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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
Nov. 23, 1948 (Tuesday)

Miss Noreen Kelly, a student
at St. Mary's academy, is the
Medford winner of the
Voice of Democracy high
school speech contest.

Christmas seals are in the
mails this week, according to
the Jackson County Public
Health Association.

20 YEARS AGO
Nov. 23, 1933 (Wednesday)

Half of Medford High
school's journalism class visits
the inner workings of the
Mail Tribune.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "A ro-
bin has been fooling around
the courthouse yard, and ex-
pects to be announced next
February as the first robin
of spring."

30 YEARS AGO
Nov. 23, 1928 (Friday)

"Too Many Husbands" is
now playing at the Playhouse
theater.

Stewart's honey and Copco
preferred stock are featured
in a Copco window display as
"home products."

40 YEARS AGO
Nov. 23, 1918 (Saturday)

Medford troops are ordered
home from overseas by Gen.
Pershing.

Mayor Gates has selected
the Gore alfalfa field as a
landing place for the Army
aviators expected to drop in
on a trial flight from Sacra-
mento to Seattle.

What's Your I.Q.?

Nine or ten correct is superior;
seven or eight is excellent; five or
six is good.

1. Walk can, without turn-
ing, in any direction on
land; true or false?

2. That which an artist
strives to represent, such as a
scene, figure, or incident—is
called a—?

3. Frost is frozen dew; true
or false?

4. Leukemia is a disease
marked by overabundance of
red, or white, blood cells?

5. Cardigan is a name ap-
plied to a type of jacket, foot-
gear or glove?

6. The early part of the
day—from morning to noon—is
called the f—?

7. Four-poster is a name for
what piece of household fur-
niture?

8. Upon graduation, West
Pointers become second lieutenants; what naval rank is
given to Naval Academy
graduates?

9. R—is a material used
by athletes, acrobates, and
violinists?

10. Does the word austerity
denote simplicity, or ostenta-
tiousness?

Answers: 1. True. 2. Sub-
ject. 3. True. 4. White cells. 5.
Jacket. 6. Forenoon. 7. Bed.
8. Ensign. 9. Resin. 10. Sim-
plicity.

Good for Ashland

Hugh Coleman stands a good chance of losing \$100.

Coleman, the personable Medford auto dealer, is the one who had the temerity, at the "kick-off" dinner for the Shakespearean Festival fund-raising campaign, to challenge Ashland to live up to its responsibilities.

Clarence Bell, Ashland businessman, took up the challenge rather heatedly, and wagered Coleman \$100 that Ashland would fill its \$50,000 quota in the drive before Medford filled its \$100,000 quota.

The bet was made, with the money to go to the campaign.

EVERY report we have heard from Ashland indicates that Bell's confidence was well placed.

The town, with a population of about 9,000, shows every promise of doing its job fully as fast and enthusiastically as Medford, which is nearly three times the size.

More power to them! Ashland, a charming town, has gained a reputation of sleepiness and lethargy over the years, but it is now showing real signs of shaking this off, and taking a strong and responsible role of leadership in the fund-drive effort.

If Ashland is successful (and we believe it will be), it can put a great big fat feather in its cap, and cock a disrespectful snoot at the rest of the state for past patronizing attitudes.

WHILE the cities of Jackson county and southwestern Oregon stand to gain the most from a successful fund drive, the entire state will share in the benefits.

The benefits are many and considerable, not only from a cultural standpoint, but from a coldly economic one.

The Festival, which has brought millions of dollars of buying power into the area—more than all but the largest industrial payrolls—is at a crossroad.

The old theater is gone, a beautiful new one has been designed to succeed it, and all that is needed is the money to do the job.

If the drive fails, Jackson county loses one of its biggest assets, one which has brought prestige, renown and hard dollars to this area.

If, however, it succeeds (and we are confident it will), we are assured of a continuation, and an improvement, of an institution, a tradition, and an "industry" of which the entire state can well be proud.—E.A.

Legislature's Centennial

Members of the 1959 legislature meet in Salem this afternoon, their first get-together since the election, and the first time that all of them, veterans and newly-elected freshmen alike, will meet face to face.

But they will not meet in the Capitol, nor will they gather as house and senate. The meetings will be strictly partisan, with Republicans meeting at one hotel and Democrats at another.

The meetings (some call them caucuses, which is a perfectly good word meaning "a meeting of leaders of a party or faction to decide on policies or candidates") may well decide the organization of the new session—Oregon's 50th, or Centennial, legislature.

THE legislature will have more Democratic members than Republicans. The Senate is divided 19 to 11, and presumably will elect Sen. Walter Pearson of Portland, former state treasurer, as senate president.

The house division is closer, 33 to 27—a smaller margin for the Democrats than in the 1957-58 legislature. There may be a contest, or the race for speakership may be decided without delay.

Leading candidate at present is Robert Duncan of Medford, who has vote pledges from substantially more than half of the Democratic members of the house.

IF DUNCAN is named speaker, he would be the fifth Jackson county man to hold that post in the past 100 years.

The first was E. V. Carter of Ashland, in the 1898-99 legislature. In 1927 John H. Carlin, then of Medford, was speaker; in the 1943 session William McAllister, Medford, (now a member of the state supreme court) was speaker, and Frank J. Van Dyke was speaker at the 1949 session.

The speakership is an important office. The chief public duty is presiding over the house, but as a practical matter, the power of the office is in making committee assignments, and in choosing the committees to which bills are referred.

In addition, the speaker has an initial prestige on which he can build real leadership, or which he can fritter away in trivialities. The job is a challenge.

LAST session, and this one, are the only times in more than two decades where partisanship has been much in evidence at the legislature. Control was vested firmly in the Republicans, and the small minorities of Democrats had little chance—and, indeed, little motivation—to do more than pitch in and work.

In the sessions of the 40s, party labels meant little, and as a matter of fact were largely forgotten.

We are not prepared to say whether this was good or bad, but it is a fact today that partisanship is much in evidence. And this is good, at least to the extent that it shows that the two party system is sound, healthy and competitive in Oregon once again.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"MOM, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FINISH MAKING SOME WAFFLES?"

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE INCOMING TIDE

For the next two years the President must live with a Congress which has a strong Democratic majority, and in this majority the Northern Democrats will have more power than they had before.

In the shrunken Republican minority, the "moderns" will have more to say than they had before the elections shattered the Old Guard. Much will depend upon how Mr. Eisenhower decides to deal with the new political line-up and how he interprets the changes which it reflects.

For it would be a mistake to suppose that nothing important is changed, and that somehow Sen. Lyndon Johnson is a worker of miracles who can, or will wish, to make the new Congress act as if it were the old one. To be sure, Sen. Johnson is a moderate and co-operative man, but he is also a professional politician and he has already made it plain that he knows that there is a new tide running in our affairs.

NO DOUBT, it would be wrong to regard as being definite and conclusive Mr. Eisenhower's first reaction on the morning after election day. Yet there was truth—though it was not the whole or the main truth—in his saying that the electorate "obviously voted for people that I would class among the spenders." It is true that the main political generation are prepared for a lot more public spending on public facilities and on national defense. This can be said not only of most of the Democrats. It is conspicuously true of Mr. Nelson Rockefeller.

In Mr. Eisenhower's definition, the Governor of New York is a "spender" in that he stands for a much enlarged effort to meet public needs which, if they are to be met at all, must be financed publicly. There can be little question, it seems to me, that Mr. Rockefeller did not win the election only because he is an attractive man with a celebrated and greatly respected name. He won it because he is identified in the public mind with a long, persistent, varied, and expert concern with the public needs of this growing and expanding nation.

BEFORE the President adopts a stubborn and sterile opposition to what the younger generation is up to, he should make a careful study of Mr. Rockefeller's victory. For there, more clearly perhaps than in any of the other election, he can see what is happening. There is a "tide." But it is not primarily a Democratic tide. It is Democratic only when the Republicans act like a lot of complaining codgers, like the old cronies of Colonel Blimp, fighting in the present battles of their youth.

The tide is largely Democratic because the Democrats, at least outside the South, are on the whole younger and more modern and less stodgy than are most of the Republicans who run for office.

What is this tide which has brought in both Mr. Rockefeller and a great Democratic majority? It is propelled, I believe, by the growing conviction, based on personal experience of living in countless American communities, that our public needs are not being adequately met. The

face of America has changed since Dwight Eisenhower was a boy in Kansas. We have become in large part a mass society living in congested urban agglomerations. One half of our people live in metropolitan areas; in the six Northeastern states four-fifths of the people live close together in such metropolitan areas.

THIS is not the only reason, but it is an important and a sufficient reason, why the country today is compelled to spend on civilian projects more public money than it used to spend. Out in the country or even in small villages, the individual can do many things for himself which in the city must be done by public enterprise. There is no need to labor the obvious. When a community grows from, let us say, 10,000 inhabitants to 100,000, the cost of the public services required is bound to go up more than ten times. For the larger community requires extensive facilities—as, for example, wide roads and underpasses—which the small town does not have at all.

Because of the great cost of the second World War and the very large cost of the cold war, this country, which is a very different country from what it was 29 years ago, is in a predicament. It is rich in the things that money can buy and it is, speaking comparatively, poor in the services and the facilities that private enterprise cannot supply.

From now on, barring a great war, our internal politics will be dominated, we may be reasonably certain, by this predicament.

In it lies the real problem of "spending." The problem is whether the productivity of our economy can be increased so that public spending, perhaps even while permitting an increase in private spending. This will be the subject of a great debate in the years ahead of us.

THERE are, no doubt, many different conclusions to be drawn from all this. But the first conclusion I would draw is that the President should look not only at his \$80,000,000,000 budget and its \$12,000,000,000 deficit. He should look also at the problem of the economy which is still running below capacity. And last but not least, he should look squarely at the vast complex of difficulties which are being caused by the lag in our public services, and at the human strain which this lag subjects our people.

For the future, which he must face for another two years, will be greatly concerned with this lag. It will be concerned with the lag in the provision of schools and colleges, with the lag in hospitals and medical services, with the deficiency of highways and the backwardness of much of our transportation, and with city planning and slum clearance. The future will be considered with the conservation and development of our natural resources, with the water supply of large areas of the country, with the contamination of the air, and with many other consequences of the extraordinary growth of our population, its conglomeration in big urban masses, and with the shaking up of the people's habits due to the application of modern science.

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Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

ATTEMPTED PORTRAIT

Amman, Jordan—The fine head is far too big for the short, slender body. The dark, Arab eyes are far too penetrating, the mouth far too resolute for the boyish face. Even the musical voice is far too deep and a d resonant for so small a man.

By these odd contrasts, at just 23 years of age, Hussein, King of Jordan, achieves what few men ever achieve—a thrice his age commanding presence. Even in a very ordinary business suit, sitting at a very ordinary desk in a quite ordinary office, he does not look like a boy playing at being King, or like a King playing, in the modern manner, at being a good bourgeois. He looks, quite simply, like a ruler.

When the Young King received me the other day for a long private talk, I could hardly resist the temptation to put the question bluntly: "How do you do it and what makes you tick?" But the answer would surely have been polite and meaningless; for this seeming-boy always speaks with the circumspection of an old master politician.

Too much depends, as well, on the Bedouin attachment to the King; and even among the Bedouin there is too much rivalry between the men of the Beni Sakr and the men of the Howeitat. The government of Jordan by force and watchfulness is no easy business. But by some curious instinctive throwback to his ancestors, Hussein carries on this government with the quiet guile and ever-ready naked courage of the old rulers of the desert tribes. As a political phenomenon in the age of the H-bomb, his feat seems very strange indeed. Strangeness only makes the feat more striking.

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esque character of such scenes from Hussein's life must not be allowed to obscure the other realities. Although even his enemies have come to admire him, this young King rules by force and watchfulness.

IF THE voice of Nasser and the hand of the Kremlin have lost their power in Jordan, it is because very great numbers of Egyptian and Communist agents and sympathizers are in jail or in concentration camps. If the country is more stable than it has ever been in the recent past, it is because the Army's loyalty has been tested for all to see.

These facts carry their own penalties, moreover. Among Jordan's town dwellers too many families contained at least one active or suspected Nasserite or Communist. Too many families today have missing members. In the great plot of 1957, too much depended on the loyalty of the simple soldiers, who refused their officers' orders to move against the King. Today, therefore, the soldiers are perhaps too much trusted and the officers perhaps too little.

Too much depends, as well, on the Bedouin attachment to the King; and even among the Bedouin there is too much rivalry between the men of the Beni Sakr and the men of the Howeitat. The government of Jordan by force and watchfulness is no easy business. But by some curious instinctive throwback to his ancestors, Hussein carries on this government with the quiet guile and ever-ready naked courage of the old rulers of the desert tribes. As a political phenomenon in the age of the H-bomb, his feat seems very strange indeed. Strangeness only makes the feat more striking.

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Partly for this very reason, I shall not record the interview in detail. Hussein told me what he wanted to tell me—that his storm-tossed little country had never been nearer to tranquillity, which is true. He has the knack, which most older politicians should envy, of never being self-revealing. So what he says rarely casts any light on the question above noted, which is nonetheless the really interesting question about Hussein.

The question is posed—indeed it is almost shouted—by the extraordinary scenes from Hussein's story which seem to crowd into the room whenever you see him. Consider, for example, the last incredible scene.

When the Syrian MIGs attempt to shut the well-laid trap, the young King quietly hands over the controls of his little plane to his former flying instructor, the veteran Wing Commander John Dalgleish. Flying just ten feet above the ground, Dalgleish sets a wrenching zig-zag course. The King coolly takes over the observer's role, warning Dalgleish of each new pass that the MIGs make ("as though he had been talking about the weather," Dalgleish says later).

He passed all but drives the hunted little plane into a hill-face. But the end is disappointment for the layer of the trap, Nasser's Syrian vice-roy, Col. Abdel Hamid Serraj, Serraj has been waiting at Damascus airport for his intended victim since early morning with an eager little company of the Jordanian exiles who plotted to kill the King in 1957. But they wait in vain.

"I'd have died before landing at Damascus," the King remarks about this frustrated reception committee. And so, of course, he gives the real reason why he got away.

Or consider those other scenes in 1957, when Hussein's best friend and chosen Chief of Army Staff, Ali Abu Nuwar, many of the Army's other senior officers, and all the members of his government joined to destroy the King; and were defeated only by Hussein's naked courage. Or consider his cool firmness when the bloody coup in Baghdad shook Jordan to its foundations, and another coup in Amman was expected every hour.

"That was the worst moment," the King admits. "I needed to go away after it was over."

OR FINALLY, for contrast consider the strange night scene at the great Arab Legion camp at Zerga, when he celebrated the King's 23 birthday last week. All the grave, elderly notables of the kingdom are there to salute him, and he is as grave as the old man until the soldiers dance. Dance, endlessly they dance, great stamping, weaving circles with a bagpiper, a flute player, and a star performer taking the girl's part at the center of each circle. The star performers win loud, ribald cheers when they parody the belly dance. But the roaring is loudest when the King, looking like a boy for once, suddenly grins and shouts for a certain Ali, who turns out to be a specialist in simultaneous dancing and Sten-gun-shooting. And so the party ends, whereat the wild Legionaries all but mob the King's car, shouting, "We are your men, oh, Hussein, we are your men!"

The violence, the drama, the almost absurdly pictur-

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Whiskers, we are told, are making a comeback. We believe it.

Glancing down the cluttered vista of the newsroom, our eyes light on our city editor, who has a week's growth—a ring around his jowls reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln, plus a mustache. Our eyes swing over to the farm editor, who has the first faint smudge of an oncoming mustache, which gives promise of imposing dimensions.

Further to the right, our photographer shows up with a widepread stubble, not yet of sufficient determination for accurate description.

And, as our hand idly strokes our chin, we feel the roughness of juvenile whiskers. The same would be true of our telegraph editor, had he not shaved by mistake, in a fit of absent-mindedness, last week.

Why? Well, it was sort of spontaneous inspiration, motivated by the fact that the Centennial year is approaching, and the news from upstate that it is becoming fashionable to grow whiskers in celebration thereof.

Ernie Hood, the county Centennial chairman, has ambitions for a fine, spreading handlebar mustache—although he admits that, up to this point, it needs the ministrations of his wife's mascara to make it evident.

Now it should be understood that this project is not undertaken lightly, nor without some danger. The danger comes from wives, obviously, not to mention the distaff members of the staff, who view but dimly the hirsute aspirations of the menfolk.

But the ultimate in beard-growing courage comes from east of the mountains, in Bend, where Robert Chandler, editor of the Bulletin, makes known for all his readers the fact that he once had a full, red beard grown while on overseas service in World War II. He always has had a hankering to try it again, but has been restrained by the objections of his wife.

But now this brash man allows that his wife has gained several pounds since they first were wed, that he objects to it, and that if the excess poundage is not lopped off within a specified period, he will grow that red beard back in retribution.

There is a brave, but foolish, man.

long enough to need to worry about it. Make no mistake, I am completely in favor of promoting the peaceful uses of anything, anywhere, but in this instance, the emphasis needs to be applied nearer home.

Arnold Toynbee, the noted British historian, has said if or civilization perishes, he does not anticipate it will come about through nuclear warfare, but rather from some fundamental moral lack in its own makeup. Shortly after Ezra Benson took office as Secretary of Agriculture, it was facetiously said that the only crop likely to receive a government subsidy was "moral fiber" but it is still in short supply. For much too long, our highest frame of reference for American policy at home and abroad, and to some extent for our own personal decisions as well, has not been the eternal, unchangeable values of right and wrong, but rather, what Russia does or does not do, and what the rest of the world is going to think about it and about us.

This has led to such confused and muddled reasoning that the one essential ingredient to survival in any age—that of personal integrity—has atrophied to a shocking extent throughout our society. Now we are searching frantically for a "scapegoat"—the Jew, the Negro, the labor union—upon which to rest the blame for our own moral deficiencies. Instead of facing up to the problems that have undermined the democracy we try so glibly to sell to others, we choose instead to devote our energies to the contemplation of outer space—like a home owner who gives his all to promoting fire prevention programs elsewhere, while the flames that are consuming his own abode already illumine the far horizon.

In view of these conditions it is little wonder, as Walter Lippmann has said, that Communism to earth's underprivileged millions has begun to appear as the only wave of the future that holds any hope for their condition. It is not in outer space, but "in the minds of men" here and everywhere that the defenses of peace must be built, and the hour is later than we think.

Grace N. Pearson, Route 2, Box 50, Jacksonville, Ore.

Understatement of the week, in a headline on an editorial in the Medford High school Hi-Times: "Boy-Girl Relationships Can Cause Problems."

A certain Medford housewife we have heard about has been a willing worker in church and school, but recently found the extra duties had overburdened her to the point of exhaustion.

Reluctantly, she finally decided she was going to have to turn down any additional requests for her services.

So, above her kitchen telephone is a sign which says, "Think NO!"

Congressman Charles O. Porter, a fast man with a word or phrase or—for that matter—an entire speech, was the speaker at the banquet of the National Forest Recreation association. So perhaps it was appropriate that Ted Tedrick of Union Creek, intending to introduce Porter's talk on conservation, announced him as a "well-known conversationalist."

In this 20th century age of progress, when we can twist a dial and see what's happening across the nation, or throw missiles into space, or speed across the continent between breakfast and lunch, or drive our high-powered vehicles from one corner of the state to the other, in utter comfort and in less than a day, why is it that no one has yet had the ingenuity to come up with one basic, simple invention.

We refer to tire chains. They have not progressed since 1912, and there never was one made which could be put on without barking knees or elbows or fingers, and without getting dirty, and without undergoing considerable physical danger.

An Upper Applegate friend has dropped us a note, glorying in the glorious weather of fall (which since disappeared under a dank cover of gray fog and clouds), but who eyed the forthcoming winter by saying, "I still think the bears have the best of the deal, crawling into a nice snug hole with their tummies full, and just forgetting the whole tiresome business until spring comes north again. Oh, to be one of them and do likewise!"

A Jackson county family recently was en route home from a hunting trip, with the one deer limit strapped to the front of the car. They were stopped at a check point, and the game warden looked over the deer. The young daughter of the family remarked to him:

"Isn't that a pretty deer my Daddy got?"

"Yes it is, little girl," the warden replied.

"Well, if you think that one is pretty, you ought to see the one we have under the back seat," she replied.

She'll probably stay home next year.

We have good reporters on this paper, by golly, who go right to work at the first sniff of a news story.

One of them got a "news tip" last week from a usually reliable source, to the effect that an unusually large number of law enforcement officers had left in a hurry for the airport.

Like the good newsman she is, our reporter started making telephone calls like mad.

The "big story" when traced down, was that (1) an officer had left on a routine flight to Portland; (2) a state policeman bought a bicycle for his son at the Medford city police auction held at the airport; and (3) the auctioneer for the sale was the department's detective lieutenant.

She also found out the auction was a big success.

A native of England, reading about the recent naturalization ceremony here, got to reminiscing about her first experiences in this country.

Her husband had carefully explained to her the unfamiliar American money, and had impressed upon her that small, silver-colored coins are dimes and worth 10 cents. She remembered.

The time came for her to make her first purchase in a dime store, and she offered in payment one of those zinc-colored pennies which wartime shortages made necessary. "My husband told me this is a dime," she told the clerk determinedly, and the long and the short of it was that the clerk and manager both finally gave up, and the woman left with her 10-cent purchase.

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 initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with an eye to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

Rules About Pets

To the Editor: Here are some rules to protect children: Many people give puppies and kittens to small children as playthings. Dr. H. R. Carithers of Jacksonville, Fla., kept a record of 157 cases of children bitten by pets. Dr. Carithers found that the child was usually responsible for the bite and he devised these rules to avoid such mishaps.

1. Children should not own pets until they can understand the handling and care of animals. This ability is rare under age 4 and unusual under age 6.

2. Older animals make better pets for young children.

3. All youngsters should be taught that animals have rights, including freedom from pain and teasing.

Judith Hollman, Route 2, Old Stage rd., Medford.

Active Club Invitation

To the Editor: The Medford Active Club, seeking to aid in the development of young men for service to the nation and to their own communities, invites young men of good character between the ages of 21 and 39 to attend the meeting at the Timber Room, downstairs, 3 South Riverside ave., Medford, on Monday at