

MEADOWS TRIBUNE

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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. 19, 1948 (Sunday)

The local Red Cross continues to dispatch Christmas gifts to the Roseburg Veterans hospital.

Prospect students prepare for the annual Christmas program, which features a play about Mrs. Claus' entertaining the toys Santa leaves behind.

20 YEARS AGO  
Dec. 19, 1938 (Monday)

A reactor to test automobile drivers' reaction speeds is being used for students at Medford Senior High school.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The sales tax has two mean features: it works, and nobody can get out of paying it."

30 YEARS AGO  
Dec. 19, 1928 (Wednesday)

Outdoor fog is more than matched by smoke from cigars doled out by Mayor O. O. Alenderfer at the city council meeting.

The Medford traffic department starts a drive to relieve downtown parking congestion by tagging cars for parking violations.

40 YEARS AGO  
Dec. 19, 1918 (Thursday)

Mayor Gates raises hopes that the flu masks may be dispensed with in a few days if all goes well.

Prominent Christian Scientists here deny that they oppose the flu mask ordinance.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Edmond Dantes is the hero of "The Count of Monte-Cristo" by Dumas, the elder?

2. Would an anthropologist be a prehistoric monster, a cannibal, or a henpecked husband?

3. "Little Necks" are young clams, or oysters?

4. Lacrosse is a sport that was originated by the French, British, or the North American Indians?

5. "Bojangles" was the nickname of which well-known Negro tap dancer?

6. In which Western state is Mt. Rainier National park?

7. Is the flageolet a percussion, or a wood-wind musical instrument?

8. Name the capital of Greece.

9. Biceps are the muscles in the upper leg, or upper arm?

10. What is the opposite of flood tide?

1. Monte Cristo. 2. Cannibal. 3. Clams. 4. North American Indians. 5. Bill Robinson. 6. Washington. 7. Wood-wind. 8. Athens. 9. Upper arm. 10. Ebb tide.

HAM FOR NERVES

Jackson, Miss.—(UPI)—Nervous? Try ham, not Miltown, says Roy Cavender, pork marketing specialist at Auburn Polytechnic Institute. According to Cavender, one serving of ham will provide 68 per cent of the daily thiamine needs of the average person. It's the thiamine content of tranquilizers that calms jittery nerves, he said.

Four more shopping days! Hope the family secretary of health, education and welfare is doing well on her list.

Best news of the day for those at the paper: Mrs. Earl Adams became the mother of a 10 pound boy this morning. Earl is the Mail Tribune's city editor.—E.A.

December 19, 1958

Hint to the weatherman: We could use just a little less of that nasty, cold fog, please, particularly from now to Christmas.

Only four more shopping days. Is it really true that Christmas comes faster each year? Or is it only an effect of getting older?

Each year at about this time, we hear people moaning about how Christmas isn't the way it used to be, and that it's too commercialized, and that they can't get excited about it any more, and why doesn't it come in July—and so on and so on.

We note, however, that these Scrooges, most of 'em, are pretty well softened up by the time the Big Day comes, and are just as sentimental as ever when the youngsters get those stars in their eyes at gift-unwrapping time.

It's odd to read of brush fires in southern California the week before Christmas. And that 68-degree temperature in San Francisco yesterday—well!

Construction on the new Sears Roebuck and Company store on Jackson street continues despite the fog. It's just a bit eerie to peer through the white blanket and dimly discern the figures of construction men moving around, sort of like ghosts.

It amazes us that more than \$221,000 has been raised in just a little over a month for the Shakespearean Festival theater building. It's amazing and heartening. Just a little more effort on the part of the fund-raising volunteers, and the goal will be achieved—which would be a real New Year's present from the Rogue valley to itself. And how about a little extra boost for the United Medford Crusade? It's SO close to its goal!

We wonder who is responsible for that triangle of black asphalt at the corner of Eighth and King streets? Shouldn't that have been a little landscaped park? Couldn't it still be? Can't the highway department do something about it? Can't the city ask them to?

Odd story, that one about prisoners in the county jail having a rather considerable sum of money. We've had a couple of telephone calls, protesting that no one could smuggle that much money in without its being found when the prisoners were searched before being admitted. But we got the story from those who did the searching, and stick with it.

The 21st traffic death of the year was recorded Wednesday. And it was another case where it probably could have been avoided. If 21 persons were killed all at once, the whole county would be shocked right down to its toes. But apparently when they're killed one by one, we just get used to it.

Our conscientious chief of police has again pointed out one of the principal traffic hazards—the guy who has had too much Christmas "cheer," but won't admit it and insists on driving. And don't depend on coffee to sober you up either. It doesn't work.

We like firemen. We particularly like Medford firemen. And we like them especially well at this time of year when they're completing their annual, self-imposed job of collecting and repairing a whole raft of toys to be distributed at Christmas to youngsters who otherwise wouldn't have any. The same goes for the Lady Lions, who do the same thing with dolls. Bless 'em.

What do people expect to accomplish when they write anonymous letters? It only reveals their own cowardice in failing to stand up for what they believe. Most of these letters, incidentally, are vicious and stupid, like the one sent to a Medford woman this week in response to a perfectly intelligent, decent letter she'd written to this paper. When we get unsigned letters here at the paper, we chuck 'em in the waste-basket—which is where they belong.

We are tired of reading stories about Liberae and his family fuss in the paper, and we are also tired of reading about Elvis Presley. They have been fewer recently—the stories, that is. One of the things we can be thankful for at Christmas.

We received (and printed) a letter recently from Bernal S. Quayle, a real nice guy who is passenger traffic and public relations manager for the Southern Pacific company in Portland, in which he chided us for chiding the SP for its lack of rail passenger service in this area. In the letter he points out that competing airlines receive federal subsidies, the implication being that railroads (or at least the SP) don't. How about all those thousands upon thousands of acres which the SP and its predecessors received as land grants (subsidies) in the early days? The SP still receives a considerable annual income from them—at least in California and other southwestern states. In Oregon, the federal government took them back again when the railroad violated its original agreement as to how they could be sold.

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Dennis the Menace



"REMEMBER—THIS ISN'T JUST ANY OL' TREE!"

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

MEETING UNDER THREAT

Paris—The Foreign Ministers of the West are meeting under threat of a new Soviet offensive on all fronts considered by Joseph Stalin.

The menace to Berlin, which is the all-absorbing topic here, is only another, particularly ugly chapter in a long, somber story.

Very few people in America have grasped these unpleasant facts, partly because Nikita Khrushchev bubbles over with such jolly bonhomie between thrusts at our vitals, and partly because Secretary Dulles has exiled our best qualified analysts of Soviet behavior. The sharpest American eyes are in Manila or elsewhere, so we have been half blind. But by now the facts are too big and too black to escape notice any longer.

The beginning of the new Soviet offensive may be roughly dated from the summer of 1957, after the defeat of Khrushchev's enemies of the so-called "anti-party group." The first incident was the Syrian coup d'etat, organized by the Kremlin with the help of its unsavory Syrian agent, former Defense Minister Khalid al Azm.

THIS little-understood but crucial coup in Syria had two altogether novel aspects. First, it revealed the adoption of a new and more aggressive Kremlin line in the Arab lands. Second, it led on to Nikita Khrushchev's use of military menaces of a previously unprecedented character. Khrushchev charged that Turkey was thinking about reacting to the coup d'etat by invading Syria—and there was more foundation for this charge than appeared at the time. He therefore massed his armies on the Turkish frontier, and roared that if Turkey invaded Syria, Turkey would also be invaded.

This reporter well remembers George F. Kennan, one of the brilliant exiled analysts, worriedly remarking that he "wished for once he again had access to all the intelligence, because he was puzzled by Khrushchev's roars, which struck a really new and very alarming note."

The coup d'etat in Iraq provided the next climax. Once again, Khrushchev freely and violently talked of resorting to military measures. His menaces continued until he was sure that the relatively meaningless Western troop landings in the Lebanon and Jordan were not the first phase of an attack on the new Iraqi government. That

incident left the Western position and the Western policy in the Middle East in utter, irremediable ruins. There followed the grab for Quemoy, the first open aggression anywhere since Korea.

THE firm line of Secretary Dulles caused the grab for Quemoy to be frustrated in the end, after a good many breathless weeks. But the fact that the offshore islands are now being shelled only every other day should not distract attention from the extraordinary signs of growing Soviet boldness in other areas.

In the few weeks since this reporter was in Iraq, the Communists seem to have strengthened their grip on that unhappy country to a point that is likely to be fatal. This is the new Kremlin line for the Arab lands—to have the Communists take over themselves wherever possible, if need be in open opposition to Gamal Abdel Nasser's Arab nationalists. In Iraq, the Nasserites have been jailed by the score. There is no military risk, of course, in this new Communist line in the Middle East. But it is none the less amazingly daring to offer this kind of political challenge to the undisputed leader of Arab nationalism, the most powerful figure among all the Arabs, Egypt's Nasser. The daring is underlined by the fact that the Kremlin plainly expects Nasser to ignore the challenge, and to go on helpfully attacking the remaining Western positions in those parts of the Arab world where the Communists are not yet strong enough to act alone.

In part, one suspects, the Kremlin's Middle Eastern gamble is based on the new Berlin gamble; for Nasser will never break with his Soviet friends if the Western powers finally surrender at Berlin. This kind of shattering and terrible Western defeat, if it is permitted, will surely start a whole series of political avalanches. The avalanches will occur not only in the Middle East, but also in the Far East, in Africa, and no doubt in South America too, not to mention Europe itself.

ONCE again, the outstanding feature of the Berlin crisis has been Nikita Khrushchev's flagrant, incessant use of the naked menaces of military force. In the last 18 months, in short, the Soviet bloc has openly resorted to force once, at Quemoy, and Khrushchev has used menaces of force three times. Furthermore, his language about Berlin has been more shockingly unrestrained than ever before.

That is the record. It is a pretty disturbing record, and the spectacle of the worried huddle of Foreign Minis-

Conflicting Stories Told of Dulles' Illness; Need for Frankness Emphasized

By LYLE C. WILSON  
Washington—(UPI)—If there be occasions when it is right and decent to join in the circulation of rumors, perhaps this is one of those occasions.

The rumors concern the health of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. A responsible diplomat told a United Press International reporter this week

that Dulles' condition was such as to require delayed surgery on his return from the Paris NATO talks.

Other equally responsible and presumably well-informed news sources, much closer to the secretary, instantly told UPI men that no surgery was in prospect. None claims, however, that Dulles is a well man. He was accompanied to Paris by a physician. Best judgment here is that his illness—inflammation of the colon—just before leaving for Paris was quite serious, that his recuperation was not complete

and that he made the Paris trip with reluctant medical consent.

Dulles himself took note of reports about his health and authorized this statement from Paris Thursday.

"There is no basis in fact for speculative stories appearing in the press today that Secretary of State Dulles is expected to re-enter the hospital following his return to Washington with a view to surgery. In fact the secretary has almost completely recovered from the inflammatory condition of the colon which required treatment in Walter Reed hospital, Washington."

The health of Dulles' colon is peculiarly his own personal concern except for this fact: Dulles is a public servant engaged in diplomatic negotiations of the most urgent importance to millions upon millions of free people. A fair question would be: Is that a job for a man who is not physically fit?

Author-doctor Hugh L'Etang wrote a year ago in a British medical journal that British and American statesmen controlling the destinies of millions over the past 50 years were ill, even dying, men at times of crisis. He cited:

President Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Stanley Baldwin, Neville Chamberlain, Ernest Bevin, Sir Stafford Cripps, Harry L. Hopkins and Lord Keynes. These men were ill when the people and events demanded their best, vigorous judgment and action.

L'Etang said illness significantly affected the efficiency of these men and he urged full publicity of the illnesses of statesmen. Otherwise, he said, the public could not know that they were being represented in critical times by men more or less seriously incapacitated.

Wilson, FDR illnesses  
Of Woodrow Wilson, he wrote: "After the partial paralysis which developed in 1919, his actions destroyed any hope of the Senate ratifying the German peace treaty and entering the League of Nations."

He said of FDR: "It has been said that the concessions made to the Russians at Yalta were the mistakes of a dying man."

L'Etang noted that FDR nominated Harry L. Hopkins to act for him—"A man so debilitated by sickness that Roosevelt, himself, referred to Hopkins as 'half a man.'"

It is a matter of record now that some of FDR's friends know him to be ill and perhaps nearing death before his fourth term reelection in 1944. William D. Hassett's fascinating "Off the Record with FDR," just published, relates that shortly after the return from Yalta the Presidential party arrived on March 30, 1945 in Warm Springs. Bill said to Dr. Howard Bruenn: "He is slipping away from us and no earthly power can

keep him."

Dr. Bruenn was non-committal. Bill adds: "I reminded him that I gave the same warning when we were here last December."

"That was some weeks before Yalta."

THE dispatches from Paris the other morning were a little upsetting. They contained this statement:

"The 70-year-old secretary, only three days out of the hospital where he was treated for inflammation of the colon, looked gray and a BIT PEAKED when he flew in from Washington."

UNLESS you come from the right environment, that word "peaked" may throw you off. If you pronounced it in one syllable—as one speaks of a peaked roof—it will be a sure sign you're missing the point and may be misled as to the secretary's condition.

It should be pronounced PEAK-ED—in two syllables. When thus properly identified, it describes a physical condition that is not alarming. Perhaps I can best illustrate by repeating a conversation with Aunt Sally Cozad, who lived down in the creek bottom when I was considerably younger than now. It occurred reasonably often and went something like this:

"HOWRE y'all this morn'ing, Aunt Sally?"

"Oh, Ah'm feelin' mighty 'po'ly this mawnin. Ah ain't up to mahself."

"Ummmm. That's too bad. How's Uncle Tom?"

"Well, when he got up he was lookin' pretty peaked, but after he ate his breakfast he perked up and now he's feelin' right peart."

THIS is the point: "Peak-ed" and "po'ly" aren't synonyms.

One LOOKS peaked. One FEELS po'ly.

THAT brings us back to the Paris dispatch that started off this piece. After relating that Mr. Dulles looked "a bit peaked" when he got off the plane, it went on to say:

"But this morning his aides reported he 'was feeling pretty good,' and that 'he seemed to be getting into his old form again'—maybe after he had had his breakfast.

Anyway, let's hope Mr. Dulles doesn't reach the point where he is "feeling po'ly." That would be disconcerting news.



Lyle C. Wilson, responsible diplomat told a United Press International reporter this week

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 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.

School Defended

To the Editor: In answer to W. O. Burns' letter in Communications Dec. 16:

"Outdated" school system? Really, Mr. Burns, can't you do better than that? Even the students know that Medford has one of the superior systems in Oregon, if not the country.

What sort of segregation to keep slow students away from those with high IQs? Haven't you heard of major work group classes in the elementary levels and academic classes in the high school?

You mention the article, "High Schools Too Easy." Yes, Mr. Burns, some schools, but not Medford Senior High. Those in the college preparatory division at Medford must have earned, before they are allowed to graduate, 3 1/2 units in English, 2 in math, 2 in a foreign language, 1 in a science (either chemistry or physics), 1/2 unit in home nursing for girls, first aid for boys, 1 in American History, 1 in government problems, and 2 in physical education, a unit indicating a year's work. The majors that students in this division have to pick from are science, language, math or social studies. Many major in more than one of these. Does this sound easy to you, Mr. Burns?

Another interesting point: most colleges accept Medford college-prep students without requiring an entrance exam, they are that sure they are qualified students!

But Medford isn't just a school for students who are interested in the sciences, math, etc. Music students are in excellent hands, shop students have a variety of classes to choose from, business majors have modern, efficient classrooms, and so on. We have our share of students who won't work, but this is their fault, not the school's.

Everyone has a chance to study in the field he is most interested in, at the level he can cope with.

I have one more thing to say, in defense of the Tribune. I read it daily, from cover to cover, front page news, features, comics, Dr. Alvarez, editorials, communications, etc., and I certainly don't feel any more inclined toward delinquency than if I didn't read it. Nor do I find any evidence, period, of condoning juvenile delinquency in the Tribune. Perhaps I'm just an uninformed, uneducated high school sophomore (due to our "outdated" school system) but at least I've supported behind my statements.

Miss Dayle Ann Stratton, 804 Bennett ave., Medford.

On Nursing Homes

To the Editor: First let me say I don't know the man that wrote the article in Sunday's paper.

Second let me say the article was good. But the writer was misinformed. There are nursing homes in Medford where the guests get a snack at night before going to bed. Because I believe that if you're hungry you're hungry, doesn't matter where you are. And any time in the day if you want a cup of coffee, again it doesn't matter where you are—a nursing home or hospital—you should be able to have that cup of coffee and many places here in Medford, both hospital and nursing homes, get it.

Now for the rates at the farm home, \$130 per month. They pay no taxes, everything is furnished, and at the County Farm home it costs them just as much and according to the budget, which is always in your paper in July, it costs more per patient than in a private owned nursing home. And who makes up the difference? We the taxpayers. Who is paying for the building, the upkeep and all, the difference is made up by us the taxpayers.

At Eugene they finally woke up to the fact that private owned nursing homes were cheaper than a county farm, and they sold the county farm and the man that bought it is the president of the Nursing Home Association of Oregon.

So tell your reporter to visit nursing homes here in the valley and see for himself which are the happiest homes and come up with the right answers. Find out who takes care of the patients that the County Farm won't take. Good time to clear up this \$130 a month deal when some of us get \$124 a month for patients. Why not give it a try to come up with a just balance?

Mrs. Erma Milledge / Milledge Convalescent Home 12 South Orange st. Medford

Editorial Comment

ASHLAND'S SUCCESS  
Ashland's belief in its own future has been demonstrated in the magnificent results achieved here in raising money for the building of the new Shakespearean theater.

With an original goal of \$50,000, our community has pledged more than \$69,500 for the project and before the campaign is finally closed at the end of this month, the total will undoubtedly be comfortably over the \$70,000 mark.

There should be satisfaction for everyone in Ashland over what has been accomplished here in the last month for every community takes deep and quiet pride in achieving a goal.

The success demonstrates many things—an appreciation of the economic value of the festival, but equally as important, a recognition of the festival's cultural advantages. Scores of men and women gave a great many hours of their time in the solicitation of funds and to them we all owe a debt of gratitude.—Ashland Daily Tidings.

ters here does not tend to be calming, either. What is a little calming is the memory of the final outcome at Quemoy. Yet the record says, very loudly and clearly, that the Soviets are now acting in the belief that the military balance of power has sharply shifted in their favor. And the record further says that a period of acute danger will be the smallest price to be paid for the budget-first American defense planning of the last six years.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

THE MANSERVANT of a wealthy Eastern potentate tendered his resignation at Monte Carlo, and asked for a letter of recommendation. This is what he got: "To whom it may concern: The bearer of this note has served me for three years to his complete satisfaction. If you are contemplating giving him a berth, be sure it's a wide one."

A steel worker on a new project on Park avenue is beginning to think his wife is planning to give him the air. All last month she wrapped his lunch in a road map.

Harvard upperclassmen are exchanging notes about a Cambridge siren who treats her gentlemen callers like dirt. She hides them under her bed.

Renwick Cary has a name for the person who's afraid to become embroiled in the Christmas shopping rush: a Noel coward.

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