

**MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE**  
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Reads The Mail Tribune"  
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**10 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 25, 1948 (Saturday)  
Storks assisting Santa de-  
liver two bundles of Christ-  
mas cheer to Rogue valley homes.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 25, 1938 (Sunday)  
The recently organized  
VFW Bicycle Safety club is  
ready to roll.

**30 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 25, 1928 (Tuesday)  
The American Legion Drum  
corps' Christmas Ball at Ori-  
ental Gardens attracts more  
than 300 couples.

**40 YEARS AGO**  
Dec. 25, 1918 (Wednesday)  
The relief from flu masks  
is extended to include store  
interiors.

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

1. How many masts does a prairie schooner have?
2. Complete this line: "Tis the last rose of summer..."
3. How many legs does a common house fly have?
4. A giraffe's front legs are longer than its hind legs; true or false?
5. Gaul was the ancient name of what country?
6. The extended right arm of the Statue of Liberty is 22, 28, or 42 feet in length?
7. Who wrote "The Man Without a Country"?
8. Correct the following: "She said as how she was coming."
9. Is a meter longer, or shorter, than a yard?
10. Zeta is the last letter of the Greek alphabet; true or false?

**Local Industry Asks For Christmas Cards**  
Eric A. Allen, president of Handicapped Industries, Inc., Medford, has asked residents to save Christmas cards after Christmas and turn them into Handicapped Industries.  
The cards will be used by "shut-ins" to make package tags. Handicapped persons will be given a half cent a piece for making them and they will be packaged in attractive cellophane packs and placed in the various department stores of the area, Allen explained.  
Those having cards to donate are asked to bring or send them to Handicapped Industries, 827 West Jackson st., Medford.

# Misanthrope's Christmas Gift

A misanthrope in Medford town  
On Christmas eve'n sat him down  
And pondered on his attitude:  
Concerning Christmas he was rude.

He thought awhile in silent mood,  
Reviewed the months, then did conclude  
That Christmas isn't really bad,  
Though rhymed commercials made him sad  
And crowded streets and traffic thick  
Had always sort of made him sick.

But stop! he said. That isn't all;  
Let's eye the blessings, sound the call  
Of worthwhile things that have been done  
Which benefit most everyone.

The thoughts came marching, thick and fast,  
Of men and women without caste  
Who work to help their brother men  
Outside the public's knowing ken.  
The men who serve (and gratis, too)  
To make life better still for you.

The firemen fixing Yule-tide toys,  
The lady lions, sharing joys  
With little folk who otherwise  
Would watch for Santa with dull eyes.

The workers for the UMC  
Who for so long and valiantly  
Made many calls, without a fear  
They'd never make their goal this year.  
Those who serve on a committee  
To make this still a finer city.

The men who tend the public weal  
On boards and councils, who must feel  
That sometimes all their work is vain  
When voters find their plans give pain.

Our misanthrope just shook his head  
And muttered to himself. He said:  
"It's plain to see that I must yield  
To proof in every sort of field.  
That men do good, they give their time  
And most don't even ask a dime."

The men who give the Scouts a lift,  
The ones who give poor kids a gift,  
The women working without pay  
To ease a sick man's dreary day.

The names came faster as he thought:  
Those who led and those who taught;  
Those who volunteered their skills  
To ease another's painful ills.  
And even those who work (and should),  
To keep the "business climate" good.

Shakespeare fund drive, YMCA,  
They seek to help along the way;  
Mercy Flights and all their fliers,  
The lodge of Moose's Yule-tree fires.

These and others show the manner  
Men keep high the service banner.  
Our misanthrope was now convinced  
That he'd been wrong; he rose and rinsed  
The bitter thoughts of ill away  
And turned to greet the Christmas day.

"I think," he said, "I've been unfair  
To many people here and there  
Who give themselves (no greater gift)  
To help their fellows, give a lift  
To work done for our common needs,  
A healthy city for all creeds."

He paused. The dawn came through the fog.  
He put on coffee, fed the dog,  
He pondered, thought what it would be  
If no one gave his work for free —  
No one to do the needed tasks  
That now get done, though no one asks.

The misanthrope then vanished, quite,  
And in his place, his visage bright,  
There stood another sort of man,  
A man who now will say "I can"  
When need is seen, to aid, to give,  
He'll find it pleasant, now, to live.

To misanthropes, both far and near,  
Oh, listen to his message clear:  
The day is Christmas, let it be  
Merrier still. Thy gift is thee.  
—E.A.

# Dennis the Menace

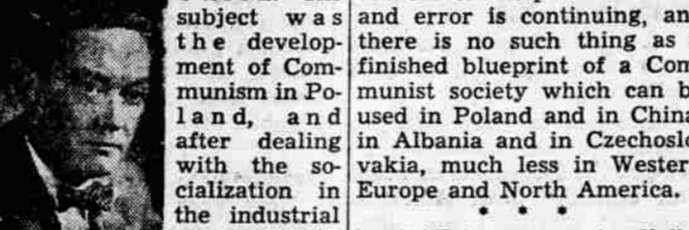


BLESS MOTHER, DADDY 'N RUFF. AMEN. OH!  
I ALMOST FORGOT! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

# Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

**CHINESE STALINISM**  
Not long ago, a leading Polish journalist was invited to give a lecture in the Soviet Union. His subject was the development of Communism in Poland, and after dealing with the socialization in the industrial areas he began to describe what had been done in agriculture. There, he explained, the land was for the most part owned and worked by peasant proprietors.



When he had finished, there were questions from his audience, and he was promptly attacked on the ground that Polish policy in agriculture is reactionary and anti-Communist. He was, it soon appeared, a quick-witted fellow. For his answer was that the Polish agricultural system is indeed reactionary from the point of view of Communism. But the Polish government has no choice about it. The peasants will not tolerate anything but private property in their own land. They will not stand for a system of collectivism which deprives them of their property.

Then, when the audience was digesting this frank statement he added: "You see, our Polish peasants would resist the setting up of your system of collectivism just as your farmers would resist the introduction of the new Chinese system of the communes." This was a clincher, and there were no more denunciations from the floor of Poland's reactionary ways.

I WAS told this story by a Pole who is high in the councils of his government, and he had had the story directly from the journalist. It is a significant story, I think, because it illustrates a great truth about the Communist doctrine. It is that however uniform and standardized may be the theoretical generalities, in real life the application of Communism varies, often radically, from one country to another, in any one country from one time to another.

Thus in the Soviet Union, it is the current fashion to invoke the name of Lenin as if the social order which has developed in the past 40 years had been foreseen by Lenin and its working principles prophetically revealed by Lenin. This is, of course, mere mythology, not unlike the claims of primitive kings that they are descendants of the gods.

The existing Soviet social order is the product of trial and error. The process of trial and error is continuing, and there is no such thing as a finished blueprint of a Communist society which can be used in Poland and in China, in Albania and in Czechoslovakia, much less in Western Europe and North America.

WHAT is common to all the countries which fall, which are pushed or are pulled, into the Communist orbit is this. They have very powerful governments which rest not on elections and the consent of the governed but on their proclamation of their own right and their own capacity to shape the future. On this implied contract — which is the implied contract in all revolutionary movements — on this contract to raise the standard of life and to make a powerful society, the totalitarian state demands and obtains not only the passive acceptance but the active collaboration of large masses of the people. I was very much impressed with a Soviet woman who told me that while the flat she now lives in is over-crowded and uncomfortable, her family are going to have a very good flat in 1963.

It is plain enough, I think, that once a revolutionary movement has passed the phase of liquidating the old regime, what it can do after that will be determined by the kind of country it is dealing with. Russia was a backward country 40 years ago, but it was backward only as compared with Germany or England, not as compared with China or Indonesia or Iraq. For the old Russia contained the essential elements of modern technological development and the skeleton of an administrative system to operate a large and complex society. China is far poorer in these essential elements, and far poorer, of course, in the fundamental capital structure of its economy.

WHEN we think of the terrible price paid by the Soviet people in order to overcome their own backwardness and the devastation of war, it is horrifying to think of the price the Chinese people may now have to pay. In Russia, at least among the minority who know what is going on elsewhere, there is, so it seems to me, great awe, compounded of fascination and fear, as to what the Chinese equivalent of Stalinism is of forced development and capital formation — is going to be.

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## Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

OLD CY STEBBINS ambled into a Vermont crossroads grocery store one bitter cold night, and was furious when he found that every seat within spitting distance of the pot-bellied stove was already occupied.

Cy wiped the frost off his visage, and asked the store owner in a loud voice, "Seth, got any raw oysters in stock?" "Plenty," Seth assured him. "Fine!" boomed Cy. "Just you open two dozen and feed 'em to my horse outside."

Cy Stebbins was the richest old coot in the county, and the store owner wasn't anxious to cross him. He opened the oysters, and took them outside, and the entire company of hangers-on trooped after him to see a horse eat oysters. Cy, meanwhile, settled himself comfortably—and for good—in the seat nearest the hot stove.

Very soon the crowd trooped back and the storekeeper said, "I'm sorry, Cy, but I don't think that horse of yours'll eat oysters."

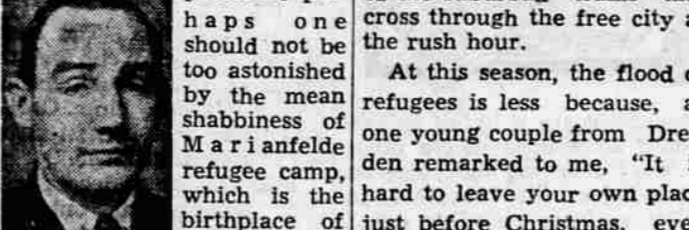
"You don't say," marveled Cy. "Well, then, bring 'em here and I'll eat 'em myself."

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# Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

**A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT**  
Berlin — The inn at Bethlehem, where the world's hope was born, was a mean enough place. So perhaps one should not be too astonished by the mean shabbiness of Marianfelde refugee camp, which is the birthplace of new hope for several thousand men and women every week.



This is the first stop for most of those who "vote with their feet," as the free Berliners say, against the Communist slave state in East Germany. Nowadays, almost all the East German refugees come to Marianfelde, for free Berlin is the only easy escape route that is still open.

In this bureaucratic age, all states, whether slave or free, feel compelled to "process" and pigeonhole their citizens. When men and women are being "processed," the effect produced is always and everywhere the same. You think at once of the novels of Kafka, and of "little man, what a now?" and of Menotti's "Consul" and all the other works that have sardonically or pityingly portrayed this entirely modern phenomenon — the helpless entanglement of ordinary people in the strange, inhuman, paper-built machinery of the state.

THE setting, a bleak clump of workers' apartment houses surrounded by a high wire fence, is depressing in itself. The "processing" is worse. Everywhere there are the same long, patient queues of ill-clad people, slumped on hard benches, eternally waiting to be registered and interrogated and assigned to dormitories and re-interrogated and assigned to new homes in West Germany and given airplane tickets and finally herded towards the buses that take them to Tempelhof airfield.

But purgatory, though painful, is probably a rather cheerful place, because its inhabitants know they have escaped hell and can hope for heaven. For just these reasons, at any rate, Marianfelde is quite exceptionally cheerful. The habit or years keeps the people in the queues from talking too freely. But they do not complain. They help one another. They are warm and friendly and full of the promise of a better future. And they do not mind being "processed" so endlessly, partly because they are used to worse, and partly because they understand the reason for it.

"Back there," a spry old beldame explained, "we had a spy in every street, in every block, almost in every house. Who can tell whether they have sent spies out, along with all the rest of us?"

MY day at Marianfelds was just after the week end, so several hundred people were already waiting for registration to begin in the chilly darkness just before the belated winter sunrise. It is simplest to escape on a week end, because the worker is not missed from his work; and the family can tell the guards on the train that they are going

to visit friends or relatives in Berlin. Once in Berlin, the time of suspense is over. All that is needed is to take one of the suburban trains that cross through the free city at the rush hour.

At this season, the flood of refugees is less because, as one young couple from Dresden remarked to me, "It is hard to leave your own place just before Christmas, even when you have decided it is all bad and you must go."

But no ups and downs in the weekly totals can alter the fact that this human flood is a massive hemorrhage of the East Germany body politic.

Too many of the thousands who flee each week are the best and the most valuable-skilled industrial workers rebelling against Communist educations just completed, and now professors, engineers, scientists, and other highly skilled technicians of all sorts. These last are a new element. They did not come before, because they were well paid and comfortable and had much to lose. But since the East German government's return to a hard Stalinist line, even these privileged men and women are ready to lose everything in order to gain freedom.

I TALKED with several of them. Possibly Herr Ulbricht will not greatly mind the gap left by the young art

historian with a minor museum post. He had fled "because I care only for my subject, and all the professors with whom I can pursue my studies have fled already."

But consider the signal engineer from the East German state railways. The East German state had invested seven full years in this man's engineering training. And now he and his capable wife and his two gay, bright-haired children had all come out together, only three months after he had taken over the job he had been so laboriously trained for.

"It will not be easy," said the wife, "to get another job as good as that. But he knew what we must do. It is strange, no, that we are all so cheerful to lose everything and start new?"

The others in the long queue nodded and smiled. At the Christmas season of 1958,

when the threats of blockade again hangs over Berlin, those people in their queue make a good Christmas thought. Copyright 1958, New York Herald Tribune Inc.

# Editorial Comment

**A TEENAGER'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS**

Dear Santa:  
Not so many years ago we wrote to you faithfully, promising to be good and asking for dolls and trinkets. But then one year we discovered we were too old for such things—or so we thought. Now we've found that nothing can replace the simple faith we had in you. So again we turn to you to share the prize you, Santa, give to all. This year, however, we would like to ask for something without physical meaning—not a top or bauble but something so much more important—something through which to make others happy. Please, Santa, give us the ability to smile in all situations, to make the best of everything. Give us a good disposition, without our teenage moods. Those "moods" often give our parents many worries which they do not deserve.

Give us a faith in life, in all that's good—a hope for a brighter tomorrow. Don't let us wrap ourselves up in our selfish problems to the extent we shut others out. Help us to think of others before ourselves. Help us to give freely without expecting something in return.

Let us be honest in our dealings with others. In our school work let us do our best and not expect others to do more than their share. Give us high ideals and the ability to make life in the adult world a better place for generations to come.

Last of all, dear Santa, give us patience and tolerance in all we set out to accomplish and fill our hearts with love and a joy of living.

A Teenager  
—E. K. in Talent (High School) Hi-Life.

# 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 an eye to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words.

**Nice Words**  
To the Editor and the Mail Tribune staff: Some of the nicest gifts are unexpected—such as opening our newspaper and seeing pictures such as your paper carried on Sunday, headed "Christmas Symbols." Your pictures of hunting a few weeks ago were also beautiful.

Mrs. John Brandenburg, 507 Barnes ave. Medford.

P.S. — The only trouble is that newspapers are made to read and throw away. If you start making them too nice to give up, what are we going to wrap the garbage in? But thanks, anyway.

Editors' note: Some of the nicest gifts are unexpected—such as letters of appreciation like the one above.



FOR THIS WE PRAY—Amen

**Chapel Mortuary**  
Across from the Courthouse  
FRANK MORGAN - HAROLD SNODGRASS, FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
DAY OR NIGHT PHONE SF 2-8030

## MEDFORD STATIONERY STORE

210 East Main

Wishing One and All a  
**VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS**  
and a  
**BRIGHT & PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR**

In accord with our annual tradition, we will be  
**Closed Dec. 26th**  
as an added rest for our employees