

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.

18 YEARS AGO
Oct. 25, 1949 (Tuesday)

Rep. Harris Ellsworth
pledges his support in obtain-
ing Congressional approval of
bureau of reclamation plans
for developing the Rogue basin's
water resources.

Donations towards pur-
chasing the first Mercy
Flights air ambulance reach
\$1,100.

20 YEARS AGO
Oct. 25, 1939 (Wednesday)

Medford takes a long stride
in acquisition of a short-wave
radio receiver for one of the
two city police cars.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "The
bird hunting is not at its
peak, and everything has been
shot for a Chinese pheasant,
but the parrots on the
H. Flewler bakery wagons."

30 YEARS AGO
Oct. 25, 1929 (Friday)

Jackson county has built 21
miles of new roads this year.
Pear ripening tests are now
underway in New York City.

40 YEARS AGO
Oct. 25, 1919 (Saturday)

The Jacksonville railroad
may be extended to the Blue
Ledge mine.

A sugar shortage is blamed
on the fact that Prohibition
has caused people to eat more
candy.

50 YEARS AGO
Oct. 25, 1909 (Monday)

Judge Hanna says he will
file a decision on the M. F.
Hanley, city of Medford case
soon.

Prof. O'Gara wages war
against local insect pests in
earnest.

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

1. In what country is Jo-
hannesburg?

2. "Little Nell" is the hero-
ine of which of Charles Dick-
ens' novels?

3. What candidate for the
Presidency in 1912 delivered a
speech in Milwaukee after
being shot in the breast?

4. Which of these was a
famed Indian scout: Jesse
James, Bill Cody, Wild Bill
Hickok?

5. Is hominy made from
wheat, corn, oats or barley?

6. What famous university
is at New Haven, Conn.?

7. What is the "Keystone of
an arch"?

8. What military man was
nicknamed "Vinegar Joe"?

9. From what country did
Texas proclaim its independ-
ence in 1835?

10. The thistle is the na-
tional emblem of what coun-
try?

Answers: 1. Union of South
Africa. 2. "Old Curiosity
Shop." 3. Theodore Roosevelt.
4. Cody and Hickok. 5. Corn.
6. Yale. 7. The center block
that holds the arch. 8. Gener-
al Stillwell. 9. Mexico. 10.
Scotland.

Russia vs. China?

One of today's most fascinating foreign relations speculations concerns Russia and Red China—the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the People's Republic of China.

These two giants of the communist world are allies. But will they remain so? Will their differences in industrial progress, in organization, in resources, in tradition and philosophy, create jealousy and active enmity sufficient to break up their working partnership?

The distinguished British philosopher, Bertrand Russell, thinks that such a development is not at all impossible.

IN FACT, the other day he forecast that the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., once allied in the fight against Nazi Germany, may once again join in an alliance, based on fear of the rapidly rising power of the Red Chinese.

A few months ago this would have seemed fantastic. But it isn't quite as fantastic today.

The Khrushchev visit to this country, the Camp David talks, and, in more particular, Khrushchev's rather cool reception in Peking when his declarations for world peace were pointedly ignored, all tend to lend substance to such a theory.

THERE is little question that at the moment Russia presents the greatest physical danger to the west.

But its pattern for world conquest has shifted in emphasis from strictly military aggression to economic and ideological fields.

All these take more time, and a subtler approach, than open warfare. Meanwhile, as Russia has gone on with its industrial and scientific revolution, it has created a new class—the bureaucrats, teachers, scientists and technologists—which in some ways corresponds with the famed "middle class" which sprang from the industrial revolution in the west.

This class, which by its very nature exerts tremendous influence in government and party affairs in Russia, is mostly well-fed, well-paid, well-housed and comfortable, by Russian standards.

AS IT grows in power and influence, it may well serve as a stabilizing factor in Russia. It is not inconceivable that a political system of sorts, other than the jungle of the communist hierarchy, could evolve.

As the Russian standard of living rises (and Khrushchev seems determined that it shall), more and more Russians will have a stake in peace and stability, as well as a more sophisticated viewpoint on internal and world affairs.

If this evolution happens (and it can happen only in the absence of world war), Russia will be a declining menace to the west.

CHINA, on the other hand, shows few signs of any such evolution. Its forays into Laos, Tibet and now India; its experiments with the brutal commune system; its saber-rattling over Quemoy and Matsu—these give no hint that it is in anything but the raw power stages of communist dictatorship.

Its progress in industrialization is limited. Its ideology still is undergoing development, and may change from day to day. There are strong evidences of a power struggle near the top.

And its population, some one-quarter of the world's, is in large part illiterate and backward.

PERHAPS most important of all, as China grows in strength, so it will also grow as a menace to Russia—a fact which Russia must realize.

So, while it is laden with ifs and buts, speculation as to a future split between the communist nations is not entirely without cause.

In the meantime, this nation must keep its eyes open, its defenses strong and intact, and its economic sinews undiminished.

And if it seems fantastic to think that Russia and America could ever again be allied, remember that less than 20 years ago they were allies, fighting Japan, Germany and Italy—which are now close friends of this nation.

History takes some odd, quick turns, sometimes. — E.A.

No Paradox

It is not paradoxical, at the same time as speculating on a Russian-Chinese rift, to point out that the best long-range hope for peace rests in international cooperation through the United Nations.

The U.N. has been as ineffective as it is for a number of reasons, but chiefly because it has little authority in its role as a keeper of the peace. If it is to gain in effectiveness, it must be strengthened.

This sounds fine, but make no mistake—sacrifices are involved.

FOR ONE thing, a truly effective United Nations would require that each member relinquish a certain degree of its own sovereignty.

And that, most understandably, sticks in the craw of a lot of people.

But, as we see it, yielding a degree of national sovereignty to an international organization is no worse, in principle, than when these United States yielded a degree of sovereignty to the federal government.

And the choice appears to be between this, and continued international power politics and chaos—with the ever-present threat of annihilating war. — E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I'LL KEEP THAT UP UNTIL YOU GIVE ME A NICKEL."

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

CHOPPY WATERS

After the talk with Mr. Khrushchev at Camp David, it was believed in Washington

that before the President's visit to Moscow in the spring, there would have to be a meeting at the summit. But before there could be a meeting at the summit, there had to be an understanding among the Western allies, including West Germany, about the position to be taken. Berlin and the German question are, of course, the sticky point, on which an understanding is needed. For it is plain that if and when Macmillan, de Gaulle, and Eisenhower meet Khrushchev, they must have a common policy on how to stabilize the situation in West Berlin.

But this is easier said than done. For there is an important difference of view between Germany and France on the one hand, Britain and the U.S.A. on the other. The basic difference is that we are prepared to negotiate about Berlin whereas our continental allies do not wish to negotiate anything which would alter the status quo.

This difference explains the reluctance of Gen. de Gaulle to accept the President's proposal for a summit meeting of the Western allies. Such a meeting would be a failure unless France and Germany yielded to the President and agreed to treat Berlin as a negotiable question. The President would have to insist for it he yielded to Gen. de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer by agreeing that the status of Berlin is fixed, unalterable, and non-negotiable, the diplomatic venture on which he embarked last summer would be wrecked.

GIVEN the basic differences among the Western allies, it is very doubtful, therefore, whether the best way to resolve it is by a face to face encounter among the heads of the Western governments. For on the basic difference, there can be no compromise. However much it may be disguised in the public communique, either we negotiate with the Russians or we do not negotiate with the Russians. We cannot take the view that we are willing to negotiate about the future of West Berlin but that nothing in the existing situation may be changed.

As this difference has developed among the Allies, one view or the other must prevail—either that of Paris, Bonn or that of Washington, London—before we can safely deal with the Russians.

The root of the difference lies in the question of the recognition of the East German state. Everyone knows that if a new statute for West Berlin is negotiated—which guarantees its freedom and the right of access—the price will be in one way or another a de facto recognition of the East German state. Bonn and Paris are not willing to pay this price. In the last analysis the British and we are prepared to pay it. That is what divides us, and it is this difference which will have to be resolved before we can begin to deal seriously with the Soviet government.

IN ALL probability the difference among the Allies cannot be resolved quickly. Dr. Adenauer is preparing for a crucial election in 1961, and he cannot voluntarily agree to anything which recognizes the legal existence of the East German state and the fact that there are two Germanys. Gen. de Gaulle, who in fact wants two Germanys and does not want a reunited Germany,

is supporting Dr. Adenauer's campaign for re-election in 1961. There is no other German in sight who is so useful to the French national interest. At least until that election is over, until Dr. Adenauer has a new political mandate, Bonn and Paris have a strong interest in not engaging in a serious negotiation about Berlin with the Russians.

In this country there exists the same difference of opinion about negotiating. It is led by members of the Truman administration, by Mr. Truman himself, Mr. Acheson, and Mr. Paul Nitze. Their thesis is that the status of West Berlin is not a negotiable question, that the right policy for this country is to refuse to discuss the status of West Berlin, and to defy the Soviets to do anything about West Berlin. They think, it would appear, that the Soviet government will be over-awed by our firmness. And if it is not over-awed, they are prepared to fight some kind of "limited" war.

These retired Truman officials, like old soldiers, are in my view trying to relive the battles in which they won their fame and their glory. But while they are right in insisting that the cold war will go on, their preoccupation with their own past history is preventing them from grasping and dealing with the new phase of the cold war. A rigid and unchanging diplomacy, which is what they advise, will not work in the present phase of the cold war.

IT WILL not work because it compels the country to oppose all moves toward accommodation. This is an impossible platform from which to exercise world leadership. Moreover, this negativism contains within it an ugly thing, which is quite evident and quite well known everywhere. This ugly thing is the belief that without perpetual tension and fear the democracies cannot be induced to sup-

port the necessary armaments, or trusted not to appease the adversary and to sink into cowardice and lethargy. What lies at the root of this thing is the belief that the democracies cannot be led and that they must be terrorized.

It is true that the great international measures of the war and of the Truman administration—lend-lease, the Marshall Plan, NATO—were pushed through Congress by popular terror and fear. But that cannot go on forever.

The time has come, now that the post-war era is ending, when our leaders will have to learn how to persuade and convince the people, not merely to frighten and stampede them, into doing what is necessary for them to do.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Whatever may be our opinions of the complicated case of convict-author Caryl Chessman during the nearly a dozen years in which he has fought off death in the gas chamber, I think we must all agree that Governor Pat Brown has been intellectually honest in his decisions.

Governor Brown is, and long has been, opposed to capital punishment. On innumerable occasions, he has spoken out against it. He regards the death penalty as a hold-over from the Dark Ages. Moreover, there is the established fact that the offense of which Chessman stands convicted did not involve the taking of a human life.

BUT—Under California law, death is the penalty of the crime for which Chessman was tried and found guilty. Governor Brown has made it clear that he has no doubts as to Chessman's guilt. He is under oath to uphold the laws of his state. He is aware that the California legislature has not only refused to abolish capital punishment but has also refused to remove the death penalty from the law under which Chessman was found guilty.

It took courage, along with strong moral convictions, as to the RIGHTNESS of upholding the law, to do what he did. But he had what it took. Let's give him credit.

A BRIEF review of the Chessman case may be in order here. He was convicted in 1948 on 17 counts of kidnaping,

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE SEEING EYE

Kyoto-A frail figure; a quietly sardonic manner; a sharp-pointed, almost birdlike face in which the whole expression is strangely concentrated in the brilliant, intently glancing eyes—these are the outward traits which give Shimada a personal style as strongly marked as the famous styles of Sherlock Holmes and Poirot.

The comparison is not altogether out of place, either, since Professor Shimada is one of the latest heroes in a marvellous detective story that has been going on for nearly three centuries.

The heroes of the earliest chapters were Chinese scholars who all but formed a political underground. They had to be secretive because their first attempts at scientific analysis of the old Chinese classics were also attacks on all the established political orthodoxies. And from the time when those obstinate, learned men crabbedly defied the Emperor Chien Lung himself, detective exploit has succeeded detective exploit.

CONSIDER, for example, the way the Swede, Bernard Karlgren, resolved many a century in the most ancient texts by quite literally reconstructing the Chinese pronunciation used before 1000 B.C. But in truth, I find romance in almost every incident in the long effort to sort facts from antique fictions, and to locate piece after missing piece of evidence, in order to recover the western truth about the Far Eastern past.

In this long story, Professor Shimada is one of the two or three chief figures in a new and much needed chapter. In brief, when Far Eastern art began to be seriously collected towards the end of the last century, almost any likely looking, time-darkened picture was cheerfully attributed to the great early masters. Then came the awful discovery that the whole system of attribution was as phoney as a three-dollar bill. To make a bad business worse, the Peking and Kyoto art-fakers were even better than their European counterparts. (There is one still practicing as a refugee from China

who has long since surpassed the famous mass-producer of modern Vermeers, Van Meegeren.) For a while, therefore, the greatest experts simply threw up their hands in despair, even declaring that no pictures at all had survived from the earliest and best periods.

FROM this slough of scholarly despair, Professor Shimada and one or two others are now rescuing their colleagues. They are in fact now laying solid foundations for solid understanding of Far Eastern art, just as incomparable Bernard Berenson laid the foundations more than 50 years ago for Italian art.

The task is harder; for the literature is far vaster, and many of the most important pictures are not as yet on public exhibition. Yet bit by bit, the task is being done.

I went to Professor Shimada to find out how the task was being done. The result was as happy and enriching a day as I can recall in a good many years.

Through a long, leisurely, marvel-crowded morning, we looked at choice pictures from the collection Professor Shimada, somewhat ferociously guards in his capacity as curator of the Kyoto Museum. Above all, I shall not soon forget the imaginary portrait of Bodhidharma, founder of the Zen sect, painted in his old age by the Japanese master, Sesshu. This surely is one of the mightiest religious pictures of all time, more intense, more strange and far more deeply contemplative than the best El Greco. But there were other, almost equal marvels too.

THEN, through a long, leisurely and cheerful lunch, we talked most of the afternoon away. I heard about the "untrammelled" tradition in Far Eastern art. It began with Chinese Jackson Pollocks of the eighth century A.D., who sometimes painted with their hair, and sometimes turned their backs on their pictures and splattered ink over their shoulders. Only the written record of their eccentricity survives. Yet Professor Shimada has traced the tradition they established from artist to artist, from picture to picture, down through all the succeeding centuries.

Again, I heard of the new work that Professor Shimada has just begun. The superb mountain landscape by the Sung painter, Fan K'uan, now locked in a cave in Taipei, represents a decisive moment in art for Professor Shimada. He likens it to the moment when the symphonic form

took final shape in the work of Beethoven. And now he means to trace the variations of this form defined by Fan K'uan through the hundreds of years and painters that came after.

I heard many other things, too, about such curious matters as the methods of 12th and 13th century Far Eastern art criticism. But I never heard what I came to hear—how Professor Shimada performs his chosen task.

"Look at the brushwork and study all the literature," was all he would say. So I can only report that the new chapter on art in the great Far Eastern detective story is being written by a combination of vast learning and a seeing eye.

Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name is 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.

Key Log

To the Editor: One of my cherished guide-posts for probing into problems of today came into being more than three score years ago with my very first picture taken of the logging industry in Michigan. This guidepost of mine was not born of the several yoke of oxen used in snaking white-pine logs out of the brush to the loading skids where they were cross-hauled onto wide-bunked sleighs and walked, trotted and raced in downhill runs to the river dump. My guide-post was born when the sun started shining on both sides of the road' closing down the logging-camps. That was when the river-rats took over and continued the travel of logs to down-river to the waiting saw-mills.

Sometimes by lack of water or hidden obstruction, a log-jam built up and stopped everything. The big question then was to find the key-log that would loosen the jam and restart the logs down river. It wasn't among men on shore or teetering on logs, shouting curses with waving arms and clenched fists. It was often the obscure "simple-minded" guy staking his life on the spike-ended and hook-hinged hickory peavey who was out in the middle, probing and prying at what he judged was the key-log and with others of his kind helping, the whole mass of jammed logs started groaning into a writhing living mass as the "rats" raced on spiked shoes to shore safety. All too often one or more didn't make it, which is typical of life everywhere.

Today, we face imminent disaster by union labor instigated strikes that have created a log-jam on our river of commerce. Where can the key-log be found? It is not in the accused profit-taking of industry that foreign competition has screwed down till our own industry is pulling stakes

to go to foreign lands and its low-priced labor to manufacture their products. To my humble way of thinking, it is foreign aid that President Eisenhower refuses to have any log-jam loosening peaveys prodding into. There is no denying the good it does, even if tinged with stoning of our embassies and the cry of "Yankee go home."

But as one union official told me, "So long as our government continues to ladle out billions in foreign aid, so long is union labor going to demand a bigger take in its wealth their work creates." This may be judged rank heresy but it is hard facts as this writer sees it.

F. J. Clifford,
Route 2, Box 200F,
Central Point, Ore.

Would Like Letters

To the Editor: I am writing this letter as I have learned the name of your paper through the organ of the Youth Council For International Contact. The reason of writing is that because I like to have a friend in your country but I do not know how to get one. So if I can have a cooperation of your paper which has so many readers it will be a great help to me. If you can publish this letter in your paper I would more than appreciate it. In the event of receiving so many answers as a result of that publication it will be no problem for me, because our organization has so many members and I can divide those answers among the members. Perhaps you can not afford any space. In that case I like to ask your favor to pass this letter to some schools or some youth clubs and urge them to cooperate with me. I hope this did not cause you any inconvenience. Yours very truly,
Ryoza Kasaka,
No. 44 3-chome Arata-cho,
Hyogo-ku, Kobe, Japan.
P.S.—Let me introduce myself briefly: I am 18 year old boy and am attending Senior High school. Our organization, Youth Council For International Contact, has tens of thousands of members throughout Japan. Its purpose is to create a friendship and understanding internationally. We are trying to introduce your country to Japan with best of our knowledge.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)



The FODD, whatever that is, still is parked across the street.

Overheard, a young woman who was host to a particularly talkative relative, to husband: "My ears are hoarse from so much talking"

Salvatore Quasimodo, an Italian poet, has been named Nobel prizewinner for poetry. Which inspired one of our young men to declare: "As Everet Acklin might say, 'Dat kwazy quasi-pot, Quasimodo!'"

Wayne Scott, sports editor of the Klamath Falls Herald and News, telephoned the results of the Medford-Klamath football game a week ago (score, Medford 44, KF 7) to the Portland papers. In each telephone call, he started out by saying, "I want to report a murder."

One of our young (well...relatively young) men has a charming wife and three children.

His mother-in-law came to visit the other day, and the six of them went to a local restaurant for dinner.

At this particular restaurant the management gives out pieces of candy to children in parties that come for dinner.

After dinner, the three youngsters, and the charming wife, each received a piece of candy.

The theory is that the restaurant thought that the mag's charming wife was his daughter, and his mother-in-law was his wife.

This is undoubtedly complimentary to both wife and mother-in-law, but what about our young (?) man?

And he'd probably best get used to having his wife whistled at.

In a local science class schoolroom the other day, the conversation turned to why hurricanes are always called by feminine names.

"Shucks," declared one budding scientist, "they have to. Who ever heard of a himi-cane?"

This one is silly. President Eisenhower is one of the most personally popular presidents in many years—so much so, in fact, that there has been some jocular talk in certain circles about his being declared in some far-future year, a saint.

This has led, of course, to the equally-jocular proposal that, in such an event, his home town, Abilene, Kansas, should be renamed. The name, of course, would be "St. Ike's."

And this, in turn, led one of our young men into the following flight of fancy: As I was going to St. Ike's I met a man with seven tikes. The seven tikes had seven bikes.

On these they'd mounted seven mikes, into which they mouthed "I likes."

Nor have I seen, nor heard, of going to, or from, St. Ike's.

A high school girl was telling her mother about her home economics class. "And do they let you eat what you cook?" mother inquired. "Let us!" the girl declared. "They MAKE us!"

Since Oregon's Centennial year has almost gone, the facial adornments seen so frequently earlier have almost disappeared. We know only of two that are left—both of them in the newsroom. And we have a suspicion that even these hardy beards will be gone soon.

So this is probably the last that we'll have to say on the subject of beards—Centennial beards, anyway.

A writer for the Spadea Syndicate, a man who signs himself as Wibberley, is bearded. And he comments, in part, as follows:

"If a man should wish to increase in humility, which is something to be desired in this brash and feisty age, he would be well advised to grow a beard. Nothing is so conducive to patience and tolerance for one's fellows as being bearded; nothing makes a man so conscious of his own shortcomings as to be set off from his contemporaries by a fine set of whiskers."

"I know of what I speak... Perfect strangers think nothing of approaching me to inquire into the health of Rudolf, the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Men and women with whom I have not even a nodding acquaintance want to know if I do not itch at the height of summer and I have gravely dealt with many inquiries about the problems of drinking soup when fully whiskered."

"All these intrusions would be resented by the clean-shaven, who are never called upon to answer why it is that every morning they scrape their faces, peering out of sleep-laden eyes into a steamed mirror in their bathrooms... The humble bearded man will have nothing to do with such follies. He abolishes the steamy mirror, the never-come-clean razor, the whole ordeal of shaving whose purpose is to impress his fellows, and permits his beard to grow, casting aside the folly of physical attraction..."

Thus, the bearded.

Boot polish is far from nutritious. Its flavor not very delicious. But some men declare, and even will swear That licking it's highly judicious.