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Flight 'o Time
Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO
Jan. 27, 1949 (Thursday)
Commercial use of liquid petroleum gas is stopped by California-Pacific Utilities company due to critical shortage, according to Martin Sands, manager of company.
The Oregon State Board of Higher Education approves a proposed library-classroom at Southern Oregon college, with cost estimated at between \$350,000 and \$400,000.

20 YEARS AGO
Jan. 27, 1939 (Friday)
Snow storm blankets mountain areas, forcing plows to keep highways open to Crater Lake and over Siskiyou.
From Arthur Perry's "Ed Smudge Pot" column: "Ye Lamport, the harness maker, has an order from Eastern Oregon for six buggy whips. It is the first request of this kind in nine years and there are no signs somebody is mad at an editor."

30 YEARS AGO
Jan. 27, 1929 (Wednesday)
Students at junior high school give radio broadcast.
Airport plan backed by Rogue River Traffic association and valley fruitmen.

40 YEARS AGO
Jan. 27, 1919 (Monday)
President Wilson proposes placing all German colonies under the League of Nations.
Mercury drops to 25 degrees for lowest temperature of season.

50 YEARS AGO
Jan. 27, 1909 (Wednesday)
Comice pears from the valley sold for \$10.08 per box in London.
Representative Miller introduces joint house resolution providing for submitting the removal of the state capital to Medford to a vote of the people.

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

1. Who composed the march "Semper Parvulus"?
 2. How many units are there in a gross?
 3. When was the White House in Washington first painted white?
 4. What did Margery Daw do with her bed?
 5. What painter is especially known for the voluptuousness of his female figures?
 6. For whom was the Holland Tunnel named?
 7. How many sheets are in a ream of ordinary writing paper?
 8. What is matricide?
 9. In the Bible story, what two birds did Noah send out from the Ark to search for land?
 10. Name the Negro composer of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."
- Answers: 1. John Philip Sousa. 2. 144. 3. After British burning. 4. "She sold her bed and lay in the straw." 5. Rubens. 6. For the engineer - C. M. Holland. 7. 480. 8. Murder of one's mother. 9. Raven and dove. 10. James Blaud.

From the Legislature

The wire services, within their limitations of time and manpower, do a fairly good job of covering the state legislature for the papers they serve.

The legislature poses a difficult challenge to newspaper reporters, for there are so many things going on, in so many places, and often at the same time, that it is a physical impossibility to gather and write all the news which is there.

But the significant things are picked up, sooner or later, for each measure goes through a number of processes before it is finally enacted, and somewhere along the way it is reported in more or less detail.

THE PAPERS which can do the best job, of course, are those large enough (like the Oregonian and Journal) to be able to afford to have their own staff men at the scene, or close enough (like the Salem Statesman and Capital-Journal) to have beat men at the Capitol regularly.

At this distance, we do not pick up all the details about the legislature which we would like, despite the best efforts of the United Press International men at the scene to provide it.

It is for this reason we read the Portland and Salem papers with extra care during a legislative session, on the chance that they may have some material of particular interest to Jackson county people, which the UPI missed.

ONE SUCH item was in the Capital-Journal the other day, written by Douglas Seymour, the political editor, in which he commented on the effectiveness of the legislature, the impression he has received of its "hard-working, cooperative and economy-minded" attitude, despite party differences, and the firm hand which the two presiding officers are using in speeding business of their houses.

Seymour had this to say about Robert Duncan, Medford Democrat who is speaker of the house:

"Duncan, the crew-cut second term House member who is also growing a Centennial beard, is setting a tone of seriousness and getting down to work in the House.

"A person could set his watch by the sharp thump of the gavel with which he brings the House to order each day at 10 a.m.

"Duncan has also eliminated the previously much-abused practice of members using the personal privilege rule for speechmaking.

"He has ruled that the call for personal privilege can only be used under conditions laid down under Roberts Rules of Order.

"Oddly enough, his first enforcement of the ruling this week was made against his Democratic ally, Rep. Clarence Barton (Coquille), chairman of the powerful taxation committee, who attempted to answer an editorial critical to him which had appeared in a Portland newspaper.

"Duncan ruled him out of order and gavelled him down."

THIS TYPE of reporting does nothing to give one the story of the big problems of the legislature, but it does certainly add color to reports of the session, and in the case of representatives from this area, it gives a much better idea of what sort of representation we are getting.

In Duncan's case, reports have so far been all good. Reports from Democratic sources have been enthusiastic; those from Republican sources may be grudging, but nonetheless they acknowledge that the young speaker is decisive, firm, fair and energetic.—E.A.

Winter Meat

"William Bybee of Jacksonville was in town Wednesday on return from his annual hog drive to Happy Camp, Cal. The swine are assembled at his Bybee Bridge ranch on Rogue River, and are driven 110 miles, the last 30 miles from Waldo being over a mountain trail. The trip occupies about two weeks, and six men are needed to keep the procession moving. The drive this year consisted of 156 head, averaging 200 pounds, and was accomplished with the loss of but one hog. The price at Happy Camp was \$7.40 on foot, or \$9 dressed, netting Mr. Bybee a handsome margin. Mr. Bybee has been in this business for 41 years, and the miners at Happy Camp count on his supply for winter meat."

(From Grants Pass Observer, 1900, which was reprinted in Nov. 30 issue of The Medford Enquirer, 1900, now in the possession of Boyd Hamilton of Ruch.)

Editorial Comment

MORSE CAN SMILE AT THIS

Sen. Wayne Morse must have been proud, justifiably, when nine United States senators held a luncheon honoring him Tuesday and presented him with gifts and testimonials.

The occasion was the nine senators' mode of saying "thank you" to Morse for his speech assistance of their candidacies last fall. Morse spoke in all nine of the states, backing these winners, as well as in his own state of Oregon.

Included were eight Democratic freshman senators: Engle of California, Byrd and Randolph of West Virginia, Hart of Michigan, Hartke of Indiana, McCarthy of Minnesota, McGee of Wyoming and Young of Ohio. The ninth man was Proxmire of Wisconsin, who strictly speaking isn't a freshman, having served a short period before the election.

Also honoring Morse on the occasion was Sen. Lyndon Johnson, the smooth Senate

majority leader, and National Democratic Chairman Paul Butler.

Morse must have felt particularly fine about the whole thing because of the sharp-shooting against him in his home constituency, where some Democrats allege he isn't much help to the Democratic party. The nine junior Democrats in the U. S. Senate disagree and so do the party's chairman and its number one (at the moment) power: Senator Johnson of Texas.

It would be a nice feeling to have nine U. S. senators feeling they owed a part of their position to you, and who looked up to you as an example of principled liberalism.

We tend to get provincial. It's a tendency not restricted to ourselves. In the case of Morse, to whom the people of Oregon are so close, it's easy to overlook the tremendous reputation the man has in every corner of the United States. If the man has faults, they are not recognized out-

Dennis the Menace



"I WANTED ONE PICTURE IN THIS HOUSE THAT I COULD LOOK AT!"

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE MAJOR'S FRIEND
Washington—The day they brought the major in, the forward airbase in East China staged a celebration.

The Japs had shot Rex Barbour down north of the Yangtze River. He had been too badly injured to walk. He had been carried several hundred miles on the backs of Chinese guerrillas. He had had several hair-breadth escapes from Jap patrols. Altogether, a celebration was in order.

Later in the evening, after a good many "kan peis" of the local white mule, someone said, "Rex, tell us about how you got the Japanese admiral." An odd look crossed the major's handsome young face. Perhaps he was tired of describing the last seconds on earth of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, commander of all the Japanese Emperor's ships in the Pacific. Yet he told it well, all the same.

ONE all but saw the brilliant interception—the two little American fighters coming in on the flank of the big Jap bombers and their six escorting Zeroes, just at the planned interception point over a steamy, palm-fringed South Pacific island. One all but watched the grim fight against these fearful odds—the Americans' quick, deadly first attack, the two bombers flaming and falling, then fighters diving and twisting in the bright air, and the Zeroes also bursting into quick, hot flame, and the two American planes turning for home at last, their mission miraculously accomplished. One held one's breath, indeed, until the major finished:

"But the man who got the admiral was Tom Lamphier. I was his wing man. He led the attack. We each got a bomber, but he took the first one, and the first one had Yamamoto on board." There is a current reason for digging this snapshot of the forgotten past out of memory's album. This same Tom Lamphier, whom the major talked about for much of the rest of that happy, long ago evening, is again being talked about here in Washington. But this time Lamphier is being discussed in very different language, by men on the highest level of the American Government.

PRIMARILY, Lamphier is being discussed because he is a very worried man, and because he has attacked the thing that worries him, with the same devil-may-care, go-for-the-lead-bomber determination that he showed when Yamamoto met his end. But the thing that worries Lamphier happens to be the Eisenhower Administration's complacency about the missile gap. So this new fight against odds is unlikely to be rewarded with the Navy Cross, the Silver Star, and the Distinguished Flying Cross, as the last fight was.

When Sen. Stuart Symington was Secretary of the Air Force, Tom Lamphier was his Assistant Secretary. Lamphier is still Symington's close friend; and in the last months Symington and Lamphier, with Lamphier feverishly spudding Symington on,

side of Oregon because his great virtues outshine them. The fresh men senators' luncheon for Wayne Morse is an adequate answer to those Democrats who doubt his value to the party, and to those Republicans who cherish the thought that "That Man" is headed downhill politically.

—f.w.a. in the Coos Bay World.

Russian-U.S. Deadlock on Atomic Test Ban Based on Mutual Distrust; Issues Listed

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Editor

For nearly three months now United States-British negotiators on the one hand and Russian on the other have sought workable agreement to ban atomic tests.

The issues go to the core of almost all cold war difficulties. What are they?

Both sides agree on the danger to future mankind from continued, uncontrolled tests. Both sides profess to believe in the need for agreement, if only to halt one phase of the worldwide armaments race.

What then prevents it? The answer is, mutual distrust.

From the standpoint of the West at least, bitter experience has proved that any agreement with the Communists must be copper-riveted, every last detail written out.

For example, it was Allied failure to write into the four-power agreement for control of Berlin a clause guaranteeing Allied right of access through Communist-controlled

East Germany that left open to the Communists a legalistic excuse for trying to cut off Berlin altogether.

Reds Want Unanimity
The issues which face today's negotiators and which threaten to delay agreement for months, if not forever, are these:

The right of veto.
How long to continue a test ban.

The amount of control and the number and nature of the personnel needed to police it.

On issue No. 1, the Russians demand that all decisions be unanimous among the three nations party to the agreement. That means a built-in veto—the same sort of veto Russia has used nearly 100 times in the United Nations Security Council to hamstring decisions there and the same sort of veto that virtually has wrecked the Korean armistice.

In Korea, the Communists agreed that neither side should be allowed to increase armaments beyond that existing on the date of the armistice agreement. But the agreement was nullified by Communist refusal to permit Allied inspection teams into North Korea.

The latter point overlaps into the present nuclear-ban deadlock at Geneva.

The West believes that nuclear inspection teams should be staffed by foreigners. It believes that nationals of the country concerned could not provide adequate guarantees that agreement was being observed.

Russia has charged that to permit foreign inspectors would mean establishment of a Western spy ring inside Russia.

Ironically, the Russians make no note of the possibility a Russian spy ring could be set up the same way inside the United States or Britain.

The Russians say inspection teams should be called up and sent out only when a suspicious phenomena is recorded.

Favors Mobile Teams
The West believes the inspection teams should be highly mobile and should be on a standby basis.

The Russians also demand that any nuclear test ban should be permanent. The West wants it on a year-to-year basis and will agree to any ban only after the matter of controls has been settled.

Each of these differences is founded on mutual distrust.

Any agreement reached on the basis of Russian demands would be totally in Russia's favor, leaving her free to do as she wished while continuing a barrage of propaganda charges against the West. The West is determined not to repeat the errors of Yalta, Berlin or Korea.

Italian President Seeks Government
Rome—(UPI)—President Giovanni Gronchi launched efforts to find a new government today, hoping to avert a crisis which could plunge Italy into chaos.

Gronchi called in Senate President Cesare Merzagora for the first of a series of talks with prospective premiers that is expected to last at least five days.

Political observers saw no prospect of Gronchi's finding a new premier until sometime next week. They believe the choice probably will fall on ex-Premier Antonio Segni or outgoing Interior Minister Fernando Tambroni.

Former Premier Amintore Fanfani, who had governed for nearly seven months without ever having a sure majority in Parliament, gave in Monday to a combination of pressures from the left, the center and the right.

WINDSORS U.S. BOUND
Le Havre, France—(UPI)—The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were on their way to New York today aboard the S. S. United States, which they boarded Sunday. The couple will spend three months in New York and Arizona.

Short Hills, N. J.—(UPI)—John A. Fieseler, director of the International Flower Show for 24 years, died Sunday.

Marie Ottosen
Route 1, Box 251
Eagle Point, Ore.

Bereaved Mother Makes Plea for Traffic Safety, Asks License Star

(Editor's note: At 4:32 p.m. on Sept. 17, 1958, a station wagon and a logging truck collided on the Crater Lake highway. A child died as a result. The following plea was written by the mother of the child that died.)

An Open Letter to the People of the Rogue River Valley:

There is a brand new marker up at Siskiyou cemetery. It belongs to my little daughter Coralee. There isn't much space between the markers where she lies. She never had the chance to grow big enough to take up much space.

I try hard to remember that her spirit is in a better world than this—but concerning the next life no one in this life can be absolutely sure. There is one thing, however, of which we can be sure. She should be alive today, playing with her dolls and in her sandpile and enjoying life in this

world with her brothers and sisters.

Coralee was one of the sweetest, most loving and eager-to-please children I have known. Never did anyone deserve less to have her head brutally bashed in, but that is exactly what happened to her.

And so Coralee is no longer in my arms but her dear little body lies rotting in a cemetery—the result of a traffic "accident."

Every one of you who reads this will probably within hours step into a car to go someplace. With all the innocence of unscarred childhood you will blithely assume that accidents happen only to strangers and that you will of course arrive at your destination, and not in the next world.

Oh happy innocence—how I envy you! Can you imagine what it is like to step into a car and relive, every moment

Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

IMAGE-MAKING
Washington—The poor old Republicans are having so frightful a time in trying to

heighten their public appeal as to draw a nonpartisan compass from all but the most story of heart.

Can do it, however, compels the prediction that it is bad as times

are now for the GOP national committee they will be much worse before they get better.

Meade Alcorn, the Republican national chairman, is moving with commendable vigor and forthrightness in the public inquests he is holding. He is telling his fellow-Republicans with rare honesty that much is wrong with them and their party. He is saying that they have got to face their own partisan sins of commission before they can usefully proclaim the storied transgressions of the dreadful Democrats.

But while his policy is refreshing there is little evidence that he is getting very far. He is trying to remake the face of the GOP, or its "image," as the saying goes—and goes and goes, on and on and on.

Few politicians can have faced a harder task. In the first place, the old-line Republicans are quite skeptical on principle, as was so clearly shown in the recent GOP meeting in Des Moines, of all this image business. The Old Guardists have long since learned to suspect that fellow-Republicans offering new "images" are selling something the Old Guard will not like.

The Old Guard knows that every new "image," whatever its details, inevitably will be a departure from, or an apol-

ogy for, Old Guardism. And the Old Guard—and here its attitude is engaging to all who flinch from sloganeering—has the outmoded habit of demanding to know what large and generalized terms really mean.

What, exactly, does Mr. Alcorn mean in calling for "a militant, enlightened Republicanism?" First thing you know you will wind up with a lot of Democratic nonsense in your policy, as the Old Guard sees it, when you begin to talk like that.

AGAIN, what, exactly, does Mr. Alcorn mean when he calls for the destruction of "the false image of the Republican party as the party of big business?" The Old Guard knows perfectly well that the GOP nearly always has been close to big business—and little and middling business, too—and sees no special reason to change. The Old Guard reckons that labor is not going to be excessively friendly to the GOP—under whatever "image."

And the Old Guard (along with many non-Old Guard but simply middle-guard "regular" Republicans) has a sound traditional skepticism of the power, or right, of any party committee to make party policy. These Republicans are aware that policy made by, or even through, a national committee is not really policy at all. Policy is really made by a strong and determined party President or, alternatively, by a strong and determined party Congressional leadership.

THIS is why such powerful Republicans as Rep. Richard M. Simpson of Pennsylvania are now becoming publicly impatient with spirited White House messages in which President Eisenhower urges other Republicans to get in there and fight. They want the President himself to get in there and fight; to lead the party and not merely to admonish it. They realize that a hundred national committees cannot put any true face on any party; the people never elected any national committee.

Indeed, Mr. Alcorn's genuinely brave effort is not likely to proceed much farther than have the more eager efforts of the Democratic Advisory Committee to change the Democratic party's "image." This sub-group of the Democratic national committee has been happy upon many occasions to give very strong advice to the Democratic Congressional leaders.

But these leaders have been less than deeply moved. And these leaders, and not the Democratic Advisory Committee, are still in charge of the image-building department. And the GOP Congressional leaders at length will be still in charge of the image-building department in that party as well.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

MARK TWAIN once became deeply involved in a political campaign, and invaded hostile territory to make a speech on behalf of his candidate-friend. The gallery began aiming decayed vegetables and eggs in Twain's direction. One large cabbage caught him square on the noggin. Twain won the grudging admiration of his audience by scrutinizing the cabbage intently, then drawing, "Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that one of my adversaries has lost his head."

An emissary to the UN who is nine parts ham and one part statesman, and whose frequent speeches can empty the assembly hall in three minutes flat, fainted dead away after one particularly violent peroration. An anxious assistant ran up to the chairman and whispered, "Smelling salts have failed to revive him."

"Smelling salts!" scoffed the chairman. "Just wave a microphone under his nose!"

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