

Ashland Looks Good

We take our hat off to Ashland. Time was, and not too long ago, when this pleasant community had a statewide reputation as being sort of sleepy, unprogressive, and averse to change. Fund-raising projects traditionally died a painful, lingering death. Bond issues for civic projects were defeated. Merchants, residents, the city itself, resisted change, new ideas, improvements.

But, based on recent events, it looks as though a fresh new breeze, brisk and invigorating, is blowing in Ashland.

FIRST of all, when the time came last fall to raise money to keep the Oregon Shakespearean Festival in operation, what city did more than any other to raise the money? Ashland did.

In general solicitation, it not only exceeded Medford, which is about three times its size, on a per capita basis, but also in total amount.

And last week, after a sometimes-heated campaign, voters flocked to the polls and approved by a better than two-to-one margin the issuance of \$1,250,000 in bonds to build a big new junior high school.

The school not only will take the place of the 59-year-old building now in use — it also is a vote of confidence in Ashland's future, for it will be built to care for more students than now attend junior high, and will be expandable to house even more in the more-distant future.

IF THESE actions are any criterion, Ashland has emphatically rejected a role as a dead-or-dying city, populated by mossbacks and defeatists.

It has shown self-confidence and aggressive optimism, which cannot help but be reflected in the overall tenor of community life.

Ashland, once before, was a booming and optimistic town, a major railroad center. It invited the famous John McLaren, who designed Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, to lay out Lithia park in the west, and perhaps the nation. In those days it supported the school which is now Southern Oregon College; it had Chautauquas each year and built a big building to house them.

GRADUALLY, somehow, the aggressive spirit slipped away.

But no more. Once again the college is the center of the cultural life of the community. The Shakespeare Festival, which for some time received stronger support outside of the city than it did there, has been re-adapted as Ashland's own. The voters have shown their willingness to pay for the needs of education — which are, indeed, the needs of Ashland's future.

Businessmen have organized to keep the city's economic climate good, and to help it grow.

Ashland has earned a salute. More power to it.—E.A.

A Legislator's Life

Since sharp and sometimes rather general criticisms of the Oregon legislature as a whole have appeared in this space not infrequently in the past few months, it should be pointed out, in all fairness, that such criticisms do not necessarily apply to individual members.

It has often been pointed out here what a difficult job is faced by members of the legislature. The wonder of it is that enough men and women are willing to make the sacrifices.

Among these sacrifices is the intangible, but nevertheless very real one of being on the receiving end of criticism. It rangles particularly if one feels it is not merited in one's own case.

AND a legislator is "damned if he does and damned if he doesn't."

For instance, the Roseburg News-Review the other day carried a long article by its able editor, Charles V. Stanton, in which he criticized the legislature in terms very similar to those used in this column—but for opposite reasons.

We have argued that the state must maintain a certain level of state services (particularly in educational support) if it is to do justice to the people it serves. This implies the need to collect the taxes needed for such a program.

Stanton's article, on the other hand, was critical because the legislature has shown what he feels is too little disposition to cut down on services to match the state's income.

A CONSCIENTIOUS member of the legislature, reading both papers, might well come to the conclusion that he just can't win. He's going to be lambasted no matter what he does.

The solution is for him to follow his conscience, vote according to his convictions, satisfy himself that he is right, and then to heck with the critics.

If he feels motivated to answer them, so much the better. For it is only in full and frank discussion of the state's needs that the people can obtain a sufficient understanding of them.

WE WONDER if it would not be a good idea for the legislature to have a one-week recess sometime along toward the end of the session.

While it is possible to be too far removed from the legislature properly to assess its accomplishments, it is also possible for a member to be too closely concerned with the problems of the moment, thereby losing a sense of perspective and the "large view" which a legislator needs.

If there were such a recess, members could return home, relax a little, and have a chance to find out, on their home ground, what their constituents are thinking.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



Walter Lippmann

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE SENATE AND HERTER

The unanimity and speed with which the Senate confirmed the nomination of Secretary Herter

are impressive, and obviously they were meant to be. The Senate was repairing the damage caused by the fumbling and ungracious way in which the appointment was made.

It is not easy to explain why the President and Mr. Herter did so much to create the impression that the appointment was being made reluctantly and with reservations. Mr. Arthur Krock, in his penetrating account of the affair, is no doubt right that in the beginning the President was suffering from an emotional reaction to the very bad news from Walter Reed hospital. But, as Mr. Krock goes on to point out, still leaves unexplained the mystery of why, after the results of Mr. Herter's medical check-up were known in August, after Senator Dirksen and others in the know had said that the appointment would go to Herter, Mr. Herter was still casting doubt upon it.

A possible explanation is that the President was until the last moment under strong pressure from supporters of some rival for the office. This is an unpleasant and embarrassing subject to discuss. But for the long run the explanation which will do the least damage is that the President avoided facing up to the grim facts until Mr. Dulles, who had tried to resign some weeks earlier, insisted that the President face up to them. The shock was great. Even then the President shrank from taking the final step of naming Mr. Dulles' successor. During this hesitation he opened himself to pressure to appoint someone other than Mr. Herter.

THE action of the senators reflects not only their high opinion of Mr. Herter. They have also given notice to the President that he has a Secretary of State who carries great political weight, and is not to be treated as a minor underling. The Senate has not only confirmed Mr. Herter for the office, but it has done all that it could do to confirm his influence after he is in the office.

Both abroad and at home this is salutary and important. For in the complicated negotiations which Mr. Herter is conducting, it would be a fatal handicap if Dr. Adenauer or General de Gaulle or Mr. Macmillan were given the impression that the Secretary of State does not have the confidence of the President, and that there is an appeal over his head through others who have the ear of the President. The Senate has struck a mighty blow against such shenanigans. For the unanimous support of the United States Senate is something that few of Mr. Herter's predecessors have ever enjoyed.

AT HOME, the action of the Senate is a useful offset to the thunder on the right. This thunder is still in the distance. But it is unmistakable. It is designed to intimidate him. The purpose of the intimidation is to prevent him from negotiating a modus vivendi—the theory being that in war, cold or hot, anything short of unconditional surrender is appeasement.

In times like these the easiest and cheapest position for a politician or a public man is to demand the unconditional surrender of the adversary. The extreme position is often regarded by the gullible, who do not know the difference between patriotism and patrieering, as the bold and firm position. But the extreme position is a phony. It takes much more boldness and firmness and internal courage to be moderate and rational than to be a jingo and a verbal fire-eater.

Mr. Herter is a moderate and a rational man. For evidence of this, we have only to read his answers to the examinations by Senator Morse before the Foreign Relations Committee. These answers are a model of how a statesman in a very powerful country ought to talk about the issues of life and death, and they reveal a moderation and a rationality which have their roots in an unfrightened and serene spirit.

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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.

Not All Moslems: To the Editor: I read with interest the letter of Mr. Parker Bailey of March 18, regarding "Mid-East and Bible."

In his letter he suggested that the Arabs are Moslems. May I, respectfully, invite his attention to the fact that this is not quite correct. Some of the Arabs are Moslems. Arab Christians who are at present nearly nine millions existed long before Arab Moslems. Indeed some of the great Arab thinkers are Arab Christians, including George Antonius, Fayed Sayegh, Charles Malik and others.

Neither Moslems nor the Arabs have ever claimed to be God's chosen people. Indeed, the concept of chosen people and superior race is alien to Arab thinking. It is true that the Arabs, both Moslem and Christian, are descendants of Abraham even more than Ben Gurion, a Pole, whose ancestors might have been converted to Judaism several hundred years ago from amongst some of the Slavic tribes. One wonders whether Elizabeth Taylor, who was recently converted to Judaism, is also a descendant of Abraham.

The opposition of Arab Moslems and Christians to the Zionists is because Ben Gurion and his supporters are intruders in Palestine against the will of the Arabs, capitalizing on humanitarian sentiments and misinterpretation of the Bible.

Mohammad T. Mehdi, Director, Arab Information Center, Ferry Building, San Francisco 11, Calif.

Wagon Train: To the Editor: It has been nine two score years since it was my pleasure to interview the last known survivor of the first covered-wagon trains to set out from the promised lands of the west and who still had memories of that great trek. There may have been others, of course, but it was my privilege to meet them. The one in question was Mrs. Snelling over in the far eastern Oregon country of Summer lake. She was a girl of five, coming with the well-known Bachelor party of

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

SEXLESS TROUT

Tokyo — (AP) — Prof. Tokyo Yamamoto of Nagoya University has developed a breed of "sexless" rainbow trout through the use of hormones. It was announced today. Instead of expending energy pursuing the opposite sex, the sexless trout just grows indolent and fat and thus of greater commercial value, it was said.

Stop that pouting, rainbow trout.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

You'll remember, of course, the two young escapees from San Quentin who held a San Francisco woman at knife's point for six hours, threatening to kill her if officers moved in to capture them. Possessing high and deathless courage and quick wit, she talked them out of it and they surrendered.

One of them was sent to Folsom, California's maximum security prison. The other (who had been sent up for burglary) was ordered to the California medical facility at Vacaville for psychiatric examination. He complained bitterly.

"I'd like to know," he told newsmen, "the reason for sending me there—to a nut house. I'm not a nut. If you place a man where nuts run the yard, you don't know—I might end up a nut."

A LOT of us would like to know his reason for becoming a burglar—when so many more richly rewarding callings were open to him.

FROM the Salem Statesman: "The Russians are learning that grants of money do not always win friends. After Nasser got mad at the Soviet Union over its interference in Iraq, the people of Yemen, a small sheikdom which is federated with the United Arab Republic, stoned a group of Soviet officers and technicians who arrived to implement a development program—which probably meant communist financial aid for Yemen's economy.

"Maybe we should just let the Russians burn THEIR fingers on foreign aid."

YOU know, there's really a thought there. Leaving out the Marshall Plan—which was a relatively inexpensive device to put our friends and allies back on their feet after a long and cruel war in which a large share of their cities was destroyed—we haven't got much friendship out of the billions we have spent for foreign aid.

Maybe it might be better, as the Statesman suggests, to let the Russians take the grief for a while and listen to the cries of COMMIES, GO HOME!

FROM the Redding Record-Searchlight:

"If Governor Pat Brown wants to save a little money to help balance the budget, he might ask the state department of mental hygiene to straighten out its mailing list. "It's list includes the Record-Searchlight, and that's fine. But it also includes the Courier-Free Press, which was consolidated with the Record-Searchlight back in 1941, and the Shasta Courier, which merged with the R-S several years ago.

"That would be understandable, but the department mails two separate envelopes, each containing the same news release, to each of the three, so that SIX identical news releases arrive at the same time."

ONE of the reasons why governmental budgets keep on expanding and expanding is that when once started, governmental enterprises and their accompanying appropriations NEVER DIE. They just go rolling on down through the years—like this mailing list that brings six copies of the same thing to the Record-Searchlight.

spacemen, But more deadly, I'm sure. It gets into my bathroom, and Even in my dresser drawer. I can't see out my window.

Nor out through my French door. So I must venture outside To see my friend next door. He greets me with: "What's the score?" "They're going to smudge some more."

E. M. Frederick, 809 South Peach st., Medford

Your pot of gold's been found— The hormone route will make you stout And lazier, pound for pound.

The lowly ling may linger lean, The sprat may not get fat, And pity too the pinched sardine— And what they're selling at.

Low price tags, Yamamoto states, For you need not be brooked—

—And since your sexual drive abates, By love you won't be hooked.

We ran across a word we'd never seen the other day — ferroequinophile. It was used to indicate "iron horse enthusiasts" — that is, locomotive hobbyists. We are in doubt as to whether or not it is a real word, or one coined for the occasion, but it doesn't matter very much, since it IS descriptive, and it also opens up a whole field for word-coiners. Presumably a railroad locomotive mechanic would be a ferroequinophile, and one who makes a study of locomotives would be a ferroequinologist.

We've all heard the ancient riddle: What has four wheels and flies? The answer, of course, is a garbage truck.

We ran across a switch on this. What four-wheeled vehicle costs more to run than an automobile?

The answer: A grocery cart, silly.

A classically-minded young man, who also reads about the doings of the legislature, has suggested that the current one be dubbed the "Phoenix session," because it first kills, then revives, so many measures that it reminds him of the legendary bird which is reborn from its own ashes.

R. E. Nealon, the Mail Tribune's correspondent of many years in the Table Rock district, dropped in to the office the other day and told us about his two cats — one of them white, the other gray with white markings.

One morning during the "big smudge" season, the cats were off playing in different directions. Came milking time and they arrived at the barn for their customary squirt of milk.

They chanced to meet in front of the barn. The white one was a dirty gray; the gray one almost black. Not recognizing each other, they hissed and spat and almost got into a fight before they finally decided they were friends after all.

We suppose it was inevitable, the "signs of the times" story told us last week — about the two small youngsters who were engaged in a name-calling contest, each trying to outdo the other in finding a crowning insult. Finally the little girl wrinkled her brow, concentrated, and exclaimed, "You — you — you old smudge pot!"

The springtime is budget time for agencies of government, a time of much hand-wringing and worry, both for budget committees and for the public employees whose offices depend on support for the amounts of money the budgeters allot.

One classic tale is about the county department head who asked for more people on his staff. One hard-headed budget committee member asked him, "Why don't you put the men you have to work?"

He replied, "Can't do anything with 'em. They just sit there with their feet on their desks."

What happened to HIS budget doesn't need telling.

We've also heard about one small town which, like many others, had difficulty finding enough people to serve on the budget committee. Finally the city fathers started keeping a list of people who during the year had registered complaints about the city, or signed petitions for or against this or that. Comes budget time, they are called, reminded of their "interest in civic affairs," and asked to serve. In other words, "Put up or shut up!"

A reporter was in one of the law enforcement offices in the county the other day.

He watched with interest as a secretary snatched the telephone, hurriedly dialed a number, listened for a few seconds, then said, "Say, bring me over a candy bar with nuts in it, will you please?"

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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
April 26, 1949 (Tuesday)

Bears put in an appearance at Crater Lake National park, indicating that spring has arrived even at that altitude.

Mayor Diamond Flynn shows off the sights of Medford to a delegation of officials from Klamath Falls.

20 YEARS AGO
April 26, 1939 (Wednesday)

The old Tolman mansion, a landmark since pioneer days, is destroyed by fire as lack of water frustrates the Ashland fire department.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "Some of the fair sex have their summer furs ready for wearing. They range from the hide of the cunning fox to the tail of the slinking coyote."

30 YEARS AGO
April 26, 1929 (Friday)

Crops in the Table Rock district are improved by recent rains.

A portable saw mill will cut timber to reopen the Blue Lodge mine.

40 YEARS AGO
April 26, 1919 (Saturday)

Work starts on irrigation ditches in the Talent district. Army fliers en route to the Portland Rose Show will visit the Rogue Valley.

50 YEARS AGO
April 26, 1909 (Monday)

A total of 111 automobiles are registered by Medford citizens.

R. G. Wilson, a Salt Lake City mining man, purchases the Bradshaw orchard at Eagle Point for \$60,000.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. A baseball playing field is called what?

2. What sort of surgeon specializes in remodeling human features?

3. In which city was the Declaration of Independence signed?

4. In what country is Baghdad?

5. Name the author of "Ivanhoe."

6. Correct the following sentence: "The aim of all his efforts were to gain peace."

7. In which city is The Little Church Around the Corner?

8. What is a tennis playing field called?

9. Where is the Ivory Coast?

10. In dry measure, how many quarts are in one bushel?

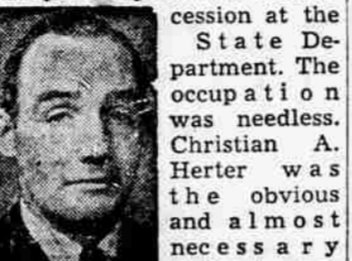
Answers: 1. Diamond. 2. Plastic surgeon. 3. Philadelphia. 4. Iraq. 5. Sir Walter Scott. 6. ... was to gain peace. 7. New York City. 8. Court. 9. French West Africa. 10. Thirty-two.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

MR. MISSILE GAP

Washington — For the past ten days, Washington has been preoccupied with the succession at the State Department.



Joseph Alsop

Foster Dulles, and he is also a man of proven stature, character, and courage, who ought to do a first rate job.

No one, meanwhile, seems to be at all preoccupied with the succession at the Defense Department, although the early departure of Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy is foreseen some time ago.

It is taken for granted that when McElroy goes, his Under Secretary, Donald Quarles, will get the top job. Certainly the President will have the utmost difficulty in finding any other replacement for McElroy.

Yet the succession at the Defense Department really deserves more attention than the succession at the State Department, if only because the right name for Donald Quarles is "Mister Missile Gap."

QUARLES has been a leading defense policy-maker during the whole of the last six years, when the world balance of military power has tilted so dangerously against us. He has had much authority over our missile programs, and the missile gap is the worst of our problems. He currently opposes the measures that might bridge the gap. And if he had had his way in the past, there would be no mere gap, but a vast unbridgeable, inescapable abyss.

These are rather serious things to say about the fore-ordained next Secretary of Defense; but they are easily documented. In brief, when Quarles first entered the Department as Assistant Secretary for Research and Development, the American long range missile program was in a condition that was appalling to contemplate.

The cause of this condition was bad specifications. The development of compact, relatively light weight H-bomb war-heads had not been foreseen or allowed for by the Air Staff. Missile designs were therefore required to carry war-heads of impossible weight and size. Thus the missiles under development were then either doubtfully useful or actually impossible. In the first category were Snark and Navajo projects, both now terminated. In the impossible category was the Atlas as then conceived, as a

vast, hopelessly unwieldy missile with a takeoff weight of 450,000 pounds.

ON THE initiative of the Air Force's Assistant Secretary for Research, Trevor Gardner, a committee was named to review the long range missile program under the leadership of that great scientist, the late John von Neumann. Without the von Neumann committee's report, we should probably have no serious long range missile program to this day.

But the changes the committee proposed were tepidly received by the Air Staff, and they were actively opposed by Donald Quarles. The dogged insistence of Gardner, the bold determination of his chief, Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott, were both needed to secure acceptance of the von Neumann Committee report.

The principal initial change was the complete re-design of Atlas, as a workable missile built around the new, much lighter weight warheads the Atomic Energy Commission was perfecting. Somewhat later, the decision to add the Titan project also grew out of the von Neumann report.

Without Titan, this country would not even be in sight of having a long range ballistic missile capable of being placed in a fully hard pad. But once again, Donald Quarles sharply opposed the inauguration of the Titan project; and Talbott and Gardner had to fight with tooth and claw to win the day.

EVEN the re-design of Atlas and the order for Titan would have been fruitless, however, without the establishment in Turkey of missile-watching radars. Nothing but the grim, indisputable intelligence derived from these radars could have driven the Eisenhower administration to spend the necessary sums for serious development of the big missiles. But once again, Donald Quarles fought the whole plan for the missile-watching radars. The project was smuggled through, without Quarles's concurrence, by the Talbott-Gardner team. In truth the country owes much to these two men, one of whom was later disgraced, while the other was briskly dismissed for his pains.

Such is the early Quarles record, in the formative period. The later record has been beginning. Indeed, the great tragedy of the hapless McElroy's service as Defense Secretary has been his choice of Quarles as his chief advisor. But with the missile gap growing more perilous with each passing month, "Mr. Missile Gap" will no doubt become Defense Secretary when McElroy goes.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

JOHN CAPLES, of the potent advertising firm of B.B.D. and O., lists seven questions that must be answered in the affirmative for an ad to be successful: 1. Does your ad attract the right audience? 2. Does your ad hold the audience? 3. Does your copy create desire? 4. Do you prove it is a bargain? 5. Do you establish confidence? 6. Do you make it easy to act? 7. Do you give prospects a reason to act at once?

Mr. Caples is the originator of three advertising catch-lines that I'm sure you will remember: "They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano," "They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French," and "Sixty Days Ago They Called Me Baldy."

The honeymoon is over, concedes Walter Caffery, when the bridegroom stops helping with the dishes—and does them by himself.

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