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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**  
Dec. 18, 1948 (Saturday)  
Jackson county extension agents and members of the Southern Oregon Experiment station staff return from the annual extension conference at Corvallis.  
Students are now returning for the holidays from various points of the compass.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 18, 1938 (Sunday)  
The "marriage license strike" continues as prospective couples dodge Oregon red tape and go to Yreka, Calif. for official sanction.  
From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "A move is on foot to start the new year right, and get the Christmas greenery off the lamp posts before St. Patrick's Day."

**30 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 18, 1928 (Tuesday)  
Albert Burch is elected new president of the Jackson County Fruitgrowers league.  
Interest grows apace in the outdoor Christmas lighting contest here.

**40 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 18, 1918 (Wednesday)  
Flu mask opponents plead through cheesecloth in a vain attempt to persuade the city council to repeal the mask ordinance.  
The post office reports extremely light Christmas business and expresses fears of an eleventh-hour deluge.

**What's Your I.Q.?**  
Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.  
1. On what British ship, under the command of Captain Bligh, did a notable mutiny occur in the Pacific?  
2. In scoring in tennis, what does "love" mean?  
3. What is a codicil?  
4. Who was the author of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"?  
5. Anchorage is a town in which U.S. Territory?  
6. What do the initials AS-CAP signify?  
7. If an animal were described as innocuous, would it be harmless or harmful?  
8. The Oberammergau Passion Play is scheduled at how many years' intervals, in normal times?  
9. The famous "Venus of Milo" statue is notable in that its arms are folded, up-raised, or missing?  
10. In bowling "duckpins" what is the maximum score one can make in a single frame?  
Answers: 1. H.M.S. Bounty. 2. Nothing scored. 3. Supplement to a Will. 4. Thomas Gray. 5. Alaska. 6. American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. 7. Harmless. 8. 10 year intervals. 9. Missing. 10. 30.

### "Why Should I....?"

"Why should I give?" That is a good question, and one which should be answered by each of the many, many groups and organizations out to raise funds for this or that purpose.

And there are lots of them, these days. The United Medford Crusade, the Christmas Seal sale, the Salvation Army, the Shakespearean Festival building fund, to name only a few of the strictly local ones. Coming up will be the March of Dimes, and a host of other appeals, all of them with some validity, as the new year rolls around.

THERE are, indeed, so many appeals for funds that the donation-minded individual must needs use some discretion, both as to cause and amount, or he'll find himself oversubscribing the amount in his budget allocated to gifts.

Most of the appeals can make a good case for their causes. Most of them are worthy, in one way or another. The UMC, for instance, is the main support of more than a dozen worthwhile organizations which are doing a job for the community and, in particular, its young people.

The Seal sale, of course, supports the Jackson County Health association, which has done so much to limit tuberculosis, and to raise the general tenor of public and individual health standards in this community.

THE Salvation Army, with its tinkling bells and its Christmas pots, is the most direct "charity" of the lot, and it makes Christmas a far finer time of year for many who otherwise would be faced with a pretty bleak holiday.

The Shakespearean Festival building fund drive is in a little different category than any of the others mentioned, and for some people it is easy to give a negative answer to the question, "Why should I give?"

A communication on this page raises this question, and concludes that other things—a hospital in Ashland, for instance, or a Junior High school there—are far worthier of gifts than is the festival.

OUR correspondent's motives are both worthy and understandable. The fact remains, however, that junior high schools are the responsibility of taxpayers of the school district, and no one has yet started a campaign for a new Ashland hospital—although that may be coming some time in the future.

So neither of these worthy causes is, as yet, a reason to turn down an appeal to give to the Shakespearean Festival building campaign.

AS TO why anyone SHOULD give, that is of course purely a matter of individual choice. But there are good reasons, both for those who DO like to watch Shakespeare's plays, and those who don't but who DO have a stake in this area's economy.

It isn't limited to businessmen, either—not by a long shot. If an industrial payroll which brought a total purchasing power of some \$4 to \$6 million into the valley each year were threatened with ruin, everyone would know how that would affect each of us—whether we be businessmen, doctors, bus-drivers or office workers.

It's the same with the festival. Happily, it is beginning to look as though the goal will be reached, with the last-ditch hard work of the volunteer fund-raisers still to be done. The non-profit theater is not in the same class with hospitals or schools, but in its own way it is a mighty important part of our community.—E.A.

### What About Beards?

Well, men, shall we grow beards for the Centennial?  
Let's fess up now. Every man-jack of us has wondered what we'd look like in a Van Dyke, a goatee or full-blown chin-whiskers. Once we've found out, we're glad to lather up. But we'll never know for sure until we've put away the shaver for a few weeks.

The last time Salem men had an excuse to grow beards was during the city's centennial in 1940. Quite a crop of chin shrubbery sprang up then, too. Since then, however, almost a whole generation of little shavers has come of age.

This is about the last excuse we'll have for a while. The State's centennial just about winds up the 100-year observations around here. It will be another 30 years or so before we start in on the sesqui-centennials.

WE EXPECT to get no encouragement from the ladies in this matter, but how will we know the tourists from the natives next year without whiskers?

Most men haven't got a strong enough itch to grow a beard to play a lone-wolf role. We'll have to bolster one another's courage.

Talk about itches, though, there's nothing itches worse than a new beard. And that soft skin around the neck is just made for ingrown hairs. Those first few days, a man can't help but look like a tramp. And when the weather gets hot, chins start to sweat. Then there's the torture of cutting the darn thing off and starting to shave cheeks and jaws that haven't been used to a razor.

On second thought, maybe we'll go along with raising beards if everybody else wants to, but we'll be darned if we'll start the 1959 style.—Oregon Statesman, Salem.

### Dennis the Menace



"ONE THING BOTHERS ME: HOW COME HE ALWAYS SAYS 'HA-HA-HA-HO-HO-HO' WHEN I ASK HIM FOR A PONY?"

### 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.

**Supports UMC Plea**  
To the Editor: I would sincerely endorse the letter from Mrs. Wimberly that you published yesterday. I have worked closely over a period of years with many of the agencies included within United Medford Crusade. I know that even the relatively small amounts that will be necessarily subtracted from their budget requests will seriously hamper their usefulness. The fact that they are included within U.M.C. means that their proposed budgets were carefully reviewed by a group of realistically minded persons and ascertained to be devoid of any unnecessary expenditures.

I also know that most of the persons hired by these agencies work at salaries generally below what they could earn in general commerce or industry. They are trained in their work, capable of organizing the large number of volunteers who actively carry the various programs.

No better Christmas use can be made of money taken from reducible expenditures for social or perfunctory recognition of the season. A hundred Christmas cards represents, at least, \$4 postage. A gift of half the cost you had in mind will be as adequately contain your remembrance. A large share of the cards or presents your business sends out are received with casual attention.

For the good of our worthy services and charitable organizations, I would like to see the fund deficit made up by extra giving from the whole community. It means so much more in good will than just a tax deduction lump sum gift from "an anonymous donor." (N.B.—We will take them both, in that order.)

Seth M. Bullis  
15 Florence ave.  
Medford

**No Sales Tax**  
To the Editor: I was shocked by the position on taxes stated over KBES-TV Monday evening by our chamber of commerce. From what I heard, this group of businessmen advocate the establishment of a sales tax, and the elimination of personal property taxes. Just another way of saying "Let the well-to-do folks with the fine cars and big houses get out from under their share of government costs, and soak the working-man." They want to substitute the sales tax so they can take away an even larger slice of the average man's income.

The sales tax is, I believe, the most UNFAIR tax since England's tea tax. Mr. Average Man spends the greater part of his income on necessities, plain food, work clothes,

**Wagons**  
To the Editor: A 1959 centennial booster friend presented the writer with a small replica souvenir of the famous "old Oregon trail" cover Conestoga wagon. Now that reminds us, how many young old timers can name all the parts in the assembly of the complete "prairie schooner" or the more modern farm wagon, without first consulting a dictionary or encyclopedia for assistance? We can think of 28 names of parts, but probably the correct number is around 35 or more.

One of our prized relics is

### Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF  
LEWIS NICHOLS tells of the stern, erect, conservatively attired Bostonian who encountered author John Marquand at the Harvard club one afternoon and announced, "I've read all your books, Mr. Marquand, and let me tell you this. You never wrote anything better than 'Sorel and Son'."  
"Thank you," nodded Mr. Marquand with the trace of a smile, "but that wasn't mine. 'Sorel and Son' was written by Warwick Deeping."  
"Nonsense!" snapped the Bostonian, and stalked off to the wash room.  
"Junior!" exclaimed a shocked mother. "Who taught you those disgraceful words?"  
"Santa Claus," responded Junior demurely. "What fantasy!" said the mother. "When did you ever hear Santa Claus use language like that?"  
"Right in this room last Christmas eve," explained Junior, "when those packages fell out of his hands and he knocked the whole tree over."  
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### Highway Patrol Chief Writes To Defend Enforcement; He's Mad at Recklessness

(Editor's note: The following letter, written by G. R. Carrel, chief of the Colorado state patrol, first appeared in the Denver (Colo.) Post a few years ago, and since has been reprinted in a number of other papers as a vigorous example of how law enforcement people feel about reckless drivers. It was most recently reprinted in the Corpus Christi (Texas) Caller, and was sent to the Mail Tribune by William Krause, Gold Hill, now vacationing there.)

It could just be that you are the person who wrote me that letter the other day. You really told me off. You said one of my dumb highway patrolmen had given you a ticket for speeding when you had a legitimate reason for being in a hurry.

According to your letter which you didn't sign, you think the highway patrol could make better use of its time by chasing down the real menaces to safety on the highways instead of bothering upstanding citizens like yourself.

Oh, you were quite indignant. You went on to say that you were on urgent business, that you never had been in an accident of your own making; that you are a fast driver but a safe driver, and moreover, that you are a more important man to the community than the stupid cop who gave you the ticket.

**He's Mad Too**  
Well now, let me tell you something. I'm mad too. I'm mad all the time although

### Annual Yule Event Set for School

The annual Christmas program at Howard school will be at 8 p.m. Friday, Dec. 19, in the school, according to Principal Harold Boner.

Parents and patrons of the district are invited to come at 7 o'clock to inspect the rooms, which have been decorated for Christmas. The program at 8 p.m. will feature students of the third grade music classes.

ing, minimal housing, utilities, and low to medium priced transport. He has little to spare for private swimming pools, prestige cars, and estates on skyline drive.

These same necessities cost the wealthy no more. Mr. "Gotrox's" higher cost of living is principally due to his appetite for "the finer things", Cadillacs instead of "Chevies", lavish entertainments, furs, jewelry, and tenderloin instead of hamburger. Yet, our chamber of commerce cries that the "Gotroxes", poor people, are unable to bear the heavy load of personal property taxes, and that we working folks should take their burden on our bowed shoulders, by way of the sales tax on our necessities.

Another point: Sales taxes are tremendously expensive to collect and administer. They are collected daily by the merchants, who must then spend extra for bookkeeping, and report (and pay) then to the state bi-monthly. Do you think h'r merchant is going to take this cost out of his own pocket, free out of his great love for his fellow men? Haw haw haw! Sucker! He ups the price of beans, and YOU, friends, pay BOTH the tax, and the extra cost of handling it.

In addition, collecting six times a year instead of once means much more cost to the state, so that it is very unlikely that even one-half of the tax you pay will ever be available for any useful purpose. It will be eaten up by administrative costs and waste, just as it has in Washington, California, and every other sales tax-ridden state.

No sales tax, friends, and refuse to trade with those who would hang it around your neck!!!  
Glyndon O. Loomer,  
Route 1, Box 182,  
Rogue River, Ore.

**Vicious and Anonymous**  
To the Editor: Here is the original, unsigned and ignorant letter I received after writing a Communication in your paper. If this is an example of the "yes" side of the parking problem, quote me as saying "I am glad to vote no again," and I also have the unashamed audacity to sign my name.

Mrs. Howard Glascock  
233 Beatty st.  
Medford

The letter received by Mrs. Glascock follows:  
Old Lady Glascock:  
It's people like you who hold back progress. Living in that area is for bums and I guess that is trouble with world today. Once a bum, always a bum.

my anger is not directed at you alone. So far as you're concerned, I'm happy that we were able to catch you in time. I hope we taught you a lesson, although I'm afraid we didn't. I hope we taught you something before you have to learn it the hard way in a hospital, or you wind up on a morgue slab.

It makes me feel good that we were able to slow you down before you killed yourself or maimed somebody else who was driving carefully to protect both himself and you, too!

What makes me mad? A lot of things. I'm burned up because people as intelligent as you sometimes behave like idiots. I've seen a lot in my service with the highway patrol. I've had to look at things that would turn your stomach. They made me sick, too, because I'm not different from you except that it's my business to keep you alive while you're driving, even if I have to stop you and haul you off to jail.

I wouldn't have to be so harsh, perhaps if you could see at first hand the murder and savage mutilation on our highway—your highways.

**Go to Scene**  
I wish some time you would have to go with me to the scene of an accident. I would like to make you stand, as I have had to do, and watch the pitiful flopping of a man dying in a barrow pit, or help scrape the bits of bone and mangled flesh of a whole family into baskets at a grade crossing.

You'd vomit as I have done. But you'd think different the next time you got behind the wheel of an automobile.

If some foreign power killed and wounded as many of our citizens as our motorists do each year—you would be ready to take up arms and fight to stop it.

And yet a great many who are responsible for this terrible loss of life and limb and lifelong suffering are individuals like yourself—fast but safe drivers and important people in a big hot hurry. . . .

The trouble with so many drivers is that they have dual personalities. Too often, a highly respected businessman, a gentleman in his profession, and a social leader in the community, becomes a dangerous egotist behind the wheel. The respect he normally displays for his fellow citizens becomes submerged in a conviction of superiority arising from his control of two tons of steel and 150 or 200 horsepower. He blows his horn at pedestrians or drivers who threaten to interfere with his lordly progress.

Whatever lane he chooses is his exclusive property, and sometime he takes part of two lanes. He picks any speed that suits his fancy.

**He's 'Too Big'**  
He is too big to be anything but contemptuous of the traffic officer who questions his driving ability. His favorite retort is "I'll have your job for this, copper!"

Maybe you're one of these big shots and that's what's bothering you.

Or maybe you're one of the guys who spends his life taking Milquetosts—the meek little orders from the boss but who becomes a tyrant when he's driving. All he has to do to get even with the world is step on the gas. He has as much right as anyone else and he will assert it even if it means killing himself or the other fellow.

Do you wonder that I'm mad all the time? So many of the people I do business with are downright stupid for no good reason. Yet anywhere but behind the wheel of a high-powered machine they're normal, intelligent, thinking, considerate humans.

Then there are kids who should not be allowed the use of the family car until they learn common sense.

I went home the other night saddened. I had listened to a father blubber like a baby. The last time I talked to him before that, he was lecturing me. His son was a good driver, he said. Sure, weaving in and out of traffic, digging out on the green.

Well, we had picked up the boy on two occasions and were ready to ground him for keeps. Then before we could do it, the serious smashup that we had anticipated happened. The boy's body was being wheeled out of the operating room to the morgue when the father broke down and cried: "I killed my own son trying to prove that I was right. I hate myself."

**Just a Warning**  
Let me ask you: Do you believe we should allow some idiot to risk your life and the lives of your family members just because he wants to be there in time for the kickoff? Would we be doing

### In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

**Foreign affairs:**  
The East German communists told the West Tuesday morning that TIME IS RUNNING OUT for West Berlin and that the city's future MUST be negotiated.

**THAT'S** one side of it. Let's look now at the other side.  
The Atlantic Pact council (which represents our side) unanimously rejected the Kremlin ultimatum on Berlin after hearing U. S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles express confidence that Russia will not RISK WAR ON THE ISSUE.

Dulles told America's allies who are meeting in Paris, that we are strong enough to ignore the Kremlin's propaganda threats. He added: "We do not need to worry about Soviet threats. I am quite certain the Soviet Union will not risk war over Berlin. Therefore, we can proceed with confidence."

**THOSE** are bold words. Are they justified? In an effort to answer that question, let's turn to Moscow, where the Communist party is meeting in the midst of Western speculation that it is about to OUST former Premier Nikolai Bulganin from the party's ranks. Last spring Bulganin was fired as Soviet premier and was succeeded by Khrushchev.

Yesterday's meeting of the committee was highlighted by a bitter blast by Mr. K. at Bulganin and the other anti-party members, whom Khrushchev called a "despicable group of wretched splitters."

?? ? ? ? ?  
Well, it's obvious that at the moment all isn't sweetness and light in the Kremlin. When bitter hatreds are floating around at home isn't a good time to start a war. If the Kremlin, presently bossed by Mr. K., should go to war over West Berlin this group of "wretched splitters" might take advantage of the flurry to trip up the anti-splitters.

That wouldn't be good from Mr. K.'s standpoint.

**DIPLOMACY** is a strange business. Its intricacies aren't understood by the general run of us. What we don't understand, we are apt to be suspicious of. But it is well for us to remember that KEEPING ON TALKING is one of the prime objectives of diplomacy. As long as nations can keep on talking they aren't too apt to fight. Even when they talk a bit

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