

MEDFORD 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 June 14, 1949 (Tuesday) Frank C. Bash is the only candidate to file for Medford school district director.

The new Medford garbage dump near the Camp White sewage treatment plant is due to open soon.

20 YEARS AGO June 14, 1939 (Wednesday) A Medford physician reportedly faints when a local resident pays his medical bill not once but twice.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "Today 367 new laws go into effect in this state. Be careful, and don't break any more than necessary."

30 YEARS AGO June 14, 1929 (Friday) Howard precinct votes tomorrow on procuring Medford water.

Sunshine renews farming in the Table Rock district, but heavy rains halt logging operations in the hills.

40 YEARS AGO June 14, 1919 (Saturday) The state highway commission arrives to look over the work on Pacific highway.

Small boys mistake a bear's paw for a man's hand in the brush along Bear creek and stir a murder scare.

50 YEARS AGO June 14, 1909 (Monday) Central Point is nearly razed by a fire started by children playing with matches.

Editors of the high school's "Tin Horn" accede to Miss Warner's request that they not publish the proposed petition asking the school board to reconsider asking her resignation.

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

1. Name the famous plant breeder who lived in Santa Rosa, California. 2. If a child is amenable, is the child stubborn, popular, backward or manageable. 3. Name the French Emperor who married Marie Louise of Austria. 4. What omission is denoted by the apostrophe in the expression "o'clock"? 5. Who was Saul of Tarsus? 6. What metal is liquid at ordinary temperatures? 7. When Ponce de Leon set out to discover the fountain of youth, was he then an old man? 8. For what team was Casey (not Stengel) playing when he struck out? 9. Six flags have flown over Texas; name them. 10. What was Rapunzel's hair used for? Answers: 1. Luther Burbank. 2. Manageable. 3. Napoleon I. 4. "of the." 5. Mercury. 6. No. (He was about 52.) 7. Mudville. 8. France, Spain, Republic of Texas, U.S., and Confederate States of America. 9. A ladder.

The highest hill in Berlin is an artificial one composed entirely of wartime rubble. Named the Insulaner and now covered with flowers, shrubs and trees, the hill is 25 feet higher than Berlin's highest natural point.

The Boarding House

Our farm editor waxed nostalgic the other day about the boarding house, the old-fashioned kind which is now rare but still survives.

He painted a picture of one such establishment in Washington, where the proprietress was noted for her cooking, for her motherly interest in her boarders, and for her spunk and hard work.

This is the crux of the matter, we maintain. Boarding houses were (and, we presume, are) good or bad because of the personality of the individuals running them, and of their clientele.

OUR early-day boarding house experiences were varied, and we met our share of admirable individuals. But we find it difficult to be nostalgic about boarding house life.

We recall the little white-haired woman with the Scandinavian name who boarded a dozen people in a big gray house on the Franklin street hill in Astoria. Her meals were sumptuous. She was a gentle but imperious moderator to her boarders—mostly young men in the lower echelons of business executivehood.

(The price was right in those days—\$27.50 per month for room plus breakfast and dinner six days a week.)

WE ALSO recall three or four "rooming houses," distinct from boarding houses in that the patrons "ate out." The only other true boarding house we remember well was in Modesto, Calif., where the patrons varied from heavy equipment operators to bank tellers.

Our recollection of this establishment is vaguer than of the Astoria house, even though of more recent date, which inclines one to believe that the personalities involved were less vivid.

And the "rooming houses" fade in memory because of the lack of human association. It is difficult even to recall the sizes and shapes of the rooms.

THE overriding memory of boarding house (and rooming house, too) life is of loneliness.

About the only thing one had in common with the other boarders was a common humanity, and the accident of proximity. Sometimes the barriers were broken with a card game, or a tale-swapping session.

But in the essentials of life, one was alone. One's hopes and fears, one's sorrows and ambitions and desires, were held within, and were not for the pleasant but basically unsympathetic company.

It is a lonely time, those first years away from home, getting started in a business or trade, with few acquaintances and fewer friends.

THIS is why we think of boarding houses with a dim sort of affection, and with some wry amusement—but without nostalgia.

Even an Army barracks in bleak northern Texas is a place with more real comradeship and friendliness, for there is more in common among men undergoing common experiences.

And, in the first tiny, newly-wed apartment there was more life and affection than in all the boarding houses put together. There was sorrow and heartbreak, too.

But the loneliness—the aching loneliness amid many people of the boarding house—was gone forever.—E.A.

Diminishing Returns

The economists have a phrase—"point of diminishing returns"—which means, roughly, the time in any endeavor where a unit of energy or material put in no longer results in an equal or greater return.

A farmer reaches this point when he exceeds the optimum use of fertilizer on a field, and the resulting increase in the crop doesn't equal his time and cost in spreading added amounts of fertilizer.

Manufacturers of hula hoops reached it just before they had so glutted the market with the toys that virtually every child had one, and no one wanted to buy any more.

THE magazine Petroleum Week sees the day coming when the increasing number of cars will create a point of diminishing returns in the sale of gasoline.

A paradox? Not exactly. It explains: "A number of companies have found that the bumper-to-bumper traffic in some areas has become so frustrating that... more and more motorists are reluctant to drive their cars during rush hours or in clogged Sunday traffic, and thereby are cutting down on gasoline sales."

And it adds: "... Although city planners are still widening the network of highways, many have found that efforts to alleviate the commuter problem by building more roads become self-defeating. Better roads only invite more commuters to drive their own cars into town."

WHERE will it end? No one is sure, although some cities may, perform, change themselves into monstrous parking lots, with shopping centers in between.

(If you've flown over a big city at mid-day recently, and looked down on all the parked cars, in every nook and cranny, and on many roofs, they're beginning to look that way already.)

The other possibility, one now under active consideration, is to revive mass transportation from outlying areas to downtown sections—a means of transportation which is sick in most places and dead in others.

Suggestions run all the way from clear-lanes for buses to fast-moving monorails, but no fool-proof answer has yet been found.

Until it is, congestion will be with us.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace

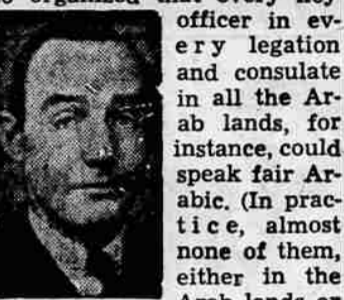


"SHHH! I'M PLAYIN' HIDE 'N SEEK WITH DADDY!"

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

London—Imagine the American Foreign Service being so organized that every key



Joseph Alsop

officer in every legation and consulate in all the Arab lands, for instance, could speak fair Arabic. (In practice, almost none of them, either in the Arab lands or any other uncommitted country, for that matter, can rise much higher than ordering a meal in a restaurant.)

Imagine the United States mobilizing for the struggle for the world to the point where we could provide huge, well-equipped camp-universities to give special training for our potential friends in the uncommitted countries. (In practice, the American fellowship programs for overseas students and leading foreign personalities are not only small in scale; they are also constantly menaced with further cuts by both Congress and the Bureau of the Budget.)

Imagine a foreign aid program so tough-minded yet so flexible that its methods would be tailored to each special situation, serving our interests in all cases without regard to political prejudice, paper work rules, or do-good poppycock. (In this case, the contrast between imagination and practice is really too painful to dwell on.)

FOR us in the United States, such things really seem unimaginable. But they are very far indeed from being unimaginable on the Communist side of the line that divides the world. All three situations above-described are in fact drawn from an eye-opening study of Communist methods in the struggle for the uncommitted countries by Britain's former Minister of Defense, Brig. Antony Head.

It is tempting to devote a good many thousand words to the material that Brig. Head has now accumulated. One known training school for African Communists, for example, provides facilities in Czechoslovakia for 3,000 men and women drawn from all over Africa. Another training school for South East Asian Communists, situated in Hunan Province in China, has the incredible but well-authenticated total of 30,000 students drawn from Indonesia, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaya, Burma, Laos, and Vietnam.

AGAIN, the program is worked out in such elaborate detail that pro-Communist versions of the most obscure tribal myths are being peddled in Africa in the original tribal dialects. Yet the broad principles have been established with such ruthless clarity that penetrable countries are divided into three classes: Class I, where jolly cooperation "with the bourgeois" is desirable, as in Egypt until recently; Class II, where more open support for the Communists is permissible, as in Iraq at present; and Class III, where all support is concentrated behind the local Communists, as in Vietnam before the truce there.

But the temptation to tell Brig. Head's remarkable story in still greater detail must be resisted. There are reasons to hope that this exceptionally intelligent and original-minded Englishman will shortly be telling his own story here in the United States, as he has already told it in the House of Commons. As it is very much his story, composed of data which he has gathered almost single-handed, the job of telling it in full must be left to him.

The foregoing facts are borrowed from Head, simply because they are the best avail-

able proof of the importance of being reasonably earnest about the vast struggle for the world. As this reporter packs for the return journey to Washington, the thing that sticks in his craw like a poisoned chicken bone is the danger of our own lack of earnestness.

NIKITA Khrushchev may smile and smile, between gestures with his H-bombs. Andrei Gromyko may force himself to be relatively polite. But all the while, these men of the Kremlin and their Communist collaborators in other countries are in deadly earnest, endlessly searching for weak points in the armor of the West, endlessly organizing to exploit the West's weaknesses whenever and wherever these appear.

Khrushchev and Gromyko and the rest of them are not bored with the Geneva conference, for example, and they are not complacent about the outcome, either. They are just as intensely interested, they are just as lacking in complacency, as hungry, hovering hawks.

Of course Secretary of State Christian A. Herter and his staff are not bored, either. On the contrary, their vigilance and stoutness at Geneva have been altogether admirable. But judging by the reports from home, the mood in Washington is flatteringly complacent; and so it seems to be in most of the Western capitals. Yet if the West is beaten at Berlin, and if the Communists win the uncommitted countries, and if other quite imaginable defeats are inflicted on us, lack of earnestness will be the chief cause.

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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.

He's in Orbit To the Editor: Some people ask me the kwaziest questions, like if I'm going to vote for the Democrats or Republicans in 1960. I don't know. Right now, I'm as confused as two monkeys in a satellite, but if the monkeys continue to improve in their intercontinental ballistics and interplanetary transportation, then I'm a switchin' to monkeys. All my life I've wanted to fly to the moon with a back seat full of monkeys in a satellite.

Everett Acklin, Box 233, Ashland.

Great Snake To the Editor: The time, June 17, 1917, the place, township 36 south, range 4 west and section 28. The farm at the Preacher Long ranch (formerly the old David Birdseye donation claim, and later the home of the famed prospector big Ed Schieffelin) had some upland oak hay cut down and asked me if I would shock the crop before the digger squirrels ate up the grain.

Consenting, I used a light pitchfork, the stubble ground was well dried out and hard as a flint rock, when as Eugene Field, the poet would say, "I was seein' things." One of the biggest bullsnakes ever, fully 14 to 16 feet long. It was a most shocking incident too, for this huge reptile meandered a long time before finding a hole big enough to get under cover. Afterward I was informed this serpent had been seen a mile away years before.

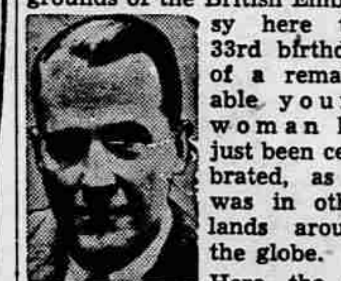
Bert Kissinger, 520 Boardman, Medford.

Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Washington—On the large, green—and infernally hot—grounds of the British Embassy here the 33rd birthday of a remarkable young woman has just been celebrated, as it was in other lands around the globe.



William S. White

Here, the occasion was a sprawling garden party, at times as decorous as a small-town ladies' tea, at times as brittle as a big-town cocktail hour. The celebrants were a very mixed lot, politicians, officials of the United States and other governments, and all sorts of private Washington people who just like to go to a party.

Some on hand were themselves or British descent. The forbears of these had also been a mixed lot, in our difficulty with Britain in the American Revolution. Some of these forebears had fought for and some against that personage to whom a Briton now refers with a smile as "the bad George," meaning George III. And many of the guests were as "British" as O'Kelly, or Cuccio, or Furstenburg, or Oberg.

THE one in whose honor the party was being held, Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Elizabeth III. And many of the guests were as "British" as O'Kelly, or Cuccio, or Furstenburg, or Oberg.

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Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

DEMOGOGUES AT WORK

There is a strong probability that after all the investigations and the big talk this Congress will fail to do anything about the regulation of labor unions.



Walter Lippmann

If this happens, the reason will not be the opposition of Hoffa and John L. Lewis. The reason will be that the Senate, which was set to enact a very useful bill, was stampeded by political demagogues who want an issue and not a bill. The result is that unless the mischief can be undone in the House, a brilliant opportunity will have been lost.

The gist of the matter is this. In April, after prolonged hearings and study, the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare reported out a bill which the majority of the committee believed would "drive criminals from the labor movement" and "deal with breaches of trust and other shady transactions" which are incompatible with a strong and honestly run labor movement. The bill was remarkable in that it provided powerful remedies and yet had the support of the AFL-CIO.

ONE basic principle of the 59-page Committee bill, usually referred to as the Kennedy bill, is that a reform of the abuses disclosed by the McClellan Committee on Racketeering must be founded on comprehensive reporting and disclosure of the financial transactions of the unions. That this is of great practical importance is attested by the fact that in the section dealing with reporting and disclosure the Kennedy bill is substantially the same as the bill introduced by Senator Goldwater on behalf of the Administration. The difference between the two bills lies in the penalties imposed for a violation, although both bills call for criminal penalties if union officials do not make full and accurate reports.

The Kennedy bill provides

without a message had a message all the same, though nobody ever mentioned it. Part of this message was that while maybe there had been a "bad George" a little matter of two centuries ago, there was now in Britain a very good Elizabeth.

Indeed, there is. The young woman now holding the scepter holds one that is increasingly light in palpable weight but increasingly heavy in symbolic weight. She is, as the saying goes, quite a person. Those who were wartime residents of England will remember her as a teen-ager who looked neither especially robust nor especially regal. Now, she still does not look markedly either.

But she has about her precisely that blend of qualities most required by this age of the second Elizabeth. There is a touch of the kindly shyness of her late father, George VI, but a greater touch of the Scottish no-nonsense of her commoner mother. She is, in short, the third of history's great British royal matriarchs. And England has fared well with matriarchs.

FOUR centuries ago the first Elizabeth, daughter of cruel, gusty Henry VIII, made England what England was. A century ago, happily imperialist Victoria spread her England that the first Elizabeth had made, the England of Rudyard Kipling. Now, in the far slope of the 20th Century, this second Elizabeth, the daughter of a gentleman, has a job that is certainly no easier.

She is presiding over the accelerating liquidation of the empire, over an era in which Kipling's "recessionary" is being played out in sober truth. But she is presiding also over the slow formation of a free but powerful commonwealth to take the place of empire.

It is not imperiousness that is needed now. It is charm and skill to meet the harsh demands of history, the grace to give up much of the old good in order to preserve all of the old best.

This second Elizabeth is the lady who can do that, and is doing that. And this is the rest of the message of a birthday party that had no message at all. (Copyright, 1959, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

It won—both times. It was because it believed in the justice and the rightness and the wisdom of its cause.

What is the issue now? There is every reason to believe that again—as in 1896—the issue is SOUND money. Money that people can have faith in. Money that will buy as much tomorrow as it buys today. To have that kind of money—money that will be good all over the world, money that is stable enough in value to hold our costs and our prices in balance with foreign costs and prices—our government must quit spending every year more than it takes in and borrowing the difference.

If properly dramatized, that is an issue that people can get their teeth into.

County Awards Vehicle Contracts

The Jackson county court last week awarded contracts to lowest bidders to provide the county road department with one business coupe, one three-quarter ton pickup truck, one 1 1/2 ton truck and one two ton truck. Bids were opened by the county court June 10.

Crater Lake Motors, Medford, received the contract for a business coupe at a bid price of \$1,806.59 and a two-ton truck at a bid price of \$2,187.29. DeLeigh Motors, Medford, was awarded the contract for a three-quarter ton pickup at a bid price of \$1,646.58. Courtesy Chevrolet received the contract for the 1 1/2 ton truck at a net bid price of \$2,118.17.

Four bids were submitted on each of the vehicles.

bor reform that is now possible.

It is still conceivable that the labor reforms can be saved if the leadership in Congress and if the President in the White House want to save them. But they must reckon with the demagogues who do not want a bill because it would deprive them of an issue to beat their breasts about.

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POTLUCK (By M-T Staff and Contributors)

It must be almost time for the state highway department to send its street-patching crews into town, one of our more-or-less cynical reporters commented the other day, after observing that the city is nearing completion on the job of painting the traffic lanes in town.

The Jackson county 4-H wagon train continues to attract considerable attention along its route of travel, as it did here before leaving.

There's something about this wagon train, the "On To Oregon" cavalcade now nearing Idaho has been getting rousing receptions everywhere it has gone, some thousands with thousands and thousands of spectators turning out to watch them rumble by.

It certainly is a far better promotion than anyone would

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

At a big fund-raising dinner in Washington the other night, Vice-President Nixon told his hearers (who had paid \$100 a plate for their meal):

"To be frank about the whole thing, the Republicans can't win without the sfinews of war."

TECHNICALLY speaking, he is right. Elections can't be won without campaigns. Campaigns can't be waged without money to finance them.

As of now, the Republican party needs more than campaign funds. It needs a CAUSE. A cause in which it believes so fiercely that it is willing to stake its future on the outcome of a battle for it. Not just POWER.

Not just the officers that go with power. What the Republican party is going to need in 1960 is an issue in which it believes with the kind of faith that wins battles and saves nations.

TWICE in its history, the Republican party has had such a cause—once in 1860, when its sacred cause was the end of human slavery, and again in 1896, when it waded into battle against Bryan's funny money issue.

In neither campaign—at the beginning—was it believed to have a chance. But that made no difference. It went to battle anyway. It went to battle because it believed in its cause.

It won—both times. It was because it believed in the justice and the rightness and the wisdom of its cause.

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have believed in the days when it was getting rather begrudging and lackluster support throughout the state. We predict they'll be welcomed back with far greater enthusiasm than was shown when they left.

In its own way, too, the 4-H youngsters are getting a lot of attention. Their pictures have appeared in a number of different papers throughout the state, both on their route and elsewhere.

Perhaps the thing that is most striking about this jaunty is that it reinforces in our minds the length of time it took during the past century to get places in the state. Today's businessman thinks little of climbing into an airplane, flying to Portland, transacting several hours of business, and returning to Medford in time for dinner. And in an automobile it is easy to get to Portland one day and back the next, with plenty of time for business or pleasure in the city.

The wagoners, however, are forcibly reminding us that it wasn't too long ago that it took up to two weeks to travel the length of the state. And the kids will be the better for knowing it themselves, through personal experience. And it will be something they'll remember the rest of their lives.

If the wagon train runs out of practiced team drivers, they can always call on the members of the Jackson county court—any of them. Each has had experience in driving four-horse teams, and one, Commissioner Chet Wendt, knows about those vehicles of song and story, bandwagons. When he was younger, he played a bass horn, and once had to drive a team pulling a bandwagon during a communist celebration.

Our farm editor advises that, under conditions of today, the pioneers—a hardy but generally impecunious lot—probably couldn't have afforded to come to Oregon; not, anyway, if the price of horseshoe nails had been then what it is today, \$3.88 per box.

Here's to the Rhesus Who flew past the breezes, Polio, colds and other diseases, Where space turns around and does as it pleases, Where no one has sniffles and no one has sneezes, Where wide open space increases, Poor Rhesus!

A group of officials made an inspection tour of the garbage dump near Jacksonville last week. It turned out that, while the dump has its obvious irritations, the general area has nostalgic connotations for some residents.

One of the officials noted that not far away he and his girl friends of days gone by used to wander up the trail, hand in hand. And another thereupon suggested that everyone get out of the car and inspect the trees for carved initials.

Other things change, too. We are informed that one of the best dance halls in the county, once an exceedingly popular entertainment center, is now a barn near Jacksonville, which still has its good maple floor, now covered with several tons of hay.

Innertubes for rent? Sure, and obvious, Watson. A store in the Applegate rents them. They're used by young swimmers for floating along the Applegate river.

At a recent meeting of one of the county's numerous official groups, one member jokingly remarked, "When I see you coming, I'll bake a cake. Whereupon the other members, knowing of his wife's cooking ability, unanimously voted to hold their next meeting at his house.

One of our reporters, good snooty scribe that he is, on Friday saw a group of people filing into the county court offices, and promptly, thinking a story might be in the making, he followed them. He asked the county judge what was going on. The judge invited him to come in and find out, then introduced him to his family, there for a visit. "Folks," said the judge, "I'd like you to meet the man that's with me morning, noon and night."

The red-faced reporter left hurriedly, after the introductions had been made.