

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

10 YEARS AGO
Nov. 16, 1948 (Tuesday)
Last minute plans for Red Feather day near completion.

A total of 344 Medford residents and 396 Talent residents are x-rayed during the first day of a TB survey undertaken by the Jackson County Public Health association.

20 YEARS AGO
Nov. 16, 1938 (Wednesday)
Plans for remodeling of Medford's post office and federal building arrive here.

30 YEARS AGO
Nov. 16, 1928 (Friday)
Medford police enjoy the comfort of a rocking chair found on Oakdale ave. in the course of Halloween activities.

A high school pep rally and entertainment stunts are scheduled between acts at Hunt's Craterian theater to publicize the big game between Medford and The Dalles.

40 YEARS AGO
Nov. 16, 1918 (Saturday)
The Medford Business college is to be reopened for instruction of stenography and kindred work for government service.

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

- 1. Jenny Lind's voice gained her fame as the "Swedish Nightingale."
 - 2. The so-called dog days occur in spring, summer, or fall?
 - 3. Both the lowest and highest points in the U.S. are located in which state?
 - 4. When is "All Saints' Day" celebrated in Catholic churches?
 - 5. Which one of these foods is best for producing quick energy in the human body—milk, meat, sugar?
 - 6. A short nap is sometimes said to be how many "winks"?
 - 7. If you slept supine, would that be on your back, on your stomach, or on your side?
 - 8. The U.S. Secret Service is an agency of which Federal Executive department?
 - 9. Do you most readily associate Xavier Cugat's orchestra with Viennese waltzes, Latin-American music, or hill-billy selections?
 - 10. What are London "bobbies"?
- Answers: 1. Nightingale. 2. Summer. 3. California. 4. November 1. 5. Sugar. 6. 40 winks. 7. On your back. 8. Department of the Treasury. 9. Latin-American music. 10. London policemen.

The Clock, The Almighty, and Politics

One of these days it is likely that the people of Oregon will be asked to vote (again) on the question of daylight saving time.

The pressures for DST continue to pile up. And, while of course, the pressures against it mostly continue adamant, we believe the pressures "for" will some day soon be strong enough to bring it to another vote of the people.

Those favoring the change (which would conform with the practice of most of the nation, including our neighbor to the south, California) include travel agencies and services, radio and television stations and networks, others who find "uniform" time a great boon, and a vast body of people who simply like another hour of daylight at the end of the day—swiped, as it were, from the early-morning daylight hours when few if any would miss it.

THE opposition to a change has been hardy and persistent, and, in Oregon, anyway, and up to this point, successful.

It has included farmers, who declare that their cows cannot readily accommodate themselves to a changed schedule; mothers of small children, who have enough trouble getting them to go to bed when it's dark, let alone when it is still light, and others.

The "others" include those who hold to a mistaken belief that standard time was decreed by the Almighty, and that tampering with clocks smacks, somehow, of the sacrilegious.

BECAUSE of this, we were interested in a press release which arrived last week from the Association of American Railroads, which pointed out that standard time is only 75 years old come Tuesday, and that it was instituted, not by a Supreme Being, but by the railroads of America. Less divine auspices can hardly be imagined.

The nation went on standard time at noon on Nov. 18, 1883. It was a Sunday. The action culminated years of effort by railroad men to "introduce order into decades of confusion over time," the press release relates.

Before that, the release said: "The area covered by a particular time varied widely from point to point. Railroads generally observed the time standard of their home cities or of some other important city along their line, and some communities followed the time observed by their railroads.

"... A cross-country traveler by train had to change his watch some 20 times. Wisconsin alone is reported to have had 38 different times, while Michigan and Illinois each observed 27.

"People also found confusion without even leaving home. In Kansas City, for example, each of the leading jewelers furnished his own 'standard time,' no two of which were alike. In Pittsburgh, there were six different time standards."

"... Standard time, or 'railroad time,' ... was not accepted by everyone when adopted in 1883. Many thought of sun-time as nature's time, and believed that anything different was 'unnatural.'"

"... Official sanction of the new system was slow in coming, although government agencies had cooperated in the standardizing movement. It was not until March 19, 1918, ... that Congress passed what is known as the Standard Time Act."

DAYLIGHT Saving time was instituted nationally during World War II, as a power-saving device, although some localities had experimented with it before that.

After the war, many people (particularly in metropolitan areas) found they liked it for the extra hour of daylight in the evening, and an increasing number of states and cities adopted it.

The resulting confusion was not as bad as that before the 1883 adoption of standard time, but it was (and is) bad enough.

And when it comes up again in Oregon as a political issue, we expect to see a resurgence of a lot of passionate-purple language, because, for some reason which eludes us, people get almost as worked up about what time it is, or should be, as they do about other relatively unimportant issues—such as fluoridation and dogs running at large. — E. A.

Orchards: Something New

"Orchard—A large enclosure containing fruit trees, nut-bearing trees, sugar maples, etc., also, the trees collectively."
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

This definition is a familiar one—particularly to those of us in the Rogue valley, where orchards are so much a part of our environment.

Now we have orchards of evergreen trees. No fruit, no nuts, no maple sugar—just cones.

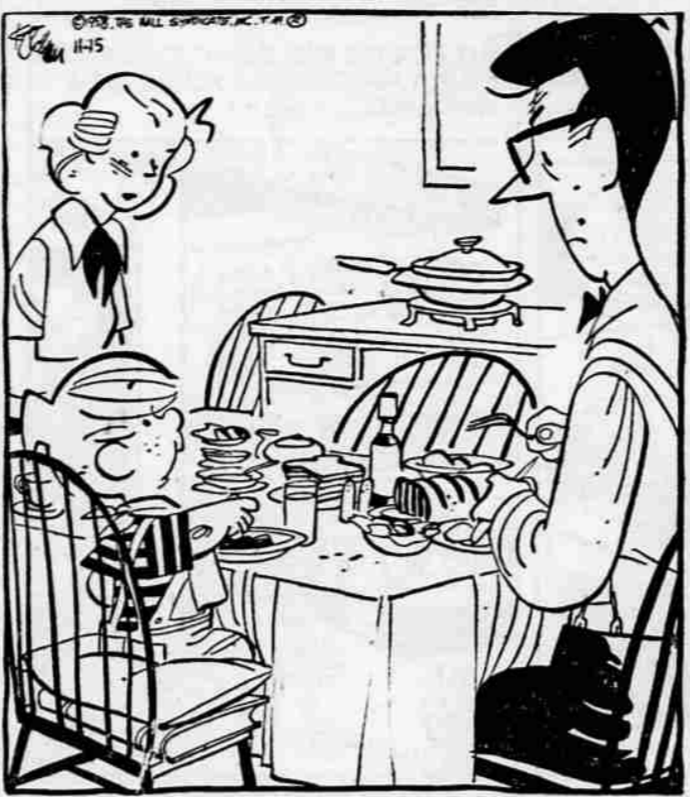
THE idea is this: In the early days of the timber industry, no one gave much thought to new growth; there was "enough timber to last forever."

The day came, however (and pretty rapidly, too), when it became evident that man was wasting a valuable natural resource in the forests; that the cut-out-and-get-out philosophy was not only short-sighted, but actually evil.

SO THERE was born the idea of artificial regeneration—tree or seed planting—to maintain and reconstitute the forests. It took some time for this to take hold, but it was pioneered by the federal forest agencies, and now the private tree farms are doing it, widely and well.

This in turn led to the harvesting of cones. And now this has led to "orchards" of conifers. Earlier seed-gathering was hit-or-miss, but with orchards, the quality of the stock can be controlled, and foresters can know that the seeds they plant will have the best possible genetic background. — E. A.

Dennis the Menace



"HEY, PASS THE POTATOES! WHAT'S WRONG?... HUH?... OH! HEY, PLEASE PASS THE POTATOES!"

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
Paris—These words are written in Paris because this reporter is again on his way to the troubled Middle East. The diplomats here are anxiously arguing about the meaning of Nikita Khrushchev's recent open threat to vulnerable, vital West Berlin.

Yet the storm signals abroad are very much less significant than the process going on in Washington—the President's personal effort to prepare next year's defense budget. Now is literally the last chance (and it is very late by now) to deal with the problem of the oncoming missile gap. Hence, it seems very trying to show how the missile gap will affect the whole theory of Western defense.

Very few persons outside the sacred circle of those having clearance realize how enormously American and Western defense theory has already changed in the Eisenhower years. To begin with, any idea of maintaining true offensive capability has long since been abandoned by the Eisenhower policy-makers.

YOU have no offensive capability, very obviously, if you dare not strike the first blow. In an exchange of nuclear weapons, no nation can even think about striking the first blow without full confidence of meeting one central requirement. The first blow must be heavy enough to prevent or cripple the return blow. Otherwise, the price of striking the first blow will be the immediate destruction of the nation.

When President Eisenhower took office, the American Strategic Air Command still had the power to strike the first blow, but Soviet nuclear striking power was already growing fast, and the Eisenhower Administration decided not to make the great effort to maintain the American lead. Hence, SAC lost its true offensive capability rather early on. The Dulles doctrine of "massive retaliation" became massive nonsense not long after it was proclaimed.

Secretary Dulles was talking about striking a nuclear first blow in retaliation for non-nuclear aggression. The United States lost the power to retaliate in this manner by 1956, because by then SAC was no longer able to prevent or cripple the Soviet return blow. This did not mean, however, that the Soviets could in turn begin to think about striking a nuclear first blow. Even today, the Soviets are just as unable to prevent or cripple SAC's return blow as SAC is unable to prevent or cripple their return blow.

IN THIS precariously balanced situation, all the actions of each side are limited by the other side's nuclear deterrent. This effect was clearly visible, even in such a strange local conflict as the fight at Quemoy.

On the American side, the President at once tore up all his previous "bigger bang for a buck" directives authorizing our armed forces to use tactical nuclear weapons in almost any kind of local military spat. By the same token, the Soviets clearly held back the Chinese Communists, in order to avoid an uncontrollable widening of the war. One side was deterred from using tactical nuclear arms. The other side was deterred from bringing to bear the full weight of its conventional armaments. In both cases, the other side's strategic nuclear deterrent was the great persuader.

But what will happen when the balance of the nuclear de-

terrent changes again, during the period of the missile gap that now lies ahead? In order to answer this question currently, it is first of all necessary to note that your true nuclear deterrent is what the other side thinks will be left over after the first blow. For the other side is certainly not going to be deterred by airplanes they count on destroying on the ground and bombs they believe will not be delivered.

Communications

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

Transportation

To the Editor: Being an old veteran of the transportation business for the past 25 years these lines may be of interest. What any city needs more than off-street parking is a good newspaper, industry, transportation. Medford has the newspaper. It is up to the downtown business men to support adequate transportation to and from downtown shopping centers, especially their employees.

In large cities where parking space was in abundance due to the transportation system, today there is no parking space available due to the negligence of the transportation system to downtown shopping centers. The results are large suburban shopping centers with no parking meters.

Upon completion of the new freeway through Medford, some of these Medford business men may be surprised in the number of cars stopping a few hours while passing through the city. Conditions may be changed considerably in the parking situation in the future, so why not wait until this freeway is finished before spending one-half million dollars for off-street parking which may not be necessary.

The city of Medford has no industry except a little fruit and lumber business and most of this business is taken care of by telephone or through the mail.

This statement may seem out of line to most people who have had no experience in the transportation business; however when there are no ways and means of transportation to downtown shopping centers, people owning cars will not drive downtown to shop but to the suburban shopping centers. Some businessmen get carried away when a little authority is placed in their hands and get queer ideas which will not coincide with the nature of most business problems. City ordinances and state laws make the downtown shopping centers very difficult for people to patronize.

I have had experience as street car motorman, motor coach, trolley coach operator and checker assisting the dispatcher during the rush hours. It is a mighty tough job to provide units of conveyance at the proper time. The coaches were spaced 30 seconds apart and the street cars 60 seconds apart. At this space it was impossible to haul the traffic without the assistance of token salesmen who also assisted in closing the doors on the units.

A successful dispatcher must have had experience in actual service as an operator or an engineer, not as a brakeman or conductor, to be familiar with the difficulties which arise in running a schedule and making the time, which is almost impossible when business is at peak. In the rush hours, it is necessary to put out extras to maintain the space of the units to handle the traffic, with adequate communication.

It is impossible to explain in detail in this space. However if you are interested you may phone SP 3-4761 for more information.
G. D. D.,
(Name on file.)
Medford.

Saving Species

To the Editor: Another protection of wildlife species was afforded when Mountain Zebra National park was created by the Union of South Africa. The National Parks of Africa-below-the-Equator probably have done much to save "circus" mammals for the kiddies of generations to come.

These include the African elephant, the hippo, wildebeest, klipspringer, oryx. Also two mammals that have found food niches by "rubber-necking"—the genetuck, the giraffe. The African lion also seems safe, though the Asiatic lion is almost extinct. So also as to Africa's rhinos. Those of Java and of Burma may be beyond saving.

In U.S.A., National Audubon has rescued from oblivion several bird species. These include roseate spoonbill, Everglades kite, limpkin, caracara, trumpeter swan, perhaps whooping crane. One flamingo ventured back into Florida only to be shot by a sportsman.

Gone forever is heath hen, passenger pigeon, the pretty Carolina parakeet, probably the giant ivorybill woodpecker.
C. M. Goethe,
Seventh and J Sts.,
Sacramento 14, Calif.

TEDDY HONORED

Balboa, Panama Canal Zone—The Canal Zone climaxed Roosevelt Centennial Week Saturday with the unveiling of a bust of Theodore Roosevelt. The unveiling commemorated the late president's arrival on the Isthmus to launch construction of the Panama Canal. About 160 persons who served two consecutive years in the zone during the construction days between 1906 and 1914 were guests of honor.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Upon occasion, Medford is graced by the presence of out-of-city newspapermen. It usually is a time when something of particular newsworthiness is happening, and papers outside the area (usually Portland) send in reporters to get their first-hand impressions, rather than depending on wire services or correspondents.

Anyway, they often gravitate to the Mail Tribune newsroom (it's the clatter of typewriters or the smell of newspaper or something), and not infrequently ask directions as to how to find certain places in the city.

This happened not long ago, and the visiting reporter asked one of our staff members where the Western Union office was. Our man replied with detailed directions, which didn't seem to "take." Finally he was struck with an inspiration. "It's across the street from the liquor store," he said. "Oh, well, I know EXACTLY where it is," the visiting newshawk replied.

Science—That inanimate concept generally taken to mean the orderly investigation of nature—has come up with the startling information that the greatest toll of human life is not taken by rattlesnakes, nor by Black Widow spiders, nor by Gila monsters, nor by scorpions. The champion human killer of the poisonous animal world is honey bee. An upstate newspaper comments, however, that despite this information, they hardly look for the starting of an organization to stamp out "the deadly honey bee."

Things have gotten sort of riotous (and we use the word advisedly) at recent American Legion meetings. Not long ago a fake "bomb" was planted during one of the meetings, and we are advised by competent authority that it scared the living daylight out of half the attending membership.

At another meeting, a deliberately provoked quarrel broke out, loud and long, during the business meeting, culminating in one officer hauling a pistol and firing several quick shots at his adversary, who immediately fell to the floor. It took several shocked and startled seconds before the bemused members saw that both shooter and shootee had big grins on their faces, and realized that the bullets were blanks.

And there is evidence leading us to believe that the end is not yet. It isn't Christmas yet. It isn't even Thanksgiving.

Police to Auction Off Several Items At Thursday Sale
Twenty two bicycles, four automobiles, a baby stroller, an electric blanket, a cable cutter, costume jewelry and comic books—these are some of the items Medford policemen are putting on the auction block Thursday.

Scheduled for 10:30 a.m. in the police storage garage south of the administration building, the auction is the third in the last two years. From buggies to badminton sets, the items to be auctioned have been in the police department's hands for months without being claimed. They were found, abandoned, by police patrolmen or turned in to the department by helpful citizens.

Efforts Made
Police Chief Charles Champin must sign an affidavit that "every reasonable effort" has been made to find or at least identify the owners and that the property has remained unclaimed.

Proceeds from the auction are turned over to the city's general fund. According to Lt. Rollie Pean, about 75 people showed up at the first auction, July 2, 1957. About 40 appeared at the second, at which only four automobiles were offered, on Dec. 4.

Some of the other items for Thursday's auction are a fishing rod, two pillows, two sheets and two pillow cases, two car wheels, two outdoor motor gas cans, miscellaneous hubcaps and small tools, a coil of No. 14 insulated wire and 12 leather jackets.

But there are signs in the air. Among them is the activity at Bear Creek Orchards, where delivery trucks have been coming and going in large numbers. One of them pulled up the other day just as Frank Durante, the office manager, came by. "Ah," he said. "Another delivery. I hope it's a boy!"

A columnist in another city—a pleasant little place about 14 miles south of Medford—reports that citizens of that community have been watching the fog roll in during the last week, and they've started bleaming Medford.

And the columnist adds, "Will you put those doggone bellows away this year, Mayor or John Snider?" Our plaintive inquiry, in return, is why does Medford get the blame? Other than the fact, of course, that it gets blamed for practically everything that goes wrong in the county. It has always been our impression that Medford had a bit more fog than Ashland, and we'd think that our friends in the southern suburb would be glad for us to share with them.

The office philosopher (jg) remarks on a new twist on the old saying about a cobbler's child going shoeless. A photographer's wife, he reports, is getting impatient because her husband hasn't yet taken a family picture for Christmas cards.

In another newspaper we saw a heading which said "Halfway Happenings." We were puzzled for a moment, thinking it may have been a column about unfinished projects, or uncompleted jobs.

It turned out, however, to be a column of happenings in the community of Halfway, Ore.

A local business which specializes in the reduction of overweight people—thinking them down, that is—advertises an "Expansion special 111." Now, let's see . . . ?

We have, to our sorrow, discussed typographical errors here before. These are the little (and sometimes, alas, not so little) mistakes in typography which pop up in the paper.

To those in the newspaper business, they are an old, old sad story. We know how they happen, how easy it is for them to happen, and are so used to them that when we spot one mostly we groan or swear (according to our predispositions) and quickly go on to something else.

If they are serious, and if we spot them in time, we try to do something about them, even if only to obliterate the offending word while the paper is still on the press.

We maintain that they hurt us as badly as they do anyone. But we are used to our readers pointing them out to us, either in anger or hilarity—always with the implication of "How on earth can you be so stupid!?"

There are a dozen places during the process of putting out a paper where errors can creep in. It can be the original source of information (misspelled name, wrong date, etc.); it can be faulty memory or mis-read notes or a typing error on the part of the reporter; it can be human or mechanical failure on one of the typesetting machines (letter transpositions, word omissions), or it can be carelessness or error on the part of the compositor, the man who puts the type in the page (line transpositions or omissions, and so on).

The proofreader is the man charged with catching those errors which he can. He reads for accuracy the "proofs"—that is, the test-printing sheets of the columns of type made before they are placed in the page. But no human being we know could catch all such errors. And he cannot check on faulty work in the printing department.

So, if a story in which you are interested doesn't "read" correctly, it could be any one of a number of things, and might be that a full line of type is dropped out by accident.

We have safeguards against them, and catch and correct probably about 95 per cent. But despite all attempts, human error inevitably allows a few to get through.

The worst ones are the true "typos"—errors in typesetting. Like the one last week which should have said "exotic dishes" and came out "erotic dishes."

In case you are interested, there are 32 shopping days before Christmas.