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AFFILIATE MEMBER

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
Feb. 26, 1950 (Sunday)
More than 25 felonies in
past three weeks have kept
Jackson county sheriff's deputies
working overtime and
kept county jail filled to capacity.

Medford's Black Tornado
defeated Eagle Point 60 to 23
in Southern Oregon confer-
ence basketball action yester-
day.

20 YEARS AGO
Feb. 26, 1940 (Monday)
Finnish surrender strategic
islands to Russians in letters
drive to capture Finnish city
of Vilmari.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "It is
getting along towards the
season of the year when Good
Samaritans of the highways
pick up footsore hitchhikers,
and the soreness will be out
of their heads in about three
weeks."

30 YEARS AGO
Feb. 26, 1930 (Wednesday)
Death is near for ex-Pres-
ident William Howard Taft,
doctors say.

Oregonian sports writer
lists Dr. Edwin Durno as
greatest basketball shot in
Pacific Coast records.

40 YEARS AGO
Feb. 26, 1920 (Friday)
Medford citizens told "it is
a patriotic duty to join the
Chamber of Commerce."
High cost of living dealt a
hard blow by Congressional
decree for dissolution of "beef
trust."

50 YEARS AGO
Feb. 26, 1910 (Saturday)
A modern three-story brick
office building will be
constructed at corner of Central
ave. and Eighth st., soon, at
cost of \$48,000.

The Hargadine tract west
of Ashland has been sold for
\$250,000 to New York firm
who will reportedly subdiv-
ide and cultivate.

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

1. In a period of deflation,
does the purchasing power of
money increase, or decrease?
2. Was the novelist George
Eliot a man, or a woman?
3. Who played the movie
role of "Babe Ruth" in "The
Babe Ruth Story"?

4. Correct the following:
"A basket of flowers were
presented to the patient."
5. Of what state is Lansing
the capital?
6. What land was ruled by
the House of Orange?
7. Does the male mosquito
bite or sting?
8. Was Niccolò Machiavelli
a writer, painter, or musician?
9. What do these men have
in common: John Jay, Salmon
P. Chase, William H. Taft,
Charles E. Hughes?

10. Is there a limit to the
number of pennies that can
be used in paying a debt?

Answers: 1. Increase. 2.
Woman. 3. William Bendix.
4. "A basket of flowers was
presented to the patient."
5. Michigan. 6. The
Netherlands. 7. No. 8. Writer.
9. All Chief Justices of U. S.

For Property Protection

Some of the stoutest resistance to planning and zoning in Jackson county has come from the Rogue River area.

It therefore is with considerable interest that we note (1) that some 70 persons showed up at a meeting to discuss location of a cement plant in the city of Rogue River, and that a majority protested such a plan, and (2) that the city of Rogue River has established a planning commission.

These separate incidents, in the same area, constitute added evidence that people are becoming more conscious, as population increases, of the need for a democratic, orderly means of channeling and regulating growth.

WE are not saying that a cement plant should not be located within the city limits of Rogue River. That's none of our business.

But it IS the business of those who have established homes nearby, and whose investments could be damaged by an industrial plant in their neighborhood.

Those who decry planning and zoning call it "dictatorship," and other bad names. (This, of course, is only an emotional cry of "wolf." And it's untrue, for zoning regulations are set up under law, with adequate safeguards.)

What they don't point out is that without planning and zoning, no one is safe from robbery (that's what it is—actual robbery of property values) by anyone who wants to build a junk yard, or boiler plant, or rendering works right next door.

PLANNING, zoning, subdivision ordinances — these are the tools a democratic society uses to protect itself from economic damage and stagnation.

Laws against murder and assault protect your person.

Laws against robbery and burglary protect your personal property.

And laws against uninhibited, uncontrolled development and building protect your investment in real property.

Don't let anyone try to scare you into believing otherwise—E. A.

What On Earth is THAT?

Some say it looks like the burned-out nose cone of an intercontinental ballistic missile.

Others declare it looks as though someone had tossed a stick of dynamite in a pot-bellied stove.

Some are puzzled. Some are faintly angered. Some are amused.

The object in question is in the window of Barker's Men's store, at Main and Central, as part of a display of contemporary art.

NOW these varied and not-always-appreciative reactions are pleasing to the lady who arranged for the display of the "thing." (We happen to know her quite well, and she told us so.)

The reactions please her because they ARE reactions, and not just so-what type shrugs.

This is "modern" or "contemporary" art. And few people who bother about it are neutral on the subject. Likes and dislikes are apt to be strong. And so much the better, says she.

THE "thing" is a piece of sculpture by one of the Northwest's most eminent sculptors, Jan Zach, of the University of Oregon. It is entitled "Leaves." (There's a picture of it on Page 12 today.)

It makes no pretense whatever of looking "just like leaves"—which is what baffles and irritates some people.

What it does attempt is to suggest leaf forms, to give the "feel" of leaves within a framework of space.

And, you know what? It succeeds in this, if given a chance by a sympathetic viewer.

ARTISTS in the contemporary field make little effort to reproduce views of nature. This they leave to the photographer, or to the more traditional artist who finds his satisfaction in employing his skills to present natural scenes as he sees them.

Within the various schools of artistic expression there is room for a wide range, not only of styles and approaches, but also of materials.

In the same window with Professor Zach's sculpture is a casein painting by Charles Voorhies (who is well-known here), which presents in readily-recognizable form a landscape scene, but into which the artist has projected much of his own personality and "feeling" for the scene; and another painting by Willard Martin of Portland, in an unusual employment of water colors, which gives his interpretation of a "Frosty Morning."

THERE is nothing in any rule book that says you have to like "art," or even any particular kind of art.

Some do; some don't. Some like representational paintings; some like the far-out stuff like the exploded pot-bellied stove which, if studied, conveys images of leaf forms.

Dennis the Menace



"YOU WON'T KNOW WHAT FUN IS UNTIL YOU GROW BIG ENOUGH TO OPEN DOORS!"

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 a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words. The letters printed in this column do not necessarily represent the views of the paper; in fact the contrary is often the case.

Editor's note: To the letter-writer who questions the "gumption" of the Mail Tribune to print his letter: Please read the note just above this column. If you will reduce your letter to 400 words, sign your name, and provide us with your address, we'll print it.

A Pensive Farewell
To the Editor: Here I am again with a letter. Do you suppose the women will bear with me if I write something for my fellow men?

It came about in this way. Some of my more blunt and candid friends had said, "H. R. B., your hair is getting thin, especially on top." Then after a while another one said it, and after another while still another had the same remark to make. Then after a while my wife-faithful helpmeet she is-said, "Husband, your hair is getting thin," and punctuated it by rubbing her warm fingers over that really thin place.

With my other friends, and my wife all saying the same thing, I thought, "These remarks about my thinning hair are getting thick, maybe I'd better look into it."—I mean the mirror—so I got a hand mirror and stood my back to a hanging one, and sure enough there it was—I mean there it wasn't.

I sat rather dejectedly down, and wrote these words, (and as the boy said to the doctor who was dressing his hurt hand, "The tears nearly hatched out.") There, I've spilled the beans again, for some say I have "no personal pride."

H.R.B. and His Hair: Farewell
Good bye, old hair, you're going fast;
I could hardly hope you'd always last;
For quite some time you've crowned my pate,
But you to save it seems too late.

I itch and scratch, the dandruff snows;
The hair falls too; and so it goes.
The barbers say, "Why here's a cure
For all hair ills, it's safe and sure."

I glimpse his head, his hair is out,
And so I pause, and have a doubt.
I still have some I'd better prize,
And cease at once my fears and sighs.

Pensively you fast, receding,
H. R. Bulman,
Route 4, Box 316A,
Medford.

On Women's Qualifications
To the Editor: Poor, poor Jerry, before many years he will have to take back those awful words written about women drivers, and women should stay home where they belong. The very idea!

I must say, he is a brave lad at that. When he marries, he'll be tickled pink to have the wife doing all the odd errands that he never has time to do. He surely won't expect her to walk.

I wonder how many times his little nose or bottom was saved from a bump or worse by a woman. Of course his mother is probably one of those exceptions he speaks of. Then too, he has to live with her. I wonder if they still speak?

A woman, especially a mother, has eyes in the back of her head. This is a great help in driving. Her reflexes are fast, else how could she grab that little one when he

tumbles, or catch an arm to put into a sleeve when dressing him? Surely she is able to drive a car straight when she can hit a little mouth with a spoon at feeding time. Mothers are wonderful drivers and I think they are here to stay.

I've driven for more than 20 years. Yes, my husband taught me, too. I drive only when absolutely necessary. I love to walk, besides I'm a "scary cat." Those male drivers, who concentrate on a female figure two blocks down and two blocks back over their shoulder after they pass, have me bugged.

Read the Mail Tribune for news of my demise. I've got three male drivers in my family!

Mrs. Paul Elgin,
1221 Withington,
Medford.

"Yes" on Shoe Labeling
To the Editor: If the people of the Fourth district of Oregon would like to know how the answers to Congressman Porter's questionnaires are being taken, as to question No. 6, "Do you approve putting labels on shoes, listing the materials used?" the following report in the Feb. 20, 1960 "Leather and Shoes" will show the trend.

It is by Joseph B. Huttlinger, Washington editor: "Congressman Charles O. Porter (D-Ore.) is sounding out 130,000 of his constituents as to their views on the shoe labeling bill. Asking views of that many persons in his district, Porter included this as question six: "Do you approve putting labels on shoes listing the materials used?"

"The questionnaires went out in relays over a period of more than a week, and all were dropped in the mail by Feb. 9.

"Porter says he has had about 4,000 to 5,000 replies already, and that most of them say 'yes!'"

Robins, Writer Finds, Are Unreliable As Harbingers of Spring; It All Depends

By DICK WEST
Washington - (UPI) - Every year about this time, newspapers begin getting calls from people reporting the arrival of the first robin.

I hate to disillusion anyone, but as a harbinger of spring robins are not much more reliable than snow-birds. It depends on whether you happen to see the right robin.

I have been doing some robin research at the suggestion of my boss, who was skeptically eyeing a piece of teletype copy when I stopped by his office.

"Here's the first robin story of the year," he said. "Why don't you do a story knocking down that myth? Those birds never leave home."

Well, sir, in less time than it takes to say "veritacus rubecula" - which is how you say "robin" in bird language - I had the Smithsonian Institution on the phone and was

talking with Herbert Deignan.

Deignan is assistant curator of the division of birds and a font of ornithological information. I regret to report that our conversation didn't turn out exactly the way my boss had in mind.

I put it to Deignan bluntly. Are our little red-breasted friends the feathered messengers of spring? Or aren't they?

Deignan, who is no man to equivocate where birds are concerned, gave it to me straight.

"They are and they aren't," he said.

Sensing that I was on the trail of something that was bigger than both of us, I urged Deignan to elaborate. He did, to wit:

Robins do head South at the onset of winter but a lot of them stop off along the way. Thus they can be found on the Mason side of the Mason-Dixon line all winter.

No Sure Way
At this time of year, there is no sure way of telling whether a particular robin just flew in from the South - a sign of spring on the wing - or whether he had been around since last autumn.

While Deignan was explaining all of this, I began thinking about that old poem; the one that goes:

"The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, and what will the robin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in the barn, and keep himself warm, and hide his head under his wing, poor head."

I asked Deignan whether this didn't tend to confirm my boss' theory that robins actually stay put during the winter. Not at all, he replied. The poem, he said, was written about English robins, who aren't as footloose as their American cousins.

Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE

DEMOCRATIC STRATEGY
Washington - Two circumstances are handicapping though not halting the Democrats in their efforts to lay a national defense lag at the door of their opposition.

First, all logic would compel them to grapple directly with President Eisenhower. But the political realities would make this a perilous and a foolish choice. Private Democratic opinion overwhelmingly agrees with this estimate.

Second, there are so many rival Democratic Presidential possibilities - at least four - as to make difficult the development of any all-Democratic position.

Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri goes the farthest among the Democratic aspirants. But in significant places he is left alone along this road. He accuses the Eisenhower "administration" of having misled the country on defense.

SEN. HUBERT H. HUMPHREY of Minnesota adopts much of the Symington argument of weak defenses. But he stops short of the charge of actual deception by the administration. Symington himself, having made that charge, does not carry it a step onward and so accuse Mr. Eisenhower personally of deceiving the country.

Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas speaks in general terms of alarming Russian progress. He does not speak of deception, either by the "administration" or by Mr. Eisenhower.

Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts audibly fears that we are not in position to negotiate from a strength with the Russians. But he, too, says nothing about deception - by anybody.

Most detached observers here believe there is a good Democratic talking point on defense. But how the Democrats are best to exploit that point is actually the liveliest present political question.

Whatever may be wrong militarily, the man uniquely responsible in our system is President Eisenhower himself. But the President is going out of an office, not trying to get into one. Vice-President Richard Nixon, the designated successor to the G.O.P. Presidential nomination is the one man the Democrats need to hit in political terms.

THE unavoidable fact, how-
ever, is that Nixon did not make these military preparations, be they good or bad.

So if the Democratic guns are turned back upon Mr. Eisenhower himself, what then? Well, apart from the central fact that the President isn't running for anything, there is this:

Most people are simply not going to regard the president as mistaken on any military matter. Whether he is actually mistaken or not is not, politically, the point. The majority doesn't believe he is.

Even fewer are going to believe that he (or anybody else with his consent) has consciously misled the country about defense, and here the great majority is right beyond doubt. The public instinct that no president is knowingly going to put this nation into peril is absolutely sound.

Thus when the Democratic political problem is examined this is the true situation: The logical defense target, if there is one, is Dwight Eisenhower. The far more useful target, politically, is Nixon. But the one, Mr. Eisenhower, can't be hit usefully at all; and the other, Nixon, can't be hit usefully at all.

FOR NIXON is not taking any explicit defense responsibility; he is not even arguing that the program is necessarily right and adequate in all things.

So the Democrats must for now simply blame that large, vague group called "the Republicans." Then they must sooner or later make "the Re-

Brazil Determined To Industrialize, President Declares

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign Editor

The man-of-the-week: President Juscelino Kubitschek of Brazil.

The place: Brazil's future capital, Brasilia.

The quote: "We simply wish that the United States believes that the resolution of the Brazilian people to industrialize this country, to utilize its natural resources, to prepare better conditions of life required by our population growth, to reject a lowly and vague destiny, is decisive, definite and irreversible."

It was his welcoming address to President Eisenhower and it was delivered in sur-

roundings of raw earth, digging machines and the heavy equipment of a city still being built, a city which will become Brazil's new capital and own personal monument.

His closing paragraph quoted above was a thumbnail summation of the program this physician - turned - politician first instituted four years ago at the beginning of his five-year term.

He had campaigned on a platform of "food, transportation, power."

He sought to stabilize prices, to increase food production, to institute a massive industrialization program, to increase electricity output, to build roads and to overhaul Brazil's neglected railroads.

Three years ago, over strong opposition, he began carving out of the jungle 600 miles from Rio a new capital city to be known as Brasilia and to be ready for occupancy in April, 1960.

AWAKENS Some Criticism
It was a bootstrap operation designed to pull Brazil from a history of haphazard growth into orderly modern development.

Kubitschek's heading rush toward industrialization despite all laws of economics has aroused criticism in the United States which has a multi-billion dollar stake in Brazil, and some grumbling at home where prices have been doubling or tripling in a matter of months.

But, generally, Brazilians are happy with him and unworried about the future. "God must be a Brazilian," they say, because he watches out for Brazil.

In the Days News

By FRANK JENKINS

Hail Carol Heiss - our new national hero. Or heroine, if you're meticulous about your genders.

She saved our bacon at Squaw Valley! We may elect her President some day. Who knows?

AT ANY RATE, we're everlastingly grateful to her - as grateful to her as were the Dutch to the small boy who held his finger in the hole in the dike and thus saved his people from a washout.

MORE about women in the news:
Britain's Princess Anne, Queen Elizabeth's nine-year-old daughter, made her first public speech the other day - at a Girl Scout observance of Thinking Day. The dispatches report that she drew in her breath and said to Lady Baden-Powell, widow of the late Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy and Girl Scout Guide movement, who was present for the ceremony: "I would ask you to light this candle for us for Brownies everywhere."

Fellow Brownies reported later that Anne took no chances. She had memorized the speech and rehearsed it for days.

GOOD for her!
She had learned early that there is no excellence without labor.

She may go far.

STILL more about women:
You may have noted that the Midwest has been having a cold snap - a not unusual occurrence in that area at this season. It was nippy the other night in Saginaw, Michigan, when Mrs. Emma Cox put her children to bed and the sheets were icy-cold.

So, harking back to earlier days and adapting modern gadgets to an ancient need, she put an electric frying pan in the bed to warm it up. It set the bedding afire, and she had to call the fire department.

Fortunately, no one was badly burned and damage was confined to the bedding.

ONE WONDERS if anyone in these parts is old enough to remember a marvelously comforting device of an earlier day. It was known as a bed-warmer, and in the childer areas of our country no home was complete without one.

It amounted practically to a covered skillet with a long handle and was usually made of ornamental brass. Come bedtime, the bed-warmer was filled with coals - preferably hickory coals - from the fireplace and was pushed back and forth between the sheets until they became what was then termed "as warm as toast." Going to bed was thus made a pleasure instead of an ordeal.

In those days, mothers were wiser than Mrs. Cox of Saginaw. After the bed was warmed, the warmer was carefully removed, taken back to the fireplace and the hot coals spilled out.

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