

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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10 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1948 (Thursday)
Gold Rush Jubilee planners in Jacksonville warn male residents they better start growing beards.

20 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1938 (Friday)
Those planning to attend the Elks band concert in city park tonight warned that blowing auto horns for applause is frowned upon by nearby residents.

30 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1928 (Sunday)
Now that the state American Legion convention is over, all hands are turning to pear picking, with a bumper crop expected.

40 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1918 (Monday)
The pear and packing season opened today with many girls and women helping in the orchards.

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

- 1. In what city is the Mayo Clinic?
2. Was Winston Churchill Prime Minister of Great Britain at the time of the outbreak of W.W. II?
3. Which weighs more, a gallon of fresh water or a gallon of salt water?
4. The traditional method of determining the rank of guests at state social functions in Washington, D.C. is called P.....?
5. The planet Mercury is larger or smaller than the moon?
6. Is Lower California a part of the United States?
7. Which Pope is responsible for our present-day calendar?
8. The international date line, where each calendar day first begins, is located in which ocean?
9. Long bearded "Father Time" is usually depicted carrying two objects; name them.
10. May the President declare a national holiday which must be observed in all the States?

"Mid-Summer Rash"

One of the most fascinating parts of an editorial writer's job is to keep track of what other editorial writers are thinking and saying around the state.

Some 20-odd daily papers, and several weeklies, pass over our desk, and we spend many hours poring over their editorial pages—for editorial ideas, sometimes, or to see what the "climate" of the state is, politically or otherwise.

IN RECENT weeks there have been many editorials concerned with, and about, the state system of higher education.

It all started some time ago when the board held several meetings in private—excluding even the press, which usually is allowed to attend as the "eyes and ears" of the voters and taxpayers. This practice was hit—and hard—by several papers, notably the Oregonian and the Eugene Register-Guard, which claimed that by so doing the board was opening itself to charges of conducting the business of the public in private.

It heated up even more when the board, more or less simultaneously, announced that the "executive session" practice would cease, and that Portland State college had been granted status as a four-year, degree-granting institution.

THE Register-Guard, located in the home town of the University of Oregon, picked the latter announcement up, declaring that the floodgates had been opened for duplication, overlapping and for high-cost education at a low level—an allegation echoed by the Capital Journal in Salem and the Gazette-Times in Corvallis, the latter the home of Oregon State college.

Then the Pendleton East Oregonian, edited by J. W. (Bud) Forrester Jr., himself a member of the state board of higher education, chided these papers for being "shocked" at a decision which he said was inevitable, almost a foregone conclusion, that PSC, located in populous Portland, could not long deny the many students in the metropolitan area the advantages enjoyed by less-populous parts of the state.

ABOUT this time a side-issue developed. The Capital Journal suggested that Salem, the state capital and an educationally "neutral" territory, be made the headquarters of the state system. (The chancellor's office is now on the U of O campus in Eugene.)

The Corvallis paper, miffed at the chancellor for what it felt was a double-cross concerning OSC's hopes for a liberal arts program at the college, seconded the motion.

An editorial in the Albany Democrat-Herald chimed in to say that, yes indeed, the chancellor's office should be on neutral ground, but that the logical place for it was Albany—a claim which the Bend Bulletin disputed, pointing out that Albany is too close to Corvallis to be neutral, and stating that Bend would be a good location.

ALL THIS motivated Charles Sprague, editor of the Salem Statesman (and, as a former governor, no newcomer to internecine strife) to observe, quietly:

"After all this kicking around we may be certain that the offices will remain as they are: business office at Corvallis, chancellor's office at Eugene."

He goes on to point out that "the youngsters who are writing editorials these days" (Mr. Sprague last November celebrated his 70th birthday) "don't know that Salem was once the city of the central office of the board of higher education."

And he concludes:
"... We rate the present agitation as mid-summer rash, a welcome innovation from the tales of the summer sea serpent. None of the guns in the present higher education controversy is loaded."

PERHAPS, as Governor Sprague asserts, the guns aren't loaded. But they're noisy. And as we see it, there is a legitimate basis for argument about the status of Portland State.

The board of higher education, composed of high-caliber, capable and integrious people, is doing the best job it can to provide higher education for Oregon equal to the demand. It is, in some ways, an impossible job. How can it best be done?

By a wider use of "community" colleges throughout the state? By concentrating on the U of O and OSC as the major institutions, and using PSC and the three smaller colleges (at Ashland, Monmouth and LaGrande) as supplementary institutions, largely for teacher training? Or by going all-out, developing the whole system to best serve Oregon's needs—at, far from incidentally, a staggering cost?

THAT, at least, is a valid subject for debate and for some pretty serious soul-searching.

The board, despite its general excellence, probably could use some informed thinking on the subject, and before long, too, for the "war-baby" group is nearer college every day that passes.

It has been suggested that a sweeping study of the matter be undertaken by the legislature, and it is a good suggestion—provided only that it isn't too late.

No matter what happens, Oregonians had better get ready to pay for more and more, and better and better, higher education. Either that or throw in the sponge, admit that a high standard of education, for as many as are equipped to take advantage of it, is "too expensive," and thus limit the opportunities of one-third of a generation.

The Oregonian's answer to the question, "Can we?" is, "We must."—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"DON'T TAKE IT OFF! I TOL' JOEY YOU HAD A HAIRY CHEST!"

Washington Report

By William S. White

THE DIPLOMATS
Washington—Massachusetts Avenue in Washington is a way of life within itself.

This is the street on which stand most of the world's embassies to the United States. A few are quartered elsewhere—the Russians, for example, in a gloomy, closed-up looking stone mansion on Sixteenth Street.

Massachusetts Avenue, at all events, is the hub of all this diplomacy, the center for the practice of an ancient art that has two main functions. The first of these is to represent here the interests of the visiting diplomat's country.

The second is, less directly, to explain this country to the diplomat's own country. Basically, it is the operation, in a polite way, of an intelligence system.

This is a long, winding, tree-lined street full of impressive houses. They run in architecture from colonial to turreted semi-horror from which it is possible to imagine groans and the sounds of clanking chains emerging late in the night.

THE diplomatic community is one of the largest self-contained industries here. Its personnel number uncouped thousands. Each official or foreign worker in an embassy is, for official purposes, in his own country. The British Embassy, for example, is legally a bit of England, as is the French Embassy of France.

Sir Harold Caccia, the British ambassador, may, if he wishes, regard himself as sitting solidly on British ground and tenanted one of the many houses of the Queen. Embassy people are not subject to arrest, except on grave charges and through special country-to-country arrangements.

Their automobiles bear plates on which the letters "DPL" signify that it is no use putting parking tickets on them. The local people, sometimes have no lively appreciation of these special privileges, which do not apply to a Senator or a Supreme Court justice.

The functions of embassies, and their whole tone, vary enormously according to the size of the countries they represent and the work they do.

FOR the biggest is the British establishment. It is a red-brick, rambling and sprawling structure with a touch of the old manor about it. Nearby are the embassies of some of the British Commonwealth. Australia and New Zealand are back of the British Embassy on the same side of the street. They are very close in every sense to what would be called the home house of the Commonwealth.

Across the street—and infinitely farther away than the short physical distance would indicate—is the Embassy of the Union of South Africa. South Africa, under its present Dutch-descended Boer and Nationalist leadership, is a somewhat reluctant jewel in the British crown. It likes to be aggressively independent of London.

Its embassy is rather like the house provided on the ranch by the old folks for a son-in-law who would just as soon live somewhere else.

Embassy life here is like international political life everywhere in the present state of the cold war. The Western diplomats draw together even more than commonly they would. The Russians, their satellites and quasi-friends tend to get into the other social and professional camp.

THERE is, of course, still a social interchange between West and East, but not on a very clubby basis. Both em-

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

LETTER TO ENGINE
CHARILE
Washington.

Dear Mr. Wilson: Maybe there are more important things to write about, but your recent remarks about Jim Gavin positively demand this letter of thanks.

Gen. Gavin has been doubly impertinent. Rather than lie to the Congress about the results of defense policies, he has preferred resigning from the service that he loved and gave his life to.

And now he has dared to publish a book, suggesting that your defense policies have led this country into mortal danger. This kind of impertinence of course deserves the rebuke you so characteristically meted out.

"I know Gavin," you are reported as saying. "And he is just another over-inflated Army officer with an exaggerated regard of his ability. He's just trying to sell his book."

WHAT was so wonderful was your simultaneous denial that Gavin could really know you, since you had only seen him "on rare occasions." You know Gavin, in other words, as you knew about the defense of the United States—by interpreting the messages of your own peculiar mental telepathy in the powerful light of your own prejudices.

Or one might say, you know Gavin as you know about the danger to this country from the rapid growth of Soviet power—by ignoring all the unpleasant facts reported by the intelligence services, and faithfully following your own natural instincts (with some help from the budgetary policies of your friend, George Humphrey).

There are certain facts about Jim Gavin, to be sure, that lesser men than you still have a tendency not to ignore. There is the simple fact of

the man himself—the brilliant intellectual who is also a great fighting man, the adored leader of the best division in the U.S. Army, the combat general with the cool courage that goes with knowledge, the shining soldier with the human style that all men tried and the best men envy to imitate.

ONE does not forget, either, the parachute landing that Gavin made in Sicily, and the long cruel battle at Salerno, and the drop at dawn into the inferno at Nijmegen and desperate attack that turned the balance in the desperate Battle of the Bulge. All these further facts still arouse strong emotions and call up vivid images—but only in smaller minds than yours.

And of course you are right that the two Distinguished Service Crosses, and the Silver Star, and the Purple Heart, all won in the fire of battle, are mere military fripperies that probably had a lot to do with "overly inflating" Jim Gavin.

No doubt smaller minds are afflicted with these distorting emotions and are impressed by these foolish images, simply because they do not understand as well as you do what makes our country great. If you had left Westinghouse Electric to go into uniform, for instance, you might not have got the job with Delco-Remy in 1919.

And if you had not got the job with Delco-Remy, you might not have got the job with General Motors, later on. And if that job had been missed, heaven forbid, we might not have had you as Secretary of Defense.

EVEN before the great moment when you took over the Pentagon, you always insisted on the right priorities. One remembers, for example, your reply to Bob Lovett when he asked for a loan of one of your junior executives during a very bad moment in the Korean War.

The man Lovett wanted did not mind the heavy cut in salary. He only asked Lovett for your assurance that his absence on the nation's service would not hinder his later promotion in the peculiar hierarchy over which you then presided.

With a thrill of admiration, Lovett still recalls your stern and patriotic answer: "Of course it will be held against him, if he leaves G.M. the way you want him to."

At the Pentagon, too, how firmly and wisely you always insisted upon the right priorities! It was a dangerous moment when you took over, no doubt about it. Action was demanded on a whole series of ugly reports announcing the early loss to the Soviets of the existing American military lead.

There were a lot of people who wanted to "press the panic button" in your immortal phrase, and make the effort to maintain the American lead.

BUT you went right on assuring everyone, in your cool-headed way, that "the Russians weren't ten feet high." So the Soviets are now well on their way to gaining almost unchallengeable superiority in nuclear striking power. For this, we have you to thank.

But this letter is meant to offer thanks of a more personal kind. It is intended to thank you for the final revelation of the true grandeur of your viewpoint; and it is especially intended to thank you for showing us all what gratitude is owing, what respect is due, from the comfortable people who have been saved to those men who have uncomfortably risked their lives to save them. Thank you, and goodbye.

Joseph Alsop

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

oil, as the Iranians found to their dismay, would profit the Middle East countries little. They cannot drink it; they cannot eat it. Oil produces wealth for the Middle East only in the degree that it is used to satisfy the enormous energy demands of the West.

Therefore, American troops are in Lebanon to protect the oil profits of the oil capitalists. They were sent there for no other purpose. The struggle for the maintenance of oil profits could get us into World War III.

The alternatives to this potential catastrophe, toward which decadent class rule is now taking the world, is a rational peace and human brotherhood based on common and collective material interests. The social system that builds greed and in which the actions of governments are dictated by the material interests of ruling classes—capitalism—must be abolished.

The Socialist Labor Party proclaims that survival for the human race now depends on the urgent need for a reconstruction of society along Socialist lines.

Henry R. Korman
2640 Garfield st.,
Longview, Wash.

"Speederitis"
To The Editor: I would hate to be so deeply in love with the almighty dollar that I'd have to break the law every minute of every working day to earn it. I would also hesitate to risk the lives of children and adults alike in order to continue my deadly assault on public roads.

The log truckers up here have a disease called speederitis—they can't observe our speed limits through our town or by our homes. After all what do the lives of our children mean to them?

And if our youngsters drive like hellions when they grow up, they will think it's the proper thing to do. Surely the roads belong to the guy who can scare everyone else out of his way!

Let them continue their treacherous misconduct on our roads, or crack down on them while there is still time.

Jean Stanton
Medco Camp No. 4
Butte Falls.

Bus Service
To the Editor: Our bus service is a lousy mess. We only have one bus a day going into Medford, and three going from Medford through Gold Hill. Just why can't we have one of them in the afternoon too? We like to go in town in the afternoon sometimes, and if we catch the 11:30 a.m. bus, we have to stay all afternoon in town. I know if we had as many buses going to Medford through Gold Hill even in fruit season a lot of people would ride them.

Some, like ourselves, who don't have a car to go in, just have to depend on the buses.

Coming from Medford to Gold Hill there's one about 6:39 a.m. and about from 10 to 11:30 a.m., and one at about 4 p.m. and 9. So if only we could have just a late afternoon bus through fruit season, say about 3 or 3:30, it would help lots of people I know. There's still lots of us who can't afford a car yet. We have good service with the one bus we do have.

(Name on file)
Gold Hill, Ore.

Need for Socialism
To The Editor: The real bone of contention in the Middle East is oil, billions and billions of dollars worth of oil. The stakes, said "Fortune" magazine, October, 1956, are "working out at a total of the mightiest single pool of cheap energy on the face of the earth—indeed, the largest single treasure, translated into billions of dollars, still left in the hands of weak, and in many ways medieval nations."

It is not even a question of whether Europe is, or is not, to have access to Middle East oil. Capitalist spokesmen who admit that oil is the prize, try to justify the risk of another world war by claiming that 80 per cent of Europe's oil needs come from the Middle East. Their claim is a distortion of the facts to conceal the truth that it is oil profits, not oil supplies, that are threatened.

As the "Fortune" article noted, "... Just grabbing the

Man Called To Aid Fatally Injured Boy Find Own Son

Leonia, N.J. (UPI)—Volunteer ambulance squad captain Edward R. Miller answered a call for aid Monday night for an 11-year-old baseball player who had been struck and fatally injured by a pitched ball. The boy found unconscious and dying was Miller's own son.

The victim, Edward Jr., had been struck by a ball just over the heart as he stepped up to bat in a Leonia Midget League game. Although his father and the ambulance crew strove to save him, Edward died of asphyxiation a few moments later.

Edward was an honor student at Anna C. Scott Elementary School and an Altar Boy at St. John's Roman Catholic church.

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