

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 Dec. 27, 1949 (Monday)

Holiday week end death toll reaches 611 - 420 killed in traffic accidents.

The Lloyd Matthews family, route 3 box 246, Medford, received a set of twins for Christmas - born at Community hospital.

20 YEARS AGO Dec. 27, 1939 (Tuesday)

Nearly 7,500 Christmas turkeys remain unsold in valley.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "Christmas deaths totaled 633-418 in traffic. The Finns did better, they killed 700 Russians in war during same week end."

30 YEARS AGO Dec. 27, 1929 (Thursday)

State Senator A. W. Norblad assumes governorship of state; last rites held for Governor Patterson.

City returns to normalcy after biggest Christmas in years.

40 YEARS AGO Dec. 27, 1919 (Saturday)

Over 100 persons die Christmas day after drinking illegal liquor containing wood alcohol.

All dogs in county must have licenses after January, sheriff warns.

50 YEARS AGO Dec. 27, 1909 (Sunday)

Bogus Oregon apples are being sold in London; some carloads have Bear creek labels.

Baseball flops in Portland, team to withdraw from Northwest league.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Dec. 26, the second day of Christmas, is a holiday in one state; name it.

2. What city in the United States is called The Mound City?

3. The sinking of what U. S. battleship had much to do with precipitating the Spanish-American War?

4. Do you associate the name Gutenberg with painting, sculpture, or printing?

5. To what country do the three monkeys, See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil, belong?

6. Four of the five senses are sight, hearing, touch and smell; name the fifth.

7. Does one eat, or sit, in a chair?

8. Where is the largest part of the world's crop of pineapples grown?

9. Where is the United States gold depository?

10. What are the ends of the earth's axis called?

Answers: 1. South Carolina. 2. St. Louis. 3. The Maine. 4. Printing. (He was first to use movable type.) 5. Japan. 6. Taste. 7. One sits. 8. Hawaiian Islands. 9. Ft. Knox, Ky. 10. Poles.

Parks for the Future

Speaking of America's scenic and natural resources, someone has aptly said that "what isn't saved in the next few years isn't going to be saved at all."

A man who has spent most of his lifetime saving them, and persuading others they should be saved, is Horace M. Albright, former director of the National Park Service and one of the best known and most respected conservationists in the country. At a dinner in his honor in Washington it was announced that friends of Horace Albright had created a Lectureship in Conservation at his alma mater, the University of California.

It is an appropriate testimonial to an inspiring conservationist who followed in the footsteps of the late Stephen T. Mather in building America's great national parks system.

THAT SYSTEM, great as it is, must continue to grow as the recreational demands of the American people continue increasingly to press upon the nation's rapidly diminishing natural preserves.

Winthrop Rockefeller, whose family has done more than any other in America to advance through private means the protection of scenic areas, said the other day that "forty times" the amount of land now devoted to national parks and the like would be required by our exploding population within another forty years.

Ideally, he was right; but in view of the bitter resistance of every kind of special interest against setting aside such areas — or even preserving intact the ones we have — we as a people will be lucky if we are able to increase our existing system of national preserves by even four times.

THERE ARE many practical places to begin, already designated by the National Park Service, but the funds are lacking. Seashore areas are of prime importance, of which the proposed Cape Cod National Park should receive priority No. 1. Others on the Gulf of Mexico, on the Great Lakes, on the Pacific Coast, must be acquired within a very short time if their quality is not to be dissipated by the real estate speculators who have already taken over so much of our vanishing shoreline.

In the interior, probably the most urgent situation is in the Glacier Peak Wilderness in the North Cascades of Washington, twice as much of which ought to be preserved as is proposed in the utterly inadequate present plan of the Forest Service which now controls it.

The surest way to protect it would be for Congress to take it out of the hands of the Forest Service altogether, establishing instead what could become one of the Northwest's and the nation's finest national parks. — New York Times.

He Sheds 'em Like Dirty Shirts

In 1956 when Adlai Stevenson suggested that testing big bombs be discontinued he was immediately subjected to a ferocious attack by Vice President Richard Nixon. Mr. Nixon questioned Mr. Stevenson's patriotism and sanity.

As the boys say, a lot of water has gone over the dam since then. It is now official Republican Party doctrine to favor the ending of A bomb tests. President Eisenhower switched this year to the new doctrine and, of course, Mr. Nixon quickly fell into line.

THIS is the most interesting facet, we think, of the Nixon character. He can shed principles and convictions as fast as dirty shirts. He spoke so firmly and so eloquently in 1956 on the necessity that big bomb testing be continued one would have thought it was a very deep conviction that Mr. Nixon would stand squarely upon henceforth, no matter how strong the attacks against that stand.

It is said in some quarters that Mr. Nixon is the most able politician Washington has seen in many years. He instinctively knows, they say, which way to go on a big issue and exactly when he should point in that direction. What he has had to say on an issue in the past is immediately pushed aside when necessity demands and off he sails with the prevailing winds of public opinion.

People who don't like him call him tricky Dick. His admirers say it is exactly what will get him elected to the White House next year. — Pendleton East Oregonian.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

HUMORIST JIM THURBER recalls that, "The late Harold Ross usually looked harried and aggrivated, but he was at his worst just before a new issue of his beloved New Yorker magazine went to press. On one such occasion, he ran into Dorothy Parker. 'I thought you were coming into the office to write a piece last week,' he challenged her. 'What happened?' Mrs. Parker turned upon him the eloquent magic of her dark and lovely eyes. 'Somebody was using my pencil,' she explained sorrowfully."

One would-be New Yorker cartoonist in the thirties complained to Ross, "Why do you reject drawings of mine, and print stuff by that fifth-rate Thurber?"

Ross rallied promptly to the defense of his artist Thurber and his own reputation as an editor. "Third-rate," he corrected.

Then there was the girl from Kansas who came to the San Diego naval base to announce, "I want to marry a sailor and rear admirals."



Dennis the Menace



WELL, WIFE'S HERE... I JUST SAW MY FIRST SNOWBALL.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE MUMMY'S HAND

Avon, Conn.—What beckons home the traveler? What symbolizes and exerts the magnetism of the happy past at Christmas time? In this traveler's case, it is a mummy's hand.



On a bookcase in the library, in its own air-tight Joseph Alsop glass box, the mummy's hand reposes between two Lovestoft vases, both badly chipped, amid supporting platoons of family photographs. There the hand has been these fifty years and more. A fading label announces that the hand was bought in Thebes in 1850—a somewhat grisly souvenir, evidently of a long forgotten grand tour of the Mediterranean.

In life, says the label, the hand belonged to "a personage of the court" of that Egyptian Ozymandias, the Pharaoh Thutmose. Maybe it was snobbishness, then, that dictated the purchase of this singular, fragmentary memento mori from some Theban tomb-robber. Nineteenth-century Americans were oddly fascinated by court personages, as anyone must realize who has noted the prevalence of unbelievably boring courtly memoirs in old libraries.

In any case, the passage of time long since quite transformed the mummy's hand. At least two generations ago, it had ceased to be a souvenir or even a curio. It had become part of the familiar furniture of a family's life, never considered as a thing-in-itself (for then, beyond doubt, someone would have put it out of sight). It had begun, in fact, to be regarded with positive affection as something—that had-always-been-there.

THE farm house where these words were written, and where the writer was born, is full of things—that have-always-been-there. They range in peculiarity from a depressed etching of Connecticut's lost charter oak, allegedly framed in the fallen oak's own timber: all the way to the fang of a saber-toothed tiger that was given by the first Roosevelt to a bitterly disappointed great nephew, who wanted a tricycle. All of them beckon home the traveler, but the mummy's hand beckons most strongly, because it is by all odds the most peculiar deposit in this many-layered sediment of the years.

At this season, the beckoning is more than ever compelling because, at this season, ghosts walk too. For grown-ups, to be sure, each recurrent Christmas always tends to resemble one of those melancholy visits to a beloved scene of childhood—those visits which reveal that everything was smaller, less full of wonder and more dustily ordinary than the child's eyes saw. Yet the ghosts walk all the same, and this house is full of them.

In the past from which these ghosts return, sleighbells roused the house at 6 a.m., because breakfast was at seven on the farm; and stockings had to be opened before breakfast. The next sounds were the cheerful calls of "Merry Christmas" from a grandmother who was capable of gayety even before dawn and long before the first cup of coffee. Thereafter, with a grown-up niece to help, the children opened the huge white cotton stockings originally made, quite probably, for giganteses suffering from elephantiasis.

THEN there was a vast farmhouse breakfast in the dining room hermetically sealed for the occasion. The sealing was needful because the "big presents" were now laid

out in heaps in the library, each heap by a customary chair. Even the shape of the big presents must not be prematurely glimpsed by the breakfasters.

After that, a procession formed and marched into the library, chanting, for the second high moment of the day. And after the big presents were all open, and some, inevitably, had been broken, there was the long drive to a larger tribal stronghold, for a fearful and wonderful feast (Besides turkey, there used to be a pig with an apple in its mouth which always, unhappily, proved more exciting to look at than to eat). And after that, there was lethargy mingled with interior unease.

It is not and cannot be quite like that any longer—thank God, one is inclined to say, when one thinks of stockings at 6 a.m. and three courses for breakfast at 7. But the ghosts of the past impose duties in the present. Hence the Christmas of the next generation has its own established ritual, less taxing but no less elaborate than the Christmas of the generation now regretting middle age.

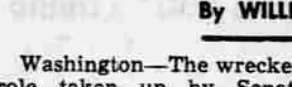
THE need for private ritual; the need for permanency; the importance of permanency in objects like the mummy's hand as well as permanency in a family's habits—these are the points (if any) these Christmas time reflections are intended to suggest.

Ritual and permanency are increasingly difficult, no doubt, in an American society increasingly fluid and mobile. But surely much is lost when the automobile becomes more important than the hearth. Surely the next generation needs the sense of belonging, the sense of being part of a continuum, that permanency and family ritual always give. At any rate, if one has this sense, one is grateful for it, even in middle age, and even after many years of wandering this world that tends to seem more dangerously impermanent with every passing decade.

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Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE



Washington—The wrecker's role taken up by Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon in the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination raises both a short and a long question.

The first is: How much damage may be done to serious candidates who put money and money and desperate effort into their campaigns, by a single bitter man such as this?

The second, and far more important, is this: How long must our system of selecting nominees for the Presidency go on at the mercy of the sentimental disorders of the preferential primary—or popularity contest—method?

What Morse has done (and at least it may force some to look anew at the primary system) is this: he has "agreed" to enter the Oregon primary of May 20 as a Presidential candidate, but not with the slightest hope of becoming President. The inevitable effect of his participation will be to split the liberal vote and so to work heavily against at least one serious liberal Presidential candidate, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. Another slightly less liberal but nevertheless still liberal aspirant, Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, may well be hurt, too. Assuredly he will be if conservative rivals for the nomination are also in the primary.

THE irony of it is that Morse, too, is liberal beyond words. Indeed, he considers himself the most liberal of all liberals. He spends much of his time denouncing his more conservative party associates.

But for some months now he has been also attacking its two most liberal Presidential contenders, Humphrey and Kennedy. (They did not agree with him last year on the labor bill—nor did anybody else in a Senate of 100 members except the late Senator William Langer of North Dakota.) Oregon's law permits a man to be entered in a Presidential primary without his consent. Morse has presented himself as not self-proclaimed and has declared he would have "preferred" not to be put in. Of course, however, he still need not have made the sacrifice. He had only to say he would not treat the thing seriously.

One of his motives is generally reckoned among his fellow Democrats to be an effort to harm his Democratic Senate colleague from Oregon, Richard Neuberger. Neuberger is up for reelection to the Senate next year and Morse wants to see him defeated for renomination. The assumption here is that Morse will try to arrange to have Neuberger also put into the Presidential primary, against his wishes, in the hope of making him look bad when the Presidential votes are counted. If this seems strangely unclueby, as between one liberal Democrat and another from the same state, so it is.

THE truly interesting point, however, is not that Morse

is doing what he is doing. To those who know him such a course would have been easily predictable. The real point is that the primary system allows such a thing to be done at all. Most states wisely retain the practice of deciding in state party conventions which contender should be backed for President.

Primaries were adopted by some in the notion that only in this way could "The People" instead of the dreadful "Bosses" select a party's Presidential nominee. (Whoever finishes first in a primary is, generally speaking, entitled to the support of that state's delegation to the national nominating convention.)

The reform looks good and democratic. But in practice it is open to flagrant abuse—if, happily, not often in so spectacular a way as Morse's way. Most politicians and public officials know perfectly well that it is a bad system on the whole. If can, for example, lead to victory for the man simply willing to make the most irresponsible promises or showing the toothiest grin.

The final and best irony of all would be if Morse's action should lead some of the states to face up to the fact that the primary system should be greatly tightened, if not junked altogether.

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Man (talking to wife in downtown department store the day before Christmas, accompanied by several children): "I certainly wish the stores would close so we could go home."

Two young matrons talking with each other were overheard as follows: Young Matron No. 1: "Did I tell you my husband traded in our '52 Ford for a '59 Pontiac?"

Y.M. No. 2: "No, how wonderful. But how are you going to pay for it? He doesn't even have a job."

Y.M. No. 1: "So what? If we can't make the payments, it won't make any difference whether they take away a Ford or a Pontiac."

A lone news staff member was working late one evening in the quiet office last week, and chance to sneeze. A sepulchral voice came over the intercommunication system from the "back shop." It said, "Gesundheit."

Two things attracted our attention last week — the fog, which suddenly vanished the other day, and the higher-than-ordinary number of communications.

A young man we know wrapped up both of them with this comment: "I'd rather speak of 'fog-cicles.'"

"That 'dorn both bush and tree."

"Then philosophize quite foolishly-wisely."

"Bout man's perversity."

"Fogcicle," incidentally, is his word for the ice formed on bush, grass, leaf and tree after a prolonged period of freezing, foggy weather.

Nacie Widmer dropped us a nice note the other day to wish us a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and in it he quoted a poem which he thought might well be published, and we agree.

Mr. Widmer didn't tell the source, but if memory serves correctly, it was either written, or quoted by, Ex-Gov. Os West, the old indestructible now in his 86th year.

Here's how it goes: How do I know my youth has been spent? Cause my get-up-and-go has got up and went.

But in spite of all that, I am able to grin.

When I think where my get-up-and-go has been, Old age is golden, I've heard it said, But sometimes I wonder, as I go to bed.

My hair's in a drawer; my teeth in a cup.

My eyes on the table — until I get up.

Ere sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself.

Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf? But I'm happy to say, as I close the door.

My friends are the same as in days of yore.

When I was young, my slippers were red.

I could kick up my heels right over my head.

When I grew older, my slippers were blue.

But still I could dance the whole night through.

Now I am old, my slippers are black.

I walk to the corner and puff my way back.

The reason I know that my youth has been spent, My get-up-and-go has got up and went.

But I don't really mind when I think with a grin, Of all the places my get-up has been.

Since I have retired from life's competition I busy myself with complete repetition.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits.

Pick up the paper and read the obits.

If my name is missing, I know I'm not dead.

So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

Happy New Year!

Japanese Freighter Rescues 12 Crewmen

San Diego, Calif. — A Japanese freighter Friday rescued all 12 crew members from the sinking tuna clipper, Sea Boy.

The Coast Guard said the freighter, Laplanta Maru responded to the 125-foot Sea Boy's "May Day" distress signal, and the entire crew was transferred safely.

ing on to the replanning and the rebuilding of our cities. will demand a rising share of our expanding economy.

It is the business of the Democratic opposition to prepare the way. It is their business to do it even if they cannot be elected on these issues in the year 1960. But this is what they are not doing. What they are doing thus far is to make it as likely as possible that they can elect, not a President, but a Congress.

ON the international front, Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson have caused the Democrats to miss the bus. For what they have done is to oppose the President's effort to find an accommodation. Thereby they have handed him a monopoly on "peace."

Moreover, they have confirmed the old and very unfair but very damaging partisan argument that under the Democrats all three wars of this century have broken out.

This is not only bad politics. It is an unsound and untenable position. For an accommodation will be sought as long as the Soviet government wishes to seek it. The sound position for the opposition is to raise the questions which will confront the country if and as the accommodation increases. These are at bottom the questions of our capacity to arouse ourselves to the effort, to put ourselves under the discipline, which the formidable challenge and competition we are facing will demand of us.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

This is written on Christmas Eve.

That prompts a question: Where does the word CHRISTMAS come from?

IT comes from the early English term CHRISTMASSE, which means CHRIST'S MASS. The words "Christes Masse" were quickly combined into the word Christmas. The word is used widely throughout the world, but its origin is English.

THE date for Christmas in most lands is Dec. 5.

How did that come about? In the year 354, by order of Bishop Liberius of Rome, the Dec. 25 date was adopted. It was noted later that this date would fall within the rainy season in Palestine, so that the shepherds would not have been in the fields at night, as they were when Jesus was born.

The early church fathers possibly chose Dec. 25 because the feast of the sun, or winter solstice, was a familiar Roman feast day celebrating the victory of light over darkness. It is interesting to note that the Armenians, who were the first people in the world to set up a Christian state, celebrate Christmas Eve on Jan. 6 by eating fried fish, lettuce and boiled spinach. They believe that Mary ate boiled spinach the night before Jesus was born.

On Christmas Eve, Santa Claus comes down the chimneys and brings gifts to good

little girls and boys. Whence came the name Santa Claus?

It started with a real person — Saint Nicholas, the youngest and one of the kindest bishops in the history of the early church. During the Middle Ages, he gradually became the patron saint of schoolboys. From that it was an easy step to patron saint of all children.

In the Netherlands, both young and old still celebrate his feast day.

How did Saint Nicholas become Santa Claus?

Well, the Dutch settlers in America brought the feast of Saint Nicholas with them to New Amsterdam, now New York City. The feast, with its giving of gifts, caught on with English-speaking children. The Dutch name for Saint Nicholas is San Nicholas. English children, trying to say San Nicholas, especially saying it quickly and excitedly, changed it over into Santa Claus. Try it yourself. If you say San Nicholas very fast, you'll get an approximation of Santa Claus.

One word more on Saint Nicholas. In the Dutch version, he is kindly and lovable, but he is also strict. If Hans and Katrina have been good children, they find gifts in their wooden shoes.

But if they have been BAD, they find only a bundle of SWITCHES there.

The Dutch think of Santa Claus (Saint Nicholas) as

THE POLITICAL DROLDOMS

The political campaign is about to have its official opening, and there are in the running two Republican and several Democratic candidates.

Of none of them can it be said that he has identified himself clearly with any large national concern or taken a position which distinguishes him clearly from his rivals. None has aroused more than what may be called the enthusiasm of a faction. As of now the only issue within either party or between the two parties is who can be nominated in the conventions and who can win the elections.

Considering the size and the import of the questions which the next President will have to deal with, it is strange and it is disconcerting to find that there is as yet no promise and no prospect that the campaign of 1960 will begin to prepare the minds of our people for the future which is at hand.

Yet in this campaign there will come to power the new political generation. With the retirement of Eisenhower, the old Generals and Chiefs of the World War and of the post-war period will give way to their successors. These successors will have their own battles to fight, not the same old battles which Roosevelt and Truman and Eisenhower fought. But as of now, the Republicans are stuck with the ideas of the Eisenhower interlude and the Democrats are stuck with the ideas of the Truman administration.

This cooperative arrangement — if that is the right name for it — has neutralized the Democrats as the opposition front. On the domestic front Sen. Johnson has accepted without question, and indeed with some fervor, the basic dogma of the Eisenhower administration. This dogma is not, as is often said, that the budget should be balanced in time of prosperity and that inflation should be avoided and that the currency should be kept stable and sound. The basic dogma is that defense and public improvement must be tailored in order to balance the budget at the 1954 level of taxation. The ark of the covenant is the rates set by Secretary Humphrey when he reduced taxes in 1954.

Having accepted the dogma that the 1954 rates are untouchable, unless they are reduced, the Democrats have disqualified themselves from criticizing the Eisenhower program. They are unable to look forward, or when any look forward, for when anyone probable than that in times to come it will be necessary to divert to public spending some larger part of what now goes to private spending.

It is conceivable, but it is not likely, that some money can be saved by a reduction in armaments. It is more likely, however, that more money will have to be spent on armaments because the weapons are becoming more and more costly. In any event the civilian needs of our people, beginning with our schools and medical services and go-

economic, technological, and military supremacy are over.

Why then is the campaign so listless, so vacant, so uninteresting, and so unimportant? Some would say because the people are lulled by their material comforts and are dragged by the official assurances that all is well and that nothing will happen to them. But this leaves unanswered, indeed it begs, the question which is why in these momentous times our people have been lulled and dragged into apathy and complacency?

I VENTURE to think that the answer to the question is that the party system is not working as it is meant to work. It is throttling debate and it is stifling ideas. This is because the opposition party, that is the Democrats, are not functioning as an opposition. They complain about Eisenhower. But they do not challenge him. They criticize Eisenhower. But they accept and follow him. Yet without an effective opposition there cannot be a serious campaign debate which will enlighten and educate the country.

THE leadership of the Democratic party is shared by the Democratic Congressional leaders on the one hand and by the Truman office holders on the other. Speaking broadly, the Congressional leaders are concerned with domestic affairs and the Truman office holders are in charge of the party's position in international affairs. Beyond the three-mile limit Sen. Johnson defers to Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson. Inside the three-mile limit they defer to him.

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