

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"
Published Daily except Saturday by
MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
33 North Fir St. Ph. SP 2-8141

ROBERT W. RUIHL, Editor
HERB GREY, Advertising Manager
ERIC W. ALLEN, Jr., Business Mgr.
EARL H. ADAMS, City Editor
HARRY CHIPMAN, Teleg. Editor
RICHARD JEWETT, Sports Editor
OLIVE STARCHER, Women's Editor
DALE ERICKSON, Circulation Mgr.

Subscription Rates
By Mail—In Advance: Copy 10c
Daily and Sunday—1 year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday—6 mos. 8.00
Daily and Sunday—3 mos. 4.25
Sunday Only—One year \$4.20

By Carrier—In Advance—Medford,
Ashland, Central Point, Eagle
Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill,
Phoenix, Shady Cove, Rogue River,
Talent, and on motor routes,
Daily and Sunday—1 year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday—1 mo. 1.50
Carrier and Dealers—copy 10c

Official Paper of City of Medford
Official Paper of Jackson County
United Press International
Full-Service Wire

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU
OF CIRCULATION
Advertising Representatives:
WEST-HOLIDAY CO., INC., Of-
fices in New York, Chicago, De-
troit, San Francisco, Los Angeles,
Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, At-
lanta, Vancouver, B.C.

**NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS
ASSOCIATION**
1958

**NATIONAL EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION**
AFFILIATE MEMBER

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
Sept. 7, 1948 (Tuesday)
A landslide at Crater Lake
Sunday sent a cloud of yellow
dust 1,000 feet into the air,
causing some to think it was
a fire.

Prof. Krute Froysoa has
come to live in Medford and
teach the violin.

20 YEARS AGO
Sept. 7, 1938 (Wednesday)
A free-for-all at the Upper
Applegate dance last Saturday
night has led to charges of
assault and battery and
riotous conduct.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "Wild
blackberries are now at their
best and several were seen
departing with pails Tuesday."

20 YEARS AGO
Sept. 7, 1938 (Friday)
Steelhead fishing is getting
better in the Rogue.
A record 122 carloads of
pears left here yesterday.

40 YEARS AGO
Sept. 7, 1918 (Saturday)
One hundred draftees from
Nevada who passed through
here on a train this morning
nearly denuded the roseships
on the Southern Pacific depot
parkway of all their flowers.
Organization for the local
Red Cross drive was com-
pleted at the library last evening.

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

1. In what island group is the island of Leyte?
2. Gun turrets are structures on naval vessels; on what other instruments of combat are they built?
3. Finland has a Communist government; true or false?
4. Is a goblet a small turkey?
5. The designer of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor was of what nationality?
6. Insects have how many legs?
7. With what singer do you associate the song "Sonny Boy"?
8. Is the area of Soviet Russia equal to, or less than, the area of North America?
9. Pakistan is an independent nation; true or false?
10. "Knee high by the Fourth of July" refers to what common S. crop?

Answers: 1. Philippine Islands. 2. Airplanes and tanks. 3. False. 4. No. (A drinking vessel.) 5. French. 6. Six. 7. Al Jolson. 8. Approximately equal to. 9. True. 10. Corn.

TRUCK KILLS BOYS
Harman, Va.—(AP)—A soft drink truck sideswiped a bicycle carrying two young boys Friday and crushed them to death. Police said Sammie David Bentley, 9, and Jerry Gene Mullins, 10, apparently brushed against the truck and fell under the wheels.

Washington—(AP)—The government says the number of Americans filing new claims for jobless compensation is still shrinking and dropped by 20,800 to 275,100 in the week ended Aug. 30.

Minority Problem

An irritated reader of the Mail Tribune wrote a letter to this newspaper's "Communications" column last week. The letter, printed Friday, sought to place the blame for juvenile delinquency on the adults of Jackson county, where, he said, it belongs.

We'll go along with him part of the way. Wherever one finds a kid in trouble, one usually finds an adult, or adults, who have failed.

Also, it is easy to blame the entire community, and there may be some justice in his charge that teen agers "have no where to go, nothing to do."

BUT that is only part of the problem. Those communities with the finest recreational facilities for young people also are plagued with the problem. Delinquency is not unique in Medford or Jackson county—it is a nationwide problem, and in many places it is a far worse problem than it is here.

Erecting a teenage center (a worthy project, certainly), isn't going to solve it; nor is organizing softball or baseball or golf tournaments; nor is restoring the old roller skating rink. Juvenile delinquency just isn't that simple.

IN JACKSON county, the school superintendent's office says, there are more than 20,000 youngsters aged 4 through 19. And the juvenile office reports that its total case-load for one year was 675 children in all categories. Of these there were only 247 (188 boys and 59 girls) who were in the official "delinquency" category.

That is a pretty small percentage, and bears out what has been stated here and elsewhere over and over again—that the vast majority of young people are decent, self-respecting, useful members of the community.

Nonetheless, this minority does constitute a problem. The big questions are: What are the causes? What are the cures? And what do we do to handle the problem until that far-off day when it may be solved?

We don't have the answers, and we don't think our correspondent does, either.

BUT this much we do know: More recreational facilities for teen agers will help some, but are not the entire answer; a continuing interest on the part of the entire public will help a great deal, but this, likewise, is not the entire answer; police agencies, juvenile authorities and others who must deal with the problem daily will have to continue their activities, sharpen their skills and understanding. And we know that this is not the entire answer either.

If we had the whole answer we would be delighted to "stick our neck out" a little, as our correspondent suggests. But unfortunately, this newspaper has no franchise to issue edicts solving all society's ills.

What we can do, have done, and shall continue to do, is to report the news, good and bad; to call attention to the problem and to attempts at its solution; and to make those suggestions which we feel might be of some help.

MEANWHILE, though we have the utmost sympathy for kids who get off on the wrong foot, we cannot but believe that young people, themselves, have some responsibility for their conduct—a belief which is reinforced by the record of the thousands and thousands of young men and women who do NOT get themselves into trouble.

And in this connection, let us quote a widely-reprinted clipping which most recently appeared in the Wenatchee Daily World, sent to us last week by a subscriber:

"Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teen agers:
"What can we do—?
"Where can we go—?
"I can make some suggestions. Go home. Hang the storm windows. Paint the woodwork. Rake the leaves. Mow the lawn. Shovel the walk. Wash the car. Learn to cook. Scrub some floors. Repair the sink. Build a boat. Get a job.
"Help the minister, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army. Visit the sick. Assist the poor. Study your lessons. And when you are through and not too tired—read a book.
"Your parents do not owe you recreational facilities. Your village does not owe you recreational facilities. The world does NOT owe you a living.
"You owe the world something.
"You owe it your time and energy, and your talents so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick, or lonely again.
"In plain simple words: Grow up; quit being a cry-baby; get out of your dreamworld; develop a backbone; not a wishbone; and start acting like a man or a lady.
"I'm a parent. I'm tired of nursing, protecting, helping, appealing, begging, excusing, tolerating, denying myself comforts for your every whim and fancy, just because your selfish ego instead of common sense dominates your personality, and thinking, and requests."

WE HAPPEN to disagree with some of that quotation, believing that parents DO owe something to their children.

But there is more than a grain of truth in it—and again this is proven by the wholesome, intelligent and self-respecting activities in which most teen agers engage, in their churches, their schools, neighborhoods, homes and jobs.

And by the same token, most parents are responsible, worried people, anxious to do right by their offspring.

Some of them fail their children, and some of the children fail their parents—and as a result society suffers, and must do what it can to correct these failings.

But "curing" juvenile delinquency is only a part of the bigger problem of building a better world. That is a task for everyone.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"THIS IS A SONG ABOUT HOW MUCH COWBOY BOBS HORSE LIKES HIM. IT'S CALLED SANDPAPER KISSES."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

WAR FOR THE ISLANDS?
Washington—The use of American armed forces, if this proves necessary to defend

Quemoy and the Matsus, is now very nearly a foregone conclusion.

Therefore it is also an even bet—if anything, rather better than—that this country will be drawn into the fight for these little islands in the Formosa Straits. Quemoy is fairly effectively blockaded already, and the Chinese Nationalists do not have the power to ward off an attack on the scale that the Chinese Communists seem to be preparing.

There are a good many reasons for thinking that the official American policy of "keeping them guessing" masks an actual intention to fight if need be. The most important reason is simply the pattern of attitudes within the Administration.

Those with the most serious shares in the decision, to fight or not to fight, are the President, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and the four Joint Chiefs of Staff. Of the Chiefs of Staff, only Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor has been cautious and hesitant, voicing the kind of doubts that Gen. Omar Bradley also voiced before the decision to respond to the challenge in Korea.

THE Navy, in the persons of Adm. Arthur Radford and Adm. Felix Stump, has the largest share of responsibility for Chiang Kai-shek's heavy, continuing commitment on the offshore islands. Hence the Chief of Staff of the Navy, Adm. Arleigh Burke, is strongly opposed to any breakdown or surrender. The same line has been vigorously taken by the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Gen. Nathan Twining, and the Chief of Staff of the Air Force, Gen. Thomas White.

Secretary of State Dulles, meanwhile, is passionately convinced that any breakdown or surrender on Quemoy or the Matsus will surely imperil the Chinese Nationalist regime on Formosa. He further argues that this kind of Chinese Communist triumph will lead on to other very grave Western reverses throughout Asia. Hence Dulles is the most determined of fighting if we must.

In this frame of mind, Dulles would be formidable, even if he were alone. Long ago, President Eisenhower surrendered to his Secretary of State an unprecedented share of the decision-making power in the field of foreign relations. With three of the four Joint Chiefs powerfully backing him, Dulles seems all but certain to carry the day with the President.

AS AN indication of how far the thing has gone already, it can be stated that a minimum defense line in the Formosa Straits was traced at the top governmental level before Secretary Dulles's flight to see the President in Newport. Certain bare rocks that hardly deserve the name of islands were classified as expendable. But Big Quemoy, Little Quemoy and the five major islands in the Matsus group had all placed on the "must- defend" list.

Such is the trend within the American government. The trend in the Chinese Communist government is equally clearly marked. The only hopeful sign is Peking's domestic propaganda. The Communist leaders have not as yet flatly promised their own people that they will "liberate" the offshore islands. But the domestic propaganda tone has been growing ominously sharper in the last days.

He says we'll go to the defense of these islands IF WE FIND THAT NECESSARY TO THE SECURITY OF FORMOSA. We might not find that "necessary." Our commitment isn't to defend these tiny islands, which are within gunshot of the Chinese mainland.

NOTE this: President Eisenhower DOESN'T say in his statement (the language of which was evidently considered very carefully) that unless the Red Chinese quit shooting at the little flyspeck islands of Quemoy and Matsus we'll go to war.

My own guess, which I cannot prove, is that Peiping and Moscow are pushing us into a dilemma. One fork is to stand by and to let some of the littler islands fall while Quemoy is battered and blockaded. The other fork is for

Washington Report

By William S. White

FORMOSA BASTION

Washington—The fires so recently and so barely damped in the Middle East are now springing up in the Far East. The tireless arsonists of imperialist communism are transferring their flickering torches from the Persian Gulf to the western Pacific.

This is the one area in which the United States before this has elected to stand and fight in the long cold war contest with the Kremlin. For those odd little faraway islands now under Communist China's pressure—Quemoy and the rest—are in the same Yellow Sea waters that lap Korea. And in Korea, so long ago it seems now, we took the lead in history's first war for collective defense under the United Nations.

The little islands cannot pass from Nationalist China to Communist China without raising some threat to the main island of Formosa. Formosa cannot pass from Nationalist to Communist control without breaching what is left of the Western position in the Far Pacific.

KOREA, in the light of the soft settlement of that war we made after the Eisenhower Administration came to power, can no longer be a thoroughly dependable bastion. Since then, too, Indochina has been enticed by Communist aggression. Thus, both Japan and the Philippines—each vital to us—could be put in peril by the fall of Formosa.

Formosa, moreover, is the base of the Nationalist Chinese government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, to which the United States is pledged in half a dozen ways.

That Chiang and his establishment are at best old and tired is hardly debatable any more—though in truth there was a time when any criticism of him was regarded by many as practically the equivalent of spying for Moscow.

But what Chiang is and what his establishment is are not the vital points. Nor is it vital that, politically, the "Gissimo" is an undoubted embarrassment to us with our Western allies.

WHAT is controlling is simply the security of an indispensable base called Formosa. And as the one member of the Western alliance able

to bear this responsibility, bear it we must. Many may have forgotten, but it was from Formosa, then in their hands, that Japanese mounted their massive assault upon the Philippines in World War II. Others—the Chinese Communists—could mount a much heavier assault now from there, if they had the island.

On Formosa there is now an American "military advisory group." These American officers officially have no function of command. They are, however, like professors-to-pupils to the Chinese. And if the professors should give "suggestions" it is unlikely that the pupils would be unheeding. In and around Formosa we have very considerable sea-air power.

Now, in all these circumstances, the Administration is being much criticized for a policy of "keeping them (the Communists) guessing" regarding in just what circumstances we would fight to keep secure the offshore islands.

IT IS understandable that many are weary of the sentimental fiction that Chiang is a great and powerful ally, and of the Administration's long obsession with unreality in the Far East. But to say that the Administration has been bemused in the past is hardly to prove that realism would be served by freeing the Communists of all uncertainty and anxiety as to what we might do now.

For Chiang must be supported—but on our own terms—not for Chiang's sake but for the sake of Formosa. No more Formosa, no more center of power for the Western position.

Many fear that deliberately enigmatic United States intentions might bring on a major war. But too little enigma would be far more likely to do just that. Any public announcement of what we would do and not do—that we would fight for this island but not for that island and so on—would be to invite Communist assaults upon the exempted islands—and also to involve us in more and more clamorous demands from Chiang himself.

To disclose one's probable military action is to foreclose any effective action at all. Our antagonists have surely well understood this fact, and it is precisely their exploitation of this fact that creates for us the greatest of all our problems.

(Copyright, 1958, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE GAME AT QUEMOY

The offshore islands around Quemoy are, it would seem, pieces in an elaborate game

which is being played for high political stakes. There is no reason to think that the bombardment of Quemoy is part of a plan to invade and conquer Formosa.

But there is good reason to think that the Red Chinese are striking in order to injure the prestige of Chiang Kai-shek, who has committed so many of his troops in the offshore islands, and at the same time to cause the United States to lose face before the people of Asia.

The timing of the Red Chinese action is, it seems to me, significant. The action is nicely calculated to come to a climax just about when the regular session of the General Assembly meets this month in New York. This, plus the fact that there appears to be no military build-up on the Chinese mainland for any large action, indicates that the Red Chinese, with Soviet blessing, are engaged in a political maneuver. If this maneuver succeeded entirely, it could unseat Chiang, it could out the United States from Formosa, and it could bring Red China into the U.N.

WHAT is the maneuver? One can only guess, since it is the policy of the Red Chinese, as it is the policy of our government, to keep everyone guessing.

My own guess, which I cannot prove, is that Peiping and Moscow are pushing us into a dilemma. One fork is to stand by and to let some of the littler islands fall while Quemoy is battered and blockaded. The other fork is for

the United States to intervene to defend these islands and then to be denounced in the General Assembly, where on the Chinese question there is a substantial majority against us. In the days to come, we may find that we have to choose between abstaining, which would be a shattering blow to Chiang's prestige, and intervening, which would be deplored and condemned not only by all the uncommitted nations but also by most of our closer allies.

This dilemma, which may be the objective of the Communists, is at the same time the work of our friend, Gen. Chiang Kai-shek. It is he who has locked up such large forces in the island, it may be, against our own recent advice to disengage them. In any event, it has been Chiang who chose to stake his future in Formosa on a reckless gamble in the offshore islands.

What Chiang wants now and always is to entangle the United States in a full scale war with Red China. We have become involved in a truly entangling alliance, which is now being exploited against us.

OUR people should note this fact, that when there was trouble in the Middle East, we turned to the United Nations to find the way out. But in the Chinese trouble, Mr. Dulles cannot turn to the United Nations. Indeed, he must avoid the United Nations. For in our Chinese policy, we stand very much alone.

Not only do we stand alone. In the game now being played, we have lost the initiative to Peiping. For Mao is free to go after the off-shore islands in nibbles rather than in bites, doing just enough to make it embarrassing for the President not to defend the islands, doing not enough to justify an

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A member of the Mail Tribune staff (not the farm editor, incidentally) recently found an attractive little green plant springing up outside the back door of his home, not far from the garbage can.

Lazy by nature, he let it grow for a while, even though he suspected it was a weed, rather than some sort of flower. Besides, he sort of liked its fresh, green look.

It grew and grew. One day he took a real look at it and joked to his wife, "That looks just like a cornstalk."

It continued to grow, and pretty soon our non-agricultural friend decided, definitely, it WAS a corn stalk. His suspicion was confirmed when it started to tassel out, and then two ears of corn became apparent next to the stalk.

Well, he's just as proud of that lonely little corn stalk now as if he'd planned the whole thing, and is hoping there will be enough warm weather for the ears to come to maturity.

But where the seed came from, and how it got outside his back door, he has no idea whatsoever. He's just grateful.

One day during the past summer this newspaper received a letter for its communications column which struck the proofreader as a bit of pure nonsense. After reading it he penciled on it a note, which read: "Yikes! What a way to spend 4c!"

Know what "mish" is? We do, thanks to a correspondent who reported on a friend who has a habit of raiding the icebox and who, one day, found a small portion of left-over meat and a small portion of left-over fish—neither large enough to satisfy his hunger.

He mixed them together into a tasty dish—mish.

A woman about whom we have heard the other day approached the mobile registration booth operating in this area, thought it looked somewhat familiar, and examined it carefully. She discovered it once had been her husband's hot dog wagon. And in discussing it with one of the registrars, she found her old kitchen table was being used for the registration books. There's probably a moral there, somewhere, but we haven't found it yet.

We don't vouch for the authenticity of this, but some of our courteous sources do—about the man who has never been known to pay for his own coffee during a coffee-break.

His method of operation (or, as Sgt. Friday would say, "M.O.") is to pick out a number of good-natured, sociable people, go to the coffee shop with them with only 8 cents and a check book, and then, when it comes time to pay, edge away to the magazine rack and become deeply engrossed.

If pressed for payment by his colleagues, he produces

we spent a few minutes last week trying to convince a man who came "the office, and who admittedly had had about a dozen too many drinks, that we don't purchase poetry for publication in this newspaper. We don't even print it, usually, and the exceptions are usually light-hearted things which wind up in this corner.

Like, for example, the following:

Life magazine photographers have turned of late to making blurs, Strapping cameras to the skies

Of skiers, to depict their knees
In misty christies on the slopes.
Apparently the lensman hopes
To symbolize life's quickening pace
By fuzzing up a slalom race.

But "Misty Adieu to Senators" Which ran last week, contrarily stirs
Nostalgia in constituents' hearts
As each man, framed in fog, departs
From Capitol Hill. The fog reflects
Time's passing, according to the text.
Flanders, Martin, Irving Ives,
Headed for reclusive lives,
Jenner, Smith and Knowland too
Appear in smeary photos. True.

It might just be a smear campaign, Except that Life, time and again
Has come out so decidedly
In favor of the G. O. P., Or international tensions, which
Caused the lensman's hand to twitch.
We hope, however, they'll desist.
For further blurring won't be missed.

Why Saturday Changed
To the Editor: I am a farm wife and had to smile to myself when I read your editorial about "What Has Happened to Saturday?" I can tell you.

The farmers have been forced to change their shopping day to a week day because along with groceries they like to pay a few bills.

Copco is closed, telephone offices are closed, lumber yards, courthouse, insurance offices are closed, even some dry cleaning establishments are closed in the afternoon.

Besides, on a busy day we may as well walk the 10 miles from home as try to find a parking space anywhere near the center of town, so we depend on outlying markets where parking is no problem and avoid the crowds.

Medford should look within her city limits for the solution of a "dead" Saturday.

Mrs. Ray Doran, Table Rock, Ore.

intervention which might mean war.
(c) 1958 New York Herald Tribune Inc.