

MEDFORD TRIBUNE

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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: Aug. 9, 1949 (Tuesday). A group of 23 Medford men fly to Burns to inspect a test oil well in which considerable local capital has been sunk.

20 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1939 (Wednesday). Postmaster Frank DeSouza receives plans and specifications for remodeling and enlarging Medford's post office building.

30 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1929 (Friday). The Jackson county court denies aid to transient indigents.

40 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1919 (Saturday). Central Point churches respond to the hot weather by holding services in the city park.

50 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1909 (Monday). A movement urging construction of a new school on Medford's east side gains headway.

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

1. According to wedding etiquette, should the groom's family sit on the right or the left, side of the church?

2. Back Bay is a fashionable residential section in what large city?

3. Is a blue, yellow, or red, flag used to indicate an auction sale?

4. "Series E" U. S. Savings Bonds may be pledged as collateral on bank loans; true or false?

5. Which of the U. S. coins have smooth edges instead of milled edges?

6. In Greek mythology, name the king who turned to gold everything he touched.

7. From what occupation is the surname Cooper derived?

8. A device for counting, using beads strung on wires, is known as an a—?

9. Which of the Apostles "appealed unto Caesar" as a Roman citizen?

10. In which ocean is the island of Madagascar?

Answers: 1. Right. 2. Boston. 3. Red. 4. False. 5. Pennies and nickels. 6. King Midas. 7. Barrel-making. 8. Abacus. 9. St. Paul. 10. Indian.

Disaster

Many and varied thoughts race through one's mind when viewing a disaster such as that which struck in Roseburg early Friday morning.

First, perhaps, is the sobering thought that this could have happened anywhere—Medford, Ashland, Portland—anywhere.

Next is a frenzied and angry sort of sorrow that so many people had to die, so many be injured, and so many be paupered by a preventable disaster.

There is amazement at the extent of the damage. There are evidences of the explosion literally for miles around.

OUT of the tragedy, however, one fact stands out. It was unbelievably lucky that the explosion occurred at night. If it had been in the daytime, the casualties would have run into the thousands.

George Milligan, Mercy Flights pilot who flew blood, doctors and gas company technicians to Roseburg early Friday morning, later revisited the stricken town. "I'm glad we were flying things in," he said. "If it had happened in the daytime, we'd be flying a shuttle service from Roseburg, bringing the injured here."

If it had happened during business hours, blast, flying glass and toppling chimneys would have made the casualty list far, far worse than it was.

At night, however, with most people in bed, protected by blankets, the casualty list was remarkably low, considering the unbelievable power of the blast.

ANOTHER thought which comes forcibly to mind is the immediate, almost instinctive, offers of help which poured in.

Within an hour and a half after the shattering blast, 150 persons were standing in line at the hospital, waiting to donate blood—some of them people who seldom if ever give the Bloodmobile collections a second thought.

Firemen and policemen from miles around rushed, unasked, to assist in fighting the fire and patrolling the area.

The disaster agencies swung into action smoothly and competently, with little confusion, and that only in the initial hours of the disaster.

THE efficiency of the police agencies was impressive.

The Douglas county sheriff's office, under the direction of Sheriff Ira Byrd, has a 50-man emergency reserve. All were called out early Friday, and provided a supplementary force of men to bolster the city police, regular sheriff's deputies, and state police officers.

The National Guard was called out, and by daylight was patrolling the worst damaged areas to prevent looting. (Many of the homes and businesses lost doors and windows, and were standing open, their occupants gone.)

CONTRARY to the short-sighted policy of some officials at disaster areas in the past, those in charge in Roseburg realized the importance of being helpful to newspaper, radio and TV representatives.

And helpful they were. As plane after plane arrived in Roseburg, sheriff's deputies met them, took the reporters and photographers to the disaster area, and briefed them on what had happened, and what was being done.

Maps of Roseburg, showing in outline the immediate blast area, and the surrounding heavy-damage area, were reproduced by the hundred, and distributed, not only to the press, but to businessmen who were affected.

All in all, it was a lesson to the entire state that organization, in advance of disaster, will pay big dividends. An effective, functioning organization, whether it be called "civil defense," or a "disaster squad," can do much to save lives and property in such events.

THERE are hundreds of relatively minor sidelights to an occurrence of this kind.

—A jeweler sifting through a pile of shattered glass, seeking to retrieve diamonds which had been on display in his window before it was broken, and which were thoroughly mixed in with the tiny glass pieces.

—Tangled drapes and blinds, hanging out of windows blocks from the explosion site.

—A lumber truck, loaded with plywood, driving slowly along a main downtown street, leaving sheet after sheet with merchants to use as emergency windows.

—The undefinable but unmistakable smell of fire—burned rubber, wood, oil—which permeated the downtown area, and was evident even a couple of thousand feet in the air.

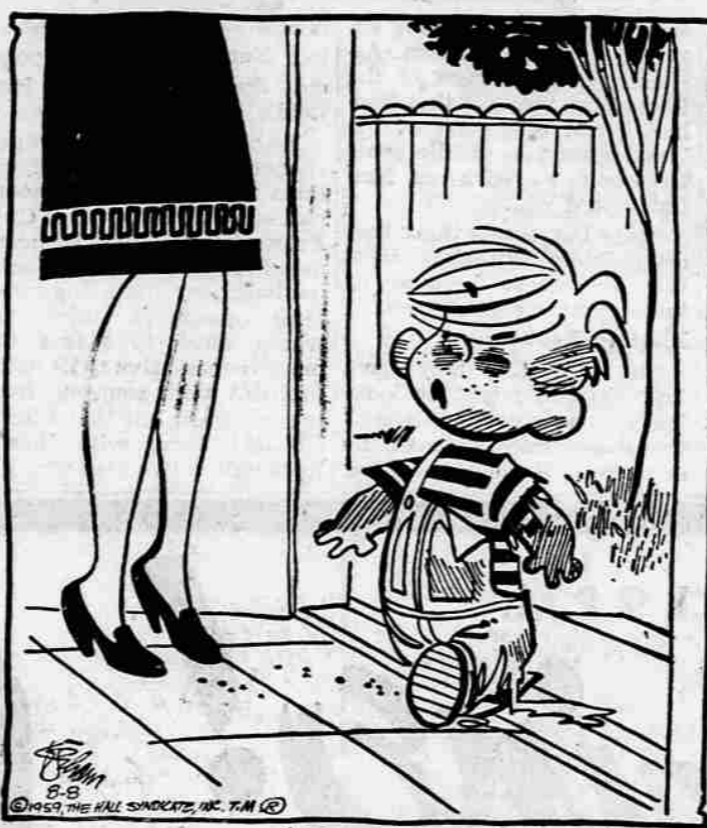
THE big, old, yellow-brick junior high school, three blocks from the blast, with not a window left, and with ceilings fallen down over the desks. (Think what it would have been like if school had been in session when the blast occurred!)

—Prisoners in the county jail six blocks away, shocked awake by the overwhelming blast, banging on their cell bars and yelling, "What's happened?"

—Bill Roble, deputy state fire marshal and former fire chief at Salem, solemnly shaking his head when asked how much the damage would run to, and remarking that it may have been the worst disaster of its kind in Oregon's history.

—And an ashen-faced officer saying, "I was just checking some charred bones. They're human."—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"DAD WAS RIGHT! I'M TOO LITTLE TO RIDE A TWO-WHEEL BIKE!"

Matter of Fact

BEHIND THE KHRUSHCHEV INVITATION

Washington—The way Nikita S. Khrushchev's visit to this country was arranged makes an interesting story, with a good deal of significance.

Taking the facts first, it can now be disclosed that President Eisenhower decided to ask Khrushchev to pay him a visit on the advice of Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, prior to Herter's departure on July 11 for the second round of the Foreign Ministers' meeting at Geneva.

The invitation to Khrushchev was verbally extended by Secretary Herter, when he and Soviet Vice Premier Frol Kozlov had their farewell talk, before Kozlov's return to Moscow. Speaking for Eisenhower, Herter asked Kozlov to take a message to Khrushchev the President would be pleased to receive him if Khrushchev wished to visit the United States.

THIS message is described as having stirred visible delight in Kozlov, and equally visible astonishment in Soviet Ambassador Mikhail Menshikov, who was also present. Apparently Kozlov actually carried the message back with him as suggested, instead of telegraphing the news in the more normal manner. If not, there must have been some hesitation, either in Khrushchev's own mind or in the Kremlin, about the right tone to take in the reply. In any case, there was no answer for several days after Khrushchev went to Poland on July 15.

Altogether, approximately nine days elapsed between Secretary Herter's transmission of the President's invitation to Kozlov, and Ambassador Menshikov's arrival at the State Department with a personal letter from Khrushchev to the President. This letter, written during Khrushchev's Polish tour, accepted the President's invitation and asked Eisenhower to pay a return visit to Russia.

There is some reason to believe that the President's acceptance of Khrushchev's counter-invitation was a condition of Khrushchev's acceptance of the President's invitation. A further exchange of letters followed, making detailed arrangements for both visits. It was Khrushchev himself who insisted on an extended trip in this country—a plan not warmly welcomed by the White House and State Department, because of the grave security problem.

THE TIME needed to make the arrangements; the time consumed by the letters in transit; the fear of a last minute hitch; and the faint American hope of last-minute Soviet concessions at Geneva, v to sweeten the atmosphere of the impending Khrushchev visit—all these factors helped to delay the announcement. It was not to have been made until the Geneva break-up, but in the end the President's and Khrushchev's hands were forced by the rumors of the visit current in Europe.

These bare facts make an enlightening study in modern diplomatic procedures. Their implications are even more enlightening. To begin with, Secretary Herter had plainly abandoned any real hope of accomplishing much at the Foreign Ministers' level when the first round at Geneva ended. Otherwise, he could never have decided to give away his only potential trump—Khrushchev's desire for a meeting with Eisenhower—before the second round at Geneva even began.

This being Herter's sensible assessment, he was confronted by an ugly question: What to do if the Foreign Ministers failed to "justify" a summit meeting, and the Geneva rally therefore ended with the threat to Berlin more acute than ever? Among his advisors, at least one, Ambassador to Moscow Llewellyn Thompson, had always believed that an Eisenhower-Khrushchev meeting would be a useful experiment.

SUCH a meeting, too, was a way out of the American government's commitment not to go to the more conventional kind of summit rally without previous "justification." Finally, Herter's allied colleagues, Selwyn Lloyd, Couve de Murville, and Heinrich von Brentano, all indicated their approval of this escape from the Geneva dilemma. Thus Herter returned to this country with his mind pretty well made up.

The whole thing was then settled between Herter and Eisenhower, with Vice President Richard M. Nixon somewhat conspicuously omitted from the consultations despite his own impending Russian journey. As the President himself went out of his way to announce, the Vice President was merely warned of what was afoot before his departure for Moscow. In the dispatches from Nixon, one can even detect a bit of pointing about not being brought directly into the act. Yet it seems that Khrushchev will be accompanied by his American tour, not by Nixon, but by Herter or another high State Department official. Apparently this is to be an Eisenhower-Herter party to the finish.

THE United States government certainly has not the slightest intention to forget its smaller friends in any kind of summit anywhere. The only problem is how the old Western concert can best be maintained. It is not a small problem, and how it is handled could make the difference between preservation and loss of a great alliance. (Copyright, 1959, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

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.

THE Editor: In regard to your editorial, "Isn't This Important?" I think it was one of the finest and most appropriate writings of our time. Something must be done about air pollution NOW!

Our city councilmen all seem to agree that there is a problem, and that it should be corrected—but has anything been accomplished? They will tell us—they are working on it, studies have been, and are now being made in Medford, measuring the amounts of foreign and obnoxious matter in the air. But I wish someone would please tell me why all this time and money is being used when the Good Lord provided us with the best possible smog detectors in the world—EYES, NOSE, AND OUR RESPIRATORY SYSTEM.

The mill owners say they are spending thousands of dollars on research. Evidently with no noticeable success. The open burning for the past several months is a disgrace to our community, and a complete disregard for humanity. There were several articles on air pollution in the paper during the month of June. I would like to quote from two different ones. "Judge Earl Miller asks for patience of the residents, and stressed the need for a systematic and voluntary approach before the enactment of any ordinances." In the other article, the manager of one of our largest mills was speaking of the expense in

lieve that the President's acceptance of Khrushchev's counter-invitation was a condition of Khrushchev's acceptance of the President's invitation. A further exchange of letters followed, making detailed arrangements for both visits. It was Khrushchev himself who insisted on an extended trip in this country—a plan not warmly welcomed by the White House and State Department, because of the grave security problem.

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Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE NEW COURSE

In deciding to go to Western Europe before Mr. Khrushchev comes to Washington, the President is acknowledging that he is off on a new course which needs to be explained to his allies. While exchange of visits has the approval of Western Europe, it is evident that only the Brit-

installing a "hog" which would grind waste wood into chips for burning, and I quote, "I haven't felt the pressure or the necessity yet to make this investment, until somebody says we have to, we're not going to. When we have to, we'll do it."

The manager of Timber Products also stated, "that they were one of the worst offenders in producing smoke." How true! So—there—you—are! I have talked to many people about it, and get the impression that our councilmen are afraid of taking a firm stand on this matter for fear of stepping on someone's toes, which is very understandable, politics being what they are. Therefore, it brings me to the conclusion that it is entirely up to the citizens of Medford and surrounding areas to take our problem to the State Air Pollution Authorities in Portland.

Air pollution in Medford has been reported to be at the NUISANCE level. I lived in Los Angeles when smog was first termed a NUISANCE—and I watched it grow into the MENACE it is today. WHY? Because the people weren't concerned enough to force City and State Government Officials to take ACTION before it was TOO LATE.

If any of you feel as I do, please call me at your earliest convenience, Spring 2-7292. Mrs. Leonard Mathews 1124 West 10th St. Medford.

Lady of the Woods

To the Editor: It was with real satisfaction that I read Sid Hollingsworth's article on Crater Lake, reprinted in the Herald and News, Klamath Falls, but there is one item which I have felt has been missing in all the recent Crater Lake reports.

Do you know the story of the "Lady of the Woods," the sculptured lady in stone on a path behind the Administration Building at the Park? Many years ago there were signs on the main thoroughfare through the park directing sightseers to this interesting spot, but lately the large signs have been removed, or were taken down during some construction and never replaced.

The story which I heard when I first came to this part of the country was that the sculptor was a member of the construction crew that built the first road into the park. Each night after supper he would disappear until dark, and it was thought that he was off walking by himself. However, just before the job was nearly finished, two friends of his thought that they would follow him and find where he took his walks. They were surprised to find that he did not go far, and that he was in the process of finishing a beautifully sculptured "Lady" on the side of one of the outcroppings of stone.

He had used tools which he had made himself in the shop, and though he was not an artist by trade, he left behind him a beautiful reminder of the art that is in each man who would express it.

Today the stone is weathered, and the roughness of his work, if there ever was any, has been smoothed into the symphony of time. Many persons have thrilled to his accomplishment. At one time it was written up in the Sunday supplement of the Oregonian, I believe. And at one time all the literature about Crater Lake included some intimation about the "Lady." Even though the stories told about her origin are not always the same, she still merits a spot in the hearts and imaginings of those who come to view the deep blues of the lake.

Gertrude Roark (Mrs. Wm.) Box 603 Chiloquin, Ore.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

An innocent Medford barber attracted a crowd around his shop last week when a high school girl walked in, wearing a pair of Bermuda shorts, and plunked herself in a chair.

"I'm being hazed by the seniors," she said, "and they told me to come in here and get my legs shaved."

Fortunately for the barber there were a number of people in line ahead of the girl so he dallied with them, clipping and snipping and hoping she would leave.

She was patient, though, and her turn finally came. "You're sure?" he asked, weakly.

"Yep," she said, and climbed into the chair. The scene that followed was discreet, despite the ribbing the barber took from his customers, but it would have been hard to convince the goggled pedestrians who stopped and did a double-take in the best vaudeville tradition.

When it was all over and the shop cleared out the barber stood and mopped his brow. "If my wife finds out I'm a cooked goose," he said. A gentleman who had been waiting for a shave took one look at the barber's shaking hands and said he'd settle for a massage.

No, there wasn't a flood on Barlett st. Friday. Yes, it's true there was a man there bailing out his boat. But you see, he'd just finished washing it with a hose and some of the water had run inside... oh, forget it! It's summer.

Unsung heroines of the Jacksonville Jubilee were undoubtedly the two girls who worked in the booth where they got dunked in a pool of water every time someone put a baseball through a hole in the canvas.

After about six hours of violent immersion they were beseeching the customers to "Throw it at her! She wants to get wet! Don't throw at me!" We imagine they were friends before the event started but we can't help but wonder if they still are.

If any one question Will make us turn grey. It's this one, "Hot Enough for ya today?"

They've promised to bring some vegetable cigarettes out on the market this fall. It's not so unusual. We know some fishermen who have been smoking salmon for a long time. We think they're missing a bet in naming them "Vanguards," however, since there's been a perfect tag for them for a good many years: Cigar-eats.

A certain state policeman is still wondering who's kidding whom. He was patrolling a country road a few days ago when a sedan, with a woman driver, zoomed through a stop sign and went hurtling down the road at a high rate of speed.

He gave chase with siren wailing and drew up at the side of the speeding car and asked in his best manner, "And just where are you going in such a hurry?"

"To the airport," the woman said, "and please, I've only got four minutes." Sure he thought and decided to call her bluff. So he ran interference for her and away they went.

When they got to the airport they found the plane about to take off. He grabbed the woman's suitcase and they raced through the station and out onto the tarmac.

"Thank you so much," she said, boarding the plane, and in a minute the policeman, scratching his head, watched her fly off into the blue.

Cheer up, officer. Just think of the people who were asked 500 years ago and asked a fellow named Columbus where he was going.

tion with the cold war in Central Europe, we have been neglecting our very important interests in Central and South America.

IT MAY all come to nothing, as I suggested above. There may be an explosion of some sort somewhere which will renew the feeling of hostility. But if the talks take place and if they prepare the way for more talks, the President and Mr. Nixon have probably brought off for the Republican party and for Mr. Nixon as its candidate a political coup of the first magnitude. They have pre-empted the issue of peace which is, in terms of national voting, far and away the greatest political prize. (c) 1959 New York Herald Tribune Inc.