum stood between Alaska and statehood today following signing by President Eisenhower of a bill to admit the territory as the 49th state.
The president late Monday signed the historic Alaska bill in a simple White House ceremony. He later issued a statement hailing Alaska legislation but adding he was "extremely disturbed over reports that no action is contemplated by the current Congress" on legislation to admit Hawaii as the 50th state.

The people of Alaska must hold a special election this fall to ratify the conditions under which their territory will become one of the states.
State Civil Service Commissioner Named
Salem — (UPI) — Reappointment of A. C. Newell, Milton-Freewater, to the State Civil Service commission, was announced Monday by Gov. Robert D. Holmes, he has been a member of the three-man commission for seven years.
His new three-year term expires June 30, 1961. Other members of the commission are Philip A. Joss, Portland, and V. D. Kenworthy, The Dalles.

peace and contentment, as the quiet, the chirping of the birds, the nonsensical talk around the campfire, the aching joints of the unaccustomed hiker, and, undoubtedly, the special savor that attaches to food cooked over the open, sooty, uneven campfire.
Heaven, that's what it is. For a couple of weeks.—E.A.

De Gaulle's Supreme Aim Is To Put France Among Top Powers

By CHARLES M. McCANN
UPI Foreign News Analyst

Premier Charles de Gaulle has made it plain that his supreme aim is to restore France to the first rank among world powers.

He wants to end the Algerian rebellion which has bled France for nearly four years. He wants to establish firm friendly relations with France's former protectorates of Tunisia and Morocco, adjoining Algeria on the east and west.

He wants to fix the future of France's remaining African possessions, above all in the Sahara Desert region where exploitation of vast natural resources is just starting.

He wants to give France a strong government and to end for good the succession of cabinet crises which along with the Algerian and Indo-Chinese upheavals have weakened France's world position.

De Gaulle's week end conference with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was a success. De Gaulle and Dulles agreed almost completely on every phase of Allied policy.

Wants Nuclear Weapons
But on one thing De Gaulle was adamant. He is determined to make France the

world's fourth atomic power — believing, as does pretty nearly everybody else, that in these days only a country which possesses nuclear weapons can claim to be of first rank.

The United States and Great Britain are strongly opposed to this aim.

This is due primarily to the increasing urgency attached to the necessity of reaching an agreement with Russia first to suspend nuclear weapons tests under proper safeguards against cheating and secondly to stop the production of such weapons.

But De Gaulle can hardly be blamed for demanding admittance to the club. Where would France be had it not been for him?

When World War II started, France was supposed to have the best army in the world. It collapsed utterly before Nazi Germany's blitzkrieg attack.

Symbol of Resistance
De Gaulle was the sole symbol of French resistance when he went to Britain, announced in a historic broadcast that France had lost a battle and not a war, and organized Free France.

He returned home in triumph when the allied armies started driving the Germans out of the country. He assumed leadership, only to retire in disgust because of political bickering. Year by year, he watched France's prestige tarnish until, five weeks ago, he was recalled to power.

De Gaulle has made a striking success so far. The loud Communist threats of revolution have proved empty. The French people have accepted him. He apparently succeeded, in his visit to Algeria last week, in asserting his complete authority over the right-wing extremists and army career men whose revolt put him in power. He has won Allied approval by his moderation.

But it is evident he will not be happy until France has regained its historic glory.

THE worst thing about totalitarianism is that it kills the imagination. (As a Pole) what I feel most deeply is the dramatic impossibility of conveying one's own experience. The intellectuals (in the west whom I have met) haven't that horrible daily experience. That's why I have the impression that it's quite impossible for me to tell them anything. If I told them that the workers' deepest dream is to get drunk, in order to forget himself for two hours, to forget himself completely, they wouldn't believe me; but it's a fact.

"The misfortune of the man who lives in a totalitarian country is the feeling, a feeling that never leaves him, of the grotesqueness and ridiculousness of one's own self — the reduction of dreams — the reduction of desire — the moral atrophy — the inability to react to the vileness one sees at every step on every day . . . acceptance of the truth of one's own life is the hardest thing possible (yet it is the only way) for a man who has no prospect before him to defend himself, against that truth."

OTHERS may not be so affected, but as I read those words of Hlasko's the pleasant sights and sounds of the present — the speedboat with the water-skiers swooping on the lake, the sun gilding the

water, the ice in the pre-lunch drink cheerfully rattling in the shaker — suddenly become curiously insubstantial. Another vision obstinately intruded, of a dreary bar in Warsaw, with a circle of admirers surrounding a young man, who was flushed with drink and angry with the world, who quite astonishingly resembled the dead movie actor, James Dean.

That was Hlasko as I briefly saw him. Because his brutally realistic, bitterly pessimistic, yet somehow moving and stoically noble novels and short stories have made him the hero of the Polish youth and a chief villain of the Communists.

Now, moreover, as I saw Hlasko in my mind's eye, that picture of the past brought back another Warsaw picture. I saw the fine-boned, hawk-like face of the young Polish philosopher Kulakowski, — a face alight with intelligence, earnest with moral purpose, but made strange by the black steel teeth that the dentist behind the Iron Curtain supplied all but the most privileged. I sought out Kulakowski in Warsaw, because he is surely the most interesting and original philosopher writing about politics in our time and he has the courage, the considerable courage, to talk at some length with a Western reporter.

KULAKOWSKI is interesting, above all, because he so boldly and confidently insists upon the reality of good and evil — a reality that is oft forgotten in the free half of the world. And the good of this professed Communist philosopher is human freedom; his evil is enslavement; and all of Kulakowski's writings are an outstanding, daring trumpet call to freedom's defense.

It is odd, it is disturbing to find oneself obsessed by the memory of these two men in the midst of an American holiday week end which commemorates the American experiment in freedom. But these two, brave and gifted as they are, are good to speak about when we sing, "Let freedom ring!" They have seen what it is, not to be free. They speak as experts. They can put a price on this freedom that we take for granted. Or rather, they can tell us this freedom is beyond a price, worth any pain and any risk.

These two have indeed accepted pain and risk beyond our calculation, to assert their own individual freedom. Hlasko for example, gave his interview in Paris. Yet he was already preparing to return to Poland, to accept what fate might be in store for him in his own land, without flinching and without compromise. (c) 1958, New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

Westport, N. Y. — In the middle of the American holiday week end, all comfortable ease and easy pleasure, the Polish ghosts made their uncomfortable entrance. They stalked into our midst, as it were, from the pages of an idly glanced-at magazine.

It may seem a little odd that a young Pole grown to manhood under Communism should have far more to say about freedom than all our forty-eight states. But there were his words, searing as acid, glowing with a strange, cold courage. His words seemed a little out of place in the fairly prim pages of the English monthly, "Encounter", and most certainly they sounded bitterly rebuking to this complacent nation that should be freedom's citadel.

If you doubt that freedom is the most precious gift of all, listen to these words of Marek Hlasko, the most talented and most strange of Poland's younger writers. Ponder well Hlasko's daring yet superb cry of defiance.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

On the Fourth of July, in these days (especially when it falls near the end of the week and is stretched out into a three or four day holiday) Americans take to the highways and a lot of them are killed and even more are maimed.

The next day the editors all write pieces about it, deploring the recklessness of the American people and IMPLOPING them to be more careful.

After that, we forget all about it.

MODERN madness? I doubt it.

In earlier generations, we ganged up in the county seats and shot off firecrackers (including the cannon kind) in the public square and burned blisters on various parts of our anatomy and from time to time blew off fingers.

When that palled on us, we tamped gunpowder into sections of gaspipe and touched it off by means of firecracker fuses, frequently killing ourselves. I think Americans just like to live dangerously.

AT ANY rate— Out of it all this maxim can be deduced: Our pleasures are more dangerous than our labors.

SO MUCH for our domestic affairs. Let's take a look at what's going on overseas.

In Brussels (capital of Belgium) Friday night Former President Hoover told an audience that the anti-American propaganda that is in evidence all over the world could SEND THE UNITED STATES BACK TO ISOLATIONISM.

"False legends" about America, he said, are being spread throughout the world. This propaganda, he added, has led to physical attacks on U.S. citizens and officials. He said he doesn't at present feel that America will retreat to an isolationist policy.

But— He added— "THE DANGER SIGNAL IS UP."

HE IS right. The signal IS up. Americans are getting tired of spending their treasure on the rest of the world and getting nothing but bricksbats and sneers in return. We are aware, of course, of the ORIGINS of this anti-American propaganda. It originates in the Kremlin. It is spread throughout the world by the Kremlin's communist agents. It is spread for a purpose. The purpose is to further the conquest of the world that is the goal of the leaders of communism.

WE AREN'T dumb. We know all that.

But we know also that communists don't have too much trouble spreading this anti-American propaganda. It has been taken up rather readily in too many countries where our dollars have been poured out lavishly in a sincere effort on our part to help the people — to make life better for them.

Human nature is human nature. If you were pouring out your substance to help other people in your block and everybody in the block was telling you to GO HOME, you'd be likely sooner or later to go home.

Mr. Hoover is touching on a very real possibility.

Beaverton Youth Victim of Wreck
Portland (UPI)— Stephen James Grider, 15, Beaverton, was killed and four other teen-age boys were injured, one critically, early today when a car failed to negotiate a curve and struck a power pole near the west city limits of Portland.

Dan Linebaugh, Beaverton, was hurt critically. Others injured were Danny Chambers, 15; Ralph Combs, 13, and Daniel Richards, 14.

Police said Grider and Linebaugh were thrown from the car, which rolled over on its top down a 12-foot bank after striking the pole.

It was the 11th traffic fatality of the year in Multnomah county outside of Portland.

LOSE TEETH EARLY
Dundee, Scotland (UPI)— Dr. Mary I. Lamb, a lady dentist, told a British Dental Association conference that dental hygiene in Britain is so bad that young women are losing their teeth. "It is almost a tradition for many girls in industrial areas of Britain to get a set of dentures for their 21st birthday," she said Monday.

Counsel With . . .

Mr. Insurance—Fred Brennan



YOUR MIND'S ON VACATION TOO!

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