MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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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

May 24, 1949 (Tuesday)

The Medford Trail Riders' benefit horseshow is a success.

The flood of letters to the editor from children urging approval of the bond issue for completion of Hawthorne park's swimming pool swells to a veritable torrent.

20 YEARS AGO

May 24, 1939 (Wednesday)

Free movies on ducks and other feathered creatures are offered by John C. Huntington, New York, president of Ducks, Unlimited.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The fair sex is now wearing large brimmed hats, some of which have more acreage than their skirts."

30 YEARS AGO

May 24, 1929 (Friday)

Rogue river fish are faced with extinction through commercial exploitation, local sportsmen are told.

The city council agrees to issuing new licenses to Front st. establishments, "if they behave and sell no more bitters."

40 YEARS AGO

May 24, 1919 (Saturday)

Four are arrested for snagging salmon at Gold Ray dam.

The city council plans to bar horses from the new city auto camp on Bear creek.

50 YEARS AGO

May 24, 1909 (Monday)

Construction of the P. and E. railroad begins at Eagle Point.

Tomorrow is Clean-Up day in Medford, by mayoral proclamation.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Who wrote "The Song of Hiawatha"?
2. What animal spends almost its whole life hanging upside down from tree branches?
3. What amendment to the U. S. Constitution abolished slavery?
4. When a cow gets up, which end rises first:
5. What common liquid expands upon solidifying?
6. Do the arteries, or the veins, of the body carry fresh blood outward from the heart?
7. Which of these States has the longer coastline? Florida or California?
8. With which Democratic politician do you associate the "Brown Derby"?
9. What ex-Presidents of the United States are living?
10. The names of two States in the U.S. begin with the letter "T"; name them.

Answers: 1. Henry Longfellow. 2. Sloth. 3. Thirteenth. 4. The rear end. 5. Water. 6. Arteries. 7. Florida. 8. Alfred E. Smith. 9. Herbert Hoover, Harry S. Truman. 10. Texas, Tennessee.

Musical Evening

Dr. Billy Blackstone, in a letter which appeared on this page Friday, put into words something we have often thought.

This is, that the young people of today are far better than many people, including the young ones, often think.

Dr. Blackstone's emphasis was on the Boy Scout program, from Cubs through Explorers.

But the same message came to us again Thursday evening, which we spent listening to singing by students at Hedrick Junior high school, and Medford High.

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WE STARTED at the junior high, first inspecting an amazing display of science, shop and home economics projects, then settling down to listen to the Seventh Grade Chorus.

These young voices, not all of them trained, by any means, still blend well, and the youngsters really put their hearts into the songs. The overall effect is fresh and happy.

The Hedrick Choir, composed of Eighth and Ninth graders, exhibited a rather greater degree of proficiency, as could be expected. They sing slightly more difficult songs, show a greater responsiveness to direction, and a greater sureness in their singing.

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AT THE conclusion of this concert, we made a quick trip across town and sneaked into the high school auditorium for the last part of a concert under way there.

The Medford High school Senior Choir provided the highlight of the evening. Seldom have we heard a comparable group of young people show greater mastery of their music, better technique, or more obvious joy in what they were doing.

We have heard this choir in prior years, and each year it seems to get better, surer, more disciplined, and more varied in repertoire.

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THE CHOIR'S director, Lynn Sjolund, deserves the applause of patrons of the school district for his work in welding these singers together into a cohesive and outstanding musical group.

We would have only two minor suggestions, and perhaps they are nothing but carping. First, it seemed to us that the program was rather too heavily loaded with pieces, many of them of a religious nature, which were totally unfamiliar to the audience. And second, we missed any tribute to Oregon's Centennial year. (We'd still like to hear the Choir sing "Down the Oregon Trail," one of the all-time favorites of the Eugene Gleemen.)

All in all it was an evening we shall remember long and pleasurably. The training these students receive is something that will stay with them always, making their lives fuller and richer.—E.A.

The School Patrols

In the same vein, one could well ponder on the work of the school safety patrols.

These youngsters, who spend hours guarding street crossings their classmates use en route to and from school, are performing a real and important civic function.

The banquet Friday evening at which they were honored was really only a small token of the gratitude which should be felt toward them. They may be young, but they're good citizens. And the work they do is making them better ones. —E.A.

New Bridge Needed

We're all for the plan to extend 10th street across Bear creek by means of another bridge.

There are several reasons why it should be done, and be done this year.

First of all, the new bridge is needed. Medford always has been hampered by both Bear creek and the railroad cutting through it, north to south, and has never had enough east-west arterial streets. Such a bridge would provide one more such thoroughfare.

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SECONDLY, we believe the bridge should be built before construction of the new freeway begins.

It is to be assumed that the highway department will give all possible consideration to Medford's needs in the way of arterial streets, but we'd still feel more comfortable if the new route is in before the state starts throwing dirt and concrete around.

With this bridge, and with the extension of Melrose avenue to join with Barnett road, the city proper will have McAndrews road, Jackson street, Main street, 10th street, 12th street, and Melrose-Barnett—or six crosstown routes.

As its growth continues, it is going to need them, too, for much of the growth will be on the east side—to say nothing of the needs of the two hospitals, Rogue Valley manor, and the other developments which can be expected.—E.A.

Which Law?

Laws sometime create oddities.

For instance, the Phoenix-Talent consolidation proposal was defeated, because the election was conducted under the laws pertaining to boundary board elections, when each district must approve.

However, if it had been conducted under the school reorganization law, it would have passed, for that law specifies that all votes will be counted together, with the majority ruling.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace

Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

THE FDR IMAGE

Washington—The backers of Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota for the 1960 Democratic Presidential nomination have determined on the biggest gamble of the pre-convention campaign. Though they do not care to put the matter quite so strongly, even in private, the plain fact is this: they are staking everything on one roll of the dice.

William S. White

Knowing quite well that their strategy has its perils, they have decided to present Senator Humphrey as "the" Roosevelt New Dealer in the field of aspirants. Their risks are plain. Their strategy is, in military terms like committing every last resource to a massive counterattack in full awareness that if it fails the whole war is lost then and there.

But their candid conclusion is that for Humphrey it must be all or nothing.

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FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is 14 years in his grave and this is a new political world with different problems from those he met so long ago. Since his death a spirit of accommodation, of moderation, has swept the Democratic party.

The old Roosevelt New Dealers are for the most part no longer in power anywhere, either in public office or in the party. Too, Mr. Roosevelt of course made powerful enemies with long memories. The image of Humphrey as the man who seeks frankly to be the heir to FDR will, beyond doubt, stir up these enemies again.

And, finally, the policy of the Humphrey strategists deliberately stares into the bright face of danger in two other ways: 1. It flatly and directly challenges to combat another former President who is also a liberal Democratic leader, Harry S. Truman. (Mr. Truman is plainly, if not officially, backing Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri for the nomination.) 2. It necessarily will draw a sharper line between those party old-timers who are basically "Truman men" and those who are "Roosevelt men."

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EVEN so, the Humphrey men reckon that on balance they have more to gain than to lose, and perhaps they do, indeed. A certain New Deal cast was bound in any case to be put on Humphrey. His record is essentially a New Deal one. He is an official of the New Deal splinter movement called Americans for Democratic Action. And his campaign manager is one of the most authentic of the New Dealers, James H. Rowe Jr.

Mr. Rowe, now a Washington attorney, was a member of the inner-inner FDR brain trust as a White House assistant to the President. He has remained absolutely and unapologetically faithful to Roosevelt doctrines in all the subsequent years in which party dogma and party memories have generally shifted away from the Roosevelt era.

Moreover, the late President's widow, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, has been saying markedly good things of Humphrey—kinder things, by far, than she has said for any other hopeful. Efforts, indeed, are now being made to bring Mrs. Roosevelt and also former Gov. Averell Harriman of New York openly into Humphrey's support.

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ROWE himself, oddly enough, did not initiate the decision of the Humphrey camp to run the Senator as a mid-century FDR. He has, however, concluded it is a wise decision and it will form the basis for all his future sorties in seeking to gather up convention delegates for Humphrey.

The analysis of the Humphrey people is about this: Hubert Humphrey never would be given the nomination anyhow by a convention determined on a "moderate" candidate. Such a convention, in common sense, would turn instead to Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas, Senator Symington or Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts.

Humphrey would never, in any case, be acceptable to the convention's conservatives —and certainly never to those from the South. Thus, far more even than any of his rivals, he is barred from playing any kind of waiting and hoping game. He must sharply and clearly—and early and often and bluntly – identify himself and seek the sort of delegate strength really open to him. He must do this even at the cost of alienating other, and more iffy, strength.

It is the case of the New Deal bird in hand, or more or less in hand, against X number of possibly non-New Deal birds in the bush.

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Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE NELSON-MASS

Budapest, Hungary – In the Coronation Church, the parish church of the ancient fortress of Buda that still towers above Budapest, they sang Haydn's "Nelson-Mass" last Sunday.

Joseph Alsop

It is called Nelson-Mass, the legend runs, because Nelson's victory at Aboukir Bay is celebrated by the blood-tingling flourish of trumpets introducing the Benedictus. What with the trumpets and the fiddles and the superb Italinate choir, it must be admitted that the Nelson-Mass did not sound like religious music to the untutored American ear.

Yet the huge old church was filled as only Polish and Hungarian churches are filled nowadays. Long before the mass began, every seat was taken. In the aisles and entrance, latecomers young and old, workers and peasants and artisans, kneeled or stood through the long service. Even when Haydn's 18th century imagination sent the fiddles and sopranos on their wildest flights, one felt the faith and fervor! But the great outpouring of passion came at the close, when the whole crowded congregation joined in the Hungarian anthem, the hymn of the Magyar people, which Hungarians have sung together for more than a century.

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THE POINT about this mass at the Coronation Church is quite simple. In brief, this is all that the great majority of the Hungarian people really believe in any longer. The system they live under, the government that rules over them, the future that the government promises, are all duly accepted. But they do not command belief or hope.

It is a curious fact, yet it really seems to be a fact, that belief and hope were stronger when the lot of the Hungarian people was far more terrible, in the iron times of Rakosi and Stalin. Precisely because power was displayed with naked ruthlessness, precisely because of the cruelty of the grim policies pursued, they seem to have inspired a curious masochistic mystique, at least in certain sectors of the youth and the intelligentsia. It was the same in Poland, where the most rigidly Stalinist intellectuals are now the most strenuous "revisionists."

This mystique collapsed when Khrushchev broke the Stalin-image in his famous speech, with consequences in Hungary that the whole world remembers. Nothing has replaced the lost mystique, although the blood that was shed was not shed altogether in vain if you apply the common economic tests of our age.

ECONOMICALLY, the Hungarian people are substantially better off under Kadar than they were under Rakosi and somewhat better off than under Imre Nagy. The improvement began even before the great explosion here. The trading system by which Stalin's Russia levied a heavy tribute in Hungary was abandoned soon after the old tyrant's death, for instance.

Now, moreover, the rate of state investment is far more bearable. The investment plan is no longer insanely overbalanced in favor of an artificial ultra-heavy industry. Ordinary consumer's goods are being produced in reasonable quantities. Above all, the tremendous burden of defense expenditure that Hungary was formerly required to carry, has now been reduced by about four-fifths for obvious political reasons.

All these changes mean, in effect, that the state is taking less for itself and giving more to the people. This city, with its spectacular situation astride the Danube and all its possibilities of beauty, is still sadly gray and drab. But there are goods in the shops. The people have decent shoes and decent clothes. Except for the old and the tragic survivors of the former ruling class, no one goes hungry.

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THE GOVERNMENT'S conscious effort to improve the conditions of life in Hungary is the direct result of the defeated revolution. "Something must be done," they said in the Kremlin, and this was what was done. There is no solid evidence, either, that the renewed drive to collectivize Hungarian agriculture means a change in policy.

The propaganda about the new rural collectives being entirely voluntary is – propaganda. But brute force has not been used in the old way.

There are many practical reasons why small plot peasant farming is undesirable in Hungary, which has always been farmed in large estates. The state is paying heavily to make the new collectives succeed. For these reasons, the re-collectivization does not seem to foreshadow another general plunge into misery in the Stalinist manner.

All in all, three years after the young boys fought the Soviet tanks from street to street, life in Hungary goes on with most of the outward appearances of normal life in other countries. The trouble is under the surface. The trouble, in fact, is the total absence of belief. Without commanding a certain measure of belief, at least among its own cadres, no government can put down permanent roots. That is Janos Kadar's problem – which is directly linked to the Berlin crisis and the current meeting at Geneva to talk about Berlin.

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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 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

No Argument

To the Editor: Referring to the Phoenix election on school consolidation.

There was at no time any argument between myself and the election board or any member of that board before, during, or after the election. The deputy sheriff was there to uphold my legal right to sit as a poll watcher.

Fred Wilcox,
Camp Baker rd.,
Phoenix.

Successful Convention

To the Editor: The state convention of the Oregon Optometric Association, held in Medford May 15-17, was a great success, due in large measure to the hard work of the members and auxiliary of the Southern Oregon Optometric society. Too often little public recognition is accorded local convention delegates for their contribution of time and effort to insure that visitors to the area are given a favorable impression of southern Oregon.

Perhaps this letter will in some way express to them the appreciation of the community and convention committee.

Representatives in the Medford area who assisted are to be commended. They include Dr. and Mrs. George S. Jennings, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Urie, Mrs. August Glutsch, Dr. Robert Harland, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Urie, Mrs. August Glutsch, Dr. Robert Harland, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Anderson, Dr. Frank Freeburger, Dr. and Mrs. Richard Nelson, and Dr. and Mrs. William J. Thompson.

Backing up the work of the local planners with the full support of the news media, the Chamber of Commerce, and the staff of the Rogue Valley Country club, site of the convention. Without this co-operation the convention would have been less than the success it proved to be.

August W. Glutsch, O.D.,
Medford, General Chairman
O.O.A. Convention Committee

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

PROGRESS AT GENEVA

As a public spectacle, the Geneva conference is still in the prelude to the negotiations. But this prelude is of great importance. For it is dealing with a momentous question: Shall the Four Powers assume, when they come to negotiate about Berlin and other matters, that for all practical purposes the partition of Germany is permanent?

Walter Lippmann

Mr. Gromyko's tactical moves and his proposals have been designed to emphasize the partition by building up the prestige of the East German state. Mr. Gromyko knows as well as we do that his package of proposals is not going to be accepted. But as in the incident of the seating of the East German delegates at the conference, he has been working to create the impression that the West, which is not unanimous about German reunification, is accepting the partition.

The task of the Westerners has been to prevent the coming negotiations about Berlin from taking place with all the world assuming that the idea of reunification has been scuttled.

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THE ISSUE was stated candidly Tuesday by the French Foreign Minister, M. Couve de Murville. Dealing with the Soviet proposal for a peace treaty with the two Germanys, he said that "such a treaty would do nothing to solve the problems facing us; or rather, it would do one thing only: set the Four Powers' seal on the division of Germany."

He came immediately to the crucial point: "Even if . . . reunification is not yet possible, we see no reason at all for taking part in a solemn international act which would preclude it forever, and could have no other result than drive the German people to despair."

The Westerners know, of course, that their package plan is not going to be accepted by the Soviet Union and they know too that the reunification of Germany is not possible in the foreseeable future. Moreover, it is no secret that in the Western alliance there is powerful opposition to German unification, and that, as one Frenchman has put it: "It is like this. We all pray to go to heaven but not too soon."

Nevertheless, the Western powers are right to insist that nothing be done at Geneva or at the summit to PRECLUDE the idea of eventual reunification. Thus, M. Couve de Murville is undoubtedly right in saying that if the Allies accept partition it would drive the German people, or at least some of the boldest among them, to despair. The ground will be prepared for clandestine conspiracy between West German and East German nationalists. Out of that might come anything – a German civil war, or a German deal with Russia. But in any event it would mean the end of Western influence in a reunited Germany.

• • •

ONCE the Geneva conference has established the principle that there will be no "solemn international act which would preclude it (German reunification) forever," the prelude will be over. The time will have come for negotiation about Berlin. Here there appears to exist a serious problem of Allied policy.

There are those who believe that the West should stand firm on the status quo, refusing any change of any kind. They regard any change as a change for the worse. They do not believe our position can be improved but only that it can be weakened. This is at least the first attitude of the Bonn and the Paris governments. They profess to think that if we stand firmly on the absolute negative, Mr. Khrushchev will give up and give in.

This is an arguable position. But it can be argued better if it is not accompanied by the innuendo that the Berlin and the Americans, who want to negotiate with the Soviets, are less brave and less noble and less realistic than are the Germans and the French. It would serve the cause of Allied unity greatly if the innuendo were omitted from the off-the-record briefings.

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THE OTHER point of view holds that the Western position in West Berlin is weak and needs to be strengthened, and that it should be a prime object of Western policy to strengthen and improve the position in Berlin. The weakness of the Western position is notorious. West Berlin is an island within a Communist state, and this island is defended against invasion and conquest by the threat, which only the United States could carry out, of waging a total nuclear war.

This is an adequate defense against the conquest of West Berlin. But it is not a defense at all against harassment – just enough to become intolerably annoying and not enough to justify a total nuclear war. The morale of the people of West Berlin cannot be counted upon to endure forever harassment for which there is no remedy.

The West has, therefore, a vital interest in negotiating a new statue for Berlin, one which spells out its rights of access and reaffirms its right to a military presence in West Berlin, and is the formal commitment of the Soviet Union and of the East European states.

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IN MY view, we shall miss the bus if we do not get a new agreement about Berlin. If it is possible, this agreement should be worked out before there is a summit meeting, or at the least there should be a good concrete private understanding that it will be worked out at the summit.

Moreover, it should be our object to get an agreement on Berlin before the Soviet Union makes a separate peace treaty with East Germany. The agreement should exist so that before there is any peace treaty it is already an international obligation of East Germany as well as of the Soviet Union. If Mr. Khrushchev will negotiate such an agreement now – on the way to the summit – it will be an impressive demonstration that he means to negotiate seriously when he gets to the summit.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Odd note in the news:

Cannibals in the Purari Hills area of New Guinea (far down in the South Seas) raided the village of Matuari and killed and ATE Patrolman Obu, the village policeman.

We have municipal problems here in the U.S.A. But, thank fortune, that isn't one of them.

SPEAKING of problems:

Dr. Paul Benton, an Oklahoma child psychiatrist, told a pedriatric society meeting in Memphis the other day that we need to turn back the rearing of children to parents instead of giving them so much "expert" advice.

He added:

"You can't rear children by a book of rules. Every child is an INDIVIDUAL."

GOING literary for a moment, George Noel Gordon, Lord Byron, said a century and a quarter ago in his Don Juan:

"The antique Persians taught three useful things—

"To draw the bow, to ride, and SPEAK THE TRUTH."

Whether he draws a bow or rides a horse I don't know. But I'm inclined to think that in his talk to the Memphis pediatrists Dr. Benton was speaking the truth. Children can't be reared successfully by mass production techniques.

The communists tried it in the early days of the Bolshevik Revolution. They took the children away from the parents and put 'em in institutions. They had to give it up and bring parents back into the picture. Since that was done, Russia is going ahead faster.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Our society editor was all wet Friday afternoon.

We mean this literally, and with no disparagement.

A small but heavy thunderstorm passed over the downtown area shortly before 3 o'clock. Rain fell in buckets. And, due to a defective drainpipe, it started coming through the ceiling right over OS's desk, pouring down in a veritable torrent, and splashing all over her.

A hastily organized rescue squadron of fellow workers grabbed typewriter, table and chair and rushed them to an adjoining room, wastebaskets were pressed into use to contain the worst of the flow, lights and heaters were switched off to avoid short-circuits, and the piles and piles of papers, magazines, books and assorted potpourri on Potpourri's desk were hurriedly removed.

Desks and bookcase were shoved aside and, as the torrent slowed, mops and rags were brought out and things tidied up.

OS, in her forced but temporary exile from the familiar corner, looked on the cheerful side of it. It offered a chance to get her stuff sorted out and the excess thrown away, she declared.

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H. P. Jewett, the veteran school superintendent in district 6C, recently was honored for his long and faithful service by a community celebration in Central Point. A few days later, on a shopping visit in Medford, one man commented on his "Centennial celebration." Mr. Jewett did one of the longest double-takes on record, not realizing until a day or two later that he was being congratulated on 100 years of service.

• • •

Consistent readers of this column know of our addiction to the Hoover HiLite, publication at Hoover school. We find in it some of the freshest reporting hereabouts.

In the current issue, John Knope, a scholar in grade 3R, writes as follows on "The Moon":

"Do you know what is our nearest neighbor? It is the moon, about 239,000 miles away. Did you know that the moon travels around the earth in 28 days? On the moon you could throw a ball farther, in fact you can throw a ball six times farther than on earth. Nothing happens there – no rain, no plants, no nothing. And there is no noise, and that's why my mother would like to live on the moon."

• • •

Here's another one, this one by Mike Leever, of grade 2C: "My family and I went to the cabin on the Rogue river. I swam in the waterdog pool. We had so much fun there, and we laid on the bear rugs. We got to eat marshmellows. We went fishing in the river. I catch lots of fish."

• • •

And one more.

This is by Martin Browne, in grade 3R:

"The first day of vacation I will call up my best friend Timmy Root. Then we might go up in the wood or dig a fox hole. We might climb a tree and put a bird feeding tray there, and we might make a boat. We might play army and have a war."

• • •

One of our young men has been reading all the stories about Bear creek pollution. He looked pensive for a while, then sat down, wrote the following, and handed it to us without comment: "Bear Creek – Fools wade in where anglers fear to tread."

• • •

A reader who calls himself, for these purposes, "Old Snorter," is among that group of readers which finds itself in recurring disagreement with our editorial cartoonist, Herbert Block. He expressed himself on the mater thus:

Come, come Herblock, give us a change.

There are worse outlaws on the range.

Industry can't be all to blame,

Some unions bring us greater shame.

Their wage demands, fringe benefits

Give us the jim-jams and the fits.

Inflation fever, jobs that stop

Ruin hopes and plans with strike dry-rot.

• • •

Sign spotted on private land during the hunting season: "No Trespassing. Survivors Will Be Prosecuted."

• • •

A gossip is one who talks to you about others.

A bore is one who talks to you about himself.

A brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about you.